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THE INGLENOOK



Admiral Evans, Commander of the Fleet to the Pacific.

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

59684

January 7, 1908.

Price, \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol. X. No. 1.

APPLES

Do well in

**BUTTE VALLEY
CALIFORNIA**

and

**ROGUE RIVER VALLEY
OREGON**



A Yellow Newtown Apple Tree. From one and one-half Acres, S. L. Bennett of Medford, Oregon Obtained the Present Year about \$1400, and can Repeat the Story Next Season. Single Trees in His Little Orchard Produce 25 Boxes of Apples.



A Butte Valley Apple Orchard, Well Laden.

In BUTTE VALLEY

Apples and other fruits, such as berries, cherries, pears, etc., are perfectly at home. One of the most profitable industries that could be taken up here, however, is apple raising, because the quality is of the very best, the market has never been supplied, and most generally apples sell for more per box than do oranges. Besides, the pests that ruin fruit trees in the East are yet unknown in the valley, and the closest care is exercised by the State authorities in protecting the fruit trees all over the State.

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GEO. L. McDONAUGH,

Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebraska.

EXCURSION TO BUTTE VALLEY

CALIFORNIA

**Tuesday
January 14
1908**

Leaving Chicago, 10:45 P. M.
Leaving Omaha, Wed. Jan. 15,
At 3:50 P. M.

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Union Pacific Railroad

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Union Pacific dining cars are operated on all through trains. These cars are all new in style and models of beauty and elegance.

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Be sure to buy your ticket over

The Union Pacific Railroad

known as the Overland Route, and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.



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Be Bought from \$30.00 to
\$40.00 per Acre**



Printed Matter FREE.

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Omaha, Nebraska.

Here's Your Chance for News

FROM

BUTTE VALLEY

Mr. E. T. Merritt, who so successfully colonized Green River, Utah, with first-class farmers from the East, expects to return to Butte Valley in January with a large party of Eastern farmers, whom he is interesting in the choice lands north of town. He has already sent in Mr. A. W. Stow, who expects to contract for 80 acres on which to start a dairy farm from which to supply the residents of Macdoel with milk and butter. Mr. Stow is very enthusiastic as to the future of Butte Valley.

Mr. Isaac C. Root, the father of D. J. Root, arrived from Oklahoma, Thursday, and told his son on arrival that he is very much pleased with Butte Valley.

Mr. F. J. Higdon from Vancouver, Washington, who is a cousin of D. J. Root, also came in on Thursday, and was very enthusiastic in his expression during a drive over the Valley.

Mr. D. C. Campbell and Mr. Geo. L. McDonald, Colonization Agents of the Union Pacific Railroad, visiting their many friends in the Valley, are showing photographs of an exhibit at the International Livestock Exposition held in Chicago the early part of this month, which shows a very creditable exhibit of Butte Valley products which they say was admired by several citizens of Yreka who visited the exposition.

Mr. Ford of Newcastle, Cal., is now in the Valley looking up a location for a number of friends from that section who wish to locate in Butte Valley.

Mr. E. E. Hunt of Le Grand, Cal., who expressed himself so well pleased with Butte Valley when he was here recently, writes that he hopes that he and his mother will be living in Butte Valley in the near future.

Mr. Alva Sword and wife, and Mr. Collin Puterbaugh and wife of Lanark, Ill., who purchased land in Butte Valley in August of last year, were driving over the Valley Tuesday and Wednesday of this week and stated that they considered Butte Valley lands a good investment, which is not surprising as they can double their money now, but still they are not willing to sell at present prices.

Mr. Ezra Ewing and wife of Lanark, Ill., were with the party and were pleased with the surroundings here.

Mr. Charles Bigham, formerly of Colfax, Ind., and Miss Elva Lizer, formerly of Mt. Morris, Ill., were married on Christmas Eve.

Mr. D. B. George and wife from Champaign, Ill., are expected here next week. This will be Mr. George's first visit to the Valley, although he has owned land here for some time.

Mr. David Plum of Polo, Ill., purchased another half section of Butte Valley land last week. Butte Valley could not have a stronger endorsement as to the value of her lands than the fact that this is the third purchase made by Mr. Plum in the Valley. Mr. Plum is recognized as an expert farmer who knows good land when he sees it. He has expressed his intention of putting these lands in cultivation, thus realizing on his investment as well as enhancing the value of the land.

The citizens of the Valley are much gratified to learn that Mr. D. C. Campbell of Colfax, Ind., and Mr. Isaiah Wheeler of Cerro Gordo, Illinois, are arranging to bring an excursion party to Butte Valley, leaving Chicago, Tuesday Jan. 14 and Omaha, Wednesday Jan. 15, and are advising their friends to correspond with these gentlemen so as to secure berths in sleeping cars on this excursion, so as to avoid all changes of cars from Chicago to Butte Valley.

CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.

Room 14, Central Arcade, Flood Bldg.

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Gift David Wampler May, 1965 \$5.00



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Treatment of Cancer

Doctors Jones and Rinehart

Just a few of our Cured patients are,

Rev. David S. Miller, Millersburgh, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 5. Cancer of the lower lip, cured in 1905.

Mrs. Ida C. Dinius, 1913 Hoagland Avenue, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Cured of a cancer of the breast in 1905.

Napoleon Charron, 15 South Main St., Manchester, N. H. Very bad cancer of the nose cured in 1898.

C. E. Hayse, Enon, Missouri. Cured of a cancer on the neck in 1898.

John Slabach, Conway, Kansas, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 43. Cured of a cancer of the upper lip, 1905.

Mrs. John Gerhart, Loree, Ind., R. F. D. No. 18. Cured of cancer of the arm.

Noah Troyer, Kokomo, Ind. Cured of a cancer of the back.

Mrs. Susanna North, Kokomo, Ind., R. F. D. No. 6. Cured of a cancer of the face.

Simon E. Troyer, Dundee, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 3. Cured of cancer of the leg.

Mrs. A. R. Rife, Roann, Indiana. Cured of cancer on both sides of the face and the nose.

Edwin Conant, Enterprise, Kansas, R. F. D. No. 2. Cured of cancer of the upper lip.

Mrs. Catherine Mumaw, Wooster, Ohio. Cured of cancer of the breast.

Free Book

giving full particulars and many interesting facts concerning cancer sent on written request. Consultation at our office or by mail is free of charge.

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The author's considerable travels in Palestine have been a great help to him in the preparation of this book which is marked throughout by a manly tone born of convictions formed with full knowledge of opposing theories. There is not a dry page, nor a dull paragraph in the book. The numerous illustrations are drawn with accuracy and high finish.

—India Sunday-school Journal
for September.

Price prepaid,\$ 1 10

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Price per set of 14, only,\$ 0 25

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN,
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RAISIN CITY COLONY

Owned and Controlled by BRETHREN

Twelve ministers have purchased land at RAISIN CITY. Regular services are held every Sunday.

POSTOFFICE

is now established with A. W. Vaniman Postmaster. The Hotel is now completed and doing a prosperous business. Rasin City Lumber Company has a large stock of Lumber and is doing a flourishing business.

RAISIN CITY is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, 14 miles from Fresno, a city of 25,000.

DAIRYING AND STOCK RAISING.

This land is especially adapted to dairying and stock raising as it is the home of the alfalfa.

RAISINS, PEACHES AND FIGS.

Fresno County, in which RAISIN CITY is located is the greatest fruit producing county in the world, 80,000 acres in grapes.

SOIL AND WATER.

The soil is a rich, sandy loam; the land is generally level and ready for the plow; and abundance of good water.

PRICES AND TERMS.

We are selling the land at from \$25 to \$50 per acre on 4 years time at 6 per cent.

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CLINE-WALL REALTY COMPANY

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

WASHINGTON

I have decided to drop my Dakota farm, to make more room for Washington. The farm is a good one, and can be bought at a bargain if taken soon. Write me for circulars describing it.

In my last letter I was telling about the big yields and how land values have advanced. Now I want to tell you a little about how we irrigate in the Columbia and Wenatchee Valleys. We are in a mountainous country where rivers usually have lots of fall.

The water is taken out of these rivers by means of large canals, and carried for miles, allowing just enough fall to give the water the desired speed in running. Here the High Line Canal (as we call it) will be thirty miles long when completed. In this distance we get the water (by taking up the fall) at a good height. From this main canal the water is taken out in smaller ditches, called laterals, and conveyed to the land. Then where the land is level, the water is run across the one end of the land to be irrigated, in a small ditch, or in a box flume, and from these into little ditches (or furrows as we call them), made with the shovel plow, or a shovel attached to your cultivator. When the water is turned into these little furrows, we follow up with a hoe, and see that the little ditches are clean, so that the water can run to the other end of the ditch, otherwise it would spread out over the land. For fruit trees we should make from three to five applications in the season, and for berries and vegetables once a week is better. Some seasons it requires much less water than others, owing to the amount of snow and rain in winter and spring. Now after all this is arranged, it requires very little attention. The water is most generally let run from one to two days. Then as soon as it is dry enough, follow up with the cultivator to keep the moisture in the ground.

Now the most of you know that if you have rain in proper season and proper amount, (other conditions favorable) you are most sure to get a crop. We have these conditions, then we need not worry about drouth, or too much rain. We fear no hail, this gives us satisfaction of mind, makes crop failures unknown, (crop failure is unknown here). By having irrigation we are not only assured of a crop, but large crops. You plant your potatoes in the dry ground, and it remains dry till they set on. Very few will set on, that is a fact, and if you can give them moisture just at the time they need it you have a crop, if you have moisture to follow with, as they need it. Here is the secret of success. By having moisture at the proper time, our crops mature large yields and larger fruit, hence high prices.

When we tell the eastern men that we are getting more for a 48-pound box of apples than New York and Michigan or other eastern apples will bring per barrel, they stare at us. Again, we tell them we get from \$1.25 to \$3.25 per box of apples then they wonder. Then we tell them trees from six to ten years old will yield 8 to 12 boxes to the tree, and full-grown trees 20 to 60 boxes to the tree, they doubt this, but these are facts.

We do not wonder at it. I was born and reared in Indiana, and I know the conditions of fruit growing there. I was so prejudiced against fruit raising that when people got to telling us about the Wenatchee Valley orchards, I gave it no thought, I would not consider it. While they were telling their story, my mind would wander elsewhere, but finally here comes a report, saying that Charles Cooper last year got \$2,000 worth of Wine Sap apples per acre, and now he is riding in his automobile. "Well," says I to myself, "that sounds pretty good, that is like selling a farm each year." (Mr. Cooper got \$13,000 from his orchard this year.) "Old Boy, you must wake up, that beats raising wheat here in North Dakota. Better look after this matter; you might be surprised." Now in my next I will tell you why we get the large yields, high prices, for land and fruit, rapid increase in value, such fine fruit, how we spray, etc. I will give you a few statements, from others, please read them. If you have money you want to invest, write me. If you are in search of business location, write me. If you want to engage in manufacturing, write me. Later I will try to devote a little space to telling you about East Wenatchee.

Be sure to write me for printed matter.

Daniel Gensinger,

Wenatchee, Wash.

Possibilities of IDAHO

Unlimited

Many Brethren are locating in the new tract near Twin Falls just now being opened for settlement. There are splendid opportunities for Brethren and others of small means to get good comfortable homes with a splendid income.

Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

Come and See

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California.

A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

Realize \$1,000.00 Per Acre

Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per box.

Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at \$2.00.....\$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Will be in effect in the Spring of 1908

Colonists' one-way rates in effect from March

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Write for information.

D. E. BURLEY,

S. BOCK,

Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

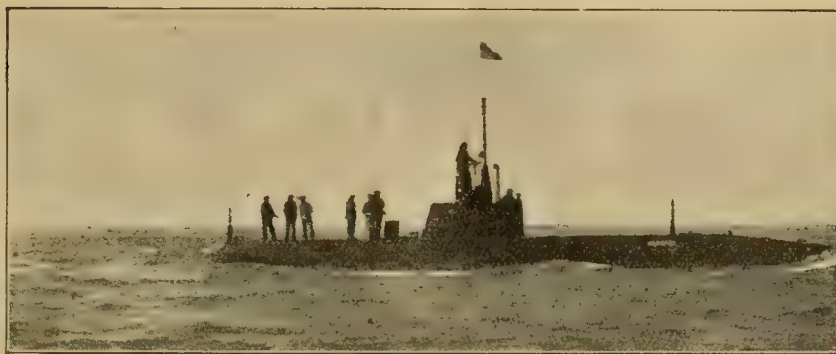
January 7, 1908.

No. 1.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY

I. Effectiveness of Battleships.

It is a difficult matter to find a basis of comparison of the strength of the world's navies which will give satisfactory results. A mere statement of the total number of ships in each navy will not suffice, since these ships vary in size, speed, armor, and armament. It has been claimed that a comparison based on the total number and weight of guns carried would suffice; but the value of a gun depends greatly upon the character of the ship which carries it, the kind of mount upon which it is placed, the degree of armor protection, and so forth. Because of these modifying conditions, a 12-inch gun in one ship may expect to have two or three times the battle-life and efficiency of a 12-inch gun in some other ship. Nor will a comparison on the basis of armor protection suffice; for a fleet which is powerful only in its defensive qualities, and in which the area and thickness of its armor plating has been increased at the expense of the armament and the speed, would be wanting in that mobility and power to swiftly concentrate and deliver a telling blow



A Submarine Vessel Preparing to Dive.

at the critical moment, upon which the success of a naval campaign so greatly depends.

Then, lastly, and perhaps most important of all, there is the question of age. We do not recall any product of human industry which, as the years go by, depreciates so rapidly in value as the warship; and the most elaborate estimate of the relative value of the fleets of the world is not worth the paper it is written on, unless the question of the age of the ships be most carefully considered. Warships built today have at least twice the value of those built ten years ago, and from four to six times the value of those built twenty years ago. Great Britain awoke to this fact and swept over one hundred warships off the list, and placed them under the auctioneer's hammer.

If the present popular theories are correct, the navy which can place on the shortest battle line the largest number of 12-inch, or other heavy pieces of modern design, is certain to win the fight.

The battleship of the future will be of great size; displacement will be not less than 20,000 tons; and this will increase so rapidly that a 30,000-ton ship will probably be afloat before the close of the next decade. The main armament will consist exclusively of heavy guns of not less than 12 inches caliber; and, if the difficulty of erosion can be



The Octopus Arising from a Dive. 24 Hours Under Water.

overcome, the 12-inch will give place to a 13-inch and, possibly, to a 14-inch piece. Future engagements will be fought at an extreme range, the extent of which will be limited only by the ability of the fire-control officer to see the fall of the shots. The determination of the range at which an engagement shall be fought will lie with the fleet which possesses the fastest speed.

Unquestionably, the victory in future engagements will lie with the fleet which is able to concentrate the largest number of heavy guns within the shortest line of battle. Hence the certainty that the navies of the world have been forced into a contest of size, the end of which no one can foretell.

projectiles, it is now generally conceded that the greater destructive effects and the greater certainty of hitting of the 12-inch overbalances the advantages of greater rapidity of fire of the lighter guns.

The method now adopted to find the range of a target is to have a "fire-control station" in some lofty position on the ship, and find the range by trial shots. The observing officer notes the splash of the shell and telephones the result to the gun, and the elevation is changed until a hit is made. Now, when three or four calibers of guns are firing indiscriminately, it becomes difficult to distinguish the splash of one caliber of shell from that of another. With one type of gun on the ship, there can be no error



The Krupp Cannon Works, Germany. 20,000 Men are Employed Here. Many of our Large Cannons and Armor Plate for Battleships are Made Here.

In the Japanese war the range was about 5,000 yards, and in future wars will probably be 7,000 and over. But at long ranges it is only the larger guns that can do effective work against an armored ship; and it has come to be pretty generally conceded that for this purpose the 12-inch piece is the most satisfactory. It is true that the 50-caliber, 9.2-inch gun, and long-caliber pieces of 10-inch and 11-inch caliber, are also armor-piercers at this range; but it takes the 12-inch gun to get through belt, barrette, and turret armor, and the destructive effect of the heavier projectiles is enormously greater. Furthermore, the flatter trajectory, or curve of flight, of the larger gun means a much wider danger space; that is to say, the 12-inch piece can hit a ship with a much wider margin of error in elevation than a 9.2-inch or 10-inch gun; and, although the smaller gun will deliver more

of this kind, and the fire can be directed with great accuracy. For this reason future battleships will have only one size gun.

As to the size of the future gun, there are indications that it will steadily increase. Already, Great Britain is manufacturing a new and extremely powerful 13½-inch piece for her new twelve-gun ships. The advantage of size is not only that the bigger gun is more accurate, but that it holds its velocity longer, and its striking energy is therefore proportionately greater at the longer ranges.

II. The Growth of the United States Navy.

At the close of the Spanish war the United States navy included but four first-class battleships; and these have been so far outbuilt that today they are relegated to the class of coast defense vessels. These

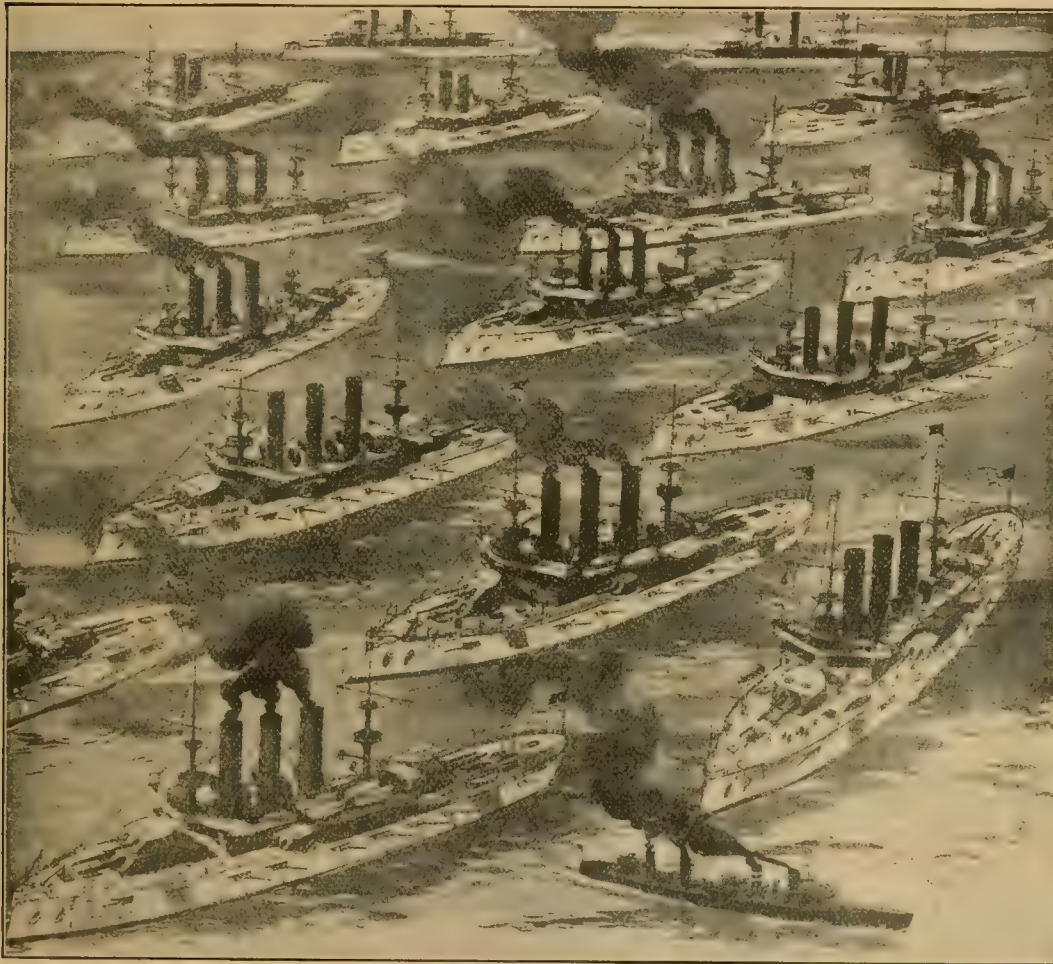
were the "Oregon," "Indiana," "Massachusetts," and "Idaho." The first battleships to go into commission after the close of the war were the "Kearsarge" and "Kentucky," built at Newport News.

The next addition of battleships to our navy consisted of the three vessels of the "Alabama" class, namely, the "Alabama," "Wisconsin," and "Illinois."

On May 4, 1898, Congress authorized the construction of three battleships, the plans of which very close-

for an increase in the motive power. The "Alabama" class are 368 feet between perpendiculars, and the "Maine" class 388 feet, the other dimensions of the hull being identical throughout. The additional 20 feet of length raised the displacement from 11,552 tons in the "Alabama" to 12,500 tons in the "Maine"; and enabled the horse-power to be increased from about 11,000 to 15,603, with the result that on trial the "Maine" accomplished 18 knots. The "Maine"

was built at Cramps, the "Missouri" at Newport News, and the "Ohio" at San Francisco. The additional length made it possible to mount an extra pair of 6-inch guns in the central battery, and the 35-caliber 13-inch gun of 2,100 foot-seconds velocity, gave place to the new 40-caliber 12-inch piece of 2,700 foot-seconds velocity. This resulted in a saving of 40 tons in the weight of the four guns, and a gain in penetration of from 12.5 inches at 3,000 yards for the 13-inch to 16.3 inches at the same distance for the 12-inch piece.



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"ALABAMA" "MISSOURI" "KANSAS" "RHODE ISLAND" "LOUISIANA" "GEORGIA" "KENTUCKY" "ILLINOIS" "NEW JERSEY" "VIRGINIA" "MAINE" "DESTRUCTOR" "KLEARSARGE" "OHIO" "MINNESOTA" "CONNECTICUT" "VERMONT"

The Atlantic Fleet Now on its Way to the Pacific. Enough More Battleships are Under Construction to Duplicate the Above Fleet in the Near Future.

ly followed those of the "Alabama" class, the idea being to have a homogeneous squadron of six identical vessels. When it was learned, however, that the contract speed of these ships was to be only 16 knots, which was about two knots slower than the speed of many foreign battleships, which were under construction at that date, there was a strong agitation in favor of the modification of these ships, which led to a revision of the plans to the extent of lengthening them by 20 feet, in order to provide the necessary space

battleships had all been protected with Harvey-ized armor; but in the "Maine" class, for the first time, the Krupp armor was employed, and it has been used in all subsequent battleships. Because of its higher resisting qualities, it was possible to reduce the thickness of the armor all around, the belt being 11 inches and the turrets 12 inches in thickness as against 16½ inches and 14 inches respectively in the "Alabama" class. The bow 12-inch guns are carried at a height of 26½ feet above the water, the

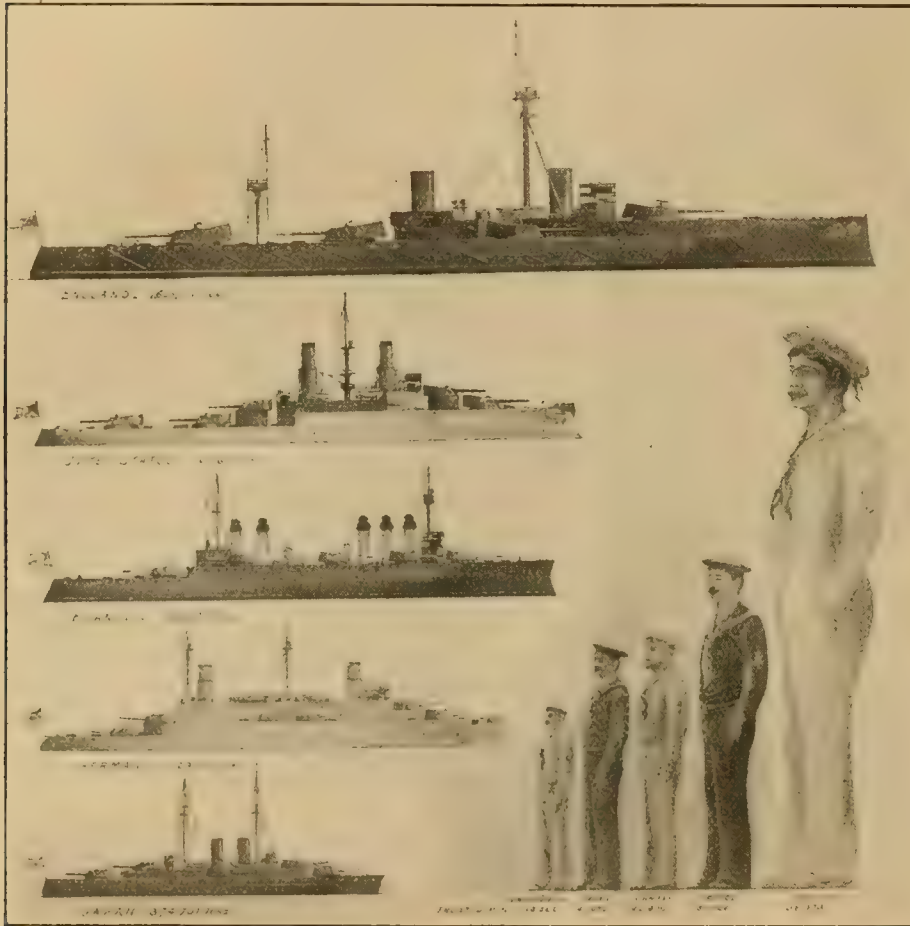
after 12-inch at a height of 19 feet. All four 12-inch can be loaded in any position, and both the hoisting of the ammunition and the maneuvering of the guns are done electrically.

The Congress of 1899 authorized the construction of three, and the Congress of 1900 of two first-class battleships, which today constitute what is known as the "Georgia" class. These ships are the "Georgia," "Nebraska," "New Jersey," "Virginia," and "Rhode Island." These ships represent a great advance in size, speed, and power over the "Maine"

power, and speed. The first six vessels form, like the ships of the "Georgia" class, a homogeneous squadron.

In the "Connecticut," as compared with the "Georgia," the length was increased by 15 feet, the beam by 7½ inches, and the draft by 9 inches, the displacement being raised from 14,948 tons to 16,000 tons. The battery, however, is greatly increased in power, the latest pattern of 45-caliber 12-inch gun being mounted in these ships for the first time in our navy. The fire in any direction from these ships is heavy,

consisting of two 12's, four 8's, and two 7's ahead and astern, and four 12's, four 8's, and six 7's on the broadside. They are provided with four submerged torpedo tubes for the new turbine torpedo, and they have the large coal supply of 2,200 tons. Both the "Connecticut" and "Louisiana" exceeded their high contract speed of 18 knots with 16,500 horse-power. The "Connecticut" is particularly interesting, at the present time, as having been selected as the flagship of the Pacific fleet, special accommodations for this purpose having been provided when the ship was under construction. It is also to be remembered that the "Connecticut" was built entirely at a government navy yard, contemporaneously with the construction of the "Louisiana" at a private yard. The high character of work on the "Connecticut," and the fact that she was built in the



The Navies of the World Compared on Number of Men Enlisted. The United States is Second in Battleships, but Fifth in Enlisted Force.

class. The length is increased to 450 feet, and the beam to 76 feet 10 inches. The displacement is increased from 12,500 in the "Maine" to nearly 15,000 in the "Georgia," and the speed is 19 knots. In these ships was mounted, for the first time, the new powerful turbine-driven 21-inch torpedo, for the firing of which each ship carries four submerged torpedo tubes.

Following the "Georgia" class came the authorization in 1902 of the "Connecticut" and "Louisiana," and in the following two years of the "Kansas," "Minnesota," "Vermont," and "New Hampshire." In the same year also were authorized two battleships, the "Idaho" and "Mississippi," of less size,

same time as the "Louisiana," and that her extra cost, in view of the higher pay and shorter hours of government employees, was less than was expected, has established, conclusively, the ability of the government to do the very highest character of work at a reasonable cost in its own yards.

By far the most important ships building for our navy today are the two big battleships "North Dakota," under construction at the Fore River yard, and "Delaware," now building at Newport News, Va. These ships, to use the current phrase are the "answer" of the United States to the battleships of the "Dreadnought" type, which are being constructed for

other navies. The speed has been raised to 21 knots, and the bunker capacity is also very large. The system of mounting all guns on the center line of the ship, adopted in the "South Carolina" and "Michigan," has been followed, with the result that their broadside fire is twenty-five per cent greater than that of the "Dreadnought," and will probably equal that of any battleship afloat at the time they will go into commission. The ships will be 510 feet on the waterline, 85 feet 25/8 inches in maximum breadth, and will displace on trial 20,000 tons on a mean draft of 26 feet 10 3/4 inches. On trial they must carry 1,000 tons of coal in bunkers whose total capacity is 2,500 tons, and the speed must be 21 knots.

Four of the guns have a command of 24 feet, four of 30 feet, and one pair, the second pair from the bow, is carried at a height of about 36 feet above the water. The battery of fourteen 5-inch guns for repelling torpedo-boat attack is mounted in broadside; two of the guns forward in the bow in sponsons, so arranged that each has a slight arc of fire across the axis of the ship. The armor protection is unusually complete, superior even to that of the "South Carolina" and "Michigan." The belt is 11 inches thick by 8 feet in width, and above it the side of the ship is protected by a secondary belt 7 feet 3 inches wide and 10 inches thick.

Constitution of Admiral Evans' Fleet.

First Squadron.

	No. of guns.	Officers and men.	Tonnage.	Speed, knots.	Armor plate, inches.	Largest guns.
Connecticut.	74	881	16,000	18	11	Four 12-in.
Louisiana.	74	881	16,000	18	11	Four 12-in.
Kansas.	74	881	16,000	18	11	Four 12-in.
Vermont.	74	881	16,000	18	11	Four 12-in.

Second Division—

Georgia.	66	812	14,948	19	11	Four 12-in.
Virginia.	66	812	14,948	19	11	Four 12-in.
New Jersey.	66	812	14,948	19	11	Four 12-in.
Rhode Island.	66	812	14,948	19	11	Four 12-in.

Second Squadron.

Third Division—						
Minnesota.	74	881	16,000	18	11	Four 12-in.
Ohio.	44	800	12,500	18	11	Four 12-in.
Maine.	44	807	12,500	18	11	Four 12-in.
Missouri.	40	780	11,525	18	11	Four 12-in.

Fourth Division—

Alabama.	45	713	11,525	17.2	16 1/2	Four 13-in.
Illinois.	46	690	11,525	17.2	16 1/2	Four 13-in.
Kearsarge.	56	690	11,525	16.9	16 1/2	Four 13-in.
Kentucky.	60	686	11,525	16.9	16 1/2	Four 13-in.

Destroyers—

	No. of guns.	Officers and men.	Tonnage.
Hopkins.	7	77
Hall.	7	77
Stewart.	7	77
Whipple.	7	77
Lawrence.	7	77
Truxton.	7	77

Supply Ships—

Glacier.	75	7,000
Culgoa.	75	5,725

Repair Ship—

Panther.	108	3,380
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Tenders—

Arethusa.	80	975
Yankton.	80	975

Colliers—

Hannibal.	78
Leonidas.	78
Marcellus.	78
Brutus.	78
Ajax.	78
Abarenda.	78
Cæsar.	78
Nero.	78

Grand Totals—Ships, 35; guns, 1,011; officers and men, 14,338.

Note—Destroyers and most of fleet auxiliaries preceded sailing of battleships.

In addition to the above fleet the United States has already built since the war with Spain or has under contract 9 battleships and 31 cruisers, and fifty smaller war vessels. Our naval expense is nearing \$200,000,000 annually and the beginning is only made.

Cruisers and Submarines.

During the Spanish war, the armored cruiser gave such clear demonstration of its value, that it was not long before Congress had authorized the construction of a powerful class of five of these ships, to embody the latest ideas for this type. The class includes the "California" and "South Dakota," built at San Francisco; the "Colorado" and "Pennsylvania," built by Cramps; and the "Maryland" and "West Virginia," built by the Newport News Shipbuilding Company. These ships are 502 feet long, 69 feet 6 1/2 inches beam, and 24 feet 1 inch draft, on which draft they displace 13,680 tons. The protection consists of a continuous belt from 6 to 3 1/2 inches in thickness, associated with a deck having a thickness of 4 inches on the slopes, and 1 1/2 inches on the flat. The main battery of four 8-inch guns is carried in two turrets forward and aft, and the fourteen 6-inch guns are mounted in a central broadside battery and in casemates, ten of the guns on the gun deck and four on the main deck.

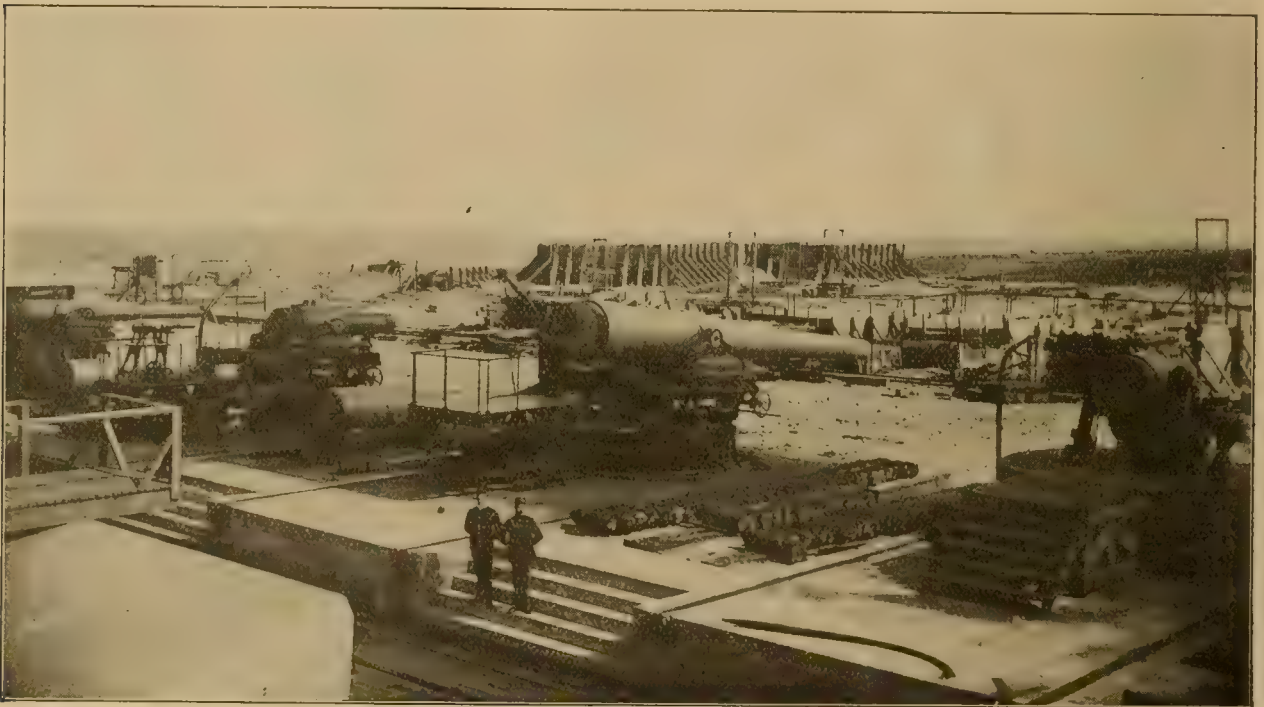
The ships were designed to make 22 knots with 22,000 horse-power, but this was in every case exceeded, the "Pennsylvania" making 22 1/2 knots. The ships carry a maximum supply of 2,000 tons of coal, and each is fitted with two 18-inch submerged torpedo tubes. Subsequently, four cruisers were authorized, which are nearly 1,000 tons larger than the "California" class, and embody improvements in the armament and armor plan. These are the "Washington," built by the New York Shipbuilding Company; the "Tennessee," built at Cramps; and the "Montana" and "North Carolina," now building at Newport News.

Although the ships of this class are the equal of those armored cruisers of foreign navies designed at the same date, they are entirely outclassed by the later armored cruisers of other navies, such as the Japanese "Tsukuba," with its four 12's, twelve 6's, and twelve 4.7's, and the British "Invincible" class, carrying eight 12's and sixteen 4-inch guns.

We have recently added to the navy three protected cruisers which, in view of developments since the Japanese war, are of doubtful value. These are the

"Charleston," built at Newport News; the "Milwaukee," built at San Francisco; and the "St. Louis," built by Neafie & Levy, of Philadelphia. In view of the size of these ships, 9,700 tons, it is unfortunate that they should be so poorly protected. Their armor plans show a protective deck only 2 to 3 inches in thickness, and a partial belt of 4-inch armor, with 4-inch armor for the protection of the central battery. The fighting value of these ships is small; though they are no worse than the contemporary British ships of the "County" class, several of which have visited our eastern harbors in recent years. They will be useful for scouting purposes; but could engage only ships as poorly protected as themselves.

mentation and practice, is 54 feet in length over all, of 10 feet 3 inches beam, and of 74 tons displacement when submerged. She is driven on the surface by gasoline engines of 45 horse-power, and when submerged by an electric motor of 50 horse-power. She carries one torpedo tube. The other seven submarines are enlarged and improved "Hollands," 63 feet 10 inches in length, 11 feet 10½ inches in diameter, and of 122½ tons displacement submerged. The motive power consists of a 160-horse-power gasoline engine, which drives them at about 8½ knots on the surface, and a 70-horse-power electric motor which gives them, when submerged, a speed of about 7½ knots. In 1904 Congress authorized the construction of four



Where Big Guns are Tested. See Armor Plate in Background at Which Shots are Fired.

The Congress of 1899 authorized the construction of six small unarmored cruisers, which are known as the "Chattanooga," "Cleveland," "Denver," "Des Moines," "Galveston," and "Tacoma." These vessels were designed to serve as "station ships;" that is to say, their duty, in times of peace, is mainly to cruise on foreign stations, and in time of war perform various naval duties which would not call for vessels of either great speed or serious fighting power.

The fleet of twelve submarines of the United States navy has been created entirely since the war, with one exception, the "Holland" being constructed several years prior to that time. In the following year seven additional submarines, known as the "Adder," "Grampus," "Moccasin," "Pike," "Porpoise," "Shark," and "Plunger," were authorized and subsequently built at Elizabethport, N. J. The "Holland," which was purchased for purposes of experi-

additional submarines of much greater size and efficiency. Three of these, known as the "Cuttlefish," "Tarantula," and "Viper," are of one type, the "Octopus" being larger than the others. Although they follow broadly the general design of the earlier boats, they are much more powerful, have a wider radius of action, are of greater structural strength, of higher speed, and possess superior maneuvering qualities. The three submarines of the "Cuttlefish" type are about 80 feet long over all, 12½ feet in diameter, and displace 175 tons. On the surface they are driven by gasoline engines at a speed of 10 knots, and in the submerged condition the electric motors have driven them over the mile course at a speed of 9 knots. They are supplied with a submarine bell signal system for communication with the surface. They submerge by filling various ballast tanks distributed throughout the boat. The reserve of buoyancy when in div-

ing trim is from 500 to 1,000 pounds. To navigate the boat submerged the propellers are started, and by means of the diving rudders, which are turned downward, the axis of the vessel is inclined by the bow from 5 to 10 degrees. To maintain submergence after reaching the desired depth the diving rudders are shifted and the boat is thus held at the required depth. The process of diving is as follows: Water is admitted to the ballast tanks until buoyancy is reduced to the desired degree, which is generally between 500 and 1,000 pounds. The propellers are started and the diving rudders put down, the vessel descending on a downward incline.

In the test of the automatic devices for blowing the ballast in order to allow the Octopus to come to the

close ranges at which the running fight was carried on, the number of hits, as determined by a careful subsequent investigation by our naval officers, was only two out of every hundred shots fired. Since the close of the war, our Naval Bureau of Ordnance has developed a powder which is giving high velocities, with a relatively small amount of erosion. The bureau early became satisfied that, if erosion was to be kept within reasonable bounds, it was necessary to eliminate the powerful but erosive nitroglycerin, and develop, if possible, an all-nitrocellulose powder.

The velocity of the guns used in the Spanish war was only about 2,000 to 2,100 feet per second, the velocity in our present guns is from 2,700 to 2,800 feet per second.



Over 60 Feet Long; Not Used on Vessels but in Harbor Defense. It is so Mounted that it Can be Raised Above the Breastworks When Ready to Fire and Then Lowered to Reload.

surface in case of accident, she rose from a depth of 40 feet in 43 seconds. In the twenty-four hours' submergence test in 30 feet of water, she carried down a crew of sixteen men, and came to the surface next day with the men in good condition. The "Octopus" has been tested as to strength and water-tightness by actual submergence to a depth of 200 feet.

III. Guns and Armor.

If the primary function of a warship is to give and take hard knocks, it is not stretching the point too far to say that the greatest development in our navy during the past ten years has been in the matter of guns and armor.

At the battle of Santiago our ships were at times absolutely enveloped in dense billows of the smoke of their own guns; and, in spite of the comparatively

That the remarkable increase in the fighting power of the ships of the Pacific fleet is due to the improved guns and powder, is well shown in the accompanying tabular comparison of the total energy of fire in five minutes of the battleship "Oregon" of Sampson's fleet at Santiago and the battleship "Rhode Island" of the Pacific fleet. The total energy of all guns firing at their maximum rate of speed, with carefully aimed shots, was for the "Oregon" 819,456 foot-tons; whereas the total energy of all guns during the same time on the "Rhode Island" would be 3,927,172. The increase in efficiency of the modern gun is largely due, moreover, to the greatly accelerated rate of fire; and this has been rendered possible by improvements in the mounting of the gun and in the breech mechanism and loading arrangements.

Undoubtedly the most interesting gun carried in Admiral Evans' fleet is the new 45-caliber piece, which weighs 53 tons and is 46 feet in length. It fires a projectile weighing 870 pounds with a charge of smokeless powder weighing 335 pounds. The projectile leaves the muzzle with a velocity of 2,700 feet per second, and a corresponding muzzle energy of 44,025 foot-tons; or sufficient to lift the "Lusitania" bodily out of the water.

Comparison of Total Energy of Gunfire in Five Minutes of Battleships "Oregon" (1897) and "Rhode Island" (1907).*

Oregon in 1897.			Rhode Island in 1907.		
Guns	Muzzle Energy, Ft.-Tons	Muzzle Energy in Five Minutes Firing, Ft.-Tons	Guns	Muzzle Energy, Ft.-Tons	Muzzle Energy in Five Minutes Firing, Ft.-Tons
4 13-inch	33,627	269,016	4 12-inch	44,025	726,412
8 8-inch	8,011	320,440	8 8-inch	18,647	1,091,780
4 6-inch	2,980	119,600	12 6-inch	5,714	1,714,200
20 6-pdrs	138	110,400	12 3-inch	658	394,800
Total energy all guns in five minutes		819,456	Total energy all guns in five minutes		3,927,172

IV. Warship Tonnage of the Principal Naval Powers.

On a given amount of displacement, two competent naval architects will produce two ships which, while they may differ very widely in details, are apt to represent about the same amount of military efficiency in the total. What one gains in gun power, the other will exhibit in superior armor protection. Where one excels in speed the other will show great endurance or cruising radius, and so on. And if in estimating the strength of two navies by displacement a proper deduction be made of obsolete ships, and only those be included in the comparison which have real fighting value, a fairly accurate rough-and-ready estimate of relative power may be obtained. This is the principle of comparison which has been followed by the Office of Naval Intelligence of the Navy Department in a table which they have just issued showing the comparative warship tonnage of the principal naval powers. The vessels excluded from this comparison are as follows: Those over twenty years old unless they have been reconstructed and rearmed since 1900; transports, colliers, repair ships, torpedo-depot ships, converted merchant vessels or yachts; vessels of less than 1,000 tons, except torpedo craft of less than 50 tons. With reference to the table summarizing the number of ships of each class possessed by the navy, it should be noted that battleships of the first class are those of about 10,000 tons or more displacement; that under the head of cruisers are included all unarmored cruising vessels above 1,000 tons displacement; and that under coast-defense vessels are included the small battleships and monitors, regarding

which it should be noted that no more vessels of this class are being proposed or built by the great powers.

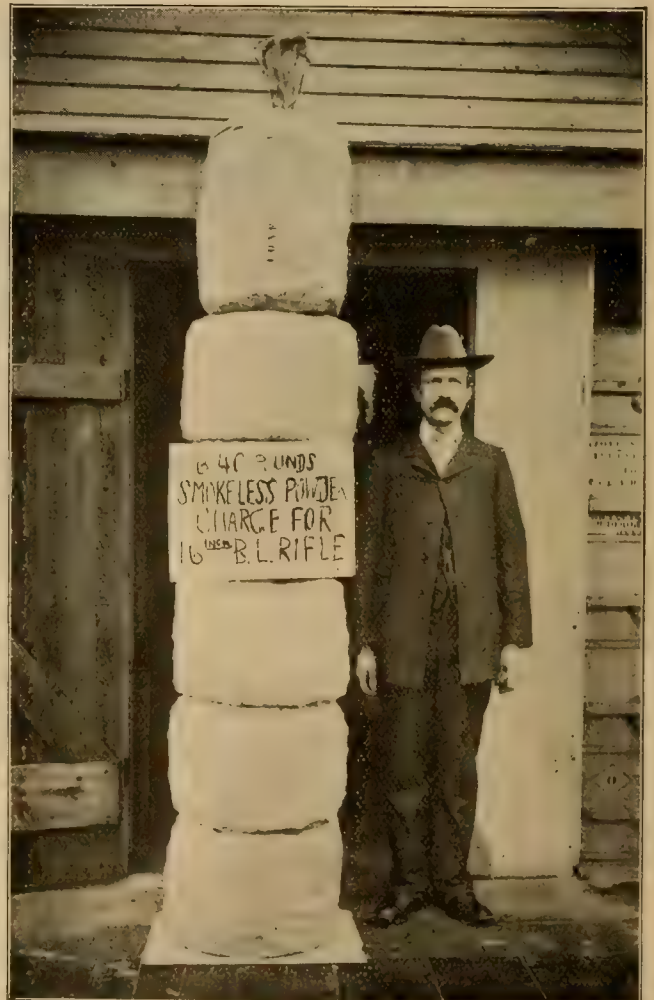
Vessels Built June 1, 1907.

	Battleships.*	Armored Cruisers.	Cruisers.†	Destroyers.	Torpedo Boats.	Submarines.	Coast Defense Vessels.‡
England	52	32	90	142	47	39	0
France	19	19	28	35	257	41	12
United States ...	22	10	41	16	32	12	11
Germany	22	8	38	60	48	1	8
Japan	11	11	19	54	77	7	3
Russia	5	4	15	93	57	25	4
Italy	10	6	11	13	66	3	0
Austria	3	3	5	4	36	0	0

* Battleships, first-class, are those of (about) 10,000 tons or more displacement.

† Includes all unarmored cruising vessels above 1,000 tons displacement.

‡ Includes smaller battleships and monitors. No more vessels of this class are being proposed or built by the great powers.



In England, Germany, and Japan, the battleships and armored cruisers are completed in from two to three years; in the United States, from three to four

years; and in France, Italy, and Russia, not less than four years are required.

It will be seen from the diagram that Great Britain continues to hold her commanding lead among the naval powers, with a total tonnage of 1,633,116, which is two and two-thirds as much as that of the second power, which is the United States with 611,616 tons. France comes third with 609,079 tons, Germany fourth with 529,032 tons, and Japan fifth with 374,701 tons. If all the vessels at present building were completed, France and the United States would change places, the position of the other powers remaining the same. Great Britain would have 1,821,610 tons, France 836,112 tons, the United States 771,758 tons, Germany 680,602 tons, and Japan 451,320 tons.

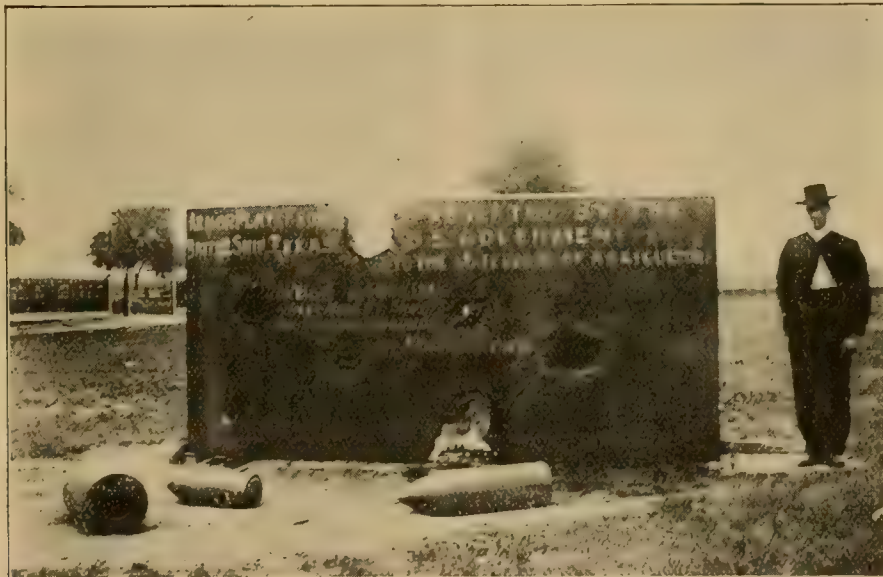
Modern wars have shown that, in the wear and tear of a bitterly-fought conflict, there is nothing that calls for a larger reserve than the personnel, both officers and men. Hence, the great significance of the comparison of the personnel shown on the ac-

V. Weights and Energy of Cannon.

Caliber of Gun.	Weight of Gun in Tons.	Total Length in Inches.	Approximate Charge of Smokeless Powder.	Weight of Projectile, Pounds.	Muzzle Velocity, Foot-Seconds.	Muzzle Energy, Foot-Tons.	Perforation at 3,000 Yards, Krupp Armor.
3-inch,	1.0	159.35	4	13	2,700	658	1.1
4-inch,	2.9	206.53	12	33	2,800	1,796	2.5
5-inch,	4.8	255.65	20	60	2,700	3,036	3.4
6-inch,	8.6	300.20	38	105	2,800	5,714	5.1
7-inch,	12.7	323.00	59	165	2,700	8,349	6.4
8-inch,	18.7	369.00	100	260	2,750	13,647	8.7
10-inch,	34.6	413.00	205	510	2,700	25,805	12.4
12-inch,	52.9	553.00	335	870	2,700	44,025	16.3
13-inch,	63.2	479.10	180	1,130	2,000	31,372	12.5

Naval Marksmanship.

If the results recently obtained in target practice by Admiral Evans' flagship, the "Connecticut," may be taken as representing the average skill of the gunners on the sixteen battleships of the Pacific fleet, the



companying diagram. The results are striking, and certainly, for the United States, very disconcerting. Although in the number and displacement of our ships we stand second on the list, in the number of enlisted men we stand last; far below Japan, whose total tonnage is not more than about sixty per cent of our own. With a total tonnage of 611,616 against Japan's tonnage of 374,701, we have only 18 flag officers against Japan's 55; 182 captains and commanders, against Japan's 245; 751 other line officers and engineers, against Japan's 1,751; and 34,062 enlisted men, against Japan's 41,070, Germany's 42,400, France's 51,926, and England's 98,973 enlisted men.

fighting value of the fleet is established beyond all question. Two targets, each measuring 30 feet high by 50 feet long, were used, the fire during the earlier part of the run being directed at the first target, and the later shots being aimed at the second target. The "Connecticut," steaming at 10 knots an hour, opened fire at four and a half miles. She continued firing for eight minutes; and, at the command to cease fire, she was five and a half miles from the second target. In that time she had put through the target four 12-inch, nine 8-inch, and seventeen 7-inch shells. Considering the great range and that the target was only one-eighth as long as a modern battleship, this was phenomenally good shooting.

The Secretary of the Navy has asked Congress to authorize the building of the following war vessels at once.

Number and Class—	Total cost.
Four battleships,	\$38,000,000
Four scout cruisers,	10,000,000
Ten destroyers,	8,500,000
Four submarines,	1,520,000
One ammunition-ship,	1,750,000
One repair-ship,	2,000,000
Two mine laying ships,	500,000
Four fleet colliers,	7,000,000
Totals,	\$69,270,000

The present effectiveness of the principal naval powers of the world is as follows, according to his report:

Nation—	Tonnage.
Great Britain,	1,633,116
United States,	611,616
France,	609,079
Germany,	529,032
Japan,	374,701
Russia,	232,943
Italy,	207,623
Austria,	113,235

But if the warships under construction in these same countries were completed the standing would be:

Nation—	Tonnage.
Great Britain,	1,821,610
France,	836,112
United States,	771,758
Germany,	680,602
Japan,	451,320
Russia,	320,040
Italy,	288,433
Austria,	116,235

Big Additions During Year.

The Secretary then gives the new vessels actually added to the United States navy and assigned to fleets since his last annual report as follows:

Name—	Battleships.	Tons.	Knots.
Georgia,	14,948	19.26	
New Jersey,	14,948	19.18	
Rhode Island,	14,948	19.01	
Virginia,	14,948	19.01	
Connecticut,	16,000	18.78	
Louisiana,	16,000	...	
Kansas,	16,000	18.09	
Minnesota,	16,000	18.85	
Vermont,	16,000	18.33	
	Armored Cruisers.		
Tennessee,	14,500	22.16	
Washington,	14,500	22.27	
St. Louis,	9,700	22.13	
Milwaukee,	9,700	22.22	

CURRENT COMMENTS

PRACTICAL CHARITY.

Many thousands of the needy poor were fed by the Salvation Army in New York and other cities on Thanksgiving day, and Christmas. While the zeal of these charitable workers is to be commended, one cannot but realize how ineffectual are their efforts to relieve the misery of the yearly increasing army of the financially submerged

and the unemployed. This stuffing these poor wretches on two days in the year, while allowing them to starve during the remaining three hundred and sixty-three, is well intended but ineffectual charity, and accomplishes about as much as washing one's face twice a year makes toward personal cleanliness, which latter effort is commendable so far as it goes, but equally unproductive of results.

Real charity does not consist in giving a crust to a hungry beggar, which but alleviates, for the time being, the pangs of hunger and continues him in his dependent state. The only form of charity which accomplishes lasting benefit, is that which furnishes employment for the worker, enabling him to help himself and thus maintain his self-respect. Be it said to the credit of the Salvation Army that they are accomplishing such results in a limited way, with their wood-yards and other industries in some of the larger cities.

How much more potent for the accomplishment of good would be the millions of a Rockefeller or a Carnegie, if, rather than employed in the foundation of libraries and universities for the poor who never patronize them, such wealth were devoted to the establishment of profit-sharing industries for the uplift of the **worthy unemployed**. Such would be practical charity, as every poor wretch thus enabled to assist himself would lessen by one the sum total of human misery, while alms or Christmas dinners bestowed upon the wayside beggar are but palliative at best in their result.



THE POLICY OF THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.

In the Duma's address to the throne the word, "autocrat," as the Czar's title, was omitted through the votes of the Octobrists and Constitutional Democrats. Premier Stolypin's answer to the omission was to take occasion in his ministerial declaration to lay great emphasis on the idea of the autocratic power and unfettered will of the Czar. He denounced the radical parties, whose agitation, he said, had "degenerated into open brigandage." He further declared that the government had decided to make use of all measures possible to strengthen judicial procedure and hasten its operations; and in general gave the Duma to understand that it was expected to carry out the program submitted to it, whether it liked or not. The temper of his address may be judged by his conclusion:

"The historic autocratic power and the unhampered will of the monarch shine out as the dearest possessions of the Russian royal family. Solely by this power and this will, which were created to defend existing institutions, can Russia be saved in an era of danger and demoralization and brought to the path of order and historical truth."

Premier Stolypin's remarks about radical parties were generally understood to imply that the government disapproves of the working alliance between the Octobrists and the Constitutional Democrats. The reactionary Right applauded the address frequently. The Octobrists were cast down by it. In regard to the agrarian problem, the settlement of which is the first need of the country, the Premier recommended the inviolability of private property and the allotment of certain lands to small proprietors. The government program includes the reform of the remstvos (provincial assemblies), the extension of the remstvos system to Poland and other border lands, reforms of the courts, legislation favorable to the Orthodox church and the clergy, and measures for the development of the army and navy. The first business of the Duma will be to consider the budget.



OUR RELATIONS WITH JAPAN.

Mr. Aoki, Japanese Ambassador to the United States, has been rather unceremoniously recalled for some reason. Some interpret the action to reflect Japan's insulted feeling at having one of our fleets visit in her territory. Others say that the recall just now is only a diplomatic blunder. There is no evident alarm over the situation. The feeling between Japan and the United States is not strained half as much as some sensationalists claim. Indeed the two governments are on friendly terms. Japan consented to Uncle's Sam's exclusion act recently and is now asking for a fuller and more definite understanding about emigrating of her subjects to this country. Japan is shrewd and strategic, to be sure, and may cause us trouble some time, but not now. Her resources were

wasted in the war with Russia and besides this, questions of state between us have all been amicably settled. Newspapers have caused all the war rumors of past months.

The latest solution to our difficulty with Japanese emigrants is a proposal to open the Philippines to the surplus population of Japan, and allow free trade between those two countries. Nature has made these people neighbors and Uncle Sam may give his consent for them to become political friends.



LONDON "OUTLOOK" ON THE AMERICAN SITUATION.

"There seems to be no greater American need than the evolution of a higher code of business, financial, and corporate honor. The revelations of the last few years have made it more than ever a grave and vital question whether Americans are morally capable of conducting great business enterprises. That they are technically capable goes for the most part without saying. Where they fail, it is, as a rule, because they have not yet developed an adequate sense of responsibility—of responsibilities, we mean, to the public, to the State, to some ethical standard higher than that of Wall Street and the countinghouse. The insurance scandals were one instance of the length to which their commercialized morality will carry them; the Chicago meat packers supplied another; a third has since then sprung from the always fertile soil of American railway management. The investigators of the Standard Oil Company are at this moment disclosing irregularities and juggleries of a kind that could only be practiced by men who had begun by deliberately excluding the moral sense from their business relations. The inquiry which is now being prosecuted against the operators who have brought one of the richest of the New York traction companies to bankruptcy has revealed an appalling system of organized plunder; and we notice, as a significant fact, that on the very eve of its crash the Knickerbocker Trust Company found it necessary to part company with its president.

"In all these cases, and in many more that might be mentioned, the true source of rottenness has been the dimming of the fiduciary sense—the amazing failure of men, who are strictly honorable in all the private relations of life, to realize that in their public capacity, as the trustees or directors of great commercial and financial corporations, their own private and pecuniary interests should have the last claim upon their consideration. When we see the presidents of insurance companies using the premiums of policy-holders as so many chips in the game of Wall Street finance; railway presidents neglecting the work of railway administration to become gamblers in the stocks of the companies they control; and bank managers employing the deposits of their clients to form political and financial connections for their private profit, we realize how much remains to be done before the standards of personal and corporate honesty in America can be brought to a reasonable approximation."



FINANCIAL IDEAS IN CONGRESS.

Financial legislation bids fair to be a leading feature of the present Congress. Senator Aldrich and Senator Allison have been notified that whatever financial legislation is enacted at this session must originate in the Senate. This is the dictum of Speaker Cannon and Representatives Dalzell and Payne, of the Committee on Rules.

The bill which the House leaders are now considering will provide for the issuance of Treasury certificates based upon securities other than Government bonds deposited with the Secretary of the Treasury.

Senator Hansbrough has introduced his bill to create a central bank of issue. The bill provides for the establishment of the "Central National Bank of the United States," to be located at Chicago, with a capital not to exceed 10 per cent of the aggregate capital of all the national banks, the stocks to be held by national banks and to be non-transferable and non-assignable.

The bank is to be under the direction of a general council of twenty-one members, sixteen of them to be selected by districts organized in proportion to population, one to be chosen at large, and four officers of the Treasury Department to be ex-officio members. The general council each week is to fix the rate of discount for the bank and its branches. National banks subscribing to the

stock may deposit the stock as a part of their legal reserve. Should the maximum amount of stock be subscribed there will be liberated and put into circulation by this provision something like \$90,000,000. National banks may keep one-half of their lawful reserve in the Central Bank, which is forbidden to pay interest except upon Government deposits.

Fifteen members of the general council may authorize the issuance of \$300,000,000 of Central Bank notes, secured by the bills receivable and the bonds owned by the bank. The notes are redeemable on demand in lawful money, and when redeemed shall be destroyed. In case of unusual emergency excess issues of notes, fully covered by gold are permitted. A tax of one-eighth of one per cent per annum shall be paid to the Government on the bank's notes during the time they are in use.

Mr. Roberts recently pointed out that within the last few months we have had the spectacle of the United States Treasury with over \$200,000,000 scattered in 250 banks and the Secretary of the Treasury in need of money and afraid to draw upon the deposits lest he might complicate an already dangerous situation. The whole system, he averred, of wide-spread distribution is impracticable, and a system which subjects the Treasury Department to such importunity and criticism is utterly bad and ought to be abolished.

"One by one every other important commercial nation in the world except the United States has adopted the central bank idea," continued Mr. Roberts, "England, France, Germany, Holland, etc. The Japanese are the most alert, thoroughly up-to-date people in the world. They have made a discriminating study of monetary systems and of administrative methods in every country of the world, and adopted what they concluded the best where they found it. Some thirty-five years ago they adopted a system of national banks modeled after the national banks of the United States, but more recently they have created a central bank, modeled after the Imperial bank of Germany, and turned the function of note issue entirely over to it."

Secretary Cortelyou must furnish the Senate finance committee with full details and information regarding his recent action in taking steps to relieve the monetary crisis.

Senator Aldrich reported from the finance committee a composite resolution covering all the information requested in resolutions heretofore introduced by Senators Clay, Culberson and Tillman, all of which were referred to the committee of which Mr. Aldrich is chairman.

In averting an untimely discussion for the Republicans, Mr. Aldrich promised to secure all the information sought by any senator. This is covered by the following resolution, reported and adopted without debate:

"Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to transmit to the Senate the following information:

"1. A statement, giving names and location, classified by states, of all United States depositories, and the amount of public money on deposit daily in each, from Oct. 1, 1907, to Dec. 3, 1907, with amount and character of securities therefor; and an explanation of important changes made in either amount or location of said deposits.

"2. A statement showing in detail the condition of the national banks on Aug. 22, 1907, and Dec. 3, 1907, and the amount of national bank notes outstanding from time to time during such period.

"3. An abstract of the proposals received by the Secretary of the Treasury for the purchase of the Panama bonds and 3 per centum certificates of indebtedness, authorized by the treasury circular of Nov. 18, 1907; the amount of such bonds and certificates issued, to whom awarded, and the reasons for their issues.

"4. A detailed statement of any information he may have as to the amount of clearing house certificates issued by the clearing house associations of the principal cities from Oct. 25, 1907, to Dec. 3, 1907; the character of such certificates, and the purposes for which they were used.

"5. Any information in his possession as to the movement of currency between different sections of the country during the period from Oct. 1, 1907, and Dec. 3, 1907, compared with previous years, and especially of shipments by the treasury, or otherwise, from New York and Washington to points South and West.

"6. A statement showing the amount of gold imports and exports from Oct. 1, 1907, to Dec. 3, 1907."

THE INGLENOOK

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THE NEXT REFORM.

BOTH the need for, and the methods of temperance reform are settled issues. The churches, railroads, athletes, doctors, explorers, inventors, and every vocation where man's highest skill is required have placed their highest offices in the hands of total abstainers, and have placed such a discount on intemperance that the evil of whiskey is practically settled from a physical and mental standpoint as well as from a moral basis.

The next reform that is needed in the United States is along the line of corrupt literature. It is bad to take rotten whiskey into the stomach, but it is many times worse to fill the mind with licentious thoughts, and thereby poison the soul. Whiskey strikes the body directly and the soul indirectly, while bad literature corrupts the soul directly. A man with infidelic and immoral doctrines is more dangerous to society than the man who debases his body with whiskey.

Mrs. L. H. Harris speaks her mind on bad literature thus in the *Independent*:

"Every novelist should be required to hold a license certifying to the decency of his imagination and to his sense of moral responsibility to society before allowing his books to be sold. Some very distinguished writers of fiction, beyond reproach as to their own characters, are utterly lacking in this kind of integrity. We protect the wrong things, we insure the author's interests with a copyright, and place no tariff at all upon the corruption which his books may contain. It is time to copyright the virtues in our young people at least by protecting them against the bad effects of some popular novels.

"A license is required of every saloonkeeper, yet is there a saloon that is likely to exert a more degrading influence this year than a certain novel mentioned as one of the 'six best selling books' in England? Everybody knows definitely what a saloon is and may

keep out if he chooses, but this novel is heralded in the *London Times*, for example, as a 'dainty romance.' And the author is praised for having surpassed all former achievements in 'poetic sentiment' and 'admirable descriptive power.' A saint might buy it upon such a recommendation. As a matter of fact, 'Sappho' is an innocent pastoral by the side of it, although far superior to it in literary merit. The 'daintiness' of the romance consists in the silk-fine, flesh-colored, skin-tight terms the author uses to present her characters to the reader. The 'poetic sentiment' refers to an exchange of feelings between a married woman, who happens to be an 'Excellency,' and an unmarried man whom she corrupts with that singularly good conscience which a certain class of women maintain at the very nadir of their moral natures. The 'admirable descriptive powers' are employed in the laying of questionable scenes with sumptuous splendor."

An increasing number of ministers are calling attention to the need of suppressing the floods of bad literature being circulated over the country. The postal authorities are working hard to bar questionable books and pamphlets out of the mail, and a number of journalists are saying something along this line, so that we believe the times for a literary reform are in sight.

It would be far more beneficial if the nation would appoint qualified persons to go into publishing houses and book stores and scan the kind of books they have for sale, than it is to have pure food officials to test milk, vinegar, pepper, etc.

This reform may not be very far away either, for some English writers are very much dissatisfied with the grade of literature which some novelists are giving to the public. A literary censorship is already talked of in England and there are those in this country who are ready to advocate the same thing.



A HISTORICAL QUIZ.

1. Who was the first Protestant missionary in India?
2. When and by whom was the Bible first translated into Chinese?
3. Who discovered the Philippine Islands, and who named them?
4. When was the city of Manila captured by the English?
5. What is the oldest institution of learning in the British Empire?
6. When and where did the Cubans make their first declaration of independence?
7. When, where and by whom was the British ship "Victoria" sunk?
8. When was the battle of Shipka Pass fought?
9. What navigators first reached Australia?
10. Whom did Napoleon defeat at Austerlitz?

11. When was Queen Victoria named Empress of India?

12. How was the independence of Switzerland guaranteed?

13. Who founded Cape Town, and when?

14. When did Mexico become independent of Spain?

15. Who discovered and named Cape of Good Hope?

Do not send any answers to the Editor.



WHERE IS THE REAL POWER?

Congressman W. Bourke Cockran, of New York, recently said: "During the last ten years, the entire control of productive agencies has passed into the hands of less than half a dozen men. Frankly, if you ask me to give the names of those who completely dominate the entire industrial field, I could not mention more than four to save my life. I am quite satisfied that you will all realize that their combination is stronger than any government that ever existed.

"I think we will take the names of Rockefeller, Morgan, Harriman and Hill, and for a fifth we will say Armour, and you have all that practically control the important industries and agencies of transportation. By the influence which this control gives them they have come to dominate our financial institutions, our great insurance companies, our leading banks and trust companies. What then does it signify that they control not merely the agencies of production and exchange, but they control the agencies of credit, that means the entire industrial life of a community.

"In the last twenty years I do not think a single act has passed Congress which had its origin within limits; every one was imposed upon it from outside. I do not know of an important bill that has passed Congress except under the whip and spur of Executive influence.

"If you want to strike an illustration of how absolutely contemptible the legislative power has become you have to consider the recent events in our own State. You remember the two-cent rate law passed last winter that was vetoed by Gov. Hughes. Has he any right to veto any measure? Do you remember his ground for his veto? He vetoed it on the ground that the members of the legislature did not possess sufficient information to legislate upon the subject intelligently. That, I believe, is a fair statement of that veto message. I am quite sure that Gov. Hughes would not dispute the accuracy of it. He said they had no inquiry, and therefore they did not possess the necessary information to exercise that power conferred upon them effectively or even intelligently."

In speaking of the putative powers of the National Government as compared to what Mr. Cockran styled the "real government," he cited the recent financial panic and said this peril was the greatest that had ever faced the country and had been dealt with, not by agents of the Government, but by forces outside. The eyes of the country, he said, had not been turned upon the Executive at Washington for relief, but to the library of a prominent citizen in New York, where a secret conclave was held. The result of this conclave, he said, was the adoption of measures upon which the whole country is now stalling its financial policy.

"It is a portentous fact," resumed Mr. Cockran, "that the greatest problem which has risen in this country in recent years has been treated not by an agency of the Government, but by an individual whose identity is unknown. This certainly indicates a profound revolution in our political system."



EXECUTIVE'S VIEWS ON LEGISLATION.

President Roosevelt was called to task by the Senate because of the action of the members of his Cabinet in sending recommendations direct to Congress without having them go through the regular channel. In the future the Senate will force the President to approve or disapprove over his own signature all legislation recommended by his official advisers. One of the hardest blows against so-called "executive usurpation" was struck when

Senator Aldrich, the leader of the Senate, had all the communications from the executive branch of the government referred to the rules committee to be scrutinized before any action is taken on them.

A resolution also will be adopted requiring the President to personally supervise all the proposed legislation. This will curtail his action, as in the future he will be compelled to show his hand. In the past many recommendations have been sent to Congress which were favored by the President, but to which he did not commit himself.



FAVORS POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS.

The Postmaster-General recently said: "I am heartily in favor of the establishment of postal savings banks, and will urge upon Congress the enactment of such laws as will enable the people to turn over to the government for safe keeping their savings. I know there is opposition in certain quarters to the proposition, but I do not expect it to encounter as much as my other suggestion for the improvement of our parcels post system. I am looking to the West for sterling support in both.

"When the question is viewed calmly there is not much in it to excite opposition. My plan is to allow interest upon all deposits, say at the rate of two per cent per annum. Private savings banks offering three and four per cent interest on deposits cannot, with reason, object to this lower rate.

"What we want now is to secure the passage of a law which will launch here a system that has been conducted with so much success abroad. Whether a special issue of stamps should be provided to be sold the public to be placed in books to be issued by postal savings banks is another question which can well be disposed of when the law is being framed. My idea is that it might be stipulated that amounts from twenty-five cents upward should be accepted by postmasters, and that no account should be permitted to exceed \$250. I think it well to place a maximum upon the total of the savings to be cared for by the government. After the depositor has accumulated \$250 or \$300 the savings habit will be upon him and he can then be prevailed upon to withdraw the amount for deposit in some private or national institution and begin again with his small savings."



EXPRESS COMPANIES AND LIQUOR.

Senator Tillman has introduced in the Senate the following resolution:

"That the committee on interstate commerce be instructed to consider and report, by bill or otherwise, what legislation is desirable or necessary to enable the states, in the exercise of their police powers, to control the commerce of liquors and all alcoholic beverages within their borders, so as to aid the cause of temperance and to prevent the encouragement by the United States government of illicit dealing in the same."

Mr. Tillman holds the express companies responsible for the evasion of the state laws regarding whiskey. He says they are flooding the local option part of South Carolina and other local option Southern states with whiskey which is sent in from other states "C. O. D." The Supreme Court of the United States has held that such traffic cannot be interfered with because of its interstate character.

Senator Knox considered it unfortunate that the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States had maintained that the "arrival" of the goods should make their delivery to the consignee.

The resolution was referred to the committee on judiciary.



OKLAHOMA'S ADVANCED IDEAS.

1. Strict Prohibition; 560 saloons quit business when the last hour was up.

2. Curbing of Corporation corruption. Waters-Pierce Oil Co. was prohibited from piping oil out of state to other refineries.

3. Mutual State Banks. The stability of one state bank is guaranteed by all the state banks.

Oklahoma has made a remarkable record in her constitutional ideals.



My Boy's Treat

Adaline Hohf Beery

Down the long avenue whistles my boy,—
Mother's own confidant, helper, and joy;
Bundle of cheerfulness, honor, and grit,
Soul for promotion and leadership fit.

Dim in perspective, my boy waves good-bye;
All day I'm seeing the laugh in his eye;
Toil I can bear, and the clock chirps away,
White wings come down through the lone time to stay.

* * * * *

How could I tell what might happen by noon?
How could the dagger be whetted so soon?
Coaxed round the corner, to ruin next door,
Clinched is my boy by iniquity hoar!

Fun-loving fellows just offered him drink;
"Come, Jack, we'll pay for it, quick as a wink!"
Smiling and beckoning in the bright glass,
Red wine has conquered my darling, alas!

Weak, trembling target for joke and hurrah,
How rough the current, just turned by a straw!
Flushed and abashed when the night brings him back,
Never the same soul of virtue, my Jack!

Curse on the demon who over him gloats,
Set on a throne by American votes!
If at the judgment my boy should be lost,
The open saloon shall be charged with his cost!
Huntingdon, Pa.

Special Medical Advice Concerning The Baby

Dr. B.

[About twenty articles on Health for the Home follow this present article.]

NATURE has constituted the baby to be a government unto itself, whose ways can be known only by the personal study of each little individual. They are a vital bunch of soft and elastic probabilities, whose early care is just as important for their future as is their minute and delicate construction.

Much could be said for the benefit of the baby, but in this article remarks will be limited to the early feeding of the infant.

It is a mistake to feed the baby solid food too young. Soon after birth the stomach is almost vertical and is but a little more than the expansion of the bowel. The muscular construction is very weak and the digestive power is yet incomplete. There is an absence of saliva during the first months to say nothing of the lack of teeth, and of certain glands of the intestines which are yet undeveloped.

The stomach capacity of an infant at birth is from two to two and a half tablespoonfuls; at one month of age it is about four tablespoonfuls, and at three months of age about four times the size at birth, or four and a half ounces.

From this age the stomach grows in size at a much slower rate of development.

From the first week an infant should be given small quantities of water daily, which will add to its comfort and strength, and will also avoid constipation. Their feeding must be adapted to each individual child, but in all cases their food should create comfort and growth. Should there be any vomiting or colicky pains, together with mucus or green stools, the food is either given in too great quantities, taken too rapidly, or the food is of inferior quality not adapted to the child. Such conditions should be corrected or digestive disturbances and malnutrition will follow. When the child is properly nourished its growth will be from six to eight ounces per week, and when there is no reasonable increase in growth the condition demands proper study and correction.

The best nourishment is that provided by nature, and the best artificial food is cow's milk. Always secure milk from the same cow, well observing all sanitary conditions, and in the hot summer months know that the cow is nourished on dry feed.

Cow's milk should be given raw, that is, not heat the milk to more than a temperature of one hundred degrees F., and should either be weakened with water, or given full strength according to the strength of the child.

It is a known fact that the prolonged use of sterilized cow's milk will bring on scurvy, and to avoid this the milk should be given as above directed. During the wakeful hours of an infant they should not receive nourishment closer than every two hours, and in health they should sleep from four to eight hours at a time.

The child's stools should be from two to three in twenty-four hours, and if constipated one teaspoonful of glycerine and same quantity of warm water mixed together, placed in a small glass or hard rubber nozzle and flushed into the bowels will give immediate temporary relief.

When there is sour vomiting after feeding, first reduce the quantity of food and add a little lime water, and also, when the stool is green reduce the quantity and add a little water and the white of one egg with a very little salt for one or two feedings a day.

The feeding of a child is its sole comfort, and every care should be observed in artificial foods, as many thousands of little lives are extinguished simply from improper feeding and nourishment.



RAGS AND RICHES RUB ELBOWS IN DAILY LIFE.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

NEW YORK is a city of human contrasts, where the extremes of life rub elbows and where there are to be seen impressive pictures that combine the high lights of a Turner and the deep shadows of a Rembrandt. These pictures are flashed daily on the watchful eye of the careful observer, and are full of deep human interest to the thoughtful man. Here are four seen in one day early last week:

There stood at the window of a Thirty-fourth Street dry goods store a woman, with a small dirty shawl for a head covering and wearing a soiled, ragged calico dress that was rather low on the top and short in the skirt, showing a thin, wrinkled, corded neck, and feet in torn runover shoes that were not mates. She was an incarnation of poverty as she stood with clasped hands, looking into the window at a woman's gown made of rich material and trimmed with costly lace.

Another woman dismounted from a carriage at the curb as her driver restrained two prancing horses. Her footman assisted her from the door, holding her velvet skirt so that it might not touch the wheel, steps or pavement, then he stood at respectful attention as she entered the store, almost touching the other woman. Her feet were incased in low patent leather shoes that showed the open work of silk stockings and where her dress dropped at the neck there was to be seen a wealth of jewels.

Another picture of human interest whose figures were children just entering the path that promised to lead to the scene of the other was observed in Fifty-

seventh Street. A little boy, with bare feet, had turned from Second Avenue and had gone nearly to Fifth Avenue, drawing an improvised cart made of a box and supported on two wheels of a baby carriage in which was seated a dirty-faced girl of about ten years old, who had neglected to put a dress waist above her skirt. As a large, red automobile drew up to the sidewalk and its chauffeur got out the cart stopped, and while the boy was looking at the machine, the girl's attention was on a little miss about her age coming from a house and dressed in a short flaring pink silk frock with stockings to match. She was carrying a miniature parasol of lace. The chauffeur helped the dainty girl into the automobile and, taking his seat rushed away while the other two proceeded on their slow pace with eyes on the departing machine, as long as it was in sight.

There was another sort of picture seen down in Worth Street. As a policeman picked his way through a mass of dry goods boxes that made the sidewalk almost useless as a thoroughfare, in front of the great stores that represent millions of dollars in capital, he pushed from the corner a Greek peddler who with a stock of fruit worth three or four dollars, was offering his wares for sale.

"Move on out of this," said the policeman, "and do not be blocking the street." The peddler obeyed in silence and as he did so was nearly run down by a swift moving automobile that went at a speed beyond the legal limit. The policeman saluted the occupant of the machine, who perhaps was a member of the city street-cleaning department.

Last of the pictures in this little gallery of four was one seen at midnight in front of a fashionable restaurant in Fifth Avenue, where shaded candles on linen cloths made bright with silver brought out a scene of festivity that could be viewed below the fringed curtains. Standing looking below this fringe was a ragged beggar, a man as forlorn as a mortal could be in appearance, who apparently all the evening through had been unsuccessfully soliciting alms with which to buy himself food and a place to sleep.



WHEN THE ROBIN SANG ALL DAY.

. MARVIN MANOM SHERRICK.

There must have been three little birds all new,
Or four, now who can say?
In the cosy nest on the poplar tree,
When Robin sang all day.

There must have been love in the poplar tree
Where Mistress Bird dreamed away;
But with eyes awake, and wings outspread,
While Robin sang all day.

I know that the sunshine was bright and fair
And found in one heart its way;
For the tune in the heart was the robin's tune,
And the Robin sang all day.

Mt. Morris, Illinois.

Some Cuban Fruits

Grant Mahan

Of course oranges, lemons, grape fruit, pineapples, cocoanuts and bananas grow here; and they certainly are very good. And then there are other fruits, such as we knew nothing about in the homeland. Some of them we like, and some of them we have not yet learned to like; but they say we will like them all in time.

One of the fruits to which we did not take at all is the mango. The season for it was about over when we came, and we had not time to learn to like it—and I am inclined to think I never shall. First of all, the taste of it is not pleasant to me; secondly, the seed is large and the meat is bound to it by fibers which are quite troublesome when one is eating the fruit. But some families eat two or three bushels a week during the season. If we are ever here during a whole season we shall be better able to tell about learning to like the fruit. Though originally introduced here, the mango tree grows practically wild in Cuba. In shape it is one of the most beautiful trees we have, reminding me, in its symmetrical growth, more of the hard maple in the States than any other tree. It is very prolific and if not cut back will grow to be fifty or sixty feet in height.

The aguacate is another fruit new to us. We had



A Bunch of Mangoes.
Courtesy of the Cuban Review and Bulletin,
New York City.

our introduction to it in the hotel at Havana. After supper a gentleman said when fixed up it is delicious; and we immediately wished to know how to fix it. And it must be said that what we were inclined to dislike is now eaten with relish. One must taste this and other fruits to know what they are like, for the taste cannot well be described.

The guanabana, or sour-sop, is not a native of the island, but is said to respond to proper handling as quickly as any of the native fruits. The guanabana makes delicious ices. It often grows to large size and is of a very delicate flavor. It is difficult to ship, but will surely always be an important fruit in the home market.

The mamoncilla is sometimes called the Cuban grape, as it bears a close resemblance. The pulp is acid sweet incased in a thin shell. These seeds are a solid white meat, and are often eaten after being roasted like chestnuts. Selection and cultivation will no doubt make this a most desirable fruit.

There are many more fruits growing here than one would undertake to enumerate and describe. It is said that there are about a hundred and sixty of them. Whether any one man is familiar with all of them is more than I can tell. We know but a few of them,



Harvest Home with Pineapples.
Courtesy of the Cuban Review and Bulletin, New York City.

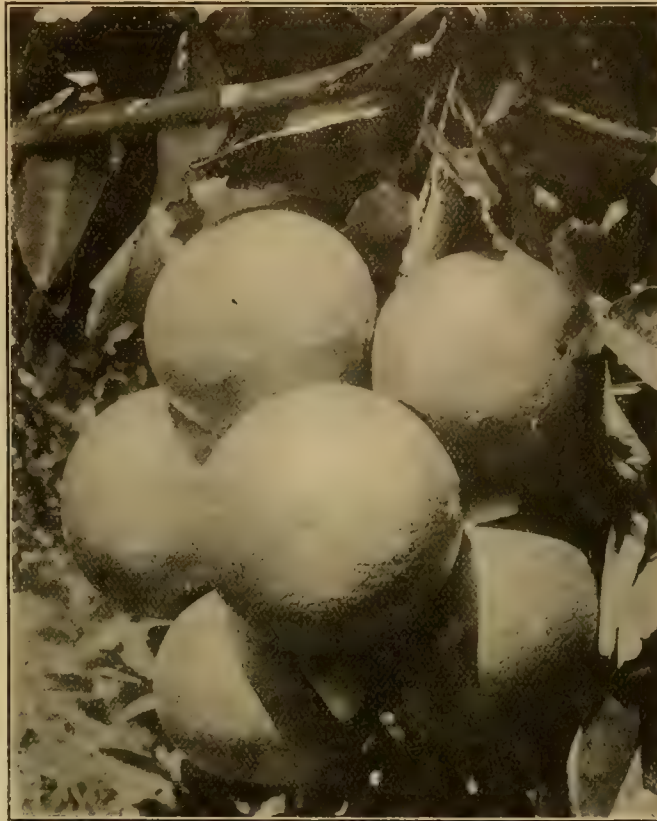
and of four or five of these a little will be said. One wishing to know more about the fruits will do well to investigate for himself.

The anon, or custard apple, is called the queen of Cuban fruits. The picture gives a very good idea of its appearance, except that it is larger than one might suppose, its size being more like that of the apple than of the berry which it somewhat resembles. Its color is a pear green with white markings, and when ripe it is of a pinkish tint in the creases. Even a newcomer does not find it hard to like this fruit.

Lime trees are found all through the woods in our section of Cuba. Usually they are small but sometimes almost as large as lemons. The trees bear well, and the fruit is said to be much better than the lemon, for shipping. Cubans bring limes to your

house for five cents a dozen, or three dozen for ten cents. The trees are transplanted by many persons. This is about the only way to save them, for when the timber is cut and burned—which must be done before the ground is ready for planting—the trees would be destroyed if left standing. We hope to have some of them for ourselves.

Then there are the pineapples. Many are grown now, but a great many more will be in the next few years, for almost everybody is setting out plants, which come into bearing in about a year and a half. It is with the pineapples as with most other fruits, one gets the best where it is grown. And then there is a great deal of satisfaction in gathering the fruit for oneself. But of course it is better to have fruit which you like after it has been shipped a long distance than not to have it at all.



A Bunch of Limes from a Native Tree.
Courtesy of the Cuban Review and Bulletin, New York City.



Grape Fruit Ready for Packing. The Basket Shows the Size.
Courtesy of the Cuban Review and Bulletin, New York City.

And the cocoanut palm is found all along the line. Not many of them, comparatively, are allowed to ripen: they are picked green, cut open, and the milk taken out, then the shells are thrown away. When cold and sweetened this milk is very good. We do not get that kind in the States. We have some trees growing, and if we are here, or make another visit we hope to enjoy the fruit of them.

It would be interesting to have pictures and give descriptions of some of the fruits peculiar to Cuba, which are not known in the home-land; but we do not have the pictures at hand, and so have said little about any but the more common fruits. As time passes we hope to have several of the most desirable of Cuban fruits grown on our little place; and if our friends from the north want to get away from frost and snow and ice for a winter, we shall be glad to share with them when we are here. We find it difficult to realize that it is midwinter, for every day we have fresh vegetables from the garden and fresh fruit from the trees but of course not everything is as we should like to have it. The good things are told; the bad we are allowed to find out for ourselves. Maybe this is because people like to talk about good rather than the bad.

Omaja, Cuba.



THE ABSENT-MINDED HUSBAND.

IDA DONNALLY PETERS.

MARGERY sighed unconsciously as she slowly made her way from the small rustic station toward her old home. The country through which she was passing was the same she had gone over, a happy bride, a few short months before; then a roseate hue seemed to cover the wind-swept ridges, and the limbs of the bare trees stretched out over the blissful pair as if in a sweet, solemn benediction; now these same ridges were grass covered and the trees were clothed with beautiful foliage, yet, to Margery, despite the sunshine of the early June morning, there was a dull, leaden hue over everything.

At the top of the hill which looked down upon her old home she paused, and the influence of the familiar

scene and the sights and sounds of the early summer morning, together with the sure knowledge of the hearty welcome awaiting her, considerably lightened her heavy heart, and, when a gay, joyous voice shouting, "Katherine, Katherine, as I live there stands Margery!" broke the stillness of the quiet country morning, only a close observer could detect anything unusual in the expression of her face.

"What a happy thought to surprise us!" cried Betty Gladden breathlessly, as she hurried up the hill and into Margery's arms.



The Anon or Custard Apple.

Courtesy of the Cuban Review and Bulletin, New York City.

"Why didn't you let us know you were coming?" continued Betty as she made way for Katherine who held her young sister close and looked deep into her brown eyes, where it was plain to her keen, sisterly regard there dwelt a slight shadow.

"Where is John? Isn't he coming?" asked Betty, whose nimble tongue was never long silent.

"No, John is not coming, he is too busy at home: I ran over to spend only a few days and to see what you girls were doing," answered Margery.

"I am very, very glad that you came, Margery dear, in fact there was never a sight so welcome to cousinly eyes, as you are to me on this occasion," said Betty as they sauntered down the hill. "Your coming always fills us with joy, but today you bring hope as well, for you come in time to aid the almost vanquished."

"For heaven sake, Betty, do not begin that nonsense again. It doesn't sound well at all," admonished

Katherine, as they seated themselves on the steps of the porch.

"Why so much mystery? Have you added another to the victims of your merciless toils, oh, faithless Betty?" asked Margery.

"Alas, no, there is no question of a victim, Margery dear," declared Betty. "But if you have tears prepare to shed them now, for this is a tale that will wring your tender heart. See yon bungalow, perched beside the lake and flooded in sunshine! In that bungalow dwells a man, young, handsome, rich, eligible, yet carrying within his breast a marble heart."

"Can it be! A man to resist the charms of the redoubtable Betty! But methinks," continued Margery, "that the silent Katherine should be heard upon the subject. Have you anything to say in excuse for this recalcitrant knight, oh, defender of the absent?"

"Betty has some sort of an absurd bet with Herbert that she will meet this Mr. St. Claire; and Margery, I wish you would dissuade her from it. He, like your husband, is a scientist and does not want to be bothered by silly girls."

Katherine arose. "Margery, you shall have your favorite berry roll for luncheon," she said as she disappeared within the house.

"Is it true, is it really, really true that a young and handsome man has lived next door to Betty Gladden for weeks and weeks, and is yet without consciousness of her existence? Oh, what a falling off is here!" sighed Margery.

"Now, Margery, don't tease. It means more to me than you and Katherine think. Suppose Herbert should find out that any man can resist my well-known charms. It would be enough to make him forswear his allegiance forever. Besides I must win that bet."

"I have a suspicion that the bet is at the root of the matter," said Margery.

"At any rate I must meet him and you must help me to do so," answered Betty.

"I help you, what do you mean, Betty Gladden!" exclaimed Margery.

"I mean simply this, that you must help me, and you will, too, as soon as you hear my beautiful plan." And with many a glance around to see if Katherine, the careful, were within hearing, Betty in excited whispers unfolded her scheme.

"That is easy enough to do, Betty dear, but why not take the leading part yourself?" asked Margery.

"I should love to do it, but if he recognizes me as his frivolous neighbor, I am afraid he would see through the trick," answered Betty.

"I shall do as you wish, but I assure you that the plan will fail," said Margery.

A couple of hours after luncheon Margery slipped out of the house unobserved, and made her way to the

lake. Seated there alone with bowed head, and occasionally pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, she presented a very mournful picture. The plan was that she should keep this pose until the unimpressible St. Claire saw her, and was moved by her distress to come and offer her his assistance, when she was to be reading a sorrowful story which was to account for her emotions. Explanations and apologies would ensue, of course, an acquaintance would be begun which was all that was necessary, according to Betty's opinion, to give Mr. St. Claire a desire to become all that she wished—a pleasant summer friend.

After a few moments Margery became engrossed in her own thoughts and forgot all about the cherished plot.

She was the six months bride of a man, who, though a devoted husband, was also an enthusiastic scientist. He had gained his wife, she was already his, but science, his mistress, was unattained and was wooed with unfailing ardor. And poor Margery, who, before her marriage, was the center of the life and gayety of the town in which she lived, now sat alone evening after evening looking from the window into the streets at the happy crowds passing to and fro. But the summit of her disappointment was reached the evening before.

That day had been her birthday and she had ordered a delicious dinner and had planned that they should spend a happy evening together. That afternoon Moreland attended a meeting of scientists, after which he and his friend, St. Claire, went to a near-by laboratory where some experiments were tried which lasted until after midnight. Moreland forgot his engagement with his wife, and in fact his wife herself until next morning when he found a pathetic little note on his plate, which read:

"I am lonely, and shall leave this morning for a little visit to father and Katherine.

"Affectionately,

"Margery."

Then he remembered the engagement for her birthday and, to his credit be it said, felt heartily ashamed of himself. He hurried to the station to take the first train for Pelham, and there found St. Claire who was also bound for the same quiet little village.

When the two men came in sight of Margery she was sitting by the lake feeling very forlorn indeed and her drooping figure looked very pathetic.

"Isn't that a girl sitting there? She seems to be in trouble," added Moreland as they came in sight of the weeping woman.

"Good heavens, is she going to drown herself?" exclaimed St. Claire.

Margery had arisen and was walking toward the lake slowly, it is true, but with purpose expressed in every line of her graceful figure.

"My God, it is Margery!" And away flew More-

land, plunging headlong through the hedges and scrambling over stones and through brambles, across a field which was the nearest way to the lake. He was all unconscious of losing his hat, tearing his hands, face and clothing, for love and fear lent wings to this stiff-jointed scientist; and too, then and there, he began to realize that with Margery gone life would be empty indeed, and even his beloved science would have no further charms for him.

Margery had reached that deep, dark, sinister looking pool and kneeling beside it paused a moment, then with hands outstretched she leaned over it, when Moreland with a last desperate sprint reached her side just in time to prevent her—bathing her eyes in its cooling waters.



SHREWS AND MOLES.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Not all of our insect foes are to be found in the air or on the surface of the ground. Many of them spend at least a part of their time beneath the surface of the earth where they are safe from birds or their insect foes.

Here comes in another of man's allies in the form of a small grub-eating mammal. The shrew is the smallest mammal known, being smaller than the mouse. By some it is mistaken for a young mole, but the front feet of a mole are broad, even in babyhood, while the shrew has feet similar to those of a mouse. Its fur is soft and fine, but it has well developed eyes and lives above ground. With its long flexible nose it roots in the ground and searches in the grass for grubs.

Dogs and rats sometimes kill them mistaking them for mice, but do not eat them because of the disagree-

able odor. And he dies game. The only thing that prevents him being a formidable antagonist is his size, or rather lack of size.



The Shrew.

When frightened he voluntarily emits the odor, which, though disagreeable, is not nauseating like that of the skunk.

His home is in a hollow tree, under a root, or in a hole in a bank. Here he makes a soft nest of grass and rears his little family.

As to his neighbor and co-laborer, the mole, I cannot speak with such positive assurance. He cannot see, and his hearing is imperfect, but his sense of touch and smell are wonderful.

Place one on the ground and he at once begins to dig, and in a minute may be out of sight.

His keen nose scents the grubs and his flexible

tongue does not let them escape. His fur is erect, so it always "lays" well, no matter in what direction it is stroked. This enables him to keep his coat clean while passing through his burrows.

His digestion is very rapid and he will starve if deprived of food for twenty-four hours.

In hunting for grubs he sometimes takes the grain also, and often leaves the soil around the roots of the grass and vegetables so loose that the dry weather kills them. Naturalists say he is beneficial and they may be correct, but many people think otherwise.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.



THE OLD YEAR.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Now the dear Old Year is ended,
Joy and sorrow both have blended
In its passing days.
And 'twas best so, both were given
By our Father, wise, in heaven;
Render we sweet praise.

Backward as the leaves we're turning,
Precious lessons we are learning,
Ne'er to be forgotten.
Here are words unkindly spoken
There are obligations broken,
All for want of thought.

Sad the hours we thus have squandered,
As from duty we have wandered,
In forbidden ways.
Yet the heavens bear us witness,
How we've yearned for angel fitness,
'Mid these trying days.

Yearned for faith that is abiding;
For a trust always confiding,
In our God above,
Who will give when earth shall fail us,
And when inward foes assail us,
His protecting love.

Gracious Father, we surrender
All to thee, our sure defender,
Whatsoever betide.
Where thou leadest we will follow,
Each today and each tomorrow,
And thy wisdom bide.

Cover in thy loving kindness
Missteps taken in our blindness;
Often do we stray.
Yet we seek thy kingdom, holy,
Though we make the journey slowly,
Lengthen out our day.

Counting up our gains and losses,
Merged in love are all the crosses,
Of the good Old Year.
Canceling all claims and debts,
As friends, we part without regret,
Faithful, good Old Year.

CREAM OF MAGAZINES

PARCELS POST.

If there is anything indicative in what the press and common people of the country are saying the 60th congress will have to consider very carefully before it absolutely refuses the recommendations of Postmaster-General Meyer that a parcels post be established in the United States, the limit in weight to be 11 pounds to the package and the rate to be 12 cents a pound. With a large part of the people the plan is a popular one, for it would mean much less expense in shipping parcels than is now met with when those parcels must go by express.

To a limited extent we already have a parcels post between the states, but the trouble with it is that the rate is 16 cents a pound and the limit four pounds; whereas by the parcels post which we have established with certain other countries 11 pounds can be sent at the rate of 12 cents a pound. The situation has been clearly pointed out by the postmaster-general who says: "Any individual entering the postoffice in Boston or any other city or town in the country, with two parcels, each weighing four pounds, can send one parcel to New York for 64 cents, while for the other parcel, which is addressed to someone in a foreign land and goes via New York, he will have to pay but 48 cents for the reason that the rate to foreign countries is 12 cents a pound, while the rate to our own people is 16 cents a pound. Should the packages weigh four and one-half pounds each, the one addressed to the friend in New York would have to be refused by the postmaster, while the one addressed to the person in a foreign land and which would be accepted would be forwarded to New York and then on to its destination. The parcel for the foreign country would be received in most instances even if it weighed as much as 11 pounds and forwarded to any one of 22 foreign countries."

Two interests oppose the parcels post,—the express companies and the country retail merchants; the first know that they will have to bring their high rates down to meet the federal competitor, and the second fear that the mail-order houses will get their trade. The postmaster-general has a plan to help the country merchants. "If my recommendations are adopted," he says, "it will cost 12 cents a pound for the mail-order house to send parcels to the rural delivery patron from any city postoffice while for delivery to a patron from the distributing office of the rural route, or if mailed by a patron of any route for delivery to a patron on the same route or at the distributing postoffice of said route, the charge will be but five cents for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound up to 11 pounds, or 25 cents for a package weighing 11 pounds."

The European countries have long been using the parcels post to advantage. In England an 11-pound parcel is carried for 22 cents. So prompt is the government in handling the parcels that the retail houses and laundries in the cities find it cheaper to deliver by parcels post than by delivery wagon. By paying a small fee extra immediate delivery is secured, as the special delivery of a letter is secured in this country. Besides this, up to a certain amount, practically all the goods sent by parcels post are insured. In Germany an 11-pound parcel can be sent for 12 cents and those weighing as much as 110 pounds may be sent for a little over 60 cents. Even such things as trees are sent by parcels post over there.—Pathfinder.



SOUL-MEASURING MACHINES.

Suppose for a moment that you were a criminal, had committed some heinous crime, but had so carefully covered up your tracks that, despite the fact that you were suspected, you felt sure the law could not fasten the guilt upon you; then suppose you sat in a prison cell with an officer who fired a battery of words or questions at you

and you knew that a few doors away in a room as dark as a bottomless pit a jury was sitting watching a thin thread of light which, like a ghost from the other world, was telling on a graduated scale exactly what your emotions with regard to this terrible secret were. It would be worse than in the days of the Spanish inquisition, wouldn't it? You would dread it more than you would the thumb-screws, the wheel, or the rack.

Well, let's take it for granted that you never are going to be a criminal and will thus be spared such torture; but it is a fact that some day such a mechanism may be employed in criminal cases. The instrument is the invention of an American and a Swiss scientist and is called the psychometer, a word which is derived from two Greek words and means "soul-measurer"; it measures the emotions of the soul; tells whether certain suggestions excite the soul or not. Now technical explanations are always tiresome, but that you may understand this wonderful machine let us as briefly as possible take a look at it and then pass on to the eerie results that come from its operations. Suppose we step into the scientist's office in New York where the psychometer is kept. There it is on that table over there. It has two parts; the first of which looks very much like an ordinary galvanic battery; it is here that the electric current is generated. The second part is the one that does the mysterious work. It is simple, though, being merely a galvanic mirror with a thin thread of light thrown upon it and this thread of light reflected upon a scale that looks something like a foot rule in its graduations. The first and second parts are connected with wires; the current is on, and if you take the two poles of the battery in your hands you will get a demonstration of the psychometer. The room is darkened so you can see the thread of light reflected upon the scale; it is resting at the zero mark. Now let us suppose that you were recently in a train wreck and barely escaped being killed. A friend mentions a number of words which call up ideas in your mind and you watch that mysterious little thread of light upon the scale. Your friend mentions "water," "food," etc., but the light remains stationary or moves very little; but unexpectedly he says "railroad." Instantly the thread of light goes dancing up the scale. You have thought of the wreck, your emotions of fear were aroused and the light indicated it. Further than this, a little device, called a "kymograph," had been tracing a line on a strip of paper all this time; the line ran along straight until "railroad" was mentioned, and then it began to go up and down. There is a written record of your emotions.

Of course you know the principle of the galvanometer—the mirror vacillates in proportion as the electrical current in the battery increases or diminishes. In the present case the current passes from the battery through you to the galvanic mirror, and if anything happens within you to check or facilitate the flow of electricity, the result is projected on the scale and recorded on the strip of paper. "But," you say, "how can an emotion, which is psychical affect an electric current?" The "why" of the matter remains yet to be fully and incontrovertibly explained. The scientists who are at work on the psychometer say that the most probable theory is that the cause is due to a variation in resistance to the electric current depending upon changes in the amount of secretion in the sweat glands. They deem that our emotions are carried from the soul to the skin—by the nerves perhaps—and there cause such minute changes that only a delicate instrument can indicate them. The skin's condition governs the degree of resistance to the current; changes of resistance are recorded by the mirror and the pencil.

Some very interesting experiments have been performed by the scientists, and in each case the result was the same. The emotion aroused caused a deflection in the ray of light and produced a wavy line upon the strip of paper. One of the experiments performed will suffice. They got

hold of a man who had tried to commit suicide, but who had no idea that the scientists knew of it. Test words to suit his case were given. The majority of words used had no significance whatever, but here and there a word was used which, it was thought, would suggest his attempt at suicide, which was by drowning. The man was asked to tell the scientists what was the first thought that came into his mind after hearing some word which they would pronounce. "Head" was the first, and immediately the man replied "hair," a very natural suggestion. "Green" suggested "meadow"; "stick" suggested "knife." All this time the answers were made unhesitatingly and the thread of light remained stationary. But when "water" was given, the thread of light leaped above the zero and kept jumping up and down. Five seconds elapsed before any reply came and then the man said "deep." He seemed to have thought of his desperate undertaking. The light grew steady again and insignificant words were given, with no effect. But "ship" and "lake" produced more waverings of the light and the replies did not come so quickly.

It is thought by some scientists that the psychometer may come to be used in criminal cases. If necessary, the criminal could be in one room holding the electrodes and the indicator could be in another. A good deal is staked on the fact that emotions cannot be stimulated as an act or thought. One way to confuse the inquisitors, however, would seem to be for the criminal, realizing that he was being tested, voluntarily to think of something that would arouse his emotions at the time when an insignificant word was put to him. Whether or not the psychometer will ever be of more practical use remains for the future to say. At any rate it is a most interesting invention, if only from a scientific point of view.—Pathfinder.



HOW GERMANY MAKES THE WORLD'S TOYS.

The doll-manufacturing industry did not begin to assume conspicuous proportions until 1850. Before that time only wood and leather were used in this trade. At the time of the first London World's Fair a Sonneberg doll manufacturer brought home and improved a Chinese doll, made of heavy colored paper, and with movable head and limbs. Next came hairless wax heads. To begin with, the wax and varnish were put on the prepared head with a brush in a more or less crude or uneven manner, whereby the face was left expressionless. A thimble, so the story goes, one day fell into a dish of fluid wax. When its owner drew it forth it was found to be beautifully covered with a uniform coating of wax. The manufacturer caught the idea and established a factory for wax papier-maché dolls prepared by the dipping process. By giving the papier-maché a flesh tint and through the use of wheat powder, he attained a very good imitation of the human skin. Painting completed the process of facial expression. Next came the setting of artificial eyes, which are principally made in the little town of Laucha. These eyes soon were made movable, and the result was a sleeping doll. But the hairless head had to be improved. Human hair was originally used, but the discovery of mohair wigs opened up large possibilities in this line, as the fine, glossy hair of the Angora goat was found to be unsurpassable for this purpose. When mohair grew more expensive wool was added. In rapid succession there followed further inventions and discoveries until the modern, life-like, jointed, speaking doll was the result.

At the head of this industry are the large exporting houses, both German and foreign, doing business directly with merchants in all quarters of the globe. They correspond in all modern languages, and are organized on the most approved, modern style. Some of them do a commission business almost exclusively, gathering up the toys in small lots, packing and shipping them, and doing little or no manufacturing business themselves.

Next in rank are found smaller exporters and manufacturers doing some foreign business directly, and delivering also to the great exporting houses. These vary from large and wealthy establishments to lesser factories handling but small quantities. They are of course houses which confine themselves exclusively to manufacturing. The output of many of the factories is entirely or in large part controlled by some of the big exporters.

The annual export trade has grouped itself in three seasons: Christmas, Easter, and Hallow'en. Originally the Christmas season alone occupied prominence, because

Easter and Hallow'en goods were called for in but small quantities. Later the Easter trade developed, and within the last few years the demand for Hallow'en goods in America has developed so tremendously as to create an entirely new line of business. Every country has its own shipping season for toys, according as its distance from Sonneberg is greater or less than that of another. Thus Christmas toys intended for Australia are shipped much sooner than those for the United States, while toys for America are shipped earlier than those going to England, and those for England sooner than those intended for the German market itself. The result of all this is that the great exporters are kept busy all the year around, though a noticeable concentration occurs in July, September, and even in the early part of October, when the main exports of Christmas toys are made to the United States. The toy industry in Sonneberg has received quite a boom by the craze for Teddy bears, over 10,000 going every week to the United States and also to England and France. Numerous Caruso monkeys also found a ready market in America.—American Review of Reviews.



NEW YEAR IN THE FAR NORTH.

It is left to the Eskimo to perform the most curious of all the many ceremonies with which the New Year is ushered in. In that far land of ice and snow a few moments before the old year's departure, from each little hut a couple comes forth, a man and a woman; in turn every igloo of the hamlet is visited and in solemn silence the hearth fire is put out. At the stroke of 12 all the fires are rekindled and the New Year is started with a bright new blaze. Mysterious ceremonies accompany this queer custom, and for a brief moment once a year our neighbors in the frozen North are without a spark of fire.

In Russia, on the eve of Dec. 31, the unmarried persons send their servants or go themselves out into the street to see what men or women they will meet, for the first person will be the future life companion. Russians lads and lassies often make most skillful plans to see that the right individual is on hand.

When the hour strikes midnight, each member of the family is saluted by a kiss, and with solemn words good wishes and blessings are given. If "Happy New Year's" cannot be exchanged by word of mouth, the sentiments the persons wish to convey are published in the newspapers, and the journals on Jan. 1 are eagerly read for these messages.

Norway and Sweden are hospitable countries, and a bountiful feast is spread in Stockholm at the exchange. The king is usually present, and always meets his people in the most democratic manner.

In Denmark the New Year comes in with full military honors. The booming of cannon is deafening, and the most delicate compliment to be shown to a friend is to fire guns and pistols under the window as the old year vanishes.

Every monarch in Europe, save the King of the Belgians, recognizes the advent of another year by some sort of a religious observance in which the divine blessing is invoked and strength and wisdom implored in guiding the state, but his majesty of Belgium goes on his erratic way, regardless of God or man.



Echoes from Everywhere

FOREIGN.

The persistent rumors that have been current to the effect that Ambassador Bryce was to be called home, have been officially denied. America would be sorry to lose James Bryce.

Germany expelled a good number of Mormon missionaries a month or two ago. Now Switzerland is preparing to follow the example of her bigger neighbor. The Swiss authorities recently arrested a party of Mormon elders, for carrying on the propaganda among young Swiss women.

The brother-in-law of Maxim Gorky, one Ivan Rukawishuikow, has come to America from Eastern Siberia. He will write for the papers and magazines of New York's East Side, but he can scarcely feel the need of making a name for himself.

A new development in maps which will follow the introduction of aerial navigation will be the charting of airship harbors. Taking a lesson from the gale which recently brought disaster to the Nulli Secundus, the first British military airship, officers of the balloon corps at Aldershot set to work to discover suitable natural shelters in various parts of the country, such as hollows in woods, protected places at the foot of hillsides, and deep gravel pits, where an airship may descend in case of emergency and lie safely during a gale.

The Japanese are fighting the savage head hunters of Formosa with electricity. These Formosans who indulge in war for the sake of accumulating a collection of the heads of the men they kill number about one hundred thousand, infesting the eastern coast of the island. Since their recent massacre of three hundred Japanese and Chinese, the soldiers, when they have located a party of them, surround the place with a wire fence, which they charge with electricity. Then the soldiers begin to shoot; the savages stampede, and the deadly wires get those that the bullets miss.

History is made fast nowadays. In spite of the fact that the automobile business is so young that it does not seem as if it were time to begin to commemorate its heroes by public monuments a statue to an automobilist, Mr. Levassor, has just been erected at the Port Mail lot, in the heart of the Paris automobile district. Mr. Levassor was the pioneer in the automobile industry, and more than that, his death was caused by an accident which occurred in one of the first automobile races. We may next look for a monument to the man who invented ping-pong.

The only seven-masted schooner in the world, the Thomas W. Lawson, was wrecked recently in the Sicily Islands. Fifteen of the crew of eighteen were lost. The immense schooner, the largest sailing vessel in the world, was launched five years ago from the Fore River shipyards in Massachusetts, and had been engaged in the coastwise and Atlantic trade. She was 375 feet long and fifty feet wide. The value put on her was \$300,000 and she was not insured.

GENERAL.

More than 40,000 men who have been idle for several weeks will return to work. Other mills in the district will also resume in full shortly after the first of the year,

practically doubling the number of workmen employed within fifty miles of Pittsburg during the past few weeks.

Oklahoma is going to make its state banks guarantee each other's deposits. Persons interested in the banking and currency question will watch the results, even though it may take years to try out the law. If the Oklahoma bankers have to dig down into their pockets to pay the depositors of some imprudent fellow banker, they will either make a vigorous effort to secure the repeal of the law or else they will unite for self-protection and insist on such mutual control of each other's business as will nip all threatening evils in the bud. However, not only does a successful mutual guarantee of asset note issues exist among the Canadian banks but Comptroller of the Currency Ridgely in his annual report spoke of such a project for deposits as one which was at least possible of serious consideration. Oklahoma's free gift of practical experience is, therefore, to be welcomed.

Nine hundred and thirty-eight indictments were returned by the county grand jury, in Kansas City, Mo., principally for violation of the Sunday closing law. Of this number sixty-five indictments were against the managers and employes of theaters, for specific violations of the law last Sunday; several hundred were against pool hall and cigar store owners, and twenty against negroes for selling, or bootlegging, whiskey on Sunday. In the two months this grand jury has been in session it has returned a total of 2,039 indictments, more than six hundred of which have been against actors, actresses, and theatrical managers and attachés. This all is a result of the Sunday closing crusade started by Judge William H. Wallace of the Criminal Court.

Manufacturing interests are moving Southward. The Piedmont region, that district in and near Charlotte, N. C., is becoming the greatest textile center in the world. There capital and engineering skill are harnessing enormous water power. It is estimated that over two million horse-power can be developed from the streams in this one section alone, and this represents the labor of six million human beings. Indeed, today, without one-quarter of the accessible power being used, more electricity is generated in this section than in all New England. One plant at Great Falls, on the Catawba River, already supplies more power than is produced in Holyoke and Lowell combined. The Southern Power Company will soon have at Great Falls the largest electrical plant in the world. With the increasing development of her limitless natural resources, and with the strong stand in prohibition which she has taken, the economic power of the South in the future seems to be a thing of enormous possibilities.

While Fairman in Paris is flying better and better on his aeroplane, Professor Alexander Bell, the inventor of the telephone is perfecting his kite, the Cygnet, which he expects will solve the problem of aerial flight. The Cygnet is made of a great number of tetrahedral cells, that is, little, four-sided pyramids which are very buoyant. Lieutenant Selfridge, of the United States Army, ascended in the kite a few weeks ago, when it was launched in Nova Scotia. As soon as it is equipped with a motor Professor Bell and his assistants think it can fly independently. Lieutenant Selfridge says: "It will be only a matter of time when the Cygnet, or an improved machine of her type, soaring on high in absolute control, will occasion no more comment to watchers from below than an automobile does today, threading its course through a busy thoroughfare."

Apparent it is that Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson of London is not favorably impressed by what she has seen and learned of Americans since her arrival in the United States on Oct. 25. "The New York woman," she says, "has too much money to spend. With these enormous fortunes at her command she steepes herself in the degradation of luxury. She adorns her person until I am often minded of a Turkish harem. She measures all humanity by its clothes, as her husband measures all his fellow men by their wealth and their ability to acquire more wealth. She has no time to think of vital questions of the hour, no civic pride, because she is too busy adorning her person, to know what is really going on in the great world of underdog humanity. In America, particularly in New York, the men give their undivided attention to making money and trust their wives to hold up the educational, the intellectual, and the sartorial end. The Englishman takes pride in what his wife does for his country; the New York man in the appearance she makes of his money. It is money that is sapping the minds and bodies of New York's so called aristocracy today."

SARAOFF AND MACEDONIA.

The death by assassination by Boris Saraffoff, the most noted Bulgarian champion of Macedonian freedom, calls attention once more to the awful condition of Macedonia. Saraffoff, himself, had hated the Turks ever since his boyhood, when his father and grandfather were beaten before his eyes and then dragged away to prison. Saraffoff began raiding in Turkish territory in 1895, and ever since had continued his guerilla warfare. He is accused of being responsible for the capture of Miss Stone, the American missionary, in 1901. Certainly the revolutionary activity in 1903 was financed with the \$60,000 paid for her ransom.

The warfare which Saraffoff and his fellows conducted was not in behalf of Macedonia, as a whole, but only in behalf of the Bulgarians there. Macedonia is ruled by the Turk. It is inhabited by Turks, Greeks, Bulgarians and Servians. All the Christian races want to get rid of the Turks, but Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia, each want to rule the country when the Turks are eliminated.

When the powers interfered in 1903, after fifteen thousand Bulgarians had perished in seven months of fighting, among the measures of reform ordered by Russia and Austria, as the mandatories of the European concert, was one providing for a redistribution of the administrative divisions in the three vilayets, "with a view to a more regular grouping of the various nationalities." The reform program has accomplished practically nothing, but the provision for "redistribution" has set the Servians, Greeks and Bulgarians to fighting each other, each race actuated by the hope of extending its own sphere of influence. A conservative estimate puts the average number of deaths by violence in Macedonia during the years of the "reform" at two hundred a month. The strong hand of fearless outside authority is needed to bring order out of the prevailing chaos.

IMMIGRATION FOR 1907.

The report of the Commissioner General of Immigration shows that in the year ending June 30, 1907, 1,285,349 aliens were admitted to this country, compared with 1,110,000 in 1906, an increase of seventeen per cent. At the same time, the aggregate number of outward bound passengers, 569,882, was 73,145 larger than in 1906. The Commissioner estimates that with an increase to our population by immigration of 1,000,000 per annum, which is less than the present rate, and the present rate of natural increase, the United States would reach the density of China in about four generations, or more particularly, in 134 years, at which time we would have a population of 950,000,000. The figures show that the efforts of the Southern States to increase the amount of immigration at their ports has had some effect, although more than a million of this year's arrivals came to New York.

The most interesting feature in regard to the number of immigrants coming from different countries is the great growth of the Japanese. Where 14,000 came in 1906, 30,000 came in 1907 and this in spite of the new regulations. The Tokio government is said to be ready to settle the immigration problem by refusing to allow "coolie" laborers to come to America, but it is not willing to embody

the restriction in a treaty. The immigration from the southeastern corner of Europe, Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Turkey, doubled in the year, being 68,000, compared with 33,000 the year before. The number from Italy increased less than five per cent.

Congressman Charles N. Fowler, chairman of the House committee on banking and currency, in discussing the money question recently, said: "If this government continues its present policy of injecting into the arteries of trade and commerce of fixed, bond secured currency, by swapping securities, by bond speculations, by treasury manipulations, and by executive orders, we will move toward a financial break-down—a commercial tragedy—compared with which the present currency panic is only a summer outing." Briefly stated, Mr. Fowler advocated the establishment of a credit system of currency, to be issued at will by the individual banks to an amount equal to their capital. He insisted that nothing should be allowed as a reserve except gold. "We demand that the reserves in our banks shall be in gold coin, and shall be ample to prove their credits and to protect their millions of depositors who have \$12,000,000 to their credit."



The Steel Trust's Souvenir of the Recent Panic. Only \$30,000,000 Gain.

At the International Conference of Religious Liberals which recently met in Boston, Prof. Groeneuegan, a noted Dutch preacher and editor, made the following statements concerning the spiritual life of Holland which stand out in contrast to the mere theological side of that country. "Among our preachers those are the most loved who are not only the best orators, but also utter most clearly and resolutely their purely religious convictions and whose personal piety is felt as the touch of a life which kindles life. Many people have grown tired of theological, biblical, historical, and moral questions. They want to adore, to trust, to obey, to love their God. They want the pure religion of the Gospel. If we do not give it simply, clearly, and warmly, fresh from the heart to the heart, people will be seeking elsewhere. And the longing for a new religious moral activity goes astray in socialism. Most of our Christian socialists are full of warm religious feeling. But the more stress they lay on social reform, the greater danger that they will bring more religious people to socialism than socialists to religion."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

WANTED.—To correspond with Brethren who desire to know the best, safest, most economical and most convenient method of lighting their homes.—W. G. Nyce, St. Peters, Pa.

NEFF'S CORNER

Busy times, these, about Clovis. Between telling the readers of several other journals about conditions here, answering letters, receiving callers from all parts of the Union, and looking after house building, I can't find time to tell the 'Nook readers near all there is to tell. A friend with whom I sojourned awhile in Texas, while on my mission wagon tour, has just been here, bought a lot and ordered a house built. Concrete work has been finished on the big depot 135 feet long. The concrete Harvey house with frontage of 146 feet and a 134-foot wing, and big basement, all to cost about \$60,000, is now in process of erection. If you would like some property close in or cheap farm lands near by, come soon or write

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1908 ALMANAC

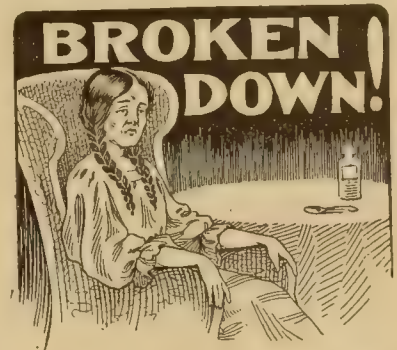
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AGENTS

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Yours fraternally,

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University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., Oct. 29, 1907.

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On the International

Sunday School Lesson For 1908

By Rev. J. M. Coon, A. M., LL. B.

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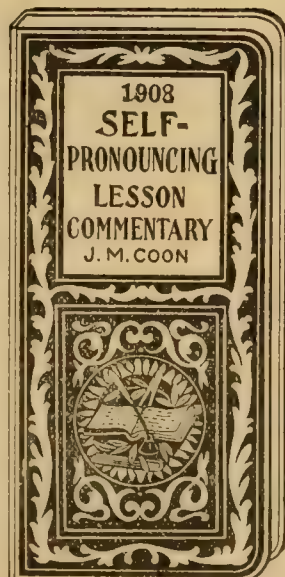
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George Otis Smith, Director United States Geological Survey.

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Vol. X. No. 2.

Price, \$1.00 Per Annum.

January 14, 1908.

APPLES

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and

ROGUE RIVER VALLEY OREGON



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A Butte Valley Apple Orchard, Well Laden.

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Apples and other fruits, such as berries, cherries, pears, etc., are perfectly at home. One of the most profitable industries that could be taken up here, however, is apple raising, because the quality is of the very best, the market has never been supplied, and most generally apples sell for more per box than do oranges. Besides, the pests that ruin fruit trees in the East are yet unknown in the valley, and the closest care is exercised by the State authorities in protecting the fruit trees all over the State.

Write for Booklets describing Rogue River Valley and Butte Valley. They are FREE.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,

Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebraska.

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CALIFORNIA

**Tuesday
January 14
1908**

Leaving Chicago, 10:45 P. M.
Leaving Omaha, Wed. Jan. 15,
At 3:50 P. M.

For Rates and Other Information, Write to

ISAIAH WHEELER,
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OR

D. C. CAMPBELL
Colfax, Ind.

Who will accompany the Excursion through to

BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Geo. L. McDonaugh

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Dining Rooms and Lunch Counters are located at convenient points along the line, and all through trains which do not carry dining cars are scheduled to stop at these points. Well prepared meals of the best quality are properly served at popular prices. Full time is allowed for meals.



Be sure to buy your ticket over

The Union Pacific Railroad

known as the Overland Route, and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.



**Farming Lands in California Can
Be Bought from \$30.00 to
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Printed Matter FREE.

Write to

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agt. Union Pacific R. R.
Omaha, Nebraska.

Macdoel News

MACDOEL, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER 26, 1907

J. R. MOORE of Saskatchewan, and Mr Eikenberry from Greene, Iowa, came in on the stage this week. Mr. Moore's family has been here some time, on the land that he bought a year ago. He reports that the early frost in Canada and northern parts of North Dakota destroyed much of the wheat crop, making it very hard on the farmers, many of whom are preparing to leave that country.

Many letters are being received by the settlers in Butte Valley, from their friends in the East who are preparing to move out here in the near future. Some of these will take advantage of the special excursion leaving Chicago, on Tuesday, Jan. 14, and Omaha on Wednesday, Jan. 15, in charge of D. C. Campbell of Colfax, Ind., and Isaiah Wheeler of Cerro Gordo, Ill., as it will enable them to get in through tourist car in the East, without change of cars until they arrive in Butte Valley.

On Christmas eve there was a wedding at the Hotel Macdoel, the high contracting parties were Miss Elva Lizer and Mr. Charles Bigham, both of this place. The ceremony was performed by M. D. Early. The bride and groom were charivariated in the regular old-fashioned style which needs no description, as most of the readers of these notes have at some time in their life participated at a similar event.

Mr. Aaron Bechtel and Mr. Frank Lapp are fitting up a nice chest to use for shipping Butte Valley exhibits to the East, which will consist of samples of grain, grasses, potatoes, turnips, beets, etc. As many of the readers are interested in having their friends in the East see what we do grow here, we would suggest that any choice samples of such products that they may have should be brought to the Postoffice at Macdoel to be sent East for inspection, as this chest will make periodical trips whenever a good supply is available that will be of interest to the would-be homeseekers.

Mr. Rosman, agent for the famous Stark Brothers Nursery of Louisiana, Mo., advises us that they have sold trees sufficient to plant 70

to 80 acres here in Butte Valley this fall, most of which are choice varieties of apples. When Prof. Wixon of the University of California was here in October and learned that the settlers of Butte Valley were purchasing their trees from this firm, he said that he was glad of it as they were always as careful about the inspection of trees that were brought to California as the most rigid State Inspector could be.

A seed depot is being established at Macdoel by the Portland Seed Company, to be under the supervision of Mr. Rosman, which will supply choice, reliable seeds for the farms and gardens of the settlers of Butte Valley. This is a good move, as it enables everybody wishing to plant either farm or garden to do so knowing that he will reap good crops, as he is furnished with good seed.

A number of parties in the East are asking for freight rates from various points, on household goods, live stock and farm implements to Butte Valley. We are requested to announce for the benefit of these people that the rate in car load lots on the above named articles is about \$200.00 a car to Bray, Cal., the present terminus of the railroad in Butte Valley.

The question is often asked by our Eastern correspondents, "Is it advisable, and is it safe, to ship horses and other live stock from the Middle West to California? Do they get sick, or do they get the lung fever, or does it take them long to get acclimated?" The best answer to these questions is to refer them to the settlers who are already here, some of whom brought horses and cattle from as far East as Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, and in every case the stock arrived here safe, and went right to work and has never been sick. Especially is this desirable, for when they make sales in the East they have to accept whatever is offered for their stock. Upon their arrival here they have to pay the highest market price to replace them.

Mr. D. J. Root, one of the new arrivals from Oklahoma, has built on his land north of town.

CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.

Room 14, Central Arcade, Flood Bldg.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Possibilities of IDAHO

Unlimited

Many Brethren are locating in the new tract near Twin Falls just now being opened for settlement. There are splendid opportunities for Brethren and others of small means to get good comfortable homes with a splendid income.

Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

Come and See

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California.

A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

Realize \$1,000.00 Per Acre

Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per box.

Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at \$2.00.....\$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Will be in effect in the Spring of 1908

Colonists' one-way rates in effect from March 1, to April 30, 1908

Write for information.

D. E. BURLEY,

S. BOCK,

Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

THE INGLENOOK

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January 14, 1908.

No. 2.

Relation of the Geological Survey to Drainage Work

Address of George Otis Smith, Director U. S. Geological Survey, before the National Drainage Congress.

[The Inglenook has the good fortune to have a warm friend in the United States Geological Survey, Mr. Guy E. Mitchell, who will discuss during the year the national questions of irrigation, swamp drainage, reclamation of desert lands, artificial water basins, regulation of river flow and such other phases of internal improvement as belong to this department of government service.]

Our readers constitute a class of producers unexcelled in the world. The earnest tone of the magazine reflects the earnest life of its constituents, so that the extensive improvements which the Geological Survey forecasts in articles to follow will be gladly welcomed by our readers, for we very much prefer national expenditures for rural improvements to that of military and naval improvements.

We venture the assertion that history will record the

degree in 1896; and also nearly fifteen years of active service in the Geological Survey of the United States.

He is a man who does things, and one in whom the government can repose great confidence. Already he has made exhaustive research in Michigan, Washington, Utah, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, New Jersey and the New England States. Mines, artesian basins, river channels and mountain formations have been mastered in such an authentic way that his writings on these subjects have been eagerly received by both the government and the public press.

Elsewhere we give the picture of the man who shall lead in reclaiming hundreds of millions of acres of rich soil upon which tens of millions of our posterity will live in peace and plenty.—Editor.]

As a national problem, the reclamation of the swamp lands over the United States is awakening as much interest as the reclamation of the arid lands of the West. We might trace the history of this movement and note that the earliest work in swamp reclamation was that of Colonel Byrd and George Washington, both of whom, before the Revolution, made surveys of the Dismal Swamp and planned drainage projects. The action of the federal government a century later might also be mentioned, whereby there were ceded to the various states over sixty million acres under the

Swamp Land Act of 1850, which provided for their reclamation, and it might further be noted that attempts were made in North Carolina, Florida and California, in early days, to recover large acreages of swamp land within their limits. Yet it is only within the past few years that the full importance of the problem has been realized and united efforts have been made for its solution.



Colorado Desert Lands. Enough Water Wasted in Freshets Each Year to Irrigate 200,000 Acres.

greatest inland water improvements in the United States during the next half century that this world ever dreamed of. The rivers are provided by nature, business congestion is making the work imperative and public men are agreeing to the work, so that the papers which shall occasionally follow the present one, not only indicate a national movement of wonderful proportions, but also its imminent achievement.

George Otis Smith, who is now director of the United States Geological Survey, is a young man yet, only 36 years old, but into those 36 years he has crowded a course at Johns Hopkins University, which gave him the Ph. D.

I will, however, mention only the later developments, for it is the present tendency that is of the greatest importance. This tendency appears to be toward active coöperation between the States and the federal government in the solving of the drainage problem. The efforts, then, should be to determine the most effectual agency which can be employed, for it is evident that the reclamation of swamp lands is the next step in the utilization of the nation's resources. Therefore, the relation of any federal organization to so important a work is worthy of consideration.

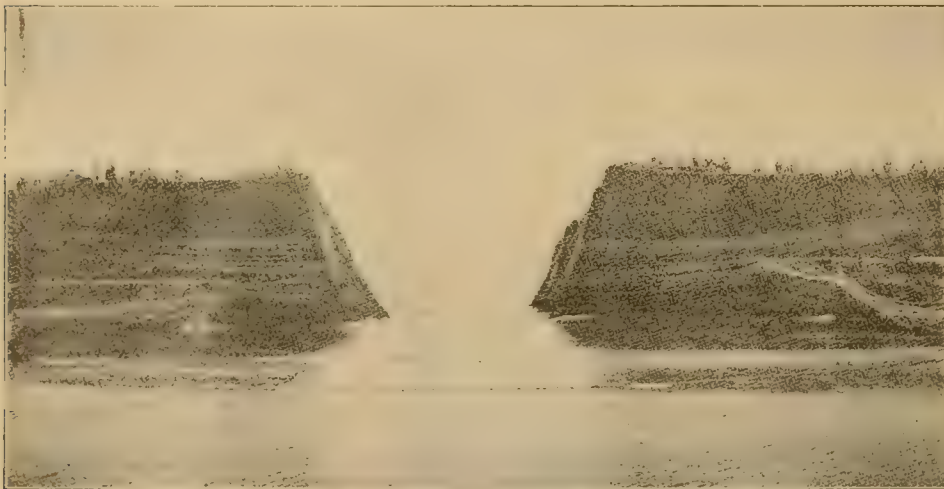
The first contribution of the United States Geological Survey to this great work was made over twenty years ago, when Director Powell assigned the study of the swamps of the Atlantic Coast to Professor Shaler. The report of this geologist called attention, both to the value of these great areas and to

thorough and minute study of all the conditions connected with this work before undertaking the construction of any system of drainage. Many drainage projects have failed and their failure has prevented the constructing of other systems, although the failure was only due to the fact that the preliminary investigations were confined to the immediate vicinity of the work. Thus, State Engineer Hall, of California, in 1880 brought out this point strongly by showing how a levee around one farm may cause the inundation of large tracts above; or again, the absence of a levee at one point may permit water to become impounded lower down the stream thereby drowning lands for long periods.

In two branches of its regular work, the Federal Geological Survey is contributing the data which is so essential to the proper solution of the drainage problem. I refer to its topographic maps and its

records of stream gauging. In both branches the Survey is continuing its investigations over the whole country, a fact which adds the greatest value to the results already attained, and too great emphasis cannot be put upon the necessity of continuous gauging of streams, since interrupted records are of little value.

As you may know, topographic mapping has been extended over nearly *one-third* of the area of the United States, and the topographic maps made in



Building a Big Dam.

the need of obtaining thorough knowledge of all the natural conditions before planning extensive drainage work. As to their value Professor Shaler pointed out that they contain the dormant resources of the nation, citing the fact that much of the area of the extremely fertile lands of northern Europe, especially in Great Britain and the low countries near the mouth of the Rhine, was originally in the unprofitable condition in which these American swamps remain. He also showed that these swamp lands, when won to agriculture, promise a food giving value much exceeding any equal area of high lying land in the country. Yet this early recognition of the value of these lands is of less interest to us than the realization at that time of the necessity of basing any reclamation work upon accurate data, procured by careful and systematic investigation. It is with such a policy that later work by the Geological Survey has been planned.

In stating the drainage problem, too great emphasis cannot be placed upon the necessity of making a

recent years are based upon surveys so detailed as to be of the greatest value for engineering purposes. The thousands of miles of spirit levels that have been run and the permanent bench marks distributed all over the country furnish exact data for engineering projects. The maps printed and distributed by the Geological Survey show the location and exact boundaries of the swamps and their relations to the natural drainage channels, as well as the topographic configuration of the surrounding country, which latter is of the greatest importance in planning the drainage of the swamp areas.

It is believed that with these maps in hand, the engineers who shall plan the drainage works may provide for economical construction, whereas, formerly, hundreds of thousands of dollars were wastefully expended because of this very lack of accurate general knowledge of all the physical conditions.

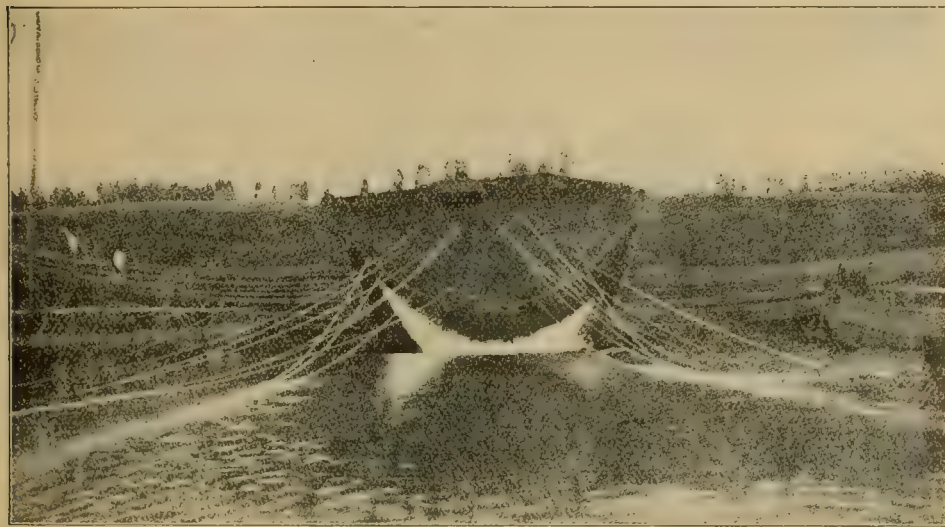
No less important, in their relation to the drainage problem, are the records of stream measurement and the study of river flow based thereon. A necessary

preliminary to any intelligent drainage work is the study of the conditions affecting run-off, in order that the proper equilibrium between rainfall and run-off over the area to be reclaimed may be established. Drainage involves the increase of run-off so that the rainfall for the specific area must be known and then the proper amount by which the run-off is to be increased to secure the desired drainage must be determined. Beyond that point the run-off should not be increased. It is, therefore, a question of channel capacity and not only capacity of the channels to be constructed to carry the water from the swamp land, but also of the river channels into which this increased run-off must be conducted.

The possibilities and needs of drainage surveys in many parts of the country might be discussed; but it is necessary to pass by such inviting fields as that of

culturally will become the most productive land in the delta. During the past summer within this area of the Yazoo Delta a party of the Geological Survey topographers, acting in coöperation with the State of Mississippi, thoroughly mapped 325 square miles or over 200,000 acres, at a cost of one and three-tenths cents an acre. In the course of this survey every slough, bayou, stream, river, drain, road, railroad and trail was surveyed with instrumental precision. The location of all houses, schools, churches and sawmills was determined and civil divisions, such as sections, townships and counties were defined. The gradient of the streams and the location of the timbered and cleared areas were also determined with accuracy, and lines of spirit leveling were carried over all the area with particular care to secure exact elevations in the sluggish bayous. The result of this survey, costing

only one and three-tenths cents an acre, proves beyond a doubt the feasibility of draining every acre of this most fertile section. While the map which is being prepared of this area may not furnish the engineer all the data needed in the precise location of his drainage system, or for his final estimates of construction cost, yet this map will serve the purpose of a preliminary survey, and with it before him the engineer can plan the broad features of the project and begin his detailed field in-



The Finishing Touch.

the Dismal Swamp, the reclamation of which would mean so much to Baltimore as a commercial center, or that of Illinois, the state which stands first in the value of her farm lands and improvements, and where the drainage problem is connected with that of prevention of stream overflow, which involves an annual loss of several million dollars' worth of farm products. We will pass by these and other interesting topics and mention specifically the work of the Geological Survey in only three states, where recent surveys bear directly on drainage—Mississippi, California and Minnesota.

In Mississippi the state geologist estimates the area of undrained land at over six million acres. More than two-thirds of this area comes within the Yazoo Delta, where it is believed proper drainage will quadruple the value of much of the land, while portions of it will be increased from its present nominal timber value of \$10 or \$15 per acre to \$100 and upwards per acre. That which is now absolutely useless agri-

speciation and location of canals and ditches, with the assurance that he is not overlooking some feature or condition in the surrounding country that may work disaster to his drainage system.

In California, in the valley of the Sacramento and along the tributaries of that river, there are about a million acres of the richest of lands, which are, however, subject to overflow. In some areas where this land has been reclaimed by private enterprise, it is valued for market garden purposes at \$500 and upwards an acre. For several years, in coöperation with the State of California, the Federal Survey topographers have been making surveys of these wet lands, and resulting maps have been published on scales specially suited to the work of engineers, with contour intervals of five feet. These field surveys cost about two and a half cents an acre, and yet are executed with such a degree of refinement and detail as to make the best examples of this class of work. The difficulties attending such surveys can be ap-

preciated when it is stated that in some of the tule lands the spring and the fall floods almost overlap; thus leaving only a few weeks at the most when the topographer is able to make his surveys.

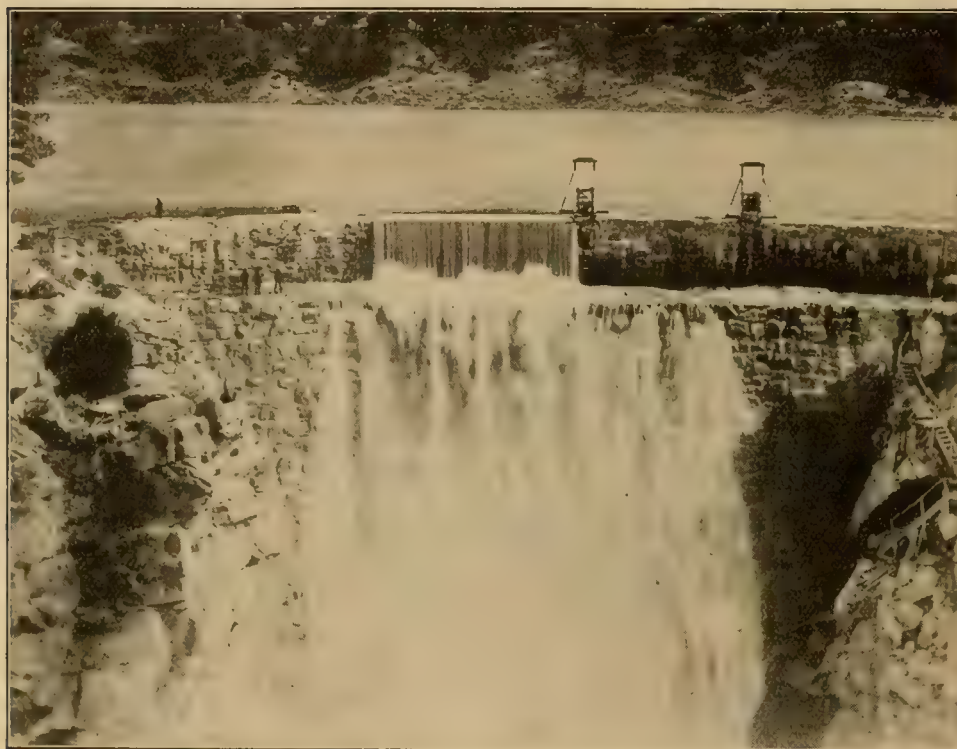
The best illustration of the direct connection of the United States Geological Survey with drainage work is offered by the surveys made in Northern Minnesota. Congress has made two appropriations, amounting to \$25,000, for the purpose of drainage surveys of the ceded Chippewa Indian lands, to be executed under the Secretary of the Interior. This is a vast swampy region, with here and there farm houses on high points, which are, however, for weeks at a time marooned from civilization. Individual at-

spirit levels, and hundreds of miles of such levels have been completed with very refined methods. Such work was often carried on through the so-called "floating bogs" by means of seven-foot legs attached to the level, making an instrument the carrying of which was in itself a good day's work.

The report of this survey shows that the necessary work involves the drainage of 267,000 acres and the improvement of 135,000 additional acres, or the reclamation for farming and residence purposes of 402,000 acres of land now practically worthless. Main lines of canals to reach every 160 acres have been designed by the Geological Survey, and the estimated cost of these works is only \$3.23 per acre for the

actually drained lands and \$1.35 per acre for the improved lands, a total for the 402,000 acres of about \$1,080,000.

The most conservative estimates of the values which would be added to these now useless tracts, above the cost of their reclamation, range from 400 to 600 per cent. In this region of Minnesota, drained lands are selling at a premium at prices varying from \$12 to \$15 per acre. The entire cost of this field survey has been only \$10 per square mile or about one and a half cents per acre; yet the results secured at this slight expense show that



Waste Gate in a Huge River Dam.

tempts at drainage have been mainly unsuccessful, owing to the magnitude of the project and the fact that most of the land to be benefited belongs to the federal government. The surveying of this swamp was turned over to the Geological Survey, as the bureau best fitted to immediately prosecute it. Parties of topographers were in the field during the season of 1906 and an increased force resumed work in the spring of 1907.

As a result of the first season's work, a map embracing 624 square miles, constituting the Mud Lake Drainage District, was made, and, together with a preliminary report of estimates, was forwarded to Congress, and the result of the work of the present field season will be submitted as soon as it is completed. In the surveys of these areas to be drained, special attention was paid to the running of lines of

the plan for drainage of the area is entirely feasible, while the completed maps, indicating streams, natural drainage channels, elevation figures, etc., will afford an accurate basic survey upon which the drainage construction engineer can confidently rely.

It is believed that the federal appropriations for preliminary drainage surveys of the ceded Chippewa lands have been so expended by the Geological Survey that the Interior Department can now plan the construction of the drainage project. In a word, then, the topographic maps of the United States Geological Survey exhibit not only the general distribution of swamp lands and their relation to the master drainage lines of the region; but the work can also be readily executed on such a scale as to constitute an adequate preliminary survey on which to base estimates and general plans looking to actual construc-

tion of any drainage works, and in a similar way the stream gauging records of the Geological Survey furnish data which must be considered in any wise and conservative attempt at the reclamation of our swamp lands.



ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

IX. Washington Irving.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in New York City, April 3, 1783. His father, William Irving, was a native of Shapinsha, Orkney Islands, and traced his ancestry to DeIrwyn, armor-bearer to Robert Bruce. He married Sarah Sanders of Falmouth, England, and for a time was a seaman, but in 1763 entered commercial life in New York. Till he was fifteen

among which that of exuberant delight was not in every case the most prominent."

From 1813 to 1815 he edited the *Analectic Magazine* in Philadelphia, and then went to England where he was warmly welcomed by Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, and others. While there he received news of the failure of the commercial house of Irving Brothers. He next brought out "The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon," which contains "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." He received £200 for the copyright, which was increased later to £400. It had a charm and freshness that gave it great favor with its English readers. He went to Paris and in 1822 brought out "Bracebridge Hall," and in 1824 "Tales of a Traveler."

In 1826 at the invitation of the American ambassa-



Pumping Water for Irrigation.

years old, young Irving went to school, with indifferent success, preferring to educate himself other than by the approved pedagogical lines. He studied law several years and was admitted to practice, but soon decided to adopt literature as a profession, although he was connected with his brothers in the mercantile business at the same time.

He was quite a "scribbler" from his earliest years, and in 1802 wrote the famous "Jonathan Oldstyle" letters for the *Morning Chronicle*, published by his brother, Peter. On account of his health he went on a trip to Europe, visiting Italy, France and England, returning in 1807. With his brother, William, and James K. Paulding, he wrote and published a magazine called *Salmagundi*. In 1809, he published "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York" which "was received by the New York Historical Society, to whom it was dedicated, with astonishment, and by the old Dutch families with mingled emotions,

dor to Spain, Alexander H. Everett, he went with him to Spain, and at Madrid set about translating documents connected with the life of Columbus. He conceived the idea of writing a "Life of Columbus," which appeared in 1828, and brought him \$18,000. He also published the "Conquest of Granada." In 1829 he returned to London, having been appointed secretary of the American Legation. The Royal Society of Literature voted him a fifty guinea gold medal for his historical work, the other medal of that year going to Henry Hallam. In 1830 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of L. L. D. He published "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus," and "The Alhambra," a group of Moorish tales of that wonderful old place, with a description of the palace, in which he had a room and wrote some of the stories. He returned to America in 1832, and traveled in various parts of the country, including a long journey to the west with the Indian commis-

sioner. He then wrote "Astoria," and "Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A." In 1839 he published "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," and in 1849 "Life of Goldsmith," and "Mahomet and His Successors." In 1855 he published "The Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost," and his last and most exhaustive work, "Life of Washington," in 1855-9.

He represented America as Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain from 1842 to 1846. He never married, some say because the lady of his choice died before the day for the wedding; he lived with his widowed sister and her two daughters. He died November 28, 1859.

Many of Irving's characters are household names, for instance, Rip Van Winkle, Ichabod Crane, Dolf Heylizer, Diedrich Knickerbocker. His humor is contagious. His descriptive powers are unrivaled because they are so lifelike and real. Yet it is said by some critics that he was not so successful as a historian, as he was as a writer of sketches and narratives, for the reason, they say, he describes too much and with too florid a style. Probably no other American met with such reception abroad from all classes and nationalities, numbering among his friends Scott, Moore, Byron, Campbell and Coleridge.

Worthy of mention: Rev. J. H. Ingraham, novels; William, Peter and John T. Irving (the brothers), essays, novels and poetry; J. T. Irving, Jr., sketches and novels; Charles J. Ingersoll, history and political.

Bryan, Ohio.



HOW WE THINK.

H. M. FOGLESONGER.

6. Will Power.

The first question to answer is whether there is a separate something in consciousness when we will to do a certain thing. The answer is, No.

The will, as it is known today, is simply a phase of mental activity. The will is not a separate and distinct "faculty." Our actions may be classed under automatic, reflex and voluntary and when we do a voluntary act we say we will to do it.

The ideas of movements, bodily or otherwise, tend to be followed by the actions themselves. This is a fundamental truth to be remembered. We see it more clearly in children, for if they think of doing a thing they immediately get busy at it. When the clock strikes five, we think of doing the chores, and in a very short time we are out at the barn feeding the horses and cows. The striking of the clock awakened certain centers in the brain that brought the idea, chores, into consciousness, and with this center the motor cells are concerned which send the message to the proper muscles. Ideas trying to flow out into bodily movements cause us to have a feeling of unrest until some movement is made, either wholly or in part. Of course not all our ideas are followed immediately

by their accompanying actions or else we would be a continual whirlwind. One idea prevents the actions of another idea because of its present importance or superior associations.

In ordinary life we inhibit many instinctive actions. When a child is hungry it wants to eat right away, and it often eats thing that make it sick. Grown-up people may become very hungry, yet they do not eat until meal time because the controlling factors of adult life are not present in the child. Older people control many of these instinctive actions because they live in organized society.

We have not yet touched the question, "why we will to do a certain thing." Under "Reason" we learned that we have certain established systems or sets of meanings that govern our daily life. All our past experience is thus organized. And under "Attention" we learned that what we see, and how we see things, depend upon our past experience and present mood, other conditions being equal. The same may be very truly said of the will because the elements of attention are the foundations of the will. Our daily life is governed by sets of "ideas" or "purposes," whichever you want to call them, and these sets of ideas have grown up in our past life. We will to go to church on a rainy day because we think it our duty, or because we take pleasure in attending church services. Were we governed by present circumstances alone, we would remain at home, but our past experiences over-rule the present. We have found pleasure in going to church in the past or because of religious convictions we consider it a duty to be present at every service. We do a thing because the bulk of evidence falls in its favor. By "bulk of evidence," I mean that in the past we have learned that such an action is beneficial or appropriate under certain conditions. On the rainy day referred to, there were arguments in favor of remaining at home as well as arguments for going to church, but the latter had greater weight. Some of those in favor of remaining at home were,—wet, disagreeable weather for people as well as horses; only a few will be present; spiritual benefit can be gained at home. The opposing factors are, disagreeable weather can be partly overcome by extra clothing; spiritual benefit does not always depend upon number present and I may miss something good by not going; and lastly I have always been present at every service with few exceptions. The truth of the matter is that we could do nothing else than go to church because of all these past habits and experiences pressing down upon us. A more exact statement would be that the factors in favor of going to church, so far as we have known them, will that we go to church instead of saying that we will not, etc. But the above things are a part of us, so after all *we* will to do.

It was said above that the idea of action tends to be followed by the action itself. Now, in voluntary

action the idea is very necessary. Often the idea is a certain end or condition in view. The idea that we must be in town at such a time wins out over other opposing ideas, and the result is, we go to town, because there is an inward feeling of unrest until we are in town.

Every one has experienced times when they had difficulty in making a decision. It is a mental condition hard to describe. Our whole being at times seems to be pulled at from all sides. It seems that we are being mentally torn to pieces. One inner voice tells us to do one thing while another tells us to do the opposite. Thus the battle is waged for minutes, hours and even days before one side wins out. By our theory of will, how can this be explained? Well, what happens in a long battle between armies? The more nearly equal the opposing forces the longer and more severe the struggle. Just so in mental battles. The problem comes to a young person, "Shall I continue my school work in the face of insufficient means?" and immediately numerous questions bob up. Some arguments touch his very soul fiber. Each side has numerous associations, all of which come into consciousness, and he really feels "torn to pieces." Suppose the end in view is, a thorough education, by which a good position can be secured. This seems more agreeable to him than anything else, and if he keeps on thinking about it, his school work will be continued.

Briefly speaking, a person of strong will power is one who is greatly influenced by past experiences in life, while a person of weak will power is one who is influenced chiefly by present circumstances. For all sane persons this rule holds good. To make a decision or to will anything, one thought must be in our consciousness, and remember this one thought will not be thus paramount unless it has grown out of the past; unless it has meaning to us. A person of indecision has been likened to a ship without a rudder by writers innumerable. He is like a ship without a rudder and without sails, too, for he never gets very far in life. They are turned about by every new thing because their past training does not rise up in the form of a decision. They lack the most important elements of a strong character. A person who never gives up to any new thing is stubborn and the one who never surrenders to the information gained in the past is shallow brained and points back to simple forms of animal life. Between these two extremes is the strong character.

For past experiences to influence us, they must have made deep impressions in our mind. They must have left definite paths in our brain. This subject has been discussed under "Attention" and "Reason" and need not be repeated. It has been truthfully said that to discuss the education of the will is to discuss the entire mental life, perception, memory, association, etc. But to lay aside purely technical instructions, I think

the best way to cultivate the will is to endeavor to have our life mean definite things. Build the future upon the best of the past and take up new things only after due deliberation. Do not accept anything, or rather do not do anything unless it means something to you. Be not boisterous, but think quietly. You can do this and still be free from melancholy. Remember, the will is not a thing in itself but simply a phase of mental activity depending upon all the other phases for its life.

If some of the INGLENOOK readers have any of those books on Phrenology containing hideous pictures of famous men, treat them as curiosities only. They represent theories a century old that cannot be defended in the face of present day psychology and brain anatomy. Also do not become greatly interested in the occult, hypnotism, mind messages, etc., unless you have had a thorough training in the elements of psychology. I mention this now because the next two articles will be about subjects somewhat different from those discussed in the past.

CURRENT COMMENTS



THE REICHSTAG DOMINANT IN GERMANY.

Recent events in the German Reichstag practically involved a fundamental change in the German scheme of government. The first Vice President of the House, Dr. Herman S. Paasche, one of the leaders in the "bloc," or union of parties, which supports the government, attacked the ministry for its financial policy, which allows expenditures to exceed the revenues, so that the country has to borrow money, and for its apparent intention to whitewash the officers involved in scandal through the recent Harden trial. In the past, the Chancellor would have met such insurrection by telling the Reichstag that it could either support him or be prorogued, as he was responsible to the Emperor alone. Instead of meeting the matter thus, however, Prince Von Bülow virtually threatened to resign if he were not supported, thus practically announcing that he was responsible to the Reichstag instead of to the Emperor, as in the past. This fundamental change would give Germany true parliamentary government, in place of government by the Kaiser with the counsel of the Reichstag.



PROBLEMS OF THE TRUST COMPANY.

The chief problems have to do with the accumulation of a proper cash reserve and the question of restricting investments. As the trust companies, under the present law, are able to "loan money on real or personal property," and "to lease, hold, purchase and convey any and all real property," they enjoy privileges not conferred upon any other financial institutions. The state banks are restricted in their investments "to stocks, or bonds, or interest-bearing obligations of the United States, or of the State of New York, or of any city, county, town, or village of this state, the interest of which is not in arrears." They must not deal in railroad stocks or in real estate, and are forced to content themselves with the revenues resulting from discounting and negotiating promissory notes, trading in exchange, coin, and bullion, and from loans made on personal security. The state banks urge that it is manifestly unfair for the state to restrict them in this way, when their competitors, the trust companies, which do chiefly the business of deposit banks, are given a free field for investment. It is for the commission to recommend, therefore, whether this freedom of invest-

ment should be continued, or whether the trust companies should be made to employ their funds in specific channels. While it may be urged that depositors have never suffered much from losses sustained through unwise investments of trust company funds, the fact remains that an unrestricted field affords opportunity for such recklessness as has been exposed in the case of the Knickerbocker. The commission will undoubtedly view the subject in a broad-minded way, but the fact that most of its members have been identified with the most conservative type of trust company banking indicates that its recommendations may impose some restrictions. Clark Williams, the new superintendent of banks, who will advise with the commission on these matters, is an experienced trust company official of decided ability.—Review of Reviews.



FOOD NOTES.

Number Two.

In discussing rabbit meat recently we only discussed the unsanitary condition of the rabbit after it had lain three weeks with head, hide, blood and entrails intact, as it was when shot. We said nothing about diseased rabbits, and the large per cent of rabbits killed which had warts, tumors and old sores caused by gun shot wounds, dogs and other animals of prey. These all go in as good rabbits.

As nauseating as the rabbit business really is to those who know the facts in the business, yet the rabbit market offers no parallel to the filthy condition of things which we have endured for a lifetime. We refer now to the grocery business. Many stores are exempt from the description which follows, but the condition to be outlined is very general from one ocean to another.

Most grocerymen keep a great deal of their eatables in open boxes where they are exposed to the dust, smoke, breath, fly dirt and such other saturation of fumes as the building contain.

During winter months it is a general custom for the men in the small villages to spend the long evenings in the village store, and in many of these evening resorts, tobacco smoke fills the rooms like a dense fog, and the sputum of consumptives and other diseased persons, together with the tobacco spit, covers a large part of the floor. We have seen numbers of floors where this spit had dried and accumulated until it formed a black crust over the boards as thick as ordinary oil cloth and could be pried off by the handful. People walked on this and the grocerymen swept it day after day. The smoke and breath at night was closed up in the room and finally lodged some place, and the fumes were absorbed by the eatables which remained open.

In the smaller groceries a box of dates, or figs, or apricots, or sauerkraut often remains open day and night for several months before the goods are all sold, so that considerable filth and unhealthy odor has had a chance to be absorbed by this food.

Then cured meats are often kept in an open condition for an entire season until they actually become black with the vapors of the room in which they hang.

The list of eatables that are generally kept open could be enlarged almost indefinitely, yet very few people seem to urge any change in this matter. That some legal action is needed goes without question. We give one instance which we experienced ourselves. Some butter was bought at a well-to-do grocery where the evening crowd assembled regularly to chew, and smoke and ———. Butter absorbs odors readily and this cake had lain unprotected all day in a cloud of smoke and dust. It was impossible to use the butter for any cooking purposes because of its very strong tobacco flavor.

No one can estimate the number of diseases and deaths and the failures of health which owe their origin to this one source—the unclean grocery store. In another paper to follow we will refer to another phase of unhealthy food products which comes still closer home.



THE GOVERNMENT EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

When Governments begin to serve the people instead of aiding and abetting schemes for commercial and industrial oppression, they give promise of progress. The steps taken by the Roosevelt Administration in behalf of

men and women seeking employment, is a step in the direction of performing real functions of government. Good government is essentially paternal. Governments should not only look after their subjects in distress, but in prosperity also.

When the new Labor Bureau was established, a department of it was intended to impart information to immigrants and others, where different kinds of employment might be found. Later it was decided that the department should include an employment bureau, so that applicants may not only find information desired, but employment as well. If now the department assumes some proportions, and spreads in usefulness as has the postal system, it may go far to check the tyranny of labor unionism, and provide employment for thousands who do not desire to connect themselves with the striking and belligerent element of the laboring classes.



NICHOLAS TSCHAIKOVSKY.

The arrest of Nicholas Tschaikovsky on his return to Russia has occasioned great public interest in America, where he became widely known by his lecturing in this country last year. Tschaikovsky, who is now sixty-five years old, was the founder of the first revolutionary circle in St. Petersburg, in 1875. He was imprisoned for his revolutionary work and condemned to Siberia, whence he escaped to London. Later he came to America and lived in a socialist colony in Cedar Vale, Kans. He recently returned to Russia in disguise and has been arrested and confined in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. His many American friends acted promptly to do what they could in his behalf. Five hundred influential men have signed a petition which has been sent to Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador in Washington, and to Premier Stolypin, asking the Czar to show the greatest clemency in regard to him, and also Catharine Breshovsky, who was arrested at the same place. Premier Stolypin has given assurance that the petition will have much weight, and that the cases will be judged as favorably as possible.



AN ENGLISH VIEW OF AMERICA.

No one can visit the United States these days without becoming conscious of a pervasive social unrest. The people are beginning to think. They have turned away, as Mr. H. G. Wells rightly discerned, "from all the heady self-satisfaction of the nineteenth century," and have commenced "a process of heart-searching quite unparalleled in history." They are questioning themselves and their future and their institutions with an open-mindedness, that, a decade ago, would have seemed well-nigh treasonable. Familiar ideals, established political and social systems, are being brought as never before to the touchstone of fact. The inadequacies of an eighteenth century constitution in the face of twentieth-century problems are daily impressing themselves on the national comprehension. Economic and industrial developments, it is felt, have taken on an intricacy and a varied sweep that are slowly bringing the constitution to a confusion of helplessness. More and more people are asking themselves whether the United States can any longer be called a democracy. More and more people are coming to see that under the forms of popular self-government, political equality has become the sport of "bosses," and economic equality the jest of a voracious plutocracy. The courts to an alarming degree are losing the confidence of the masses; the Senate has already lost it. The people perceive the emptiness of the old catchwords of political parties and are probably tiring of them. Republicans and Democrats, with their obsolete mummeries, will soon mean less than nothing to a nation that is girding itself to wrest its liberties from the grip of organized wealth. A wave of social protest is sweeping across the country, over all sections and with an utter heedlessness of the traditional party divisions. In city, state and nation, there is now but one issue, the struggle between equality and privilege. Great masses of Americans are growing up with an angry feeling that they have been cheated out of their inheritance. They see, or think they see, that the millionaire and the boss rule and own America; that together they control all the functions of government; that the courts and the ballot box are merely instruments of their power and the constitution a handmaid to their iniquities; that all legislation is conceived

in their interests, drafted and voted by their henchmen; and, that as a consequence, where there is one law for the protection of human life, there are a thousand for the protection of property. This may be a mere nightmare, visions of America, but it is one that hundreds of thousands believe in as a waking reality."



SETTLING ACCOUNTS.

The Russian autocracy, having largely regained its power, is now proceeding to settle accounts with the men, who have actively worked against it in the first two Dumas. A short while ago twenty-seven members of the second Duma were sentenced to varying terms at hard labor, in the mines of Siberia. Two weeks ago there were arraigned not less than 169 members of the first Duma, who signed the celebrated Viborg manifesto in the summer of 1906. The 169 deputies, all charged with high treason, include the president of the first Duma, its vice-president, and the leading men of Russia in every intellectual field. The terms of imprisonment allotted the members of the second Duma show what is in store for these men. The men on trial have shown themselves full of courage, in facing the charges. The Viborg manifesto urged Russians to refuse to serve in the army. The tactics of the defense are shown by the speech delivered by one of their number, Ivan Petrunkevitch, the veteran deputy from Tver, on one of the opening days of the trial. "Our motive," he said, "was not the instigation of anarchy; we were trying to defend the rights of popular representation. After the dissolution of the first Duma, the Russian Government expected an armed uprising, but we counseled the people to use peaceful measures, such as the financial boycott and refusal to serve in the army. These means are employed in western Europe for the defense of constitutional rights. If you open the gates of the prison we will enter joyfully, conscious of having done our duty." The Zemstvo Congress of 1904, an organization permitted by the government, proposed measures as revolutionary as anything contained in the Viborg manifesto. Perhaps the Czar will yet settle accounts with them.



SENSIBLE MEASURES.

The President's Cabinet is about to be enlarged by two additional chairs. The one most likely to be installed first is a Secretary of Internal Improvements. The vastness of our inland territory and the unsurpassed fertility of the central regions of the United States demand more federal consideration than they have ever received. The dredging of rivers, building of harbors, storing of overflow mountain waters, inland waterways, and federal buildings are all vital to our national prosperity.

Every other great government in the world gives systematic attention to works of internal improvement, with results that show up wonderfully in comparison with conditions in the United States.

In every branch of the government service and of government work for which annual appropriations are required, in the United States, except in the matter of internal improvements, some systematized department or bureau annually submits recommendations to Congress, based on investigation and study of the needs of each respective branch. President Roosevelt is opposed to adding to the size of the cabinet, but thinks that this question could be handled by some of the present departments. He is greatly in favor of more systematic effort in internal improvements.

The second cabinet officer to be hoped for is one on Public Health.

The advantages of the national bureau over state and municipal bureaus would be in dealing with interstate and international questions of health. The question of the pollution of rivers running between states, of the milk supplies used between states, and other like matters could be better regulated by a national bureau and we think it has been demonstrated that the death rate of the nation could be cut down nearly 50 per cent by federal supervision of these questions.

The report of the committee of 100 prominent men, including Andrew Carnegie, appointed a year ago to study the subject will be presented to the President. He will be asked by the association to send a special message to

Congress calling attention to the movement for the establishment of another national bureau.

Such departments as the above whose object is to help mankind and relieve suffering marks the transition from war, bloodshed and sorrow to that of a kinder spirit. We hope to see public benefits soon eclipse war expenses.



SAFETY IN AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN MINES.

In the coal mines of the United States out of every 1,000 men employed three and one-half are killed every year. In Belgium, where the miners work under conditions far more dangerous, the death rate is only one to every thousand employed. In Belgium efficient measures are taken for the protection of the lives of the men. Moreover, in America conditions are growing worse. Where the number of men killed to every million tons of coal mined was 5.07 from 1890 to 1895, it was 6.04 from 1901 to 1906. In Belgium, where, as has been said, the mines, on account of their great depth, are much more liable to explosions, in 1906 the number killed for every million tons mined was only 4.96. The Belgians have scientifically eliminated every possible factor of uncertainty. They determine the character of the explosives to be used in certain mines and the quantity which it is safe to use in the presence of coal dust and determine the extent to which it may be kept "safe" by spraying. Some dusts are found to be much more dangerous than others. They determine the quality of the gas in the mines and the percentage which it is safe to have in the air. They test the nature and extent of the electric currents used in the mines and make sure of proper insulation. They look into the character of the miners' lamps. Only two factors of uncertainty remain: outbursts of gas which may come from underground fissures, and the carelessness of the miners. To guard as far as possible against the first, they study the strata of the mine. To guard against the second by agreement between the miners and operators, they do not allow a careless man in dangerous places; they put him where he cannot make trouble. A visitor to the most dangerous mine in Belgium is compelled to change all his clothes so that the authorities shall know that there is no chance that he will take matches, or anything that could make trouble, into the mine. The result is that the only accident in the mine for seventeen years has been the breaking of a cage. The investigation to determine conditions of safety is carried on in Belgium in government laboratories, and the government informs the mine operators and the people of the results. More than three times as many coal miners, proportionately, lose their lives by mine accidents in America, as in France or Belgium, and nearly three times as many as in Great Britain. Either the coal operators or the government must undertake the same sort of measure for safety in this country. The state inspectors we do have in this country are, in good part, merely politicians. Public sentiment is being aroused on the matter as it was in regard to safety on the railroads last year.



THE NOBEL PRIZE WINNER, DR. LAVERAN.

Dr. Charles Laveran, who received the prize for medicine, gained his fame through his discovery of the animal parasite, called "haemataroa," whose presence in the blood causes malaria. In 1882 he completed his investigations in Italy, where he came on to mosquitoes transporting the malaria, which, for a thousand years, had depopulated that land. Thus the whole notion of malaria, as the result of bad air rising from marshes and newly-turned earth, was exploded. The effect of the discovery is to make tropical countries as habitable for white men as for native-colored races, since the destruction of the mosquito will eliminate the worst enemy to the white man—malaria. In his later years he has found out another miracle, which is probably the cause of mumps. His chief present work, long since begun, concerns the "tripanozomes," and the terrible African malady of the "sleeping" sickness. Dr. Laveran was born in Metz, in 1845, and since his graduation from the hospital until ten years ago, was connected with the army military corps. Since then he has devoted himself to bacteriological researches at the Pasteur Institute, at Paris.

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Its qualities are: Good Sentiment, Moral Convictions, Inspiration.

Its purpose is: To safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature.

Its scope of matter is: Scientific, Religious, Educational, Philanthropic, Economical, Sociological and Financial.

Its field is: The World.

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TO OUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

At this season of the year there is such an overflow of business in our Publishing House that new subscriptions may be delayed a week or more before they can be entered upon the mailing list.

We mention this to our new subscribers so that they may understand if their INGLENOOK happens to get to them a week or two later than they expected.



OUR FIRST THOUSAND.

SOMETIME ago we started a campaign for 10,000 new INGLENOOK subscribers, and the first thousand came as a Christmas present, which we surely appreciated.

We thank our agents and friends for this energetic response and we have great hopes for your future success.

Some of you may think that this is all a selfish matter with the Editor; that he gets more money in his pocket when the subscription list is increased. We get no increase of salary for increasing the circulation of our magazine, so that our appeal is a just one and not selfish.

Bad literature is causing so much havoc in every direction that we feel like pressing our cause with all the force we have, and at the same time, we want to awaken the same interest in our readers that we have, ourselves, in furnishing clean, helpful literature in every neighborhood.



WHY SOME ARTICLES ARE DELAYED.

SOME writers want to know why their articles are held a few weeks or months, before they are published.

We will explain so that the entire family may know something of the workings in an editorial sanctum. Here it is.

Sometimes we receive several articles of a very similar nature in quick succession, and when we have

published enough of this one kind of reading for the time being, we invariably hold back what new manuscript comes in bearing on the same subject. One of the good articles of recent date was held for one year, and it was still good when it came out in print, so that holding a good paper does not lessen its merit.

Again, the Editor may have the matter for several special issues all arranged for, a few months in advance, so that new manuscript must then wait until there is a chance to use it. We try to provide a variety of reading for our readers, all the year around, so as not to deaden the literary appetite by feeding too much of any one diet.

Does this answer your questions?



ARE YOU HUNTING FOR WORK?

You can make money the year around by selling the INGLENOOK and we need a few thousand agents all the time. Our magazine is large, clean and helpful, yet cheap in price. Tell your unemployed friends that we can always provide work for them in any part of the United States at any time.



WHY SOME THINGS GROW.

SOME things grow because they are forced from without, while some things grow because they strive from within.

Some movements spring into existence almost instantly because they represent a popular wave in the social world, while some movements, equally good, have a backward growth because they are ahead of time, represent a dead issue or are poorly managed.

This is well represented by plants.

Take two seeds of equal vitality. One is planted in a warm, fertile soil where plenty of moisture and sunlight are available. Its growth is rapid, but the fact is that nature is *forcing* this plant. Plant the other seed in a cold, scant soil, with little or no sunshine and moisture, and see that tiny plant *struggle*. It will wither, then revive, then shoot forth a sickly, but sweet bud. The elements were not available to make it grow. Had the seeds been reversed, then the prolific plant would have failed and the dwarf plant would have become glorious.

Just so with many efforts in life. Some people struggle against odds and make no big show in the world, but counting the amount of energy put forth and the number of opportunities improved, and they may outrank some noted people who were born into a popular wave of society and rode through life on the reputation of ancestry, or bought popularity with cheap trash in one form or another. Many men who are world renowned now, lived and died in obscurity. While some men whose names are in everybody's mouths now, will be erased from history in a few generations, and were they once compelled to start

life on the ground floor their name would never have become known to the public to start with.

Are you growing? If you are utilizing all available material, yes. If you are being pushed forward by outside forces only, no.



GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS.

IN response to the question in the INGLENOOK six weeks ago whether the government had any more right to regulate railroad rates than it had to fix the price on daily labor or on the commodities of life, David Yeagley of Plymouth, Indiana, affirms that it has, for the following reasons:

1. Traveling is a public matter.
2. Wagon roads are public property. Why not railroads?
3. The Government has taken control of other public concerns in the past, such as mail service and rural highways. Why not control railroads?
4. Railroad companies continue to abuse the public in rates, accommodations and carelessness, hence have forfeited their right to conduct public business.

The rural highways in the Eastern States were formerly owned and controlled by private ownership but were finally taken over by the States and made public property and freed from the old "toll" system by which each traveler was charged so much per mile according to the kind of conveyance used.

Who will carry the investigation a little further, or amplify on the reasons already given?



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT expresses the thought of every lover of righteousness when he said in his recent message to Congress:

"Honesty—not merely technical honesty, but honesty in purpose and spirit—is an essential element in arriving at a right conclusion. Vice in its cruder and more archaic forms shocks everybody, but there is very urgent need that public opinion should be just as severe in condemnation of the vice which hides itself behind class or professional loyalty, or which denies that it is vice if it can escape conviction in the courts. The public and the representatives of the public, the high officials, whether on the bench or in executive or legislative positions, need to remember that often the most dangerous criminals, so far as the life of the nation is concerned, are not those who commit the crimes known to and condemned by the popular conscience for centuries, but those who commit crimes only rendered possible by the complex conditions of our modern industrial life.

"It makes not a particle of difference whether these crimes are committed by a capitalist, or by a laborer, by a leading banker or manufacturer or railroad man, or by a leading representative of a labor union.

Swindling in stocks, corrupting legislatures, making fortunes by the inflation of securities, by wrecking railroads, by destroying competitors through rebates—these forms of wrongdoing in the capitalist are far more infamous than any ordinary form of embezzlement or forgery. Yet it is a matter of extreme difficulty to secure the punishment of the man most guilty of them, most responsible for them."

Just at present we need teaching along the line indicated by the President as badly as we do in higher mathematics and other intellectual studies.



OUR QUIZ.

1. How many titles has King Edward?
2. How many islands constitute Hawaii and how many are inhabited?
3. How many states and territories are there in the Republic of Mexico?
4. What nation owns the largest area in Africa?
5. What is the Congo Free State? When named?
6. To what country do the Fiji Islands belong?
7. Has Great Britain a colony in Central America?
8. Are Australia and Australasia the same?
9. What is a Swiss canton?
10. What is a protectorate?
11. Where are the Low Countries of Europe?



IS IT TRUE?

Is it true, as reported, that the general government has something over \$200,000,000 deposited in the national banks and that it is receiving no interest on this?

Is it also true, as reported, that the government has several hundred million dollars in specie lying idle in its vaults?

Is it true that between these large sums and its current income it has all the money it needs in its business and a surplus besides which can only be represented by nine figures?

Has it any need or any genuine excuse for borrowing money for its own legitimate purposes?

If the government sells bonds bearing 2 per cent interest to the amount of \$50,000,000, is not this the same practically as borrowing that much money at a cost of \$1,000,000 a year, and if it sells certificates of indebtedness bearing 3 per cent interest to the amount of \$100,000,000, is that not equivalent to borrowing so much in money at a cost of \$3,000,000 per year?

Is there any authority in law, or in the legitimate discretion of the officers of the government, for this borrowing when the government has more money on hand than it needs to use?

The above are some of the current questions about the recent financial deal in Washington, D. C.



The Thank Offering

B. C. Whitmore

With the days of every year,
As they come and go with time,
I hail with gladness, to revere
And review memories sublime.
'Tis good to cease our toils and care,
And meditate on whence and where,
Of things enjoyed so rich and rare
In a pure, sweet, wholesome clime.
It's a day I've learned to love,
And cherish with a fondness true;
It makes my soul soar high above
The troubles that my thoughts pursue.

'Tis my heart's contrite expression,
'Tis my soul's deepest impression,
'Tis my life's entire confession,
A pure thank-offering to renew.

Be given, my friends, to prayer,
And in true devotion pray;
With earnest pledge to God repair
Thy gratitude from day to day,
Renew thy covenant with the Lord,
Embrace the promise of his word
And ever live in sweet accord
Till thank-offerings fore'er relay.

Union Bridge, Md.

A Kansas "Pennsylvania Dutch" Home

An Inglenook Reader

ONE Sunday morning I went to the Sunny Plains church, a few miles distant from the village in which I live. The church people who worship here are a plain, unworldly people, of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" stock, and so little changed are they by transplantation on western soil that I could have believed I was with them in their mother state—Pennsylvania.

After the services were over, I was urged by many a good sister to "Go along for dinner," as they always try to have some one share the big meal of the week. I went with Sister Metz. Now every woman of this church is called "Sister," and every man "Brother" or else the surname is used as, "Susan" or "Jacob." "Mrs." or "Mr." being applied only to worldly people.

As our company approached the home of Adam and Sarah Metz I supposed they had not returned, because the shutters of the large, white farmhouse were all tightly closed. Just then Sister Metz appeared in the door of the little house near by in which they lived, (so that they would not make their big house dirty.)

Perhaps I shivered a little as I stepped into the most perfectly clean house I ever saw. Plainness, a principle of their religion, was in evidence here. There

was nothing used just for looks. There were no pictures, except one on a calendar. No books lay invitingly around. There were, however, a few rows of books on the shelves of the "secretary," but I would not have dared to disturb their perfect order.

There was cleanness everywhere—clean carpets, spotless white walls, freshly painted woodwork, glistening windows, a wonderfully shiny stove, and a vast array of polished glass and china ware in the big corner cupboard.

After dinner, the men went out to look at the stock, and the women were invited upstairs to see the quilts. There seemed every possible variety of color and pattern. I remarked that none of these many covers seemed to have been used. "O no," answered the hostess, "I don't yuse em, I chust keep 'em."

Then we were shown the pantry. Jams, jellies, preserves and pickles of all kinds filled a deep cupboard from floor to ceiling. "This comes handy when somebody comes," explained the hostess. I thought people would have to come in crowds to eat so much "spreadins." I decided that the idea of "just keeping" them was back of this display, also.

The cellar came in for its share of glory. Apples, vegetables and meats appeared to be provided for

several families. There was one thing, though, that outdid the rest. It was the canned fruit. No other woman of the neighborhood had so much, I was told.

It was like being at a county fair, so much did things suggest the idea of being on display, and I decided that this must be the premium-taking home of the community. They say Sister Metz has the most chickens, has the best garden, keeps the cleanest house, sets the best table, puts up the most fruit, and as a most surprising climax, does the most outside work of any woman in the neighborhood.

When I came home I ran into our little house, and looked at the fading carpet, worn by all our feet every day. I saw the dear books John and I read in a few rare evenings when the little tots go to bed early. I saw the pictures we love. I picked up the magazine which the little boys had left on the floor after reading the pictures. There were the windows with the marks of Bertie's fingers as he traced his and brother's names. I saw all this, and still I said, "No, indeed, I would not trade."



WHAT TO TEACH A GIRL.

TEACH her that 100 cents make a dollar.

Teach her to wear a calico dress and wear it like a queen.

Teach her to say "No" and stick to it, or "Yes" and mean it.

Teach her to arrange the bedroom as well as the parlor or library.

Teach her to dress for health and comfort as well as for appearance.

Teach her how to darn stockings, sew on buttons and mend a glove.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her to observe the morals and habits and not money in selecting her associates.

The old rule of "a place for everything and everything in its place."

Teach her to cultivate the talent she has and not waste time and money on the talent she does not possess.

Teach her to embrace every opportunity for reading and to select carefully the books that are elevating in their tone, and above all avoid trashy novels.



MONEY ENGAGED IN NATION'S LIQUOR TRADE.

Amount invested in brewing and distilling business in the United States,	\$612,571,558 00
Internal revenue receipts from taxes paid on liquor business last fiscal year,	207,124,099 00
Increase in revenue receipts over previous year,	16,444,651 00
Other revenue from liquor business paid to United States, city and state governments, yearly,	60,875,465 00
Last yearly production of malt liquors in United States (barrels),	54,651,637

♥ FOR THE COOKS ♥

APPETIZERS.

LENNA FRANCES COOPER.

Director Cooking Department of Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Number One.

WE are accustomed to think of an "appetizer" as some bottled nostrum, bitter and repulsive. We little realize how bountifully Nature has supplied us with these things. Pawlow, the great Russian physiologist has demonstrated conclusively that the appetite plays a very important part in digestion. In his experiments upon dogs, he has shown that when the appetite is awakened, the digestive juices begin to flow almost immediately although no food has yet been eaten. But if food was placed in the stomach by mechanical means so that the dog's appetite was not appealed to, the digestive juices were not secreted for a half hour or so later. Hence, digestion was greatly delayed. He also showed that the appetite may be appealed to in three ways: viz., by the sense of *sight*, by the sense of *smell* and by the sense of *taste*.

It was found that when the dogs were shown something of which they were fond, the digestive juices began to flow although they were not allowed to partake of it; that when they were blindfolded and allowed to smell of something which they liked, the digestive juices also flowed, and the same when they were allowed to taste of food when blindfolded. These experiments all have their counterpart in human experiences. We all know that the odor from a luscious apple or the sight of a beautiful bunch of grapes appeals to our appetite and causes our "mouth to water." This is a literal experience. The saliva of the mouth and the stomach juices actually are secreted when the appetite is thus appealed to.

The practical application of this is that food should be made appetizing, not only to the taste, but also to the sight and smell.

The table and dining room should be the most cheery spots in the house. The table should be arranged as attractively as possible, avoiding a crowded appearance. Cold foods should be served cold, but hot foods should be served *hot*; not only because the taste is better, but because hot foods give off an aroma which appeals to the appetite. The chief value of a soup is as an appetizer, hence they should be served *hot*.

Certainly, foods should be made as tasty as possible. This does not mean that they should be seasoned up with condiments and substances which will obliterate the natural flavors of the foods and irritate the alimentary tract as well. Study to blend foods which will make a pleasing combination.

Fruits as a class are nature's great appetizers. Most

vegetables also contain substances which appeal to the appetite. But even so-called unappetizing foods may be made appetizing by serving properly. Below are a few appetizing dishes:

Tomato Bouillon.

1 cup diced carrots	2 cups strained tomato
1 cup diced turnips	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped celery	1 teaspoon sugar
3 onions (chopped)	2 level tablespoons butter
2 quarts cold water	

Put the carrots, turnips, celery, strained tomato and onions on to cook in the cold water. Let them come slowly to the boiling point and simmer for about two hours or until tender. Then add the salt, sugar and butter. Serve with,

Bread Sticks.

Cut stale bread into one-half inch slices. Cut the slices into strips one-half inch wide and three inches long. Put in a moderate oven and toast until crisp throughout.

Scalloped Corn.

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 pint corn	1 level tablespoon sugar
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup cracker crumbs	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream

Mix the butter, and flour together and add the boiling milk, stirring meanwhile. Then add the corn from which the water has been drained, the salt and sugar and let boil for a minute or so. Turn into a baking dish, and cover the top with the crumbs, moistened with the cream and bake 15-20 minutes.

Maple Apples.

6 medium-sized apples	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Maple syrup
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup water	

Pare and core the apples. Heat the water and syrup to boiling. Drop the apples into the heated liquid, and turn frequently to insure cooking in all parts alike. When soft, remove the apples, taking care to keep them whole. Allow the liquid to cook down to a syrupy consistency and pour over them. A spoonful of whipped cream may be served if desired.



TEDDY BEARS AND BABIES.

AUNT JENNIE.

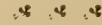
IN traveling through the city these days you are confronted with little tots carrying Teddy Bears, which cost as much as ten dollars, although some cost many times that. It is time for a word to be said on such an extravagant fad and sinful folly.

Mothers are doing an injustice to their little ones by giving them a BEAR for a toy instead of a DOLL, because it teaches the baby girl or boy to love that which is unnatural. It destroys the motherly instinct which causes the little girl to love her dollie—to make clothes for it as soon as she can sew. Instead of encouraging that noble instinct in little girls, they lose all taste for the natural and develop a desire for

fads. Thus simple, childlike love for the beautiful and natural is lost.

Sister, mother, take care what you are giving your dear ones to play with. After raising a large family I can say that for children to play with dolls makes them more manly and considerate for their companions in years to come.

Orient, Oregon.



PRAYER.

MELVIN DAVISSON.

1. PRAYER is the key to success in Christian living. Without it the child of God can make no progress, and standing still means to retrograde.

2. Prayer is to a Christian what fuel is to fire—without it, either will die.

3. Prayer is not the mere repeating of words, but the desire of the spirit expressed in truth and reality, by words and actions.

4. There are two kinds of prayer—public, and secret. Public prayer too often sounds like the mere saying of words. Christ prayed in public but he always had a purpose at heart, so that when he asked for anything it was just what his soul actually needed. His prayers were short and specific. So let our prayers be such—asking only for absolute necessities and then we will *receive* them. James says: "Ye have not, because ye ask amiss." We seek things for our *own* benefit, while God wants us to honor and glorify him first, and his glory then becomes our glory.

Secret prayer is talking with God, alone, face to face.

Lord, teach us how to pray.



MILLINERY MANEUVERS.

Proud, pretty, but penniless maid,
Permit me to come to your aid;

You want a new hat,

But your trouble is that

Our milliner's bill isn't paid.

You can't wear the thing

You bought in the spring,

Its "nose-tilt" is now incorrect;

For the hat of today

Slants the opposite way,

With a sort of sou'-wester effect.

The shade on the brow must be *stunt*,

The brim being narrow and blunt,

And the trimming's confined

To the wide brim behind,

That used to be worn in the front;

But take courage again;

That hat you disdain,

As the latest creation may score,

If—no doubt you have guessed

What I want to suggest—

You pin it on hind side before.

—Puck.

Some Reasons Why Cuba Has Not Advanced

Grant Mahan

THE thing that is hardest to understand about Cuba is its present condition, so small a part of it being under cultivation. That makes people wonder what the drawbacks are. The main reason, it seems to me, for the present-day backwardness was Spanish misrule, which must be held responsible for the illiteracy of the people and their lack of energy. Then, of course, there is the climate. Men do not have to work so hard for a living and therefore they don't. Necessity must be thanked for a good many things which we consider praiseworthy.

A look at some of the implements used by those who cultivate the soil is enough to show how unprogressive the people are. Take their plow, which Americans call the "soil tickler," for it does little more than tickle the soil. What can be expected from such a tool? What would be the result if such implements were used by farmers in the most fertile parts of Illinois and Iowa? We should not have such good houses and barns, and

many other things which go to make the American farmer what he is, and his family what they are, would be lacking. It is clearly a lack of enterprise here, and for this the people are not wholly, or even mostly, to blame. Their government discouraged and crushed,



THE SOIL TICKLER.

Courtesy of the Cuban Review and Bulletin, New York City.



MODERN CANE PLANTING; PLACING THE SEED CANE.

Courtesy of the Cuban Review and Bulletin, New York City.

rather than fostered, enterprise. We who were born and have spent our lives in the States find it hard to appreciate the situation without coming and seeing for ourselves.

But American intervention threw off the Spanish yoke, and American money and push are today ushering in the better things, the more up-to-date methods and implements, and the results are already becoming visible. And this is but the beginning. We cannot see into the future and tell what changes a few years will bring forth, but we be-

lieve they will be for the better. We have an abiding faith in the ability and persistence of the American people to accomplish that which they undertake; and they have undertaken to lift Cuba to the position which she should occupy in the world. And today we are seeing the best modern plows take the place of the soil tickler. Other things might be mentioned.

Cane has been and is one of the main crops raised by the Cubans. But their old method of the ox-cart bringing the seed cane and dumping it beside the rows, to be carried in and covered by hand work, is giving way to the more modern method of the mule carrying the cane, with a man on each side to lay it in the rows, where it is covered by a disk cultivator. The work is done in about one-third the time required by the older method.

Much more might be said about the superiority of our methods over those of the people among whom we are sojourning. But this is enough. Conditions here show how great a part good government plays in the prosperity of the people governed. Cuba needs a much wiser rule than that of the past; she needs better schools, better homes, better fathers and mothers, better and more religious teaching than the past has seen. Will she have these things? Most assuredly, if the American people live up to their opportunity and responsibility. We are not urging them to come here, but to think in what ways they may help—by prayer, by money to send religious teachers; for Cuba is included in the "all nations" of the great commission.

Omaja, Cuba.



CARING FOR THE BIRDS.

Boys and girls in many neighborhoods have formed themselves into clubs for taking care of the birds in winter, that they may not starve or freeze to death, as many do, if unaided, in severe weather. Committees are appointed, same to take charge of obtaining bird feed or money with which to buy it. Farmers, grain dealers and butchers are usually willing to contribute generously of grain, refuse meat and suet, or to sell these at cost; while few will refuse a small sum with which to buy them. The big boys are best fitted for the actual work of distribution.

Forming themselves into squads of three or four, with snow shovels and bags, they meet at a central place where the food is stored, and provide themselves with grain, meat or suet, and plenty of string, with which to tie the latter to a conspicuous place on a tree, with the string wound round and round the suet to form a net, or else with netting tied over it, so that a greedy squirrel, crow, sparrow or jaybird shall not carry it off bodily.

As a rule, the grain is spread in the middle of open fields, where it can be seen by birds flying over. The boys clear a space from ten to twenty feet square and scatter the grain; then make other similar feeding stations farther on. Of course, it is discouraging to find the seed scattered one afternoon covered up again by snow next morning; but if the exact spot cannot be uncovered, plucky boys will do their work over again.

Shelter should also be provided, that the birds may not be like the beggar to whom the doctor gave an appetizer without providing the food to satisfy the appetite. Bean poles with vines attached can be piled to form a wigwam, or cornstalks may be stacked on either side of a fence and provide shelter and feeding place at the same time. But these should have apparent ingress and egress, so as not to cause suspicion of being a trap.—Dumb Animals.

THE WATER LILY.

LEON F. BEERY.

OUT in a barren field, in a small pond, on the banks of which grew all kinds of grasses and weeds, and whose bottom was covered with sticks and stones and slime, a water lily was born into the world. It was so small and so tender that it seemed as if it would perish in that filthy place, at the bottom of the stagnant pool.

The stones put themselves in its way, and almost choked the life out of it. The sticks made a disagreeable network through which it had to work its weary way. It became all covered with the slime, and the tadpoles and other inhabitants of the pond stirred up the mud in the water so that the little lily could not see out into the light.

It felt as if it were being punished too severely, and that it could hardly live, but it took fresh courage, and grew the best it could. Many a hard time it passed through, and many a time it was on the point of giving up all hope, but it kept plodding on and on, for it knew within its little self that some end must come, whether good or bad.

As a result of its growing it kept getting nearer to the surface until one day in the beautiful summer, when the birds were singing their sweetest carols, and the trees and all other plants and shrubs had their best summer suits on, and the whole earth seemed one vast Eden, and the blue sky above, a great roof and protection over all, this little insignificant water lily thrust its head out of the water up into the light of day.

It was now happy, and it had good reason, for soon it opened, and spread its large leaves out on the water, which caused them to wave up and down, and its beautiful white petals, with the exquisite center of pure gold, attracted the attention of many passers-by, who said, "See, what a beautiful flower that lily is!"

"If what shines afar so grand
Turns to nothing in thy hand,
On again! The virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize."

Huntingdon, Pa.



WHOSE HEAD WAS HURT?

THE story is told of a colored man who, having been hit on the head by a falling brick, recovered \$2,000 in damages from the party responsible. When, however, the colored man's lawyer handed him \$700 of the award and put the other \$1,300 into his own pocket, his client asked, "Say, boss, whose head was hurt with that brick, yours or mine?" In like spirit the farmer who is being made the victim of the grain gamblers, and who finds it difficult to arrive at the real market value of his products, may well ask, "Who owns the farm, anyway?"

The Baby.--No. 2

Catharine Beery-Van Dyke

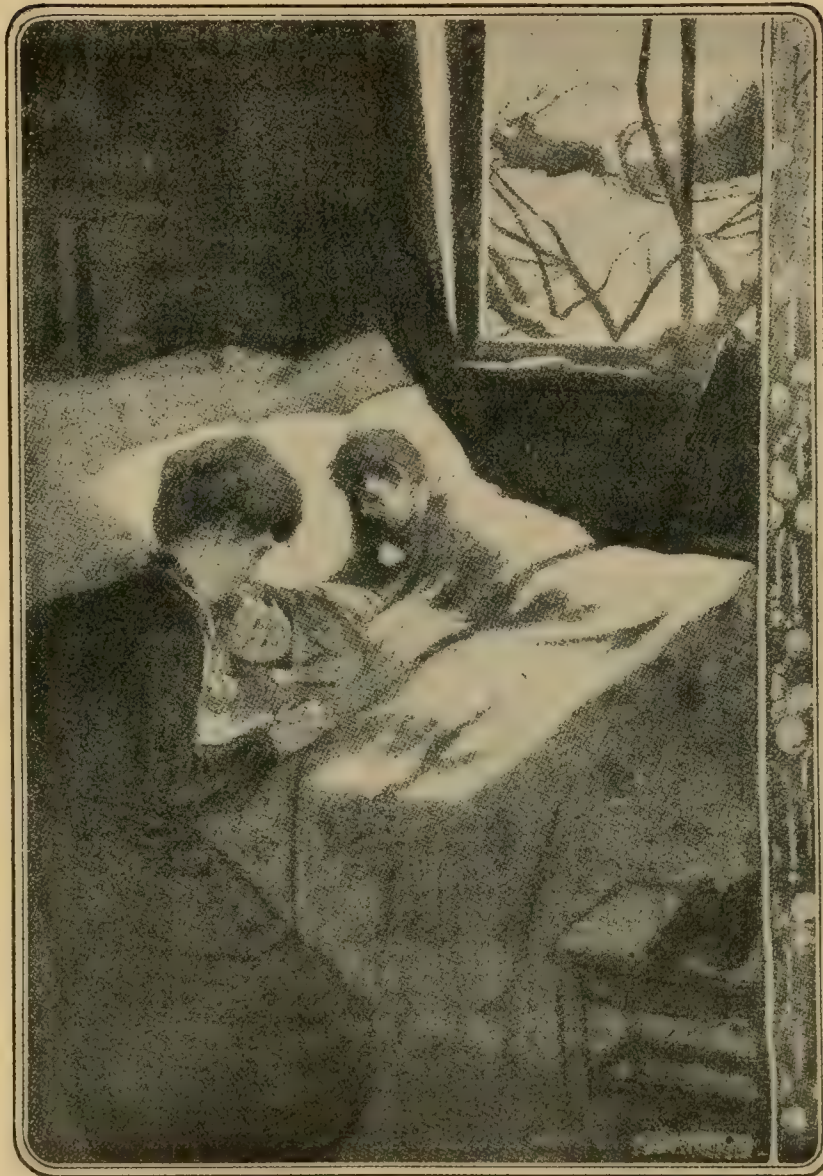
THE Baby!
The dear little creature we looked for so long! *Our Baby!* A new member of *our own family!* We used to number six, now we are seven, or there used to be two of us, now there are three. And the new member is so *little*—so dainty—so sweet. Helpless, of course, but so appealing in his inability to care for himself.

Oh, the world can never be utterly desolate now since God has given us a chance to cultivate even one little flower for the beautiful fields of heaven. Hope may flicker and burn low, but it will never go out since through us God has brought one more soul into existence to shine for him eternally!

And oh, the many temptations and sins from which this little one will beguile us! Temptations of unfaithfulness, idleness, disloyalty—sins of pure and extreme selfishness!

How many times will hope burst forth anew and faith be confirmed at sight and in touch of this new, purely dependent life for which we are responsible!

The baby? Ah, I have heard a mother say, "And



now the Devil's to pay. With his squalling and his colic, his washing and his dressing, and his keeping me at home from every place I want to go; there was work enough before, and my heart now drops full sore to think of all the worry and the trouble and the bother I must know."

Having fought against the advent of the "new member" as far as it was lawful (?) and possibly farther—nothing remains but to make the best—or perhaps the worst—of the situation.

Reader, have you ever been impressed with the dual nature of this contract? The one is assuming and accepting the laws of nature and of nature's God; receiving in an appreciative, philosophical, common-sense way, the highest gift, the most

sacred power and responsibility that God has offered to man.

The other is a part of the "Devil's pay" in the beginning.

The one is spiritual; the other is carnal.

Let us strike out of the picture the second condi-

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Sleep well, my dear ones, safe and free;
The holy angels are with thee,
Who always see thy Father's face,
And never slumber, nights nor days.

Your bed is soft in every way;
The Saviour lay in straw and hay;

Your chamber is far better drest
Than the hard crib where He did rest.

None dare disturb your quiet ease;
He had a thousand enemies.
You live in sweet security;
But He was punished, and for thee

Adapted from the German of John Christian Jacobi.

tion and give the dear baby our unprejudiced consideration.

In Jerome K. Jerome's chapter on Babies in his "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" there are some hints on the subject that are next to inspiring.

Aside from its being a welcome, beloved, little bundle of humanity there is a deeper significance hid in the little life. This is his inevitable development and the way in which it is directed.

While much depends upon the physical care of the infant—its food, clothing, etc., the fact is it possesses soul and intellect as well as a body and these, too, may early be taken account of by the thoughtful mother.

Dr. Griffith says: "When a baby is just born, and during the first few days of life it is very little more intelligent than a vegetable." And yet it is possible to train the child almost from its entrance into the world. For instance, about all a real young baby needs for some weeks is to be kept clean, comfortably warm, its stomach comfortably full and then to be let alone.

If this course is followed until the child is old enough to need greater freedom and encouragement to exercise both body and mind, all other things being equal, the child will be normal, unspoiled.

Now, while it is easy to make such statements, the method to reach these ends must also be simple and scientific.

Its bathing and its changing must be regularly done; the extremes of heat and cold must be avoided; and

above all, the feeding must be done at proper, regular hours, and in sensible quantities.

Just a word or two about feeding and bathing the infant, then the rest on that subject will be left to the doctor.

I have known mothers, and so have you, who do not pretend to observe any regularity in time for feeding their offspring. Their rule seems to be: "When

he cries, nurse him and get him quiet," thus passing the reins of government into the hands of the youngest, long before he is of age, and consequently establishing a state of anarchy in the very heart of the family and sowing the seeds of rebellion and insubordination in the mind of this child which will require most of his lifetime to subdue.

Whatever conduces to the child's physical equilibrium tends also to the normal and steady development of its intellect. Therefore, I give this hint to mothers who nurse their babies: Keep as even tempered as you can and never nurse your

child while in a state of over-heat either from grief, over-work, anger or worry, for these states poison your milk and you subject your child to sickness, or even death, and retard his normal development.

At bathing time is offered a splendid opportunity to test and encourage the physical and mental growth of the child. A word from my own experience. With my last three babies I used the cook table as their bathing board. It was in the kitchen where it was warm and away from draught. Covering the table with a soft comfort and this with a bathing blanket



I proceeded to stretch them out upon it. I talked to them during the process and they were usually in a pleasant state of mind. When the bath was over and they were partly dressed, but with hands and feet free from outer garments, I put their little palms against my own and while I moved them back to their shoulders and forth again I sang to a simple tune, these words:

"All about, all about
Baby's hands are flying;
Press them here, Baby dear,
While your strength you're trying."

Then the feet the same way, bending the knees back to the abdomen and stretching them down again as far as possible, singing "Little feet are flying."

The child is quite young when he is able to appreciate this little performance in which he has almost a conscious part.

One of my little boys, when about six months old, was lying on the couch awake in a room alone. As I passed through the room I sang cheerily: "All about, all about." He evidently recognized the song for he laughed aloud with joy.

I tell this to show you that little, tiny babies can be trained to enjoy and to respond to attentions given them. It was recently asked: "When should the training of a child to obey begin?" Would not this be a good time?

Then, too, sanitary habits can be formed much earlier than many mothers have imagined. Commence at four weeks, mothers, and by patient, persevering efforts for a week you will be surprised and delighted at the results. This teaches the child self-control and for this exercise alone it pays the mother a hundredfold and is of untold value to the child.
Chicago.

OLD SANTA.

SNOW MAHORNEY.

Old Santa and wife had worked the year through,
Preparing for Christmas, the toys bright and new;
Now Santa at last, with pack and his sleigh,
Started out with his deers and rode fast away.

The snow thickly lay, all around, on the ground,
And the reindeer sped forth, with a leap and a bound;
The bell's merry jingle, rang with good cheer,
And spoke forth to all, "Merry Christmas is here."

And then a white house-top, at last Santa spied,
And quickly climbed up, his pack to divide:
He made the poor happy, left something for all;
Then out on the house-top, again did he crawl.

A word to the reindeer, then quickly away,
Went Santa, with empty pack, home in his sleigh;
Now Santa's good wife loved the dear jolly man,
And fixes him presents, as nice as she can.

Then peacefully went to her room to retire,
And left Santa's presents, before the bright fire.
When old Santa entered, he shook his grey head,
And snatching them up, for his reindeers he sped.

And whistling loud, again o'er the snows,
The reindeers sped forth, the things to dispose;
And anxious old Santa, urged on with good will,
The fast fleeting reindeer, till they climbed the last hill.

The grey dawn was peeping, on the glad Christmas day,
Santa left the last bundle, and rode fast away:
Once more at his own home, he opened the door,
And soon was asleep and beginning to snore.

At last he awoke, went his dear wife to find
And tell her the joke, of the things left behind;
With a queer sort of smile, she heard him all through,
Then answered, "Why Santa, I left them for you."

His eyes opened wide, his white beard he stroked,
Then burst out laughing, at such a good joke.
Dear Santa, so happy in giving you see,
Thought not of himself, as sometimes do we.
Lodoga, Ind.



OVERLOOKED PURPOSE OF THE SABBATH.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

It is commonly thought that the purposes of the Sabbath are covered by two words, namely *worship* and *rest*. There are two other purposes less thought of, but hardly less important.

One of them is that aspect of the Sabbath which Christ chiefly emphasized, the opportunities such a day affords for *doing* good. "It is lawful," he said—that is, it is the law—"to do good on the Sabbath days."

The Pharisaic Sabbath was full of *rules* but not *doing*. Christ sets his face against the idea that idleness can be true Sabbath-keeping. Not doing nothing, but doing good, is Christian observance of Sunday. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work" said Jesus profoundly, when chided for healing a man on the Sabbath, which was forbidden, not by the Bible, but by the fossil code of the Pharisees, by which he meant that divine work is to be done all days.

It is only selfish work that is to cease one day in the week to give those who otherwise would be cut off from divine work an opportunity to engage in it. Rest, not idleness, but by change from the selfish work for money to unselfish works of mercy, is the true Sabbath rest—a truth to which thousands of Christians today are as blind as the Pharisees.

"Divine service" is the very heart of the Sabbath—by which it is not meant going to church. The very fact that worship, a *preparation for service* is called "service," prevents some people from seeing that they are giving God no real service unless they go from meetings, as a servant from meals, to some real work for God.

What would be thought of a farm hand's counting himself good and faithful because he was always present at mealtime? Every preacher should put emphasis where Christ did, that lazy Christians who spend the day in sleeping and shirking, rendering no help in the Sunday school, doing little for their

own children, may be made to feel that they are Sabbath-breakers. And every teacher should see that none of his pupils grow up with the false ideas that make such misconceptions possible.

But there is another purpose of the Sabbath, brought out clearly in that statement of the Sabbath law, Isaiah 58: 13, 14, namely, to wean us from selfishness. This is important to us as individuals, but especially as members of the acquisitive Anglo-Saxon race which, with all its passion for money, could never have maintained its humanities if it had not been halted in selfish pursuits by a divine voice one day in every week. The heathen races are in less need of the Sabbath. They rest too much already. They break the commandment in its first requirement: "Six days shalt thou labor." They are Esaus preferring present ease and indulgence to future wealth at the cost of self-denial and strenuous endeavor. But Anglo-Saxon are Jacobs; their love of money would certainly become undisputed master, but for the Sabbath's reinforcement, every week, of their love for man. But for centuries of Sabbaths our war for humanity would have been, if not impossible, very much hindered.

It is, therefore, a matter of great concern to the intelligent patriot, as well as to the Christian, that we are allowing the Sabbath to be changed into the "Holiday Sunday," which cannot but have deadly influence upon our own and national characters.

This change is already occurring before our eyes in some of our cities. Let us resist it in season. Let us especially see that we be not found among those who shall break down the Christian national institutions our fathers bequeathed to us. The test of a Sunday wheel is not the question, "Will it harm me?" The bicycle brigade is the advance line of the invading Continental army that is destroying American institutions. There is, of course, no objection in the using the wheel for doing good, and if we are busy at that every Sabbath, we shall have little disposition to seek doubtful indulgences.



WHAT IS WRONG, BOYS?

Two men buy a dressed hog, weighing 200 pounds, at 5 cents a pound. This amounts to \$10.00, and each man contributed \$5.00. One then proposed that he take the shoulder of the hog, paying for it 4 cents a pound, and that the other take the ham end, paying 6 cents a pound. To this they agreed and the question arose as to how many pounds each should take to secure his \$5.00 worth of the hog. This looks easy, as the price per pound each was to pay was agreed to. Divide \$5.00 by 4 and you get 125. Divide the other, \$5.00 by 6 and you get 83 1-3. But add 125 to 83 1-3 and you have a total of 208 1-3 pounds, while there was only 200 pounds of pork. Try again:

The man who pays 4 cents a pound seems clearly entitled to six-tenths of the hog, which is 120 pounds. The other man would get four-tenths of the hog, which is 80 pounds. That makes a total of 200 pounds, just what the hog weighs. But when we divide \$5.00 by either the 80 or the 120 pounds we find each man is paying more than the price agreed for his pork. Where is the trouble, and how do you find the correct answer?



WHAT IS A "WHITE" PERSON?

CONGRESS has power under the constitution to lay down uniform requirements for the naturalization of immigrants as citizens, though the immediate enforcement of the process is left to the states. The original act of 1790 gave the privilege of citizenship to all "free white aliens," and that classification has stuck—though in a few isolated instances, as in the case of the Hawaiians, it has been specially enlarged to include people not white. The privilege of the voting franchise is entirely distinct from that of general citizenship, and each state decides what classes of residents it shall allow to vote.



BIG INSURANCE ON HANDS, THROAT AND ANKLES.

If you had a fine voice, or a nimble pair of feet, or a dexterous fine-trained hand and you made big money out of it, would you insure the precious money-making part of your body?

Now, there's Kubelik, the wonderful violin virtuoso. He pays premiums on a \$50,000 policy for his magical right hand, the hand that extracts such melody from his aged Strad.

Paderewski, the long-haired master of the piano, has his wonderful hands insured for \$45,000, and in case he injured either, could manage to eke out a scanty existence until the bones knit.

M. Carolus Duran, the great French painter, has his eyes insured for \$30,000. Should he lose his sight and no longer be able to assemble wonderful colors, the money will help some.

La Belle Otero, the Spanish dancer, has her money-making ankles insured for \$80,000 each. And each toe upon her little feet is insured for \$15,000.

Mme Lina Cavalieri, most beautiful of European women, carries a policy for \$50,000 upon her throat, from which comes the melody that enraptures thousands.



UNDISPUTED.

FIRST LAWYER—"You are a shyster!"

His Opponent—"And you are a blackguard!"

The Court—"Now, gentlemen, let us take up the *disputed* points in the case."—*Philadelphia North American*.

CREAM OF MAGAZINES

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AMERICA?"

A nation of 80,000,000 villagers which is incapable of developing beyond the village stage, or even making as good a job of that as a handful of Russians would with their Mir traditions; which has a morbidly democratic constitution because it mistrusts its Government even more than it mistrusts its people; which is too big to be conquered by an European Power; and which, when the natural law of economic rent begins to operate on a huge scale, cannot form a government strong enough to socialize it, must fall helplessly into the hands of its exploiters and bosses, and outface its disgrace by tall talk as best it may.

President Roosevelt cannot realize his dream of making America a real national organism, sovereign over all anti-social powers within its own frontiers, and forcing all men to climb to prosperity instead of rooting for it as hogs root for truffles. Already it is obvious that the President is trying to redeem the United States solely because a man must assume that things can be bettered, or else lie down and die of despair. The Socialists, as voiced by Mr. Upton Sinclair, hope still more desperately that Capitalism will break down for want of markets, and that Socialism will step in and build on the ruins: a very mad hope indeed, because, first, Capitalism is not in the smallest danger of any such breakdown, and suffers much less from temporary crisis than it did a century ago, when this discredited prophecy began to be bandied about; and, second, Socialism is only possible as the consummation of successful Capitalism, which, with all its horrors, will be adored by history as the pathfinder of Socialism and the ruthless reducer to absurdity of village Unsociatism.

No; things in America will have to get worse before they get better. Socialism is the remedy; but Socialism is only possible where Individualism is developed to the point at which the individual can see beyond himself and works to perfect his city and his nation instead of to furnish his own house better than his neighbor's. Short of that point Individualism is not Individualism, but Idiocy (a word which idiots cannot understand), and Idiocy and nothing else is just what is the matter with America today.

America has never been successful in politics. It was made independent largely in spite of its own teeth by a declaration of sentiments which it did not share and principles which it barely grasped the narrow end of. Even today neither its ordinary security nor its liberty is up to the monarchical standard of Central Europe. The famous Constitution survives only because whenever any corner of it gets into the way of the accumulating dollar it is pettishly knocked off and thrown away. Every social development, however beneficial and inevitable from the public point of view, is met, not by an intelligent adaptation of the social structure to its novelties, but by a panic and a cry of "go back." An unfortunate President struggling to get things looked at from the point of view of the collective interest of the United States, which is so huge a thing that it must be coordinated with the collective interest of all civilization if it is to be made workable, finds himself appreciated solely as the hero of a dime novel—Teddy the Rough Rider—and would enhance his popularity by punching a prize-fighter's head as surely as he would lose it by telling the American people what he must think of their political capacity.

Eighteen years ago the London Fabian Society, in a book entitled "Fabian Essays," called attention to the Trust development in American industry and explained its significance. The writer of the essay directed to this point, the late William Clarke, had no idea that there was anything recondite in the industrial phenomenon he dealt with, or that the existence and operations of the Standard

Oil Trust were a terrible discovery of his own. The facts were not new to me, nor to any of the writers with whom I was associated as editor of the essays. What Clarke, though he had traveled and lectured in America, did not fully realize, was the stupendous denseness of the Americans' ignorance of their own country—the childishness which enables them to remain simple New England villagers in the complicated hustle of New York and Chicago, never revising their ideas, never enlarging their consciousness, never losing their interest in the ideals of the Pilgrim Fathers. A year or two ago, however, it suddenly occurred to them that the village shopkeeper was in difficulties. To their sympathetic inquiries he replied that "the Trust" was to blame. And so the simple villagers said: "How wicked! let us put the Trust in the stocks at once." And that is what they are trying to do at present, not having yet noticed that the Trust is too strong, the stocks too small, and Standard Oil none the dearer or harder to get.—Everybody's.



ABORIGINES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

A trip among the so-called Indians of South America by W. A. Cook partly in the interest of the Bureau of American Ethnology is described in a recent publication of the Smithsonian Institution, entitled "The Bororo Indians of Matto Grosso, Brazil."

Mr. Cook describes his journey through the wilderness to a rough ranch belonging to Senor de Carvalho near a Bororo village. He gives the following account of the Indians:

"The long, straight, coarse black hair of both males and females hangs in a tangled mass about their shoulders, except above the forehead where it is kept chopped off to form bangs. Nearly all the single young plaster these bangs with a sort of red putty made from the small yellowish-red fruit of the burity palm and fish oil, and the same paste is used to paint the entire body.

"Boys and girls who are esteemed by their parents also have the foretop arranged in this way, and a few of the latter who are regarded with special favor have it plaited with a layer of beautiful red feathers. One woman was covered with white feathers from head to foot, with a brilliant plume in her hair.

"All young men and boys wear suspended from a hole in the lip, bored during infancy, a kind of chain called nogodau, about six inches long, made of flat oval-shaped bits of shell, terminating in a red feather. The older men have a plug in this hole, for if left open it causes difficulty in drinking.

"There were thirty huts in the village that encircled in a very irregular way, facing in every direction, a very large hut that stood in the center and was called baehytu. Bae (by) is the name of the ordinary family hut.

"This baehytu is the bachelor's hall, the headquarters of all the unmarried men, the workshop where the men make weapons and ornaments and instruments, the dining-room, the town hall where most public functions occur, and the club where visitors are received and entertained. The baehytu is entered through an opening at each end like a hole in a haystack, and within is always damp, gloomy and foul-smelling.

"The family huts are mostly like a roof resting on the ground and strongly resemble an old haystack with a hole eaten in each end, though occasionally the hut is raised a little and woven palm branch tongues form a basketlike wall. Deep gloom reigns within these huts. They are made dark that they may be free from flies, and are dens of rubbish and filth.

"The occupants of this human lair are sprawled on a palm-leaf rug, with a log of wood four inches in diameter

for a pillow, and sleeping or gnawing an ear of corn, a bit of fish or vegetable, or sitting tailor fashion making beads, arrows or other objects, or kneeling by the little fire preparing food. When the filth becomes unbearable or disease is prevalent they do not trouble to clean house, but simply abandon and burn the old and build a new one on a clean spot. Usually the entire village moves to a new place some distance away.

"A day or so after our arrival a child of seven or eight years belonging to one of the leading families died. This gave us an opportunity to witness a strange ceremony.

"A loud, deep, prolonged hee-aw, ho-o, ah-h, was belated by a quartette of naked, painted and feathered savages, squatting slightly in unison with each note, and shaking hugh calabash rattles. This was accompanied by the wailing chant of a chorus of women standing just behind the quartette and waving fans to keep away the flies.

"The snort of two huge flutes, the barking of the calabash trumpets, the lament of the savage mother, her body besmeared with her own blood, kneeling by the corpse of her child, the hairs jerked from her head, half a dozen at a time, by a female crouched behind her, the lamentations of the father, with his hair clipped, as he knelt on the other side of the body and recited the virtues of the deceased loved one, and the low mournful chant of the female relatives or friends as they lashed their legs and arms, or even their entire bodies, with sharpened shells—this was the drama that unfolded itself one beautiful summer morning as we crept into the baehytu of the Ta-Dare-Mano Paro village. The little daughter of the chief had been summoned from her earthly bae to wander with the bope (evil spirits), and the funeral ceremonies were in progress.

"When a Bororo is ill, a priest is called to determine whether he will recover or die. On entering the hut and looking at his sick tribesman and concluding that he will probably die or should die, he will count his fingers, and each time he touches one finger will repeat, 'Meri, meri, meri, meri, bi,' meaning that the man will see five suns, five days, and die; or he may say: 'Nadua, nadua, nadua, etc., by,' meaning sleep, sleep, etc., five days, and die.

"If at the end of this time he still lives, the executioner, sent, of course, by the priest, will suddenly appear in the hut, sit astride his stomach and strangle him to death, for the reputation of the priest must be sustained. The priests are probably responsible for not a few deaths.

"They are the bane of life in the tribe. They must nurture the delusion that they can communicate with and have influence in the other world and power to avert or cause evils and calamities. They are, therefore, on the alert to take advantage of any propitious occasions to prey upon the superstitious fears of their fellow-tribesmen. They are freely supplied with food by their fellow-tribesmen in order to retain their good will.

"Bope means spirit or disembodied soul, but they seem to have no idea of a good spirit. The bope, who are evil spirits, must therefore not be offended, although they must be driven away.

"To drive the spirits off they use a bull roarer, a peculiar instrument made of a slab of wood about half an inch thick, shaped something like a fish, and of varying size, hung by a long cord from the end of a stick like a fishing rod, and swung round and round through the air. As it swings and rapidly revolves, it sends forth loud sounds to a surprising distance, pitched from a sepulchral moan to an unearthly shriek, the wail rising and descending the scale according to the rapidity of the swing or the size of the instrument. To hear several of these roarers at once certainly produces most unusual sensations, particularly when operated, as we heard them, during a tropical storm amid the play of lightning, the crash and roar of thunder, the falling floods and dismal gloom.

"No female is allowed to see this instrument under pain of death. Now ones are made as occasion demands, and they are burned immediately after their need has passed.

"Certain warning calls are given some hours in advance of the time for bringing the roarers into use and, hearing these warnings, the females enter their huts, close the openings and hide their heads. The roarers are manipulated outside the village up and down through the brush.

"The Bororos are expert swimmers and are fishermen

of the highest order. One mode of fishing is to swim out into the river three or four miles above the village with a net called buke, like a great bag, its mouth secured to two parallel rods nine to twelve feet long, bound together at their ends.

"When one or more fish are seen the mouth of the sack is opened by springing the rods apart and with wonderful dexterity the fish are bagged and the mouth of the net quickly closed by allowing the rods to spring together. The fisherman then plays the game, especially if it be large, gradually rolls the net over the rods till the fish cannot move, brings it to the surface and kills it with a club, which he trails by a cord from his neck. The fish is now taken from the net, strung on a cord and floated along with the club.

"Sometimes two or more fish of twelve or fifteen pounds will be taken at one catch or maybe one weighing as much as the man himself will be bagged in this way. A Bororo will remain in the water an hour or two continuously, and return ashore with six or eight large fish.

"The Bororos are wonderful whistlers, and seem able thus to communicate whatever they otherwise would by speech.

"The Bororos are the tallest of any South American Indians I have seen. I do not remember one man under five feet seven inches, and they are sometimes six feet three or four inches tall. They are full-faced, the nose well shaped and not large or particularly flat nor are the cheek bones especially prominent. Many of the children and some of the young men are quite handsome.

"The tribe is supposed to number between 5,000 and 10,000 souls. We visited eight villages and settlements."

—Los Angeles Times.

TOO MUCH WALL-STREET CONTROL.

With the tendency to do business in the large way, there has been a corresponding tendency to center the control of business in New York. The amalgamation of railroads into large systems has brought the control of transportation into Wall Street. The oil business, the sugar business, the steel business, the tobacco business, and a great many other leading industries are practically controlled from offices located in the financial district of New York City. The chief insurance companies of the country, with their assets reaching into the hundreds of millions of dollars, have their headquarters in that same financial district. The great insurance companies, railroad companies, and industrial companies are now controlled by a set of men who also control the great banks and trust companies of New York City. It is easy to see, therefore, when one stops to reflect, how anything that tends to throw distrust upon the management of one of these sets of interests must affect other sets of interest in the public mind. The insurance investigations in New York played their part in awakening distrust, whether well-founded or ill-founded. Certain railroad investigations also had similar effects. Disclosures in the recent investigation of street railroad interests in New York City had also their measure of influence in arousing a feeling of distrust. This distrust played its part in keeping investors away from Wall Street, and thus the actual shortage of capital was increased by artificial causes. The companies that were extending telephone systems and other facilities could no longer market their bonds, and so they ceased to buy supplies, especially copper. Then followed the sensational drop in the market price of copper, causing a collapse in the market for copper mining stocks and affecting very directly certain banks and trust companies which had been supporting copper interests. It is needless to follow the ramifications that ensue. When all sorts of enterprises seem prosperous and their shares have a high quotation in the stock market, the banks and trust companies are in danger of assuming that there can be no end to flush times, and that these stocks are all safe security for loans of money. And there is a special danger that the officers of banks and trust companies will take this roseate view,—if it happens, as is the case in New York, that the same set of men are acting as the promoters of industrial and mining enterprises, and as the directors in such companies, who are also the directors and officers of the banks and trust companies. Under such circumstances, when an industrial collapse or two occurs, there is almost sure to be disclosed some weak point in a bank or trust company.—Review of Reviews



Echoes from Everywhere

FOREIGN.

The success of the gas plant at Beatrice, Nebr., where good illuminating gas is made from corncobs, cornstalks and other dry farm refuse, has inspired promoters in the Canadian Northwest to establish similar gas plants at Strathcona, Wetaskiwin, and Portage la Prairie, in which straw is utilized.

It has been demonstrated that every ton of straw can be made to yield 15,000 feet of gas, while the best Pennsylvania coal, costing on the spot \$12 a ton, yields only 12,000 feet.

The significance of this comparison can be better appreciated when it is stated that thousands of tons of straw have been burned in northwestern Canada every year to get it out of the way.

Announcement is made by the provincial government that the Bell telephone system in Manitoba has been purchased by the government. The price paid was \$3,300,000. The government will assume control Jan. 15, and the system will be operated by a commission. The present officials of the company probably will be retained.

The trial of the 169 members of the first duma who signed the Viborg manifesto has been concluded. One hundred and sixty-seven of them were convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, while two were acquitted on the ground that they had signed under misapprehension. The sentence carries with it the loss of all political rights and withdraws from Russian politics the foremost liberal leaders in the constitutional movement for several decades, among them being Ivan Petrunkevich, who framed the first demand on the emperor for a constitution.

Ten miles from Baku, near the shores of the Caspian Sea, stood the ancient temple, dedicated of old to fire worship. Within the last few weeks an oil "gusher" has been opened on the site. The discovery of the well suggests that the "eternal flames" that burned at the altar of the temple were maintained by natural gas issuing from the ground. According to geologists, the same oil stratum must include the so-called "Sacred Isle," where Zoroaster, about 400 years before Christ, preached the fire cult. But not only is the discovery historically interesting, it is economically important, for there is a reason to think that the new region will prove forty times as large as the present Baku fields.

The Indian National Congress must be first cousin to the Austrian Parliament. The Hindus, who meet each year to consider their national problems, this year discussed home rule for India. There were two factions, the Extremists, who desire the speedy establishment of complete home rule, and the Moderates, who believe in going slow. Friction between the two parties developed early, and on the second day of the Congress the session degenerated into a free fight, in which chairs and table legs and other pieces of the scattered furniture became the principal arguments. All this seems to argue that the Hindus are thoroughly interested in the question.

GENERAL.

The recent panic has developed an army of 60,000 hungry people in Chicago. Measures have been taken to give partial employment to some of them, while others will be cared for by charitable societies until they can find work. The condition in eastern cities is worse than what

it is in Chicago. In New York City thousands of unemployed people have been set out on the streets by the landlords of tenement houses, because the monthly rent was not paid. Five thousand of these tenement dwellers recently paraded through the city, holding meetings on the street corners until scattered by the police.

They are preparing for another demonstration in which over 100,000 poor people will take part. Rural people and others with plenty to eat and wear know very little about the pauperism of our larger cities, which increases with the years.

The Northwestern Railroad is going dry. Twenty-five thousand employes of that system signed the pledge that has been circulated for signatures during December. A large majority of the employes of the entire system will be teetotalers. Not content with this, the leaders of the movement hope soon to have every man employed from end to end of the 7,000 miles of road a signer of the pledge.

The year 1907 must ever be memorable in the history of the development of electric traction, because of the notable installations which have been made on three of the leading railroad systems of the United States—the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, the New Haven system and the Rochester division of the Erie Railroad. The same season, also, saw the inauguration of electric operation on forty-four miles of the West Shore steam railroad between Utica and Syracuse, the system used being the direct-current with the third rail, and the equipment being in general similar to that of the New York Central terminal lines, with the important exception that the multiple unit system is used throughout. The Erie electrification is of the same general character as that of the New Haven road. A working pressure of 11,000 volts is used on the trolley line, the current being transmitted at the high pressure of 60,000 volts. The overhead construction is much simpler than that employed on the four tracks of the New Haven road.

Minnesota is evidently freeing herself from the yoke of partisanship. Although a Republican state by a strong majority, she has a Democratic governor of whom she is very proud; but she is also proud of her Republican Attorney General, E. T. Young. Mr. Young attracted a great deal of attention by his persistent efforts to enforce the state laws against the railroads, and especially by laying himself liable to contempt of court in the discharge of his duty. His case is now under consideration of the U. S. Supreme Court. He is the man most talked of for governor at present and if he wins his case, the movement to elect him will be irresistible.

William Whyte, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, predicts good times ahead. He says that the banks of Canada are strong but after the flurry on this side, they would not loan money on anything of a speculative nature. He reports much talk about the Hudson Bay Railroad, but expresses some doubt of the value of that as a good route for grain from the Northwest to Europe. Much of the grain does not get on the market before Hudson Bay freezes. To store the grain over winter will entail some expense.

At Lewistown, Mont., a number of farmers are trying a new coöperative movement. They have rented a mill, hired a miller, and contributed grain for flour milling. It is their hope to be able to get a better price for their wheat by grinding it and selling the flour.

The U. S. Supreme Court has recently decided a case appealed from the Minnesota Supreme Court, that is of interest to all students of our judicial system. It is that of a Minneapolis saloonkeeper, who was fined \$25 for keeping his saloon open on Sunday, but appealed the case because he was not allowed a jury trial. The decision is that persons violating the city ordinances of Minneapolis, and presumably of other cities, are not entitled to a jury trial.

Minneapolis is to have a Civic Federation which is to have as an avowed object the enforcement of laws "designed to safeguard the public health and morals." This is being organized by the Civic Righteousness Committee of the Federation of Churches of the City of Minneapolis.

Suit has been brought by Attorney-General Young of Minnesota against the Standard Oil Co., to secure cancellation of the company's license to do business in the state. It is charged that the company has sold oil at from 1½ to 3 cents less per gallon in Minneapolis and St. Paul, where there is competition, than in other towns where there is not. This is in disobedience to a law passed in 1907.

One of the largest heating plants in Minneapolis is to be used by the Woman's Club in smoke prevention experiments. They will have complete control of the firemen, and they will be given any kind of fuel they ask.

The completion of the Cuban census marks one important step preliminary to the resumption of native government in the island. The figures show a remarkably rapid growth amounting to twenty per cent, since 1899, due in part, of course, to a considerable immigration. The present population is 2,028,282. Just at present most of the news from the Island is good. The President's expression of hope that in the next twelve months Cuba might set up its own government again, was received very well. The railroad strike, to combat which, it was alleged, men were imported from this country, is practically at an end. Not a case of yellow fever was reported through the length and breadth of Cuba in December, and the quarantine which had bothered the Island was lifted. During the year seven cases of the fever and one death from it occurred in Havana. The number of fever deaths in Havana alone used to go often above three hundred a year.

The Pope created four new cardinals last week, two of them Frenchmen—the Archbishop of Rheims and Marseilles—and a third to judge from his name, De Lai, is probably of the same nationality. That the Pope should increase the number of French bishops from five to eight seems to show that he wants to do what he can to help the French church, which henceforth must live on its own resources.

When the world is really old, scientists tell us, it will be as flat as Mars, for all the mountains will have been worn away. Civilization does with men what weather will do with the earth. It tends to eliminate the picturesque and Europeanize the world. Thibet, however, seemed immune from the tendency. But now the Chinese government has decided that a telegraph line shall go to Lhassa, the abode of the Grand Lama, and will institute a mail service.

We are accustomed to think that America and Great Britain are the only lands where the Jew may come to political honor, but the Holy City, Rome itself, has elected a Jew for its next syndic, or major. Signor Ernesto Nathan is the first syndic not a Roman by birth. He was born in England and has lived in Rome only twenty years. He is a Republican and a Free Mason and almost everything else that clericals and anti-Semites dislike, but not all those disadvantages prevented the Romans from electing him.

In the Druce case in London, where the heirs of a certain tradesman are attempting to obtain the property of the Duke of Portland on the ground that Druce and

the Duke was one and the same man, and that at Druce's funeral a roll of lead was buried instead of a human body, the English, after spending some months in arguing the question before the court, have decided to open the grave, and find out the truth. Give an Englishman long enough to think about a matter, and he will finally do the sensible thing.

A Danish inventor, Valdimir Poulson, who devised the wireless telephone, has notified the American Legation at London that he intends to establish a trans-Atlantic wireless telephone service. He nonchalantly puts the date that he will open the service in February. He claims that last week he was talking by wireless with Berlin from Copenhagen, a distance of 240 miles. The previous long-distance record had been made in Germany, where experimenters communicated at a distance of fifty or sixty miles. The vessels of our own fleet on its present cruise are all fitted with the new telephones.

One more modern miracle is gone by the board. The priest of Brin in France, as he was going through the mass not long ago, beheld the face of Jesus on the monstrance, the transparent box or pyx in which the consecrated wafer is exposed to view. The leading members of the congregation were called up to see the wonder, and all declared it a miracle. The diocesan authorities investigated the "miracle" more thoroughly, we may suppose, than their medieval predecessors investigated the miracles of their times, and found the whole thing was an optical illusion, caused by the reflection of a church image upon the wafer as the candles moved.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

In England the question of woman's suffrage is creating more than ordinary interest. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has committed himself to the cause of the suffragists, and at a public meeting, in answer to the question what means the women had best take in order to win, he gave them advice very similar to that given them by his conservative predecessor, Arthur Balfour, who bade them agitate. Campbell-Bannerman put it thus: "You will have to do what all political missionaries have done, pester the people until they yield to you." The women are clever in their campaigning in more than the matter of breaking up Liberal meetings. In their open-air meetings, in villages where the right of franchise has never been agitated, they are likely, at first, to find themselves greeted on the common by an audience of a nurse and a squalling child. The suffragists thereupon scatter through the town, posing as ordinary women, and asking the villagers if they have heard the extraordinary sentiments being propounded on the common. Thus they obtain audiences and the next time they visit the village the common is filled. Unless the King makes favorable reference to their cause in his speech at the opening of Parliament in January they announce that there will be a "tremendous stir." Whether the majority of English women really want the suffrage probably nobody knows. But unless the suffragists get tired they will probably get it. The policy of nagging, although it provokes no love, and no admiration, is as effective as it was in the days of the unjust judge, who though he feared not God, nor regarded man, yet granted the request of the widow lest, by her continual coming, she would "weary" him.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED.—To correspond with Brethren who desire to know the best, safest, most economical and most convenient method of lighting their homes.—W. G. Nyce, St. Peters, Pa.

NEFF'S CORNER

You've heard of the doctor that wouldn't take his own medicine, haven't you? Well, it's a different kind of a doctor I want to tell you about now. It is well illustrated by the following incident: A gentleman in Utah wrote me, inquiring about opportunities for investment in Clovis. I replied and then received a second letter stating that he would like to have a house built and stating when and how he could pay for it. In accordance with his proposition I wrote out a contract and sent it to him for signature. Not one cent of money had been paid. I had never met the gentleman and only had his word for it as to who he was, but I made a payment on the lot, ordered the lumber and put men to work on the house, which is already inclosed. But someone says, How can you afford to do that? The Utah man may change his mind, decide not to sign the contract and never send you a cent of money. Yes, that's true. And of course I wouldn't think of doing such a thing if I were not one of the doctors that's perfectly willing to take his own medicine. What if the other fellow does decide not to take the property? I want several such properties myself anyhow as fast as I can afford them and build them, and hence I am taking no risk. It is generally conceded by people who have been here on the ground and studied the situation from the beginning that these rental properties will be very desirable and very profitable investments. If men of means and experience here on the ground did not believe in the town's future, then I wouldn't want it and wouldn't recommend it to you. As it is, I expect to be busy building houses for some time to come. One for a friend in Ohio will be the next thing in order and present correspondence indicates that I shall soon have to put another set of men to work to keep up. And yet everything indicates that the growth of the town has only made the merest of a beginning.

JAMES M. NEFF,
Clovis, New Mexico.

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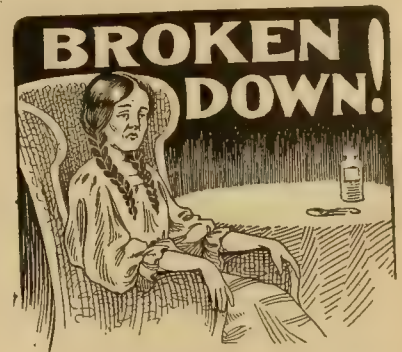
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Valuable Contribution.

Dear Brother, Hays: I have ordered a copy of your book, "The Olive Branch," and have read it with exceeding interest. It is a valuable piece of contribution, not only to the history of the Valley of Virginia, but also to the history of the Brethren Church and other peace loving societies of God's people. Especially is it valuable as a clear and full statement to the world of what the world is coming more and more to recognize as just, reasonable, and desirable—Peace, and the spirit of Christian peace. I pray and believe that by means of this book, "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

Yours fraternally,

John W. Wayland.

University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., Oct. 29, 1907.

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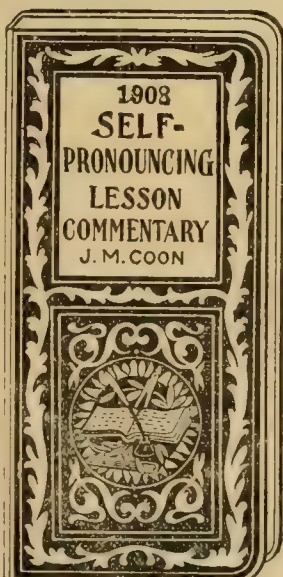
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THE INGLENOOK



Lumbering in Alabama.



THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

January 21, 1908.

Price, \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol X. No. 3.

APPLES

Do well in

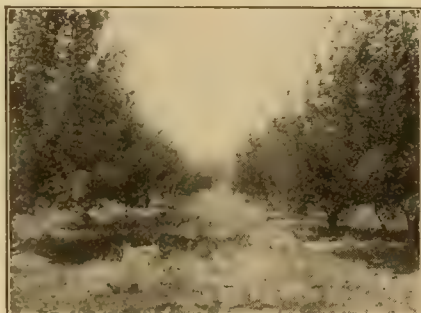
BUTTE VALLEY CALIFORNIA

and

ROGUE RIVER VALLEY OREGON



A Yellow Newtown Apple Tree. From one and one-half Acres, S. L. Bennett of Medford, Oregon Obtained the Present Year about \$1400, and can Repeat the Story Next Season. Single Trees in His Little Orchard Produce 25 Boxes of Apples.



A Butte Valley Apple Orchard, Well Laden.

In BUTTE VALLEY

Apples and other fruits, such as berries, cherries, pears, etc., are perfectly at home. One of the most profitable industries that could be taken up here, however, is apple raising, because the quality is of the very best, the market has never been supplied, and most generally apples sell for more per box than do oranges. Besides, the pests that ruin fruit trees in the East are yet unknown in the valley, and the closest care is exercised by the State authorities in protecting the fruit trees all over the State.

Write for Booklets describing Rogue River Valley and Butte Valley. They are FREE.

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Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
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LOW RATES

BUTTE VALLEY



ANY people have been writing the different agencies asking when they can get colonist's rates to Butte Valley. We now have the information to give. During March and April there will be a one way colonist's rate from Chicago of \$38.00, and from the Missouri River, \$30.00. Rates from other points will be given upon application.

¶ The first Special Excursion given for those who are moving to the Valley in the Spring, will leave Chicago, Tuesday Evening, March 3, at 10:45 P. M., via Chicago and Northwestern and Union Pacific. Train leaves Northwestern Station, corner of Wells Street and 5th Ave.

¶ We kindly ask those who are going to notify us early so we can make ample arrangements for their accommodation. Heretofore, a great deal of inconvenience has been suffered because of neglect to notify us.

¶ Several States will be represented in the next excursion. Many people are moving who have already bought, a great number are going to buy, and still another class are going as delegates representing a number of families to investigate and report. It seems almost incredible that only eighteen months ago there was a wide expanse of sage brush where now there is to be found a thriving business community getting larger every day.

¶ The most commendable feature of Butte Valley is that the people who live there are the ones who speak most highly of its climate, soil, water, health, and who have been able to honestly say anything detrimental of the Valley. The first crop was a good one, their first winter a mild one, and, as H. F. Maust says, their fondest hopes have been more than realized in every way, except that the railroad did not get there as soon as expected on account of unavoidable delays.

¶ Once more we say, do not forget to write at once.

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Unlimited

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Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

Come and See

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California.

A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

Realize \$1,000.00 Per Acre

Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per box.

Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at \$2.00.....\$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Will be in effect in the Spring of 1908

Colonists' one-way rates in effect from March 1, to April 30, 1908

Write for information.

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Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

January 21, 1908.

No. 3.

Religious Work in the Army

Rev. Robert Day

Ex-Chaplain of the United States Army.

Some Account of the Christian Labors of the U. S. Soldiers' Christian Aid Association, of New York.

THE United States Soldiers' Christian Aid Association is one of the oldest organizations in the United States. The plan of the Association is to aid the garrisons by sending supplies of moral and Christian reading matter; by aiding in procuring libraries of good and entertaining books, and by coöperating with chaplains in holding song services and religious meetings; furnishing organs, gospel hymns, music and supplies, and such modern helps as stereopticons and views, magic lanterns and slides, graphophones and records, for barracks and hospitals, to furnish evening entertainment for the soldiers and save the young enlisted men from the low haunts of vice and crime that spring up just outside of all military reservations. The Association also labors in a variety of other ways for the best moral interests of the troops.

Matthew Henry remarked in his day, that military men were not greatly disposed toward religion, and yet in the Puritan era there had been soldiers who had left their mark upon their age—men who would never have achieved what they did apart from Christianity. The power of the Gospel is as great as ever; and it is as great a gain as ever to be served by God-fearing soldiers. Who shall measure the good which has come of the operations of the United States Soldiers' Christian Aid Association during the past forty-six years? If in olden times the soldier seemed to have all things against him, he has now all things in his favor; and it is a good sign of the times that fewer soldiers than formerly are subjected to the discipline of our military prisons. One can well believe that this is in large measure owing to the influence of chaplains. These chaplains are valued by the men in general; for, not only are they good teachers and advisers, but they are continually doing little services for the men—such as writing letters to friends at home, etc.—which the men

themselves know best how to value. Then it is something for friends at home who value religion to know that the regiment has its Christian adviser. "It is a sad necessity that we should have soldiers," said an army chaplain; "but as we must have them let us be thankful that we have so many godly, righteous and sober men wearing the uniform."

Fathers and mothers will be glad to know that a young man may find good friends in his regiment, who will seek him out and teach him the good and right way. This alone is an immense benefit, and is quite becoming in a professedly Christian nation. Those in command cordially recognize the good that is being done, especially if they are themselves Christian men. In reference to this, a veteran officer once remarked:

"No one can more fully appreciate the trials and temptations of soldiers than those who have themselves felt them; have gained a glorious victory over them, and felt a conscientious call to devote themselves to save others by their warning voice and counsel, and by the example of a better life. No one can tell so well when the voice of a friend will be listened to; no one else can have such opportunities of seeing the moment when the path of the young soldier may be turned from evil to good."

We find that in the Philippines Chaplains Dickson, Nave, Pierce and Rice, and many others, acted faithfully in the midst of the war by helping the wounded to the rear, and in other ways sustaining the character of "good soldiers of Jesus Christ." They rendered signal service where special aid was urgently needed. Thus, if we ask Major Ketchum, the Corresponding Secretary of the Association, what the Society, with which he has been so long identified, has done, his answer is: "It has faithfully, zealously, and successfully endeavored to spread the saving knowledge of Christ among the soldiers of the American army." The success which has already attended the efforts of the Association and the chaplains in bringing the Gos-

pel under the notice of the troops is the best encouragement to attempt greater things in the future; and what has been done also shows how well adapted the means used have been to accomplish what has been had in view. In all respects the chaplain is the best possible agent for more widely diffusing throughout the regiments those gospel tracts, leaflets and Christian publications which soldiers will read in their leisure hours. A great deal is done in this way; and then, in addition, there is the monthly issue of the *United States Soldier*, and *Christian Sentinel*; which, being full of good teaching, is ever cordially welcomed in the barracks, camps and hospitals. When he becomes amenable to this Christian teaching, the soldier is raised in the social scale, and is thus no longer a mere instrument of destruction to his enemies, and a reproach to his friends;

A good deal for which any Christian heart may well be thankful has been done; but through showing healthy life, the Association naturally wants to extend its empire. The military field being so vast and fruitful, the secretary and his associates naturally desire to sow more on the one hand and to reap a greater harvest on the other. The desire is to have a chaplain in every garrison and in every camp where soldiers constitute a congregation. To carry out this design the present staff of chaplains will need to be largely increased. For such a nation as this the carrying out of such a work would be a small affair, the cost being comparatively trifling. At the same time the Association will never do all it desires until the public shows greater interest in the work and increased solicitude for the soldier's moral and religious welfare; and until sober-minded men rise up to the duties of the occasion.

This service is carried on among the men of the regular army; and if you were to look in on a chaplain in his barrack-room—which he regards as being peculiarly his own—you would find the man with all things at hand which he thinks a soldier might require. Periodicals to read, pens, ink and paper, needles and cotton, buttons and other things, including a pledge-book, besides a book to take account of money given into his charge for safe-keeping. An officer testifies:

"Unknown to the chaplain, I have gone into his library-barrack several times, and a more comfortable room could not be wished for; well furnished, well supplied with all kinds of literature of the most wholesome description. Printed notices are placed up, that no swearing or gambling is to be indulged in, and the men speak in low tones and seem to respect the presence of the chaplain amongst them, who is, indeed, a cheerful soldier's friend. Once a week he provides a concert for them; a Bible Class, and a temperance meeting. He has a post-box on his table, where the men post their letters and he clears the box at intervals, supplies them with stamps, and has procured for their use a stamp of the regiment to put on their letters. He uses great tact in his conversation, and it is a pleasing sight to see the chaplain sitting among the men who gather

around him and listen to useful information on all subjects."

In such a room hundreds of letters will be written, weekly; while the general result of the soldiers frequenting the room is seen in a lessened attendance at the grog-shops, as well as a falling-off in those particular offenses to which the military seem to be more particularly addicted. By way of what is being done in individual cases, I might cite this example of a young soldier. The regimental chaplain says:

"I first made his acquaintance in the hospital in the early part of June; he seemed very glad to enter into conversation about eternal things, telling me that he had a godly father and mother, and was brought up to love and fear God; but when he left home and joined the army he went to the bad, and forgot all his early pious training. He said he had latterly been troubled in soul and had had for some time a desire to lead a better life. The early Sabbath-school training came back to him, and he was convinced that he was not living as he ought to do. The one thing that seemed to be barring this young man was the fear of his comrades; although he wanted to be a Christian. This is the case with many. He drank in with all earnestness the Word of Life as it was read to him, and soon the light dawned into his soul; and on entering one day I saw a very great change had taken place; his face was pale and white, but there seemed to be a glorious, peaceful smile upon his countenance. In asking him how it was with him, his eyes brightened up as he exclaimed, 'It is all peace; it is all peace'; and in conversing with him I saw that he had truly found Jesus, and it was a pleasure from that day forth to meet him."

If we look around at military posts or garrisons, to which attention is called, we shall find that the work presents the most encouraging outlook. One chaplain remarks: "I am well received, everywhere, and my visits to the men in the barrack-rooms inspire the hope that good is being quietly done. Temperance reform is making progress, and has already served to check many who were pursuing a downward course."

The chaplains have all done good service in widely diffusing pure literature, and in prompting temperance; and speak of some enlisted men having lately joined the church—men who by their consistent lives show the reality of the change which has come over them. Among the cases of individual reformation, a sergeant in a letter to one of the chaplains, writes:

"I was a hardened sinner; my leading vices were drink, swearing and Sabbath-breaking. My reasons for going to the Bible Class were as follows: Knowing that the meeting of the Temperance Society was held a little before the Bible Class on the same evening, I went and became a total abstainer. But I found I had not strength of myself to keep the pledge, and my sins were always confronting me, and I felt peculiarly uneasy. So I offered a short prayer, and resolved, with God's help, to attend the Bible Class; I did so, and that was the first happy hour I spent, as cloud after cloud was dispelled by the rays of light from the Son of Righteousness. I am sure I am better liked by the men of my company, for I am not likely to get into a bad temper and swear at them as I used formerly."

Happily, there are in the army many officers who are professed Christians—the case being thus widely different from what it was in former times—and such officers show great interest in the welfare of their men. We have in mind an officer, none of whose men were absentees from public worship, and as many as two hundred of the regiment would attend the Lord's Supper at one time. Some officers are quite as devoted in the present day, and we only respond to their desire when we do what we can on behalf of the United States Soldiers Christian Aid Association; whose work, although quite unknown, seems to me to be of the greatest importance, at this time, and should command the support of every Christian patriot.

NOTE.—Persons desiring to aid in the foregoing work among our soldiers will please address Major John B. Ketchum, 23 Park Row, New York, N. Y.



PROHIBITION IN THE SOUTH.

N. R. BAKER.

THE South is going dry. A perfect paradox, a pure anomaly! The South, the home of the tipling colonel, the foster father of the moonshine still, the paradise of the brewer and the corner grocery with "licker" in the rear end, is fast becoming prohibition territory. Two whole states, 500 counties, towns and precincts without number, have voted out the saloons.

The people are in earnest. The women are awakened. The children are speaking in temperance contests.

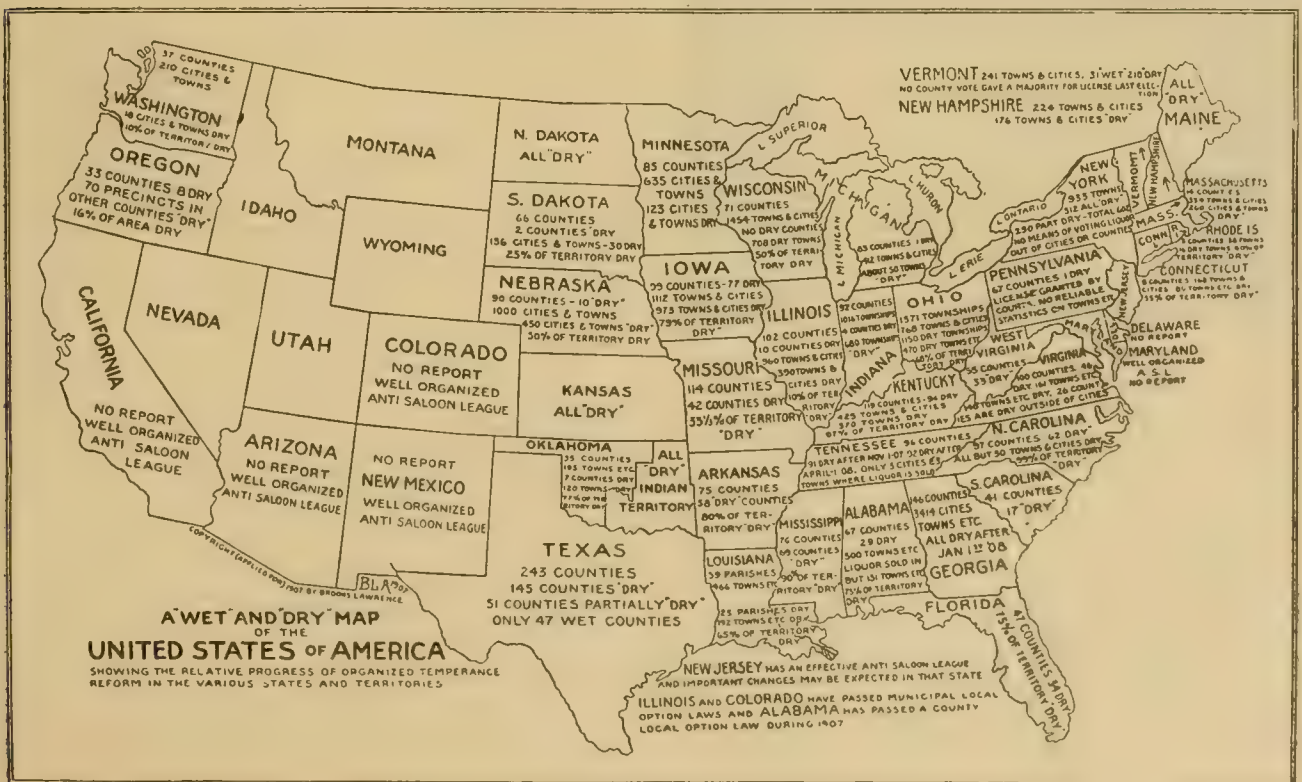
The South is conservative and the voice of women

is seldom heard in public. But in the prohibition cause she is given full rein. Modestly but firmly she speaks in churches, halls, schoolhouses, or on outdoor platforms. On election day great numbers of children are massed around polling places singing temperance songs. At Montgomery recently, the crowd of women overflowed the capitol building and while the members of the legislature were filing into their seats these thousand ladies sang "Alabama's Going Dry."

There is the usual bitterness of a local reform campaign, each side puts forth its best arguments and its strongest means of influencing voters, but the result is always the same—prohibition. Many a hardened drinker votes for it to remove the temptation from him. Men with children, though tipplers themselves, wish to remove the sight and smell of alcoholic beverages from their children.

I met four men on one block. One voted for prohibition because his brother was harmed in a drunken brawl. Another just out of the barroom, with liquor on his breath, would vote for it because his "folks" wanted him to do so. Another, because without high license the whiskey would be cheaper, and the last because he was "tired of the whiskey trust running things." But all vote for it.

Some members of the legislature of Alabama voted for statutory prohibition because it would go into effect one year later than the local option which would be sure to pass if a local election were allowed. Thus their counties would be "wet" one year longer and hence, though favoring intoxicants, they voted for the State Prohibition Bill. Others because they bowed to



public sentiment—and expected to run for probate judge or county clerk.

But, whatever the reason, the vote was for prohibition. Out of 34 members of the Alabama Senate only two dared vote against prohibition, so deep and wide is the temperance wave.

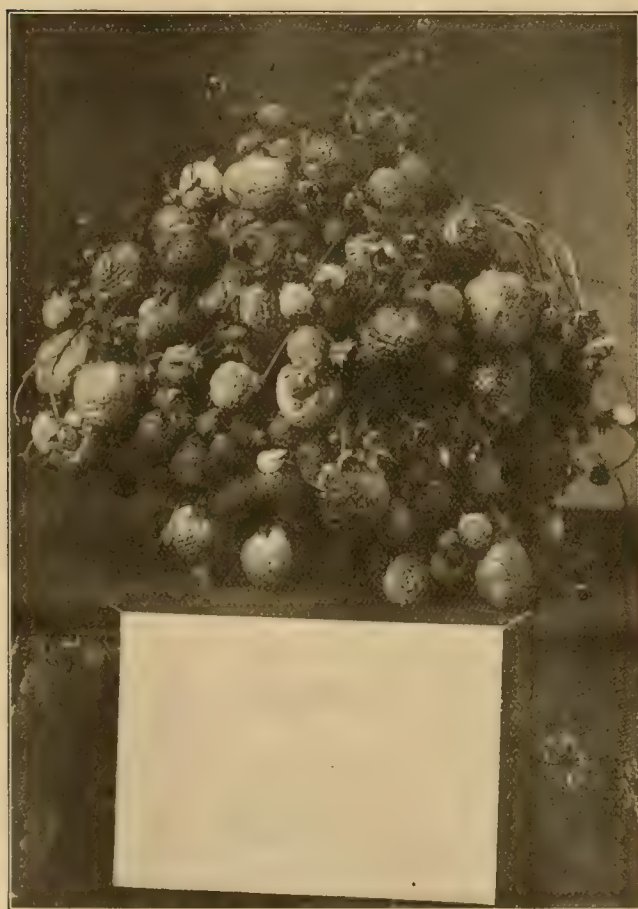
Mobile, Ala.



WINTER STRAWBERRIES IN GRAND VALLEY, COLORADO.

S. Z. SHARP.

ON Nov. 26, the day before Thanksgiving, we went to the berry patch of Mr. L. D. Lee, one of the many



fruit growers around Fruita. We picked several messes of strawberries and while picking them we thought some of the readers of the "Inglebrook" might wish to know how to raise strawberries in winter. As short a way as any to tell how, would be to relate how Mr. Lee did it.

The early strawberry season in this valley begins about the 20th of May and lasts about six weeks. This year the late frost which prevailed over the greater part of the United States, cut short the early strawberry crop in this valley also, so that not many were shipped before the first week in June.

On the third day of July he stopped irrigating the plants and let them wither to the ground and then

mowed them off and cleared the patch for the winter crop. He irrigated freely, and the constant supply of moisture and warm sunshine made the plants shoot upward and bring forth leaves, blossoms, and berries in quick succession. The first week in September he sold the first crate of ripe berries from the second crop of the season which lasted to November 11th, when he shipped the last crate—the second season lasting about ten weeks.

The quality of the berries in the fall and winter are in every respect equal to those of spring and summer, though they do not attain to that rich dark red color of those which ripen when the sun is hot. The size is remarkably large and scarcely any defective berries are to be found. One lady at the packing table on another ranch laid aside the large ones as she was packing and found that only thirteen could be put into a quart measure.

The market in the fall is better than in the spring. We sold some in Denver at \$5.25 per crate.

The above cut is a fair specimen of a bush with its leaves cut away.



CITY SANITATION.

Probably, few of the people in the North are aware of a colossal case of municipal housecleaning that is taking place in New Orleans, the Pride of the South; yet one of the greatest engineering undertakings in the world is being successfully carried forward there, which will render it the peer of any American city, from the hygienic standpoint. A sewerage system that will cost twenty-five millions of dollars is being installed, and two hundred miles of it are already in working order. When it is borne in mind that the city is built on sunken ground, half of it encircled by a great river, the waters of which are from six to twenty feet above the city's level, the said waters being only held back by miles of dikes and levees, the magnitude of the work may be approximately estimated. The difficulty of securing drainage was the problem that confronted the engineers, the only solution of which was the installation of a pumping system of mammoth proportions. The entire amount of city sewerage must be lifted from the city level to that of the river; but herculean as the task appeared, it is being successfully worked out. Already seven pumping stations have been completed and are in operation, discharging the sewerage into the river below the city. The drinking water supply is taken from the river above the city, and as the current is rapid, there is no danger of contamination. Those who knew the Pride of the South, even five years ago, would be surprised at the change that is being effected. It used to be said of New Orleans, that every block was characterized by its particular individual smell; that would enable a blind-folded resident to determine his location at any time; but that reproach will soon be a thing of the past. But the sanitary awakening has not been limited to the sewerage question. The city has an admirable milk inspection system, and a health department that would do credit to any community. All honor to our southern sister! May her brilliant example be followed by every city in the Union.—Health.



I HAVE lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.—
Adam Clarke.



TWENTY things half done do not make one thing well done.

The Mettle of a Governor

O. H. Kimmel

THE honorable person of whom we are about to speak was born in direst poverty, on an Ohio farm, forty-seven years ago. At the age of five his father died and he went to the home of a farmer pedagogue by the name of Miller to live. Miller as a teacher was an exception to the general rule in that peculiar

profession. He had an ambition to collect a substantial portion of this world's goods, and was eminently successful. His care for the schoolroom lay mainly in the compensation received at the end of each month; consequently the young boy admitted to his roof was not permitted to attend school much, but was compelled to labor at home through the long winter days.



Gov. Haskell of Oklahoma.

The selfishness of this man, as is often true in such cases, was not shared by the good Mrs. Miller, and the maternal love that had been bestowed upon their own son, who had died before the orphan boy had come to their home, was transferred to this lad; she sympathized with him and cared for him in such a manner as to make the home a comfortable place for the boy so far as it was within her power. Mr. Miller did not confine his selfishness to money getting, but he held himself aloof from the family, so the congeniality of the home was between Mrs. Miller and the boy, and the long winter evenings were usually spent in reading and study.

So persistent were they in this work, and they pursued it with such care and thoroughness that, by the time the lad had reached his sixteenth year, he resolved to go to the county seat and take the examination for a teacher's license. He told Mrs. Miller of his determination and she encouraged him, but advised him not to tell Mr. Miller, who she felt would strenuously oppose the procedure.

One morning the boy rose early and with fifty-five cents in his pocket started on foot to the county seat, twelve miles away, to take the examination. The fifty cents admitted him to the examination where he wrote until noon, and then spent the five cents for a sandwich. After dinner he finished the examination

and returned to his home. He arrived late at night and quietly entered the house and retired. But the crafty Miller discovered the secret, and the next morning, with a great blacksnake whip in his hand, called the boy into the feeding room of his barn and demanded an explanation of him for running away to the county seat to take the teacher's examination, announcing that, after the explanation was made, he would chastise the lad in such a manner as to cause him to remember for all time to come that such insubordination should never be shown again. And, in this threat he made the fatal mistake that so many fathers, teachers and other people make. He caused the new but latent force of manhood in the boy to become suddenly aroused and he at once developed the character that is his to this day. He seized a pitchfork and made for Miller. Miller, like all such bluffers and cowards, ran to the house for his wife's protection, and the affair ended there because of the power of this woman over the boy.

But Miller was resourceful, and he pursued other tactics—tactics which he was quite certain would end in his favor. He rode to town and asked the examining commissioners not to permit the boy to pass, for he needed him so very badly at his home. This admonition on the part of Miller caused the commissioners to look solemn but thoughtful, but a firm resolve took root there. They resolved to grant the boy license if it were possible to do so. This was found to be easily possible, and they took precautions in delivering the license certificate to the boy.

He applied for a school not far from his home. Here Miller again interfered and advised the board not to employ him. This caused the board to desire especially to employ this lad, and they did, and he taught school successfully for several years. His habit of evening study served him well now, for he spent the long winter evenings in reading law and he was finally admitted to the Ohio bar, and entered upon the practice of his chosen profession at Putnam, Ohio. Some years later he was elected to the state legislature and served with power which won him a state-wide reputation. Later he was nominated by his party for governor of his native state but was defeated.

Soon after this he moved to the new Oklahoma Territory and began to practice his profession in Muskogee. He identified himself with other work also, such as contracting and building, and in connection with this became active in the politics of the Territory of his adoption. When the fight for statehood began to take the definite shape and form of

life he became one of its strongest supporters, and when the constitution for the new State was drafted he was one of its staunch and strong advocates. When the time came for his party to nominate a candidate for the first governor of Oklahoma, they turned their eyes to the subject of our sketch and Charles N. Haskell was nominated. After the preliminary skirmishes of a political campaign ended, and the election was held, the people of this new empire of the Southwest decided in no uncertain voice that Charles N. Haskell was their choice. And they have in him a man self-made and strongly schooled in the real battle of life; a man who has known poverty from contact; one who has struggled from the lowest place; one who has shown in his strong personality the ability to meet successfully the battles that a life must meet; a man of unswerving integrity; a man of the people; a man from among the people, and a man whom the people have a right to trust. And though Oklahoma is already a great state, it is fitting and proper that it starts its life in the National Union with Charles Haskell at the helm, a man who is able to keep one hand on the throttle and the other on the safety valve of the commonwealth's general welfare.



HOW WE THINK.

II. M. FOGELSONGER.

7—Multiple Personality.

THE purpose of this paper is to acquaint the INGLENOOK readers with some interesting phenomena of the mind as well as clear up several superstitious beliefs. By multiple personality we mean an individual who has two or more parts to his mental life. When the division is nearly or wholly complete, the case is abnormal but the habits of nearly every person are divided into sets or groups.

We will begin with the normal and afterward the abnormal will be better understood. The most obvious cases are found in cities where men make their living by working in shops, offices or stores. If a man works in a shop his life will be divided into two parts, home and factory. For ten hours during the day his mind is busy at some special kind of work and very likely the work is the same day after day. If he is a blacksmith he will think about different kinds of iron and steel welding, bending and fitting. Now such things have little relation to home life. When at home the blacksmith eats his meals, does small duties about the house, reads and talks with his family. In the shop the conversation is about blacksmithing in general and subjects of a more or less coarse nature. At home he talks about happenings in the neighborhood, in the town, about church matters and home affairs. You see how the life of such a man is divided. In ordinary language, he does not act the same in the shop and home. Of course his habits are different in the two

places, they cannot be otherwise. He has two lives to live every day, one at home and one in the shop. However these two lives are not entirely separated. At home the blacksmith naturally talks about his wages and the incidents of the day. In the shop the conversation with his fellows is often about his home and savings account. The two persons Mr. Blacksmith and Mr. Blacksmith-at-home are so connected that one man can easily be both and lead a normal life.

Something similar to the above happens in the life of every person. What we call self is a group of systems of experiences more or less closely connected. What I call myself is not a definite and fixed something. Its limits are not clearly defined and it changes from day to day. We act according to our surroundings which as every one knows are not always the same. The self is a combination of all these minor selves or systems. We have separate ways of acting and thinking at home, in the homes of friends, in the presence of strangers, at church, in business transactions, when traveling and when taking vacations. Each one of these ways of acting forms a system, and our whole life is composed of these clusters of experience. In church it is natural for the average person to sing, pray, listen to the minister and think about religious things. In the home it is natural for the wife to think about her work, her husband, and the training of her children. But we must remember that all these systems or selves have common parts so that they are not entirely distinct from each other.

Thus far we have not touched upon the subconscious states. These play a very important part in the make-up of the self but for the sake of simplicity we will pass the subject by with mere mention. The study of the subconscious leads into a labyrinth of difficulties that is best to keep out of unless you have had more than a general idea of psychology.

We now turn to the abnormal. Numerous cases have been found where the mental life of persons has been cleaved into two or more parts. When living one life the individual could not remember anything that happened while living the other life. Dr. Morton Prince has written some interesting things in a recent volume on the Disassociation of Personality. There are other writers too, both in English and in French, but Prof. James gives an illustration which I will relate because it shows clearly what I am trying to explain. A Rev. Ansel Bourne, of Rhode Island, was a traveling preacher and had a firm disposition and an upright character. Other than being subject to headaches and temporary fits of depression, he was a healthy man. One day he drew several hundred dollars from the bank to pay for some land, but after boarding a car his memory failed. He did not return home that day and the police were unable to determine his whereabouts. Shortly afterward this same man, Rev. Bourne, started up a small candy store in Norristown,

Pa., under the name of A. J. Brown and nothing appeared to be the matter with him mentally for he attended regularly to his business. But one morning, after six weeks of this life had passed, he woke up in a fright and wanted to know of his neighbors where he was. The old self had returned and he was again Rev. Bourne. As Rev. Bourne his memory was a blank from the time he started out to pay for the land. The sincerity of the man was not doubted at all.

Other cases have occurred where the several personalities have changed from one to the other. One personality would last for several days or weeks when another would come upon the stage, after which the old one would return. They may thus alternate from one to another. There is a distinct lapse of memory from one personality to another.

The cause of this multiple personality is, on the nervous side, a breaking down of some sort. The brain, like other parts of the body, will give way under insufficient nourishment, or under strain. There is a breaking apart of connections or associations and this cleavage may be caused by a shock or some disease. To make this clearer, I will give an illustration which is very crude and cannot be applied in its entirety. Suppose there are several local telephone exchanges in a county and all these exchanges are united so that a subscriber of one can talk to any person in any of the other systems. It is one large system made up of several smaller systems. Now again suppose that an accident happens to the toll lines so that all the exchanges are disconnected from each other. Persons in one exchange are not able to talk over the lines of the other exchanges. Now think of such a thing happening to the mind of a man, leaving one system or personality on the stage of activity while the other ones are in the background. Dominating ideas tend to form partially marked out division lines in the field of association and when a disturbance comes these separations are completed. I do not mean to say there is an entirely different being with each alternation of personality. There is the same body, the same limbs, the same vital organs, the same brain, but there is a different dominating idea ruling the mind. This new central idea may change the habits, desires and daily life of the individual for it often happens the disposition of the individual is almost entirely changed about. Instead of being cheerful the new person will be quiet and depressed, or instead of being timid the person will be reckless or vulgar. As was said before, these abnormal cases can usually be traced back to some shock or mental depression. A man may have some secret thoughts of which no one knows but himself until they are manifested in actions; and these secret broodings are nearly always centered about some ruling idea.

There can be nothing more supernatural about cases of multiple personality than there is about any per-

son. The stomach, heart and lungs are liable to disease and so is the brain. A man or woman who is abnormal mentally is not bewitched, as many people say, and such an unfortunate person is to be pitied and helped instead of carelessly spoken of as is often the case.

This paper closes a brief sketch of the many phases of our mental life. No one can study the mind or brain without becoming deeply impressed with the wonderfulness, complexity and beauty of its structure. Then when we review the noble works that are the product of man, of the great part which our ethical nature plays in life, we are drawn nearer the Source of all goodness. Man and the whole universe have reflected much of this God but the end is not yet. More beautiful and holy things are in store for the world in ages to come.

CURRENT COMMENTS



FOOD NOTES.—No. 3.

We pass by the subject of food adulteration and inquire into the sanitary conditions of your cellar. Is the air in your cellar fresh and invigorating when you inhale it, or is it stuffy and musty? All the eatables which have been in the cellar for a long time will be saturated with the gases and poisons contained in the air in the cellar, so that apples, meats, vegetables, liquids, butter, cake, etc., are often unfit to eat after lying in an atmosphere where decayed vegetation, damp, mouldy walls, unventilated rooms and other dirt and dust has not been cleaned away and the room fumigated, whitewashed or thoroly cleaned by some means.

Do you get a whiff of foul air as you open your cellar door? Well, that poisonous air creeps thru the floors and cracks into your living and sleeping rooms above day and night. It is no wonder that people feel languid and heavy after breathing such air all night. Something like one-third of our body's nourishment is obtained from the air we breathe, and after being robbed of fresh air for an entire night it is enough to make the body weak and stupid.

If people would give as much attention to having a sanitary cellar as they do to furnish their parlors, then their general health would be better. Cesspools, drinking water, ventilation, light, etc., all need attention in every home in order to get the most physical enjoyment out of life.



LAST YEAR'S CHARACTER.

The Hague Conference perhaps echoes the most general trend and sentiment of the year. International alliances went to strengthen peace all over the world. There are no wars except a little outbreak in Morocco, while the Central American States, which have been warring with each other for many years past, entered into a peaceable compact and set up a tribunal before which each nation is bound to settle differences with their neighboring nations. Evidently peace made gains last

year—even Japan showing a disposition to enhance peace.

The New Congress in both Germany and England stands for social reform. France and Italy readjusted matters pertaining to church and state.

There were no great natural calamities such as earthquakes and storms. The business world made great advances, but suffered a small panic in the closing months of the year.

India developed an unrest and an individualizing such as she never showed before. Education is arousing the natives of that country to be an independent state. Persia was the playground for civil wars. In brief, the trend of events in 1907 mark a social reform and readjustment on a world-wide scale.

Religion and education has had half a century of leavening in the ruling centers of the world, and is about to prove the power of the Cross to fraternize the human family and bring forth a world of society in which good will, equity and justice to every being is the standard of living. The ruling events of last year showed signs of progress in this direction.



WHY EDWARD PUBLISHED HIS MOTHER'S LETTERS.

Nothing could be more emphatic than the language put into the mouth of King Edward by those, including Viscount Esher, who have undertaken to say why his Majesty ordered the publication of the late Queen Victoria's letters. The King's real object is to proclaim the fact that he is no mere figurehead any more than was his mother. Edward VII claims to be a constitutional king in the strictest sense of the word. His mother was a constitutional queen. He and she claim supremacy over the army. To elucidate this point of view, Viscount Esher was commanded to run through the letters left by Victoria. They had been bound into stout volumes to the number of hundreds. The mere labor of copying these portions of the correspondence that proved available for publication took the time of thirty young women typewriters for weeks. King Edward clung tenaciously to his purpose that only such portion of this mass of matter as would serve the end he had in view be given publicity. There stood revealed last month, in consequence, what the preface to this correspondence significantly calls "the unrealized checks and balances," and "the delicate equipoise of the component parts of our executive machinery." The sensation of these letters resides in this revelation. King Edward, since he has inherited his mother's throne, has inherited his mother's power. He is, too, evidently wielding it in his mother's spirit. And Victoria was no figurehead, whatever her people and the outside world may have been allowed to take for granted.



EVADING THE RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP.

Bookselling in Russia would seem to be an occupation not eminently attractive to the seeker after fortune, tho fortune might come to him who is willing to take the risks. For the past two years Russians all over the Empire have been feeding their starved minds, but the period during which this could be carried out without molestation was very short. From the time of the Czar's manifesto in October, 1905, till the date of the dissolution of the first Duma a real freedom of the press was enjoyed. Since the latter date that freedom has given place to a censorship almost as tyrannous as before. Mr. Leroy Scott, who recently visited Russia, gives in the "Out-

look" the following account of a personal experience in a St. Petersburg bookshop:

"I asked for several forbidden publications, and was informed with great courtesy that they did not have them. 'They had them, but they were afraid of you,' said a Russian friend after we had gone out. At another bookstore, to whose head I had an introduction from Gorky, the situation was just the opposite. Whatever forbidden print I asked for was shown me instantly, though with extreme caution, for any of the students and professional-looking men who crowded the store might be a spy. At length I asked for a little pamphlet telling the story of Zimaida Konoplannikova, the girl terrorist who, a year ago, killed General Minn, a most dangerous book to have about. The dealer fumbled under the counter, let me in behind the counter beside him, and handed me a large volume of government statistics. 'Face the crowd, it's in that,' he whispered. I faced about and opened the book, with its back toward the other customers. There, within its pages, in a red cover, was the story of the ex-schoolmistress, who had boldly and gladly exchanged her life for the life of one hated as a brutal tyrant. Behind the protection of the government report, I slipped the pamphlet inside my coat. Then I handed back the big volume, and the publisher looked relieved."



THE EFFECTS OF ODORS.

Heretofore little attention has been given to the physiological effects of odors, but lately a German physician has confirmed a popular belief that strong perfumes have an intoxicating and benumbing action. His experiments were made by placing frogs under glass bells with sponges saturated with fruit essences. As in chloroform poisoning a brief excitement is followed by partial or complete paralysis, the many extracts tried seemed to differ only in rapidity of action. Musk was one of the slowest. Camphor, peppermint, lavender and cloves were slow, while aldehyde, turpentine, elder flower, ylang-ylang, asafetida, mustard and nicotine, were rapid and energetic. Instantaneous action was noted in some cases. Jumping about for a moment or two in a lively way, the frog would very soon stop, close his eyes and rub his nose. His breathing and heart action soon became slow, and he freely perspired. Continued a little longer, the odor caused convulsive breathing, rolling of the eyes, and gradual stoppage of the heart.



THE EVILS OF GOVERNMENT BY NEWSPAPERS.

Newspapers are generally regarded as great educators, a blessing to the world. As purveyors of news they are a necessity. They place before their readers, knowledge of events in every part of the world. But newspapers do more than furnish news. They constitute a factor containing the elements of evil. One of the greatest evils of modern times is government by newspapers. Newspapers constitute a menace to human liberty. They invade the private homes and disclose the affairs of the family. They foist on the public, despicable characters, and destroy the reputation of numerous men and women. They render verdicts in murder cases and are often instrumental in the conviction of the innocent. The court is careful to prevent conversation with jurors, fearing that thereby they may be prejudiced against defendants. Newspapers reach jurors before they are impanelled. Sensational re-

ports often determine beforehand the fate of the accused. Politicians are made and unmade by newspapers. Public characters are at the mercy of editors and reporters. Let any man undertake an honest fight against interests favored by the press, and editorials will be written to destroy his reputation if possible. Politicians fear the newspapers, for they are creators of sentiment; and false sentiment is often the dominant product. Newspapers constitute a phase of tyranny which should be abolished or changed. Not that newspapers should cease to exist, but that they should occupy their legitimate plane and field of work. The evils of private conduct of newspapers are numerous. The time is coming when newspapers will be conducted under the impulse of a new spirit; their conduct will be under the supervision of the Government; and they will be published for the benefit of the people, and not in the interests of private ownership.



RUSSIA'S PENAL CODE.

A sentence to Siberia appears to be as bad now as it was in the past. A prisoner in a letter printed last month in the St. Petersburg newspaper, "The Russ," thus describes the treatment of the prisoners on the road. "We passed our first night in the open, on the shores of the Amur. We were ordered by the escort not to talk, not to lie down to sleep, not to stir. No supper was to be had. It rained in torrents, and we were all wet thru. When morning came our fetters were knocked off, and we set off for the camp thirty-two versts distant, dragging after us the bags containing our luggage, for no carts were provided for baggage transport. The first verst was covered without incident; but as soon as the village was out of sight the escorts got to work with the butt ends of their rifles, urging the party on with blows and curses. One of our comrades fell in a swoon. Another fainted soon afterward. Both were lifted into a cart provided for the use of the escort. This particular party of prisoners were set to work on a wheel road. The work is hard, and the conditions of work are harder; but the hardest of all are the beatings. You are beaten on the way to work, at work, and on the way home—beaten always and everywhere. Beaten for unwillingness to give up your bedding to the Cossacks, beaten if you put on clean clothing; beaten for wearing spectacles or a pince-nez; beaten for no reason at all. No difference whatever is made between state prisoners and ordinary criminals. Men preferred to be put in prison rather than work in the camp, and when once there they would cut off their fingers, maim themselves, or drink tobacco juice, in order to remain. Two men cut off the fingers of their right hands. Another crushed his hand beneath a wagon. I know men whose most sacred, unattainable dream is to get into prison, to wash in the bath-house, and to be allowed to put on a clean shirt."



THE CHARITIES OF 1907.

About \$120,000,000 were given to various good causes during the year 1907. Of this more than \$61,000,000 went to education, of which John D. Rockefeller contributed more than one-half. Altogether, Mr. Rockefeller gave \$42,315,000 during the year. Mrs. Russell Sage gave \$13,830,000; H. C. Frick and P. A. B. Widener, each gave \$10,205,000; Andrew Carnegie, \$8,957,000, and Miss T. Jeanes gave more than \$2,000,000. Women gave about one-fifth of the total sum. Fifteen persons, four of them women, each gave a million dollars or more. Some of

the leading gifts of the year were the \$10,000,000 given by Mrs. Sage for general philanthropies, with the especial thought of investigation of the causes of poverty; the \$1,000,000 given by Miss Jeanes for negro schools, and the \$2,000,000 given by Mr. Rockefeller, for medical research. Next to education, the greatest sum was given for galleries and museums—\$22,000,000. For miscellaneous charities, \$15,186,300 was given; for hospitals, homes and asylums, \$7,882,500; for churches, Young Men's Christian Associations and home missions, \$6,265,000; and for libraries \$2,132,000.



ACCIDENTS IN COAL MINES.

The American people have the characteristics of a sixteen-year-old boy, who will not learn from the experience of older people. It is only when he finds out for himself that late hours make tired men and that wearing low shoes in winter means catarrh, that he is willing to agree that his father was correct. The American people in regard to the currency, in regard to safety appliances and rules on railroads, in regard to the regulation of corporations, show exactly the same stiff-necked stupidity as does the silly, headstrong boy. The present lesson we are receiving in the hard school of experience is the need of safety measures in coal mines. In the first half of the last month three awful explosions occurred; one in Pennsylvania, where thirty-two lives were lost; the second at Monangah, W. Va., where nearly four hundred men were killed; the third at Yolande, Ala., where sixty-one men died. In the same week as the third disaster, the Interior Department issued the results of an investigation into accidents in coal mines. In the last eighteen years 22,840 men have been killed, and over 50,000, more or less, severely injured. The number of killed each year has increased from 701 in 1890 to 2,097 in 1905, and 2,061 in 1906. Last year nearly seven thousand men were killed or immured in the mines. The report received a terrible emphasis through another great mine explosion which occurred on the very day of its publication. The lives of at least 175 men—how many more is not yet known—were lost in a disaster in the deep Darr mine, forty miles southeast of Pittsburg.



THE SITUATION IN PERSIA.

In Persia, where a constitution was granted and a parliament instituted in 1906, there arose in the past month a conflict between the reactionaries and the parliamentary party, which, for a time, threatened serious bloodshed. Although the leaders in the original movement for a parliament were priests, certain of the clerical party have become reactionary and brought their peasant supporters into the capital. Although the new Shah had sworn allegiance to the constitution on Nov. 12, the parliament was convinced that he was preparing to abolish it. In their extremity the constitutionalists issued a manifesto to the world in which they said:

"When the affairs of the empire had fallen into a hopeless state, the nation saw its only salvation in constitutional government. The late Shah granted a constitution, and the reigning Shah confirmed it, but persons, who, under the despotic regime, were accustomed to oppress the people, misled our young sovereign into the belief that the constitution was the cause of the present trouble. The nation wants to do nothing that will disturb peace, but in view of the attack of the reactionary members of the government it will defend the constitution, its only hope, to the utmost.

The Russian and British embassies have been working in concert to prevent trouble, and, largely through their good offices, the armed supporters of each side have left the capital, the Shah has appointed a new ministry, with himself as prime minister, and apparently Persia will continue its parliamentary experiment.

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Its purpose is: To safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature.

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LONG ARTICLES.

Who likes to read long articles? Well, let them write them and read them both, for INGLENOK readers like short, spicy essays.

There are two kinds of long articles. One, the common kind, is the empty kind, wordy, prospective and ends like the point of a lead pencil.

The other, a rare kind, is full from the first word and increases in its charm until the end. If some one can write such an article let us have them, but do not think that because some one else who has spent forty years in reaching one conclusion, writes such an article once in ten years, anybody can do the same thing ten times in one year.

We call for more short, lively articles.



SOME INSTITUTIONS WHICH ARE NOT NEEDED.

1. SALOONS.
2. Stock Exchanges.
3. Theaters.
4. Dancing schools.
5. Gambling resorts.
6. Horse races.
7. Brutal athletics.
8. Mob violence
9. Bawdy houses.
10. Oath-bound secret organizations.
11. Lobbies at Congress and Legislatures.
12. Lotteries and machines of chance.
13. Book-makers of bets at public games.



GETTING RICH ON JIMSON WEED.

A PREACHER in Kansas got tired of his small salary and went to gardening near Witchita. The preacher was energetic at his work and his location in the river bottom was ideal for gardening.

Wichita is a good market for almost everything,

but it is especially good for mangoes; so this preacher put out a large quantity of mango plants.

Their growth was so heavy that he called in his friends and neighbors to see his thrifty mangoes. A fat living and a full pocketbook were already in sight for him. He engaged mangoes all over town. But when his plants got about waist high they began to bloom, and behold you, every mango plant proved to be a jimson weed.

That preacher went back to preaching pretty soon after his jimson weeds bloomed, and he is still at it, doing a great work.

Moral: If you have found your place in life, stick to it, or else you may cultivate jimson weeds, also, sometime.



WHO WOULD BE ELECTED?

Two men run for Governor. One heads the Republican ticket and receives 100,000 votes. Another man heads both the Democratic and Socialist tickets; receiving 95,000 on the Democratic ticket and 20,000 on the Socialist ticket. Which man will sit as Governor, the man who receives 100,000 votes or the one who receives 115,000?



WILL YOU ANSWER THROUGH THE INGLENOK?

ARE people justified in patronizing mail-order houses in preference to giving their trade to home merchants?

Should women receive equal pay with men for doing equivalent work?



MONEY PANIC VERSUS INDUSTRIAL PANIC.

THERE are various kind of panics. Properly speaking, the present panic is a financial panic, pure and simple. It is neither a money panic, nor an industrial panic, although the two last may grow out of the present one.

A financial panic is one in which investment is the dominant disturbing factor. The stock exchanges of the country are generally the disturbing centers in this kind of a panic. Last spring there was one week of financial panic in New York City, in which stocks in nearly every ware went tumbling, but the crash did not seem to reach very far, so that failures did not become general over the country. The present financial panic, which also started in New York City, seems to have involved individuals and corporations in every direction, especially in the northern states and caused their downfall. Investment, as an investment, in anything just now is not advisable until we see whether our money and our industrial systems are going to stand the test.

In 1893 and a few years afterward, we had a money panic. The amount of money per capita then was thirty-five per cent less than it is now. Prices were

low; the amount of money in circulation was also low, even when compared to the amount per capita. Our small export trade was causing a deficit in our national income, so that even our federal treasury was depleted until bonds had to be sold in order to pay the running expenses of the nation. That was a *money* panic. But now our government has six times as much money in the treasury at Washington as it had then; the export trade is at the highest tide in our national history, and our clearing houses never showed so much money in circulation.

The thing to be feared at present is the third form of panic, namely, an *industrial* panic.

When this comes then people really suffer and violence and crime often follow. As long as the mills and factories run, the laboring classes can make an honest living and are generally satisfied, but when the factories close and people become idle, trouble in one form or another is sure to come.

Investment, as a business, is confined to a few people, but labor as a means of living affects the bulk of 90,000,000 people, so that an industrial panic is the one to be feared mostly. And, again, the industrial panic cannot be brought on by the laboring man. The *investors* first start panics among themselves. This disturbance then affects the money markets, which in turn compels the factories to close and this in turn forces the laboring man out of employment. Then business gets dull and hard times come in earnest. Production, labor, and markets all become affected then together.

Latest indications are that the present stringency will remain a financial panic only, and that the industrial world will soon be normal. Factories are opening up with full force in nearly every quarter.



DID NOT DO MIRACLES.

A LITTLE town near Providence boasts a church whose pastor, besides being an eloquent preacher, is a man of stalwart proportions. At one of his evening prayer meetings the services were disturbed by two young men who audibly scoffed at everything they saw or heard. Finally the pastor remonstrated with them on their behavior, and asked them why they attended the meeting.

"We came expecting to see miracles performed," impudently replied one of the rascals. Leaving the desk and walking quietly down the aisle, the pastor seized one after the other by the collar, and, as they disappeared out of the door, remarked: "We don't perform miracles here, but we do cast out devils."—*Boston Globe*.



PRACTICE the art of deciding what to do. He who never comes to a point will never come to anything.

A CROSS STICK.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

Take the plaguey thing away!
Has that paper come to stay?
Every time I get my specs,
It's the first my sight to vex;
Now it's lying on a chair,
Grinning like a grizzly bear;
Look how cunning it can be,
Elbows sticking out in glee;
Nodding from the parlor shelf,
Oh, the saucy, brazen elf!
Only men with wits unsound
Keep such papers lying round.



THE STICK'S NEIGHBOR.

Truly, friend, I grieve to hear
How you twist this meaning clear;
Even men of sense will frown
If their paper's upside down!
Now just see these breezy bits
Gathered from all nation's wits;
Lively tales of country Jakes,
Even rules for flannel-cakes;
Nothing shabby in it all,
Only brains wrapped in a ball;
Open out the curious thread,
Knot it fast inside your head.

Huntingdon, Pa.



LEARNING TO SAVE.

The old truth, "Save the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves," is shown by the fact that thirty-seven thousand dollars is the sum which school children of Columbus, Ohio, have in savings accounts in their own names, as a result of penny savings in the schools. Twenty-six thousand dollars of this is in the State Savings and Loan association, and \$11,000 is held by the Park Building, Savings and Loan company.

The \$37,000 is divided into more than 30,000 accounts, varying in size from 50 cents to \$150. In some cases the individual deposits have grown to as much as \$300, but these cases are very few.

The Park company reports savings this year to be coming in at just about the same rate as last year—\$85 to \$100 a week—while the State association reports a slight increase, collections being from \$200 to \$300 a week. November is one of the heavy months, while December, of course, is one of the light ones. The youngsters use the most of their money in December for buying Christmas presents.

The plan is one whereby the school teachers sell to the students stamps, valued at one penny each. These are pasted in folders until fifty are collected, then they may be taken to the loan associations and either deposited or traded for cash. It takes more than a million stamps and from 25,000 to 30,000 folders annually to supply the schools.



Nature takes care that no man gets morally, intellectually, or spiritually rich by sitting still and letting things pour into his lap: Wealth in these imperishable things is a matter of time for every man and woman; and time is not given; it must be made. If you want time for great tasks, for fine growth, for beautiful accomplishments, for rich resources of all sorts, do not wait for it; it will never come to you; make it by selection of design, concentration of effort, the vital skill that is born of devotion, intelligence, putting one's heart in one's work.—*The Outlook*.



A Table Conversation

Flora E. Teague

"MA, guess what I saw John doing this morning," said the father.

John was the eldest of a family of several children. He was a fine lad, innocent and honest, helpful and kind-hearted, though somewhat bashful; a son for whom many parents might be grateful. Having heard the same kind of joking tone from his father before, followed by more or less merriment at his expense, when some of his innocent and harmless deeds were blazoned forth for the family's delectation and amusement, John's heart fluttered, his face reddened and he became almost ludicrously awkward.

"Well, pa, what was it?"

Too eager to quickly unload his tale that he knew would call forth much merriment, "pa" did not wait for "ma" to guess, but replied:

"Why he had Mary Andrews on his sled hauling her to school as if she were the daintiest girl in the neighborhood!"

At this, his younger brothers ha-ha-ed quite loudly as they were expected to do. John's heart beat more rapidly, his face reddened and down to the floor dropped his knife, followed by the over-tipping of his glass of water. Then the fun was on in earnest.

Now, Mary Andrews was a big overgrown girl, larger if anything than John, yet his junior by a year or two. She was a somewhat unattractive girl because of her bigness and accompanying awkwardness. She was the butt of many jokes and pranks and whoever befriended her in any special manner came in for a feast of tormenting taunts.

John, who had accidentally overtaken her on his way to school in the morning, began a conversation with her which both seemed to enjoy. Finally, in order to test the good qualities of his fine, new sled, of which he had been talking, Mary bantered John for a ride. Now John,—who was too gallant, and kind-hearted to refuse, started off with her. Just then it so happened that his father passed by. The father had a humorous twinkle in his eye that was not lost on John, so that when his father began upon him at the supper table, John knew well what was coming and chafed under the

embarrassing situation. Neither of the thoughtless parents dreamed they were not only wounding deeply the heart of their son, but also were causing him to grow painfully awkward and bashful. When he became a young man, he was so timid in the presence of strangers that it was pitiful to see his awkward conduct. Some few did pity him, but more rudely laughed. Ere long John had a nickname. It was "Bashful John." Oh, the pain it brought him. How bitterly he resented the thoughtlessness of his parents whom he felt were strongly to blame for bringing about so much unpleasantness for him.

Parents, whoever you may be, be careful how you thoughtlessly wound the feelings of your children. Instead of ridiculing their innocent acts, even though they may amuse you, encourage them in every kind act. They will form an enviable character eventually.

It is such an unfortunate thing to be so bashful as to be awkward. Still more unfortunate is it to be made so through the cruelty of those near and dear to us.

Lordsburg, Cal.



THE NEW YEAR.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

To many of us it does not seem long since the bells rang the "Old Year out and the New Year in," but almost before we can realize the fact the past year has grown old and died and another twelve-month has been ushered in to take its place.

Again the first of January—time when more lists of the proverbial "good resolutions" have been made, which are only to be soon forgotten, or broken, even before the next day's dawn. But whether we have made a new list of good resolutions or not, we know that each day of the New Year must be lived through in some way if we occupy any place in the world at all. And each of these days is sure to bring something to each one of us. That something may be the same routine of daily duties, or difficulties to be overcome, or glorious opportunities for doing somebody some good.

Whichever it may be, much of our success in accom-

plishing any of these particular tasks will be due to our own decisions. Much will depend upon our own selves. Each individual has something to do with bringing about much of his or her own success or failure, although many things will happen that no previous thought or care can possibly prevent, and it is for these reasons that we are eager and hopeful, or thoughtful and reluctant, in welcoming the New Year.

Then let us look forward to each coming day with a firm hope and a steady resolve to make this a good year, for we can do much to make it so if we will. And should we meet with difficulties, let us meet them bravely. Let us be determined to surmount all our obstacles as best we can and so press onward and upward to greater heights and a fairer view, else the multiplying circumstances will be crowding hard against us. We cannot come to a standstill. We must further our progress or fall back in the onward march through life.

The Old Year is like an old well-worn volume whose closing page we have just finished. And if we have made any errors in it which we cannot erase, we must leave them all to Him who understands our struggles and cares best for us.

And the New Year! It has come to us like a new book, unstained and white, upon the fair pages of which we may record more joys than sorrows, more gains than losses, more fulfillments than disappointments. Who shall say? Anyway let us lay aside all that which tends toward discouragement, take heart with the New Year's chimes and begin again.

Tipton, Iowa.



A LETTER.

LULU C. MOHLER.

DEAR JANICE:—You write that you don't like my letters! Well I have thought a great deal about that, and I have analyzed it thus: You had never before received a letter from me, though we have known each other since the beginning of time—our time—and you expected certain things of me. Then, too, the letters were not like my conversation, perhaps they sound more careful and guarded.

That is the kernel of the idea. Letters, like literature, are a failure unless they reflect living in the concrete reality. Letters will reflect in a more lasting way than spoken thoughts and precepts.

I have here by me, packages of old letters—musty and faded with age. They were not penned to me, but they are just as precious, for they are voices from the dim, somewhat forgotten long ago. They were penned by a young girl in 1864. The writing is clear but very small and neat. Girls are not of just one type, but perhaps you might find some of her type in 1907.

She wrote of photos—she called them—tintypes we

call them. She sent love from her Maryland home to the cousin, and the many acquaintances she had made when visiting this cousin in far away Ohio. She has many paragraphs about beaux and handsome soldier boys, interspersed with information on the weather, reports of progress at school; but an *undertone* of beaux through it all. As Lady Bettie said, "Just as when you are near the sea you hear it through every other sound."

Next I have a rather large bundle of old, old letters with a cry of sorrow from one woman's soul to another. You would cry over these letters, and though you never knew the writer you would know she was one woman whom sorrows and trials had crushed and sorely wounded. It seemed to me that one could touch those letters with the finger-tips and feel love throb, like pulse, through all this woman's being.

I think of little Lady Gentleness whom we know and adore for her quaintness and quiet charm, but one finds in her letters a soul with a depth of feeling that awes one, and you have a desire to bow the head and remove the sandals from the feet.

She is a girl that I love,—though *you* will not surrender to her witchery. She is spontaneously sane and natural. Such letters! One is bewitched, and when it is finished you lay it down, ready and in the mood for some girlish prank. You feel like a real, live, fun-loving girl, with the good red blood pounding through every vein, with witty retorts ever ready, and you realize how foolish it is to be prim and priggish, though there is plainly felt the undercurrent of steadiness and sense,—the high aims and well-educated love of the good and true.

Strange, but your letters are just like you. They tell little, just your strong self-concealment—called reserve. But oh, you are as loyal and true as the angels.

I can see you raise your eyebrows and smile with an aggravating air. "Um, she does not tell of her understanding of a man by the letters he writes." Ah—

I don't know much, but I have found he feels deeply and keenly and says very little about it.

May we live so richly, so honey-laden,
But such a tide, as moving, seems asleep;

Too full for sound and foam
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Leeton, Mo.



GIVEN a hot head and a cold heart and you have a fool. Given a hot head and a warm heart and you have an enthusiast. Given a cool head and a warm heart and you have—a wise teacher.

Children's Quarrels

Catharine Beery-Van Dyke

It seems a pity that right after Thanksgiving and Christmas time this subject should be suggested. Let's think why.

The Christmas holidays follow so close on the heels of Thanksgiving that we have practically three holi-

period it is easy for children (children alone, think you?) to get out of harmony with one another and their surroundings.

Another thing. It will be noticed that, in connection with these three particular holidays, the idea and custom of enjoying sumptuous meals prevail, and this has also a tendency to result in the disturbance of temper.

In the third place, it is also customary at these times to mingle more with friends outside the family circle, and so social life runs higher for a time than usual.

This much for the cause. Symptoms come next; and these are demonstrated, sometimes, in feelings and acts of depression of spirits; peevishness, sullenness, bad humor and very often outright bickering and backbiting in the family. Nature demands her right of way and will have it by fair means or foul.

A divine provision in the affairs of human life is that one cannot always dwell on the heights; and also, thank God! that there is no grief, no sorrow, nor affliction, nor hatred so intense but that the healing balm of Time will at least alleviate and often entirely cure.

And now comes the process of readjustment; a process both necessary and somewhat difficult. Here can be used the wise parent's or guardian's previous provision for going up into a good time, and for guidance during the descent from it into the ordinary routine of living.

If this forethought has been taken, many an unpleasant dispute and lack of self-control will be avoided.

At this readjusting point I would advise first to pay some attention to the diet. After the unusually big meals, provide those who surround your table with



days to deal with, crowded into the space of about six weeks. As each has a decidedly characteristic meaning, it keeps even us big folks busy to keep our bearings as to their significance and to hold our temperamental poise through their celebration.

When one looks forward to some interesting approaching event he is more or less inclined to dismiss the commoner thoughts from his mind. The season or occasion to which he looks forward is exalted to the suppression of the ordinary experiences that must be lived through in the meantime. The longer the tension lasts, the closing of the looked-for eventful day will be the more abrupt, and when a person realizes that the time has been reached and just passed—forever passed—he finds himself unprepared to drop back at once into the commonplaces of living. It takes some time then for readjustment; and during this



some light, nutritious, plain food and keep it plain for several days. Otherwise it may be necessary to lavishly, and variously, and promptly administer the delicious (?) contents of the castor-oil bottle before all disagreements are finally settled.



In the second place, fresh air is a very helpful agent in obliterating discord. I read of a mother who threw open the window "to let the crossness out." It was effectual.

A third power in regaining equilibrium is exercise. Now if there is a new apron to finish or some other piece of apparel really desired, (and if there isn't, provide one forthwith) set the girls to work on it. Provide equally interesting and necessary outdoor work for the boys and in a day or so—in a week at least—the atmosphere will have become perfectly wholesome, safe and enjoyable, all other things being equal.

In thus providing for the pleasure and benefit of our children, we cause our own sadness, and irritation and ill-humor that we, too, are prone to, to

"Fold their tents like the Arabs
And, as silently, steal away."

Now, some will say: "Well, these directions may answer pretty well for holiday quarrels, but how about the chronic, everyday kind?" Let me say that these principles can be generally applied.

Here, too, we must look for the cause of trouble ere we can intelligently deal with it. If it is simply (or rather gravely) habit, the fault probably lies with your method of dealing with your children. When we, as parents, are selfish and exacting before and with our children, we may look for the same low principles to develop in them. If we are interested and sympathetic and painstaking they will be just as likely to follow our example in these good qualities and will be far less likely to speak harshly and to act rudely to each other.

If quarreling breaks out, or persists, it is sometimes a good plan to deprive the parties of each other's association for a time. Divert the attention or change the occupation.

If the virtue of usefulness and the habit of courtesy are developed in the family during the real tender years the heartaches in later years will be fewer.

I was much consoled one time when this subject was weighing somewhat heavily upon my mind. I was in conversation with a happy mother of eight children, at this time nearly all grown up. I said to her: "Did it used to worry you when your children quarreled?"

She looked up so proudly and speaking my name said: "Did you ever see idiots quarrel?" I never had, of course, and nobody else had, for I learned that this proclivity belonged to children of sound mind.

(Continued on Page 66.)



“The Public and Its Rights”

P. C. Hiebert

THE centuries which have swept across the face of this globe, all have a history to relate. With the death of their last moment they have buried the weal and woe of myriads under the unmovable fold of their dark mantle. If their dumb mouths should be opened and the palsied tongue of the silent ages loosened, men would tremble and sympathetic nature would shudder at the heartrending cries of the tortured, the hopeless plea of the oppressed or the faint moan of the dying. If

“The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldier’s revel in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway burst asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in the tones of thunder
The diapason of their cannonade.”

break through the ocean of forgetfulness and bring us tidings of forgotten woe and lauded deeds of gallantry, it unveils before us a great panorama, exhibiting struggles for life and rights. Where history here and there lifts the great veil and gives us a momentary peep at the secret of the years, we cannot but detect that the whole is one great story of man’s struggle for his birthright. It is a struggle of individuals, sometimes united but often divided; still their interests are common, and they help others rise from the dust of oppression and the mire of superstition.

There is not a page of history which does not cry in a loud voice: “Man should be free!”; there is not a single country whose career has not written in letters of blood, “The people are destined to rule”; and the basic nature of man’s intellect and power stamps him as the master of the universe. He is not to be subservient to anything or anybody, but lord of all. He is ruler by nature. Therefore man has ever and anon been striving to liberate himself from all oppressive rule. He has deemed it but legitimate that he should have a voice in the governmental organ that controlled his fortune and determined his well-being. And we find through all the ages that the people have risen in rebellion with sword and word, to free themselves from tyranny and oppression. Greece had its Solon, Rome its Brutus, England its Cromwell and America its Washington. Stout-hearted, liberty-loving patriots have gladly and gloriously laid down their lives and died (with words) like Nathan Hale, crying out at the moment of death, “One thing I regret, that I have but one life to give for my country.”

The people in most countries of the world have already thrown off the yoke of despots and in others the

tragedy of autocracy is performing its last act of treachery, while “rigor mortis” is creeping up its limbs. Governments founded on the corpses of their subjects can no longer survive when the spirit of the age crieth aloud, “O ye dry bones, hear the voice of freedom; behold I will cause breath to enter into you and ye shall live.” The fountain of red gore refuses to fertilize the fields for tyranny to flourish. Might shall no more make right, but the light of righteousness shall have might, and knowledge will be power. The race has come to maturity and is now claiming its just dues. Nations have shaken the shoulders of their strength, and divine rights of kings crumbled to dust; man has said, “Let there be light,” and the very bowels of the earth speak forth the secrets of the ages, the heavens have cast off their veil and the countless solar systems of the universe declare the glory of God. Human reason stands on its permanent throne, and nothing seems hid before its piercing gaze, even the mystery of life is trembling with anxiety for solution.

Man has virtually claimed the world as his own, he has disarmed the forces of nature and makes them do his bidding. Steam and electricity are his slaves, earth and sea the bases of his operations, sun, moon, and stars his bodyguard, and the Infinite his associate in shaping the destiny of the human race. But, in the ecstasy of his supremacy, man has created himself a god, who has become his rude master, and man himself has been humiliated to be the slave of his own handiwork. In the wonderful prosperity of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries man has amassed fortunes, created immense stores of wealth, which he pretends to possess, but in reality they possess, control and enslave him; for the almighty dollar has been crowned “Lord of All.” Nothing can be hid from its mighty influence and none would dare to oppose its unlimited power. Why, it makes and unmakes kings! It elects our public officers, makes our laws and interprets them! The silver certificates entering into the pockets and amalgamizing the brains of judge and jury have changed many a verdict. Thus the magic jingle of the dollar makes guilty innocent and innocent guilty. It dubs wrong right and knight, while justice standing behind a dark curtain has its tears wiped away by \$100 bills.

So eager are men to serve that they run from morn till night in order to become bodyguard of their yellow master. They bathe in the sweat of their brows, saturate their pillows with the deadly poison of worry and weld numerous barbs into the lash of remorse,

which conscience flings with relentless energy at every moment of its consciousness, and to all this man gladly subjects himself, just so he makes a little money in the bargain. King "Dollar" is cruel enough by himself but the greater evil of the two has arisen since he has intimately associated himself with a favored few of his closest and most faithful servants whom he uses as instruments of oppression. In coöperation with their heartless master some few men have been able to get control of the generous provisions and treasures which nature has prepared for all her children.

What a wonderful gift has man in that glorious fiery orb which rises, shines and quietly sets every day; and how soothing and love-infatuating is the pale light of the moon, and the little stars, with their merry twinkling, how they do inspire the oppressed, the weary and worried, with hope of better days. These blessings are ours in common, with no monopoly on them. The balmy air has no master, the sea with its unfathomed riches is shared by all alike; and only earth, the mother of us all, with her innumerable treasures is welded to the necks of a few by chains of silver and gold and thus producing monsters more powerful than Mammoth and Leviathan. These unnatural forces which control more votes, shape more legislation, exert more sway over the minds of our courts than any other agency are but a conglomerate of silver and gold, sprinkled with human brains and saturated with fiendish greed of gain. They pass by the name of Corporation. They are rulers that have no soul, therefore no conscience and no intelligence except to foster their own ends. "Property is power where intelligence should rule supreme."

Corporations water their stock, thus selling wealth that does not exist. They give rebates which defy the law and defraud the community, and thus cause wreckage far greater than the worst riots. They force man into privations which induce him to violence and petty larceny. Revolting victims, leaders of riots and petty robberies languish in the loathsome dungeons behind iron bars or stand on the gallows with a rope around their necks and the black cap drawn over their eyes while the bereaved widow, amid floods of tears, wrings her hands in death agony; barefoot boys and half-dressed girls cry, "Bread, bread, mother, bread;" and the blue-eyed darling from its manger of rough boards pitifully sends forth its unavailing heartrending cries. At the same time the wholesale robber, the murderer of the wretched victim is sent to congress to wear silk stockings and procure legislation that will foster his diabolical purpose. His wife and daughter strut about among the famous four hundred, being clad in silks and costly raiment. Their bodies are decked with gold and adorned with diamonds. They fare sumptuously every day. Brethren the voice of our brother's blood crieth unto heaven, the wail of de-

spairing womanhood pierces our hearts, and the cry of the helpless babes grates our nerves. Such atrocities demand decided action and immediate action on our part; for verily we are passive supporters of the crime unless we do our duty to alleviate it, and do it unhesitatingly. Suppose the crying babe were the idol of your own home, and let the misery of the tenement-house women touch the most sacred chords of your sympathy and cause them to vibrate in unison with the heavenly chorus, which sings peace, love and good will to all men. Fellow citizens, let me appeal to your merciful hearts! Let me move you to action for the sake of the helpless and the oppressed! I would not rouse you to any rash deed, for these soulless corporations are composed of fellow-men with feelings and emotions like ours, but Rome was aroused to fury when they beheld Cæsar's dead body with gashing wounds, and how could we rest quietly when the middle-class, the country's resource of brain, brawn and nerve are pushed to the wall and the laboring class, the backbone of our nation is trodden under foot! Could we be at ease when our brother is dying? Or dare we stand by to see the octopus of wealth gradually but surely embrace the vitals of the nation with his flabby but irresistible arms, and draw the lifeblood from the worthiest of our citizens?

Among those suffering under the sway of these corporations are thousands of our citizens, are the greater part of our nation, are you and I. It is not a single man's cause, nor that of a few but it is the general public that is crying for its moral and constitutional rights. I have appealed to your sympathetic emotions but I would not that ye were carried away by impulse to deeds that reflection would not justify. I ask for your unbiased attention and sound judgment. We dwell in the land of the free and the home of the brave. We boast of our freedom and nations laud our bravery, but does freedom rule supreme when money and a few control the ballot box, obstruct legislation and send haggard starvation to the poor man's door? If such is liberty and freedom then be it far removed from me, but beholding it—tyranny and oppression, then I appeal to your reason, your manhood, and your sense of justice. To arms! for your country needs you! It is your dying brother who cries for help, it is duty that calls you to action and justice demands your support. Again I say, "To Arms," yet be they not firearms but the arms of justice and the law.

The sacredness of individual property is respected by all true citizens. The immunity of our possessions is one of our inviolable birthrights, and yet when the possession of the same is deemed to the best interests of the public, the law of eminent domain justifies the appraisal and seizure of the same for the common good. Thus the individual must yield to the laying out of townsites, streets and alleys as well as to the right

of way which the railroad claims. The best interests of society limit the right of the individual possession even in a harmless state, how much greater right has the public to seize and control resources which are used illegitimately and in such a way as to menace the welfare of the race. Caiaphas said, "It is better that one man die than that the whole nation perish." The benefits of the many outweigh the claims of the individual, and he who uses wealth to the harm of his fellow-men forfeits his right to the control of the same.

Every citizen has a right to personal freedom and yet when anyone misuses this to the harm of his fellow-men, the law puts him behind the bars and robs him of his liberty. Why? His freedom was a menace to the public. The rights of the individual conflicted with the rights of the public, and the just verdict read, "He who breaks the law of the land must suffer for it." The criminal justly forfeits his right of freedom, for none would dare to maintain that the professional outlaw does not by rights belong behind the prison bars. Fellow citizens, if abuse of freedom forfeits the possession thereof, does not illegitimate use of wealth and resources forfeit the right to control the same? If corporal freedom is denied for the sake of the public, should property be inviolate?

Observation has demonstrated and courts have proven that corporations, by monopoly and swindling, have trodden under foot the rights of the public. They have employed their influence and wealth as the burglar employs his liberty. He defies the law and robs the man at the point of his sword. They run the gauntlet and freeze the competitor out and starve his family by means of monopoly. The burglar loses his freedom, why shouldn't they by a similar deed deprive themselves of the control of their wealth? They violate the laws of God and man by using money as a weapon of offence. Their control of wealth is a nuisance to the public and it should be taken from them. My countryman, something must be done. The issue is before us and awaits our solution. Shall we procrastinate action until many have perished and thousands have suffered, or shall we slay the viper before her deadly work is enforced by another sting? Shall we wait until sheer necessity and agony drive us to action or will we contend for principle ere the calamity has come? Is not principle the highest motive and the strongest basis for any righteous struggle? As loyal subjects of our glorious country and followers of our noble flag, we must stand for the enforcement of our laws, and labor to secure immediate legislation, that will bid monopoly halt, and bridle the tiger of greed and licensed robbery with iron reins! Friends, dare to stand for a righteous cause, even though it promises no glory, and rewards with reproach and criticism! For

"Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous
to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward
stands aside."

I do not know what you may say, but as for me, here is my heart and hand to stand for truth and contend for principle 'midst honor or disgrace, and shout with word and deed, take justice from the scaffold and corporations from the throne!

Dallas, Oregon.



CHILDREN'S QUARRELS.

(Continued from Page 63.)

Do not think, mothers, that yours are the worst children—nor the smartest—because they quarrel, but keep on using the most rational and always the most Christlike methods you are able to do and leave the rest for Time and God to develop.



CURIOSITIES IN NUMBERS.

Some very curious facts have been discovered about numbers, which to a professor of mathematics might seem simple enough, but to the average person certainly appear remarkable.

Nine is perhaps one of the most mysterious of numbers. If we multiply 9 by any number under 20, except 11, the sum of the digits in the product will always be 9. Thus:

9x2 equals 18, and 8 plus 1 equals 9.

9x3 equals 27, and 7 plus 2 equals 9.

9x4 equals 36, and 6 plus 3 equals 9, and so on.

Another queer number is 37. If 37 be multiplied by 3 or any number of threes up to 27, the three digits in each product will be alike. For instance:

3x37 equals 111.

6x37 equals 222.

12x37 equals 444.

15x37 equals 555, and so on up to 27.

Thomas Nelson Page, while riding down a country road in one of the Southern states of America, met an old negro leading a horse and laughing uproariously.

"Sam," said Mr. Page, "what's the joke?"

"Oh! Mawnin', marster. I jes' won a bet offen dis hyeah fool hoss."

"Why, Sam," said Mr. Page, "how did you do that?"

"Well, you see, boss, I was a-leadin' dis hyeah hoss back yonder, and I seen a piece of paper ahead of us, an' I says: 'Blacky, I bet yer a quarter yer gwine ter be afeard of it.' But Blacky shook his haid—he wouldn't. Then I said: 'Blacky, I bet you a quarter you will—will you take my bet?' And he nodded his haid. Well, sah, when we git up dar, de wind flutter dat paper about, an' Lord bless my soul! you oughter seen dat hoss. He shy clean outen de field. Ha! Ha! Ha! An' dat's what tickles me—dat I'm a quarter ahead."

"Why, Sam, you are crazy; you can't collect the quarter from a horse."

"Yassah, dat I can! My marster he'll give me a dollar tonight to git oats and hay fer dat hoss, but I'll git him 75 cents' wuth and keep my quarter. Ha! Ha!"—
Illustrated Bits.

♥ FOR THE COOKS ♥

SOUPS AND BEVERAGES.

LENNA FRANCES COOPER

Director Cooking Department of Battle Creek Sanitarium.

THE chief constituent of soups and beverages is water, a substance which is essential to life, since our bodies are almost three-fourths water.

According to Hutchison, an English author on food and dietetics, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ pints of water are used by the body daily, which, of course, must be replaced. A part of it is replaced by the water in our foods. Almost all of our foods contain some water and many of them contain as high as 90 per cent water. It is estimated that almost one-half of the amount needed by the body is taken as a part of our food, leaving about 2 pints which should be supplied as a drink. Clear, sparkling water is without doubt the very best beverage, but sometimes we prefer it flavored, which we then call a beverage. Beverages are not objectionable if taken at the proper time and if made from wholesome substances. The habit of drinking large quantities of liquid with the meals is one which is likely to result in injury to the stomach as the large quantity of liquid, together with the food, distends the stomach to much more than its normal size. This condition may become chronic if the practice is continued.

Unfortunately, several of our common beverages contain substances which are objectionable.

Tea, coffee and chocolate each contain a stimulating principle known respectively as theine, caffeine and theo-bromine. These affect both the heart and the nervous system. Some people will say, "I cannot drink coffee because it makes my heart palpitate so." Others say, "I cannot drink it because it keeps me awake." In the one case the heart is the organ most effected. In the other case the nervous system is most effected.

Hutchison says that in a cup of coffee as ordinarily made, there are about $1\frac{3}{4}$ grains of caffeine. A medicinal dose of caffeine is 5-15 gr. At this rate 3 cups of coffee would make a small medicinal dose.

Another ingredient to be considered is tannin, which is found in both tea and coffee. This is a local irritant, effecting principally the lining of the stomach and the intestines.

If tea and coffee are indulged in, they should be made as quickly as possible and without boiling. Coffee made in one of the various percolators where the water is poured over the coffee is the least objectionable form, as this does not contain so much of the tannin, though the stimulant is there.

Tea should never be boiled and the leaves should be removed when it has steeped 5 minutes.

It is far better to discard these beverages and to use instead, cereal coffees, fruit juices, etc.

Soups may be made nutritious as well as appetizing. This is true especially of cream soups. For most cream soups use the liquids in the following proportions: 1 part milk, 1 part cream and 1 part water. If cream is not obtainable then use 2 parts milk and add 1 tablespoonful of butter to 1 pint of milk.

Soups made of dried beans, peas and lentils are very nutritious.

When the remainder of the meal is heavy, a light soup such as vegetable soup is preferable.

For the heavier soups, it is generally advantageous to "bind" them by using 1 tablespoonful of flour to 1 quart of soup, previously moistening it with some cold liquid. This keeps the particles in suspension.

Cream of Celery Soup.

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of chopped celery	1 cup of milk
$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls of salt	1 cup of cream
1 cup of hot water	2 tablespoonfuls of flour
2 tablespoonfuls of cold water.	

Steep one-fourth cup of celery in the milk and cream and the other half cup in the hot water with the salt until both are perfectly tender. Drain off the water from the celery and add it to the milk and cream.

Braid (rub smooth) the flour with the cold water and add to the other ingredients when boiling-hot. Cook for five minutes and serve.

Fruit Beverage.

Juice of 3 oranges	$\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sugar
Juice of 3 lemons	1 cup of strawberry or other fruit juice
1 quart of water.	

Drain the juice from canned strawberry, cherry or other fruit juice. Strain the orange and lemon juices and add to the strawberry juice. Add sugar and water and set aside until ready for use. The amount of sugar used will depend upon the degree of sweetness of the canned fruit juice. This is especially nice for evening gatherings.

Cereal Coffee.

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup (4 level tablespoons) of any cereal coffee.
1 pint of water.

Enclose the cereal coffee in a percolator or a coffee sack made of some porous material and immerse in the liquid. Let boil slowly for 20 minutes.

Serve with cream and sugar as desired.

Lemonade.

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup of lemon sugar	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar
$1\frac{3}{4}$ cups of cold water.	

Strain the lemon juice, add sugar and water. Stir well, then let stand until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved.

For variation add currant juice for flavoring.

Green Pea Soup.

1 pint can of peas	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt
1 pint of water	$1\frac{1}{2}$ level tablespoonfuls of butter.

Put the peas through a colander. Add the water and salt and let come to the boiling point. Add the butter and serve.

RECENTLY this question was going the rounds of the journals as a valid problem. What is wrong with it?

Three cattle buyers owned seventeen cattle between them. One owned one-ninth of the herd, another one-third and the remaining one-half. They were puzzled as to how to divide them. A farmer solved the problem by loaning them another cow, which made eighteen head.

One took one-ninth of the eighteen, which is 2
One took one-third of the eighteen, which is 6
One took one-half of the eighteen, which is 9

—
This makes a total of 17

The farmer then returned his own cow to his field. Was this division correct, and if so in what other way can you figure it out?

A SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

THE visitor, pausing a moment at the curtained doorway, announced to the white-capped maid, that she would wait for the return of the hostess. Long standing intimacy made her free to drop into the cosiest corner of the big couch, and poking the softest cushion into the small of her back, she relapsed into a twilight reverie.

The sudden glow of a crimson shaded lamp was accompanied by a brisk step.

"Here am I! How good of you to wait. Have you waited long?"

"No, indeed. I've been contrasting your comfortable room with another that has come to my notice today, which I must tell you about."

"First wait until I order tea and some of these little chocolate cakes you are so fond of." Now go ahead—some more settlement work, I suppose."

"Yes, I'm full of it. It's my first experience in the realities of life, and it absorbs me. I've been thinking while sitting here, of what little Helen told me today in my sewing class. I asked her what she was going to do this afternoon, and she said it was her day to clean house. She further informed me, that theirs was a very large flat—they had five rooms. There were her father and five children and an aunt who had lived with them ever since her mother died, two years ago; and they always cleaned house Saturday afternoon, because that was Helen's one free day, and she had to help. Poor baby! She is only nine."

"Do you know," replied the hostess, "I think your enthusiasm is contagious. I find myself possessed of a growing interest in these waifs of yours. Tell me what happened this morning."

"Well," the visitor responded, sipping her fragrant Ceylon, "the spirit of mischief seemed to be abroad today, and my children were possessed of some weird obsession which made propriety impossible.

"Finally in despair, I engaged them in small talk—to be sure they were kept diligently at their work—but I kept their minds off of the advantage of sticking pins in each other and climbing over my chair at least. It was an amusing study. During a lull, little Frances remarked, punching the emery cushion viciously: 'Tomorrow's Sunday—how I hate it.' Then Amelia said viciously: 'Why you awful girl—Sunday's a holy day!' 'Well, I don't care,' said Frances. 'All I know is, I have to get up early and go to church.' Then Daisy interposed—and did you ever hear such highy-tighty names? It's really pitiful—as if the only poetry in the lives of these people was all encompassed in the varied appellations of their offspring. Well, Daisy broke in. 'My sister had to go to a home when she was sick. She was sick with her eyes and with her ears, and they put her in a beautiful place, and there were sisters there, and they took care of her and made her all well. She said—Bertha did—that it was just like Sunday all the time, but she liked it. And she was there Christmas, and all the sisters and lots of other people gave her the grr-r-r-andest things! Oh, my! Dolls and a baby carriage, and a little bed, and a little trunk full of clothes, and lots of things. Course, she brought them all home when she got well and played with them, too. I had a good many toys myself, but when I saw hers, mine didn't look so good to me, and she lets me play with hers all the time. So I was thinking p'raps it would be a good idea for me to give my old ones to some poor children that can't afford any better.'"

"Daisy," added the visitor, "wears a faded plaid dress with the raggedest stockings I have ever seen. The requisite white apron, without which no child is admitted to our settlement, is in evidence, and truly it covers a multitude of sins. Patches and many washings are the most conspicuous features, but the apron is glistening with starch and the polishing iron, and her hair is quite immaculately combed and brushed, with each of the two flaxen pigtailed ending in a limp ribbon knot. Obviously, a child of poverty but not of squalor—and she should share her pitiful toys with the poor!"

"Don't tell me another thing," said the hostess, clattering the teacups in an effort to conceal some threatened breakdown. "I'm going to order the biggest Christmas tree I can find for your class, and load it to the topmost branch—so there!"

MARRIED life may be one grand, sweet song, but it isn't everybody that can sing it.

CREAM OF MAGAZINES

MINIATURE CITIZENS OF OUR REPUBLIC.

There is a school city at the Thirteenth Avenue School in Newark, N. J., where a sense of civic responsibility has extended not only to the care of the school building and immediate surroundings, but to the entire school district. There is, for instance, a young truant officer and a street inspector for each street in the district who report any violation of school or city ordinances occurring on their streets.

Suppose, for example, an ignorant immigrant family dump their ashes onto the sidewalk instead of into a barrel. The child who is the school city inspector for that street reports the matter to his chief, the commissioner of public works, the commissioner to the mayor, and the mayor to the principal. The principal then calls to his office the child of the offending parents, explains the ash ordinance, and charges the child to request the parents in future to observe the ordinance. If the same complaint is again entered against the same family, the principal adds to his request a threat to notify the city police if they refuse to comply. Such a threat has in every case been effective without the actual intervention of the police.

Some time ago Mr. Gill wanted to organize a school city in a certain large school near New York City. Although completely in sympathy with the idea, the principal withheld his consent because, as he explained, the worst boy in his school was unfortunately the most popular, and would hence undoubtedly be elected as the head of a school city. Mr. Gill finally secured his permission, however, to a provisional organization. Accordingly the elections were held, and the "bad boy" was not only not elected to the chief office, but was not even nominated for any office whatsoever. Substantially the best pupils in the school were elected, and the provisional government became permanent through the consent of the principal. The "bad boy," however, did not take seriously the "sacred responsibilities" of citizenship, and began to furnish his schoolmates in office some of the trouble with which he had always so liberally provided his teachers. After a month or two, however, the mayor and a committee of the city council requested the appointment of this very boy as chief of police.

Mr. Gill organized the first school city in a vacation school in New York City in the summer of 1897, and as a result of the success there achieved, and in a few subsequent experiments, he was at the close of the war with Spain made the General Supervisor of Moral and Civic Training in the public schools of the Island of Cuba. Judging from the official reports in the War Department, Mr. Gill's work in organizing school cities throughout the island was one of the largest factors in bringing the schools up to the relatively high plane in which we left them when we turned them over to the Cuban Republic.

Since returning from Cuba, Mr. Gill has been organizing school cities in various parts of this country. He is the president of the Patriotic League, an organization formed primarily to give moral support to the cause of civic education. President Roosevelt, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Jacob Riis, Gifford Pinchot, and many other able, distinguished, and patriotic men are now on his board. Mr. Gill, in financing this work practically alone, has been reduced from the luxury of wealth to the pinch of poverty. To devote his whole time to the work, he gave up a lucrative employment, and it is safe to say that there is not in the country today another man who is working for the common good at greater personal sacrifice. Now that the movement has grown to national scope, now that it has been tried in the balance and has not been found wanting, and considering, too, that Mr. Gill is obviously unable further to finance it alone, is it not time that public-spirited men came to the rescue?

When we realize that our corrupt and boss-ridden cities are the feature of our democracy which has proved most nearly a failure, when we realize the magnitude of the problem of making American citizens out of the untrained hordes of alien children who are being poured in upon us by the hundreds of thousands annually, and when we realize that the irrevocable failure of any aspect of our democracy might lead to the fall of the whole structure, can we as Americans allow one man longer to fight almost single-handed a battle the outcome of which is of such vital concern to our entire republic?—The Circle for January.



THE COUNTRY'S ABILITY TO MEET A PANIC.

The strong men in the financial world have a better command over the situation than they ever had in the past. They coöperate more promptly, and with greater effectiveness. In the recent disturbance the New York Clearing-House Committee, without having any legal authority for this act, compelled certain banks to turn out the speculative gamblers among their officers and put conservative men in their places. The committee did this even though those gamblers, in most cases, held a controlling interest in the banks which they directed. In 1873, 1884, 1893, and in one or two other crises, New York issued clearing-house certificates, but in the recent flurry this improvised emergency currency did its work quicker and better than ever before.

Not only did the men in charge of New York City's banks move earlier in 1907 than they did in 1893, or in any previous financial disturbance, but the assets which they had under their control were three times as great as they were in 1893. Had the savings-banks of the country taken the precaution in the previous flurries to apply the sixty days' notification rule at the outset, as they did in 1907, the runs on them which prostrated many of them would have been averted, and they would have had an opportunity to extend aid to the national banks.

Moreover, the financial chiefs who were at the front in the recent crisis were in a position to get the aid from the outside world which was denied to their forerunners. Europe charged us extortionate prices when we were compelled to buy wheat and other articles of food there in 1837 to supply the shortage of our own farms and gardens. Our Government's revenues were so far short of its expenditures in those days that President Van Buren could not always get his salary on time, although the salary then was only \$25,000. Just after the 1857 collapse, our Government bonds had about the same standing among Europe's money-changers that Haiti's have now. In the 1873 and 1893 panics, our securities of all sorts which were held in Europe were thrown back on us by the hundreds of millions of dollars.

Our vast ascendancy not only in acquired wealth, but in the resources through which new wealth can be created, enables us to command the world's coöperation in every exigency. The United States stands first in the production of many staple commodities, and beats all the rest of the world combined in the yield of mineral oil, copper, cotton, and corn.

In an age of electricity, copper is an article of prime and constantly increasing necessity, and the world will have to come to us for most of its supply. It is coming to us and it will come to us for more of it in 1908 than it got here in 1907. In a period in which cotton, as an agent of civilization, is pushing its conquering march round the globe, we are producing three-fourths of the world's cotton, and we could readily double our present output of it.

The copper, the cotton, the wheat, the oil, the corn, the meats, and the other staples which we are exporting to Europe, Asia and Africa in immense quantities these

days are creating for us the credits abroad which have been bringing to us streams of gold beyond the dreams of Midas. Those were magnificent tributes to the United States' command over the world's prizes of fortune which the Imperial Bank of Germany and the Bank of England paid us when they advanced their rates of discount two or three times recently, with the vain hope of checking the current of gold which was flowing to us.

We need a more elastic currency, and Congress is likely to give it to us. Among the men who are in charge of our great financial interests we need a greater vigilance, and a more scrupulous regard for law. We need among the people a balance and a sanity which will save them from foolish stampedes like that precipitated by the recent scare. Basically our industrial and financial system is stronger than that of any other country on the globe. The croaker and the calamity prophet have no legitimate place in the scheme of things in the United States today.—The Circle for January.



THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY IN AMERICA.

Our first and most extensive natural industry is undoubtedly food production. The iron and steel business is second, while in the third place are our textile industries. According to a recent census bulletin, the value of the output of our textile mills in 1905 was \$1,215,000,000.

This includes cotton, wool, silk and all other fiber goods, and also the product of dyeing and finishing mills. The total exceeds by a little more than \$300,000,000 the value of the output of our iron and steel industries. The reported capital invested in textile mills of all kinds is \$1,343,324,605, and employment is given to a wage-earning army averaging 739,239 in its number. In 1850 the value of our output of manufactured cotton was about \$62,000,000, as compared with \$450,000,000 in 1905. Although made from cotton, hosiery and knit goods receive a separate classification. This industry has grown from \$1,000,000 in 1850 to \$136,650,000 in 1905. Our silk business rivals in its development the hosiery and knit goods. It has grown from \$1,800,000 in 1850 to \$133,300,000 in 1905. Our woolen business has increased from \$48,600,000 in 1850 to \$380,900,000 in 1905. Our flax, hemp and jute business was not separately reported until 1890, when its products were valued at \$37,300,000. It reached nearly \$63,000,000 in 1905.

Some interesting facts are brought out by the report of the division of wage earners in comparison with the division twenty-five years ago (census of 1880).

In the total of all employees the number of men has increased from 41.5 per cent to 45.3, the number of women from 44.2 to 44.7 per cent, while the number of children under sixteen years of age has decreased from 14.3 per cent to ten per cent. Taking the matter of child labor in the cotton-goods business by itself, it appears that in New England six per cent of the operators are children. This is a decrease from 14.1 per cent in 1880. In the Middle States 8.7 per cent are children, a decrease from the 21.4 per cent of 1880. In the Southern states 22.9 per cent are children, a decrease from the 25.1 per cent of 1880. With the exception of the figures from the South, this is gratifying, but it is a little shocking to realize that more than one-fifth of all the cotton-mill employees in that region are children under sixteen years of age. Out of a total child army of 40,000 in that line of business, 27,571 are in the South and 9,385 are in New England.

In point of number of child employees there has been actual increase in cotton mills, hosiery and knit-goods mills and in silk mills, and decrease in woolen mills and dyeing and finishing houses during the last twenty-five years. In dividing the value of products, the cost of materials is given as \$745,783,000, wages paid \$249,357,000, and salaries \$32,496,000. The money paid for raw materials represents employment for another and an even greater army of workers in an indefinite number of departments. The capital invested, which shows an increase of \$300,000,000 from 1900 to 1905, and nearly \$600,000,000 between 1890 and 1905, represents the employment of other armies in the erection of buildings and the making of machinery. The result of these combined energies was in 1905, the manufacture of 5,000,000,000 square yards of cotton cloth, 509,000,000 square yards of woolen and worsted, 82,670,000 square yards of carpets and rugs and 136,447,000 yards of silk, single width.

THE TOLL OF THE TOURIST.

The business of entertaining the foreigner and of showing him the sights has become a leading one in several countries. If Ireland is sustained by the summer tourists, so, in much larger proportion, are Switzerland, France, and Italy. It will probably surprise most persons to know that the annual income of France from tourists is something like \$500,000,000. Paris bankers have even placed the figure as high as \$600,000,000. This is \$16 per capita compared with a per capita export of domestic products of \$25. The Swiss are said to be "a nation of inn-keepers," and any one who has traveled about in the twenty-two cantons knows how the people of that republic cater to foreign visitors. But very few realize that the income from pleasure seekers in the Swiss mountains and valleys is greater than that from Swiss exports of merchandise or from farm products. Italy has lately been forced to admit, through some of her economists, that the gold of the transient population is a source of profit ranking well up with that of industry and commerce, and, further, that the northern part of the kingdom derives much compensation from the liberal tourist and collector. The tourist toll to Italy is now reckoned at \$100,000,000 a year, or nearly equal to the value of exports from January to May. Wealthy old John Bull does not ignore the rising stream of gold that flows into his vaults from the pocketbooks of the foreigner and acknowledges that his favorable trade balance with the United States, from June, until October, is primarily due to the bills that the American tourist contracts while abroad. Egypt, Norway, and Holland, as well as Germany, draw freely on the balances of the sightseer, though it will be readily admitted that the English, the Germans, and the Dutch give back in the pursuit of their own pleasures more than they receive from those of others.—Review of Reviews.



BONAPARTE DISCUSSES PUNISHMENT.

One of the gravest questions that sociologists have to deal with and theorize about is that of the punishment of criminals. A great many theories have arisen, but practical progress along the line of punishing and at the same time bettering the criminal has not been very rapid. Attorney-General Bonaparte discussed the subject before the national prison congress at Chicago and took the view that reform is the proper end of punishment.

"The primary purpose of punishment," said he, "is to assure obedience to the law; when inflicting punishment the state looks not to the past but, to the future; not to the individual who has disobeyed and now suffers, but to all the individuals in like case with him who may hereafter fear to disobey by reason of his suffering. The welfare of society depends not on what happens to those convicted of crime, but on what happens as the result of their conviction and chastisement to its innocent members; the efficiency of any form of punishment, the merits of any accepted principle or method of our criminal law, must be judged by its results to the community at large; if it diminishes crime and makes obedience to the law more prompt and general, then it is a good thing; its effects on the law-breakers, while worthy of note, are of vastly less moment.

"If any form of punishment renders those who have suffered it less willing or less able to again break the law, it is a good form of punishment; if it makes less neither their readiness nor their capacity to do again the like wrong when occasion offers, then, in so far as it affects them, it is a failure. I would not have men hanged today for a trifling theft, but I would have modern society cease to nourish and shelter its proved and inveterate enemies." The power of the executive to pardon he thought was a good one where it is exercised for the public benefit; "the wishes and interests of the culprit or of his family or of his friends are altogether immaterial, except in so far as these individuals may constitute an infinitesimal fraction of the public affected. If I were conscious that I had ever advised the president to exercise clemency for no better reason than because I felt sorry for the prisoner or those interested in him, I should feel that my conduct had differed, indeed, in degree, but not in kind, from what it would have been had I given such advice for a bribe in money."



Echoes from Everywhere

FOREIGN.

The Japanese government has agreed to issue no more passports to this country for Japanese laborers. If this generous act is carried out it will remove all the friction between the two countries for the present.

Viscounti Aoki, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, attempted to adjust this question, but his attitude was so unreasonable that it was impossible to make any progress. It is significant that within three days after his departure that the two governments reached an agreement on a question which has caused much friction and for a time threatened to bring about war between the two nations because of the agitation and bitter feeling engendered by the discussion of this subject.

This exclusion act does not bar the better citizens of Japan from coming here, but only the questionable grades who do better at home.

The discovery of three "high places" or sanctuaries near Jerusalem is described in the January issue of the Biblical World by Professor George L. Robinson of the McCormick Theological Seminary.

Professor Robinson discovered the Khubtha high place, the Deir high place, and the Khirbet high place. All three of these temples are situated on practically unscalable rock promontories, 3,700 feet in altitude and in the wildest imaginary country. The temples are so constructed in every case as to be entirely secluded from the surrounding high ground.

Chambers are hewn in the rock, and there is every evidence that the altars were used for human sacrifices.

If the auctioneer's description is to be relied on, the flag of the American man-of-war Chesapeake is to be sold at auction in London at the end of this month. The Chesapeake, commanded by Captain James Lawrence, was captured by the British ship, Shannon, in the war of 1812. Lawrence was the man, who, with his breath, cried, "Don't give up the ship!"

The new King of Sweden has been described as a lover of court ceremony, quite different from his democratically inclined father, but his acts would indicate the contrary. He has ordered the abolition of the coronation ceremonies, and has announced that he will do away with the pompous, medieval ceremonies with which the Swedish Parliament has opened in the past. The Swedes hail the changes as fitting for a modern and progressive nation.

Little things serve to show how China is changing. One of our consuls there reports that Chinese farmers in the province of Spautung about I-chow-Fu, are beginning to raise white potatoes, and that the foreign dairy there now sells more milk to natives than to foreigners. In the past, the Chinese have used very little fresh milk. Condensed milk has become popular, and is now being used to a considerable extent throughout the Empire.

The second trial of Maximilian Harden, the editor of the German paper, "Die Zukunft," for libeling Kuno von Moltke ended in his conviction and sentenced to four months imprisonment. Harden's revelation led to the destruction of the influence of the Round Table over the Emperor. In his first trial, he was acquitted. The second trial seems to have been conducted rather for the purpose of rehabilitating the army than for any other purpose. The evidence in the second trial showed that von Moltke's former wife was not a reliable woman according to the testimony of her divorced husband. It was principally on her statement that Harden had relied for his implications that von Moltke was abnormal. Whether Harden is formally adjudged guilty or not, he has succeeded in his declared object of destroying the secret influences about the Kaiser.

At the annual meeting of the Peninsula and Oriental Steam Navigation company Sir Thomas Sutherland, chairman of the company, made the confession that the entire trade of the line between Bombay and Japan had been wiped out by its Japanese competitors. He blamed the Japanese government for too much activity in despoiling England of trade.

A recent enterprise for securing evangelists for the extensive prairie land in Western Canada, is that of Archdeacon George Lloyd, who first entered the Saskatchewan country in 1903, at the time when immigration into Canada began. Since that time railways have helped to open the country, and more than thirty missions have been established. About a year ago Archdeacon Lloyd returned to England to secure a band of prairie evangelists, and has now returned to his field with a numerous band of men to serve as catechists, each in charge of from one to two hundred square miles of territory, where they are to open centers of worship. Five ladies have also volunteered as deaconesses for work with women and children.

NATIONAL.

President Roosevelt is meeting legal opposition as regards his dismissal of a company of colored soldiers without honor for shooting up the town of Brownsville last year. Mr. Reid, one of the discharged soldiers, has made a test case of the matter and some leading men at Washington are backing him in the case. We await the outcome with anxiety because this is only one of many charges of usurping authority made against the President. We predict that evidence will justify Mr. Roosevelt just as it has in test cases in the past.

The Government has decided to rush work on the Philippine defenses. The War Department will probably ask Congress for a special appropriation so that the Philippines can be made impregnable to invasion by possible foes.

SCIENTIFIC.

The six special tuberculosis dispensaries opened by the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute three weeks ago are finding plenty to do. One hundred and forty-eight patients have already presented themselves for treatment.

It is a daily experience for the institute's nurses to find patients living with their families and entirely ignorant of the simple means of preventing infection. In practically every instance the nurses have quickly introduced a manner of living that will be safer for the family.

The dispensaries are already disclosing the need of more hospital facilities for the very sick and open air sanitariums for the early cases.

Philadelphia is ridding herself of impure water in a new way. The plan is to pass the water through stand-pipes and at their base to introduce air, which, by an electric process, will have the oxygen changed to ozone. The introduction of this ozonated air renders the water pure and clear. That the plan is effective is shown from the fact that in twenty drops of Schuylkill River water there are 2,500,000 bacteria, while after it has been ozonated there are only twenty-five; or, in other words, only one in a hundred thousand, are left. The plan is practical as to cost and supply. The cost for cleansing a million gallons is on \$3.50 and the plan is capable of purifying 75,000,000 gallons a day.

The practical limit of deep-sea diving, under the best condition, is placed by Hill and Greenwood, of the London Hospital, at thirty-five to forty fathoms. A special study of eight years has shown these physiologists, that the chief danger to the diver arises from the nitrogen absorbed by the blood and other body fluids, and that it is the absorbed nitrogen that produces the ill effects of rising too quickly. The breathlessness and oppression felt by the working diver are results of poisoning by carbonic acid instead of direct effects of the great pressure. With special air pumps and extra precautions, the experimenters descended thirty-five fathoms in a Scotch loch, and, rising very slowly, were none the worse for the experience, but the oxygen required for regular working at such depth is so great in amount that pneumonia and convulsions are commonly produced.

Gold formerly held a leading place among medicines, but even the much-vaunted cure for alcoholism by chloride of gold seems to be regarded as without therapeutic effect by most medical men now. Dr. A. Mandet, however, records that salts of gold are still used in the regular practice of a few French physicians. Chronic rheumatism is treated by Professor Gasset with chloride of gold and sodium, which in dilute solution is injected by Dr. Blue, into tuberculous tumors; for epilepsy Professor Lemoine gives bromide of gold, the remedy of Professor Robin for cancer; and a hypodermic injection of chloride of gold solution is Dr. Calmette's cure for viper bite.

CHURCH AND REFORM.

That the Bishop of Albany should have declared fearlessly and without absolute loyalty to Catholic tradition, that the bishops were at liberty to invite and authorize men who were not ordained in accordance with the church's law to give a message from God to their people; that in addition to this he should claim the right, with entire obedience even to the letter of the church law, to receive at the Holy Communion unconfirmed

Christians, who could not, therefore, be formally admitted and counted as communicants; all these things combine to show that a new era has begun within the Catholic church.

"The Every Day church" is what the Rev. A. Eugene Bartlett, pastor of the Universalist Church of the Redeemer, Warren Avenue and Robey Street, plans to institute during the present year. A school of domestic science will begin activities later in the month. The social life of the congregation and the neighborhood are to be ministered to by a dramatic and choral society.

"We shall aim to make our church a community center," said Mr. Bartlett in the course of his sermon. "The church will have an office and relief bureau that will be open during stated hours every weekday. It will, in coöperation with the other charities already organized, endeavor to assist scientifically the distressed and suffering men, women, and little ones in the community. It will also maintain a free legal bureau and a branch of the penny stamp savings society.

"January 23 we will open a school of domestic science for working girls. The church will conduct the flower mission work, and will have a literary society, dramatic club, and a choral society. Neighborhood socials, public health lectures, and many other departments of work will be instituted. During the summer it will maintain fresh air and outing work, and establish a free drinking fountain.

"In these and many other ways the church will seek to aid the community in creating saner, healthier, and happier lives for all its members, whether they belong to one church or another, or no church at all."

Temperance leaders claim that 40,000,000 people in the United States are living in anti-saloon territory where whisky can be had only by violation of statute. Science and business have knocked whisky out after morals and religion failed, yet religion will wear the laurels because religion proves itself to be the true foundation for business and science.

The Standard Oil Company's foreign business has grown so that the company is planning a great new refinery on the Jersey coast, opposite Staten Island. The first section alone, which will be completed next July, will employ 1,200 men, and will be able to refine 20,000 barrels daily. In time the new plant will be made the largest of the Standard Oil refineries. To take care of the increase in foreign trade the company expects to get a hundred or more new tank steamships in addition to its present fleet of seventy-two tank and twenty-two cargo steamships. The company at present employs 71,000 men.

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1908 ALMANAC

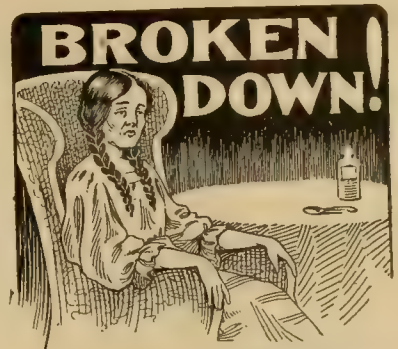
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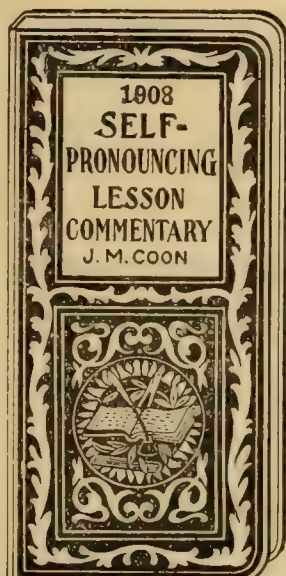
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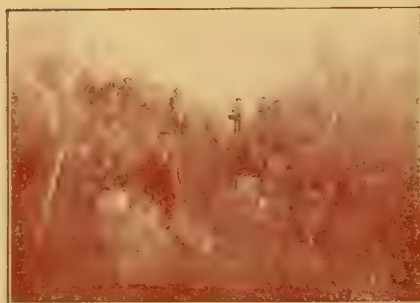
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**THERE ARE
FIVE WAYS
TO INVEST
MONEY**

WHICH IS BEST?

**KEEP YOUR FINGER
ON THAT ONE, BOY
—YOUR EYE TOO!**

☞ It is the best of all the five.

☞ Real estate is always the best investment.

☞ It does not burn up nor run away.

☞ You can enhance the value of your own property.

☞ Real estate raises a living even in a panic.

☞ Make up your mind to own a good home, and act NOW.

The Next Question Is, **WHERE?**

The Answer is Just as Easy, and Just as Safe. Here It Is.

IN **BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA**

Why?

1. It has a salubrious climate.
2. It has the richest of soil.
3. It has an abundance of pure water.
4. It has a new railroad, in building, through the middle of it.
5. It has an inexhaustible supply of timber.
6. It is a level valley of 4000 ft. altitude.
7. It is good for diversified farming.
8. It is superb for dairying.
9. It is unexcelled for stock-raising.
10. It is unrivalled for fruit-growing.
11. It cannot be beaten for poultry.
12. It is in the greatest hop county on the coast.
13. It has a good town started, on the railroad.
14. It has a church and a school.
15. It has two saw-mills in operation.
16. It has produced a splendid first crop this year.
17. It requires no irrigation.
18. It furnishes good hunting and fishing.
19. It has short, pleasant winters.
20. It has the qualities of an ideal home.

CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.

Room 14, Central Arcade, Flood Bldg.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A Word to Hard-Working Men and Women

If you are one of those, who, like most of us, must toil for a living and this constant toil is beginning to tell on you; if as a result, you feel stiff and sore, with aches here and pains there; touches of rheumatism, stomach trouble, dizziness and other symptoms, **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer** is the very medicine your system needs. This old time-tried herb-remedy will set you right, purify and enrich the blood and strengthen your entire system.

It is a medicine that is prepared from pure health-giving roots and herbs. For over one hundred years, it has been a boon to ailing men and women. It had its birth in those early days when rugged honesty was the rule, rather than the exception and has been handed down unchanged as a heritage from generation to generation.

Men and women in all walks of life have testified to its merits.

A MOTHER'S LETTER.

Pine River, Minn., June 28, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I thank you for the time I have acted as agent for your medicines. You have always treated me kindly and fairly. Your **Blood Vitalizer** cured our little five-year-old boy of the jaundice. He was in a bad condition. I weighed him before commencing treatment. He took one bottle of the **Blood Vitalizer** and in two weeks he gained three pounds. He is now as well and healthy as any boy can be.

I would not think of being without your **Blood Vitalizer** and **Oleum** in the house.

Yours truly,

Mrs. I. E. Norman.

SOUND AS A DOLLAR.

Americus, Ga., July 12, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I thought I would write you a few lines and tell you that of the box of **Blood Vitalizer** I ordered from you I kept three bottles myself. Last fall I was very sick with malaria. The doctor treated me without results. I decided to try the **Blood Vitalizer**. When I had taken it two days I was able to get out of bed. I took one whole bottle, and I have been as sound as a dollar ever since. We never expect to be without your medicine in the house.

Yours truly,

Frank Anderson.

CURED EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO.

Hespeler, Ont., July 23, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—About eighteen years ago your medicine cured me of a chronic stomach trouble with which I had suffered for two years and which the doctors had failed to cure or even help. I bought the medicine of your agent. I began taking it and obtained relief at once. It finally cured me, and I have been well ever since. There is no one here at this place, as far as I know, handling the **Blood Vitalizer**, so please send me agent's terms and full particulars.

Yours truly,

Box 205.

J. N. Cobe.

NONE BETTER.

Mirabile, Mo., June 29, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I am convinced by experience that there is no better medicine in existence than the **Blood Vitalizer**. I wish I could make the people of this town learn, as I did, what it can do. I am trying to get an agent for you here. I shall soon need another supply of the **Blood Vitalizer**, as it is the only medicine that does me any good when sick or ailing.

Thanking you for past favors, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. G. W. Grant.

Such is the testimony of those most competent to speak, the users of the medicine. Don't ask at the drugstore for the **Blood Vitalizer**. It is supplied direct from the laboratory to sick people everywhere.

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.,

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

RAISIN CITY COLONY

Owned and Controlled by BRETHREN

Twelve ministers have purchased land at **RAISIN CITY**. Regular services are held every Sunday.

POSTOFFICE

is now established with A. W. Vaniman Postmaster. The Hotel is now completed and doing a prosperous business. Rasin City Lumber Company has a large stock of Lumber and is doing a flourishing business.

RAISIN CITY is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, 14 miles from Fresno, a city of 25,000.

DAIRYING AND STOCK RAISING.

This land is especially adapted to dairying and stock raising as it is the home of the alfalfa.

RAISINS, PEACHES AND FIGS.

Fresno County, in which **RAISIN CITY** is located is the greatest fruit producing county in the world, 80,000 acres in grapes.

SOIL AND WATER.

The soil is a rich, sandy loam; the land is generally level and ready for the plow; and abundance of good water.

PRICES AND TERMS.

We are selling the land at from \$25 to \$50 per acre on 4 years time at 6 per cent.
For descriptive folders and full information address

CLINE-WALL REALTY COMPANY

**511, 512, 513 Merchants' Trust Building
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA**

D. GENSINGER, THE LAND MAN WENATCHEE, WASHINGTON

(Continued from last week.)

Irrigation.—This is one of the things very little understood by our eastern friends. Here in our Valley, the water is taken out of the Wenatchee River, 17 miles above Wenatchee, by means of a large canal, which is dug in the side of the mountain, and carried across canyons and steep places in board flumes, and in some places tunneled through solid rock. The water is taken from the main canal in smaller ditches and conveyed to the land, where it is run over the land in small ditches, usually made by placing one large shovel on the cultivator. The water is turned into these small ditches and we follow up with a hoe and see that it passes to the end. The land is first leveled so the water can pass over it.

Timber.—We are at the foot of the Cascade Mountains, where timber in abundance for all purposes can be had. The nearest sawmill to Wenatchee is 13 miles out.

Lumber.—Prices of lumber and fuel have doubled here in the past three years, caused by the well organized trusts and combines, the high price of labor and transportation. Prices range from \$16 to \$40; dimension stuff, \$20 to \$22 per M.; flooring and siding, \$30 to \$35. Prices have dropped recently, so by buying a bill you can get much lower prices.

Fuel.—Fuel, like lumber, is much higher than it should be for the same reason. In carload lots, about \$4.50 per cord. Coal ranges from \$5 to \$10 per ton. If you have river front and will take the time during high water (which usually lasts about two months) you can get all the drift wood you want for the picking up. Some men have gathered enough in one day to last them one year. I have seen as high as five saw logs floating at one time. I have 80 rods river front, and last season procured enough wood to run one family six years.

Markets.—Our market for our principal crop is the world. Our fruit is shipped all over the world. Last season a farmer here loaded six carloads of apples which he shipped into Australia. He accompanied the shipment, taking with him his wife, daughter and son-in-law, and made a net profit (after paying all expenses) of \$1.75 per box of 48 lbs. This season he received another much larger order, also one from Berlin, Germany. We have the Coast cities to the west, where population is increasing at a very rapid rate and where the lumber industries, and mining industries, the great ocean steamers, all have to be supplied. Then, again, we have Spokane to the east, a distance of only 175 miles. Then we have the great northwest, from Chicago to central Washington, where little fruit is raised. Take the Dakotas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Montana, and the Canadian northwest and they will always depend on buying their fruit.

Overproduction.—We are often asked if we do not fear overproduction. On account (in part) of the above statement, we usually say no, but we believe that in certain varieties of our products low prices will prevail, but taking all things into consideration we feel that our commodities are the least liable of all other in the United States to be overdone. The supply for first class winter apples (such as we raise) has never been equal to the demand, and it looks very reasonable that it never will. In the poorer grades there will be times when the market will be glutted and losses will be sustained by overproduction. But while that be true, the east and south are continually meeting with crop failures. This always means an advance in price to us, which overbalances what we lose when the world's crop is large. Then again, every fruit growing district is supplied with evaporating and canning plants that can always pay profitable prices for these fruits to can and dry them. Then again, when you take into consideration the fact that when the world's crop is light, like the past season, and you realize from \$300 to \$3,000 per acre, you can stand a little overproduction at times.

(To be Continued.)

Possibilities of IDAHO

Unlimited

Many Brethren are locating in the new tract near Twin Falls just now being opened for settlement. There are splendid opportunities for Brethren and others of small means to get good comfortable homes with a splendid income.

Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

Come and See

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California.

A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

Realize \$1,000.00 Per Acre

Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per box.

Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at \$2.00.....\$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Will be in effect in the Spring of 1908

Colonists' one-way rates in effect from March

1, to April 30, 1908

Write for information.

D. E. BURLEY,

S. BOCK,

Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 4.

Chicago's Business Record for 1907

SOME country people think that city life is a life of ease, but the following figures will show that much hard labor and heavy responsibility rested upon a large part of Chicago's population or else this great volume of business could not have been done in one single year.

In the following tables only a few of the many occupations have been named.

Wholesale Business.

Steel,	\$ 63,000,000
Jewelry,	53,000,000
Leather,	26,000,000
Liquor,	61,000,000
Lumber,	83,000,000
Mail-order houses,	90,000,000
Paper,	26,400,000
Produce markets,	195,000,000
Tobacco,	12,650,000
Dry-goods,	256,800,000

Hardware, groceries, clothing, cigars, and carriages, each represent over \$10,000,000, some of them over \$100,000,000.

The total wholesale business foots up \$1,599,132-000.

Manufactured Articles.

Electrical appliances,	\$ 22,400,000
Farm implements,	86,400,000
Foundry products,	72,040,000
Furniture,	25,300,000
Steel products,	66,000,000
Leather goods,	21,735,000
Publications,	33,500,000
Meat business,	400,000,000
Miscellaneous products,	219,000,000
Clothing,	77,000,000

The above represent only those lines of goods whose output was over \$20,000,000. The total output of all handicraft was \$1,370,000,000.

Bank Clearings.

CHICAGO bank clearings show an increase of \$1,040,335,976 in 1907 over the clearings during 1906. The year just ended shows Chicago bank clearings as \$12,087,647,870, while 1906 figures reached \$11,047,311,894.

The following table shows the amount of business done by the banks in various cities of the country for 1907 as compared with those of 1906:

	1907	1906
Chicago,	\$ 12,087,647,870	\$ 11,047,311,894

New York,	87,000,000,000	104,675,828,656
Boston,	8,135,210,165	8,335,346,113
Philadelphia,	7,161,060,440	7,486,966,980
St. Louis,	3,165,619,327	2,972,653,307
Pittsburg,	2,743,570,483	2,640,850,045
Baltimore,	1,472,911,207	1,444,850,075
Cincinnati,	1,361,879,950	1,310,435,600
New Orleans,	956,338,295	1,020,252,303
Kansas City,	1,649,175,013	1,341,675,055
Detroit,	711,010,404	670,130,697
Indianapolis,	399,269,144	336,054,538
Omaha,	567,515,788	504,388,765
Memphis,	248,871,040	247,534,435
Denver,	409,796,538	349,774,100
Cleveland,	497,170,783	837,548,334
Louisville,	645,285,614	649,847,716

Live Stock Traffic.

THE following tables show the receipts and shipments of live stock sold on the Chicago market during the year 1907:

	Receipts.	Shipments.
Cattle,	3,305,314	1,452,074
Calves,	421,934	24,837
Hogs,	7,714,061	1,711,902
Sheep,	4,218,115	1,148,724
Horses,	102,055	85,534
Total,	15,761,479	4,423,071

Car loads,	295,081	97,868
		Value, 1907.
Cattle,		\$173,326,800
Calves,		4,424,700
Hogs,		110,256,300
Sheep,		21,735,800
Horses,		16,797,000

Total, \$326,540,600

Lake Receipts and Shipments as Reported by Collector of Customs Ames.

THE annual report of John C. Ames, collector of customs for the port of Chicago, shows an increase of tonnage entering and leaving Chicago's two river harbors over 1906. Large increases in receipts of coal and iron ore and in shipments of corn and wheat are recorded. Collector Ames gives the following for 1907:

Commodities.	Receipts.	Quantity.
Coal, hard, tons		1,093,958
Coal, soft, tons		414,534
Salt, tons		220,601
Iron ore, tons		4,859,312
Cement, tons		59,315
Lumber, 1,000 feet		409,683
Shingles, 1,000		27,075
Lath, 1,000		8,043
Posts, pieces		1,272,250

a preoccupied, nearsighted manner up the tree trunk. Having finally reached the top of his spiral stair-case, one might suppose that he would rest long enough to survey his surroundings, but like a bit of loosened bark he drops off to the base of the nearest tree and resumes his never-ending task."

The brown creeper's note is a contented chirp, ut-



tered as if he were not aware of the fact. He is one of the few winter birds that do not congregate in flocks; and the one you see may be the only one within a large radius. One needs to keep a sharp lookout to see him at all, so closely does he resemble the bark of the tree up which he is hitching.

The nests of these odd birds are made of twigs, moss and bark, placed behind bits of loose bark on dead trees or stumps, but a short distance above the ground.

The white-breasted nuthatch plays the acrobat as bravely in January as in June. His loud, nasal "yank, yank, yank" that one hears so often on these still, biting January mornings when the sun makes no

impression on the snow, warms many a bird lover's heart.

These birds seem to be the very opposite of the brown creeper, in that they flit among the branches of the trees and hunt over the tree trunks downward, head first. As may be inferred from his name the breast is white, the back gray, and the male wears a bluish black crown.

I have found these birds interesting from an economic standpoint. Day after day, they go over the same trees, the chickadees and kinglets rapidly, and the downys and creepers and the nuthatches with great care; yet they never exhaust the supply of food. Now when we consider the number of insects and larvae which such a group of from a dozen to fifteen birds destroys during a winter, we can realize something of the value of the smallest birds.

One of the bulletins of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment station says: "If feeding of winter birds were more generally practiced, they might soon become sufficiently abundant to supply all the orchards in the state." It further recommends the feeding of the winter birds as one of the best methods of winter entomological work.

Spiceland, Ind.



SCHOOL is not simply a preparation, but it is life itself. It is life, pure and simple; and every time we fail in performing a single duty, we have lost in the great race of life.

In school you may be led, or you may be driven. In Palestine they lead the sheep, but drive the goats. It is necessary to have some one to drive the goats; but if you have the care of sheep, it is simply enough to give them the call. You can soon tell which you are yourself. Examine yourself closely and ask yourself, "Am I a billy-goat or a sheep, easily led and easily controlled, or am I some other type of animal?"—*I. N. H. Beahm in Our College Times.*



Health, Disease and Healing

Harry B. Bradford

(Mr. Bradford has written much on this subject for leading magazines and speaks for an increasing host of health-seekers who are trying to get away from drugs and back to nature. He has been a contributor to the "Inglebrook" for several years, and at his request we give him this privilege to denounce drugs. While the indiscriminate use of drugs has been harmful, yet we may rest assured that herbs will continue as medicine for years to come. We hail the day with gladness when diet, sanitary measures and exercise will be more freely used to maintain health than what they are now.—Editor.)

DID you ever wonder how or why the wild creatures of the woods and fields possessed such perfect health and great vitality? Of the many wild animals I have ever seen or dissected, I do not remember having seen one which was sickly or diseased!

How wonderfully active is the plump, bright-eyed squirrel, as he scuds over the treetops, more rapidly than we could run on the ground. The "cotton-tail" shoots away like an arrow, at the sound of our footsteps; the old "buck" woodchuck's jaws snap like a steel trap as he finds his den in the old stone wall discovered.

Why are God's lower creatures so universally well and wonderfully strong, while civilized man is so often weak and diseased? The lower animals obey nature's laws; man violates them, and weakness and disease are the penalties he has to pay.

Ignorance makes slaves of people, and is the cause of very much disease. St. Paul tells us to "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." I am going to hold fast to that of which I am telling you, for I have proved, by experience, that it is true.

What does health mean? It means a state of physical being where every function is working perfectly, painlessly, easily and pleurably.

How many have such health as that and what conditions are necessary to have such health? Right living habits, with healthful surroundings is the answer. We should have at all times, pure air, sound sleep, abundant out-door exercise; and when hungry, sufficient, but not too much, natural, nourishing (not stimulating) food, and provide proper conditions for its thorough digestion before more is taken. Then we must keep the system clean within, and the body clean without. The blood is the cleansing fluid of the body, and when anything defiles that, the body is defiled, and when that is purified, the whole system is cleansed and made free from causes of disease. Thought precedes action, and if we learn the true way, we will walk in it, and receive the reward.

This subject of the cause and cure of disease is vital to every civilized human being. People often pay terrible penalties by paying others to think for them about what they should all know themselves. How

few seem to realize the great truth that God made all his creatures self-healing and self-regulating. Man has to repair all his broken machines; he never made a machine which could mend itself. Therefore a crab is more wonderful than the greatest battleship!

The blood is the only substance which can possibly heal the body and cure disease. It heals our cuts, bruises and broken bones; it develops us, when used by the life forces, from a single cell to birth and full maturity. It would heal all our diseases as well, were it not so often crippled and polluted by the poisons taken as medicines which ignorant man imagines can do the work better than God's way!

Did you ever hear of a miracle more wonderful than human development from cell to old age? Is it unreasonable to believe that this most wonderful fluid which the Creator put in the body, can really do what it was put there for—nourish and heal the body?

Doctors and laymen have sought for thousands of years to find some other way to "cure" disease, but they have never found it, and never will find it—until God reverses the laws of nature. There is nothing in any bottle which can prevent a man from reaping the penalty of wrong living.

Disease does not settle on any person haphazard—living habits merit it, or it would not appear. "Disease" is an effort of the human machinery to correct something wrong. If we didn't have diarrhoea and fever when there was fermenting and decaying food in the intestines, we would have death from these poisons! Nature produces the "symptoms" we call disease, in order to save our life. Remove the cause and the disease must go. Poisonous drugs only smother, benumb and change the symptom and form of disease. They never can remove the cause, and so never can, and never did "cure" disease, although nature often cures in spite of them, where the vitality is powerful enough to cast out the poisonous drugs and the poison of the disease also.

The "drug delusion" is a relic of the dark ages when ignorant, superstitious people believed disease was a "devil," and the only way to get that "devil" out of the body was to poison it out. Do you think poisons which will make a well person sick, and possibly kill him, are good things for a weak, sick person to take into his stomach (which was only made for food and water) for any purpose? Will your reason allow you to believe such folly as that?

One might as well try to destroy an ignorant person's faith in their religion as to destroy the faith many ignorant people have in the mysterious power of drugs to "cure" disease. I had just that faith in

them years ago, when I didn't know any better way. They kept me from being well for fifteen years! And now it is over twelve years since I have taken one of any description. The blood is alive; drugs are dead and deadly poisons; they produce disease in those who are well! Can a man rival the Almighty, and produce a healing fluid equal to the blood? Is "science" wiser than nature? Can "science" make an egg that will hatch?

Drugs do in the human anatomy what grit and dirt would do in the finest machinery! Do you call a person well, who has to move his bowels or digest his food with poisons? Do you think God left his creatures to the mercy and ignorant experiment of man's "science?" Medical science, by drug medication, has slain millions; has produced millions of hopeless invalids and cripples; has produced the worst diseases known to science, in the innocent, and has enormously increased disease! I know this to be a fact. I know many people who have been crippled for life by calomel, and other deadly poisons, regularly given by "regular" members of the medical profession!

Patent medicines contain morphine, cocaine, opium and alcohol—all deadly poisons! They have been a curse to the ignorant—ruined their health and drained their pocketbooks—for a set of scoundrels who love money more than honesty, and who can feast off the blood of the poor and ignorant!!

All poisons weaken the system if they do not kill outright, and the system being weakened calls for more of the false stimulant which fattens the purse of the manufacturers!

Dr. Wm. Osler, a leading physician in America, recently said: "He is the best physician who knows the worthlessness of medicine." Sir Frederick Freves, England's greatest physician and surgeon said that "physicians are relying less and less every year on medicines, and more and more on pure air, diet, exercise and other natural means to cure disease." Dr. Eli P. Miller, one of the oldest and most reputable physicians in New York City, who has practiced the healing art for nearly half a century, wrote this: "Those who are treating the sick by diet, electricity, vibration, hydrotherapy, are curing more in proportion to the number they treat, than the drug doctors. All drugs are more or less poisonous and many of them deadly poisons. My experience has convinced me that more people die from the effects of the drugs given them, than from natural causes, or, than would die without any drug treatment at all if they had received proper advice about food and hygiene."

Sir J. Campbell Morgan, a great English preacher, said he would take his physician's advice about hygiene, but not his medicine. Dr. Pentecost, one of England's greatest clergymen, adopted Dr. Edward H. Dewey's theories, and recovered great health and strength without drugs of any kind, and he later wrote

a preface to Dr. Dewey's book entitled, "The True Science of Living; or The New Gospel of Health."

To return to the subject of drugs again, I wish to say that plants are made to feed on chemicals, while the human system can't use crude chemicals (even non-poisons) in building up well or diseased structures. They only irritate the organs through which they are cast from the body.

The ideal man is one whose life is guided only by the truth; whose character makes him "hate every false way;" who seeks how to gain and retain a splendidly pure, strong, healthy mind, housed in as perfect a body as possible. The human body is incomparably more wonderful and beautiful than any invention of man. It is a crime against God's law and against posterity to abuse it, or let it degenerate into weakness and disease through wrong living habits. As we study its wonderful structure, the great wisdom and power of its Creator is revealed to us. We can become acquainted with God by studying his art (nature) as we may know the character of a man by what he produces.

Kensington, Md.



WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

IN taking up this subject the writer feels it not improper to say that he holds a somewhat exalted opinion of womankind, and could never see any reason why they were not just as capable of exercising and enjoying every social and civil privilege that was claimed for himself. How any man can pretend to honor his wife or sisters, and then wish to deny them any political, or other rights and privileges that he enjoys, is past rational comprehension. The only way that such discrepancy of human conduct can be accounted for, is, that such men do not really love or honor those whom they profess to hold dear, only so far as those persons can and do minister to the selfish interests, enjoyment and personal vanity of the men.

It is high time that men of America are made to cease their empty mouthings and to appear as they really are, that is, as slave-holders, shackling their own female kith and kin, and enslaving them to obedience to laws that were enacted without their consent. This is a pretty severe indictment and will doubtless be sharply resented by those who are caught in this drag net accusation; but such do not, and may be cannot, analyze the underlying motives of their own acts. That woman should have every political privilege that man enjoys is so palpably plain, or ought to be, to a reasonable man, that there can be no other excuse for the contumacious position of the voters, that still keep her out of these rights.

It would seem that it is only necessary to bring the question of woman suffrage into public notice to cause

its immediate popularity, and that argument in its favor would be entirely superfluous, but after a half century of strenuous agitation in her behalf in this country, we still find most prevalent that moral obtuseness of the "old hayseed" who, upon being asked if he was in favor of woman suffrage, replied: "Oh, yes, jest let 'em suffer, let 'em suffer," to which ingorant and heartless indifference to woman's wrongs there can be little avail of reason. In fact, to me it seems utterly useless to go over the arguments favoring the political equality of women, or to meet and vanquish those sophistries that have been worn threadbare in the attempt to justify the opposition to it.

What is really needed in this matter is not argument; it is not the establishment of the truth as to what is right, but the thing needed is to make the voter feel or fear some loss of selfish interest, or that some selfish gain will not be attained unless he changes his attitude upon this question.

If the voter should be aroused some fine morning to discover all his long-suffering female friends rejecting his frowning flatteries and demanding justice instead, he would begin to realize that his duplicity in this matter was at least discovered, and that he must do something about it if he would still retain that honor among womankind, and still receive those kindly ministrations that he had so long been the recipient of, with the feeling that it was due on account of sex, and not because he was a man—that is—a manly man.

Many years of very intimate acquaintance with American human nature has revealed to me many noble traits of character, and many persons possessing them in a more or less degree, but unfortunately for the accustomed adulation of my fellow-countrymen, experience and observation has convinced me that there is only a small minority of them that can rise above considerations of selfish interests to act upon moral convictions, or to sustain a moral principle that does not conduce to some selfish advantage.

This idea is illustrated in the history of the anti-slavery movement. Those who first took up political opposition to the institution of slavery did not stop to ask, if such a movement would be profitable to them or to the country. It was with them only a question of the moral right or wrong of the thing, and having decided that, proceeded to act in accordance with their convictions regardless of the consequences to themselves. But, at best, those who composed the Free Soil party of the forties, and who merged into the Republican party in the fifties, comprised only a small minority of that anti-slavery party; nor could their philanthropic principles of absolute emancipation be made to impregnate and prevail with the greater mass of that party to sanction so radical and righteous an act, until the exigencies of war quickened their consciousness, bringing them to a realization of their interest in so doing, in actual dollars and cents.

So likewise, it is in the opposition to the saloon. For thirty years a Gideon's band of moral heroes have been crystalizing their efforts into a political party, injecting their opposition to the drink traffic into the ballot box, at each succeeding election, like David with his sling, confronting the Goliath liquor trade in his own chosen field.

Although this little party is comparatively few in number, and is jeered at and despised by the thousands of other non-partizan opponents of the saloon, it will be found when the victory is complete and the smoke of the battle is cleared, that its devotion to its convictions, its persistent agitation and its unerring astuteness in discovering and exposing all the strategy and designs of the enemy, educating all the time in the proper course to pursue, that it has really done more to make that victory possible, than all other agencies combined. As did the old Abolition party, it may not itself enter the promised land. The final victory may be won in another party's name, but it will have been the Moses who, with an eye singled to the only right thing to do, has safely led this cause through the wilderness of doubt and despair amid the pitfalls of party fusion and compromise with the iniquity of licensing a vice. It has now brought the people to face this question in a consideration, and actual experience of its advantages to them, measured in dollars and cents, tabulated in comparison reports from license and no-license states.

At last the people are being made to see how this robber business is going down into every one's pocket and picking more dollars than it ever can repay, and this knowledge is stirring their lagging morality a thousand times more than any sympathy for their fellow-man's wrongs could stir them, or any question of right or wrong could do, notwithstanding in that we claim to be a Christian nation. In consequence, there is now such a wave of active opposition to the saloon as never before, and the liquor papers are heralding their despair of ever being able to stem the flood that is sweeping away their business.

In this struggle, I doubt not, will come the opportunity of woman to gain her rights. The saloon is her arch enemy and it is not only invading and destroying her home and happiness, but is the main factor in barring her from political rights. Well has she learned this, and is making her fierce fight. She is in at the death of every saloon, knifing it at every bloody foot-step of retreating and facing its every gauge of battle.

That party, that may come, in the end, to close this struggle, moved not so much by the sense of justice and right as by the need of woman's vote to put and keep it in power, will hasten to give woman the ballot as did another great reform party give it to the negro for similar reasons, pretending it to be an act of justice and generosity, but at the same time continuing to

se above this grovelling greed
I am thankful still that the God
shape the logic of events as to
ny motives to bring them to the
ardy justice.

T COMMENTS



OM WEST VIRGINIA.

d, Superintendent West Virginia
aloon League.)

counties in West Virginia.
grant no liquor licenses.
nt licenses in one town each.
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came from the thirty-two no-
ame from the twelve one-town
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fifty-three men in the peniten-
the thirty-two no-license coun-

have one man in the peniten-
their population; the twelve one-
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se counties have one for every

ounties have no one in the peni-
ne each, and the highest number
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hich has not had a saloon for
ne cent of criminal expenses for
er 1st, 1904.

se for the no-license counties
mills for each inhabitant; the
ties averaged ninety-three mills
es averaged 267 mills.

IE FARMER LOSES.

Total cost for four cases,\$1,013.15
Cost to farmer, approximately, 750.00
Cost to town people, 250.00

GOVERNOR HANLY ON THE NEED OF A MILITANT CHURCH.

From an address delivered before a great audience in
Chicago, September 30, 1907.

"THE world's need of such a church and of such
men and women is manifold and enduring. But if
there were no other, there is such need in a single di-
rection, in this, our land, as to call into exercise every
element of strength possessed and to inspire to as
high and to as consecrated service as the church has
ever rendered. Indeed, an oft repeated challenge lies
now at its feet. Unless it runs away, there is fighting
to be done. The field is nation wide. The issue is of
transcendent import, involving the welfare of society,
the faithful administration of government, the incor-
ruptibility of American citizenship, and the well being
of both the bodies and the souls of men and women.

The domain to be fought for is this Republic, its
manhood, its womanhood, its childhood, its homes and
its institutions—institutions founded amid tears and
sacrifice—institutions loved by the fathers and revered
by their sons—institutions for which men have died at
the battle's front, fondly hoping thereby to preserve
them to the last generation.

The trophy to be struggled for is a stainless flag,
the banner of the free—ensign of a nation redeemed
and glorified.

The foe is the organized liquor traffic of America.
It is an enemy well worth while. It has great wealth.
It is adroit and cunning. It is resourceful. It touches
the financial interests of many men. It is desperate.
It observes no law, human or divine. It violates leg-
islative enactments and tramples upon the most solemn
constitutional inhibitions. The rules of civilized war-
fare are to it a meaningless jingle of idle words. It
spares neither age nor sex. Its banner is a black flag.
It is an outlaw. Its god is Mammon. It has no re-
ligion but the greed of gain. No love that the lust of
gold does not corrupt. No pity that avarice does not
strangle. It is marshaling its forces for a conflict, the
impact of which will shake the land. The Christian
church of America must meet it or run away, and it
cannot run away. Its splendid, militant past, the mem-
ory of its martyred dead, preclude that. It must stay.
It must fight. And it will stay, aye, it will stay, and
it will fight—not one but an hundred battles before it

and House Committee. Under the proposed currency reform which Congress is considering, the country would be divided into forty-three clearing-house districts, each centering in the forty-three cities which the government now designates for the deposits of bank reserves. In times of need each of these clearing houses, that is, associations of banks, will be empowered to issue certificates which will be received by the Government and against which the Treasury will issue circulation. As security for their certificates the clearing houses will hold municipal, state, and railroad bonds. This emergency currency is to be under a tax of six per cent, which the men, who have framed the law, believe would insure its retirement as soon as the money scarcity was at an end. The measure does not conform to any of the plans which have been conspicuously pressed in Congress, by individuals and is sure to meet with considerable opposition both in and out of Congress. Southern business men want the banks to be empowered to issue currency against cotton held in warehouses. If Congress allowed such security there is no reason why it should not allow similar use of wheat in the West. The present plan would seem more likely to please the New York banking interests, for here there are plenty of bonds of the sort required, but a good many New York bankers are understood to prefer no currency legislation at all, to that proposed.

The Employer's Liability Act Unconstitutional.

By a divided decision of five to four the Supreme Court has declared the so-called Employer's Liability Act unconstitutional, thus sustaining the decisions of the lower courts. The Employer's Liability Act represented an attempt to compel interstate railroads to pay damages to employees or their heirs-at-law for injuries received while in their service. In the past the doctrine had been that the employer was not liable for accidents to employees due to the negligence of their fellow servants. Such a law was first urged actively by President Roosevelt in 1902, while the act overturning the previous action was passed in response to his recommendation in June, 1906. The President in his Jamestown speech of last year advocated the extension of employer's liability to all industries, in order that the suffering and loss incident to accidents should be distributed through the community. The unconstitutionality of the present law according to the majority of the Supreme Court lay in the fact that it applied indiscriminately to employees of common carriers in interstate commerce whether the employees were engaged in interstate commerce over which Congress has control, or in intra-state commerce, over which Congress does not have control. Justice Moody held the law constitutional at all points. Justices Harlan and McKenna held it constitutional so far as it applied to men engaged in interstate commerce. Bills have already been introduced by Senators Knox and LaFollette which meet the Constitutional objections to the present statute.

German Empire, is chosen on a franchise, the Landtag, the parliament on a plutocratic basis. The total received by the state is divided into a small number of wealthy men, who of the taxes, choose one-third of the second larger group of less wealthy second third of the taxes, choose the final electors; and the rest of the electors includes the working men, and number the last third of the electors. A score thousand wealthy men have the election as some four million of the electors chosen by the first and second combine to defeat the candidates of the comparative power of the money power. The Senate is as nothing to its representative. The Radical Liberals and Socialists demand manhood suffrage for this plutocratic Landtag. The question is now agitating Prussia next week, when the matter was to come before a great throng gathered about the Reichstag in Berlin shouting, "We want manhood suffrage." The Landtag itself the debate on the question of manhood suffrage was conducted in confusion. The head of the administration, a man of government, while believing that some day he did not consider that manhood suffrage was for the state. The motion for manhood suffrage in the Landtag without a division of opinion. The Landtag led to further demonstrations by the people in the main thoroughfares. There were collisions with the police, in one place at the Kaiser Bridge the officers charged with drawn sabers. Further rioting took place.

Japanese Indifference

In most countries should a person be killed on the street by a robber the victim would be pointed in expecting the assistance of the community. In Japan it is not so. Such an event is regarded by every Japanese as an entirely private matter, none of his business. A man of foreign gentleman was going down a street at about eight o'clock in the evening. He passed an open lot he heard a woman crying. A rikisha man wanted to ignore the cry and proceed with their fare; but the man refused to rescue. He discovered a young girl of age in the clutches of a Japanese girl, the foreigner tried to capture her. During this performance no less than a crowd of people came up to see the "fun," each one of them and refused to assist in arresting the offender, standing that the circumstances were trivial. They evidently regarded the whole as a trivial affair that ought to have been left alone.

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Its qualities are: Good Sentiment, Moral Convictions, Inspiration.

Its purpose is: To safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature.

Its scope of matter is: Scientific, Religious, Educational, Philanthropic, Economical, Sociological and Financial.

Its field is: The World.

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AN OVERSIGHT.

IN the recent article on the American Navy, we should have given credit to the *Scientific American* for much of the information contained in the article. We do so now at this late date.

In all original matter we aim to give due credit, always. Trite sayings, news and general information does not deserve such credit. If this rule is observed carefully, it will dispense with the common charge of plagiarism.



SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

THE following list of words are so generally used by writers and scholars that we recommend their use by our contributors. The National Educational Association approved of this spelling several years ago: Altho, catalog, decalog, demagog, pedagog, prolog, tho, thoro, thru, thruout.



A CHANGE.

SOMETIME ago we promised to offer some prizes especially adapted to boys and young girls; some suitable for young men; others for young ladies, and a few for general use by everybody. A new arrangement in the business management of the INGLENOOK upset all previous arrangements so far as premiums and presents are concerned.

If anybody wants to secure INGLENOOK subscriptions, for either cash or premiums, write to the Circulating Manager, Brethren Publishing House, Elgin Ill. He will gladly inform you and employ you.

We call attention to this change so that our readers will not think that we promise something when we have no intention of carrying out our promise. Sometimes we may become tardy through sickness or other intervening causes, but never intentionally. If an overabundance of work was a legal excuse for irregularities then we would have just cause to omit, postpone,

and give up a great many promises, because our work has been extremely heavy, yet it has been very fruitful so that we go on without complaining. We want to work. We even like it, and plenty of it.



MAY THE LORD DELIVER!

THE above prayer is in behalf of all those who have to live and associate with sour people. These sour fellows are found in every community, in every church, in every factory. They must be treated with politeness and dealt with in moderation, although they deaden all affinity. Like acid, they eat away at your comfort and dissolve your securest affections. Like ether, they stupefy your desire to impart help and strength to your fellows. Like poison, they corrupt your entire being.

Do they speak? It is a tongue of sarcasm, sharp, and piercing as a serpent's fangs. Their words find lodging in your heart where they ferment in your soul for years to come whenever memory recalls the author's name.

If it is not opportune to speak, then their scorn is expressed in looks, which travel to the throne of feeling like electricity penetrates to the depths of the earth, and there their looks produce the same results as do their words.

Do you but come near them, their presence has charged the atmosphere around them so that you feel a chilling sensation. Gloom and a ferocious nature, sooner or later, envelops their surroundings, although they may hold positions of trust and reap but little of their just deserts from their burdened comrades. Their name is associated with a baneful, devilish nature by all those who have to endure their company.

Those sour people are the ones who never quit kicking, even when they are more than even with an opponent, but like the famous long-distance sharpshooters of war-time, they pick their victim with their deadly missile when he is far away in time and space and acceptably engaged at good works.

When once these sour people find one weakness in another, whether real or surmised, that weak spot becomes a favorite target for a lifetime practice with grapeshot and poisoned arrows. They never forgive another's mistakes, nor learn anything good which he may do, for every item of good which they hear becomes sour and snappish as soon as it enters their mind.

The remedy for these sour people has never been administered, because they won't take their medicine, or else their entire being is so saturated with poison that it neutralizes whatever is administered to them. Most of them are like the sick mule. His owner proceeded to cure him by rolling up eight doses of calomel in a long paper scroll one end of which he slipped into the mule's mouth at the side, expecting to blow

the calomel down the mule's throat, but the mule coughed first and blew the calomel down his master's throat and killed him.

To doctor these sour people, is a dangerous task. Beware! It's like playing around a mule's heels or tickling an asp's throat. Many who have attempted it, even with homeopathic doses, have either had their nature mysteriously soured as if by witchery, or else have had the joy of their life all extracted and died in despair.



A CORRECTION.

Holtville, Cal., December 22, 1907.

Editor of the INGLENOOK,
Elgin, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I notice an article in the INGLENOOK, of Dec. 17th, page 1205, on damming the Colorado River, taken from the *Circle*, that is erroneous. I have lived in the Imperial Valley as long as any one, and I think I know as much about it as any one, and it seems to me that if the author of that article had studied day and night for a solid year to see how bad he could misrepresent it that he could not have made it any worse than he did.

The truth is this: J. B. Lippincott of the Reclamation service denied the right of the California Development Co. to divert waters from the Colorado River for irrigation purposes, on the grounds of it being a Government stream. A. H. Heber, President of the California Development Co., then persuaded Congressman Daniels to introduce a bill in Congress declaring that the waters of the Colorado River are more profitable for irrigation than for navigation. In reality this was a bill to steal the whole river and when I heard of this bill, I wrote a letter to William E. Smythe, (Mr. Smythe is the father of the National Irrigation Congress), asking him if he could not do something to prevent the stealing of the river, and he replied that the best thing for him to do would be to go to Washington City and defeat the bill.

He went, and that at his own expense, and succeeded in defeating the bill, but in the discussion of the bill before the House Committee on Irrigation, when Mr. Heber saw that the bill was going to be defeated, he said "I like to worship at our own shrine when I can, but if I can't I will worship at the shrine of Mexico. I will, upon my arrival home, set teams at work and make a canal wholly on Mexico territory." This meant that if you won't let me steal the whole river, I will steal half of it any way, for Mexico is entitled to one half of the waters of the river. And Mr. Heber did just what he said he would do: he dug a canal entirely on Mexico territory, but for some cause did not install a gate to regulate the flow of the water, with the result that the channel of the canal washed out so deep that it turned the whole river down the canal in to Salton Sink.

But in regard to the amount of damage done, the writer of the article exaggerated very much. There were only a few farms washed out and only a very few inundated. I wish to say right here that the greatest damage was not in being overflowed, but that the channel being washed out so deep we could not get water to run in to our canals. The main part of the valley did not suffer from this trouble even,—only two districts, Nos. 6 and 8, which were the newest part of the valley, and preparations are now being made for them to get water again by next spring. There was not a single town abandoned as the writer of the article says, for only a small portion of Mexicali on the Mexican side of the line was washed out. Neither did the settlers have to move out, only in the new settled districts above mentioned, and they did not leave the country. I have been here all the time since November 1900, and have not been without water a single day unless it was turned out to clean the canals. Furthermore, President Roosevelt did not say that land would be worth from fifty to fifteen hundred dollars per acre, but what he did say was that when the land was thoroughly developed it would be worth from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars per acre. I suppose he meant when it was set to oranges, apricots, or grapes.

The river breaking in will be of far more benefit to the United States than it will be damage, for it has made far more good land than it has washed out.

W. F. Gillett.

Holtville, Cal.



THE above letter reveals what many have already known about much magazine matter—that many high sounding, finely illustrated and widely advertised articles are merely creations of a fertile imagination.

A writer for fame and money will seek some isolated district and weave a story of wonderful force and facts for the reading public. Since not one person in ten thousand ever visits that same locality, or even care whether the author is sincere, and no magazine will correct such a give-away on themselves, we seldom learn of the cruel manner with which such writers distort facts and mislead people.

We thank Mr. Gillette for his prompt rebuttal and we shall see that the original publishers of the article get his information. We are glad that none of the INGLENOOK writers are guilty of such exaggeration.

Editor.



THIS would be a dismal world if all men were successful financiers and none were dreamers.



THE church that starts to eat itself out of debt usually winds up with a bad case of moral dyspepsia.

**MEDICAL.****No. 2. Egg-Water.**

DR. B.

To half a glass of cold water add the white of one egg and a very little salt. For children a little sugar, also, may be added.

This is a valuable diet in stomach or digestive disturbances, it matters not what the sickness may be. In any sickness where there is great thirst, a swallow or two may be allowed and it is of more lasting results than even plain water.

After a severe case of cholera morbus or cramp colic; through sieges of dysentery; or typhoid fever; or following the vomiting in eruptive diseases, this simple diet should be remembered and given in quantities of from one teaspoonful, at short intervals, to the entire quantity every three hours.

In all digestive troubles of children it will many times sustain the strength of the little sufferer if given in but small amounts and often repeated. In cholera infantum and dysentery of small children, one teaspoonful, or a little more, will remain in the stomach when no other diet will, and if given cold will be readily taken.

For dyspeptics the whites of two eggs may be added to one glass of cold water, or sweet milk, with a very little salt or sugar, or both. This alone may constitute a meal every three hours and will give ease to an irritated stomach.

Other simple diets which are useful in many delicate conditions of the digestive organs of either children or adults are as follows:

Rice-Water.

To one pint of water add one tablespoonful of washed rice, cook well, and when done strain; to the liquid part season with a little salt or sugar, or both. This liquid is in value next to egg-water and useful in many digestive troubles. It may be given to children in from one teaspoonful to four teaspoonfuls according to demands for nourishment.

Oatmeal or barley-water may be prepared in same quantity as for making rice water, and are very serviceable as a diet in many forms of sickness. Season and serve hot or cold.

As a morning meal dyspeptics may profit by taking one cupful of either of the last three mentioned liquids

and add the white of one or two fresh eggs, always leaving out the yolk.

* * *

OUR CHARITY COLUMN.

WHAT this world wants is action. People know enough about good works; they talk enough about doing charity, and write enough to inspire to action, but do we suit the action to our words?

The INGLENOOK has always occupied a clean, moral position, but what has been our definite results? A door has opened up to us lately by which the INGLENOOK family can do one of the greatest works that any society in the United States can do. In the Christmas issue, we described two orphans,—Evelyn and Bobby, who needed homes and hearts that love children. Three applications have been filed in our office for the little girl, so that she seems to have been the recipient of a valuable Christmas present from the INGLENOOK.

The editor knows what orphan life is, and that this is a neglected field of work by Christians in general. Since this definite result from one issue of our magazine has come to our notice, it leads us to ask the question: How many orphans could our family care for each year, if there was some central medium by which orphans, needing homes, and homes open to receive orphans, was established? If three homes have been found already it indicates that more will be found in time to come.

Here are three fields of work which we expect to keep before our readers: 1. Orphanage work. 2. Rescue work for unfortunate women and girls. 3. Reformatory boys and prisoners.

Some band-box people despise such classes as those just named, and also those who try to help them, but there is where they magnify their own devilish nature. If a description of any orphan child is given us we will keep them on file, and when an application for such children is received we will put the parties in communication with each other. Let us have your help for the fatherless, the outcast and the convict; they are all capable of being redeemed, transformed and becoming our associates in heaven. Therefore let us extend God's love to them here.

* * *

ADVICE may be wrong, but examples prove themselves.

The Snow Man

Ida M. Helm

ONE winter morning Fritz awoke to find that through the night the snowflakes had been busily falling, and flying, and skurrying, and piling themselves up till the window panes looked as though they were set in beautiful white frames. He arose and looked out of the window and saw that the snow was piled in great banks around the house.

"It looks as though the mound-builders returned last night, and with busy fingers built new mounds for us to wonder at, and then, e'er the morning dawned, hastily returned to the place from which they came. This is Sunday too, it will be jolly to ride to church

she must stay in the house today. Will you be so kind as to stay with her while papa and I go to church? I would stay at home and let you go but grandma is expecting us to go home with her for dinner and she will be disappointed if I do not go."

For a moment Fritz's face clouded and he felt cross. His disappointed looks were the means of casting a shadow over Lucy's face at once. She said, "I wish I were back in Florida at my home, then you wouldn't have to be disappointed." Then Fritz smiled and manfully said, "I'll stay home with you, Lucy, and we will have a lovely time all by ourselves; we will take a sled-ride some other day."

Before starting to church Mr. and Mrs. Gordon cautioned Fritz Lucy about the danger there was of Lucy having a sick spell if she would play in the snow. The children promised that they would stay in the house, and be very careful that Lucy should not catch any worse cold.

"You are a good boy," said Fritz's mother; "you have always been faithful in your promises to us and I know that we can trust you."

After they started to church, Lucy told Fritz about the orange groves



in the sled, and cousin Lucy can have her first sled-ride, for she says it never snows in Florida, where she has always lived. Won't she be tickled when she sees this snow?" So thought Fritz, as he hastily dressed himself.

He then rapped on her bedroom door and called, "There's a deep snow, Lucy, we will all have a sled-ride today." When he entered the living room he found Lucy already there.

"Isn't it lovely," said Lucy. "I wish I had a snowball, but I have caught a severe cold and Aunt Harriet says I must not touch the snow today."

"Never mind about snowballs today, we'll make snowballs some other day; we can go to church today in the sled," answered Fritz.

While he was speaking, his mother entered the room and said, "No, Fritz, Lucy has a very bad cold and

and the beautiful flowers that grow in Florida, and she sang several negro church songs for him, and said that some of the little negro girls were friends of hers and that she intended to write a letter to one of them in a day or two. Fritz told her of the fine times that he and his little friends had the winter before coasting down hill, throwing snowballs, and making wonderful snow-men with brown chestnut eyes and red flannel lips.

At noon Lucy helped Fritz to prepare dinner and then she washed the dishes while he gave his kittens and pet squirrels their noon-day meal. Then Fritz brought out his box of Sunday-school cards; his book of "Bible Stories" and "Among the Giants." They were having a fine time when some one rapped on the door. Fritz was so busy explaining the meaning of his cards to Lucy that he did not open the door.

but simply called, "Come in." Quickly the door flew open and there stood Grace, Harry and Lee Long, their eyes sparkling and their cheeks aglow with ex-



citement and fun. "Come with us, we are going to make a snow-man," they cried in a chorus.

In a minute Fritz slipped his cards into the box and placed it on the table with the two books; then he thought of Lucy's cold and said,

"We can't go, because Lucy has a cold."

"Oh, pshaw, I had a cold last week and I went to school every day and it didn't hurt me one bit," said Grace.

"I'm afraid Lucy might get sick," replied Fritz.

"Mercy she doesn't look as though there was a thing wrong with her," argued Grace.

"Indeed I don't feel one bit sick, and I'd like to help make a snow-man," declared Lucy.

"But we promised papa and mamma that we would stay in the house," said Fritz.

"Oh, ho, we will have the snow-man finished and you can be back in the house before your parents get home and you don't have to tell them and they will never know it," coaxed Harry.

"I don't believe we ought to make a snow-man on Sunday," said Fritz.

"Why not? Making a snow-man is not work, it's just play together and being sociable," said Lee.

Long, long ago, when the world was in its infancy and Adam and Eve were living in innocent happiness, the tempter came into their lovely home, and with lying lips and alluring, deceitful promises he tempted them until they yielded to his temptation and disobeyed their Maker, when, alas! they lost their beautiful, sinless home. That tempter has continued tempting and deceiving men and women ever since. With marvelous boldness and with all the craftiness that he could devise, the tempter even assailed the Son of God, but was defeated and his power was broken. But he is still the same cunning, deceitful being that he was before then and no one who has arrived at the age of accountability is free from being tempted by him. He is strong; he is stronger than I am; he is stronger than you are; and in our own strength we are not able to withstand the influence of his sly artifice. There is one, however, that is all-powerful. Jesus has broken the power of Satan and if we will put our trust in him he will give us grace to overcome all the crafty devices that the tempter is able to plan.

Fritz and Lucy, instead of positively saying, no, when it was plain to them which was the right and which the wrong way, began arguing with the tempter, thinking of the pleasures that he was holding out to them, and, like so many other tempted ones, they listened to and debated with the tempter till they cast their promises to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon aside, and yielded to the temptations that professed to hold innocent enjoyment for them. Fritz took extra care in putting warm wraps on Lucy and they went out with their companions and had a merry time. They made snowballs and threw them at each other; then they



made a snow-man and finished him off with a piece of fur which they used for hair. They gave him lips of red flannel, and they used large, black buttons for eyes. When they had him finished they all agreed that he was the finest specimen of a snow-man that they had ever seen, and, oh! how they enjoyed looking at him.

As the sun began sinking in the west Fritz and Lucy went into the house.

Soon Mr. and Mrs. Gordon returned home and when they saw Lucy's face looking very red they questioned her, but both children declared that it was caused by her having been in the very warm room all day. Wrong cannot always be concealed, and in the night Lucy took a chill and fever, and they had to send for the doctor. Then the whole, dreadful truth had to be told. How sorry Fritz was now that he had yielded to temptation. These words that his mother had uttered just before she started to church, "You are a good boy, Fritz; you have always been faithful in your promises to us and I know that I can trust you," stung his conscience like fiery nettles. "Surely they never can trust me again," he thought, while tears of penitence trickled down his cheeks. "I never can undo the great wrong that I did today, but I can profit by my mistake and never be found guilty of such a sneaking act again," thought he.

Lucy had to stay in bed for four long weeks, and the doctor would not allow her to go out of the house till the snow and cold weather were all gone and the warm days of spring had come. Sin had robbed them of all the enjoyment that they had anticipated. It dashed the bright visions of sled-rides and snowballs into pieces and it filled the winter days with sorrow and gloom.

The germs of the punishment of sin are sown with the act which commits the sin, so that not one sin ever goes forever unpunished. Sometime, somewhere, the seeds that have been sown will yield their harvest if they are not rooted out. The grace of God can take away the spontaneous sin from the heart, and the mellowing influence of his Spirit will cause the flowers of love and truth to spring up and yield a beautiful harvest; but we must put our trust in the One who is able to give us grace and strength to resist the tempter, and then cleave to truth and right. The lesson was a costly experience to Fritz and Lucy, and they never forgot its teachings.

Ashland, Ohio.



A LIFE TERM SENTENCE.

ABOUT one year ago Herbert Spring, a young man of Rockford, left his home in that city and went to Freeport, about 28 miles distant. According to his testimony, about the first thing he did was to go into a saloon and get a drink. He was a minor, but he got his drink just the same. And then a little later on, according to his testimony, he had quite a number of drinks. The result, of course, was that he became insanely intoxicated.

On the afternoon of that day Mrs. Edna Rumel-hagen started down town to do some shopping. She was pushing before her a baby carriage, in which her six-months-old baby sat cooing. Little did this young

mother and proud mistress of her home dream of the fate that awaited her. Without any warning whatever she was set upon by the above-named drunken boy, who, in his imaginary delirium of intoxication, began to fire at her the contents of his revolver, and finally one of the bullets pierced her heart and she dropped dead.

The young lad was arrested and lodged in jail, where, after he had slept off his drunken debauch, declared that he knew nothing whatever of his movements. But that did not change the situation.

The young man was tried, pleaded guilty, and sentenced to a life imprisonment of hard work in the Joliet penitentiary. The sentence pronounced by Judge Farnand contains some awful warning, and some splendid advice, which, however, came too late to prevent the prison doors closing forever upon the life of a young man not yet twenty-one, but it may suffice to cause other young men who are becoming reckless to pause and think.

The sentence is as follows:

"During the past five years seven men have been before me charged with murder; four have pleaded guilty, three have been tried by jury. In each case the defendant was under the influence of intoxicating liquor at the time the offense charged was committed, as you were when you committed the crime to which you have entered the plea of guilty.

"Intoxication cannot be considered as a defense in this case. The young man who at your age has become a frequenter of saloons and an habitual drinker of intoxicating liquors is almost certain of moral death before he reaches mature manhood. Oh, could I speak to the young men of this nation I would beg of them to shun the saloon; let not its shadows fall upon you; they will blight and finally destroy your young manhood, bring unutterable sorrow to those who love you, and hasten you prematurely to the grave or to a home within the prison walls.

"Two years ago at Dixon a young man of your age stood before me to receive his sentence on a plea of guilty to the crime of murder. What I said to him then I want to say to you now. There are two great lights which should always control the court in a case of this nature—first, justice; second, humanity. I have given much thought in my efforts to determine what justice demands; what humanity asks, in this case. We cannot bring back the dead; a life has been taken and the lifeless body of one has been laid in the grave, and if it comes again it must be only when God commands that the earth and sea give up their dead. We are to deal alone with the living.

"During the progress of this trial there has been a picture constantly before us which has caused the court to think deeply of the tragedy of life and the mystery and sorrow of death. Upon one side the mother and father, widower and motherless child of the one

who sleeps; upon the other the mother, father and other members of your family; all sorrowing, some for the dead, others for the living; and it is difficult to determine which of the sorrowing ones suffer the greater grief. All this has come because of your cruel act. But through and beyond the dark clouds of sorrow and the tears of grief the court must look alone to the evidence and there search for the light which leads to the right.

"You are a young man just having passed your twentieth year. In law you have not yet passed from the scenes of childhood to the more dignified and responsible one of manhood. Yet you have mental powers sufficient to discern and follow the right and to know and fully understand the consequences of such a crime as you have committed. She whom you shot to death was younger than you, yet for a brief time she had borne that almost sacred name 'mother.' Her heart, which beat in love for her first-born, was pierced by a bullet fired from the weapon in your hand; the breast that gave nurse to her infant child was chilled and she slept.

" 'My God, my baby, I am dying,' were the agonizing and pathetic words which fell from the lips of your victim just before she passed into the valley where the shadows of life faded away and the twilight of eternity broke upon her. Those words will at times ring in your ears until the morn of that day when you, too, must pass into that valley, and if the light which then breaks upon you from the further shore is radiant with hope it will be only because an offended but all-wise and merciful God has forgiven you your awful sin.

"Under the sentence I am about to impose you shall have ample time while in prison to think of the past and meditate on the future. Day by day, week by week, month by month and year by year, until the sands have run out of the dial of your life, you shall wear the garb of a prisoner; the narrow walls of the criminal's cell shall be your abiding place. When the iron gates close behind you the beauties of life and the grandeur of nature shall be hidden from you, and home and mother will be only memories. But let them be sweet memories. Remember the teachings and virtues of that mother whose heart is bleeding with agony today. Her love will follow and bless you in your darkest hours. I sometimes feel that a mother's love has in it a spark of divinity. I know not the time nor place, when nor where, the love of a pure mother will not enfold her child. Under the influence of that love prepare yourself, yet, to live according to her teachings and her prayers. There is a God in heaven whose infinite power and tender mercy can and will penetrate the gloom of a prison cell. His power enables him to search and know the human heart. You have transgressed his laws. He alone can give you solace in the coming years of grief.

"It is the sentence of this court that you be im-

prisoned in the penitentiary at Joliet for and during the term of your natural life, the first day of that imprisonment to be in solitary confinement, balance of time at hard labor, and that you pay the costs of prosecution."



GRANDMA.—Number III.

Old age, itself, lends hallowedness to character, but when aged people live in the eternal sunshine of heaven, so far as their thoughts and affections are concerned, yet remain on this side of the river of death with us, then their old age becomes twice blessed. It is blessed to them to have their minds feasting on, and filled with heavenly enjoyment continually, and it is blessed to us to have such sacred company here. Such an old age is the childhood period of immortality. Their citizenship and interests have all been transferred to the glory side of our existence, but their residence has been wisely prolonged among men in order that they might leaven some part of the human race for better service, both here and hereafter.

We have seen grandmothers sit for hours, day after day, and read the Bible as though their attention was riveted fast to the book, or as though they had never heard its sweet message before. Sin, worldly pleasure and selfish ambitions had all vanished, and, as the Book has promised, "The pure in heart shall see God," these sainted pilgrims saw God anew and in fuller measure as their hearts became free from temporal things.

There is nothing that can add so rich a quality to our grandmothers, and enshroud them in a halo of glory, as a daily, devoted study of God's word. Such a life emits a fragrance in the home and neighborhood that is relished by saint and sinner alike.

What does it? Living with God. He will transform any who seek his company, whether young or old.



WHAT is the number of the Congress now in session? If you do not know, what figuring will tell you? For how many years will each of Oklahoma's senators serve? How is that matter determined? Is this the long, or the short session of Congress? Why long, or short? What are the main things recommended by President Roosevelt in his recent message for Congress to consider at the present session?



SOME OLD TIMERS.

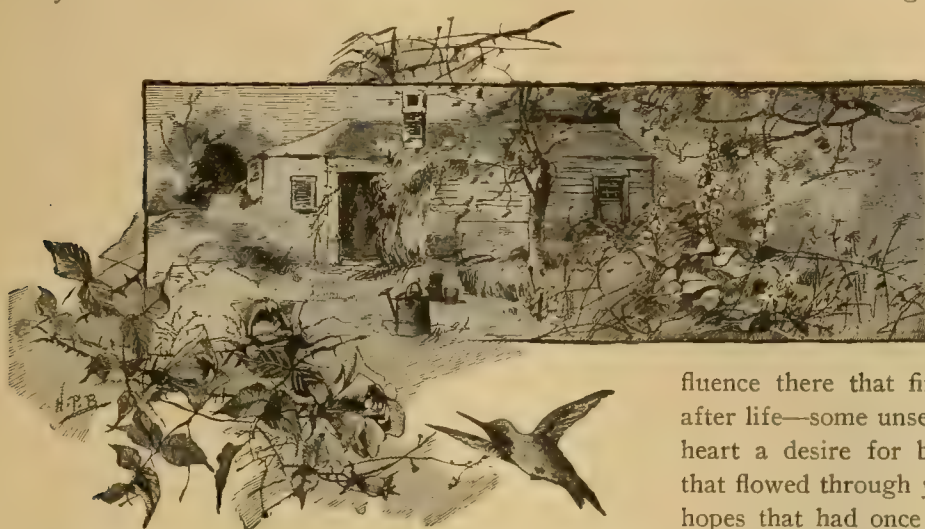
A SHOE dealer sells a pair of shoes for \$5, and is tendered a \$20 bill in payment. Unable to change it, he takes it to his neighbor, a grocer, and gets change for it.

Later the grocer returns the bill, which has proved a counterfeit, and demands his \$20. How much is the shoe dealer out?

The Influence of Our Early Home Life

Maggie M. Winesburg

THE influence that we feed upon in our early life is the keynote of our lives in later years. No matter where we go or what we do, we can always trace our present actions back to some influence we felt in our early home life.



Those influences, which affect our lives in after years, may not be visible at any time to the eyes of an observer, and often we cannot trace any outward evidence to the influences that have helped to form our course in life, because those influences were made up from a thousand small atoms in an undercurrent that is felt but not seen.

While I do most emphatically believe in good, careful training, and think that every family's human garden should be carefully weeded out and its tender plants trained to climb and grow upright, yet observation has shown me that there must be something more than the outward training, that shapes many a life, because I have known children who grew up without anything that could be called training—rather in what is called a harum-scarum fashion—and they have turned out to be the best of citizens. Again I have known others, who were trained under the best of home rules, polished in speech and action—but broke away from the home ties and became the wildest of the wild.

Now probably in the last-mentioned case, the external home rules had been just a little too strict, and the

undercurrent within the parents' lives flowed cross-ways beneath the fair outward surface, so that the subtle, unseen, inner influence took effect on the ones they were trying to train aright and caused them to go wrong.

Many a successful man and woman in the world thinks that their early home life had very little to do in the forming of their plans, because their early life was one hard struggle with poverty, and kind words and actions were few and far between. Just look back over your early life and see if it was not some in-

fluence there that first touched the keynote of your after life—some unseen power that awoke within your heart a desire for better things—some undercurrent that flowed through your daily life which spoke of the hopes that had once filled the hearts of those around you. It might have been one of those mystic influences of nature, which often calls to us from the rocks and rills, or it might have been to escape the influence that you disliked that spurred you on to strive for something higher and nobler in life.

Good home training, strengthened by a good ex-



ample set before them, has kept many youthful feet from the downward road, while bad home training and bad home examples have sent many other youthful feet on the wrong road. But there are some natures that are not influenced by outward forms or rules; they are swayed more by that invisible something we feel but

cannot see. The finest churches that were ever built have not the effect on this class that the rugged cliffs and sunlit valleys have. No eloquent sermon hurled from the pulpit ever awakens the divine love in their hearts as do the songs of the birds, or the rippling of the water, and that throbbing, breathing but invisible life which is in the air. These generally shape their life by those invisible influences for weal or woe, and while they listen to instructions yet that subtle some-



thing tells them just how their instructor stands himself.

It is what we feel rather than what we see that moulds us most—the subtle, silken cord of human instinct and intuition. Rules and training are just the fences that we build around our home lives, but it is the invisible forces that make the home life a paradise, or else just an abiding place.

I have been in homes where the father and mother were seemingly as good as anyone could be in their mode of living—polite, refined and good in all their ways; the children correct in speech and action, yet to me there was something lacking, and I have been glad to leave that home, and run to the household where—if speech was not at all times grammatical, and the children were noisy, yet there was a subtle something there like the perfume of a hidden rose, which made that home dear to the ones that lived within it, and an outsider could feel its presence.



THERE is considerable difference in praying for what you want than praying for what you need.

A SUGGESTION.

BY EFFIE E. MILLER.

READERS, what do you do with your INGLENOOKS after you have read and, perhaps, reread them? Do you store them away in your trunks, bureau drawers, boxes or garrets? I hope that you do not throw them about carelessly. No doubt each one has his or her own way of doing things, but perhaps a little suggestion from some one else might benefit us all, at times. You, who read the INGLENOOK, know how eagerly you look forward to the day when you will receive a new issue, and how much you enjoy its contents. After you have read the last issue you look forward to, and wait for, the next one, so have not much time to look over old ones.

Now can you think of some person near your home that cannot afford to take a paper, who would be delighted with such reading as our paper furnishes? I am almost sure there is some one to whom you can hand your paper and it would be appreciated. There may be some special articles you would like to keep, if so, cut them out, but be careful not to cull too much, or you may leave the impression that you are only giving to your neighbor what you do not want.

What I have already suggested came to my mind after I had stored my INGLENOOKS away for several months. I made them into bunches of five or six papers to a bunch, and gave them to those of my friends who were not taking the paper, with the understanding that they could either keep them or pass them on to some one else, after reading them.

Will you not try this? I am sure you will feel better if you do. You know we should not keep all the good things to ourselves, but pass them on to others that they, too, may be benefitted.

Jonesboro, Tenn.



YOUNG MEN WANTED.

C. L. ROWLAND.

IN this age of materialism and competition, money getting seems to be a beam in the eyes of both employer and employé. Young men are wanted for positions of trust and honor which pay large salaries, and scores of them are leaving the good old farm to prepare for these fat positions. Many spend just enough time in school to get through with the prescribed course of training which gives a diploma. The next thing of importance to them is to find employment where these large salaries are offered. Their all seems to be bent toward making money regardless of other considerations.

Many parents would provide their children with the money to pay for college education if they were very sure that their children would be enabled thereby to make more money. They seem to overlook the great truth that "knowledge is power" and will make their

son and daughter worth more to the community in which they live and to the world at large. Such parents have forgotten that to be in possession of money alone, will not bring happiness or peace.

An education is worth more than money, and after all, our money is worth only what good we can do with it, because the time is here when we must take a more sensible view of preparation for life. We must prepare ourselves not only to get, but to give, as well.



GREETING.

FROM the many greetings we received from our readers about January 1st, we pass this one along to the INGLENOOK readers because it truly expresses the Editor's mind.

All good wishes send I thee;
Wishes that this year may be
One of happiness complete;
Filled with all that makes life sweet,
Bright with gifts for thee, the best—
Joys, and love and glad heart rest—
That shall yield in after days
Happy memories of praise.



Our National Wastefulness.

The Geological Survey is sending out some most timely and important bulletins. It shows that we allow more timber to be destroyed every year by preventable fires than is used in all the lumbering industries. It draws attention also to the fact that there is an enormous amount of coal left and lost in the mines because of reckless processes of mining.

The size of our country and its enormous natural resources have led us to believe that many things were inexhaustible, which as a matter of fact are being utterly and ruthlessly wasted at a most extravagant and foolish rate. Our people have developed habits of prodigality which, in a country less lavishly favored by nature, would spell ultimate national bankruptcy. In the matter of fires, for instance, we have reached the point where we really expect and plan for terrific losses. As an example, Washington's record which has just been completed, shows that there were 470 alarms of fire in the year, resulting in damage of only \$250,000. This is one of the lowest and most satisfactory records attained by any city in the land; yet these fires have inflicted a damage, small as we believe it to be, just 350 per cent greater than that suffered by the average of sixteen European cities of equal size.

Incidentally, all the fire adjustment and the other accompaniments of the San Francisco disaster have been tabulated and arranged; and it now transpires that what was supposed to be a total damage of about \$350,000,000 amounts to much nearer \$600,000,000. Only \$200,000,000 can be properly charged up to insurance, and, therefore, the country has suffered a total wiping out of existence, an obliteration of property, to the amount of \$400,000,000 by that one fire. This is a matter worthy of our most serious consideration. It should teach us to build so as to make impossible the recurrence of such an awful conflagration, a recurrence that is imminently possible now in several cities, notably New Orleans, Boston, and Philadelphia.

THE PETROLEUM OUTPUT.

Producing petroleum is a profitable proposition, especially in these United States. According to a bulletin of the United States Geological Survey our production was 126,493,936 barrels of the total value of \$92,444,135.

This is where it came from:

	Quantity, barrels.	Value.
California,	33,098,598	\$ 9,553,430
Oklahoma and Kansas,	21,718,468	9,615,198
Ohio,	14,787,763	16,997,000
Texas,	12,567,897	6,565,578
Pennsylvania,	10,256,893	16,596,943
West Virginia,	10,120,935	16,170,293
Louisiana,	9,077,528	3,557,838
Indiana,	7,673,477	6,770,066
Illinois,	4,397,050	3,274,818
New York,	1,243,517	1,995,377
Kentucky and Tennessee,	1,213,548	1,031,629
Colorado,	327,532	262,675
Wyoming,	7,000	49,000
Michigan and Missouri,	3,500	4,890

It will be noted that California holds first place as to quantity produced—nearly one-fourth of the total production of the country—while Oklahoma (including Indian Territory) and Kansas together hold second place.

In value of oil produced Ohio stands first, with Pennsylvania and West Virginia second and third. Kansas and Oklahoma (including Indian Territory) jointly have fourth place, with California fifth, while only \$63,000 out of \$9,615,000 short of ranking fourth. The order of the other oil States in value of output is: Indiana, Texas, Louisiana, Illinois, New York, Kentucky, Tennessee, Colorado, Wyoming, Michigan and Wisconsin.

The greater part of the California and Gulf fields oil is consumed as fuel, while only a small proportion of that from the other fields is so utilized. Any of the oils can be made to produce more or less of a commercial product.

In 1906 the consumption of fuel oil in California was greater than the total production of the State for the year, says W. T. Griswold of the United States Geological Survey, in an advance chapter from "Mineral Resources of the United States, Calendar Year 1906."

The chapter also draws attention to the extension in area and increased daily production in the mid-continent field; to the falling off in production of the pools of the coastal plain district of the Gulf States; to the continued decrease in the daily production of the Appalachian field; to the laying of the second pipe line from the mid-continent field to Whiting, Ind., and (more than all) to the building of a pipe line across the Isthmus of Panama for the delivery of oil from the California field to the Atlantic Ocean.



The annual report of Probation Officer George W. Grover, of Maine, for the year ending Dec. 31, 1907, shows that during the year 591 respondents were placed in his care. 521 men, 20 women, 48 boys and two girls. Of these persons 495 were arrested for intoxication and 47 for larceny.

The term of probation of 296 have expired without breach of the conditions, 31 have paid fines, two have died, 28 have been surrendered into court by the probation officer and 71 have been arrested for other offences by the police department and brought into court.

From the superior court there have been placed on probation 18 men, 5 women, 2 boys and 1 girl. Of this number 16 are doing well; one has paid the costs of court and his case has been nol prossed; one has died; one has been placed in a home for girls; one has been brought by the sheriff's department for another offence and sentenced; two have not been heard from; and four have been unsatisfactory.

WANDERING afar is not essential to the welcome of home.

CREAM OF MAGAZINES

THE FLOWERS OF THE FRIGID ZONE.

A paradox of the arctics is the sledge-and-dog-team quest of wild flowers. Not into the floral bloom of the well-watered, heavily timbered Dawson, Yukon country, or luxuriant southeastern region, but to the bleak, timberless Northwest, where summers are generally given to fog and rain, does the quest lead.



Arctic Flowers.

Seward Peninsula, which is northwestern Alaska, covers more than 22,000 of Alaska's 600,000 square miles. In this area, inseparable in the popular mind from perpetual ice and snow, grow in riotous profusion about 167 varieties of wild flowers and seventy-five different kinds of grasses, while fern, sea, and lichen mosses are without end.

Few are the wild flowers of California or the Middle States that have not counterparts in the Nome tundra and inlying hills, besides many species unclassified and indigenous to the frozen North.

Where has Flora such a bed as the tundra? Running parallel for miles with the beach, the tundra stretches back from Nome four or five miles to the foot-hills, to

be lost in the Sawtooth Mountains, in whose shadows nestle violets, which recall with a sigh the remoteness of far-famed Parma. The tundra is decayed vegetation. Scrape off the surface, and rich black soil is revealed, soil that lies in varied depths upon fields of solid ice—the unmeltable ice of centuries. When wet with incessant rain or melted ice that oozes up as the continuous summer sun burns down, the tundra is a spongy, dangerous bog. Many is the "musher" or horse crossing the country that has been swallowed up in its slimy embrace. Everywhere the tundra is broken by natural lagoons, and of late by man-made ditches in the interest of mining, for there is not a foot of the tundra that is not staked!

In dry seasons, as was the summer of 1906, the tundra crackles under foot like burnt paper. Its chief ingredient is reindeer-moss. Wet or dry it is Flora's domain.

Owing to heavy snowfalls and deep drifts, this unsheltered, unforested background of our most northerly seaport—Nome—yields tardily to spring's wooing. To learn the haunts of the earliest flowers and pluck them from their ice-beds before they cease to bloom, one must have lived three years in the Peninsula; in the vernacular of the country, thrice seen the ice "come in" and "go out."

Long before Jack Frost removes his fetters from Bering Sea—for these arctic waters are hermetically sealed eight months of the year—and while the snow is sweeping in avalanches down the mountainsides, whirling through creek and river beds in mad, joyous dash to summer seas, many of the wild flowers blossom and are no more. Their life is brief as some of the most brilliant butterflies.

The flower-hunter who would gather spring's first blossoms must be off with sledge and dogs not later than the middle or last of May. Often so perilous is their abiding-place that sledge and dogs are abandoned on the trail to coquet with the snowbirds, while the hunter wades hip-deep through miles of slush and water.

One of the hardest, most enthusiastic flower-hunters of Nome is Mrs. Carrie Power, who aspires to do for the flowers of the arctics what a similar ardent Nature-lover has done for the flowers of Colorado. That there is no place for petticoats in an early flower-hunt, Mrs. Power avers. The prime requisites for comfort and expediency are hip rubber boots, plenty of blotting-paper, and a substantial lunch. As an appetizer and a tonic there is nothing to excel an arctic dog-team wild-flower hunt.

Many of the earliest spring flowers are so saturated with moisture absorbed from their icy beds that they require immediate pressing, and much blotting paper goes limp in the process before they are ready to be put in a book and tucked under the sledge-seat, preparatory to the dog-team "mush" back to camp. When this excessive moisture is thoroughly dried out, the color of the flower is often radically changed, giving little trace of the glorious hue it displayed when, pulsating with the sap of the arctics, it basked in a sun that never goes to bed during four riotous months. The first flower to greet the lonely prospector, miner, or "musher" in his weary

trudge across the hills of snow and ice-incrusted divides is the "star-of-day" (*Pulsatilla patens*). It grows among the rocks, and shows a single bright blue flower—with numerous black stamens but entirely devoid of calyx—atop a slender stock which springs from a brown stump. The buds are not unlike tiny balls of wool, while the entire plant is covered with fine, silky white hairs. Half-way from the base of the flower three deeply lobed leaves form a whorl. From the flower's white heart comes the name—"star-of-day."

Another of the earliest beauties is bird's-eye, common to many of our States. When the snow vanishes, it blooms in the dry knolls of the tundra. Every color of the rainbow is the bird's-eye, from pure white to deepest lavender and warmest pink, and in growth is not unlike the mustard-plant, the stalks varying from six to ten inches in height. It grows largely among scrub willows and in sheltered places along the creeks, and blossoms throughout the entire season.

A less beautiful but fragrant blossom which precedes the "star-of-day" in fruition is the Mayflower. In warm hollows along the creeks beyond the tundra, and occasionally on the edge of the tundra on the beach line, close search will disclose it toward the waning of May. It grows from a bulbous root, stands erect, is about four inches high, and has a cone-shaped head. The flowers are a muddy white, and cluster upon a thick reddish stock with a single leaf two inches below the flower-head, and a second single leaf at the base of the stalk. The short, pointed leaves of dull red completely encircle the stem, and the entire plant is covered with a white lint or wool. It is a curious fact that even as Nature provides the native dogs with heavier coats in winter, so are many of the first flowering plants covered with a protecting lint, wool, or hair.

There are seven varieties of anemone. On the beach, in the foot-hills and tundra back of Nome, Mrs. Power, who came into the country with the gold stampede of 1900, has discovered six species, unclassified and unknown to botanists. Like the anemone of the Sierra and Rocky Mountains, these spring beauties of the arctics love the cold. With frigid passion they are wont to burrow their way through banks of melting snow. The yellow and white flourish along the north bank of Dry creek and the sides of the hills, while several other varieties are found on Anvil Mountain, at whose base is the creek from which was taken the Peninsula's first great gold find.

The most beautiful species of anemone grow in great mats upon dry rocky sides of the mountains where soil is scanty. Severed from its native fastenings, a two-foot mat filled with hundreds of blossoms has been preserved for weeks simply by laying it upon moist ground. The flower of the finest arctic anemone is one and a half inches in diameter, with petals varying in number from six to nine. In color it is pure white, with numerous yellow stamens, while the calyx is green, and spreads into eight-pointed stars. Each section of the star is covered almost to the point with brown hair. The flower rises on a slender stem three inches from a mat of dead leaves. The entire plant is gummy, and when crushed emits an agreeable resinous odor.

All over the hills and marshes grow many varieties of buttercups, or cowslips, and the gathering of them for the herbarium calls not only for gum boots, but the hazard of dangerous slips into the slimy, spongy tundra.

At the same time the marshes are regal in iris bloom. So luxuriant is its growth throughout Alaska that it is being advocated for the Territorial flower. In shape it

is similar to the iris of California, grows to a height of two and a half feet, and the diameter of the flower is from four to five inches. It is very fragrant, and in color runs the gamut from deepest to palest purple and varied tints of yellow.

The climax of Nature's irony in the arctics is the cotton-plant. Wherever cotton blooms, declares the miner, ice is not far below. One may trudge for miles through fields of cotton, the white, silky tops swaying defiantly in the arctic breeze. The blossom is silky, dainty, illusive as the down of our own yellow dandelion on its way to seed. From June until late August the tundra is white with the cotton-plant. Unlike the cotton of the Southern States, the fiber is short and soft, having more of the texture of silk than of cotton. The cotton-plant will, in all probability some day be the means of developing an Alaskan industry giving employment to thousands. To-day, however, the cotton-fields are purely decorative—a splendid sweep of immaculate bloom in a bleak, timberless landscape guarded by hills ever hung in veils of deepest purple. In great bouquets it is occasionally met in a miner's shack, while not a few housewives gather the cotton for pillow-filling.

Throughout the cotton-fields flowers bloom in abnormal splendor, as becomes a country in which the sun shines continuously during summer's voluptuous reign. It is an intoxicating joy for the flower-hunter to gather great armfuls of purple larkspur, bluebells, monk's-hood, primroses, sweet peas, beautiful purple and red asters large as the most cultivated, lilies of the valley, baby-breath, yellow arrow, sage-rose, pink and white strawflower, gentians of many hues, arctic geranium, crimson rhododendrons, and giant fireweed, all growing on the hillsides—to enumerate further is to reproduce a florist's catalog!

Never have I seen forget-me-nots like unto those of the arctics. With stems the length of American Beauty roses, their pastel coloring of baby blue and sea-shell pink recalls the skill of French millinery rather than nature in its perfection.

Often the sun beats down fiercely on the flower-gatherer, and clouds of mosquitoes of abnormal growth threaten to force one to retreat, when suddenly from over the tops of the purple-veiled hills sweeps an icy breath—a veritable blast from the north pole, to which the flowers bid defiance, but before which the mosquitoes magically vanish.

The one inharmonious break in the solitude of an arctic flower-hunt—the one recall to civilization—is the occasional chortle of the "chesty" little logging-engine of the Nome-Arctic Railroad, which crosses the tundra from Nome on its way to the Kougarok country, to which it has just laboriously gained access. Its ribbon of steel, like the inflated yellow canvas pipe which brings Nome's water-supply from Moonlight Springs—a natural geyser in the heart of the mountains—is a compass for the chechako, the tenderfoot. To stumble upon a leak in a Moonlight Spring pipe and slake one's thirst in the good old primitive way is not unlike encountering an oasis in a desert. For mining, drinking, or domestic use, water is one of the Northland's scarcest commodities, a positive luxury, which retails at twenty-five cents a five-gallon can.

Moving flower-gardens are the Nome-Arctic freight-cars as evening brings back to Nome the track-laborers, miners, hewers of wood and carriers of water, with an occasional tourist. Every man, from boss to super, has a

basket or tin can filled with wild flowers, plucked by the stem or uprooted with the soil for transplanting.

In August, when blue and salmonberries ripen in the reindeer-moss, Eskimos are everywhere with sealskin leather pails, their gay-colored parkas, the hood with wolverene fur border, adding a picturesque color-note to the chiaroscuro. The arctic blueberry is richer, more delicious than its kindred of the States, while the salmon-berry is an esthetic delight as it lifts its royal yellow fruition from a bed of autumnal-tinted leaves of wax-like texture. American housewives combine the blue and salmon-berry into a delicious preserve. The natives bury them in the ground, marking the place with a cover of willows. There they freeze, and are taken out as needed, and eaten with seal-oil!

There is no subsoil in Nome. It has to be made from beach sand and tundra decay. Pathetic are the attempts to grow flowers or vegetables, but where there are women there will be flowers. Nome has scarcely a cabin or shack without some pretense to a window-garden. They are generally set outside and raised from the ground to escape contact with ice beneath or the malamutes (the sledge dogs), which prowl about in summer. At a mid-summer meeting of the camp's woman's club—the Ke-goayah Kozga owns its own club-house—the tea-table was radiant with pansies and mignonette raised from seeds in three weeks, while the walls were banked with the purple larkspur and monk's-hood of the tundra.

On the shore of Bering Sea, I was wont to linger in awe and wonder before a cabin whose large many-paned window was literally covered with nasturtium-vines in gorgeous bloom.

"Four weeks ago," said the Norwegian mistress in proud, broken English, "I planted the seeds in the tin cans you can't see today for the bloom."

Unique was the garden encountered at Chenik on Golofnin Bay, eighty miles from Nome. A native skin boat had been drawn up on the bleak beach, filled with sand and tundra soil, and covered with window-glass. There Molly Dexter, the Peninsula's most famous and beloved Eskimo, raised from seed, not only flowers, but radishes, lettuce, and celery for the road-house over which she presides as English-speaking landlady and unrivaled Eskimo cook.

Forging into the interior, down Solomon, Fox, Fish, or Neukluk Rivers, with every hillside ablaze in giant fire-weed and crimson rhododendrons, into the land of fir and cedars where shacks of canvas, tarpaper, or drift-wood give way to picturesque log cabins, the eye revels in roof gardens. Rare is the cabin whose roof is not covered with floral and vegetable growth.

I have seen many a miner thrust his hand out of the cabin window or door and pluck from his roof-garden radishes, lettuce, or onions for the morning or evening meal, while the flowers peep in window or door.

The demise of arctic bloom is as sudden and complete as its birth. There is no Indian summer, no autumn as we know it. Long before the last boat has left the road-

stead for the States, and the ice has begun to gather in Bering Sea, not a trace, not a hint of Flora's coquetry is to be found in all Jack Frost's kingdom.—Circle.



THE GREAT BUSINESS OF DISSIPATION.

Dissipation has been reduced to a system by men who have been reaping harvests of wealth therefrom. Evil may be systematized the same as good. It is astonishing that any government under the sun with force enough to maintain itself, and moral sense enough to lay claim to guarding the welfare of its subjects, should permit wholesale destruction of human health, and morals, and life. Yet the Christian nations are purloined by men whose power is sufficient to defy the forces of government. The liquor traffic constitutes one of the most formidable businesses of dissipation. It resolves itself into a giant trust, a confederacy of great distilleries whose aggregate gross income rivals that of great legitimate industries. Great fortunes are amassed at the expense of the lives of hundreds of thousands of victims. But the liquor business is but one of the many forms of destruction. In the East the opium industry assumes enormous proportions; and in both East and West, tobacco is consumed by the millions. Widespread and alarming are the forms of sex dissipation, and the wanton practice of gluttony. And coördinating all other forms of dissipation, is the mental dissipation afforded through the perusal of light literature,



Cotton Fields in the Arctic Regions

which is not helpful, but destructive to the mental powers. The great business of dissipation thrives today because the world is degenerate and low in the scales of morals and common sense.



HOW WAS HE?

"THOMAS," said the health seeker, "I am not well, but I am better that I was when I was worse that I am now."



Echoes from Everywhere

ECONOMIC.

Record-breaking shipments of American agricultural machinery were made recently when six big steamships were chartered to carry all kinds of farm machinery to Europe. \$25,000,000 was the total shipment, some of which goes into the heart of Siberia.

The United States leads the world in this class of goods, which fact is made possible by the high price and high tariff at home. Some of this machinery will be transported across the Atlantic Ocean and 6,000 miles inland to Siberia and laid down there cheaper than it could be bought for here.

The annual meeting of the Maine Daily Publishers' Association resolved that the ruling of the postoffice department requiring subscriptions in arrears of payment to be cut off, after a stated period from second-class rates, is one calculated to work great hardship upon the dailies and weeklies of Maine. Under this ruling dailies can extend credit to subscribers for only three months, and weeklies for only one year. We feel that this ruling in effect, establishes a national censorship of the press; that it is an unwarranted invasion of the private rights of both publishers and subscribers, and that its enforcement by the department will occasion serious loss to the publishers of daily and weekly papers in Maine.

From every quarter of New England comes the news that thousands of idle workmen found employment in the hundreds of factories which resumed work after the holidays.

State's Attorney Wineman has a new scheme for keeping tab on liquor shipped into North Dakota, with a view to bringing about the arrest and conviction of those engaged in illegal sales. It is to pass a law establishing a system of inspection similar to that governing oil shipments into the state. He would have every package shipped into the state branded as to its purity, and a fee charged for the inspection sufficient to make the system self-sustaining. To sell any package without the inspector's brand would be a misdemeanor. Eight towns are suggested as ports of entry, at each of which there would be a deputy inspector. After such inspection, the law would require them to notify the State's Attorney of the various counties into which the liquor was to come, so that they could keep close watch of the business.

The proposed deepening the channel of the Mississippi to Minneapolis will require a change in the dams built between that city and St. Paul by the Government. These dams were planned to provide for a 4½-foot channel. It is now proposed to make a 6-foot channel. The loss will be about \$1,500,000.

The Shaw Hose Company, of Lowell, Mass., is building a model boarding house for its employes. The building is to be heated by steam, lighted by electricity and in a large dining room, capable of seating three hundred and fifty persons, dinners will be served for all employes who desire to patronize the enterprise. It is much better for employes to have a hot dinner than to dine out of a dinner pail. Corporations with souls are becoming plentiful.

The Colorado women, unabashed by the common sentiment that politics are not nice enough for women, announce that one of the delegates at large from their state to the Democratic National Convention must be a woman.

No one would deny that Mr. Taft has diplomatic ability. When a youthful newspaper correspondent asked him in Russia whether he would accept the nomination for the presidency, he answered,—Yankee-wise: "Young man, are you authorized to offer me the nomination?"

Minneapolis is the last large city to join in the fight against the saloons. A concerted movement of religious societies and temperance leaders head the movement. The city will be none the worse nor poorer if the saloons are annihilated.

The National Council of Commerce, starting with thirty-odd organizations of business men in the large cities and expected ultimately to embrace practically all of the leading commercial bodies in the country, was formally launched at a conference in the office of Secretary of Commerce and Labor Straus recently, the delegates having been called together by Secretary Straus to promote closer association between the department and the commercial bodies of the United States.

Gustav H. Schwab, of New York, was made chairman. A scheme of organization presented by Mr. Straus was adopted. This prescribes that the council's functions shall be to keep the Department of Commerce and Labor informed of the needs and desires of the business world and to keep the business community informed regarding the work of the department. The organization will consist of two closely connected yet distinct bodies, viz.: A National Council of Commerce and an Advisory Committee, each to elect its own officers and establish its own rules of procedure. The National Council will act on reports of the Advisory Committee and on measures proposed by delegates from the various organizations and will formulate suggestions to promote commerce.



GENERAL.

Last week two pigeons flew from Minneapolis to Boston in less than five days—a distance of 1,200 miles. Counting out darkness and feeding time they averaged nearly thirty miles an hour.

A curious old law was revived in New Jersey last week, when a man named Pfeiffer and his daughter were indicted on the charge of being common scolds. The neighbors objected to the disagreeable remarks the two leveled at each other. The penalty for the misdemeanor runs up to \$1,000 fine, or three years' imprisonment, or both.

The giver of the new \$50,000 Young Men's Christian Association building, at Fort Slocum, is, it has been learned, none other than Mrs. Russel Sage. Mrs. Sage recently increased a gift of \$50,000 she had made to erect a building for the railroad men, at Long Island City, to \$85,000, and also her gift to double the capacity of the Naval Branch, Brooklyn, from \$250,000 to \$340,000. A building is being erected, which is the gift of Mrs. Sage, for the international headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association movement at Twenty-eighth Street, at a cost of \$350,000. The site was given by Mrs. William E. Dodge. Mrs. Sage has also added \$25,000 to provide for an addition to the soldier's clubhouse, which is directed by the association at Fort McKinley, Philippine Islands, and \$20,000 toward a building for the Association at St. Paul, Minn. Her donations to charity do not seem to be advertised as loudly as does Mr. Carnegie's or Rockefeller's. We are near the point where it takes millions of money to acquire the title of "benefactor." Some people who devote an entire life to charity are not recognized as much as those who give only their money.

The cry of "prosperity" which is accompanied universally by the tremendous increase in the cost of living reminds one of the story in which a pious clergyman was illustrating to his son some of the beauties of nature and the wisdom of an all-wise Providence in equipping every living creature with the means of securing its own livelihood. "Take the crane," said he; "its long legs were given so that it could wade in the water in search of food; and see how useful its long bill is in picking up frogs." "That's all very well," replied the observing youngster, "but it seems to me it is rather tough on the frogs."

Finland's example is spreading. Six bills to give women full suffrage are now pending in the Norwegian Parliament. The women of Norway have had the municipal ballot since 1901.

The lives of the two men between whom the peace prize was divided offer a great contrast. The Frenchman, Louis Renault, has had a most humdrum life of patient work as a professor of international law, recognized by the world's rulers, but hardly heard of by the people whom he has profited. He has, all along, been the working member of the delegation of France at the Peace Conference of The Hague, and at other congresses, when he had conducted the legal battle of the French ministry of foreign affairs. At the Peace Conference of the present year, he was the author of the agreement for an international prize court. Among his many books, he has written a notable "Introduction to the Study of International Law." Moneta, the other prize winner, is an Italian, seventy-four years old, and for much of his life has been a fighter in one cause or another. He began fighting at fifteen, in 1848, against the Austrian rulers of his native city of Milan. When the fight failed, the boy

entered the Piedmont military school, and then, after a dozen years of soldiering, enlisted under Garibaldi for his wild Expedition of the Thousand. With his reckless leader, he climbed up and tumbled down the mountain, which the king's soldiers thought impassible, and so left unguarded—and conquered Palermo. As a result, Moneta received his first peace work, and was given the task of pacifying the island. After seven years of further service in the army, he became editor of the Milan "Secolo," a paper which existed only to combat, but after nearly twenty years, when Italy had taken her place among the nations, he felt that fighting was no longer necessary. Then he led in the foundation of the Lombard Union for Peace, and of a peace journal with contributors among all the leading peace agitators of Europe. Finally, he put all his eloquence and sympathies into a book, "War, Insurrection and Peace in the Nineteenth Century," which won for him the peace prize.



The American Banker's Association, representing 12,000 bankers, have formally issued a protest against this currency reform which is being discussed in Congress. While all classes of people agree that our currency system needs revision it will be hard to get any one system that will suit Wall Street, the business man, and the producer of crops. The solutions already offered are too intricate to analyze, but before Congress adjourns we may expect some new monetary legislation either for the better or for the worse.

Rio Janeiro, Jan. 20.—An anarchist plot to blow up the sixteen battleships of the American fleet has been discovered. The first rumor was that Japanese would make the attempt, but other foreign anarchists seem to have figured prominently in the affair also. The local detective force made the discovery and the perpetrators of the plot all fled to the interior where they will be hunted down. This accounts for the many French rumors that Japan was waiting for a chance at Uncle Sam's throat.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 20.—After a nine weeks' trial John R. Walsh was found guilty of wrecking several Chicago banks by heavy speculation in various enterprises. The case will be appealed, since the case involves many of the prerogatives of bank presidents.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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WANTED.—To enlarge, or copy, pictures for Inglenook readers. Send me any of your favorite pictures and I will make you a 16 in. x 20 in. picture exactly like the original for \$1.50.—W. J. King, West Lafayette, Ohio.

WANTED.—Inglenook readers having money that is earning less than ten per cent to buy one or more of my Texas ten acre tracts at \$200 each and rent same back to me for cash. I will pay \$2.25 an acre rent for 1908 for lands bought of me before February 20. See my advertisement.—H. J. Burdick, Elgin, Illinois.

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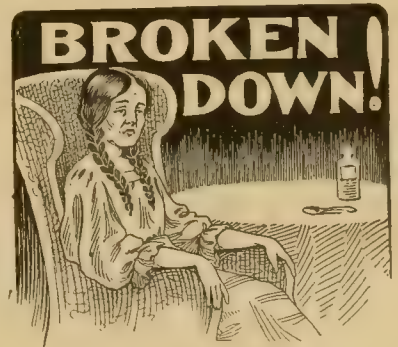
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I know it is good land or I could not afford to sell it to you at any price. It is a fair, square proposition. You buy my land and pay for it. I rent it back from you and pay \$2 an acre cash rent. I want to sell out this subdivision and rent it back so as to begin farming soon as possible. To facilitate this I will pay \$2.25 an acre rent for all land in this subdivision bought and leased back to me up to February 20, provided all land is not sold before that date. Don't you want several of these Ten Acre Tracts? Deposit with your bank or express agent \$50 for each ten acres wanted and notify me. I will send you contract for the land, also a lease of it to me for you to sign. Deeds will be ready as soon as subdivision is sold and leases executed. This should not be later than March 1. Your rent will be paid at time deed is passed. Titles absolutely good.

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Yours fraternally,

John W. Wayland.

University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., Oct. 29, 1907.

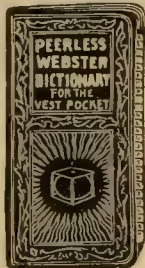
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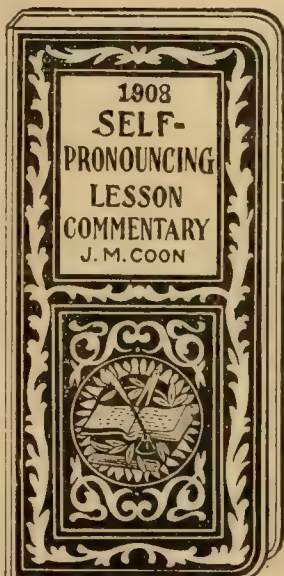
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THE INGLENOOK



Her Majesty, Queen Alexandra,
President British Red Cross Society.

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February 4, 1908.

Price, \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol. X. No. 5.

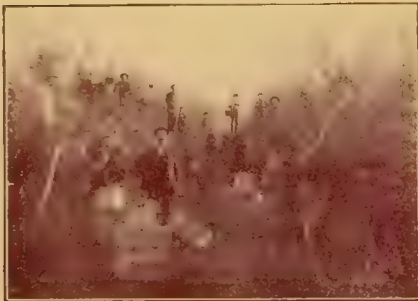
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## SAY--Did you read

What John A. Carroll said in the  
**RECORD-HERALD** of January 19?  
Here is a little of it. Hunt the rest.

### ONCE HOME OWNERS' NATION.

Time was, when America was a nation of home owners. Whether fate decreed that a man dwell with his family in the city, village or country, it usually decreed that he live under his own roof. With the advent of the era of speculation, a new condition developed. Instead of putting the accumulated savings or earnings into a home, which was the first ambition of our fathers, we have turned to the financial sheet of the daily paper, or listened to the persuasive voice of the promoter, and bought stocks, i. e., have been persuaded that in large cities it is cheaper to rent than to own a home.

The sons of the farm have been drawn into the maelstrom of city life, and there has been a general tendency by Americans to abandon the soil—an un-American system of feudalism has developed, and instead of being a nation of home owners, with all the sublime significance which the term implies, we are fast becoming a nation of 3 per cent savings depositors. If encouragement could be given to the individual buying and owning of real estate by Americans, it would make for the betterment of the country. While Americans have been exploiting in stocks and bonds, foreigners have been buying real estate. Having been denied the privilege of ownership in their own country, they have been ready and eager to grasp the opportunities of individual ownership afforded in America, and the result is that most of the operations in real estate have been and are being done by those who were born across the sea. A visit to the tax collector's office, when taxes are due, will demonstrate that these people are the home owners, and the hotel registers will disclose the American speculative classes.

If real estate had been preached and written and staged, and given one-half the attention its importance deserved and demanded, and the millions of dollars which have been deposited in savings banks or passed over the counters of stock brokers had been invested in real estate, there would be fewer colossal trusts and fewer shattered hopes. While we read or hear very little of the fortunes made in real estate, still the fact is that real estate is the foundation of more substantial fortunes than all the other enterprises and industries combined.

The term "romance," however, has no place in the discussion of real estate. There is nothing in the sound of the word which suggests anything but solidity and stability, and yet has ever a more interesting history been written than that bound up in the musty pages in the ordinary R. E.? Abstracts of title tracing it from the time when the ownership was vested in the government up through the successive chapters of its history, we find a consistent story of never-failing interest, and with a "finis" never disappointing.

### AN ECONOMIC QUESTION.

The question of individual home ownership is more than a mere economic one. It has a deeply significant ethical side. Philosophers and observers deploring the recent tendency on the part of Americans to abandon the soil, and the increasing tendency to speculate have sounded the alarm. They see the certain effect which this condition will produce on the body politic. If the breach between the masses and the classes is not to be widened we must check the growth of feudalism and encourage the vigorous and independent spirit of our forefathers.

Governor Hogg, of Texas, the sturdy advocate of individual home ownership, says: "Home is the center of civilization—the pivot of constitutional government; it is the ark of safety to happiness, virtue and Christianity. Home is the haven of rest in old age, where the higher elements of better manhood can be taught rising generations. Every man should own a home."

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Twin Falls, Idaho.

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Respectfully,  
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Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California.

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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

February 4, 1908.

No. 5.

## THE RED CROSS

By CHARLES L. MAGER, Secretary of the American National Red Cross

THERE is no organization in the world, perhaps, so widely known as the Red Cross, for every civilized nation, even China, Japan, and Turkey, has its Red Cross Society, and in one of these three countries named is found the greatest one of all, in size and efficiency—the marvelous Japanese organization with its million and a half members, each paying in dues the equivalent of \$1.50 a year. An Endowment Fund of two and a half millions, hospital ships, hospital trains, hospitals, training schools for nurses and a trained personnel equip to perfection this great machine whose sole purpose of existence is the prevention and relief of suffering. The American military and naval attachés who were with the Japanese forces during the late war in the Far East speak in the highest praise of the wonderful efficiency of the Red Cross in caring for the sick and wounded in camps and on the many battle fields where tens of thousands lay helpless, dependent upon this volunteer organization for medical and surgical treatment; for be it remembered that there never has been and never can be carried in time of peace, by any government, a regular Medical Service sufficient in numbers to meet the extraordinary requirements of war.

The reader should not, however, conclude from the foregoing that Japan has the only great and efficient Red Cross, nor even that she is very far ahead of the other great powers of the world in this respect. Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, Bulgaria, England, all have Societies whose members are counted in hundreds of thousands and whose resources in money, property and supplies are valued at millions.

On account of limited space only a very brief description can be given of the foreign Red Cross Societies. The British Red Cross, which works only for war relief, has recently been reorganized at the special request of the King who is its patron, Queen Alexandra being its President, and Lord Rothschild, the Chairman of the Council. It has an army nurse re-

serve department and a trained personnel for relief columns for the transportation of wounded. The Rus-



Hon. W. H. Taft, Secretary of War, President of the American Red Cross.



sian Red Cross owns and supports a number of large hospitals where its lay-sisterhoods of nurses receive their training. Reports published before the war with Japan showed funds of over six million dollars. The Society rendered invaluable service during the late war in providing several thousand trained nurses, surgeons, field hospitals, and fifteen of the thirty trains that were used for the transportation of the sick and wounded from Manchuria back to Russia. The funds of the French Red Cross and the value of supplies it possesses amount to nearly two and a half million dollars and it has a membership of over fifty thousand and an annual income of seventy thousand dollars besides the interest on its funds. It has equipment for eighty-eight railroad station infirmaries, twenty-six field hospitals and other hospitals providing total accommodations for about twenty thousand patients. It has a personnel of eight hundred and six surgeons and eight training schools for nurses. In Germany the Red Cross Societies of the different States have a total membership of over three hundred thousand and

Italian Red Cross has funds and supplies valued at about a million and a half dollars. It has five hundred branches, equipment and personnel for eight war hospitals, each having a capacity of one hundred and fifty patients, fifty-four mountain ambulance corps, thirteen hospital trains for two hundred patients each, and one with a capacity of one hundred; forty-four railroad station infirmaries, one river hospital, and one ship hospital, each with accommodations for two hundred and fifty sick or wounded.

Let us now return for a moment from the wonderfully efficient organizations of today to the very origin of this greatest of all humanitarian movements.

On June 24, 1859, was fought the bloody battle of Solferino. A Swiss, M. Henri Dunant, was a witness of the terrible and preventable sufferings of the thousands of wounded. Actuated by the humane desire to minimize, so far as possible, such horrors of war, M. Dunant concluded that it would be necessary, first, to provide by international treaty for the protection of all formations and equipment for the care of sick and



Scenes in the Famine District of China in 1902, Relieved by the American Red Cross.

have equipment for the care of some forty thousand sick and wounded. They have thirteen hundred medical officers, eight hundred and six sanitary transport columns, with a trained personnel of twenty-two thousand men. The Austrian Red Cross funds and value of supplies aggregate nearly two and a half million dollars. It has hospital accommodations for thirty thousand sick and wounded, equipment and personnel for two field hospitals with a capacity of two hundred patients each, thirty-three transport columns, having fifteen ambulances each, besides aid stations, reserve hospitals, warehouses, and a hospital ship. It has a personnel consisting of seven hundred and twenty-three surgeons, twenty-five pharmacists and nine hundred nurses. It has over fifty thousand members, and the Hungarian Red Cross, which is a somewhat separate organization, has over forty thousand members. The

wounded, the neutrality of the personnel of the same, and the immunity from confiscation of hospital supplies; and second, to organize officially authorized voluntary relief societies to render supplementary aid to the medical departments of armies in time of war. In order to arouse public interest M. Dunant recorded his experiences in a pamphlet entitled "Un Souvenir de Solferino," and in 1863 a preliminary conference composed of a number of representatives of various nations was held at Geneva to consider the best method to bring about the desired results. In 1864, by invitation of the Swiss Government a convention was held at Geneva and the Treaty of Geneva, or Red Cross Treaty, as it is generally known, was drafted and signed by eleven of the European powers. Since then this Treaty has been accepted by all the European Countries, the United States of America, Persia, Japan,

China, Siam, Mexico, and a number of South American States. This Treaty, which was revised by a second conference at Geneva, in 1906, at which thirty-six nations were represented, provides for the protection of the sanitary or hospital formations, for the immunity from capture of their personnel, and against the confiscation of hospital supplies. The Treaty provides also for a distinctive emblem. In homage to Switzerland, the flag of that country, with a reversal of its colors, was adopted, the insignia being a Red Cross upon a white ground, the proportions of the cross to be those of five equal squares of any convenient dimension, arranged in the form of a cross.

Though primarily the Red Cross organizations, created as a result of this treaty, were organized solely for the relief of sick and wounded in war, and though a number of them still limit their sphere of activity to this original purpose, the majority of the Red Cross Societies have extended their scope of activities to include relief work at times of great disaster,

the South Sea Island Hurricane and the Armenian massacres, but it remained always a limited organization as to membership and at the time of its reincorporation and reorganization in 1905 had not more than three hundred members.

Congress, realizing the inefficiency of our Red Cross because of its limited size and its lack of proper organization and business methods, in June, 1900, repealed the existing Charter and granted a new one. Shortly after this reincorporation relief work was undertaken by the Society for the victims of the Galveston inundation, but the Society received only a small part of the large amount of money contributed for this relief, which seemed to indicate that the Red Cross did not possess the confidence of the public. Therefore, in January, 1905, Congress again repealed the Charter and granted a new one which in its preamble states "It is believed that the importance of the work demands a repeal of the present Charter and a reincorporation under Government supervision." It is under



Cottages Erected in San Francisco by the American Red Cross for the Protection of the Earthquake and Fire Victims.

epidemics, etc. in time of peace. The Societies which are best fitted to render such relief will be best prepared to provide in time of war the trained and systematic volunteer aid to the medical services of their armies and navies for which they were originally organized.

This brings us to the Red Cross of our own country, with whose history, I regret to say, few of our people are familiar.

An American Association of the Red Cross, of which Miss Clara Barton was President, was formed in 1881, but it was not until March, 1882, that the United States signed the Treaty of Geneva. This Association was later incorporated as the American National Red Cross in 1893, and rendered aid at the time of various calamities such as the Mississippi and Ohio River floods, the Johnstown disaster, the Russian famine,

this new Charter that the Society is at present carrying on its operations. This Charter provides for an annual report to Congress by the Society and the auditing of its accounts annually by the War Department. The Charter also provides that the governing body shall be a central Committee of eighteen members, six of whom, including the Chairman, to be appointed annually by the President of the United States and that five of the Presidential appointments shall be comprised of representatives of the following Executive Departments: State Department, Treasury Department, War Department, Navy Department and Department of Justice. The twelve other members of the Central Committee are elected by the Board of Incorporators and delegates from the State and Territorial Branches. One duty of the Society as specified in the Charter is



to organize with as little delay as possible State and Territorial Branches. This requirement of the Charter has at this writing been accomplished in the following States, Territories and possessions: California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Georgia, Hawaii, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia and Wyoming.

Since the reorganization of the American National Red Cross in January, 1905, the following amounts have been received by it from contributors throughout the country to be applied in the relief of suffering incident to the following disasters and famines: Philippine Typhoon, \$1,150; Japanese Famine, \$265,000;

bership presented to us? Any citizen of the United States by application and the payment of one dollar annual dues may become a member of the American National Red Cross. These dues, excepting such portion as is required for administrative expenses, go into the National Emergency Fund which is used only for the relief of suffering.

There is still another phase of Red Cross work—a new field—of which I wish to say a word, and that is the anti-tuberculosis campaign—the battle against the “great white plague.” The necessity for this work is, alas, only too evident to many of us in this country, where one hundred and fifty thousand lives each year are lost as a result of the ravages of this great pestilence. This is a new field of effort for the Red Cross and will be taken up in coöperation with the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The little Red Cross “Merry Christmas stamp”



A Red Cross Hospital Boat Giving a Summer Outing to Sick People of Boston.

Vesuvian Disaster \$12,900.00; San Francisco Earthquake \$3,117,000.00; Valparaiso Earthquake \$12,400; Gulf Storm \$800; Russian Famine \$10,000; Chinese Famine, cash \$331,000, and supplies for the Chinese Famine sufferers valued at at least \$150,000. A grand total of \$3,900,250. This large amount which has in less than three years been entrusted to the Red Cross for administration proves conclusively the confidence the Society at present enjoys in the minds of the people, but why is it that so few have identified themselves with this great benevolent organization by becoming members? What qualities that make for humanity and charity do the people of other countries possess that we do not? Are we less patriotic or generous or charitable, or is it that we have never before had the existence of the Society and the necessity for a large mem-

that has in the past few weeks graced hundreds of thousands of Christmas letters and packages was devised as a means of procuring funds for the anti-tuberculosis work and next December will again be placed on sale at a penny each in every section of the country.

It should be the ambition of the United States to have its Red Cross the equal of any in the world, with a million members and funds that will enable it to render immediate relief at times of disaster or epidemic. The dues of only one dollar a year bring its membership within the reach of all, and the principle for which the Society stands—humanity and patriotism—must appeal to everyone who recognizes the brotherhood of mankind and the love of country. Upon the support of the individuals of this nation will depend the efficiency of the American Red Cross.

# “The Old Oregon Trail and the Ox Team Monumental Trip”

A. K. Graybill

THE perusal of a book on the above subject having proved of very much interest to me, I think that a write-up of the most important information contained therein, should prove of interest to the readers of the INGLENOOK. The author of this book, Mr. Ezra G. Meeker, many of our readers will no doubt have either seen or heard of as he passed across the country on his three thousand mile journey to the National Capital recently in a vehicle.

Western Nebraska and Eastern Wyoming, passing old Ft. Laramie, Douglas and Casper; then up the valley of the Sweetwater to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, across the Green River Valley to Soda Springs, Idaho; then passing north of the great bend of the Bear River (where the California trail turned off to the south) past Pocatello, Idaho; then following what is now the route of the Oregon Short Line R. R. to about Huntington, Oregon, with the exception that



Continental Divide over which Oregon Trail Passed.

One of the eastern ends of the trail was at Independence, Mo., though the journey really began at St. Louis,—men and goods going up the Missouri River to Independence. The Oregon and the Santa Fe trails followed the same route for forty-one miles to about where Lawrence, Kans. is now located. Here the Oregon trail turned northwest and formed a junction with the other trail which began at Omaha, Nebr. The trail then followed the Platte River to North Platte, Nebr., then along the North Platte River, then

it bent far enough north to pass Boise, Idaho. It crossed the Blue Mountains past Baker City, Oregon, and came to the Columbia at The Dalles, Ore., where the main trail ended, for from here, they floated down the Columbia.

In naming these towns along the trail it must not be supposed that any of them were located there then, for, with the exception of Ft. Laramie on the North Platte and Ft. Boise at the lower crossing of Snake River, the country was an unbroken plain and desert.



As to the actual making of the trail, where the country has been developed, it has been entirely obliterated, but in the high desert waste country, it may yet be seen worn fifty feet wide and seven feet deep, and at other places as much as fifteen feet deep and one hundred feet wide.

Who blazed and followed this historic highway? "The Frenchman De la Verendrye was perhaps the first to tread a portion of the later Oregon trail; since it is known that he forsook the Missouri River and started overland, possibly up the Platte, crossing some of the country which the Astorians saw later. This was in 1742. The trapper Ezekiel Williams, said to have been the first white man to cross the borders of

of the Platte. Eight years later, Fort Bridger was built by Jim Bridger, on a branch of the Green River."

"In 1836 two women moved out into the West along the Oregon trail. They were the wives of Whitman and Spalding, missionaries bound for Oregon. Father de Smet, a missionary also, followed in 1840; then more missionaries from New England, and two years later Fremont, as far, at least, as the South Pass."

Then in 1843, a company nearly one thousand strong, under the leadership of Burnett, Applegate, Nesbitt, and Whitman, not only traversed the one thousand miles of explored route from the Missouri to old Fort Hall on the upper waters of the Snake, but they plunged out into an unexplored, trackless desert, threat-



Where the Oregon Trail Passed Above the Clouds.

what is now Wyoming, followed in the wake of Lewis and Clarke, in 1807, and blazed a part of the way. Andrew Henry, whose name was given to a beautiful lake in the Rockies: Etienne Provost, the probable discoverer of historic South Pass; Campbell, Fitzpatrick, Sublette, Jim Bridger, Gen. Ashley, Bonneville, and Walker; these are but a few of the leaders who blazed and trod the Oregon trail, making it a well defined highway before Fremont set out as a 'pathfinder.'"

"Then came Wilson Price Hunt, with his overland Astorians seeking a way from Missouri to the Columbia River. Later, Robert Stuart and the returning Astorians were to mark out, east of the Continental Divide, the route of the trail for much of its length. Then came scores of trappers and traders; then Bonneville and his wagons, to deepen the trail, in 1832; and two years later, in 1834, Campbell and Sublette built old Fort Laramie on Laramie Creek, a branch

ened by famine and the Indians, and watched, with suspicion by the out-posts of the Hudson Bay Company; they traveled the other eight hundred miles to the Oregon country. Then the following year, there was a crowd of fourteen hundred passed over this two thousand miles of desert. Increasing numbers crossed this dreary waste from year to year until the year 1857, when one could safely say that no such numbers had traveled so long a desert road since Moses led the two or three million Israelites on their forty years' wilderness journey from Egypt to the land of Canaan. In the year 1852 there were fifty thousand that made this trip.

The next question that will naturally arise is as to the make up of these expeditions—the sort of teams used, the style of wagon, and the organization of the parties. Their teams were largely oxen or oxen and cows mixed, though, in some cases they had mules or

horses. The wagon was of the old lynch-pin "prairie schooner" type, deriving its name from the fact that the wagon bed was shaped like a boat, and, in fact, was used in that capacity on many occasions.

Whitman's party of 1843 traveled as a completely organized company one thousand strong; others would have a small company of probably a half dozen families, and still others moved as entire separate families so far as their intercourse was concerned. The 1843 expedition always had a pilot to guide them by day and watchmen to protect them at night; a certain hour for rising, a time for starting, a well understood time for dinner, and a time for going into camp for the night. They always formed a complete corral at night for a protection for themselves and their teams. Every individual knew how to move at the sounding of the bugle or the firing of the gun.

The hardships that these people endured is the most striking thing about the whole movement. The crossing of the Missouri River is the first thing that presents itself to our attention. One can easily imagine the situation when we tell you that there were sixteen hundred teams at one time on the banks of that river, in the spring of 1852, to cross over and only two small scows to convey them across a swollen and turbulent stream, such as the Missouri is in the spring of the year at Omaha, Nebr. No small wonder that several persons and teams were lost. The Indians gave them a great deal of trouble also through their treachery and pilfering about the camps.

Then the dust caused by the passing of so much stock over this desert in the summer, was at times almost beyond the power of human endurance. Just try to imagine the situation, with the hot summer sun boiling down on thousands of people and cattle with the dust rising so thickly that one could not see their hand held out before them. Mr. Meeker says that while they were in camp four days with a sick brother, there were sixteen hundred wagons drawn by ten thousand beasts of burden accompanied by thirty thousand loose stock and eight thousand persons, passed by them.

The worst of all their hardships, though, was their sufferings from disease, especially the cholera. An insufficient quantity, a lack of variety, and poorly prepared food, brought on much sickness and death. One whole family of seven was entirely obliterated by cholera. In another instance there were forty-one fresh graves from a camp in two nights and one day; and at another place, fifty-three new graves.

Mr. Meeker says that in the summer of 1852 when he made this journey, the crowd was so great, that it took them a month to cross the Missouri River; and that the company stretched out along the trail for five hundred miles; and that, at a very conservative estimate, there were fifty thousand people. They used their wagon beds for boats in crossing some of the rivers, and they answered the purpose very well.

A great many of the people started with too much property, so when they got out on the plains and it became burdensome, they would abandon it. In many cases when a wheel or two of their wagons would give way, they would leave the entire outfit; so it was no trouble to replace almost any broken part about any one's outfit, as well as collect any sort of household furniture.

As this trail across this great unknown country was entirely outside the pale of civil law, one would naturally conclude that there was much lawlessness, but a certain writer has said that nothing could be farther from the truth, as any one criminally inclined, soon found out to their sorrow. "No general organization for law and order was effected, but the American instinct for fair play and for a hearing prevailed, so that while there was not mob law, the law of self-preservation asserted itself, and the mandates of the level-headed old men prevailed, a high court from which there was no appeal, but a high court in the most exalted sense; a senate composed of the ablest and most respected fathers of the emigration exercising both legislative and judicial power, and its laws and decisions proved equal and worthy of the high trust reposed in it." One case is mentioned, where a man with a family consisting of a wife and four children was found guilty of murder. A council of twelve men was called, and they deliberated two days, and the man was sentenced to death; not, however, until his family had been provided for.

Now, what about the second part of our subject? Mr. Ezra G. Meeker, one of the earliest permanent settlers in the "Sound" country of what is now Washington State, and whose home is at Puyallup, Wash. nine miles southeast of Tacoma and thirty miles south of Seattle, fixes up a wagon to resemble the old time "prairie schooner," one of the hubs being from an old wagon. He then purchases two steers from the stock-yards in Tacoma, and starts out to retrace the route he had passed over fifty-four years before. The first thought of many readers will likely be that he is surely a crank, but I assure you that if you were to see him, or to read one of his half-dozen books, you would decide that he was all right. He started on the 29th of Jan. 1905 and arrived in Washington, D. C. twenty-two months later, having traveled about three thousands miles.

As to what he accomplished on this journey, he camped at all the little, as well as the large towns, along the way, and wherever he could get a hearing, he spoke to the people and tried in every way to get them interested in erecting monuments to perpetuate the memory of those hardy pioneers that trod this long weary trail. He succeeded very well in this work, for he either erected or provided for the erection of twenty stone monuments of some sort at as many different places; then, besides, he planted a hundred posts along



the way. Some of the most important places marked in this way, being Centralia, Wash., Portland, The Dalles, and Baker City, Oregon, Boise and Pocatello, Idaho; Pacific Springs (South Pass), Casper, Douglas, and Fort Laramie, Wyoming; and North Platte, Nebr. The monument erection ending at Omaha, Nebr. Three thousand school children having contributed to this cause, as also women's clubs, men's clubs, boards of trade, etc., giving encouragement.

After finishing his memorial trip at Omaha, Mr. Meeker continued his trip across the central West to his boyhood home at Indianapolis, Ind. He camped and spoke in all the principal towns through which he passed, and sold quite a number of his books, and, also, a lot of post cards. He spent two months in Indianapolis, then started for New York, going by way of Columbus, Canton, and Cleveland, Ohio, and Buffalo, N. Y. After spending three months in New York City, he continued his campaign of education through Phila., Pa. and Balto., Md., and then on to Washington, D. C. where he is now located, or, at least, his team is here, but he is making a month's visit to his home. He expects to spend a few more weeks here, then he will ship his team to St. Louis, and on to Independence, Mo., where he will begin again to try to trace the trail out to where the Santa Fe and Oregon trails parted; then on up to Grand Island, Nebr., where the junction is made with the main trail from Omaha. He is especially anxious to locate the point where the Oregon and Santa Fe trails parted.

In addition to hunting out and marking this route, Mr. Meeker is going to use his utmost endeavors to influence Congress to make provision for a great paved national highway; to keep the memory of this great movement constantly before the minds of coming generations. While he may not be able to have it all accomplished, especially in his life time, yet his efforts will not be without some results.

Some may justly think that this is all sentiment and isn't worth while. To all such, let me say that these hardy pioneers thru untold suffering and all other disagreeable experiences of frontier life, succeeded in holding for this government a tract of land over one third as large as that wrested from the Crown of England by the Revolutionary War, and over three-fourths as large as the territory brought back to the national government through the great and horrible experience of the Civil War. When we look at it from this standpoint, we ask you candidly, is it worth while?

*Washington, D. C.*



Lincoln, Ill., Jan. 20.—Investigation shows that the feeble-minded children in the state asylum at this place have suffered 150 accidents since last August. Similar experiences in other state asylums for unfortunate persons forces the question whether the authorities in such institutions are in sympathy with their work or are simply there to draw a salary.

## CURRENT COMMENTS



### A SLOW CONGRESS.

People are wondering why Congress is doing nothing. A few bills relating to money matters were introduced before Christmas and referred to the proper committees. Since then pension claims and federal appointments have taken up all the time. Two months have passed since Congress convened and yet not one measure of any consequence has been acted upon. But this is not the worst. There will be very little done during the entire session because this is election year and the country is more nearly on a political tilt than it has been for many years. The panic was wholly in favor of the Democrats and they do not want to agitate in Congress anything that will lose them any advantage. The Republicans are too cautious and understand the situation too well to act radically for fear it may cost them their influence and so turn the tide in public sentiment as to give the Democrats the victory next November. For these reasons we do not need to expect any swift action or radical legislation from this Congress. They understand that they are paid just the same whether they do much or little.

### THE CIRCULATING MEDIA IN 1837.

In the panic of 1837 the shortage of currency was far worse than it has been in the present stringency. Captain Marryat describes the condition then in his "A Diary of America," as follows: "The distress for change has produced a curious remedy. Every man is, now, his own banker. Go to the theaters and places of public amusement, and instead of change, you receive an I. O. U. from the treasury. At the hotels and oyster cellars it is the same thing. Call for a glass of brandy and water, and the change, if you happened to give him any real money, is fifteen tickets issued by some other business firm, each good for one glass of brandy and water. The barbers give you tickets, of their own making, good for so many shaves; and were there beggars in the streets, I presume they would give you tickets in change, good for so much philanthropy. Dealers in general give out their own bank notes, or, as they are called here, shin plasters, which are good for one dollar, and from that down to two and a half cents, all of which are redeemable only upon a general return to cash payments. Hence arises another variety of exchanges in Wall Street:

"'Tom, do you want any oysters for lunch today?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then here's a ticket, and give me two shaves in return.'"

### A HISTORY OF RUSSIA'S REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS.

Prof. Milyoukoo, member of the Third Duma and leader of the Constitutional Democrats, came to this country upon request recently for the sole purpose of making his address upon the Political Condition in Russia, to the Civic Forum. He divides the present revolutionary movement in Russia into four phases; the national, when general dissatisfaction, grown acute after the Japanese war, spread through all classes, and consummated in the promulgation of the Manifesto of Oct. 30, 1905; the revolutionary, when the Socialists, misinterpreting the success of the national movement, and thinking that they could

not only expect a change in the system of government, but could overthrow the whole economic system, attempted unsuccessfully to carry out their program; the constitutional, in which, under the lead of the Constitutional Democrats, the first Duma tried to institute real constitutional government; and the counter revolutionary, which, beginning with the dissolution of the first Duma, and emphasized by the violation of the "Fundamental Law" in the new mode of election for the third Duma, is dominant now. In this latter phase the court and the nobility are in the lead at present.

#### Rise and Fall of the Revolution.

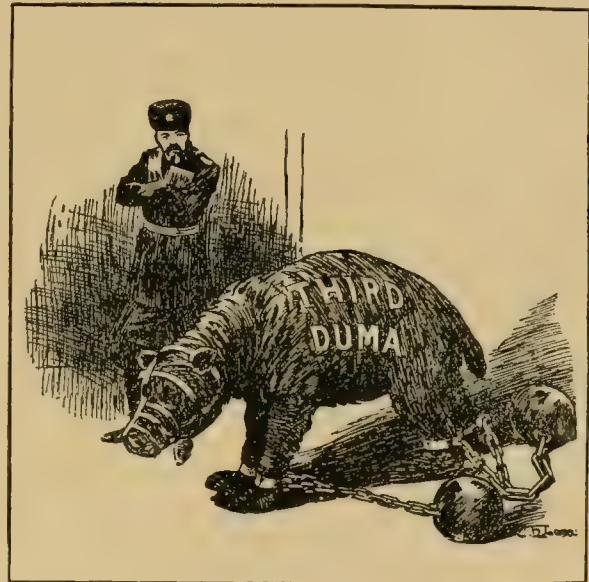
Prof. Milyoukoo also made clear what most Americans had not hitherto understood—why the Czar yielded so much for a time, and why it is now possible for him to regain so much again. The first phase of the movement opened with the famous Petition of Right, formulated on Nov. 22, 1904, by members of the gentry and concurred in by all parties. Two months later it was reinforced by the first appearance of the working masses, whom Father Gapon led to the Winter Palace on the Red Sunday, Jan. 22, 1905.

In the general strike, which won the great triumph at the Manifesto of Oct. 30, 1905, almost all the ranks of society joined. The capitalists supported their laborers while on strike by paying their wages for the entire time. Private shops and offices voluntarily closed. Professors forcefully told the government that it must not oppose the meetings held within the walls of the higher institutions of learning. The juries declared themselves unable to pronounce sentences during the days of the strike, while judges and tribunals went on strike with the rest. Even the officials in several State offices stopped their work. In short, it was an outbreak of universal enthusiasm, which proved to the government that further resistance was impossible and brought it to a surrender. The success of the strike stimulated the revolutionary elements to over-confidence. The Socialists concluded that they were strong enough to get what they wanted, and on Nov. 11, turned against their capitalist allies by demanding the introduction of the eight-hour day. The result was disastrous. The private and government factories, challenged by their workmen, replied with a series of lockouts. About 100,000 men lost their work, and the threat of a new strike proved ineffective. After two weeks of hopeless resistance, the Socialist Council had to surrender, and give up the attempt. The government, encouraged by the Socialist failure, arrested the president of their Council, and then, when the Socialists attempted an armed insurrection in Moscow, the government suppressed it in ten days of haphazard fighting, and all hope of permanent revolution in Russia was at an end. The movement was suppressed thruout the Empire. But the problem of the peasants who constitute 85 per cent of the population remained. The peasants were not Socialists, but they wanted land.

Thenceforth the political parties were differentiated. The revolutionists wanted to give the "whole land to the whole people"; in other words, despoil the landlords of their possessions for the benefit of the peasantry. The government proposed a regular sale of land at the market price, while the constitutional Democrats proposed a systematic extension of the emancipation reform of 1861, by dealing out additional allotments to the communes from the free (crown) lands, and from the larger private estates. The question, even yet, has not reached a final solution, altho the government has done something toward carrying out its program.

#### The Force of Reaction.

The failure of the people to respond to any extent to the Viborg Manifesto, issued by the Constitutional Democrats, after the dissolution of the First Duma, once more showed the government that it had overestimated the strength of the organized revolutionary movement, so that with the end of the first Duma the counter-revolution set in and has gained headway at every move. On the side of the autocracy the Union of the Russian People, or party of True Russians, was formed, who, composed of the lowest portion of the population, although sanctioned by the highest authority, made counter-demonstrations against the revolutionists. But in voting power, they have been weak. Even in the present Duma they number only thirty-four, and could summon only sixty votes altogether to support the Czar's title of autocrat. The Nobles, however, the other reactionary force, while making very little noise in their political exertions, have, through their "Council of United Nobility," achieved far more positive results. They would not be adverse to a constitution if,



The Czar is its Master.

with it, there would come a change in the organization of society. They are constitutional, but not democratic. The new law gives them a majority in the Duma. In order to remove the danger from the peasantry they voted to abolish the system of the commune, under which land is held collectively, and tried to institute a regime of private property. The government, in compliance with their wishes, is now starting a new agrarian policy, which will provoke the social struggle of the rich and the poor in its most venomous form. Of course the attention of the peasants will thus be drawn from the landlord's estates to their own internal disputes. The autocracy and the nobility are now practically in league.

On the other hand, according to Prof. Milyoukoo, the Nobles do not pretend to dispute in principle the autocratic rights and privileges. They are quite ready to admit, in theory, that the historical power of the Czar remains what it ever was, and that the Czar preserves his free will in dealing with the "Fundamental Law" of the Empire, as he dealt with it June 20, 1907, to their great benefit. A kind of political equilibrium is certainly attained. The immediate danger that the national representation, or Duma, is to be abolished entirely is now averted, and this is the only consoling outlook for the masses in the situation.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## SHOULD A MAGAZINE LEAD ITS READERS OR MERELY REFLECT THEIR STANDARDS?

THERE are two ways to edit a magazine. The easiest way is for the Editor to keep a scrap-pile-office into which miscellaneous matter drifts, and fill his paper from this heterogeneous collection. The other, the one which we prefer, is to develop and direct the reader by giving matter which contributes intellectual power and definite sentiment on all the issues of life.

If a magazine is not a teacher, then it is a clown. That is, if the magazine does not seek to mold the thought of its constituency, then it has but one field left, and that is to *entertain* them by printing what suits their tastes.

We believe it would be good for our constituents to have a broad world-wide grasp of life as it is lived today. In our literary department we have been giving some very able papers, while in the current comments we have endeavored to analyze the great movements of the day. The news department aims to give results of these movements as they progress. The home department has definite aims, as is indicated by such topics as health, cooking, child training and young peoples' problems.

We do not deny that we are trying hard to lead and develop. When we must give up this aim then the Editor will seek another field of labor.



### TELL WHY.

Too many people are indefinite in their convictions. This statement does not imply that conviction means dogmatism and contention, for a person can have the most earnest conviction on a question, and, at the same time, treat with consideration all who differ from him.

Many people profess to believe a thing and do certain things simply because a church conference or some other authorized body has decreed that so-and-so is right. Such people are mechanical and lifeless, because a person without personal conviction adds no

stability to society. They are just whatever the largest crowd is. If that crowd is right, then they happen to be on the right side also, and vice versa. But they do not help to make things right, because they themselves are neutral, so far as positive forces go. Such people are like a ship without a rudder,—just helplessly driven hither and thither, never arriving at any definite place.

If you are right, then fearlessly face the world and they will eventually crown you a hero, and endorse your platform. When the INGLENOOK echoes any moral principle there will be no wincing or recanting. We want clear, straight-cut sentiment for our magazine. We have no other policy than to teach and defend right living.



### HOW TO READ.

IN her article on Literature for Children, in this issue, Mrs. Charles expresses a thought to which we want to call attention. She says: "Books are a curse if they merely excite the sensibilities and stimulate the nerves, but do not stir the muscles, quicken the will and set the hand and foot to work under the promptings of a cheerful heart."

We say Amen, to that sensible statement. We are trying to have the INGLENOOK grow along the line indicated by Mrs. Charles.



### HAVE YOU SOLVED THOSE PROBLEMS?

IN the last issue of 1907 we gave a problem about three men marketing different quantities of eggs at the same price, but receiving an equal amount of money for their eggs.

In No. 2, of 1908, we gave another problem about two men dividing a hog which they had bought. Some answers have been received and we expect to publish the correct answers, if they are received. Now, Johnny, Susie, and even Grandpap, scratch your heads and work these problems!



### THE DEMAND FOR MORE FUSS AND FEATHERS.

A MAN, with all kinds of mysterious titles before and behind his name, was secured to give a lecture for several hundred dollars, in a town where the Editor once lived. His picture was displayed in glowing colors wherever a place could be found in which to exhibit the advertisement. Tickets were one dollar. The man was coming three thousand miles to tell us (according to reports) a vast amount of good things, which we, poor mortals, did not know and could never find out. Everybody went to hear him, and here is the substance of the lecture:

1. About twenty stale anecdotes which had been before the public for thirty years. They were so old that we would neither read nor tell them any more.

2. A thimbleful of common, everyday adages which

every washerwoman and every street laborer in the town used, day after day, in their daily conversation.

But everybody counted it a big affair, and rich as the gold of Ophir. The effort to get the man was big, the price to hear him was big, his name was big, his titles and degrees sounded big, the crowd was big, and, indeed, it was a big hit, because it satisfied the crowd. But here is the point,—people judge the worth of some things by the display made of them, rather than by their intrinsic worth.

Sometimes there are short essays in the INGLENOOK from Sarah Jones, Pumpkin Hollow, Mich., or John Smith, Farmers' Crossroads, Ind., which contains as rich a vein of thought as was ever expressed on the subject discussed, but because of the plainness of the name and absence of display, some readers count the article second grade.

Should we advertise an article by some royal person of Europe, giving his titles of honor, and degrees of learning, how rare and rich you would think it was, altho your mother had told you better things long ago, for nothing, and you never gave her any credit for it nor counted her a great woman.

Long ago we began the practice of disregarding the clothes a man wears, and the flexibility of his tongue, and the various sorts of literary and honorable appendages attached to his ancestry and himself, and estimated his worth upon a more permanent basis than mere outward appearances and noise.

Will you analyze the articles in the INGLENOOK thus and, thereby, receive more good from them?



#### A LIVE TOAD BLASTED OUT OF SOLID ROCK.

You have all heard wonderful fish stories, but here comes a toad story that eclipses everything brought to light so far, and the remarkable thing about it is, that it is true.

Geologists claim the rock in which the toad was found has been formed for a thousand years. This makes one shake his head to think of a toad living in such a habitat as that for such a long period without food or air, but be that as it may, the fellow had been in the rock long enough to have his colors all faded out of his skin, and he has been out of his prison now for eight months and has taken no nourishment whatever, altho he is alive and in good health.

The spade foot toads, to which class this specimen belongs, are known to burrow in the ground and sleep their lives away, except during the breeding season of the year. Other specimens have been found in solid earth without any exit to their burrow, but how this one became encased in solid rock, and when, and how he lived is a puzzle to scientists. Some human species that are without work, would be glad to know his secret to long fasting.

In order that our readers should have the facts as

correctly as possible, we wrote the Zoological Society of New York, and received the following information. This is only a part of their description, but it is full enough to get the situation and facts fully before the reader:

"From Butte, Montana, there recently came indisputable record of a toad exhumed from limestone, at a depth of 150 feet from the surface. In this case, the man making the discovery was a thoroly practical mining engineer. He saved the toad, sent it to the Reptile House for identification, and we are thereby instructed that at least one species of North American batrachian gets into strange predicaments. It is interesting to note that the creature figuring in this case represents a species of pronounced subterranean habits—the spade foot toad, *Scaphiopus hammondi*.

"It is to Mr. Charles A. Van Zandt, of Butte, Montana, that the Society is indebted for the opportunity of examining the interesting specimen. During mining operations, Mr. Van Zandt was sinking a shaft into limestone formation. At a depth of 150 feet, during progress through apparently solid rock, the toad was exhumed. Mr. Van Zandt personally took the specimen to his home and placed it in a porcelain crock. Here it remained for seven months, refusing all food. A representative of Mr. Van Zandt coming to New York reported the matter to Dr. Louis P. Gratacap, Curator of Mineralogy in the American Museum of Natural History. Dr. Gratacap considered the matter so extraordinary that he at once referred the matter to the Park with the result of communication with Mr. Van Zandt.

"The spade foot toad is yet living in the porcelain jar, in which he has contentedly nestled for eight months. He steadily refuses food, but appears to be vigorous and in good health. He is much paler than the normal specimens—his colors having possibly faded from his imprisonment—as to the duration of which we have no idea. Animals that normally dwell in perfect darkness—like those frequenting under-ground rivers—are always practically colorless, but their pale hues are the result of extended evolution. It would be purely theoretical of course, and rather sensational, to declare this toad to have been imprisoned in the rock so long that its pattern faded. However, circumstances point to just those conditions—and the refusal of food may be caused by a partial or total lack of vision.



Chicago, Ill., Feb. 1, 1908.—At a meeting of wealthy citizens a charity fund of \$100,000 was started to help relieve the 60,000 unemployed people of the city. New York has a similar move, altho many factories have resumed work, yet most of them are using less help than formerly. Out of a home, out of money and out of bread in the midst of cold weather is severe enough. Several large business firms are giving temporary shelter and food to the worthy poor in all the larger cities until work can be found. Crime and anarchy follow in the wake of idleness and hunger.





## Incidents of a Dakota School Teacher

Emma Horning

At the charming age of sixteen she found herself in possession of her first teacher's certificate, and mistress of a pretty, white schoolhouse, four miles from home. Her father supplied her with a beautiful black horse, new vehicle, harness and flynets, also a teacher's clock and bell.

The wonderful morning of the first day arrived, and she drove to her seat of supreme control with all the dignity of a school ma'am. The children came strolling in from many directions, over the beautiful prairie, and timidly did all they could to help the new teacher and make her feel at home. They admired the beautiful horse so much, which was named "Bird," that they renamed her "Black Beauty."

Soon nine o'clock came, and the awful task of assigning lessons in an ungraded school,—doubly awful to an inexperienced teacher. After a day of experiment, and after being studied by so many bright eyes all day, until they knew her perhaps better than she knew herself, she rested on her couch at home from the hardest day's work she ever did.

When snow came, and she could drive no longer, her father built her a little cottage which could be placed on wheels and taken any place she taught, for boarding places are very hard to secure in small prairie homes. A small gasoline stove on which to cook, a hard (not anthracite) coal fire, by which to sit, with plenty of books to read, she and her brother spent many a cozy evening together. O the pleasure of spending a night in such a cottage when a blizzard is roaring outside, when the beautiful banks switch, and swirl, and pile as high as the eaves, and the wind whistles a dreamy tune down the stove pipe!

"Blow high, blow low, not all your snow  
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow."

A story is twice as good under such surroundings. Such fun at recess and noons! Fox and geese, pull away, prisoner's base, coasting! And she was one of them and had as much fun as the rest. With what rosy cheeks, glowing hearts and rested minds they re-entered the schoolhouse to climb the mountain of knowledge! She won their hearts, but life has its "seamy side" everywhere. "That mischievous boy!"

every teacher called him bad. How he did love to make the pupils laugh at his secret pranks! He was in the height of his glory if he could make the young teacher laugh when she should not. And that paper wad! with many other naughty things which had bothered all his teachers.

Oh my, what should she do! Her friends sympathized with her, and told her all kinds of cures, even the cures of bygone school days. Nothing was of any lasting benefit. As a last remedy his parents told her to whip him as others had done. She did it, but it was her first and last case of whipping. Still he bothered. He told his mother he did not want to be bad and cried about it, and they took him out of school awhile. Then he wrote a beautiful note to the teacher, begging to come back. After this he did better and now he has a beautiful home and children of his own.

Soon came the springtime, with its birds, its flowers, and its sunshine. The acres of wild flowers were the delight of the children. They covered their teacher with wreaths and bouquets. They almost covered the desk with their treasures of sky-blue and gold. The gophers also furnished them much pastime. They became so tame that the boldest would eat from the hands of the children, while the more timid ones would stand back and whistle for some of the dainties to be thrown to them. They became so well acquainted that they would even come into the house during school hours, and creep into the lunch baskets and help themselves. The children often scattered crumbs on the floor for their benefit. It is really amusing to see them eat. They sit up on their hind feet, holding the bread in their front paws, like little hands, then they nibble, and at the same time wink at you, then jerk their bushy tails. Nature study is good in its place, but these gophers attracted too much of the children's attention, so the teacher shut the door and left them scratch on the outside till they found they could not get in and then went away.

One afternoon she closed school early for the purpose of visiting another school, on the way home. While at this school two great clouds began to form,—the one in the east and the other in the west. Swift

little messenger clouds began to hurry to the zenith. On came the larger ones like two great armies, arrayed for battle. The fire flashed, the thunder roared, the great black and green clouds rolled like great volumes of smoke. On, on they came. Just a few feet. Hush! All nature holds its breath to witness the awful scene. Crash! Roar! and the mighty conflict is over. The inmates of the schoolhouse thought they were the objects of its might's wrath. The dashing floods of wind and rain threw its intensity on the small house. The sides swayed, the rain bubbled in around the window sash and dashed in under the door till the floor was flooded.

School was dismissed and the children watched the mighty contest in silence, for their voices could not be heard above the awful roar. The small ravine near by became a raging river, where before had been dry ground. The schoolyard became a sheet of water. Black Beauty stood with her back to the wind, shivering from cold and fright. Towards dusk the rain ceased, and the children living nearest the schoolhouse took off their shoes and scampered for home. The nearest house was just across the ravine, so the rest prepared to go to this place in the buggy. All went well till they got to the middle of the ravine, when down they went. The water covered the horse's back and came into the buggy. Wet? Some, but they got through alive and went back for the rest, finding a shallower place next time. About dark many of the parents came for the children, but the teacher stayed at this house all night, glad for a dry, warm place to sleep.

*Fruita, Colo.*



### THE COMMON DAYS.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

THE glad Christmas festival is past. I wonder how we spent it; how many of us thought to devote even a little portion of that glad time to the One whose birth we were supposed to commemorate. It seems to me, it would be such a blessed season, if we would all give to him preëminence in our thots and words of praise. But the Christmas holidays are passed, and the *common days* of the year are coming to us, one by one to be passed—how? In the common somber way as tho they were just so many periods of time—so many budgets of plain, unsophistical hours to be passed by as we pass the fenceposts along the roadside? Or shall we accept them as so many blessed opportunities to live another precious day with and for our dear Savior, who says, "Lo, I am with you always"?

At Christmas time, perhaps, we made a feast, and, by invitation, some of our dear ones were with us. To-day let us have a feast of love and prayer, and invite the dear Lord—our Elder Brother, to be with us by his Holy Spirit. Please see Rev. 3: 20. Could we

have a more desirable guest? So, let us accept the plain, common days as they come—fresh from the dear Father's bountiful hand, as so many gracious opportunities to serve the kindest and best master the universe has ever known—even One who so loves us that he willingly laid down his life as a loving sacrifice for us. Blessed opportunities to speak sweet, kind words of comfort and encouragement to some precious soul whose heart may thereby be made lighter. Opportunities to bestow a loving smile upon some dear child whom our Savior loves. Opportunities for kind thots, gentle manners, and useful deeds. Opportunities of forgiveness, of restoration, of helpfulness, of life-giving influence. Opportunities to lift up the soul that is down; to lead some precious soul who is groping blindly along the broad way that leads to death, out of darkness and into the path of safety which leads to eternal life. Yes, precious, golden opportunities of trimming our lamps afresh, and bringing them each morning to the source of all that is good, to be cleansed and refilled, so that we may have them ever ready to cast the bright rays of life and love, hope and cheer to the soul in the dark place who is blindly groping about for the friendly guide-post of Truth to direct them to the safe and right way which leads to eternal life and happiness.

Oh, blessed common days! Every one an invaluable gift from God to us—yes, to you—dear reader, and to me,—to be accepted with becoming appreciation and gratitude, and to be *used*, every moment of them. For like precious jewels (which they are) the more they are used, the more beautifully they sparkle, the more brightly they shine, ever sending out rays of heavenly light into the dark corners of the world, warming to renewed life dear human hearts; lighting up homes and faces to smile and blossom as real window gardens of rarest beauty; to gladden the heart of our all wise gardener who knows how to plant Heaven into the hearts of his dear ones.



### CLEANLINESS.

Number One.

FLORA E. TEAGUE.

I HAVE known dainty women who seemed to feel that men in general were not so cleanly and particular as they might be. Their hands had not come in contact with the lavatories before the handling and eating of food. Probably, it may be true that they are sometimes careless or indifferent in regard to as dainty habits as some women possess. They, probably too, are not as careful as were the cleanly Jews in the time of the Master, who found fault with him and his disciples because of their lack of care and observance of ceremonial rules of cleanliness. They themselves, "except they wash their hands oft, eat not." Mark 7: 3.



On the other hand men have fully as good reasons to find fault with women for their lack of cleanliness. Men, in general, are fond of water, and flush and cleanse themselves well inwardly. The result is good health, clear and healthy complexions, freedom from chronic troubles, etc. Women seldom drink water unless thirsty. The result is, foul and unclean systems, stagnation, and ere long constipation, rashes, blotches, muddy complexions, and many other unpleasant conditions. The inner man needs washing and cleansing fully as much as the outer man. Impurities can only be carried away by the aid of healthy, clean bodies. If you find cold water too chilling, drink copious quantities of warm water before and between meals. Drink whether you are thirsty or not. Many aches, ills, pains, and doctor bills you will thus be enabled to save.

But whatever you do, clean up, inside, outside, and all around. You will feel better, look better, and make others better. Cleanliness inside as well as out is next to godliness.



#### ABECEDARY HISTORY OF 1907.

**A** is for Airships, which will doubtless ere long  
The earth's circumambient atmosphere throng;  
**B** is for Bryan, who says he's still willing,  
The chair presidential, next time to be filling;  
**C** is for Coin which T. R. changed the look of,  
And also for Cocktail, which Fairbanks partook of;  
**D** is for Duma, dissolved by Czar Nicholas,  
Diabolo also—the French game to tickle us;  
**E** means Exclusion of Mongol cheap labor—  
(That rule is all bosh about "loving our neighbor");  
**F** stands for Fleet which to Big Stick has pandered,  
And also for Fine at last forced on the Standard;  
**G** stands for Gyroscope, keeping cars steady,  
Also Graft, gaining ground in spite of our Teddy;  
**H** is for Harriman, Haywood and Hearst—  
(It puzzled T. R. to say which was the worst);  
**I** stands for ever increased Immigration,  
An imminent menace, 'twould seem, to the nation;  
**J** stands for jingoist Japanese clatter,  
Which nearly caused war for a very small matter;  
**K** stands for Korea, absorbed by Japan,  
For Kentuckians also, now "dry" to a man;  
**L** is for Liquor local option is licking,  
And also for Labor, well paid, but still kicking;  
**M** is for Money, both scarce and "scared"—  
Made so by the rottenness muck-raking aired;  
**N** is for Nations in conference for peace,  
And also for Nevada, where strikes scare the police;  
**O** naturally stands for the state Oklahoma,  
Whose radical laws have raised such an aroma;  
**P**'s for the Panama ditch on the Isthmus,  
Persistently pushed and half done by next Christmas;  
**Q**'s for Quebec, whose new bridge fell in sections,  
And also queer Questions which come up at elections;  
**R** is for radical Railroad Rate Regulation,  
And also for Roosevelt, the IT of the nation;  
**S** is for Soul, by scientists weighed,  
And likewise for Strikes, which our progress delayed;  
**T**'s for T. R., whom "malefactors" are bitter on,  
And also for Taft, the all-round lid sitter-on;  
**U**'s for "Undesirable" people unhung—

(They say that for saying this Roosevelt was stung;)  
**V** stands for Vancouver, which drove out the Japs,  
Likewise Vardaman's valedictory—perhaps;  
**W**'s for Waterways, Warships and Wireless,  
All begging for "more" in a way that is tireless;  
**X** is for X-rays, whose use is extending,  
And also for "X-bills," which no one is lending;  
**Y** is for Yankees—they're peaceable chaps,  
Except, for example, when "sicked" on the Japs;  
**Z** stands for Zeal hunting absolute Zero,  
And also for Zeppelin, aeronautical hero.  
And now, my dear friends, I've no letters remaining,  
I've finished the job that I undertook,  
And hence I'll stop, so you'll not be complaining  
Because I run on so, like "Tennyson's brook."

E. Dubois Fosdick, in Pathfinder.



#### THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

A GREAT many busy, thinking people have become disgusted with the bulky newspapers of our day, because, to hunt for news in a thirty-two page daily paper is like hunting for a needle in a haystack. To offset this waste of time and money The Little Chronicle, a weekly newspaper about the size of the news and comment departments in the INGLENOOK, has been started in Chicago during the past few years. This new paper is very small in size, but gives all the essential news at home and abroad each week, and sells for \$1.50 per year. It contains nothing but news, and busy people are supporting the paper because it does not print a whole lot of stuff which thinking people do not want to see. The Pathfinder at Washington D. C. is doing the same thing.

We admire this reform movement in newspaperdom. The daily paper, under its present form, is a nuisance and wasteful. Our news and comments give the news of the world, clean and full, and throws in a large bulk of home and instructive reading besides,—all for one dollar per year. We have failed to see our offer equalled yet by any publication.

The launching of the Little Chronicle, and the Pathfinder in the past few years confirms our belief that the INGLENOOK is an ideal home paper which will be imitated by the newspapers in fifty years from now more than it is appreciated at present. We are not bragging too much about our own magazine, we are simply trying to awaken drowsy minds to the evils of bad literature and the need of reform in the papers which comes into your home.

It takes lots of talk, argument and fire to get some people to do what they know is their duty to do. If all papers were clean and newsy today so that Christian people were accustomed to wholesome literature, then people would go mad if a paper like the ordinary scandal sheets of today were brought into your home. They would not have it if they were paid for reading it, but now they pay for it and can hardly wait until the day for their dose of poison to arrive, so that they and all the children can dope themselves again with scandal, sport, crime, nonsense, lies and a few items of news.

# Should Agriculture Be Taught in the Public Schools?

John H. Nowlan

STUDIES may be divided into two classes—economic and cultural. Agriculture is an economic study, for it is one of the basic elements of national prosperity, although it has not been taught in an educational manner in the past. In fact, to be strictly true, it has not been taught at all, largely because it has been supposed to afford no scope for mental activity. Educate our boys and girls in the art and science of agriculture; let them see that it is just as uplifting and ennobling as any other vocation; that the agriculturist is to be as much honored and respected as any man; that his vocation calls for skill and thought; that it is no more arduous than many, and freer than most of occupations.

Such a course will check the restless tide of country blood which is now rushing toward the city by demonstrating that there is room for thought in the study of the soil, plants and animals. If you teach history the child becomes interested in history. Teach geography and he takes an interest in geography. It is just as reasonable then to expect the child to take an interest in agriculture when it is once taught to him.

Teach the child some of the fundamental principles of agriculture in school, and then he will go on to a broader and a fuller knowledge. The school is the place for teaching fundamental knowledge, hence if something is to be learned about agriculture the school is the place to teach it. The country boy receives a smattering of nearly all subjects except the one industry that has the most to do with his success or failure in life. He sees the corn grow but knows nothing of the manner of its growth. He can give you an interesting account of Sherman's advance upon Atlanta, but to save his life he can't tell how to stop the advance of the army-worm upon the cornfield. He can prove problem after problem in geometry, but he can't prove which insects are harmful and which are not. Not only that but often he not only doesn't know, but hasn't even the slightest idea.

It is a cultural study also. The child should be in touch with nature so that he may the better follow whatever occupation he may select. Should he be a lawyer he will find a knowledge of the science of agriculture invaluable, for many of his clients will be farmers, or will have agricultural interests. A thorough knowledge of plant physiology and the relation plants bear to the animal world will be a great aid to the doctor. Lessons are most forcible when drawn from the environments of the hearers. To proceed from the *unknown* to the *related known* is a pedagogical method. This was the method of Christ, the

ideal teacher of all ages. Observe how aptly his illustrations were chosen. They appeal to the housewife, the shepherd, the fisher, the husbandman, the laborer—to men and women in every vocation. Many ministers preach to rural congregations, hence, to do their best work many of their illustrations should be drawn from nature, because their hearers will be more or less conversant with nature.

Teach agriculture, because it pays. This is a commercial age. Anything to be of value to the world at large must have a commercial value. Teach that agriculture offers opportunities for the educated man—that there is money in scientific farming, and you will have created a demand for instruction therein.

Persons who admit the value of a study of agriculture plead that the teachers are not prepared to teach it. This is no excuse. Teachers are only mortals. If we wait for them to voluntarily prepare themselves before there is a demand for their services we will wait always. Create the demand and the teachers will work up to the standard. When the laws of the various states compelled teachers to teach physiology their only alternative was to qualify or retire.

To those who argue that the school course would be too crowded, I would say—crowd out something else. You have a right to expect results from what you pay for. The farmer pays for the rural schools, and he has a right to demand that a part of the instructions shall be along lines for the benefit of his sons and daughters. Latin and mathematics may develop reasoning powers, therefore they are important in the curriculum. Agriculture will do the same, and develop the perceptive faculties as well. Few men will long continue a losing game. When they learn the source of profit or loss they will soon learn to change their plans. When men are convinced that wheat is being grown at a loss and clover at a profit you will see more clover fields and fewer wheat fields.

In the teaching of agriculture there is a good opportunity to teach duty to fellowmen. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." He who takes something without giving an equivalent is robbing. He who takes from the earth the accumulated fertility of centuries without compensating for the same is a soil robber—he is a surface miner. The highwayman takes only the value that chances to be on the person of his victim, but he who exhausts the fertility of the soil is robbing the helpless—he is taking from unborn generations. "Labor is worship" and I can conceive of no better way of worshiping than causing the earth to yield food for man and beast.



We should do all in our power to maintain or increase the fertility of the plot of ground under our care. This we cannot do till we understand the workings of nature. When our young men and women see nature in her true light many of them may be induced to stay on the farm. There are many incompetent clerks, third-rate lawyers, or what-not who would have been successes on the farm, or at some allied manual labor. Therefore, I say teach agriculture in the public schools.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



#### LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

It is a cause for congratulation that the educators of today, and those having charge of young people, are beginning to realize that the wonderful thing we call the human mind is in the little child as well as in the gray-haired grandfather.

Our literature for children should proceed on this idea, and treat its little readers as representatives of the human mind on its way to its full rights and powers and quite true to its birth-right, as far as it can reach out into the future.

The senses should be skillfully appealed to, and the higher spheres of the reason, conscience and affection, thus be effectually reached. Pictures, whether in words, or lines, or colors, are symbols, and the child's mind is a rare master of all true symbols of nature. There is no end to the range of susceptibility in children to impressions from this source; and all the chords of feeling, and impulse, pathos and humor, seem waiting to be played upon. Instead of needing to be laboriously taught to pass from one mental stage to another, they go by alternations as easy as if change were a necessity of nature and not the work of the striving will.

Our books for children should conform to this great law and grade from grave to gay, from gentle to severe as is the way of all high literature. These books should be truthful as well as interesting; they should also be true to American ideas. We should also demand that our children be taught to regard American principles, (so far as good), as matters of course, and their books should take these principles for granted and illustrate them with all possible interest and power. Children should be trained in the belief that here, the opportunities for education, labor, enterprise, freedom and influence are to be thrown open to all alike.

Playfulness does not require the sacrifice of good sense or sound principle or serious purpose, but subjects them to certain conditions; and there is no form in which exalted characters or sacred truths are brought home more effectually to the hearts of the young than in the stories that make life speak for itself, and play them into the affections and fancy; but

it does require that the laws of attention and emotion, the unities and varieties of aesthetic art, shall be observed.

We believe in dynamic reading, if we may so use the term; and wish to make a decided point of this, that books are a *curse if they merely excite the sensibilities and stimulate the nerves, but do not stir the muscles, quicken the will, and set the hand and foot to work under the promptings of a cheerful heart.*

Undoubtedly many children read too much and pay a heavy penalty in the loss of vital forces; but the best books are good tonics and are as refreshing and strengthening as sunshine and salt water. Let us encourage this tonic quality in our literature for children, and favor as much of sound muscular morality and religion, as stories of adventure, sketches of sports, hints of exercise and health, with all manner of winning illustrations, can give.

All moving forces, whether domestic, social, or religious, reach children most effectually through personal influence; not only do they imitate the examples, but they seem to imbibe the spirit of their associates or teachers. Hence the importance of having our best people write for children. The young readers may not take in the whole of the influence consciously at once, but they are more receptive than they know and take in the grace of refined manner and pure culture without being aware of the fact at the time.

Men and women are but grown up children and probably owe more to the books they read than they, at first thought, would be willing to admit. In after years we may re-read critically, a book which in former years we had thought teemed with rich gems, and we are surprised to see how it changes in its proportions. It loses in those parts which have been pre-eminent in our memory and increases in other parts scarcely noticed before.

Let us be careful to not treat with too much carelessness the things we have outgrown. Before we go on it is well that we appreciate what we leave behind, and to see how the intellectual abodes we are leaving may still be to others a store-house of knowledge and pleasure.

*Spiceland, Ind.*



#### A QUIZ ON LEGAL TERMS.

1. What is a writ of mandamus?
2. What is a replevin action?
3. What is a statute of limitations?
4. What is a caveat?
5. What is the meaning of *nolle prosequi*?
6. What is a writ of habeas corpus?
7. What is a demurrer?
8. What is compounding a felony?

Most of the above legal terms refer to common events in every neighborhood.

# The Benefits of Hard Times

Paul Mohler

WE are not looking for any very hard times in the near future; and perhaps we shall never see them, but we are going to come near enough to it that we can afford to do some serious thinking. I think there are some special advantages to the whole country in a period of hard times, that are likely to be overlooked in our dread of its inconveniences.

To understand the benefits of hard times, it is necessary to consider the drawbacks to a prolonged period of good times. Strange as it may seem, these are quite pronounced. As a matter of fact, it is true that a period of hard times not only follows a period of prosperity, but is in a great measure caused by that prosperity.

When seasons are favorable, and crops grow well for some years in succession, farmers grow careless in their methods of farming. The odd corners that are hard to cultivate are left to the weeds. Manure is left to waste. Plowing, cultivating and harvesting of crops are carelessly done. All this tends to poverty of the worst kind—a shortage of food supplies.

When iron, and coal, and cotton and wool are plentiful and the people have plenty of money with which to buy, they become wasteful of all that they use. Machinery, clothing, and indeed all articles that they use, are cast aside while they are yet new. At the present time, in any prosperous farming community, you can see machines of the most expensive type that have been discarded for new ones of the same kind, when a few dollars and a little time would have put them in good repair. Many a farmer's profits are lying around in half worn out machinery. Many a laboring man's wages have gone to the rag bag in half worn out clothing. These things all tend to poverty.

When work is plentiful and wages are good, men grow indolent. When two days of work will buy board for a week; when a week of work will earn a suit of fine clothes; and when the loss of one job means the chance to get a better one, many workingmen become idlers. During the harvest season of 1907, there were men standing idle in Cando because they couldn't get \$3.00 per day and board for the kind of work they were willing to do. By this time, I am safe in saying that their poverty has overtaken them.

When young men find vast hoards of wealth awaiting their hands; when the wealth piled up by many hands is given to one man to spend; when the forces of production seem to be so well organized that wealth shall go on increasing for the captains of industry—then rich men grow reckless in their extravagances. Fortunes are spent for jewels, at gambling tables, and in riotous living. Other men with less money catch

the fever, which spreads even to the poor mechanic; until the whole population is caught in a great epidemic of profligacy. Surely poverty is near such a condition.

In contrast to good times, hard times produce wealth. There is nothing that teaches a farmer his business so quickly as a few crop failures. Men soon learn under the spur of necessity to use all of their land and to increase its fertility, as well as to save all that it produces. All the people economize; laboring men work steadily; even rich men's sons go to work, and the inventive genius of the entire nation is set to the great task of making the most out of a little.

Do you know when the railroads began using the larger freight cars? It was in the nineties, when many of them were in the hands of receivers. Do you know when North Dakota was claimed by the homesteader? It was during the same period, when a renter in the Eastern States could not raise enough on the land to pay his rent. Do you know when Kansas awoke to the value of alfalfa? It was when her other crops had dried out. Who knows what a period of hard times might teach us now?

The moral advantages of hard times are still more evident. When times are good, there is the worst kind of idleness—rich idleness. Thousands of our best and strongest young men and women waste their lives in riotous living because they are rich.

Thousands of our strongest young men sink in iniquity because their money put them "in the swim." There is nothing better for the average young man than work, and it takes hard times to bring him to it. When hard times put our idle young men to work, it is a blessing to our nation that can hardly be estimated.

It is hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Where his treasure is, there is his heart also. It is hard for the average man to hunger after righteousness with his pocket full of money. Consequently in periods of great prosperity, there is generally a weakening of spiritual life. This was true in the times of Israel's kings, and it is true yet. We have not had much hard times, yet; but already it seems to me that an unusual number of conversions are being reported. When earthly treasures fade away, men turn to the heavenly. If industrial depression, financial stringency, or even crop failures, could end the spiritual apathy that seems to possess the American people, what a glorious thing for our nation it would be!

Perhaps the recent panic, and the present industrial condition will be lesson enough for the present. Perhaps we can correct the evils of our prosperity without



losing it; but let us be assured, and at the same time thankful, that if it becomes necessary for the salvation and blessing of his people that hard times should come, God, our loving Heavenly Father, can very easily bring them.

*Cando, N. Dak.*



### HOURS OF LABOR ON THE FARM.

BY D. Z. ANGLE.

IT is probably true that a great many farmers make their days for labor too long, and their nights for rest and recreation too short to maintain a proper equilibrium of health, comfort and happiness for themselves and the other members of their households. Such persistent application to everyday work often seems necessary, especially at certain seasons of the year, and, of course, every farmer has the right and privilege to run his affairs and direct his operations as he sees fit. Nevertheless, we consider that he is proceeding to his own detriment, if he works himself or members of his family, or hired help, up to, or beyond, the limit of endurance.

What benefit or satisfaction is the wealth of corn, oats, wheat, or gold, when it is obtained at the cost of human health, or life itself? The railroads sometimes pay \$5,000 compensation for a life lost through them. The average farmer would probably require from five to ten years to make that amount on his farm. Then why should he risk on one crop, or even in one day what it would take him, if he lived, many years to produce? We consider the farmer's life to be worth as much as the life of any other person. He is the support of his family, the subduer of the wilderness; the artist of the soil; the mechanic, whose greatest feat is to produce abundantly the golden grain; the banker, whose capital lies hidden in the humus-laden richness of his carefully tilled acres. He is, in fact, the backbone of the nation, and without him no nation can exist. In order to be all this he must labor. But because he is his own boss he need be neither an idler nor a slave to work. Reason should teach him to labor temperately, so as to conserve his health as well as to earn his bread. Men differ greatly as to their individual limits of endurance. An amount of labor that would gradually kill one man, might be performed easily and without dangerous results by another man, but because one can stand long hours of severe labor should not convince him that his young son can stand such great strain without serious consequences. The son may live through it, but meantime acquire so great an aversion to farm-life as to choose some other calling as soon as he has a chance to do so. Usually a boy will not hurt himself working, and should be kept well employed at tasks suited to his strength, and as a means of directing his mind from mischief to useful employment.

Farming is one of the most ennobling and substantial occupations of man, and as such, should be impressed by parents, by word and deed, upon their children's minds, who will then grow up with an intelligent faith, confident of abundant success as a tiller of the soil. They will heed the sayings of the wise man, who said "haste not to be rich," but will proceed to labor moderately and persistently, satisfied with moderate income, to be used discreetly in living the simple, honest life. They will have a desire to be away from the hustle and bustle, hurry and worry, uncertain income and certain distractions of the gilded city.

We believe ten hours each day long enough for any farmer to work in his fields. Probably nine hours are nearer the limit of the average man's strength. Work diligently, but moderately. Exercise temperance in all things pertaining to life's duties and pleasures, and we will have the assurance of the realization of a prosperous, happy and long life,—a life filled with kind acts and the loving assistance of those about us.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*



Woman's suffrage is gaining ground rapidly in the British Empire,—Canada being the last country to show decided interest in the question. New Zealand and Australia have agitated this movement for several years, while in other nations of the world, woman seems to be in the ascendancy. Finland has had woman's suffrage for a number of years. Women are preparing themselves for a national movement in this country at an early date.



### HEALTH CULTURE PSYCHOLOGY.

Habit is as strong as the law of gravitation. Aspirations to be good, or great, or strong, or beautiful, or healthy, fall back to the dead level of habit.

Habit trails its chain back to the sun. Its links are forged every day, every moment; and the ever-struggling soul of man toils on, making chains for himself and his progeny.

Freedom, liberty, are ideals toward which the race blindly stumble. Here and there a liberator arises and a link is broken, but no sooner riven than it is welded again by the faithless and the fearful.

Habit is the working of the law in us, in our minds and bodies; and in this law we are bound, with but one power to set us free.

Each individual has a will and that individual will may or may not seek the freedom from slavery to habit's chain.

He who seeks truth finds freedom; even in the seeking, "for the truth shall set you free." Only the spirit finds freedom, and then it chooses servitude for others.—Health Culture.



### HER PROUD MOMENTS.

Overheard during a conversation in which a flag-carrying woman suffragist took part:

Suffragist.—The proudest moment of my life was when I was passenger on an American liner and fell overboard.

Friend.—The proudest moment; but how do you mean?

Suffragist.—A sailor called out, "Man overboard."

## SOME THOUGHTS ON THE DIET QUESTION.

First and foremost, what is food? The answer may be succinctly stated in a few words: those substances which tend to nourish the body and replace the waste. But the matter, at the present time, seems to have resolved itself into a meat diet versus vegetarianism, and much valuable time and gray matter is wasted in practically fruitless discussions as to the merits of the products of the different kingdoms. Yet there are some food elements that seem to be invariably overlooked by the food theorists, although they are of vital importance, and the purpose of this article is to briefly consider one or two of them. Air is one of the most important elements upon which mankind subsists. Few people regard air as a food; but the important fact that more space is devoted to the handling of oxygen in the human body than any other element, is ample proof of the importance attached to it by Mother Nature. We have lately been treated to a fasting tournament, that affords ample proof of the impunity with which the body can disregard solid food; but the length of time the body can exist without oxygen is measured by minutes, not by weeks. Another important fact in this connection is that more muscular action is involved in respiration than is demanded for handling any other food element, which affords additional proof of the importance of air in the dietary scheme. No matter from what source foods may be obtained, they are valueless to the human organism until thoroughly oxygenized. Many an athlete has died prematurely because the lung capacity did not keep pace with the increased demand for oxygen created by muscular development.

Of all the liquid foods, water is by far the most important, and is in addition one of the greatest of natural tonics. It is the only substance known that has the power of permeating all tissues, yet without producing any untoward effects. Few people imbibe sufficient of this important food daily. Not many people realize that the body consists (approximately) of eighty per cent of water, the balance representing the organic elements and the inorganic salts. Hence, in health, from five to six pints of water should be consumed daily to offset the amount daily excreted by the skin, the kidneys and the lungs, while in all febrile or wasting conditions, this amount should be doubled. It should be stated that pure, soft water is the only kind that should ever be taken into the system, after maturity is reached. Water contains a variety of mineral substances, usually, which entail a great amount of labor on the organs that are compelled to handle them, and unless the eliminative functions are exceedingly active, these substances are deposited by the blood on the arterial walls, inducing sclerosis.

Next in importance of food elements are the mineral matters, known as the inorganic salts. Although in the average human being they only amount to between seven and eight pounds, yet they are absolutely essential to life. Deprived of them, man could not exist a month. Most of these mineral substances are contained in the bones. Iron and phosphorus play an important part in the human economy, especially the latter, as it is indispensable to cell activity, and, besides, plays a prominent part in nerve structure. Thus we see that some of the most important food elements are those of which no cognizance is taken by the average declaimer on dietetics. The main thing to be considered in connection with food substances is their nutritive value. Many people, having heard the body compared to a steam engine, and food as fuel, jump to the conclusion that it is only necessary to pile in fuel (food) in unlimited quantity to secure the de-

sired result. A little reflection, however, or a few minutes' conversation with a practical engineer would convince them of their error. The amount of energy generated in an engine is not so much a question of quantity of fuel, as of quality, and the same is true of the human body, perfect combustion being the end desired in both instances.

The Biblical tradition, that man was formed from the dust of the earth, is undoubtedly true, in so far as that all the elements composing him came from the earth originally, while his sustenance depends upon the products of the earth, either directly or indirectly obtained. The natural deduction from this would be that all foods furnished directly from the earth would be more likely to contain the ingredients necessary to support life. This is partly substantiated by the fact that wheat (a direct earth product) is known to be one of the most perfectly balanced foods, containing in their proper proportion all the elements necessary to sustain life. Few people today seriously maintain that meat is an essential to existence; but the various methods employed in its preparation make it exceedingly palatable, and transmitted appetite is largely responsible for the hold that it has upon a large proportion of the earth's population. It is claimed that all food material taken directly from the earth, contains from twenty-five to forty-three per cent more refuse material than that indirectly obtained, which should be a conclusive argument in favor of the latter variety, considering the amount of physical energy thus wasted in the elimination of the refuse material. The question whether food should be eaten cooked or uncooked is exciting considerable attention at present, and while we admit that modern cooking leaves much to be desired, inasmuch as the methods employed frequently destroy much of its nutritive value, yet there are many edible substances which, in an uncooked state, are not adapted to the human stomach. It has never been demonstrated that cooking causes any damage to foods, and therefore it would seem the part of prudence to retain cooking. Of course, there are a number of foods, such as fruits, nuts and various salads, which are preferably eaten uncooked; but we believe that a reasonable proportion of these foods, eaten in conjunction with the others, would completely offset the (possible?) prejudicial effects of cooking.—Health.



## GETTING OUR FILL.

ONE time, after we had spent several years in college, we got tired of listening to self-made preachers every Sunday and common-sense people all week, so we took the train and went to hear a preacher of the highest world-wide fame. We wanted truth, sincerely given. We had no use for anything but truth applied to real life. After hearing this famous metropolitan preacher a few times, we went back home satisfied and willing to listen to the old self-made preachers, who had intuitively and purposely collected and refined a greater amount of soul-food than had the wonderful preacher from abroad.

Again, we say, learn to discern the truth, and rightly estimate its value, whether it comes from a pauper, a king, a noted teacher or just from your father and mother.

The INGLENOOK is after the truth.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### WHERE DID YOU GET IT, GENTLEMEN?

Perhaps we shall understand more clearly the difference between flat-dweller and palace-builder if we consider impartially the history of a very successful and in some ways a typical instance of the centralizing of capital, the American Tobacco Trust.

This institution dates back to 1890, and really owes its existence to the growth of the cigarette habit that infected this country after the Centennial Exposition of 1876, when the cigarette was obligingly exhibited to us by some of our admired foreign visitors. By 1885 many houses were engaged in supplying the rapidly growing demand. These houses competed—and, in the end, extravagantly, so that none of them could make money. Five of the leading cigarette-making firms, to wit: W. Duke, Sons & Co., of Durham, N. C.; Allen & Ginter, of Richmond; Goodwin & Co., and the Kinney Tobacco Company, of New York; W. S. Kimball & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., and Oxford, N. C., met in New York in January, 1890, to consider ways of limiting competition, and stumbled upon a plan of organization, modeled upon a hundred other such combinations then and now in existence. This American Tobacco Company was launched (congenially) in New Jersey, where it put to sea January 31, 1890. Capital, \$25,000,000; assets, chiefly speculative and paper; investment, nothing,—literally nothing, for the men that formed the company did not contribute one cent of money to it.

The Trust was engaged in suppressing its competitors. Any dealer that would not help its cause it could practically ruin by refusing to sell him the goods he must have. In December, 1895, after a meeting of the directors of the American Tobacco Company, it was announced to the public that, owing to the unsatisfactory condition of the business, the usual semi-annual dividend must needs be passed. Instantly, down crashed the stock, the price declining in a few days from 117 to 63. When the stock would decline no more, the men on the inside loaded up with all of the stock they could get—at bottom prices. Soon after, the directors met and declared a cash dividend of twenty per cent and a scrip (watered stock) dividend of another twenty per cent. At this astounding news, the stock rose with a bound. Up and up it went among the stars, flying higher day by day. When it hovered at 180 or thereabouts, the men on the inside unloaded the stock they had bought at 63 and reaped large profits.

There were still left many strong competitors that would not surrender to either force or allurements, and most prominent among them was the great Liggett & Myers firm of St. Louis. Liggett & Myers had a brand of plug tobacco called "Star," which was very popular. To oppose this the Trust put forth a brand called "Battle Axe," and to push "Battle Axe" into favor and oust the "Star" the Trust lost \$1,000,000 a year. The president of the American Tobacco Company and the originator of the brilliant "Battle Axe" idea was J. B. Duke. The treasurer was George Arents, of the brokerage firm of

Arents & Young, Wall Street. Early in 1898 James R. Keene gathered certain facts in regard to the company's business and politics, and concluded that the losses had been great and unnecessary, and that if the \$1,000,000 a year "Battle Axe" drain were eliminated and the enterprise put upon a straight business basis the company could water its stock to the extent of doubling its capitalization and could still make ten per cent dividends.

### "Standard Oil" Slips In.

Mr. Keene brought in to help him Oliver H. Payne, of the Standard Oil crowd, who was William C. Whitney's brother-in-law; Herbert C. Terrell, afterward confidential attorney for the president of the Sugar Trust; and Moore & Schley. It was just before the Spanish-American War, and the whole market was depressed. Mr. Keene and his associates went quietly at their work, and so adroitly gathered in the stock that the men on the inside of the company's affairs never suspected what was happening. When the books closed and the happy gentlemen suddenly awoke to find themselves defeated and menaced with the imminent loss of their ship, the price of common stock roamed as high as \$800 for 100 shares over night—that is, for the leasing of stock for election purposes.

The Keene associates got the bulk of their stock at about 90. Their purpose was to put it up to 200 and then issue the water. Keene soon declared that some one in the Moore & Schley end of the compact was secretly selling his stock at 150 instead of holding it until it should reach 200, which was the agreement. Of course so long as insiders let their stock go at 150, it was useless to talk of putting the thing above that figure. Keene accused Moore & Schley and was in turn charged with treachery. In the end Keene threw over the whole venture. Within two days he sold all his tobacco stock for what he could get, from 147¾ down to 132½, clearing about \$1,250,000, but missing the monstrous harvests that he had expected from the stock-watering. He was out, but Payne and the Standard Oil crowd were in and stayed in, and that is where Standard Oil influence in the Tobacco Trust began. Payne had snapped up most of Keene's stock.

The capitalization of American Tobacco was doubled. Pretty soon it was still further increased. The Continental Tobacco Company was organized too and in all the plug-tobacco manufactories, except Liggett & Myers, who absolutely refused to ship under Captain Duke, various devices were adopted to swell still further the enormous capitalization without seeming to increase it, devices like the subsidiary company and the holding company. The American Snuff Company was formed to establish a monopoly in the snuff business, and the American Cigar Company to monopolize cigar-making. Every time the capital was increased, a heavier tribute was imposed upon retailer and consumer. After some years it occurred to the gentlemen in actual charge of the Trust that one source of profit had been overlooked, and thereafter the tobacco producer began to feel a steady contraction of his market and a decline of the prices that he obtained.

Meantime, Mr. Ryan and his friends had noted well the progress of the Tobacco Trust, and at the beginning of 1899 they seem to have thought that the time had come for them to participate in this good thing. Accordingly, they organized the Union Tobacco Company of New Jersey. Old friends of ours appear in the list of incorporators—Thomas F. Ryan, P. A. B. Widener, W. L. Elkins, Thomas Dolan, and R. A. C. Smith, and with gratification we may observe that the new enterprise had the sage advice and directing counsel of Elihu Root, now Secretary of State of this nation, then confidential adviser of Thomas F. Ryan.

The capital stock of the Union Tobacco Company was \$10,000,000, of which, kindly note, only \$1,350,000 was ever paid for. The news of its forming occasioned many painful moments on board Captain Duke's ship. The navigators there easily foresaw trouble. Mr. Ryan and his friends quickly found the talent necessary to embark on a large scale in the cigarette and tobacco business. Among the experienced men that they secured was William H. Butler, who had been vice-president of the American Tobacco Company and the originator of the "Sweet Caporal" cigarette. It was evident, therefore, that the Union Tobacco Company was equipped for formidable rivalry. Besides, the making and selling of tobacco was only a part of the business of the American Tobacco Company. Manufacturing was a good cover to the issuing and manipulating of securities from which the bulk of the great profits were derived, and the men in the Duke party knew very well that in the issuing and manipulating of securities the Ryan-Widener-Elkins-Root syndicate had no equals in this world; also that to such experts \$10,000,000 of capital was as good a foundation as \$100,000,000. A still greater danger lay in the proved and unequalled power of the Ryan party to influence legislation and manipulate government—a matter of the first importance to the Trust's welfare. The first moves by the Union Tobacco Company were very disconcerting. It began by operating on a bold and big scale the institution known as the subsidiary company, and showed the Duke party how much had been overlooked concerning that device. The exact method by which the subsidiary company device is worked I can show best by relating a particular instance. One of the firms that had remained outside of the Trust and continued to fight it was W. T. Blackwell & Co., of Durham, N. C., makers of smoking tobacco. The Ryan-Widener-Root syndicate bought out W. T. Blackwell & Co., for \$2,300,000. They then formed the Blackwell Tobacco Company as a subsidiary concern of the Union Tobacco Company and capitalized it at \$9,000,000. They then sold to the public at par \$6,800,000 of this stock, retaining the rest for their own purposes. The net result of this transaction was that they had secured a profit of \$4,500,000 in cash and yet had \$2,200,000 in stock. Why should any man be poor?

These operations caused additional misery to Captain Duke and his friends. In making of something out of nothing they had been enormously successful, and yet, it must be admitted, in a crude and blundering way. Opposed to them were men that had been all their lives engaged in making something from nothing and had shown in the process both finesse and industry. From the Duke ship the outlook seemed stormy indeed. Meanwhile the Ryan-Root syndicate proclaimed that it purposed to press resolutely ahead and to compete vigorously in every department of the tobacco trade. With hand upon heart, so to speak, it declared to the public that its one dear object was to combat monopoly. Before the agonized gaze of

the retail trader, groaning and sweating under the screws of the Trust, the coming of the new company was a joy unspeakable. To the persecuted consumer, who for some years had been noticing a decline in the quality of his tobacco, there showed at last a promise of relief and fair treatment. For six months or less the gentlemen on Captain Duke's quarter-deck looked into the muzzle of the pistol held by the syndicate. Then they offered to surrender. What did the syndicate want? Well, it wanted to be bought. For how much? \$10,000,000 and the control of the Trust ship. That was all. The terms were hard, but there was no other way out of the situation. A battle with the syndicate would have sunk the ship and all on board. There were too many and too big guns involved. So the Duke party agreed to the terms. They issued \$35,000,000 of additional American Tobacco stock, paid \$10,000,000 for the paper-fed Union Tobacco Company, bought the subsidiary companies that the Union gentlemen had organized, and while Captain Duke still stood at the wheel and issued orders, the new crowd studied the charts below and laid the course, and that new crowd was composed of Mr. Ryan and his friends. Probably their most remarkable achievement was their performance with Liggett & Myers. The attempted Keene mutiny had revealed the fact that Liggett & Myers would join a combination, or sell to one, opposed to the American. The Ryan-Root-Widener syndicate, acting on this hint, made up a pool of \$200,000 and with it secured an option for sixty days to purchase the Liggett & Myers business at \$11,000,000. Before the sixty days expired the American had capitulated to the Union. Thereupon the syndicate compelled the American to purchase of it the Liggett & Myers business at \$18,000,000, thereby netting a profit of \$6,800,000 on an expenditure of \$200,000.

#### \$19,000,000 in Six Months.

The profits of the syndicate in its Union Tobacco deal were stupendous. It put into the venture \$1,350,000. Besides securing control of one of the greatest profit-makers in the world, the syndicate cleared:

|                                       |              |
|---------------------------------------|--------------|
| On the Blackwell deal .....           | \$4,500,000  |
| On the Liggett & Myers deal .....     | 6,800,000    |
| On the sale of Union Tobacco Co. .... | 8,650,000    |
| Total, .....                          | \$19,950,000 |

This in less than six months, without making anything, selling anything, or developing anything; and also without effort, risk, or expenditure, except for options and the issuing of fictitious stock. No sooner was this pleasant affair concluded than the new directors of the ship began some dizzy evolutions on a broader sea.

The subsidiary company organized to control the plug trade and fight Liggett & Myers had been called the Continental Tobacco concern. It was floated in New Jersey, December 9, 1898, with \$75,000,000 capital stock, half common and half preferred, of which there was issued \$31,145,000 of preferred and \$31,146,500 of common. Its business was unsatisfactory because of the cost of fighting the firms still outside the Trust and because it was monstrously overcapitalized to start with, so that its net earnings for 1899 were only \$2,032,756, and it paid only three per cent on the preferred and nothing on the common.

The new interests in the American Tobacco Company had very good friends in Washington, for one of the remarkable features of the Ryan syndicate is the close relations it has always managed to maintain with government—city, state, and national. Of its many friends in



Washington the best seem to have been in and about the Finance Committee of the Senate, where all these matters of the revenue duties would be determined. Afterward it was learned that Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, held \$1,000,000 of tobacco stock. Very likely, therefore, he was not among the deadly or implacable enemies of the Trust. Senator Aldrich was chairman of the Finance Committee. Two other members of the Senate were also holders of tobacco stock. Very likely, too, these gentlemen were not wholly inimical to the Trust. In secret sessions the Finance Committee of the Senate determined to reduce the tobacco tax to the peace basis. It also determined to make in the revenue laws certain changes that would be greatly to the benefit of the Trust and to the disadvantage of the Trust's competitors. These were changes (difficult to make clear in this limited space) in the restrictions governing the sizes of packages, changes that had the effect of enabling the Trust to undersell makers of brands then on the market by offering larger packages for the same price.

Knowledge of these impending changes was kept a profound secret—except from the men that controlled the Trust. Immediately these men went into the market and bought all the Continental stock they could find. When they began to buy it was quoted at 12 and was inert. Unluckily, the time was short and they had no chance to work the device by which a man buys while he pretends to sell and thus keeps the price from rising. The gentlemen were compelled, for once, to buy outright, and after a time the stock began to feel the effects. The price rose to 17, 18, 20, 22,—but not before, at bottom prices, the gentlemen had secured vast loads of it.

#### A Great Something for Nothing.

They then prepared a new issue of Continental Tobacco Company bonds bearing five per cent interest. These bonds, they arranged, should be exchangeable for Continental stock. When all this was ready, out came the news from Washington that the revenue duties were to be reduced, and up bounded the prices of all tobacco stocks. But the gentlemen that managed the Trust had secured theirs beforehand, and they now proceeded to exchange the stock they had secured at 12 and thereabouts for bonds at 70, an operation in which they cleared about \$15,000,000.

Meantime, the capital stock of the American Tobacco Company, which had been \$25,000,000 in 1890, was nominally \$68,500,000 in 1900 and with the subsidiary and other companies amounted to \$200,000,000 and more. With every desire to be temperate and fair, I am obliged to say that, so far as I can discover, the creating of this colossal something from nothing had involved no risk, no effort, little or no investment, no development of any industry, no economic equivalent, and no higher type of mentality than controls the simplest operation of the smallest country store. Nor have we, by any means, seen the last of this easy fortune-making. In June, 1901, the gentlemen in control, under the pretense of extending to foreign and less favored lands the blessings of the trust principle, formed a new concern, the Consolidated Tobacco Company, and of course out came a new flood of water. The capital stock of the Consolidated Tobacco Company was \$40,000,000, and it issued \$157,378,200 of four per cent bonds, making its total capitalization nearly \$200,000,000. With these fresh tokens of something from nothing it took over the American and the Continental, giving \$100 in four per cent bonds for every \$50 of American and \$100 in four per cent bonds for every \$100 of Continental. The public tolerance being not yet exhaust-

ed, the same old game was worked again on these issues, and again the insiders, having knowledge of what was toward, picked up Continental stock in advance and added further millions to their vast hoards.

On September 9, 1904, there appeared a new American Tobacco Company, which, with another flood of water, took over the Consolidated, the Continental, the old American, and all the rest of the outfit, and again multiplied the capitalization on which the country must furnish the profits. At the present time, the total capitalization of the whole enterprise, including the dummy, subsidiary, fraudulent, decoy, alias, stool-pigeon, and other companies is about \$500,000,000, all created from \$25,000,000 of speculative and paper assets put together by Captain Duke and his friends in 1890.

As an indication of how the thing has grown, I quote figures from the American Tobacco Company alone, showing, nine years' expansion:

| Balance-Sheet Liabilities           |                |                |
|-------------------------------------|----------------|----------------|
|                                     | Dec. 31, 1897. | Dec. 31, 1906. |
| Preferred stock .....               | \$11,935,000   | \$78,689,100   |
| Common stock .....                  | 17,900,000     | 40,242,400     |
| Scrip .....                         | 3,762,340      |                |
| Six per cent bonds .....            |                | 55,208,350     |
| Four per cent bonds .....           |                | 61,052,100     |
| Profit and loss surplus .....       | 7,447,849      | 30,353,888     |
| All balance-sheet liabilities ..... | 42,289,236     | 278,628,564    |

| Balance-Sheet Assets.                      |              |             |
|--------------------------------------------|--------------|-------------|
|                                            |              |             |
| Real estate, etc. ....                     | \$ 4,009,143 | \$          |
| Patents and good-will .....                | 24,867,263   | 123,331,600 |
| Leaf tobacco and manufacturing goods ..... | 8,591,777    | 31,187,814  |
| Stock of foreign companies .....           | 1,264,655    | 21,495,085  |
| Stock of other companies .....             |              | 70,451,549  |
| Cash .....                                 | 1,538,751    | 5,163,965   |
| Bills receivable .....                     | 2,017,645    | 26,998,551  |

As for the producer, that is a still more melancholy story. From time immemorial tobacco leaf had been sold in the tobacco-raising regions at the free competition of buyers. There was never any quoted price for tobacco as there is for wheat or cotton, but the farmers brought their tobacco to market and the buyers were wont to bid for it. The Trust has changed all this, for now in a great part of the tobacco region there is but one buyer. The Trust makes the price what it pleases, and the farmer must accept this price or take his tobacco home again. Under the operation of this system, such tobacco as for years had brought in a free and open market six to eight cents a pound sells for three cents a pound or less. The land that had formerly produced \$75 to \$200 an acre now yields less than half of its former returns, and a distinguished Kentuckian has calculated that in his state, because of the operation of the Trust, the returns to the tobacco farmer are less than twenty cents a day for his labor.

In four of the countries of Europe—France, Italy, Austria, and Spain—tobacco is a government business, and these four governments buy in the United States every year about one million pounds of tobacco. The Trust arranged with the buyers for these governments that they should have a certain fixed territory in the South in which they might buy without opposition, provided they should buy nothing outside of that territory. When this arrangement was made it destroyed the last chance of competition, and gave over the producer bound to his despoiler. Against these conditions the farmers of the South have protested to Congress, to the Department of Commerce and Labor, and to the courts, for every step in the Trust's proceedings has been wholly illegal and specifically prohibited. Yet the law has never been enforced upon this Trust, nor has the government until lately given it any greater heed than is involved in some feeble, perfunctory, and quickly abandoned inquiries.—Everybody's.



# Echoes from Everywhere

## GENERAL.

In 1860, Congress granted large tracts of swamp lands in the Chippewa Reservations to Minnesota. For some time past, an effort has been made to set aside this grant on the ground that the treaty of 1857 by which the state gained the land was invalid. Secretary Garfield has ruled that the title to the land is good. This land is worth at least \$1,000,000. The proceeds of the land sales will go to the schools and state institutions.

An effort is being made to secure national aid to drain large tracts of swamp land belonging to Indians of Northern Minnesota. The land would have to be bought from the Indians and given to homesteaders who must pay the cost of the land and the drainage.

January is a busy month for Fargo, N. D. During the latter half, she has six big conventions: the Tri-State Grain and Stock Growers' Convention; the State Veterinarians; the North Dakota Live Stock Association; the State Horticultural Society; the North Dakota Poultry Association; and the North Dakota Independent Grain Shippers. The first named convention is the largest gathering of practical farmers in the United States. There are 2,000 delegates from Minnesota and the Dakotas. This is the eleventh session.

The lumber manufacturers of the west are being measured with their own meter. Last year, when prices of lumber were rising, shipments of lumber at low prices were delayed while orders which were taken later at higher prices, were being filled promptly. The delay in filling the low price orders was so great that it amounted to practical cancellation of orders. This year, since prices are falling, buyers are cancelling the high price orders in favor of low-price orders that come later. Manufacturers are not enjoying the change, and will endeavor to reach an understanding with the retail trade.

Representative Waldo has introduced a resolution in the House Committee of Foreign Affairs suggesting that the President intercede with the government of Russia for the liberation of the members of the Russian Duma now in prison or under duress within that country, and offer them an asylum in this country.

A chapel and school of the Southern Presbyterians was burned by Chinese rioters recently at Kia-hsing-fu, in the Province of Chekiang. The missionaries themselves are reported safe. In this particular district there have, for some time past, been indications of a renewal of the Boxer troubles, altho hitherto the movement had been directed against the present government rather than against foreigners.

When on Christmas Day the officers of the Minnesota gave a reception to the other officers of the fleet at Trini-

dad, almost the first thing the visitors saw was a board festooned with greens depending from the great 12-inch guns of the after turret, and inscribed with "Peace on earth; good will to men!" We do not usually think of such sentiments as current in the navy, but if the navy represents present civilization and not ancient barbarism, they certainly ought to be.

The number of immigrants arriving at New York during the first half of January was only a trifle over half of the number which arrived during January last year. The number of people leaving New York in the steerage in the first ten days of 1908 was two and a half times the number leaving in 1907. Commissioner Natchorn expects that immigration will be very small this year.

The correspondence school has hitherto limited itself to technical and secondary education. Now comes a correspondence college, whose teachers are to be university professors, giving instruction in Continental, European, English, and American history; civil government; English literature and composition, education and the history of the fine arts. The new institution will be known as the School of Liberal Arts and Sciences for Non-Residents. Among its Educational Council are Hamilton W. Mabie, of "The Outlook;" Albert Shaw, of "The Review of Reviews;" Talcott Williams, of "The Philadelphia Press;" Dr. George Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge; and Edwin D. Mead, of Boston. Among the instructors are George Burton Adams and Edward G. Bourne, Professors of History at Yale; Jeremiah W. Jenks, Professor of Political Economy at Cornell; John C. Van Dyke, Professor of Art History at Rutgers; Professors William Allen Neilson and Charles R. Nutter of the English Department at Harvard; and Professor Chester Noyes Greenough, of the University of Illinois.

An organization under the title of the Model License League has been formed in Louisville, Ky., with a membership of more than 300 brewing and distilling firms, for the purpose of combatting the prohibition movement by getting saloons to observe the law strictly and so conciliate public sentiment. The Model License League would have the penalty for the first violation of the law, on the part of a saloonkeeper, a suspension of his license for thirty days. For a second offense the license would be perpetually cancelled. In order to get the saloon out of politics the League, instead of having licenses renewed annually, would make the license practically a contract between the state and the saloonkeeper, the contract to be revocable only for cause and to be transferable. They would also limit the number of saloons to one in 500 of the population. Some states already have laws on this principle. In Massachusetts the number of saloons is limited to one in 1,000 of the population. The League's plan for the revocation of the saloonkeeper's license for a second offense against the law is a good one.



### FOREIGN.

When England launched her invulnerable Dreadnought battleship Germany was not slow to profit thereby and began building three monster battleships of the deadly kind which England first gave to the world. In order to keep Germany cowed and sensible of her weakness England is now building six more vessels of the Dreadnought type, and should Germany duplicate this number it is evident that England would double her challenge again as she has just done. The present elaborate preparation for war is alarming and senseless.

Things seem to be going smoothly at Panama. Colonel Goethals reports that last month, for the first time, there was more labor obtainable than could be employed. There are now 30,000 men on the pay roll. None of the common laborers are Americans. They are all either whites from Southern Europe, or West Indian negroes. A spaniard on the average, according to Colonel Goethal, does about twice as much work as a negro. The total cost of construction he puts at \$250,000,000. Besides that we had to pay \$40,000,000 for the French rights to the old works.

President Roosevelt has decreed that United States intervention in Cuba shall cease within his term of office. He is anxious to demonstrate to the world that our help in Cuba is friendly and not prompted by avarice, or greed of power. His conclusion is commendable. We lose our original character when we imbibe the warlike spirit of Europe and hunt every opportunity for domineering over a weaker nation.

### FOUR YEARS' COURT PROCEEDINGS OVER AN INCUBATOR BABY.

Topeka, Kans., Feb. 1, 1908.—At the World's Fair in St. Louis, four years ago, a sickly infant was exhibited in an incubator. The mother was not expected to live and the baby seemed too tiny to ever grow to maturity, so that poor, sick mother was induced to sign her offspring away to a Mrs. Barclay, who had charge of an incubator display at the fair.

In a short time the mother in Topeka and the babe in the incubator in St. Louis, both began to improve and finally regained normal health. Then a battle began about the baby. Mrs. Bleakley, the real mother, wanted her offspring, but Mrs. Barclay had the infant legally assigned to her and her affections had centered in the tiny incubator baby besides. The lower courts confirmed the legal assignment of the baby, but friends of Mrs. Bleakley spirited the child away from the Barclay home and returned it to Mrs. Bleakley. The Supreme Court of Kansas, has recently awarded the child to its real mother.

The sympathy of the people are with the mother, who, in her feeble condition, was induced to give her baby away.

### TOBACCO WAR IN KENTUCKY.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Feb. 1, 1908.—The situation in the tobacco districts of Kentucky has been getting worse for two years. Ever since the great American Tobacco Company has gained control of the tobacco trade in the United States the tobacco raisers have been pinched more and more each year until the net profit per pound to the trust has become one-half as much as the farmer gets for his crop when sold. The farmers of Kentucky, where tobacco is extensively grown, effected a compact two years ago by which they aim to withhold their tobacco

from the buyers until a fair price is offered. A large part of the farmers have joined this association, and, in order to master the situation entirely, they are forcing the neutral farmers to join in with them by using foul means as well as fair. Last year the organized farmers destroyed the tobacco plants and crops of non-members, and burned the sheds in which the tobacco was hanging, but now they are torturing the body of those who will not join their association. Men are called out at night and lashed, others are tarred and feathered, while others are told to leave the country. By such means the local association is endeavoring to have every tobacco raiser join their union and hold their tobacco.

Since all of this terror is caused at night it is hard for the authorities to convict the perpetrators. What the outcome will be cannot be predicted.

### SECRETARY TAFT'S REPORT ON THE PHILIPPINES.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 28, 1908.—In his official report to Congress concerning the Philippines, Secretary Taft has advised retaining the islands and giving them a chance to learn the art of self-government under the tutoring care of Uncle Sam. He says, that had this government given the islands over to themselves a few years ago, their confusion and chaotic condition would have given some other nation a chance to come in and take perpetual control, while by our own care he thinks that in twenty years they will be ready to govern themselves. Schools, business methods, agriculture and industrial improvements all over the islands must be instituted and operated for them in order that the natives may obtain a knowledge of what civilized life and freedom demands.

If the Secretary's generous policy is adhered to, it is evident that the poor natives, who were ground down under Spanish rule, will be given a fair chance now to prove themselves worthy of a national independence.

The Secretary also advises replenishing the Catholic church in full for all the damage she sustained by the war and in having state aid withdrawn when the islands were transferred to the United States. Such a report has an evident tone of fairness and justice in it for all concerned.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 1, 1908.—The Supreme Court, of Pennsylvania, has declared the 2-cent railroad fare unconstitutional. Not much hope is left that the hasty act of last year will stand the test in any state. Railway employees are beginning to petition legislators in many states to repeal the law in the hope that their wages will be advanced to former prices. Test cases will be made by the railroads in other states, and the prediction is that the 2-cent legislation of last year will soon be a matter of ancient history.

### WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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## 1908 ALMANAC

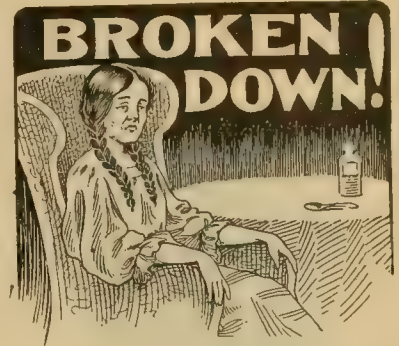
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On the International

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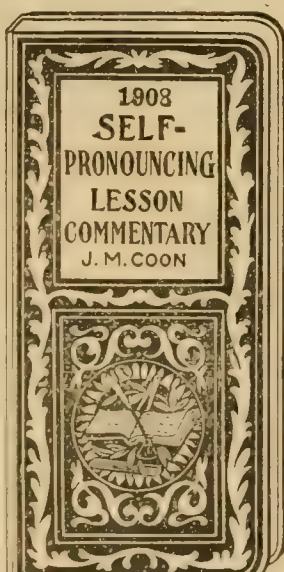
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# Echoes from the West

Messrs. D. C. Campbell and Isaiah Wheeler brought a party of thirteen to Butte Valley from the middle west on the 19th of January. They report that they will leave Chicago on March 3, with a large party to join a larger one from Duluth, Minn., in care of Mr. E. T. Merritt, at Omaha. A special rate of \$38.00 will be made. If any others are contemplating joining this party they should notify George McDonaugh, Omaha, Nebr.

A farmers' meeting was held on the 23rd, in Macdoel, for the purpose of discovering ways and means of procuring pure seed and grain, such as oats, wheat, barley, Canadian field peas, and other seeds. The farmers are to be commended for their efforts to prevent the invasion of obnoxious weeds. More than 5000 acres of sage brush is doomed to be laid low this spring, and farmers have been already plowing for five or six weeks.

Last week was a record breaker in bringing new settlers into Butte Valley. The gentlemen from the east are not the only immigration agents that are settling up the valley. Dr. W. S. Campbell is not a duly authorized agent of the Butte Valley Land Company, yet he presented to Mr. and Mrs. Phillips and Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and Mr. and Mrs. Messick, each a son, and these new arrivals promise to be permanent settlers in Butte Valley.

Brant Cook has just finished a fine barn, 40x40. Mr. Cook is a very energetic man and will set a pace that will be hard for some of the others to follow.

Mr. and Mrs. Arley Hayes have just moved into their new house.

Mr. Hubbard is now employed by H. E. Maust; Mr. Williams Ormsby is employed by Grant Cook; Mr. Preston Mine is employed at the sawmill of B. M. Snider and Sons. These parties are all new arrivals from the east. People who want work can get it.

D. M. Snider has made some splendid improvements on his sawmill, and will be able to furnish the people with seasoned lumber very soon.

Mr. Boyer, recently from Iowa, who is an experienced fruit man, is employed by M. D. Early in setting out a large commercial apple orchard on his farm near Macdoel. Mr. Boyer will also plant a similar orchard for Mr. H. F. Maust.

O. N. Moore shot a gray eagle, a few days ago, which measured 7 feet 5 inches from tip to tip.

The large camp of railroad employes, located in Macdoel, will soon complete their work and move toward Doris. The sound of the whistle of the locomotive will be heard in our streets in a few days.

A few days ago a small tract of land, adjoining Macdoel, exchanged hands at \$150.00 per acre.

Mr. Holzhauser, of Sams Neck, has been at Macdoel for the last few days superintending some work for the county.

Miss Margaret Rothenberger, recently from Mulberry, Indiana, has been employed as chief cook at Hotel Macdoel. The Hotel has been crowded to the limit for some time.

Mr. White of the Weed Lumber Company is in the Valley, and reports that arrangements have been completed to install a large lumber yard at Macdoel, as soon as the railroad is able to deliver the lumber. This will enable settlers to secure building material immediately.

N. R. Graves, of Elgin, Illinois, has opened a barber shop in Macdoel.

Mr. W. H. McDoel, president of the Monon Railroad, and president of the Butte Valley Land Company, as well, is expected in Macdoel in his private car just as quickly as the track is laid to our station.

**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.**

**Room 14, Central Arcade, Flood Bldg.**

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**



# A Common Trouble

"My watch doesn't keep time," is a common complaint which we hear in everyday life. The time-piece is either too fast or too slow or it stops going altogether. The usual remedy is sought. We rush it to the watch-maker and that worthy finds, on examination that one of the tiny, tiny wheels is clogged up by a wee speck of dust. That is the cause of the whole trouble. After the watch has been cleaned, it keeps correct time again.

We are not far out of the way when we compare the human body with its intricate mechanism to that wonderful creation of human skill—the watch. It will perform its functions regularly, only when all its parts are in perfect working order. The main spring, the heart, must beat regularly; the cog wheels, the kidneys, must not be clogged up with waste and refuse matter which the body seeks to throw off. In fact, all of its parts must work in natural harmony, then the watch, the human body, will also keep time and tick merrily the tune of health.

There are many ailments of the human body which, like the speck of dust in the watch, are looked upon as mere trifles but which exert a far-reaching effect on the human system. Take for instance such a common ailment as constipation. Very few people who are troubled with it, give it any serious thought and yet it is frequently the foundation of many serious ailments. Most people allow the trouble to run on until they are absolutely obliged to seek a remedy. They will take these so-called "cathartics" which are advertised at every corner, and learn, only too late, that these harsh, and forceful physics, are but augmenting the difficulty, if not creating a distinct disorder of the intestines. People should remember that there are any number of crude and violent drugs on the market that can be had at a few cents a pound, which, when taken, will evacuate the bowels, but no conscientious physician will recommend their use, as they are, even when administered in small doses, too severe and drastic. They are apt to cause injury by irritating the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestines.

Many people are troubled with constipation, even young children suffer from it, but it is more prevalent with people in advanced years, when the digestive secretions are less abundant. What is needed in such cases is a mild, yet invigorating remedy, which will tone and stimulate the digestive organs to natural activity in producing the necessary secretions. You would not think of taking your watch to a blacksmith when it is out of repair; why not, therefore, use care in selecting a remedy, when you are sick and ailing?

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer exerts a marked beneficial influence on the digestive organs. It is not a physic, but a gentle, soothing laxative and invigorator.

## THE DOCTOR SAW THE BOTTLE.

Salina, Kans., July 6, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Kindly send me another dozen bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** as soon as possible. Not having used the **Blood Vitalizer** personally I have heretofore not been able to say much about it. This spring, however, I became very sick and thought I would try the **Blood Vitalizer**. My children in the meantime were greatly alarmed at my condition and sent for the doctor of their own accord. When the doctor came he, of course, saw the bottle of **Blood Vitalizer**. I thought surely he would order me not to take it, but to my surprise he told me to take it regularly, as he had noticed its good effect on the blood. Now I am strong and well and can cheerfully recommend the **Blood Vitalizer** as the best remedy I know of.

Your obedient servant,

Mrs. Aug. Hedquist.

N. B.—It is gratifying to find, at times, physicians who are broad-minded enough to lift themselves above professional prejudice and recognize merit even in a plain household remedy.

## AN AGENT WRITES.

Garrett, Pa., June 28, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs, Everybody is using the **Blood Vitalizer** with

grand success. Mrs. Phinice of this place had spent over \$300.00 on doctors and medicines without help. I supplied the **Blood Vitalizer** to her and it cured her stomach trouble.

Mrs. Werner of Meyersdale was treated by three doctors without relief. She had rheumatism and kidney trouble. Three bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** cured her.

Mrs. Smith and son of Glencoe used it for the after-effects of typhoid fever. The **Blood Vitalizer** restored them. Mrs. Shrook of Meyersdale and Mrs. Herwig of Garrett used the **Blood Vitalizer** for neuralgia and La Grippe with splendid results. Mrs. Shoemaker of Fairhope used it for dropsy. Mrs. Haer and Mrs. Mitchell and others also used it with great success. We are enthusiastic over the results.

Yours truly,

Susan Christner.

## THEIR FATHERS USED IT.

Hartville, Ohio, Feb. 4, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: The last box of **Blood Vitalizer** went in a hurry; for that reason I am sending in a new order. I sold the last I had today. Please ship as soon as possible.

Everyone who has used the **Blood Vitalizer** says it is doing lots of good. They say they will not do without it in the house. I am getting many new customers, also some that used it twenty years ago. Their fathers kept it as a family medicine in their childhood days, and they say they have not forgotten it.

Yours very truly,

H. D. Brumbaugh.

For further testimonials and particulars regarding this old herb remedy, send for paper and pamphlet which is sent free to everybody. It tells the interesting narrative of its discovery over one hundred years ago. Remember, DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is not a drugstore medicine; not an article of commercial traffic. It is supplied to the people direct by specially appointed agents.

Address,

**Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co.**

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue

Chicago, Ill.

# RAISIN CITY COLONY

## Procrastination is the Thief of Time

Don't wait a year and then pay \$100 per acre for land that you can buy now at \$40.

Buy you a home in our "RAISIN CITY COLONY" and live happy in the land of SUNSHINE and FLOWERS.

Postoffice is established with A. W. Vaniman Postmaster. The Hotel is now completed and doing a prosperous business. Raisin City Lumber Company has a large stock of Lumber and is doing a flourishing business.

RAISIN CITY is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, 14 miles from Fresno, a city of 25,000.

### DAIRYING AND STOCK RAISING.

This land is especially adapted to dairying and stock raising as it is the home of the alfalfa.

### RAISINS, PEACHES AND FIGS.

Fresno County, in which RAISIN CITY is located is the greatest fruit producing county in the world, 80,000 acres in grapes.

### SOIL AND WATER.

The soil is a rich, sandy loam; the land is generally level and ready for the plow; and abundance of good water.

### PRICES AND TERMS.

We are selling the land at from \$25 to \$50 per acre on 4 years time at 6 per cent.

For descriptive folders and full information address

## CLINE-WALL REALTY COMPANY

210 Mercantile Place

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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## D. GENSINGER, THE LAND MAN, WENATCHEE, WASHINGTON

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(Continued from last week.)

Churches.—The same thing is true in the line of churches. It seemed very odd to us when we first attended the Brethren church at Sunnyslope (four miles north of Wenatchee) to see the number of people walking to church like in town. The Brethren there have a good, large house and they claim a membership of 128. A new church will be organized on the newly settled lands on the east side of the Columbia River in the spring. The East Wenatchee Land Company has donated the ground and we understand has agreed to contribute a considerable sum in cash to assist in building. This company (while their prices seem high to some) sell their land on such liberal terms that anyone with a little down money can buy and make the land pay out. They sell at \$250 per acre, one-fifth down, the balance on or before five years with 8 per cent interest. They have their land listed with all the real estate men in town. All are charged the same price. These prices for raw land, including perpetual water, seem to many extremely high, but if you will carefully consider what I have told you, and take your pencil and figure a little with me, you will see the price is not too high. Suppose you plant 80 apple trees to the acre, and at seven to eight years, if they will have had good care, they will yield ten boxes to the tree or 800 to the acre. At \$1.00 a box you have \$800. Now at one-half this amount for expenses of picking, packing, pruning, spraying, etc., and you still have \$400. This is 20 per cent on a valuation of \$2,000, 10 per cent on \$4,000, 5 per cent on \$8,000. Now suppose you get \$2.00 a box and you have 120 per cent (the second dollar is all net and counts 100 per cent.) At \$2.50 per box you would have 170 per cent profit on a valuation of \$2,000, 85 per cent on \$4,000, etc. Now it is a fact that these prices have been paid at our warehouses in the season of 1907 and it is also a fact that at Hood River, Oregon, \$3.25 was paid in 1906. Then it is also a fact that full grown trees frequently yield 20 to 60 boxes in a single season. With these facts and all the foregoing well understood, the price will not seem so high. Again, you can come right here and be thoroughly convinced that land has sold repeatedly for \$2,000 and upwards per acre, and that yields

of \$2,000 per acre are common. Then any investment that will pay 10 per cent is considered good, so we can reduce the above estimate and figures quite a bit and yet have a good proposition.

A Few Statements and Testimonials Showing What Has Been Done.—Our Brethren came here in 1903, bought sagebrush land at \$150, and recently one brother sold out for \$1,050 per acre. One brother holds his at \$2,000 per acre. Brother Penrod, of Iowa, came here in October, 1906, bought ten acres for \$10,500. Well, some thought he was losing his mind, but in less than three months he was offered \$12,500 for it, and recently \$16,000 and upward. It is all planted to peaches, two years old. Sales near town are common at \$2,000 per acre. Charles Cooper reports \$3,000 worth of Winesap apples per acre from eight year old trees in 1907. William Turner reports \$20,000 from his 20-acre orchard of eight year old trees. From North Yakima comes a report that \$3,500 worth of pears were harvested from three-fourths of an acre, trees seventeen years old. J. T. Tedford reports \$1,400 worth of cantaloupes from three acres in 1906.

This will give you a good idea as to conditions and what is being done in the Wenatchee valley. Compare with your present opportunity, or any other, and you will decide in favor of Wenatchee Valley. The homeseeker and eastern man will find great opportunities here. When we hear our brethren and friends of the east tell how their farms only pay 4 to 6 per cent on the valuation and that money is only worth 4 to 6 per cent, we feel that they ought to take advantage of this last great west. Come and see us. Keep up your investigation. Go where you make the most money on the increase of the valuation of your land. If you are a renter, by all means (as soon as you can) buy and own your land, and get the advantage of the increase in value. This will help you to get started. If you have money that is not drawing you a satisfactory rate of interest, by all means investigate what I have said to you. Banks as a rule are unsafe. You can invest your money where it is absolutely safe and will pay you a much higher rate of interest. It can be done without you coming here if you like. I make investments and loan money for non residents. For any other information write me.



# Possibilities of IDAHO

## Unlimited

Many settlers are locating in the new tract near Twin Falls just now being opened for settlement. There are splendid opportunities for young and old of small means to get good comfortable homes with a splendid income.

### Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

## Come and See

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,  
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California.

A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

## Realize \$1,000.00 Per Acre

### Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per box.

### Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at \$2.00.....\$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

## HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Will be in effect in the Spring of 1908

Colonists' one-way rates in effect from March 1, to April 30, 1908

Write for information.

**D. E. BURLEY,**

**S. BOCK,**

Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

**G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,**

**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

February 11, 1908.

No. 6.

## The Star-Worshippers of Mesopotamia

Effie V. Long

IN the towns on the lower Euphrates and Tigris, dwell an interesting people. We stopped a few minutes in Amara and spent a week in Busrah, their chief towns. They are known as Sabeans, Nasorians, or St. John Christians. They number about four or five thousand and call themselves Mandaean. They have dwelt among the Jews, Christians, and Moslems for centuries, and yet they have remained a separate and distinct people. One author calls them Christians of St. John; another says, "They can in no sense be called Christians," while Dr. Colville at Bagdad, thinks their religion "a bastard form of Christianity, interesting mainly as an instance of the survival of the Christian tradition in Arabia."

The Sabeans have a creed and even a language of their own and they are proud of their "separateness," neither intermarrying with others, nor accepting a proselyte to their faith. Their language very much resembles the Syriac, but it has an alphabet and a grammar distinct from that. It is called Mandaic. Few can read or write their own language, though all speak it in their homes; and from a religious standpoint they refuse to teach any one outside their faith even one lesson, unless it may perhaps be in secret.

Nearly all of these people follow one of these three trades,—dairying, canoe-making, or silversmithing. They produce the finest dairy products in Mesopotamia, and make napkin rings, thimbles, etc., of gold or silver, with black metal inlaid. Their articles are very pretty and the secret of making them seems to be kept by these people. They are quiet, peaceable and industrious, though poor. "Both men and women have a remarkably fine physique; tall, of dark complexion, good features, and with long, black beards; some of the men are typical patriarchs, even as we imagine Abraham who left their present country for Haran." Their women go unveiled, an exception for an eastern country, and on feast days all dress in pure white.

The Star-worshippers keep their religious practices a secret, and it is difficult to find out what they really do believe and practice. All that the Christians and

Moslems who live among them, know, is that "they turn to the North Star when they pray, and baptize every Sunday." But an Englishman, in some way, got a knowledge of their religion and published an article on it in a London paper. When a missionary read and translated it to them they were dumfounded that an "outsider" should know so much about their religion. What follows concerning their special feast, is gleaned from the article, "A prayer meeting of the Star-worshippers."

These St. John Christians have no permanent house of worship, but make an improvised one of reeds, for their special service on the last day of the year. In the center of this is made an altar of beaten earth. On one side is placed a hand mill, on the other a little stove. In one corner a tank about eight feet in diameter is excavated and filled with river water. About midnight as the people assemble, they disrobe, one by one, and bathe or baptize themselves in the pool of water, the priest standing by and pronouncing over each one, "The name of the living one, the name of the living word, be remembered upon thee." As each one emerges from the water he robes himself in the pure white garments peculiar to the Star-worshippers, and in which he is also to be buried. He believes that in these very clothes he is to appear in judgment.

The ceremony is all at night and when the pointers of the Dipper indicate midnight, those who have been stationed at the door to watch, wave their lamps which is the signal for the priest's coming. The spiritual leader of the sect who is elected by the other priests, has completely renounced the world, and is regarded as having died and living in the realms of the blest. Four deacons escort him. One carries a wooden cross; another, their religious book, called "The Great Order"; another deacon has a cage with two pigeons, and the last has some barley and sesame seeds. As this procession passes in through the crowd of worshippers, seated on the ground, they bend and kiss the robe of the priest who has renounced the world. He is called the Ganzivro.



The tent or meeting place has no roof but is open to the sky, and the Ganzivro stands in front of the altar looking toward the North Star, Polaris. A deacon gives him one of the pigeons from the cage, and he, fixing his gaze on, and extending his hands toward the North Star, lets the bird fly away, calling aloud "In the name of the living one, blessed be the primitive light, the Divinely selfcreated." At this the worshipers rise and prostrate themselves on the ground toward the North Star, on which they have meanwhile been gazing.

The senior priest now takes the Ganzivro's place by the altar and begins reading in a monotonous voice, from the sacred book, Sidra Rabba, occasionally ending in a loud "Blessed be thy name, O source of life," which the worshipers repeat with bowed heads, covering their eyes with their hands.

While the reading is in progress two priests are preparing their communion, or "high mystery," as they call it. One kindles a charcoal fire in the little earthen stove, while another grinds some barley meal on the hand mill. He then presses some oil from the sesame seeds, and makes the barley into small cakes, the size of a coin. These are quickly baked in the oven, the reading and chanting going on meanwhile. Another priest takes the remaining pigeon and quickly cuts its throat with a sharp knife, so that no blood be lost. The little cakes are brought to him and he stretches the neck of the dying bird over them so that four drops fall on each one in the form of a cross. The two priests who prepared the cakes then carry them around to the worshipers, and they themselves pop them into the mouths of each communicant, saying, "Marked be thou with the mark of the living one." The deacons then dig a hole behind the altar and bury the dead pigeon.

During the whole ceremony their eyes are fixed on Polaris and all the prayers are offered toward it. Before morning dawns, when the North Star begins to fade, a sheep is led into the tabernacle, laid upon reeds in a certain position and, the holy Ganzivro, bathing his hands and feet, takes a sharp knife and saying, while bowing to the Star, "In the name of Alaha, Ptahiel created thee, Hibel Sivo permitted thee, and it is I who slay thee," cuts the sheep's throat. It is then cut up and distributed to the worshipers, with the words, "The benison of the living one attend thee." Then before the sun peeps above the horizon all quietly return to their homes. So ends the feast.

The comments of Mr. Zwemer on this prayermeeting, are interesting: "What a mosaic of ceremonies and what a mixed cult is this river bank prayermeeting! The Sabeans of Amara tell me that every minute particular is correctly described, and yet themselves do not furnish the clue to the maze. Here one sees Judaism, Islam and Christianity, as it were engrafted on

one old Chaldean trunk. Gnosticism, star-worship, baptisms, love-feast, sacrifice, ornithomancy and what not in one confusion. The pigeon sacrifice closely corresponds outwardly to that of the Mosaic law concerning the cleansing of a leper and his belongings and is perhaps borrowed from that source. But how Anti-Jewish is the partaking of blood and the star-worship. The cross of blood seems a Christian element, as does also the communion of bread, but from a New Testament standpoint this is in discord with all that precedes."

Sabeanism is a book religion and it is said that they have such a mass of sacred literature that very few people have had the patience to examine even a part of it. They have a triad of gods and from these issue a number of deities, the chief being Primal Life who is invoked at the beginning of their prayers. Also there are a number of rulers for the under world.

The Sabeans regard all the Old Testament saints with the exception of Abel and Seth, as false prophets. They claim to be descendants of the Egyptians, who had the true religion. Jesus Christ (Ytshu Mashiha) was also a false prophet, being really an incarnation of the planet Mercury. But John Baptist was a true incarnation, appearing forty-two years before Jesus Christ, and while administering baptism in the Jordan, baptized Jesus by mistake. They say that about 200 A. D. their center or stronghold was in Damascus. At the time of Mohammed, who was the last false prophet, they were so prosperous as to have four hundred places of worship in Babylonia. Now there are four or five thousand communicants, all told. There are six great yearly feasts—one celebrating the drowning of Pharaoh's army. At another, observed in summer, all Sabeans are baptized by sprinkling three times a day for five days. Their moral code is that of the Old Testament. Polygamy is allowed, though seldom practiced. They do not circumcise. They are very friendly to Christians and claim to be closely related to them because they honor John the Baptist; also denying that they regard Jesus as a false prophet.

After all, they are a queer people and with all their mass of religious books, they are following, blindly, a religion, many practices of which they do not understand themselves. They are still ignorant of the Way, the Truth and the Life.

*Jalalpor, Surat, India.*



A MAN who has no faith in himself is a coward, and fear is the only devil that impedes progress in this world.



To be seventy years young is something far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## Big Canals and Long Railroads

Not only in the United States is the fever of gigantic internal improvements raging, but other countries have in contemplation some canals and railroad enterprises which will equal anything Uncle Sam ever did.

We see the hand of a kind Providence in this movement toward bettering physical conditions rather than making this earth a theater for bloodshed. If all the mental efforts and expenses of past ages had been spent in charitable and practical scientific channels, no one



living could guess how much farther along all nations would be in intelligence and goodness.

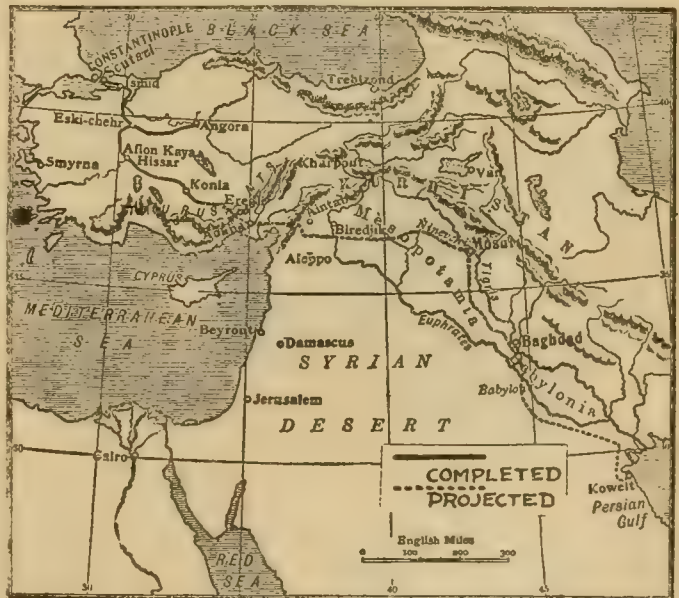
The world now has nine great ship canals, all of which have been constructed during the last seventy-five years; but probably more than this number will be built in the next seventy-five, for the railroads are unable to handle all the vast products of a great commercial age. Florida is attempting a canal system from Jacksonville to Key West; New York has decided upon a bond issue of \$100,000,000 for the Erie Canal; and in the West and South other canal projects are ripening. At various times from 1676 down to the present there has been talk of a canal across Cape Cod. Twenty-five per cent of the wrecks that occur on the east coast of the country take place in this region. Even wild old Cape Hatteras off Pamlico Sound has not claimed so many victims.

Last June the contract for this canal across Cape Cod was awarded to the Cape Cod Construction Co., on a bid of \$11,990,000. The length will be really twelve miles, eight of which must be cut across the cape and four dredged in the two bays. The depth must be twenty-five feet at low water; the width on the surface two hundred feet and on the bottom one hundred feet. What this is going to mean to the shipping interests may be suggested when it is recalled that it takes about fifteen hours to go around Cape Cod

and that many more than 30,000 vessels go around it annually. According to the government statistics each year about 24,000,000 tons of coal, lumber, cement, etc., pass this coast. The time will be reduced between Boston and New York, by half a day.

Since beginning the Panama Canal, those responsible for its completion have found it a larger task than anticipated at first. According to the first estimate \$135,000,000 would put the canal in working order, but now \$150,000,000 more is said to be necessary. We might as well say \$500,000,000 to start with and not mince words about it. This canal is necessary for the development of American commerce, hence the cost in dollars and cents is not to be considered. The Suez Canal cost several times its original estimate, but has paid for itself many times over in more ways than one.

There are some important railroad schemes being talked up now, which also affect international life. A railway that would make the Suez Canal obsolete by providing a shorter route to India would bring a disturbing factor into the politics and trade of Europe that might upset present balances of power and commerce. Such a railway is seen by the European press



ROUTE OF THE NEW SHORT CUT TO INDIA.

From Constantinople to India Under the German Flag—If England Permits.

in Germany's projected road from Constantinople to the head of the Persian Gulf. How far it has already been built may be seen from the appended map. The history of this work of engineering has had many vicissitudes. When in 1899 a convention of the Powers at Constantinople placed the construction of the line in the hands of the Germans the London *Times* remarked that there was no power into whose hands



Englishmen would more gladly see the enterprise fall. But circumstances changes the opinion of England and France. Each discovered interests. England owns the Suez Canal and has heavy interests in Persia. This railroad would affect her at both points.

"Seventeen hundred miles of railroad; \$100,000,000 worth of bonds to be issued, representing the value of rails, locomotives, bridges, tunnels, and other works of engineering; the consolidation of the Ottoman Empire; ancient Babylon resuscitated; a new Egypt rising amid fields of wheat and cotton on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates; the route to India changed and the Suez Canal deprived of its supreme military and commercial importance. Such, in its main fea-

tracts, and to have a hand in the management and direction of the line."

The attached cut illustrates another British interest of international importance in Africa which was quietly, yet persistently, carried on for nearly a generation before the outside world saw any remarkable value about the enterprise. Already over one-fourth of the road is completed and profiles and finances are in sight for the remaining distance. Mr. Beit, partner to Cecil Rhodes, and a loyal British subject, left \$7,500,000 for this transcontinental road, which, when completed, will give England rightful and peaceable control of half of Africa, and a royalty on the other half.



DURING the recent financial stress the men to whom the country looked for deliverance were not noted as being either comedians or pessimists.

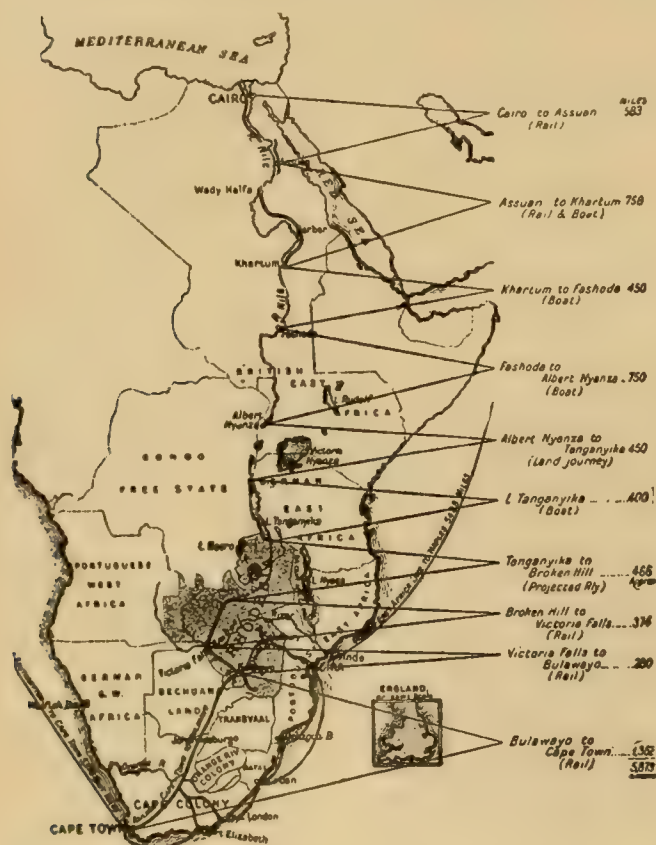


LIES that are two-thirds truth are the ones that do the most mischief.



#### Railway Accidents During 1907.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that the railroads of the country killed five thousand passengers and employees last year and injured more than seventy-six thousand. Only three years ago, in 1904, the number of the killed was but 3,787; the number of the injured being 51,343, an increase which speaks for itself. The number of passengers killed last year was 647. The complete figures for 1906 show that 10,618 persons were killed and 97,706 were injured in that year, the figures including the trespassers and others who were neither passengers nor employees and are not included in the statistics for 1907. The figures show that in 1906 one employee in every 387 was killed and one employee in every twenty was injured. With regard to trainmen—that is, engineers, firemen, conductors, and other trainmen—it appears that one trainman was killed for every 124 employed and one was injured for every eight employed, making railroading as dangerous a business as war. A comparison with the year 1895 shows that, while in 1906 one passenger was killed for every 2,227,041 carried and one injured for every 74,276 carried, in 1895 one passenger was killed for every 2,984,832 carried, and one injured for every 213,651 carried—figures which show an appalling increase in the danger in railroad travel. Most of the deaths of passengers are due to collisions, and the collisions are in a large majority of instances due to certain defects in management, for which the most comprehensive remedy is the block system. The commission has, therefore, recommended repeatedly the statutory enforcement of the use of the block system on all railroads doing interstate passenger traffic, and now makes the same recommendation again. In the few serious collisions that have occurred on block-signalized lines the management and discipline—in every case, with possibly one exception—have been shown to be glaringly faulty, demanding government investigation. The principal railroads are extending the block system, but a law should compel its universal adoption. Such a law has been in force in Great Britain for seventeen years with excellent results.



From Cape Town to Cairo Under the British Flag.

tures, is the work projected by the Germans under the name of the Bagdad Railway.

"Naturally they wish to guard for their sole enjoyment the glory of the undertaking and—the profits. But England, France, and Russia are not willing to have one Power monopolize this route. The 'Eastern Question,' that wound in the side of Europe, is opened afresh; the diplomats, the financiers, engage in furious conflict over the business. And for four years the Bagdad Railway has been the axis on which all the political questions of Europe revolve. The idea of these Powers is to make the Bagdad Railway an international, and not solely a German, affair. They wish to take part of the stock, to receive some of the con-

# The Importance of Teaching Horticulture in the Public Schools

Mary E. Canode

It is a well known fact that any demand for human necessities is always, sooner or later, met by a corresponding supply. But it is also well known, that when the capricious American people take a sudden notion to make an unexpected demand for a certain article, it takes time for the producers of that article to educate beginning workmen up to doing the standard of work that will produce the best results. As the demand for the article increases, there also increases a demand for a better or the best, so that the unskilled workmen are frequently unable to keep pace with the demand. The purport of these statements are to present the idea of the importance of teaching in our rural schools, that kind of agriculture for which there is a rapidly growing demand.

That the rural school is the place where it should be first presented to the youthful mind, goes without question, since its location in the country presents the necessary conditions and the proper class of pupils for the study of horticulture. With all the necessary material at hand and the observing country youth for a pupil, there should be no serious difficulty in making it a part of regular school work.

This age has become one of specialties and specialists. That this is a good thing no one can deny. From dabblers in all the arts, sciences and professions, our people have come to respect only the work of the man who makes one branch of either of these his special occupation. From the "Jack of all trades," we have a transformation to the skilled workmen of one trade; and instead of farmers who once thought it necessary to raise everything in the line of native produce, we now have the special dairyman, fruit raiser, cereal farmer, and horticulturist. And the rapidly increasing demand for horticultural products shows the importance of educating our country youth for that specialty. The fact that it will be an easy matter to interest the rural pupil in this line of study proves that it should be taught as a necessary branch of his early education; for that to which one naturally takes is that in which there is danger of pursuing ignorantly.

Wherever the study of simple botany has been introduced into the rural schools it has proved to be both successful and interesting as a study, and when the child is once brought to realize that there is something interesting to learn about the cultivation of vegetables and that he need not wait until he is grown up before he can learn this, the study will prove to be as attractive to him as botany. In fact both can be successfully taught as one. That there is a necessity

for educated farmers is a rapidly growing idea. The occupation of farming is entitled to as much respect and honor as that of the statesman, and being educated as to the method of how best to pursue his chosen work is just as important to the one as to the other. When all departments of agriculture have once become specialties, and the country youth has been taught to regard his occupation as a pursuit worthy the care of an educated mind, then the proverbial "Mr. Hayseed" and the innocent country victim of the city gambling den will have disappeared.

The crowded cities are making heavy demands daily for horticultural products. The supply must come from the rural districts which alone can furnish sufficient food for the hungry millions. From the rural schools must come those who are to undertake this work and if more of the boys and girls of our country districts were taught to take a real interest in such occupations, there would be fewer instances of the young people deserting the pure surroundings of their country homes for the morally and physically poisonous life of the city.

Should the study of horticulture become a part of his early education, the child, as he advances into youth, would be enabled to decide for himself to what particular kind of horticulture he and his surroundings are best adapted. Confidence in knowing rightly how to do a thing gives dignity to the occupation and makes attractive any kind of employment. Then, let our country scholars be taught that upon them will depend the future skillful cultivation of the soil, and upon their products must the cities depend for their supplies. Let them be taught to know what they are doing, why they are doing it, and how to do it aright, and the result of such teaching will become apparent when the time comes for them to work on their own responsibilities.

But the question arises, "How can it be taught?" It may be thought by some that the person who is expected to excite the interest of the rural child toward the pursuit of such a study must himself be possessed of considerable scientific knowledge.

While a knowledge of all the natural sciences and familiarity with their multitudinous technicalities would be no hindrance, these are by no means a necessity in such preliminary work. All these, as well as expensive apparatus, have their uses, but there is no call for their confusing display in the ordinary school room. Not one foreign name need be used if the English name is known. A dicotyledonous plant is just as dicotyledonous if we say it has two seed



leaves, and the parasite that destroys a plant is the same parasite whether or not we have a thorough knowledge of its anatomy.

Every rural district possesses its natural resources of which the capable teacher will avail himself as assistants in presenting his subject. The plants that are found in his district will be sufficient text book for his purpose.

In the matter of teaching this subject, the pupil should be made to feel that to become acquainted with the names and parts of all the plants that are cultivated in the home garden is an important part of his own mental growth. He should be led into investigating the mode of development of his most intimate vegetable acquaintances by being given a few of their seeds to plant. His attention may be called to their likenesses and differences. The teacher can suggest that some of these seeds be planted in one kind of soil and some in another. The scholar can thus watch the development for himself and decide which soil is best suited for each plant. This will show him that the soil has much to do with the growth, and the pupil will soon be led to inquire, 'Why? After interest has so far been aroused the embryo horticulturist may be led to the desire of planting his own small garden patch. This might even be done in the school-room. The sunny window may be used as a miniature garden. Gardening on a larger scale on the school yard would be even better where all the scholars could take part in planting, cultivating and watching for results. In this way the effect of irrigation, cultivation and artificial appliances could be carefully noted.

Having the objects of study right at hand, they will, in all probability, discover that something injures certain plants, and investigation will naturally follow. Then will arise the question,—what can be done to get rid of the enemy? Experimenting for cures may follow and should the teacher be baffled in the attempt to exterminate the mildew or other parasite, he or the older scholars can seek information from the practical horticulturist or from horticultural reports. By so doing the pupil will gradually learn all the known cures for such pests without being obliged to know that there is such a word as "myology."

The attention of the pupil may next be called to the effect that cultivation has had on the shrubbery, trees and flowers around him. He can be impressed with the fact that they may be cultivated to such an extent that not only can their seeds be made to lose their power of germination, but that the seeds may be changed into a part of the fruit.

The teacher will need to have a pretty good knowledge of the local plants, whether food producing, ornamental or obnoxious weeds. Of the latter, that an attempt may be made to learn the best time and method to employ for their extermination. The apparatus necessary for such instructions need be only simple

utensils, and a small microscope to add special interest. Every possible advantage should be taken of the local flora. Home plants will furnish more material than either pupil or teacher will find time to investigate. Ability to instruct on the part of the teacher is far more important than extensive technical knowledge or scientific apparatus.

It must be remembered, however, that education is a growth and that one must not expect to do any great amount of such work in one term. Some things must be taught one term, some another. Using the simplest things and employing the easiest means is always best for the beginner. As in all other branches of study, step by step, year by year, his knowledge will advance so that when he leaves the rural school he will entertain a desire to become more proficient in both the theoretical and practical knowledge of this branch.



## HOW WE THINK.

### 8. Conscience.

H. M. FOGELSONGER.

PERHAPS some readers thought that in the preceding articles the "experience" side of our mental life was emphasized too much. I did not mean it to be so. As was said before, we must not forget that we have inherited many things and that we are organisms living in organized society. In the human sciences we can only go a short distance until we are engulfed in a cloud of darkness. Once in a while light breaks through the cloud and the earnest seeker of knowledge is able to collect himself anew.

All the fundamental principles of the mind that have been noted under Attention, Memory, Will and Reason must be recalled in the study of the conscience. The word "conscience" is indefinite in meaning, used by many persons to designate some inner voice that tells them what they should and should not do. It is one of those big words in our language that frighten as well as attract people, and no two persons agree on what conscience is, so long as they look upon it as an inner man speaking through an outer self. A mystery will always remain a mystery if we continue to push it off into a being further away. Yet no mystery is ever fully solved. We can only become better acquainted with it. In that spirit let us study the conscience.

Every normal person has an ideal of how he would like his or her life to be. Figuratively speaking we build life's ladder ahead of us and then climb to greater heights. We meditate and plan how we want to be and live. We are continually building houses that we shall occupy later on. It is difficult to tell when this building begins, because when very young we have our ideas of right and wrong actions. The mother teaches the child not to do certain things because they are naughty, but before that, the mother

teaches the infant the rudiments of love. The child puts its tiny arms about the mother's neck and laughs and the mother is pleased. The child soon knows what pleases its mother and what makes her unhappy. Later on it finds out what it should do to please other people besides the mother, and little by little some actions are inhibited while others are encouraged. Thus the child grows into maturity with the idea before him that there are some things right and other things wrong. The knowledge of rightness or wrongness of an act grows upon us so gradually that we forget when it first started and say that the belief is inherent.

It is easily seen that our early training plays a very important part in the forming of our ideals. When young, the child absorbs much from its elders by imitation. The boy wants to be a man and the girl wants to be a grown-up woman. If the father is kind with his horses the son naturally incorporates kindness to dumb brutes in his ideal of right living. We often see women who are careless in their house work and yet are zealous church workers. Then their neighbors, whose habits at home are the opposite, wonder at the inconsistency of a busy church member with a poorly kept house. Very likely the careless woman was never taught by her mother that a neat house is the result of a well-rounded religious life. Because of this lack of early training her ideal of life did not include a tidy home. This is only one out of many illustrations that might be given. Our habits of doing work and general likes and dislikes are formed chiefly when young, while our religious beliefs and philosophical views of life are formed in later years.

We do not perform an act that is not governed by some ideal or habit. No truer statement can be made than that the present is as it is, because of the past. Our life ideals grow out of the past, for where else could they come from? We do not build upon nothing. The very worst criminal builds upon a foundation laid during his past life. If a child is never taught to consider the rights of others to their own property, can you expect him when grown up to be other than a robber? There are many people who think the purpose of life is to satisfy the selfish wants whether they do or do not injure others. They have grown up with that ideal and how can you expect them to be upright citizens until they are better educated? We say that such people have a seared conscience. Their conscience is not seared but they have a *wrong conscience*.

Early ideals are often twisted or pushed to the background by later influences. A man may have had good parents who taught him the principles of a pious life, but, by a change of environment new forces work upon him until he leads what we call a wild life. In this state does his conscience lash him? No, only a part of it. His conscience is composed of the early

ideals plus all the later ideals. So there is a conflict between the several voices, between his many ideas of right and wrong actions.

We have mentioned parental training as an important factor in the forming of a conscience. There is another, "What others do." The persons who pride themselves in being independent of others will wince a little when they examine themselves. Our mode of dressing, our rules of decorum and of society, and many daily habits not necessary to mention are gotten largely from other people. As was said, we live in an organized society and are inter-dependent. We cannot act entirely different from other people. If we should we would be stubborn and not fit to live in a civilized neighborhood. We pick out what seems best for us from other people's actions and incorporate it into our life ideals.

And there is yet another source, which is our reading matter. The thoughts of literary artists never enter a man's mind without changing his life purposes. When we visit a new country we need guides to show us the places that are worth seeing. Good books are guides to newer fields and to higher flights of thought. How often, after having read a book have you exclaimed, "Well the author has certainly given me something to think about." Yes, he has done more than given you something to think about; he has changed your ideals, or conscience, if you please.

Our religious ideals also depend upon our parental training, our environment and our reading, hereditary influences being included, of course. There is always a reason for us to think that it is right to do an act. The belief does not arise out of nothing. The conscience of the cannibal does not hurt him when he eats a missionary and he does not "know better" until he has been taught the benefits and beauty of a Christian life. The conscience of a Buddhist is satisfied when he obeys the doctrines of his faith because he has been taught nothing else. Those who believe that the conscience is a special, God-given power, are on the safe side so long as they make themselves clearly understood. But we must remember that all good is a part of God. Good and worthy ideals of life reflect the God-life just as everything good and beautiful does.

We now come to the old question: Is it safe for us to obey the dictates of our conscience? Whether it is safe or not we always do obey our conscience unless present circumstances overrule. And after a study of the make-up of conscience no one will say that it is always safe to follow it. The best plan is not to think about your conscience at all as a thing in itself. Get healthy and strong ideals of life by associating with strong characters and by meditating often upon the life of the greatest person who ever lived,—Christ.



## CURRENT COMMENTS

### NOT ABLE TO KEEP UP.

The astonishing advances which are being made by local option and statutory prohibition make the statements of one week incorrect for the facts of the next. In the cut which we recently used to show the wet and dry localities of the Union, Georgia, Kentucky and Oklahoma should have had a white field, for they are now prohibition states by statute, but we had the cut made a few months too soon to catch them.

During the present sessions of various state legislatures two hundred and fifty bills on the temperance question have been considered by thirty different states, and not a single favorable whisky bill has been passed. Every-



Suggested as suitable device for the  
SALOON SIGN BOARD

where the Anti-Saloon League has gained its points and the saloon evil has retired. If the new constitution of Michigan is adopted it will forever prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquor in that state.

The Northwestern Railroad has become a dry road so far as its employes are concerned, while the Burlington road has stopped the sale of liquors in its dining cars while in the State of Iowa. Belgium and Switzerland have lately prohibited the manufacture and use of absinthe, a deadly narcotic. The labor organizations of Germany have placed their veto upon liquor because it is a foe to the laboring man, while the party leaders in office now in the British Parliament have put themselves upon record as favoring national prohibition.

While such rapid progress is being made it will be impossible to give the fullest facts on prohibition. But

why should not a movement so commendable as prohibition grow? Are you helping its growth?



### THE WORKING GIRL'S GRIND.

After a little the talk came around to wages, and someone said, "There are so many girls who have good homes and are working only for pin money." Miss Harris declared, "They can make a better appearance than we girls, who have to take care of ourselves; and, as you know, it is the looks that count more than anything else in getting a position. Then, there are a great many young married women, who haven't anything to do all day, while their husbands are working and they come into a store to earn more money with which to dress. And every year there are more and more applicants for positions, with the result that employers can fill any girl's place at any price they choose to pay. Why, even the Working Girl's Homes have been used as an excuse to cut down our wages! They tell you, that you can get board and room at four dollars a week, at one of these Homes, and want to know why you ask for more money."

"Yes, and that is not all they say!" Edith Curtis interrupted. "There's some who'll tell you they don't expect you to keep yourself on what they give you, but to go and get your livin' outside. That's a fact!"

"Yes, I am afraid that it is," Miss Harris affirmed. "At any rate, our wages won't go any higher, and when our good looks are gone we have to make room for a more attractive girl. You see we are practically forced to get married, and the men say, we are driving down their wages and taking their places, so that they cannot afford to marry; and altogether we are being pushed pretty hard from all sides without any prospect of things getting better."

There was a long silence broken finally by Edith Curtis.

"You take my case, for instance. I began when I was ten years old, deliverin' hats for a milliner, for two dollars a week. I'm twenty-two now, so there's twelve years of hard work behind me. Twelve years of bein' tied to the grind. I'm only one girl out of thousands who have been doin' the same thing, and now what is the future goin' to be? Pretty soon I'll be that ugly and wrinkled that people'll hate to look at me, and there's days now when I'm so tired I can hardly hold up my head. The fact is, that my body's kind o' worn out already, and it's just my age which is the very worst time for us girls. We're always tired and anxious and it's then that comforts seem worth any price. It's my age, too, that girls take to drinkin', and you wouldn't believe how much of it is done. Say, it's awful! Why in our store there's as many as fifty empty pint flasks of gin or whisky picked up every night in the wash room. First, the girls take headache powders to brace 'em up, when they're dead on their feet. Then, they take to gin or whisky, just a little to begin with, but I guess it makes them feel better for awhile, and then it ain't no time before they're at it every couple of hours. I say it's awful, because a girl like that ain't responsible, and the Lord knows it's hard enough to be straight when you've got all your wits; but drinkin' is gettin' worse among the shop girls in our city, all the same. Seems as if they were driven to it, and there are days when I feel ready to take anything to keep me goin'! There's hundred of girls, more like thousands, I guess, who are at it all the time. These little tea rooms—you've seen the signs on cross streets—well, you go in there after closin' time and you'll find 'em full of

shop girls drinkin' whisky out of teacups. But what's the use of talkin' any more about it? It's just too easy the way things go now to get the habit of takin' somethin' 'to pick you up,' as they say."



### THE TENDENCY TO INTERNATIONALISM.

The world is vastly broader than any single nation. The tendency is to do things along international lines, on the universal scale. Transportation and communication have become world-wide in recent years, too far-reaching to be limited by national sentiment or racial and political boundary lines. We are approaching the age not only of internationalism, but of the **unity of all nations**. There must be a leader in the work of unifying all peoples, and bringing all their energies into the lines of forward movement. The American nation is destined to demonstrate to the world the advantages of world coöperation and unity. America must be the great liberator; it must give to the world a new spirit of progress, new songs of freedom, new processes of achievement.



### THE GROWTH OF NAVIES.

The mad rush to build the largest navy increases year by year. Twenty years ago no nation thot of competing with England, because her navy has, in the past, eclipsed the combined navies of the world. In spite of this, Germany, France, the United States and Japan are preparing to dispute England's naval supremacy, altho they are likely to make a sorry spectacle of themselves, for England can increase her navy as rapidly as the other nations increase theirs and she is doing it. The cut shows Germany's ambitious desire to outstrip France and the United States. But at present our naval authorities have enough battleships planned, or asked for, to keep even with Germany.

The folly of such suicidal work needs to be amplified by the press of this country. A battleship is outclassed by wear and improvements ten years after it is built, so that the expense of billions of hard-earned money is continually heaped upon the people uselessly at an ever-increasing rate. This childish play at murder by the nations is prompted by the devil.



### FOOD NOTES. No. 4.

We now come to a practice among farmers that seems criminal, and yet it is a very general practice and well known to the public.

We refer to the marketing of a herd of hogs diseased with the cholera. Some city people may think that this is a small matter, but it is not, for some states lose as high as \$10,000,000 in cholera hogs, in a single year which shows the prevalence of the disease.

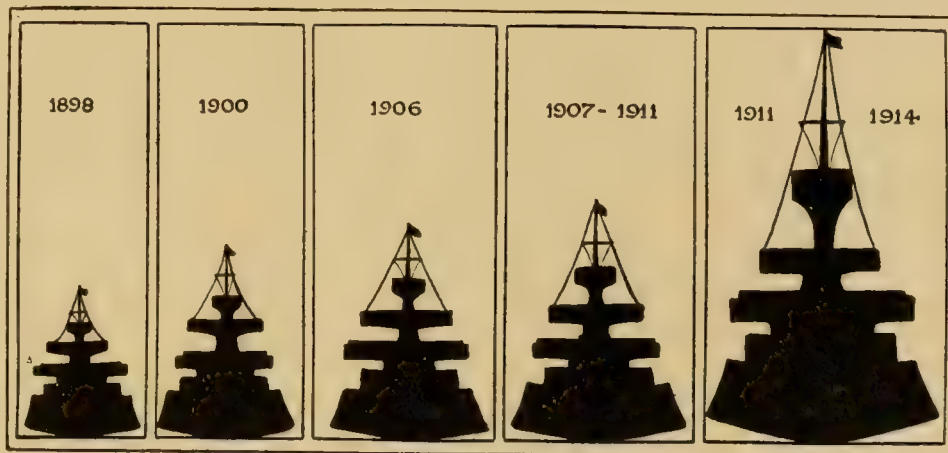
When cholera strikes a farmer's hogs he ships the diseased and healthy ones all together—anything that is able to walk up the chute into the car. A few die en route to

market, but these are said to be killed by others in the car. A few die in the stockyards, but these are said to have died from being jostled in the cars. The remainder, half of which would have died from cholera inside of forty-eight hours, are butchered and sold, yes, and eaten, some of it raw.

If you never lived in a community where swine raising was the leading industry you cannot grasp the extent of this practice. Cases are known where half a dozen hogs were dying daily in the herd and after one hundred of the two hundred had died the remainder were sold for healthy hogs.

What has been said of marketing diseased hogs applies equally as well to poultry. The packing houses are not responsible for this practice, but someone is. Farmers would not like to put up their year's meat from a herd of cholera hogs. Why then ask the public to eat meat from such hogs?

If an unsound horse is sold as being O. K., the buyer can recover financial damage, but when diseased meats spread disease in the human family the law takes no note of it. If a local butcher should buy and offer for sale in his shop a few hogs taken from a cholera drove, he would lose his trade and the grand jury would soon indict him. Yet the twelve farmer jurors, who would convict the



GROWTH OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

340,000 tonnage in 1906, 717,000 tonnage in 1914.

butcher, would turn around and sell a whole drove of cholera hogs, the next day to be eaten by city people one hundred miles away.



The School Management Committee, of Chicago, adopted a form of resolution recently, which, if indorsed by the board of education, will amount to a death blow to high school fraternities and sororities.

The resolution is in part as follows:

"Whereas, Study into the effect of such organizations upon the school system has conclusively proved that they are so subversive to discipline and injurious to the scholarship as to require further restrictive action by this board; therefore, be it

"Resolved, that, on and after a certain date all pupils attending the public high schools of the city who are members of secret societies, commonly known as Greek letter fraternities and sororities, having their existence or activities in whole or in part in any public school of said city, shall be suspended."



# THE INGLENOOK

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Its purpose is: To safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature.

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Its field is: The World.

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## A BURNING INCONSISTENCY.

NINE-TENTHS of the INGLENOOK subscribers are professing Christians, and fully half of these nine-tenths take secular papers, in which whiskey, cigars and tobacco are advertised. In short, you are helping spread such wares not only to your own children, but to the entire community. It is time for you to awaken to the fact, that for a Christian to buy a distillery advertisement once a week, or 365 times in a year, is not a good use of the Lord's talent which he has entrusted to you.

Then some self-righteous people stop the INGLENOOK sometimes in order to get some state paper in which these wares of the devil are advertised. The INGLENOOK is not a prayer meeting paper, but it does advocate righteousness, denounce evil and instills in its readers a spirit of devotion to all good works.

Now if you have found some fault with the INGLENOOK in times past, and have quit taking it, do you think you have made a wise choice by opening your doors to the advertisements of liquor manufacturers, and games of sport and chance, which glaringly meet you as you look thru your paper?

The INGLENOOK does not boast perfection, but on the other hand it would not be guilty of opening its columns to anything which we know is wrong.



## OUR ORPHANS.

Do not forget that the INGLENOOK has gone in the orphanage work. Already three INGLENOOK homes have been opened to receive an orphan child—two in Pennsylvania and one in Alabama. Others who want a child will please tell us the sex, age and conditions upon which you want to take a child and we will put you in touch with a child within your own state. Some want to adopt a child. This means for it to become an heir to your wealth. Others want to take a child by

contract until it is of age, and then pay it whatever may be agreed upon when the child is taken.

Also tell us of children needing homes, giving age, sex, health, conditions, etc. With our readers scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific we ought to accomplish some good as time goes by.



## TO OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE Editor supposed that every home had a child's paper and therefore the INGLENOOK could give all of its pages to adults, but letters to our office indicate that many homes depend upon the INGLENOOK for their entire current reading because it is, as one father writes, "safe for everybody." We shall introduce, into the home department, some reading for children.



## LOVERS OF NATURE.

LETTERS to our office indicate that our readers are lovers of nature. Why shouldn't we all be? We are at least half brothers to nature. Yes, we expect to introduce more nature matter into our magazine. Let the rural readers report freaks, facts, studies and illustrations from nature. The Editor has never found any one yet who does not admire nature if it is only at noontime when he has his feet under a richly laden table. To grow away from nature is to die to the true, the beautiful and the good.



## OUR CORRESPONDENCE TABLE.

BELOW we give a few extracts from two of our readers and the replies which we made:

1. "If you are going to teach war any more like you did in that article about the Navy, I will stop taking the INGLENOOK, and will not act as agent for it any longer. I don't want war, I want peace!" Signed J. E. C.

Our answer: "In the number containing the article on The American Navy, there was not a single statement favoring war, nor has there been one such statement in the INGLENOOK during its nine years' history; nor will there be in the future, but there has been hundreds of lines denouncing war. It is possible and profitable to give facts concerning war without advocating war, just the same as you relate a murder case without justifying the deed." Editor.

The advantage which the INGLENOOK has over such objections is this: The parent who wrote the above letter, buys histories for his children to study, in which much war is described and held up as a virtue besides. He does not quit buying those books either, but when the INGLENOOK speaks about war and denounces the art as useless and wrong—just what the good man believes—then he quits the INGLENOOK in a rage. How readest thou?

2. "The Christmas number of the INGLENOOK put

new life into me. I was left an orphan when two years old, and remained so until a good brother and sister adopted me as their child, and gave me all the enjoyment which this earth affords. I have been married for many years, but have no children, and it never occurred to me that I should take some orphans into my home until that number of the INGLENOOK came. I shall now give all my spare time to the interests of other orphan children. Will you give me the address of an orphan home? I want to adopt some little brother and sister, if possible." Mary E. S.

Our answer: "You are only one of many who were touched by the orphans advertised in the Christmas number. Your name and request have already been sent to two orphan homes in your state. This has been a long-neglected work by too many Christians. It is a work which thousands can do, who cannot preach, or go abroad as missionaries. The Lord bless you and all others who engage in this work." Editor.



#### HOW WE THINK.

WITH this number closes the articles on How We Think, by H. M. Foglesonger. These papers created quite a stir in a certain educational center, because the teacher of philosophy in the college concluded that Mr. Foglesonger was a materialist from what was said in the third article.

The mistake was made by reading only one paper in the series and framing conclusions from that one point of view and refusing to read any more of the articles. We want to draw a lesson from this for all of our readers.

The lesson is this: Do not be too quick to form a final judgment of a man or a paper from just one point of contact. You may strike the only weak point first, and miss a thousand good qualities. It would be unjust to charge Mr. Foglesonger with being a materialist after reading all of his articles. He gives full right to spiritual powers and nowhere teaches a mechanism of forces capable of producing mentality. Spirit reigns supreme, matter is a servant.



#### A TESTIMONIAL WHICH THE INGLENOOK ENDORSES.

WHATEVER the present opinion of publishers may be concerning the necessity or wisdom of a great number of pages per issue, thoughtful and intelligent persons generally find the bulk of modern publications, especially of Sunday newspapers, a source of continual annoyance. The huge comic supplements are often so puerile that they induce a sense of melancholy; yet merely to divert thoughtless men and women for a brief Sunday morning hour with impossible and extravagant pictures printed in loud colors, thousands of stately spruce and hemlock trees upon the northern

hills, which have raised their graceful branches to the sunshine and rain of many changing seasons, have lived,—in vain.—*Review of Reviews.*



#### WHERE A RATTLESNAKE WAS FOUND.

THE toad story last week recalls another interesting discovery which took place in our own family—one which we can personally vouch for, altho the toad story is also true.

A generation ago a man was digging a well in Iowa, when at a depth of fifty feet, he found a live rattlesnake, which was full of fight. This animal had no entrance or exit to his home.

One of the strange things about this snake was that, for six hours after its head was cut off, it would fight whenever any one came near. How it could sense people and conduct a warfare in its acephalous condition was a mystery.

Nature study is interesting and helpful in both its normal and exceptional conditions. It would be a good thing to have a little more nature study in our paper,—not too technical, but plain, practical everyday nature which we all enjoy.



#### A QUIZ ON BUSINESS TERMS.

1. WHAT is a clearing house?
2. What is a bonded warehouse?
3. What is a common carrier?
4. What are consols?
5. What is a consul?
6. What is a letter of credit?
7. What is a trust deed?
8. What is a funded debt?
9. What is a demurrage?
10. What is a salvage?
11. What is the meaning of fee simple?
12. What is tontine insurance?



#### "PROHIBITION DOES PROHIBIT."

So Said an Agent of the Schlitz Brewing Company.

"ANYBODY who says that prohibition does not prohibit is either a liar or a fool. I am now on my way to Wisconsin. I also work in North Dakota, and I can sell more beer in Wisconsin in four days than I can sell in North Dakota in four months. Our company is not telling this, but we are doing all we can to disgust the people with prohibition so that if the question ever comes to the people they will vote out prohibition."—*The Echo.*



#### QUERIES WANTING AN ANSWER.

What are some good vines and plants for shading windows and porches in summer?

Are there any that will grow well on the north side of the house?





## FOOD PRINCIPLES

LENNA FRANCES COOPER, Director Cooking Department  
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THE chemist who expects to get definite results by compounding certain chemicals must, of course, be very accurate, both in his measure or weighing, and in the manner in which the materials are put together.

No less need is there for the cook or housekeeper to be careful if she wishes to obtain definite results from the materials which she puts together, for the foods which she uses are composed of chemical compounds and have definite characteristics, values and uses.

The intelligent stockman knows the food value and the effect of the various kinds of foodstuffs which he gives his animals. *Why should a mother know less about the foods which she supplies to her family?*

Foods are, first of all, made up of certain definite chemical compounds, which we term Food Principles, such as fats, starches, sugars, etc. These are in turn made up of the chemical elements,—such as carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, etc. But we are not so much concerned about the chemical composition as about the characteristics and nutritive value of these compounds which we know as Food Principles.

In the first place, they are of two general classes,—the incombustible, or those which are not capable of producing any heat; and the combustible, or those which do produce heat when burned or “oxidized” in the body. That combustion or oxidation takes place in the body is evidenced by the warmth of the body indicated both by the touch and by the thermometer which registers the body temperature about twenty-five degrees higher than the surrounding atmosphere. When we remember that this temperature is kept up both day and night, with practically no variation, we cannot fail to realize that there must be something which feeds these “eternal” fires. The fuel which feeds these fires is our food.

Below is a general classification of Food Principles, the details of which we shall study a little later on:

### Food Principles.

- I. Incombustible.
  - Water.
  - Mineral Matter.

- II. Combustible.
  - Carbohydrates.
    - Starch.
    - Sugar.
  - Organic Acids.
  - Fats and Oils.
  - Proteids.
  - Cellulose.

All measurements used in this series of articles are level. This means that spoonfuls or cupfuls of any ingredient is leveled off perfectly level. This is the only accurate method.

The writer once asked a class of young ladies to take a heaping tablespoon of flour and then to measure it into level spoons to find how many level tablespoons the one heaping spoonful made. The result was all the way from two and one-half to four level spoonfuls. This shows how the measurements of different people vary unless done by definite standard. Hence the level measure has been adopted in almost all cooking schools as the only safe and reliable measure. The cup used in the measurements is the half-pint measuring cup. The cup which is divided into thirds on one side and into fourths on the other side is the most satisfactory.

The spoons used are the table, desert and teaspoons in ordinary use, or, better still, the set of measuring spoons which may be procured at almost any hardware store.

Below are a few recipes which illustrate these principles:

### Cream of Browned Onion Soup.

- 4 medium-sized onions
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup cream
- 1 cup water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon flour.

Cook the onions in a small amount of water until perfectly tender, and until the liquid becomes quite syrupy and rather brown. Then rub the onions thru a colander or a sieve. To this pulp, add the water and milk; let come to the boiling point and thicken with the flour, moistened with a little cold water. Cook five to ten minutes, then add the cream and serve.

**Potato Loaf.**

Pare the desired number of potatoes and cook in boiling water. When tender, drain the water off, and put thru a colander. To each pint of the mashed potatoes, add

$\frac{1}{3}$  cup cream                      1 egg—well beaten  
1 teaspoon salt.

Add the cream and salt to the mashed potatoes and beat thoroly. Then put in the beaten egg, turn into a baking dish and bake until a nice brown.

**Banana Snow.**

1 cup sago                      Juice of 2 lemons  
6 cups water                   $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar  
1 cup sugar                  Whites of 3 eggs  
6 bananas.

Soak the sago one hour in one cup of the water. Mix the sugar and lemon juice with the sago and pour over it the five cups of boiling water. Cook in a double boiler until perfectly transparent. Then pour this over the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating meanwhile; cool slightly, then put this mixture in layers with the sliced bananas in a pudding dish and let stand until cold. Serve with cream and sugar or with any preferred sauce.

**Fig Sandwich.**

Spread thinly-cut slices of bread with butter and then with a filling made as follows:

Wash and cook figs until of a consistency of a thick marmalade. Then to each cup of the marmalade, add one-half cup of maple syrup or sufficient to thin it to the proper consistency for spreading. Put the slices together and cut into any fancy shape. These are especially nice for luncheons.

**IS IT WRONG TO DANCE?**

WHY not ask, is it expedient to dance? Will it pay? Is it wise and safe and sane? Is it better to dance than not to dance? Consider a few facts:

1. Many of the best people in the world never danced. Dancing is, therefore, not an essential virtue.

2. No person noted for dancing has ever been noted for religious devotion. Never.

3. Many innocent-minded girls have been ruined by attending dances. None have ever been saved by dancing.

4. No person can add anything to the worth of his character by becoming an expert in dancing.

5. No person can add to his influence, not even in the eyes of the world, by frequenting the dance.

6. It requires no extraordinary intelligence to become an adept at dancing. Flinging the heels does not develop brains.

7. Mixed dancing becomes very fascinating to its dupes, and they rarely break away from it for exercise more wholesome.

8. It costs time and money to dance, and if these are not lost, nothing can be lost.

9. Many young men who prize the welfare of their sisters do not wish their sisters to attend balls.

10. Dancing church members are usually worth little to the church. The love of God and the love of dancing do not hitch.

*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

**GARDENING.**

WE hereby call for some information on gardening. Some of our good wives feel timid about writing an article for publication, because they fear mistakes, but in this case correct language and a ready tongue will count nothing. We just want you to state the best order of planting garden seeds, so as to raise the most on the smallest patch of ground.

Some city people have but a small garden and it is worth much to them to know what to plant first, so that it can be followed by the next earliest, and so on. You know radishes are over with in a few weeks, and the ground, where they grew, can be sown to something else. Begin with your earliest plant, tell how far apart and when to plant. Also tell how a few flowers can be planted in and around the garden to beautify without taking too much space.

We want all manuscripts to be in by March 1, 1908, so that the results can be used this spring. It will take you only a few minutes to take a pencil and paper and write us your plan. Do it today. It may make a thousand people happy.

**OTHER GOOD THINGS WANTED.**

IN addition to the essays on gardening and flower culture, we want hints and experiences on poultry raising and summer work in general. Thousands of our readers will be busy in a few months and anything that you can say or do now to make their housework easier or more agreeable will be gladly received and kindly remembered. These suggestions may relate to the making of clothes for children, remodelling clothes for adults, house furnishings, house cleaning, painting, papering, preparation and serving of meals, or work outside of the house, the yard, the orchard, the berry patch, the chicken yard, etc.

You will find your work more delightful as you begin to study it in the spirit of helping some one else. The INGLENOOK is a live wire to convey helpfulness to those needing it and we want to develop this spirit among our readers.

**FLOWER CULTURE.**

WE want plans submitted for the best order of raising summer flowers. How to follow one plant with



another, how to arrange the different sorts and colors of flowers so as to increase their beauty. Kind of soil, cultivation, time of transplanting, frame-work necessary for plants, position as to sun, where to secure the seed, and so on.

God has given us a rich legacy of his love in the beautiful flowers which beautify this old brown earth. Now let us use them and help each other to get some good out of them. We want a beautiful home without and a good home within. Flowers will help us attain to this end.



#### WHAT AMERICAN WOMEN DO.

THE total number of women engaged in gainful occupations, according to the census of 1904, was 5,319,397. In 1900 there were about 4,000,000. At the same rate of increase there are now fully 6,000,000. During the decade 1890-1900 the number of working women increased 33 per cent, while the total number of women increased but 22 per cent. Thus the working women increased half again as fast as her sex.

Not only are the working women increasing phenomenally and disproportionately; they are invading almost every one of the 305 gainful occupations enumerated by the census. They may be thus roughly classified:

|                                              |           |
|----------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Agricultural pursuits, .....                 | 977,336   |
| Professional service, .....                  | 430,597   |
| Domestic and personal service, .....         | 2,095,449 |
| Trade and transportation, .....              | 503,347   |
| Manufacturing and mechanical pursuits, ..... | 1,312,668 |
| Total, .....                                 | 5,319,397 |

When the returns are examined in detail, however, it is seen that there are but eight occupations in which women do not appear. From four of these they are excluded by the men, the four being: Soldiers, sailors, marines, and firemen. The other four are: Apprentices and helpers to roofers and slaters, helpers to brass workers, helpers to steam boiler-making, and street car drivers.

When we come to see just what this vast army of working women is doing some interesting facts appear. There are 665,791 farm laborers, 307,788 farmers planters, and overseers, 100 lumbermen and raftsmen, 113 wood choppers, 325,000 teachers, 6,418 actresses, 3,405 clergymen, 40 civil engineers, 30 mechanical and electrical engineers, 14 veterinary surgeons, 3,125 librarians, 2,086 saloon-keepers, 440 bartenders, 100 architects, 150 builders and contractors, 167 masons, 545 carpenters, and 1,759 painters, glaziers, and varnishers.

The most notable increase appears to be in stenography and typewriting. In 1890 there were 21,270 stenographers and typewriters. In 1900 there were 86,118, an increase of more than 300 per cent in ten years.

Curiously enough, the only occupations in which

women are going backward, as compared with men, are sewing, dressmaking, and tailoring.

In 1900 there were about 28,000,000 American women over 10 years of age.



#### REFORM NOTES.

REALIZING that the greatest enemy to Christianity is the liquor interests, whether licensed or unlicensed, our pen and thought is openly directed against it in every way, shape, and form.

It is the direct cause of the majority of charity work incumbent upon a mission; it is the direct cause of the urgent need of rescue mission work; it's supporters are openly against moral and religious work, hence we have no quarter to give in dealing with the liquor interests in any of its forms.



THE court has ordered the stations of the Great Northern railroad at Church and Ferry, N. Dak., to be closed and kept closed for a year because of the violation of the state prohibitory law. A drayman was allowed to store beer in it. He has been fined two hundred and fifty dollars, and the costs were taxed against the Great Northern. The decision may be changed by a higher court, but it is hoped that it will not. Infinite harm is done by the liquor interests, and the law restricting their business should be rigidly enforced, no matter who is made to suffer because of it. Laws are of no effect if not enforced. Every law restricting the destroying business should be made effective. The homes of the land need protection from this monster evil, and in time they will get it.



FROM the West recently have come two strong statements against liquor and the liquor business. Judge B. E. Lindsey, of Denver, Colo., said: "As a judge I have faced the woes, the trials, the miseries, and broken homes of society caused only by the want of a proper solution of this problem of problems. Thousands and thousands of homes have been broken up, caused by the traffic in intoxicants. I have divorced four thousand people, I have tried no less than six thousand children, in the past six years. This lamentable social condition is traceable in a large degree to the legalized saloon." And the Wyoming *Daily Tribune*, Cheyenne, Wyo., in answer to the question, "What is whiskey?" says: "Whiskey is the devil's own brew. Whiskey is the greatest enemy of civilized nations. Whiskey robs women and children of their happiness and their patrimony. Whiskey is the poison that kills intellect and morality and makes of man a brute. Whiskey is the handmaiden of the penitentiary, the insane asylum and the poorhouse." The words are none too strong. It is for Christian people to unite and say the curse has been with us too long and now must go.—*The Echo*.

## How George Went to College

O. H. Kimmel

GEORGE BOLTON was a keen witted and an ambitious farmer boy. He saw beauty in the growing crops, the green trees, and in the birds that flitted here and there about the farm. He was passionately fond of school work too, and always took great delight in pursuing his studies at Mount Pleasant, the district school which he attended. Early in his school life he began to lay plans to continue his studies in high school and college after he had finished his work at Mount Pleasant. His uncle James, an instructor in a university, usually spent part of his summer vacations with the family on the Bolton farm, and this, by his encouraging words, gave impetus to George's desires.

The father, however, bent upon his farm work, could give the boy no encouragement, and secretly felt envious toward his brother-in-law for putting, as he called them, "fool ideas" in his boy's head. Farmer Bolton was too busy to give his family any attention, and found his farm work and farm management intruding so upon his time, that, though he arose at four, and kept steadily at work until eight or nine at night, he could not find time at all to attend to the farm as it should be attended to. He realized this after a fashion, little realizing that his own hurry and his long hours were the real causes of much work, and the cause of so much work going undone.

He often looked forward with more pleasant anticipations to the time when George should be old enough to help on the farm, for he felt that then, two hands could keep things straight and in better shape. But, now, he began to see defeat in these plans, for his boy had a "fool notion" that he must go to college, and this notion was growing in the boy as he grew. What to do about it he did not know, nor could he think out a plan whereby he could induce the boy to reconsider his desires, in order that his own plans might be carried out. "Here," he thought, "is the farm, not paying expenses well, at least not more than doing so, and yet I work early and late; the machine shed blew down in a storm three years ago and I have never had time to rebuild it." In addition to this a binder, a corn-harvester, a corn-planter, a wheat-drill, a disk-harrow, a gang-plow, a hay-rake, a cornstalk-rake, some harrows, plows, cultivators and other farm tools, were standing out in the weather also. He knew that this was wrong and wasteful, yet he could see no other alternative, because he had no time to improve conditions, and he had "set his foot down" on hiring work done, years ago.

The good wife and mother protested against these conditions of things, but her protests were of no avail. True, he saw, that the machinery would not last so

long, yet his busy mind did not dwell upon this fact, and it was neither here nor there in his life. His sole desire seemed to be to find time in which he could do more work, for, he felt that the more things were going to rack, the greater must be his exertions; and in this manner, the family was living when George reached his fourteenth year.

He had finished his schooling the latter part of the preceding winter. His desire to attend some high school and then college was still strong, but he began to feel that it must smolder into dust. The last year had been a very disastrous one in many ways; a valuable horse had tramped upon a rusty nail and died, as a result; some cattle had died; the hog quarters had not been cleaned for a number of years and a large drove of fattened hogs had died of cholera after eating most of the year's crop. As a result of weathering, a new binder, mower, hay-loader, corn-planter, disk and other farm tools were purchased, and to save his life the farmer could not keep from adding a mortgage to the already heavy financial burdens on the farm. He finally told George one day, after the mortgage had been given that the "fool college notion" must be given up! George felt that he owed it to his father and mother to acquiesce with this decision, and so he bravely resolved to face the disappointment and resolutely settled down to farming with his father.

Late in the autumn after the crops were all gathered George was reading the county paper one day when he noticed that the Farmers' Institute was to convene in the county seat the following week. This, thought he, is of an educational nature, and I believe I shall attend if father permits. The parent gave his grumbling consent and the following Monday found George at the opening session of the institute. The exercises interested him greatly, and that night, as he told of the proceedings of the institute, the little mother listened in amazement at what George had heard that day, and the old farmer, though amazed at what these "per-fessers" seemed to know, only shrugged his shoulders and went out into another room.

The next day George provided himself with a notebook and pencil, and he found them of great service. One of the lecturers spoke on the care of farm machinery, and this lecture found lodgment in George's heart, and he began to study the question which resulted in changing his whole future career and ultimately changed conditions on the farm, by reducing the mortgage and putting the farm on a paying basis.

That night after supper George consulted his notes, and, as he did so, had much to reveal to the family. The absorbing topic that day had been "Farm Ma-



chinery, Its Care and Its Abuses," and the subject was ably handled by a man who had been actively engaged in collecting items and statistics for eleven years. First, he figured, that the machinery necessary to run an average farm successfully must necessarily cost from \$900 to \$1100. This outlay, he figured at fifty per cent of a moderate city home; such an outlay of money can not be made injudiciously without evil consequences ultimately resulting. He then entered into the discussion of the care of the machinery and when he came to the shedding idea, George followed him very carefully and did not permit a single item to escape him. We can not give space, here, to George's full report, but summed up in general, it was agreed, at the meeting, according to this report, that machinery unshedded throughout a year deteriorated 15 per cent, while shedded machinery would decrease in value but  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Thus figuring machinery at \$1,000 the annual saving by shedding alone would be \$75. This was figured at 40 per cent of the cost of a shed and that such a shed would pay for itself in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years. After that time the annual savings would be added to the general farm income and to the family's comfort.

George's father looked at his son dubiously after the discussion was over. Evidently he was moved, but yet not fully convinced. Yet he ventured to say, "At that rate, let us count our loss in the four years we have been without a shed. They figured their machinery, wagons, feedmill etc., at twelve hundred dollars. "This would mean," said George, "ninety dollars for a year or three hundred and sixty for four years." "But" he added, "other things must be considered here." "You remember," addressing his father, "two years ago the old dead cottonwood was blown down upon our binder and ruined it. A well shedded binder they figured today should last ten years. That lasted us but two. It cost one hundred and twenty dollars: that should mean twelve dollars a year. Well, twenty-four dollars from one hundred and twenty dollars leaves ninety six dollars makes a total of four hundred and fifty six dollars.

Then, last year, Spark, our blooded colt, you remember, ran into the guards of the new binder and so damaged him that you could not get twenty-five dollars for him, while before the accident you refused two hundred for him. There is another one hundred and seventy-five to add to your loss. That makes a sum total now of six hundred and thirty-one dollars. Then, again, unfortunately our binder was ruined this year because it was setting on the roadside where it was destroyed by a runaway team. It cost, I believe, one hundred and fifteen dollars, and a loss of ninety-two dollars is again figured in, which makes a sum total of seven hundred twenty-three dollars. Then if we figure the loss of old Joe, who tramped on a nail in the barn, because of this same shiftless manner of our conduct and the loss of the cattle that died, and the loss of our hogs

this summer. we shall find that our losses, because of our shiftlessness, will not fall short of two thousand dollars—yes figuring twenty-five hundred dollars, or \$625 a year, fully enough to pay the mortgage you gave this year, and send me to high school for two or three years, or college for over a year." The father was visibly moved, but he arose, muttering something against "perfeessional" book farming, and left the room.

The next day at the institute George listened to a lecture on Correlation of Farming and Education, and another on Food Crops and the Wide and Narrow Ratio of Food Values. That night, after the chores were done, and the supper table was cleared, the family again listened to George as he related the events of the day. The educational theme was interesting and along a new line of thinking. First the speaker, by consulting his statistics announced that a fair average for uneducated labor was about \$1.55 a day, or \$18,000 for a working life-time of forty years. Averaging the earnings of educated men, from \$50,000 a year down to the lower walks of educated labor, \$1,000 per year or \$40,000 for forty years was considered a fair, yet, perhaps a low estimate on the life earnings. This shows that, in dollars and cents, an education is worth at least \$22,000.

The recital of this fact caused the old farmer to scowl again. True he could not deny that this estimate was well founded and that it seemed true, but he declared that it would not work in actual life any better than any of the other book farming, yet he was conscience smitten, and he knew it; still, he could see no way whereby his ways could be changed for the better.

On the last day of the institute George succeeded in getting his father and mother to attend. While it caused a sensation in the institute when the old farmer came stalking in to the institute where he was seated among his neighbors, yet it was true—stubborn old John Bolton was in attendance. That day the chief lecture was a plea for shorter hours of work on the farm, with additional comfort on the farm for every member of the family. The speaker pointed out that eight hours work was a man's or a team's full capacity; all work piled upon that per day was considered as a sin against the body for which compensation must be made in later years. He also suggested that each farm should have its repair days and its building week, in which all repair of fences, harness, pens, and buildings should receive due attention. He named many farmers who had adopted such a system and estimated their profits from adopting such methods.

The last speaker made a plea for the rural school, the rural church and the rural home and pointed out that these three institutions must always supply the land with its greatest men and greatest women. "Our presidents," said he, "our governors, our teachers, our ministers, our best business men, and the strong

men in all vocations must come from the farm and if our nation continues to progress in the future, as it has in the past, these institutions of the farm community must rise and make a bow to the new demands that are being heaped upon them, for the changed conditions of recent years have added much to what must come from them."

That night, the old farmer half admitted that, in the past he had perhaps made some mistakes. He was visibly stirred up, and the family could see it. But in a few days the light had faded and he was back into the bottom of the old rut again.

Not so with George, however. George's mind had been busy for some time and for two weeks after the institute he was strangely quiet. One evening he wrote to his uncle. Then he was more talkative. Within a week's time he received an answer from the uncle and he felt that his time for action had come. The opportunity came a few weeks after this, one rainy evening when the father was grumbling at his ill luck because the machinery must all stand out in the weather and take the rain. George said: "Father if you and mother will do me one favor I shall build a machine shed this fall, and not charge you a cent for it. I shall only ask that, when I am eighteen, you give me enough money to school me a year, if the savings resulting from the machine shed will figure out, as we figured them at the Farmer's Institute. If they don't, you will be out a very small sum, but if they do, you can school me a year, pay your mortgage, and have enough left to take yourself and mother to Europe for a three month's visit, and then have a snug sum left. You see what I mean, don't you? I ask that you and mother go my note for \$200 so that I can buy the lumber and material with which to build the shed. Now, don't laugh, for I am in earnest and I know what I am doing. Mr. Biggs at the lumber yard has told me that I could get the lumber in that way. Then again, if we build the shed and clean up the place, we can take a day or two and repair the fences, gather up the broken timber, clean up and fumigate the pig barn, etc., for all of this must be done if I undertake the task by your permission."

The old farmer was inclined to be sullen at first, but finally Mrs. Bolton and Grace interposed and he said, "Well, George, we can't do any worse than we are doing, and if it does nothing more, this scheme of yours will give you an opportunity to prove or disprove your 'book farming' theory, so I will give in; just pitch in and try it; but if you fail don't come to me; I shall call it a bargain, and shall hold you to your contract, through thick and thin. I think it will be the means of teaching you, who knows best, so just go at it."

George now said: "Very well, but we must not forget that, if I undertake this task we must clean up the place and get the farm in excellent shape for till-

ing." "I agree to that too," said the farmer, "I agree to do my part in this work, and shall help you what little time I may have. I don't anticipate any good results from this except that I shall get a machine shed, but I shall help through it all."

The shed was built, and the good machinery was stored therein. The worthless pieces were torn apart, the scrap iron being sold to an iron broker, and the wood sawed up into stove wood, or made use of in some other way.

The fences were repaired. The hog barn was cleaned according to the directions which George received from his uncle, who obtained them from the agricultural college. The windmill which had been out of order for two years was repaired, and, again, the farm was blessed with an abundance of pure water.

By spring the place was transformed. George and the father worked faithfully at repairing and cleaning and the results were plainly in evidence. Later in the spring the hedges were trimmed and the orchard pruned. The remaining hogs were sold and a new breed put in their place in due time. That summer, when the work in the fields was most pressing, work was continued until six thirty, but at all other times work stopped promptly at six o'clock. As a result the horses were in much better condition and the dairy, because of the better attention that it received, added fifty per cent to the returns of any previous years. Also, the farmer discovered that he had time to attend to the garden and potato patches and this result was very gratifying when the yield became known.

The people of the neighborhood wondered what had come over farmer Bolton, and one day his neighbor, Pat McGillan, overcome by curiosity asked the farmer as follows: "Faith, John, and yez been after a clanin oop yer farrum fur nearly a yare neow, and yez gotten so yez don't worrik narely so airly and late as yez used to. Begorra, John, phwats got into yez." The grave old farmer only answered that he felt a change was needed in that direction, to which Pat replied: "Sure—Its a wise mon I am after ratin yez; I always knew yez was a man of sinse and sound judgment."

The third year of the experiment was gradually drawing to a close at last. George was nearing his eighteenth year, and by hard work, in addition to his duties on the farm, had carried successfully a correspondence college course which would admit him at the university. He began this course a year after the experimental farming was started, for then, he foresaw the success of his enterprise. The family seldom discussed the new methods on the farm, but all saw the good effects. The grave old farmer was becoming kinder day by day, and took more interest in the welfare of the family. The mother had less work, and Grace often felt the blessings of living in a real happy home. George bore the dignity of his position modest-



ly and no gusto, or "I told you so" ever escaped him, though it is needless to say that he felt a just pride in seeing the successful culmination of his plans.

At last the day came when the three years were up. The note which had been paid two years before, without George knowing it, was put into his hands by the farmer with the statement, "There's your receipt, George. Also, here is another little thing that is coming to you. On looking, George saw that it was a check for \$1,000. That's one thousand toward that twenty-two thousand dollar balance, the value of the education you are going to get," said the father with a twinkle in his eye. Also, you deserve that, and much more, which you shall get in time. Your foresight and enthusiasm have organized this farm and its management until it has been put on a paying basis. The mortgage has been lifted. The debts are wiped out. The  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent saving on shedded machinery has grown into the interests you said it would, by the saving of machinery from wreckage and the saving of livestock. I shall now manage the farm alone, and hire what help I may need. You may begin your University course this year, if you desire, and," turning toward his daughter, he added, in his characteristic rough way, "Grace, mother and I have noticed the enthusiasm with which you followed George in his Correspondence College work and we have decided to permit you to accompany your brother to the university if you desire to do so.

Grace wholly unprepared for, and unsuspecting of such a turn of events could say nothing for fully half a minute. Then she could only say, "Why father, why mother, how can you spare us both! O this has been a cherished desire of my heart that I dared not utter"—and she sprang toward her mother and father and—the happy scene that followed was a sacred one in the family to which we can not be introduced.

Within a few weeks the "young folks" of the Bolton homestead were in the University. The father and mother were lonesome, O so lonesome, but yet they were happy. The letters received twice each week told of the experiences of George and Grace at the University and of the pleasures of the work there. The holiday vacation found them at home where contentment and happiness reigned supreme. They, both, spent their summers at home at their usual farm pursuits. The farmer and his wife noticed that the children had not changed in any way except in culture. They were in the same joys of the household that they had been for the three or four years past and gave no evidence of falling into the boisterous and evil ways that sometimes come to University students.

Within the required time both George and his sister received their degrees and returned to their home on the farm. George entered into the duties with new zeal and determination, and Grace filled the house with such joy and happiness as only a true,

active and loving farmer sister and daughter can. Contentment reigned in that family because they were happy and prosperous. The father was out of the rut and was as happy as any of the family, and spent his evenings with the family in conversation, or discussion, or in reading. The mother was the happiest of women. Once she was heard to tell a neighbor that the only fear she had had of educating her children was, the fear that "their education would lead them into professional life and away from her. But," she added, "this has not happened. They have returned to father and me to lighten our path and bless our home."

True this young man and this young woman each had offers and opportunities to enter the professional field, but they had talked the matter over often, and had finally concluded that their greatest compensation lay in remaining at home and caring for their parents, where, they felt they could do as well as anywhere. And so they staid at home. And we take our leave of a family which has found the error of its way and is living in the joy made by the wake of its finding. If this family's example could be portrayed in every home where it is needed, what influence it would have! What a teacher this young man would be! Here we leave them for their subsequent success and fame does not enter our story. I wish only to add that the young man's future is bright as has been shown by recent events, and Grace,—well, she is all right too.

*E. St. Louis, Ill.*



#### FARMS IN ALASKA.

By a recent order of the Secretary of the Interior, 2,980,000 acres of land has recently been opened for settlement, only about fifty miles south of the Arctic Circle. This land has been held in reserve for a National forest around Norton Bay, but the project was abandoned, so many were the demands for entry on land which had been found more suitable for settlement. The rush to Alaska last spring overwhelmed steamship accommodations and filled up the wharves at Seattle with household freight, but the order of the Secretary is expected to prolong.

Agriculture in Alaska is proceeding hand in hand with the efforts of the government experiment stations which are constantly determining what will grow there which heretofore has been considered unsuitable either to the soil or the climate. So far, all the hardier vegetables have been made to thrive and in the large valleys of the interior experiments are being made, with every prospect of success, to grow hay, grain, and stock feed capable of maintaining work animals. The great valley along the Sultana River in Central Alaska, extending north from Cook's inlet and Resurrection Bay, it is declared, has a mild climate the year round owing to the warm currents of the ocean and will grow almost anything that is raised in temperate zones.

The permanent white population of Alaska is now 33,000 with 6,000 natives at work here and there. The increase now averages 3,500 a year which the opening of the lands for settlement is expected to swell materially.

The people of Alaska shipped to the States last year \$29,339,286 worth of gold, silver, copper and merchandise in the form of fish products. Cable, telegraph and mail connections are being generally extended and already Alaska is ambitious to become a State.



### THE WORLD'S WHEAT LANDS.

About eight years ago, Sir William Crookes, England's famous physicist, predicted that not later than 1931 the world's wheat lands would be exhausted. He showed conclusively enough that the Canadian province of Athabasca for more than 125 miles west of its eastern boundaries was an extension of the wheat soil of Manitoba, the climate favored wheat culture into Athabasca. Crookes thought that the capacity of Australia was greatly exaggerated but the British authorities proved that 50,000,000 acres of good land were still uncultivated in Queensland alone.

According to Herr Kaerger, a noted German scientist, only one-sixtieth of the surface of Argentina is under cultivation; that the great fields of wheat and maize and the vast pasture grounds are to be found chiefly in the east, is to be attributed to the fact that Argentina holds business relations with the rest of the world principally through the ports of Buenos Ayres and Rosario. Herr Kaerger says that the Eastern limit of Argentina wheat culture without irrigation is the frontier between Argentina and Uruguay, followed to a point between the provinces of Entre Rios and Corrientes. The unirrigated wheat land will follow the line of regular annual rainfall sufficient to mature the crop until it meets the arid belt. The Western boundary will pass Southeast of Cordoba to Villa Mercedes in the province of San Luis. The Southern limit will be a line connecting South of the city of Buenos Ayres.

From this it would follow that the great wheat area of Argentina would include the whole of Entre Rios, nearly all of Santa Fé, a portion of Corrientes, the East of Cordoba and the northern part of Buenos Ayres. Within this territory the available wheat land has an acreage of 200,000,000 acres. Argentina can produce at least twenty-four times as much wheat as she is now growing. All this duly considered and then the vast undeveloped wheat lands of the United States, Canada, British Northwest Territory and Alaska, it will be needless even for the people of the remote future to worry over the possibility of the exhaustion of the wheat lands of the world.



### A Holy War in Morocco.

Altho, so far as the French and Spanish troops have been concerned, matters have generally been fairly quiet in Morocco during recent months, the rivalry of the Sultan, Abd-el Aziz, and his brother, Mulai Hafid, the pretender in the South, has continued with more or less fighting. Now the rumors have been confirmed that, on January 4, Mulai Hafid, who had already been proclaimed Sultan at Morocco City, was so proclaimed at Fez, the northern capital, and that Abd-el Aziz was proclaimed formally deposed, and a holy war was declared. All the Moorish formalities attending such ceremonies were scrupulously observed, with the aid of the Ulemas, or body of Moslem doctors of the Choffas tribes, who interpret the Koran. The proclamations were issued at the principal mosque. The ground on which Abd-el Aziz was deposed was that he had sold himself to the Christians, since he had agreed to the installation of the international

police in the coast towns, as provided in the Algeciras agreement. The fanatical Moors hate Europeans, and the idea that Abd-el Aziz was ready to turn their land over to foreigners has aroused them to fury. Whether either Sultan is strong enough to get rid of the other is problematic; but the result of Mulai Hafid's move will be to keep the French and Spanish forces on Moroccan soil indefinitely.



### COLOR OF EGGS.

At the California Agricultural Experiment Station, the chief object in making a chemical examination of brown-shelled and white-shelled eggs was to determine whether there is any superiority of one over the other as to quality. The test shows that the shells and their color have but slight effect on the food value of the eggs. It has been said by some that the brown eggs are richer than the white ones, but this statement is not borne out by a chemical analysis, and the physical examination proves that the main points of superiority, though slight, are possessed by the white eggs. The minute differences that are found between the two groups are exceeded by variation between varieties within the same group. It may be stated that there are practically no differences so far as the food value is concerned between white-shelled and brown-shelled eggs.



### HISTORICAL NOTES.

BUTTER is first mentioned in the Bible in Gen. 18: 8. It was made from the milk of goats and sheep, and later from the milk of cows. The way they made it was to put the milk into skin bags, and shake them until the butter came. Arabs to this day make butter in this primitive manner. In ancient times butter was used for food, medicine, and for burning in lamps.

History does not tell us in which country cotton was first used, but the writings of Herodotus and Pliny speak of the excellence of the cotton fibre used by the Greeks and Romans. It was used by the Indians when Columbus discovered this country, and prehistoric Peruvian mummy cloths were made of woven cotton.

Indian corn originated in America, and when Columbus reached our shores the Indians were cultivating it. In 1535, when Cartier visited what is now called Montreal, that city was surrounded by corn fields. The tombs of the Indians preceding those of our day contained ears and grains of corn.

Mr. E. W. Quincy, of Illinois, invented the first corn harvesting machine in October, 1850



TWENTY years time proves that most men either lose their hearts in adversity or their heads in prosperity.



You must believe in yourself before anybody will believe in you.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### JUDGE CLELAND AND CHICAGO'S FOUR HUNDRED.

The municipal courts of Chicago have been in operation not quite a year. Of that new system as a whole it is not my present intention to write. But there is one branch of that court which has been in operation even a shorter time than a year, of which I want to tell something. I have just sat on the bench beside Judge Cleland as he issued his one thousandth parole, and that is a good time to take account of stock. From 9 o'clock in the morning until 3 in the afternoon, with never an intermission save five minutes for a glass of milk, the judge sat at his desk, and I sat with him while the docket ground its course.

When Judge Cleland took this court last February, under new power given the city in the matter of its courts, he had no new body of criminal law to administer. The same old laws are on the books that have grown up out of the cruel experience of the ages. And these laws compelled him to do many things which he did not want to do, and he is a believer in the enforcement of every law, good or bad, so long as it is a law. It seemed to him that in some way the operation of the criminal law should be constructive, and he found it only punitive. It seemed to him further that revenge should be eliminated.

Theoretically there is no revenge in the enforcement of law; but practically most laws are not enforced unless some one prosecutes. It seemed to him also that convictions should be far more certain in cases where guilt is proved, but that so far as possible needless disgrace should be spared.

He got together seventy-five men, lawyers who practice in his court and business men of the district, and told them what he was trying to work out, and they agreed to help him. Each of the business men agreed to be an elder brother to some tempted man. The number of elder brothers increased till now there are four hundred. These are the Chicago Four Hundred, and Judge Cleland is their leader.

Let me describe some of the cases I saw and heard. This, for instance, happened to be the one thousandth: A man was brought in drunk last night. He had spent the night in the cell. He stands before the judge, barely sober. It is his first arrest. He is married and has five children, the oldest thirteen years of age. He speaks a little English. He gets drunk habitually, and his family is very poor, but he is not boisterous, and would be a decent man if he would let liquor alone. The law gives little liberty in such a case. He may be found not guilty, and sent home with a lecture, or he may be fined, and since he has no money, he may be sent to the Bridewell to work out his fine at 50 cents a day, his wife and children subsisting on charity while he is in jail. That is all that the law provides for such a case. And in a city not far away from Chicago on one morning only a month ago, 167 cases, of which this may be regarded as a fair speci-

men, were ground out in ninety minutes; a rate of speed, as Judge Cleland, remarks, just about equaling that with which they dispose of hogs at the stock yards.

Judge Cleland asks, "Where is this man's wife?" She is not here. The man is sent back to his cell for an hour or two till the officers go out and find his wife. Meantime the court goes on. At length the woman appears, accompanied by the eldest child, a girl of thirteen, but looking as if she were eight. She and her mother wear shawls over their heads, and they stand, stolid, beside the husband. An interpreter is necessary for a time, but soon the little girl is discovered to speak good English, and the judge's lecture becomes the more impressive when interpreted to the parents by the child. The mother, too, drinks, but not usually to excess. The judge tells them that the easiest thing for him to do is to send the husband to the Bridewell and be done with the matter; but that if the man is sorry, as he says he is, and will promise faithfully never to touch liquor, to go back to work and take care of his family, he will not punish him. The promise is made very readily, and the man is released on parole. But this is not the end. The court sentences the man to the maximum fine and imprisonment. He then considers that a motion is made to vacate that sentence. He postpones action on this motion for two weeks, and releases the man on his own bond of \$200 to appear at that time. In order that he may not lose time from his work, he is to come to a night session of the court, and bring his wife with him. They are then to tell him how matters have gone. If they are going well, he will continue the motion another two weeks, and so on. If, however, the man has been drinking, the bond is forfeited. Moreover, if any of the officers see him enter a saloon for any purpose, they are charged to arrest him. Positive legal evidences of intoxication are no longer necessary. It is incumbent on him to "make good." The condition of the children became matter of inquiry. This little girl of thirteen has never risen above the second grade in school. She ought to be farther along. She is not in school at all, having been in the parochial school, and now being at home in order that her mother may work out. The judge declares this must stop. The man must support his family and send his children to school. He must no longer compel his wife to work out and his children to stay home that he may drink. And he will send some one to the home to keep in touch with matters there, and see that things improve. The parents must seek the moral betterment of their children, and the judge is in condition to compel it. That suspended sentence hangs over the man just as long as the judge cares to continue the motion to vacate. That is what gives power to the pledge. For the mere promise of this poor, crushed, ignorant man is as worthless as his \$200 bond, save for the power which is to compel him to come in from time to time, and to go to jail if he does not "make good." This was the one thousandth case; and I talked with the blue-eyed little figure in the shawl, the eight-year-old girl that had lived thirteen

pitiful years, and thought there was good reason to hope that better things were before her. She is going into the public school now, and is to have a chance to live.

A red-faced, sullen, brutal-looking man, not yet as sober as he ought to be, stands before the desk. He has been in the Bridewell more than once, and it did him little good, if any. He will not work, and he will drink. The rent, which is \$7 a month, is not paid. The furniture was bought on the installment plan several months ago and cost \$90; of this \$24 has been paid, and the payments have ceased. Last night the furniture firm sent a wagon and took every article of furniture out of the house. The landlord is here to say that he will on no account take the family back. The wife, with an infant in her arms, has no hope in her face. She stayed last night with a sister, but can stay there only a day or two.

"Did you get any good out of the Bridewell?" asks the judge.

The man answers that each time he came out he was sober for a few weeks.

Is he ready to go to work and be a man?

He returns a shuffling and evasive answer.

The judge continues the case for two days. The man is led to his cell. But the judge is not thru. He addresses the landlord:

"I want you to take this family back."

"Your Honor, they're no good. That man will not work. I'll never get my rent."

"I will guarantee the first month's rent," said the judge. "Will you take them back?"

A reluctant consent is given.

"Call up Klein Brothers, and tell them I mean to compel this man to work and pay the balance due on the furniture. Ask them if they will send the furniture back this afternoon."

In a little while, during which interval other cases have come to the front, the word comes that Klein Brothers are very glad to do as the judge suggests. And the judge thinks he sees a way to make a home out of those poor, wretched lives.

Two brothers committed a burglary. They were guilty, and there would have been nothing to do but to bind them over to the Grand Jury, and have them sentenced to the penitentiary for from one to fourteen years. The judge sent out and found the parents more to blame than the boys. He bound the boys over to the Grand Jury, considered a motion as made to vacate that decision; compelled the father to give bonds for the boys, and the boys to go to work and repay the cost of the articles stolen. He brought the whole family up once in two weeks. The boys are off the streets and at work. And every one is satisfied. There is no probability that the Grand Jury will need to investigate that case.

There was a man who was not decent, who had abandoned his wife, less decent, and she had him arrested for wife desertion, which now in Illinois is a criminal offense. They had six children. The judge gave him the limit of the law; sent him to work, and compelled him to make report: he is now earning \$13.50 a week and she is keeping the house, and the judge thinks it better than that the man should have gone to jail and the woman to the — and the children to the orphan asylum.

A boy was brought up who had a bad record. His father was sent for, and would not come.

Then the judge issued a summons, and still the father would not come.

"Send him to jail," said the father; and then added, "Send him to — for all I care."

The judge made some remarks which he thought suited to the occasion, and issued a bench warrant for the father. He compelled the father to give bonds for the boy, and warned him that for any act of wantonness committed by the boy the father would be made to suffer. Then he sent them both home and now brings them up once in two weeks, and it is surprising how much interest the father now takes in his boy. Judge Cleland says he is in some danger of putting the Juvenile Court out of business by his prosecution of the parents of bad boys.

Cases of this kind multiply so that I cannot tell many more of them. But a word ought to be said about the night sessions of the court. There are so many of them now that the judge himself cannot attend them all; and his head probation officer presides over some of them. The people come, husbands and wives for the most part, and tell how they are getting on, and if they are doing well the cases are continued for two weeks more. The judge gives fatherly and encouraging talks, little heart-to-heart sermons, to different couples; then they have some music. There is a piano in the judge's chambers, and it is wheeled out for these night sessions. There are some flowers on the desk, and the occasion is a sort of judicial church social. And the people who are trying to do better encourage each other, and thank the judge and sing "America" and go home.

Some of Judge Cleland's penalties are not in the statute books at all. He tells a woman she must clean up her house; and he has the probation officer report on its improved condition. He tells a man that he must move to a better home, and pay a little higher rent in order to get a chance for his children to keep clean. He will not let a boy out who will not promise to stop using cigarets. The way in which these conditions are fulfilled is his material for judging whether to vacate the judgment inflicting the penalty. That penalty hangs over the guilty man till the judge is sure his reformation is complete.

"The old way is not equitable," said the Judge. "Within a month in the same court in a certain city two men were fined for the same offense fifty dollars each. One of them ostentatiously paid his fine out of a one thousand dollar bill. The other went to Bridewell to work one hundred days, paying that fine at fifty cents a day and coming out disgraced. And before he got out of jail his wife and four children arrived from Italy, and found themselves homeless and alone in a strange city."

"Within a month a woman was arrested dead drunk and sent up for forty days to work out a \$20 fine. Five days later, in a little hut on the banks of the canal, six children were found nearly starved; they were her children. And her crime of drunkenness was less than the crime of the State against those six children. If in some way the mother could have been saved, that would have saved the children."

What proportion hold out? Of his one thousand and seven or eight paroled men, up to this evening, seventy-seven have fallen. And these men go to the Bridewell for the limit. Two of them came up this morning.

"Didn't you promise me faithfully that you would not touch a drop of liquor; that you would be good to your wife; that you would support your family?"

"Yes, sir, but I thought it wasn't much harm to drink a little."

"You thought so, did you? Well, you shall see! Do you remember what I promised you? I promised if you broke your promise you should go up for six months, and that is just what I shall do. I keep my promise."

—The Independent.





# Echoes from Everywhere

## FOREIGN.

### England to Defend Africans.

Word from London indicates that England will force Belgium to give more just rule to the Congo State. The Congo reform associations in the United States and Secretary Root were invited to join in the measures.

The resolutions denounce the proposed transfer of the Congo independent state to Belgium and demand that the British government proclaim an early time limit within which Belgium must produce a plan of annexation providing guarantees, a complete reversal of the claims and practices of the existing system, the restoration to the natives of their rights, and the abrogation of slavery and enforced labor.

If Belgium does not adopt such a scheme, the resolutions declare, the British government should appeal to the powers for joint action.

These resolutions are intended to strengthen the hands of Sir Edward Grey, the British foreign secretary, who is only awaiting definite action by the Belgian government and chamber before intervening.

### A Revolution in India.

That the 300,000,000 natives of India, inspired by the success of Japan in the war with Russia, are preparing to strike a blow for freedom is the opinion of Captain William Rohde of the German steamship Neidenfels, just in from the Orient. The Captain says:

"In the Punjab district the agitators are urging the natives to open revolt. The white man throughout the East is no longer looked upon as the natural lord and master.

"It is generally believed among the natives that what the Japanese did the Indians can do also, and it will not be very long, to my mind, before there will be serious trouble all over Asia."

China showed signs of national progress when the throne recently declared a constitutional government for the people at an early date.

The edict declares that the chief problem relates to the control of agitations, and orders the boards of the interior and justice to name a constitutional commission to frame a law for the regulation of political societies.

The day when we shall go on Sunday-school picnics in airships may not be so distant, after all. Count Zeppelin, the German aeronaut, is proposing to build an airship to carry a hundred persons. Experts believe that he will succeed.

A bill has been passed in England making women eligible as county and town councilors and aldermen. This will greatly increase women's opportunity for usefulness as members of school boards.

The commission appointed to revise the constitution of Holland recommends the extension of suffrage to women.

Rumors of a republic for Portugal continue since the killing of King Carlos. All political prisoners have been transferred to the prisons in Africa for fear they would escape and aid the revolution. Martial law prevails all over the kingdom.

The South American republics, during the next fifteen years, will be engaged in celebrating their centennial anniversaries. The first of the lot, Ecuador, will open an exposition Aug. 10, of this year, at Quito, to celebrate her hundredth birthday. Secretary Root has asked Congress to appropriate \$50,000, to enable our Government to be represented there. As arguments for our participation he advances the facts that Ecuador's largest foreign trade is with the United States; that she is one of the richest countries in Latin America; that a railroad managed and constructed by Americans is about to be opened connecting Quito with the sea, and that the interests of American exporters will be furthered by a creditable display at this exposition.

## GENERAL.

### When Weddings were Costly in Texas.

The Austin correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: "The marriage of Dr. and Mrs. Jones took place in Austin in May, 1840. The wedding trousseau was brought all the way from Houston to Austin, a distance of 186 miles, by ox-cart. Mrs. Jones still has a receipt showing the freight charges upon part of the goods which were transported in this manner. The hauling of one pair of white silk hose from Houston to Austin cost \$9; black cotton hose, \$3 per pair; inserting, \$1 per yard; chally, \$3 per yard. The goods were not transported at a cost of so much per weight, but the freight charges were made according to the value of the articles."

The constitutional convention in session at Lansing has adopted by a vote of thirty to nine the following preamble to Michigan's new constitution: "We, the people of the State of Michigan, grateful to Almighty God for the blessings of freedom and earnestly desiring to secure these blessings undiminished to ourselves and our posterity, to that end do ordain and establish this constitution." This has a tone of puritanism which is not as common as it was with earlier settlers of America. "The powers that be are ordained of God," especially when they are powers for good.

### Kidney Disease a Result of Poisonous Food.

That the American kidney is being undermined by poisoned foods was asserted by Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the United States bureau of chemistry, who addressed the House committee on agriculture. He told of the results of experiments conducted by the bureau to determine the

poinsonous effect on the human system of such drugs as borax, benzoic acid, benzoate of soda, sulphate of copper, sulphur dioxide, formaldehyde, and salicylic acid when contained in food stuffs.

Dr. Wiley said that the expulsion of those and kindred drugs from the body is performed almost entirely by the kidneys, and that he is satisfied the term of American life would be lengthened if the use of such drugs in foods were wholly discontinued.

Rabbi Samuel Schulman of Temple Bethel, New York City, in an address at the monthly dinner of the Knife and Fork Club, spoke on "Money as a Measure of Manhood." He declared that money is becoming a national idol in the hearts of the majority of Americans. This rush to gain wealth, he said, "is the bane of a one-sided triumph of a material industrial civilization."

#### WOMEN WHO WANT TO VOTE.

New York suffragists are prosecuting their cause with zeal that indicates earnestness and ability. A delegation of English suffragists to this country recently fanned the dormant flame of equal franchise in this country into life. Woman's rights are gaining ground rapidly in the civilized world without question. Whoever took her franchise away from her, or by what rightful authority it is now withheld from her is hard for man to answer without convicting himself.

Secretary of State, Elihu Root, gave a letter of indorsement to a committee from the National Temple of Labor Association, which has been organized to raise a \$1,000,000 fund to construct in Washington a magnificent temple for labor organizations, and which purposes to interest business men and representatives of organized labor in joint efforts to minimize business losses and other social ills "resulting from such crude agencies as the strike, the boycott, and the lockout," and to secure a more general application of arbitration and community of interest of capital and labor. President Roosevelt, Vice-President Fairbanks, members of the Cabinet and Supreme Court, public officials generally, and prominent labor leaders and employes are being interested in the project. It is said that every member of the Cabinet has approved the project except Secretary Taft, who has not yet returned his final answer to the appeal.

It seems probable that Congress will authorize the issuance of money certificates during panics upon city, state, and railroad bonds. Why railroad bonds are better than some other commodities and business papers is a mystery to some. A certain class of New Yorkers and United States Senators hold most all the railroad bonds in the United States. It's a handy way for them when in need, to issue money and run their business and loan to others. Strange that they are the only ones who will be allowed to do this. If there were a majority of farmers in Congress it is possible that so much money would not be issued on railroad bonds. The total amount to be issued at any time is \$500,000,000.

The grip has had an extensive recrudescence this year. In more than one place it has interfered with the work of the schools. In Washington the health authorities put the number of cases at fifteen thousand at the new year. A fifth of the clerks in some of the government departments were away from their work on account of it. In Pittsburg the epidemic has been the worst since 1889.

#### \$124,000 FOR A BOOT-BLACK STAND.

Most people are on the lookout for big things, especially big bargains in money making, but the little things in life have a value also. This was brought out in a surprising way recently when a syndicate bought the exclusive right to black boots in the Pennsylvania terminal depot in New York City at a cost of \$124,000 for ten years.

Unless 1,000,000 people patronize the stand it will not be a financial success, but since 25,000,000 and over pass thru this depot within the year, it seems probable that the undertaking will prove a success.

#### SAFETY OF LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

The Charleston, News and Courier, in a remarkably frank and courageous editorial, declares "the sin of the South to be blood guiltiness. This State is stained with blood from the mountains to the sea." To sustain the assertion it gives figures, compiled from the newspapers, of the number of homicides committed in the State in the last six months of 1907. In that time an average of one man was killed on every weekday. Of the 158 men killed seventy-nine were whites and seventy-nine negroes; of the slayers seventy were whites and eighty-five negroes, and three unknown. One hundred and twenty-one of the dead were killed by gun and pistol shots, a fact which shows how common is the carrying of the deadly weapon. Pistols are made and carried for the purpose of shooting men. To carry them without a special permit is against the law. Murders and shooting are by no means limited to the South, of course, but the fact that the Italian Government has advised Italian immigrants against settling in at least one of the Southern States, is a straw that indicates something. The notorious acquittal of Judge Hargis, when charged with complicity in the slaughter of his opponents in Breathitt County, Kentucky, hints at the reputation of that State all over the world. The sentiment which still prevails among many southerners that a man can shoot any one who calls him a liar; that he can shoot any one who is charged with wronging a woman; and that he can kill a "nigger" without suffering for the crime, all need to be extinguished.

#### A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Many of the gifts—the larger ones to colleges and universities—are made in the form of corporation stocks and bonds. Of course, it is not supposed that these stocks will be converted into cash at an early day. A simple comparison of the prices of these stocks and bonds a few months ago, with the present quoted prices, suggests what would happen if a university were suddenly compelled to turn its securities into cash. It would be several hundred thousand dollars poorer and its income would be so crippled as to compel immediate liquidation or suspension at least, altho its dormitories and recitation rooms might be crowded with students. This is a practical view of the case and shows how it has happened that so many banks and other corporations have failed, or gone into the hands of receivers recently. They may have had the securities, but nobody would buy them, and so they have been unable to turn their securities into cash to meet the sudden and unexpected demands in addition to their usual obligations for the payment of employes and the purchase of materials to carry on their business. Business in full progress with unparalleled prosperity has been arrested; supplies of all kinds are put on the market without finding purchasers, and a general reduction and lowering of prices is the result.



**KING CARLOS ASSASSINATED.**

Once more despotism has reaped its own harvest in the assassination of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal, February 1, as the royal family was riding through the streets of Lisbon.

King Carlos had grown more despotic of late years. He had dissolved the national congress and was the puppet of a dictator, who ruled with ancient splendor and tyranny. The populace became tired of such a state of affairs, but there was no legal way to change matters before his death. Discontent was increasing every day.

Three anarchists ran out of the crowd of onlookers, ran up to the King's carriage and shot both the King and his oldest son, and wounded the second son. Threats had been made and the police were cautious, but the murder came so unexpected and sudden that the officials were dumfounded until the fatal deed was done.

The murderers were caught and brutally put to death by the angry mob.

The second son, 19 years old, was proclaimed King of Portugal the next day. Constitutional government is promised, and England and Spain are lending military and civic aid in the hope of restoring public order. It is said that the dead King had become very immoral and unchaste, was a spendthrift and had lost interest in his subjects. People will bear about so much tyranny and then comes tragedy.

**THE PRESIDENT'S SECOND MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.**

Washington, D. C., Feb. 5, 1908.—No state paper for a generation past has caused more comment, pro and con, than the message which President Roosevelt submitted to Congress last week.

In that paper the President fearlessly accuses the Santa Fe Railroad and the Standard Oil Company with fraud and untruthfulness and for proof against the first company named he submits a letter from President Ripley of the Santa Fe road, in which Mr. Ripley had directed rebates to be paid to a certain corporation, which, after his being fined for such criminal practice, he told the public that he was unaware that any rebates were ever paid to his patrons by his road. The letter which he dictated and which President Roosevelt now holds goes a long way toward initiating Mr. Ripley into the Ananias club for the remainder of his life.

The President's message reveals his sincerity for fairness to rich and poor alike, without showing any signs of prejudice at all. He openly declares that it will be better to allow the railroad magnates too liberal a rate for work done than to skimp them too much, because, with liberal pay they will develop their roads, while, if their earnings are short they will cut wages and fail to accomplish much good for the country. Such a declaration does not sound like he is merciless toward wealthy people as some papers have claimed.

Other good features brought out in the paper are these:

Immediate reenactment of the employers' liability law, with present objectionable features eliminated.

Compensation by government to all employés injured in service.

Federal supervision over financial and physical operations of interstate railroads.

Amendment of Sherman anti-trust law.

All gambling in stocks and securities should be prohibited.

The message has both a legal and a moral tone that is commendable. Equity and justice with a humane regard for all classes is its keynote.

**THE ARMY TO MOVE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.**

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 5, 1908.—Not only has the largest fleet in the world sailed for the Pacific Ocean, but the War Department is moving the army thitherward as well. The army is to be mobilized at San Francisco and Seattle by the time Admiral Evans' fleet reaches these points in April. The forts in Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming and other western states are to send heavy detachments forthwith. What the aggregate number of soldiers will be that will finally be collected on the coast is unknown, and the primary object can only be guessed at.

A great many liberties have been taken by Japanese immigrants along the coast of late years which has led them to believe that Uncle Sam is a coward. President Roosevelt is evidently preparing to dispel such a dream by preparing for business in Japanese style, altho no sane person sees any war between the two countries further than a commercial war for the trade of the Pacific.

Another war star is also seen by the fearful and jingoists in the fact that an up-to-date port is to be built at Honolulu. This is another of Roosevelt's tactics to offset the egotism of Japan in good time. With these vast movements it is evident that for the first time in history the world's business has been transferred to the Pacific Ocean. This is not only an epoch in United States History, but a new era in the history of the world. The final solution to the entire movement is found in the fact that increased industrial and commercial interests on the shores of the Pacific calls for more attention, both military and legislative. While the Atlantic was our only commercial field the entire navy remained there, but with the diverting of trade to the Orient it is only fair that the navy and the flag be transferred to where our new interests are opening up.

**WHISKY ON TRIAL IN MICHIGAN.**

Lansing, Mich., Feb. 5, 1908.—"The manufacture and sale of malt brewed, vinous, and intoxicating liquors shall be forever prohibited in the state after May 1, 1909, except for medical, scientific, sacramental, and medicinal purposes."

This is the drastic prohibition proposal that was unanimously and favorably reported in the constitutional convention by the committee on liquor affairs.

Those states which have had prohibition the longest have the largest bank deposits per capita. Michigan is headed in that direction at present.

The constitutional convention committee on elections also unanimously reported a proposal granting woman suffrage, with a recommendation that it be passed.

**OKLAHOMA'S CIGARETTE LAW.**

Guthrie, Okla., Feb. 5, 1908.—The lower house of the Legislature has passed a measure prohibiting the smoking of cigarettes in the State. A fine of not less than \$5 nor more than \$25 for each offense is the penalty. This is the fourth score in favor of Oklahoma, the other three being prohibition of liquor, guaranteed state banks, and federal control of all corporations.

**TWO NOTED PERSONS DIE.**

MacDowel the most famous of American musicians died in New York last week, aged 46. He had been insane for three years past.

Louise Ramee, who wrote forty-one books under the name Ouida, died in extreme poverty last week in Italy. She received \$500,000 from the sale of her books but the love of dogs, sport and gaudy dresses took it all.

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# Facts Regarding Imperial Valley

Some people in trying to induce their friends to settle in the country where they themselves are located, frequently send them advertising matter that is either false, misrepresents land agents that deviates from the truth. Their friends come and buy property and soon find out that the facts do not correspond with the advertising matter sent them. The result is they soon become discouraged and sell out at a sacrifice, and go back where they came from, worsted financially and in some instances say worse things of the country than they should, and thus bring reproach on a good country (though not as good as the advertisement represented it to be). The undersigned has known this to happen more than once, and for this reason, has decided to tell his brethren and friends about the Imperial Valley in his own words, so that he alone shall be responsible, and so that the wonderful Imperial Valley may never be made a reproach and a by-word.

Imperial Valley is situated in San Diego County, California, 183 miles east of Los Angeles on the Imperial branch of the Southern Pacific railroad. The soil is an alluvial deposit and all crops are grown by irrigation, with water from the Colorado River. The main irrigation canal is 80 feet wide on the bottom and 100 feet wide on the top, and 10 feet deep. The soil is adapted to the growth of wheat, barley, alfalfa and nearly all kinds of fruit. Alfalfa having plenty of water can be cut eight times per season, yielding as high as ten tons of nice hay per acre which sells at present from \$5.00 to \$11.00 per ton. Barley can be sown for winter pasture in alfalfa stubble after the last crop of hay is harvested. Alfalfa can be cut every three weeks if the hay is wanted for dairy cows, or every four or five weeks if wanted for horses. I have known of alfalfa yielding \$40.00 worth of seed per acre and my own yielded \$20.00 per acre with the first season's sowing. Dairying and hog raising are very profitable. Butter sells from 20 cents to 45 cents per pound; hogs, 7½ cents on foot; also beef, cattle and horses do excellently. One colt weighed 950 pounds at less than one year old. One acre of alfalfa will keep from 2 to 3 head of dairy cows or horses and from ten to fifteen head of hogs. Oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apricots, grapes and berries do well. A single grape vine has yielded 30 pounds of grapes 18 months from setting. Grapes, apricot and cantaloupe growing is very profitable as they will ripen here from three to four weeks earlier than other places, and be placed on the eastern market before they are ripe in other localities. One man at Coachella was offered \$600.00 cash for the grapes on a single acre of vines and refused the offer and sold at retail for \$1,400.00. Cantaloupes will net the growers from \$50.00 to \$300.00 per acre. I have lived in the valley as long as any one, being one of the first settlers, and my experience and observation has taught me that you can grow almost anything here you plant, including vegetables, if planted in the proper seasons and properly cared for. The selling price of land at present is from \$40.00 to \$100.00 per acre, owing to location. President Roosevelt says that when it is thoroughly developed it will be worth from \$500.00 to \$1500.00 per acre.

Reader, when you shiver around your fireside the coming winter, just think of the Imperial Valley where you can go in your shirt sleeves nearly every day in the year. And on the 10th day of this month (May, 1907), while there was a snow storm raging in many places in the eastern states, we were making hay and picking and eating fruit in the Imperial Valley.

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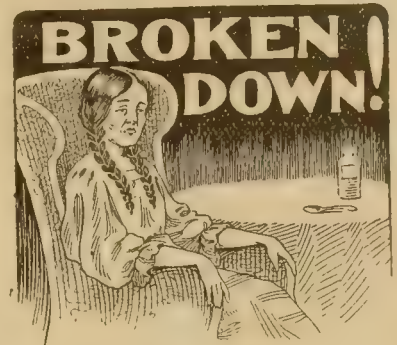
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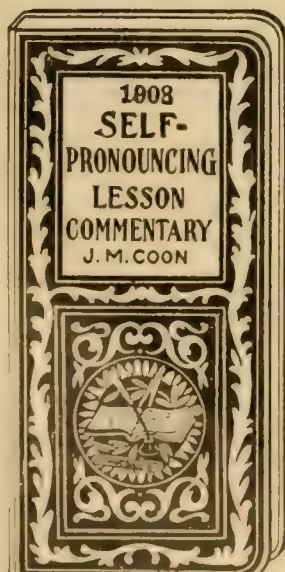
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Apples and other fruits, such as berries, cherries, pears, etc., are perfectly at home. One of the most profitable industries that could be taken up here, however, is apple raising, because the quality is of the very best, the market has never been supplied, and most generally apples sell for more per box than do oranges. Besides, the pests that ruin fruit trees in the East are yet unknown in the valley, and the closest care is exercised by the State authorities in protecting the fruit trees all over the State.

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**Tuesday  
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1908**

Leaving Chicago, 10: 45 P. M.

Leaving Omaha, Wed. March 4,  
At 3: 50 P. M.

Leaving Cheyenne, Thurs. March 5  
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Who will accompany the Excur-  
sion through to  
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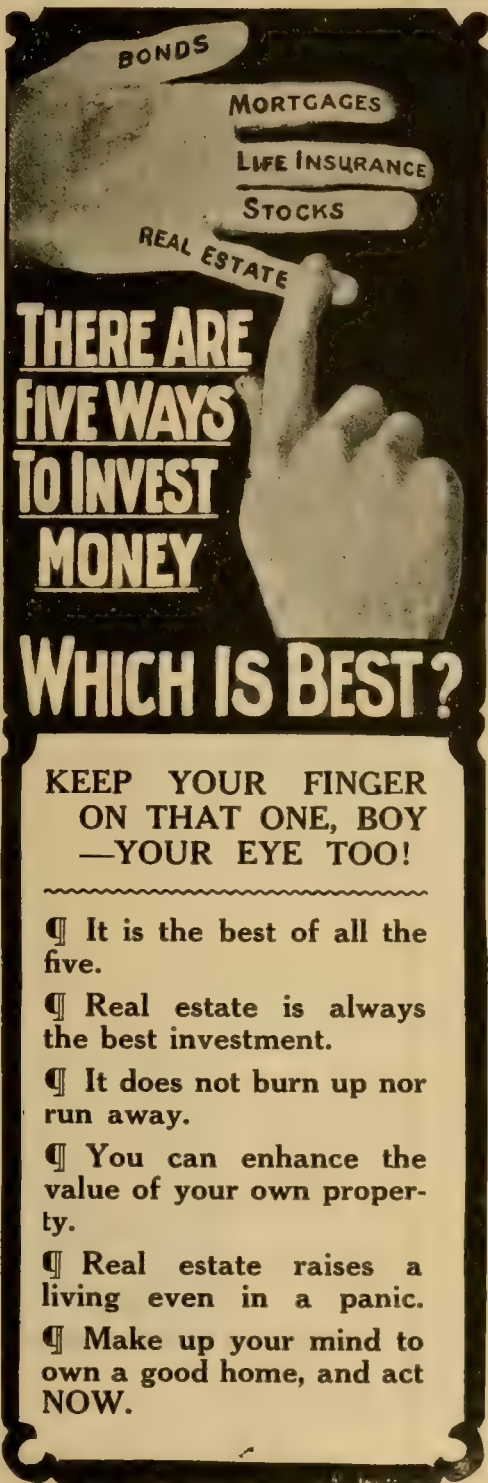
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**WHICH IS BEST?**

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# An Elgin Boy Tells It As It Is

Macdoel, Cal, Jan. 25, 1908.

E. M. Cobb, Elgin, Ill.

Dear Friend:—We are having such good weather, and we are all feeling so fine, that it often makes me think of my friends and wish they were here to enjoy it all with us. I want to thank you, my dear sir and friend, for your help in locating me in such a beautiful valley as the Butte Valley.

We are located one and one-half miles south of the town of Macdoel. Our east line is the railroad. We certainly have a very fine soil. I will commence my apple orchard this spring, and hope it will prove as good as the others around here and then I will not have to worry about what I will do when I get old.

The climate is doing wonders for the people that come here not feeling well, especially the old. Of course there is no place in the world where the climate is good for everything, but in colonizing a number of people are always found who are not well, and are suffering from stomach trouble and the like. You remember my father and brother-in-law were troubled that way, but now they are getting along fine.

Noys Graves, you know, is from Elgin, too, and he has bought ten acres, too, right beside my ten acres on the west. He is delighted with the country, indeed. He is running a barber shop in Macdoel, and is doing nicely. Myrtle, Ruth and the baby are all fine. We all extend a hearty invitation for you to come out here and see us.

Mr. Campbell was telling me that some Elgin people were coming in the spring. Now if they do not have their car of goods too full, I would like to have them bring my piano. We have come to stay. Thanking you again for your kindness, I remain

Your friend,  
Bert Lombard.

## California Butte Valley Land Co.

14 Central Arcade, Flood Building

San Francisco, Calif.



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It will prevent mistakes, relieve the mind, save time and labor, and often loss and trouble.

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It also explains and simplifies the principles of Arithmetic, Mechanics and Mensuration.

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Buy you a home in our "RAISIN CITY COLONY" and live happy in the land of SUNSHINE and FLOWERS.

Postoffice is established with A. W. Vaniman Postmaster. The Hotel is now completed and doing a prosperous business. Raisin City Lumber Company has a large stock of Lumber and is doing a flourishing business.

RAISIN CITY is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, 14 miles from Fresno, a city of 25,000.

### DAIRYING AND STOCK RAISING.

This land is especially adapted to dairying and stock raising as it is the home of the alfalfa.

### RAISINS, PEACHES AND FIGS.

Fresno County, in which RAISIN CITY is located is the greatest fruit producing county in the world, 80,000 acres in grapes.

### SOIL AND WATER.

The soil is a rich, sandy loam; the land is generally level and ready for the plow; and abundance of good water.

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We are selling the land at from \$25 to \$50 per acre on 4 years time at 6 per cent.

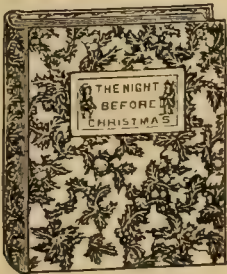
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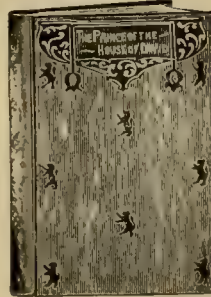
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## Unlimited

Many settlers are locating in the new tract near Twin Falls just now being opened for settlement. There are splendid opportunities for young and old of small means to get good comfortable homes with a splendid income.

### Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

## Come and See

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,  
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California.

A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

## Realize \$1,000.00 Per Acre

### Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per box.

### Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at \$2.00.....\$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

## HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Will be in effect in the Spring of 1908

Colonists' one-way rates in effect from March 1, to April 30, 1908

Write for information.

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**G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,**

**[Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.]**

**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

February 18, 1908.

No. 7.

## Recent Wonders of Electricity

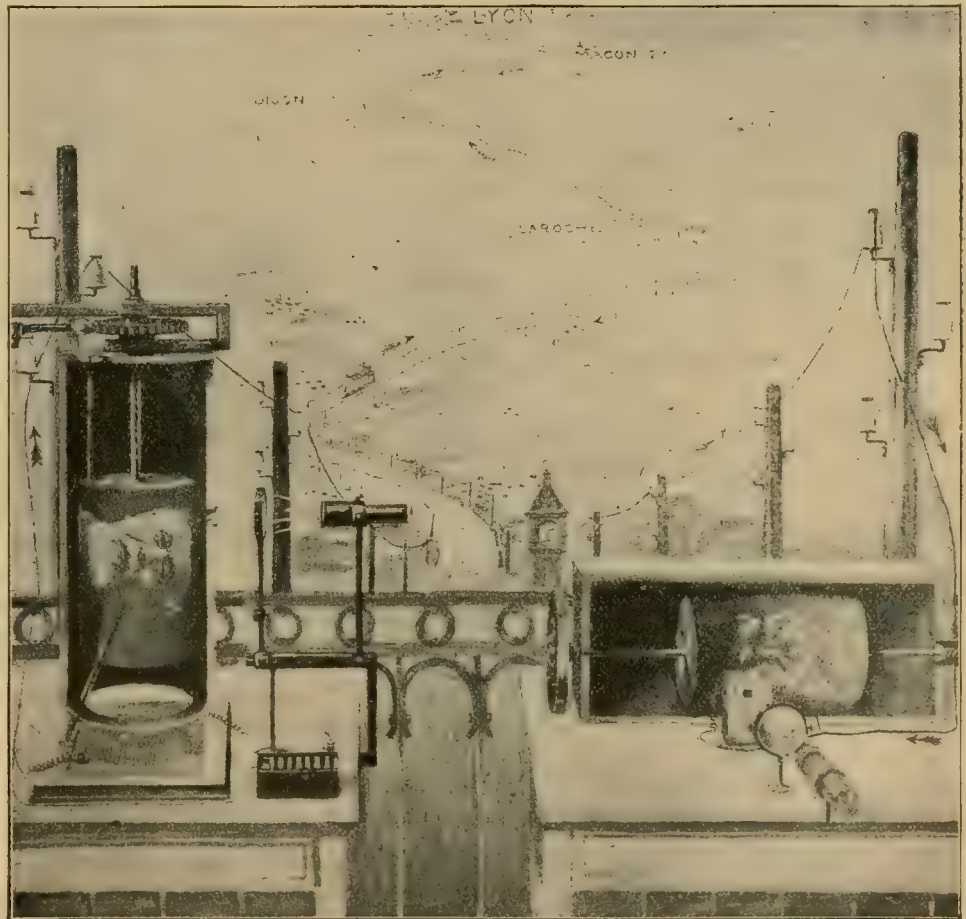
MANY of the marvels of electricity have been discovered, but each succeeding year brings out newer and greater secrets.

The accompanying illustrations reveal, at once, one of the future fields in which electricity is destined to be helpful to man's ever-increasing needs. We herewith give the likenesses of King Edward and King Leopold taken from an ordinary photograph. The cut of the machine which produces these pictures illustrates the taking of the picture of the President of France at a distance of 636 miles. Ordinary handwriting, printed matter, photographs, carbon prints, or half-tone pictures can be transmitted over the wires and be reproduced on any soft substance at the other end of the line, by the point of a needle which registers a faithful likeness on wax, paper, lead or tinfoil.

This invention will be utilized largely by newspapers in securing fitting illustrations of foreign events the same day they occur. Railroads will also receive and transmit messages, not in the intelligible style of a busy operator, but in a faithful reprint of the original written order. This will remove many accidents and misunderstandings since the best operators often fail to catch or transmit the correct word, thus causing trouble. Preparations are being made for transatlantic operation with the Carbonelle system of tele-

photo service.

The second electrical device of recent date is wireless telephony. One generation ago the telephone was the latest wonder. Five years ago X-rays and wireless telegraphy were in the air, and now in quick succession comes wireless telephony. The government has



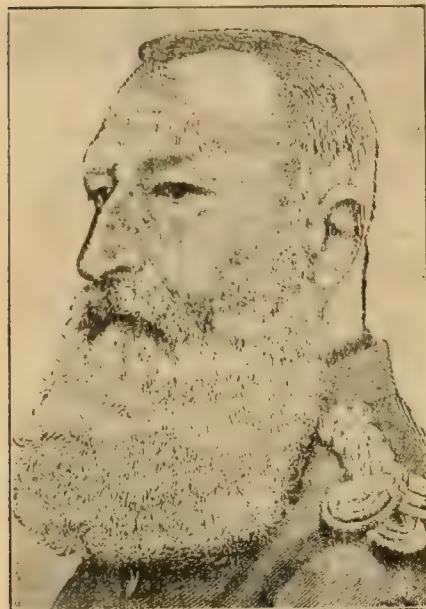
already experimented with the new invention until its practical use was settled by installing its service on the fleet now enroute to the Pacific.

Quietly and unknown to the general public, the navy department has begun installing wireless telephones on the warships of this government, not to



supersede, but to supplement, the wireless telegraph.

Lee de Forest, the man who invented one of the systems of wireless telegraph, and who also invented the wireless telephone, was with the north Atlantic battleship fleet in Cape Cod bay for two weeks while the ships were having target practice, overseeing the installation of the telephones on the Connecticut and Virginia, and the system worked perfectly, communications be-



King Leopold.

ing heard at a distance of 22 miles, altho his contract with the government calls only for intelligible communication over a distance of five miles. Mr. de Forest calls his invention the radio-telephone, and a company has been organized to control the business under the name of Radio-Telephone company, of which James Dunlop Smith of New York is president.

Mr. de Forest says the system on which the telephones are operated is substantially the same as that of the wireless telegraph, the voice being carried through the air on electrical waves generated by a dynamo, and sent out into the ether by the powerful current.

On the Connecticut, the newest battleship to go into commission, and on the Virginia, also one of the newer ships of the line, the telephones are set up in the captain's emergency cabin on the bridge of the ship so that they will be handy for the captain or the navigating officer to use, their principal utility being intended to be, at the present, at least, for quicker and more certain communication between ships within from 5 to 20 miles of each other than would be assured by the wireless telegraph.

On the Connecticut there was a music machine, and Mr. de Forest placing the machine in front of his telephone transmitter played a number of selections and on the conclusion of each piece the wireless telegraph operators on the two other ships 11 miles away promptly telegraphed to the Connecticut the names of the pieces played. In one of the tests of the wireless telephone the operator on a battleship 22 miles distant from the Connecticut picked up on his re-

ceivers the words that were being spoken in the transmitter and by wireless telegraph told the officers aboard the Connecticut what had been done.

Mr. de Forest says that in wireless telephony the voice goes out from the transmitter in electrical waves, just as messages go out from the wireless telegraph instruments, but instead of breaking the voices up into dots and dashes by the Morse code as in telegraphy, he modulates the intensity of the electrical waves so that the receiving apparatus will be affected exactly in proportion to the strength of these waves.

In some experiments conducted at Toledo, O., a short time ago Mr. de Forest demonstrated the fact that by his system, one can talk over a regular telephone wire and by wireless at the same time. In Toledo he affixed a wireless transmitter to a regular telephone line and established a connection with a wire telephone. A young woman spoke softly into the wireless transmitter attached to the regular telephone line and the person on the other end received her message distinct while at the same time another person got the same message through the wireless receiver.



King Edward.

Experiments have already been undertaken which have demonstrated the feasibility of communicating between moving trains and central offices and signal stations, and even establishing direct communication with public lines. In fact the readiness with which farmers' telephone lines—often using fence wires—have been constructed in the West leads to the belief that a suitable wireless telephone system would find widespread appreciation in rural communities and mountainous districts.

The great and almost universal appreciation of music reproduced by the graphophone, or other devices, suggests that wireless telephony may have a field in the distribution of music from a central station to the surrounding country. By installing a wireless telephone station on the roof the music of singers and orchestra would be supplied to all subscribers who had aerial wires on or near their homes. The transmis-

(Concluded on Page 148.)

# Problems of Modern Education--How They May Be Solved by Following Practical Lines

Richard Seidel

IF, as is so often claimed, the family life of the home is the foundation of the state, and its integrity is the hope of the republic, then it behooves the state to exert itself to promote and to maintain that integrity to the utmost. It should put forth every endeavor to bring the home to the highest possible degree of comfort and enjoyment, and to moral and physical welfare and security. To this end it can do no better than to see to it that the homemaker,—the wife and mother,—be brought to the proper efficiency for this task. The training of the girl in all of those things that pertain to the welfare of the household should not be left entirely to the mother, who may herself be very inefficient in these duties. Thus poor cooking, slovenly housekeeping, with meager home comforts and attractions, are perpetuated from generation to generation, breeding discontent, dyspepsia and other diseases, driving the husband and father to the saloon, and the boy to the street or from the farm, to which, if he is to be kept, the place must be made enjoyable; and he must be shown that there is a science as well as profit in agriculture, that will engage and satisfy his active and expanding mind, inspiring him with a laudable ambition to make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before.

These ideas might readily be engrafted into the graded schools of the cities and larger towns, but in the sparsely settled country districts their adoption may not be so practical, without the adoption also of the scheme of quadrupling the districts, as is being tried very satisfactorily in some of the states. This plan is to join four common school districts into one, erecting a building in the center, and employing teams to carry the more distant scholars to and from school. This gives an opportunity for graded schools in the rural districts, without adding materially to the aggregate cost. To such schools a kitchen and dining room, a workshop and a piece of land might be added for the teaching and practical application of the knowledge most useful to the common people. In the poor tenement districts in some of the cities, it is found to be advantageous to provide the half-starved children with one good meal a day at the public school, not only as an incentive to regular attendance, but also as a help to their emaciated bodies, enabling them the better to sustain the strain of duty. Instead of making this a charity to the few, the practice might well be extended to universal adoption, making a merit of the custom not only to provide

that no pupil goes hungry, but also to teach the art of cooking and serving meals, and to incidentally afford an opportunity of acquiring commendable table manners, an accomplishment that too few children are taught in their homes.

Instead of carrying the dinner in pails to be eaten cold with the manners usually of young savages, let material be supplied and the noon-day meal be prepared and served by the girls under the direction of a competent cook, and eaten as it would be in a well-ordered home. The land could be utilized for the experimental growth of vegetables, trees, flowers, and fruits. The purpose being to impart some practical knowledge and to implant a taste for this basic industry, which, if once started, will induce those who choose in after life to follow farming, to seek and to develop the most approved methods in such occupation. Not only this, but the universal knowledge of the growth and cultivation of plants will tend to induce every one who can, no matter what his occupation or profession, to have a garden or to ornament the homes with flowers. Incidentally, this work of the school could be made to serve to some extent as a kitchen garden, supplying vegetables and fruits, perhaps for the school table.

In the workshop boys could be taught the use and care of the common wood-working tools, taught the uses of the square, and how to lay off and construct buildings, and to make many kinds of home conveniences. Not merely as make-believes, but the actual construction of useful things to be disposed of, if possible, and the proceeds devoted to the benefit of the school. The most stimulating incentive of the boy or girl to study or work is, the *immediate application of the knowledge and labor to the doing and making of things that are of use*,—that are really desirable and have a marketable value. The girls should be taught to cut and make plain clothing, and to perform many other useful duties of the household.

After the knowledge of the basic duties that are common to all homes, whether rural or urban, are in a measure acquired, the peculiar bent and inclination of each mental unit might be taken into consideration, and their attention drawn toward those specific duties of life to which each seems best adapted or inclined. In this way years of the student's time which is now practically wasted in the study of many things that prove in maturity to be of little, if any value to them, may be saved.



The school, so far as possible, should be made into a model home, in which the parental attitude of the state should be represented in the personnel of the teachers, to whom the mental, moral, physical, and future welfare of the children should have assistance, but a more practical solicitude than is usually manifested by the parents themselves. This deficiency should be supplemented as far as can be by the state seeing to it that each and all, whether high or low, are given such training in the essential and common needs of man as will bring the average conditions of the homes to a more uniform status of comfort and contentment, each generation being an improvement upon the preceding one.

But, growls the taxpayer, this will cost money. Yes, but it will bring ample returns in the improved conditions of the great mass of common people. We pay out millions of dollars to produce, perpetuate, and disseminate the best possible strains of domestic animals, and think the money well invested. How much more will it profit us to develop the highest possible efficiency in the manhood and the womanhood of the nation! Then, too, it will not cost us nearly so much in the aggregate as it now costs us to do without these acquirements and suffer the consequences.



#### ARE TEACHERS OVERPAID?

N. R. BAKER.

THE teacher, when choosing his life work, certainly does not ask himself the question, "Does it pay," because the salary of the teacher in the past in comparison with the remuneration of other professions, has been entirely incommensurate. The attorney or physician who cannot earn two thousand dollars per year is not considered very successful, while five to ten thousand dollar earnings are quite common. In large cities there are pastors of local churches who receive better salaries than the superintendent of education for the entire city.

According to a recent report by a state superintendent of education, the average salary of the teachers thereof was \$40 per month, and the average length of term was six months. Therefore the teacher's yearly stipend, on which he is expected to feed, clothe, and shelter himself, purchase books, attend institutes, etc., or possibly support a family, is \$240. It amounts to \$20 per month, about one-third the wage of a stenographer, half the wage of a grocery clerk, and less than the salary of a common cook when board, laundry, car fare, etc., are taken into consideration.

But you say there are some who get more pay—principals who get \$100 per month for nine months, lucky ones, getting rich at public expense.

Let us see! The salary, \$900 per year, is \$75 per month. This is the usual pay of a mechanic, who, by working overtime, can earn \$100 per month, or \$1200 per year. The teacher who receives \$900 has,

no doubt, spent four years in college at an expense of from \$1000 to \$3000. He has then begun in a lower position and worked up, while the machinist even earned from 75 cents to \$2 per day during his apprenticeship.

I stayed over night with a prosperous farmer. We were discussing salaries. He thought a certain able teacher who was drawing \$800 per year was well paid. He remarked that if he could make that much each year he could lay up money for old age. We then computed the amount of corn and other grain grown on his farm, the vegetables sold or consumed by the family, the profits on live stock, timber, etc., until we easily found a total income of \$2250 per year.

"But" said he "you should not count the garden vegetables and other things consumed by the family."

I replied that no doubt the teacher would be glad to be in a position not to count the vegetables and things of a like nature consumed by his family. The teacher, remember, has no hogs to kill, no wheat to grind, no potatoes to consume, but everything he eats, everything he wears, and even a carriage ride lessens the \$800 until at the end of the year his salary pile has melted entirely away.

I am glad to report that this estimable farmer is now an advocate of higher wages for the teacher.



#### RECENT WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY.

(Continued from Page 146.)

sion stations for such music would be tuned for an entirely different wave length from that used for any form of wave telegraph or telephone transmission, and it is believed that by using four different forms of waves as many classes of music could be sent out as were desired by the different subscribers.

Since Mr. de Forest made the assertion that he would soon be able to talk one hundred miles, conversation has been carried on over two hundred miles apart and time seems to bid fair for transatlantic telephony service.

Only a few years ago the X-rays of electricity were the wonder of the world, but they have now become a commodity in all the civilized world. Next came the wireless telegraphy which is now in daily use across the Atlantic Ocean, and as these lines are being read electricians are perfecting a machine by which persons talking over a telephone, can have the facial expression of each other reproduced before them constantly while talking, so that it would seem like being in each other's immediate presence.

What relation electricity sustains to life itself no one can yet tell, but some even go so far as to assert that electricity is not a product, but life itself, which, if properly connected with the body would give immortal life.

## How Our Language Has Grown

### An English Hymn of One Thousand Years Ago.

Nú we secolon herian,  
 heofon-ríces weard,  
 metodes mihte,  
 ond his mód-geponc,  
 weorce wildor-faeder,  
 swá hé wundra gehwæs  
 íce dryhten  
 órd onstealde.  
 Hé ærest gesceop  
 eorðan bearnum  
 heafon to hrófe.  
 hálíg scippend:  
 pá middangeard  
 moncynnes weard  
 íce dryhten  
 æfter téode,  
 firum folden,  
 fréa ælmihtig.

The above is King Alfred's translation of Caedman's hymn. It shows the Anglo-Saxon language of the eighth century out of which modern English has grown. We also give the translation into modern English. Poetry then did not depend so much on meter and rhyme. The euphony of words and symphony of rhythm in poetry was found in two or more words of a sentence beginning with the same initial sound or *letter*. Note the two initial m's in the third line; the two w's in fifth line and so on.

Now must we glorify  
 the guardian of heaven's kingdom,  
 the maker's might,  
 and his mind's thought,  
 the work of the worshiped father  
 when of his wonders, each one,  
 the ever-living lord  
 ordered the origin.  
 He erst created  
 for earth's children  
 heaven as a high roof,  
 the holy Creator;  
 then this mid-world  
 did man's great guardian  
 the ever-living Lord  
 afterward prepare,  
 for men a mansion  
 the master Almighty.

When this hymn was composed capital letters were not used to begin each line of poetry.

Here is another poem written four hundred years later:

Nu, brotherr Wallterr, brotherr min  
 afterr the flaeshess kinde;  
 annd brotherr min i Crisstenndom  
 thurrr fulluht annd thurrr trowwthe;  
 annd brotherr min i Godess hus,  
 yet o the thríde wise,  
 thurrr thatt witt hapenn takenn ba  
 an renhellboc to followhenn,  
 unnderr kanumkess had annd lif

swa summ Sannt Awwstin sette;  
 ice hafe don swa summ thu badd.  
 and forthedd te thin wille,  
 ice hafe wennd untill Ennglissh  
 Goddespelless hallyhe lare,  
 afterr thatt little witt tatt me  
 min Driggtin hafeth lenedd.

### Translation.

Now, brother Walter, brother mine after the  
 flesh's kindred; and brother mine in  
 Christendom thru baptism and thru truth;  
 and brother mine in God's house, yet on the  
 third wise, seeing that we-two have taken  
 both one rule-book to follow, under a canonic's  
 hood and life, so as Saint Austin set; I  
 have done so as thou badest, and furthered thee  
 thy will, I have turned into English the  
 Gospel's holy lore, after a little wit that  
 to me my Lord hath lent.

Here is Tyndale's English less than four hundred years ago:

When Jesus was come downe from the mountayne,  
 moch people folowed him. And lo, ther cam a lepre and  
 worsheped him saynge: Master, if thou wylt thou canst  
 make me clene. He putt forthe his hond and touched  
 him, saynge: I wyll, be clene, and immediately his leprosie was cleses.—From Matt. 8.

Here is some English spelling in the twentieth century as found in all books published in England: Colour, honour, favour, vigour, vapour, civilise, realise, utilise, axe, almanack.



### WHICH IS RIGHT AND WHEN?

CALENDER or calendar?

Mamma or mama?

Defense or defence?

Affected or effected?

Should the words "alma mater" be capitalized?

How does the suffix "ible" or "able" affect the meaning of the word to which it is attached: salable, teachable, intelligible.



London is one of the healthiest large cities in the whole world. Its death rate, 15.1 per thousand, is lower than that of all but two of fourteen English cities with more than 200,000 inhabitants. The difference in the death rate of different boroughs of the city, however, shows how low the rate might be if a comfortable living was provided for everybody. In Hempstead, a well-to-do district, the rate was only 9.4 per thousand; in Finsbury, it was 20.7. As for children, in Hempstead 77 per thousand of children born, died under one year of age, while in Shoreditch the rate was 16.3. The birth rate in London has dropped from 35.4 per thousand in the decade ending in 1870, to 26.5 last year.



WHEN God's work comes to a standstill, you can depend upon it that obstacles are in the way that human hands can remove.



### NEED OF BANKING REFORM.

The simple trouble is that no one bank can stand alone in a time of fright when its depositors have precipitated a run upon it; and our system provides no way by which the strength of the banking system at large can adequately support the isolated bank in its moment of need. In times of financial stress and stringency in other countries, relief is afforded by a banking system whose motto is: Always pay out money just as fast as possible, taking good security for it, and if necessary raising the interest rate. But in these other countries the banking system has some form of central support to rely upon. Many experienced people in this country are now advocating the establishment of one or more great central banks of issue, which shall represent in principle, whatever be the legal relationship, the power and strength of banking coöperation. If we had any perfect remedy to offer to Congress or to the banking community, it would not be withheld. All that we can say is that our present system, which is in many respects admirable, needs some further development in order to give it greater strength in times of sudden and severe storm. So far as the safety of our currency goes, nobody could wish anything better. The proposals for giving greater elasticity to the outstanding volume of currency are well enough in their way. But they do not quite reach the real difficulty. It is not so much that we need more currency when the corps are moving and business makes an unusual demand, as that we need a better protection for the banks, so that they may not feel that they must sacrifice both their depositors and their approved borrowers for the sake of maintaining their own solvency.

#### Central Bank's Advantages.

Emergency currency based solely on a high interest rate is undesirable, and, at best, a palliative. What we want is an insurance of properly protected bank-credit notes to insure elasticity; rediscounting facilities; control of the discount rate; and the prevention of soaring interest rates. These, and more, a central bank will furnish. Such an institution would deal exclusively with banks, receive and disburse Government moneys, act as Government agents in reducing paper money, issue currency, and rediscount for banks. It would serve as a buttress for the national banks and as a sanctuary in times of panic. It would prevent the hoarding of Government money in the Treasury vaults by acting as its custodian, and it would terminate the periodic appeals of the money market to the Treasury for relief. By dividing its stock among the national banks of the country in proportion to their capital its relation to each would be uniform, and through the constant changing of its paper its assets would be available always and its assistance to business constant. Moreover, it would eliminate the Sub-Treasury system, and prevent inflation and contraction, liable to follow the Government's disbursements and collections, by keeping the nation's money at the disposal of trade and commerce. Every country in Europe has a central bank, and the Bank of England, Bank of France, and Imperial Bank of Germany, or Reichsbank, are pertinent illustrations of worth and service. Japan copied our system thirty-five years ago, but later discarded it for the central bank. We alone among highly civilized people have no such institution, and to profound political prejudice, that is absolutely without foundation, must responsibility therefore be ascribed. It is a melancholy commentary on our character and an ad-

mission of our inefficiency, that we are unable to adopt for our financial ends a method so helpful to other countries.

#### Results of a Currency Poll.

Within one month, the writer personally conducted a currency poll of the presidents and cashiers of leading banks throughout the country, for a leading financial newspaper. New York City was not included. A ballot was prepared containing an outline of the plans aforementioned and mailed to several hundred bankers, with the request that they indicate their preference, assign their reasons and return to sender. The results were most surprising and unexpected. Replies were received from almost 400 voters in thirty-three States. The Central Bank of Issue led the poll, receiving 33 per cent of all the votes cast, and the plan of the American Bankers was second, having been favored by 29 per cent of those balloting. The Shaw, Treat, Chamber of Commerce, and Fowler plans followed in the order named, and, combined, did not equal the vote of either of the dominant recommendations. In addition, it is worthy of mention that fourteen voters rejected all plans and sixteen submitted original solutions for this perplexing issue.—Review of Reviews.



#### A THOUGHT ON MODERN WIT.

ARE we losing our appreciation of genuine humor and placing a premium upon the comic supplement stuff that cannot possibly appeal to the risibilities of any refined mind? It almost seemed to me that we are. A few nights ago when I stepped into the book department of one of Washington's department stores, I wanted to laugh a good hearty laugh and decided on Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" as the medium through which to secure it. A copy was secured, an excellently printed and bound copy for only forty-five cents, and I congratulated myself on securing such a treat for the price. While waiting for the change and the book to be wrapped, I looked over some of the other volumes about me and found a number of people purchasing an illustrated edition of the adventures of some "Teddy Bears." Taking up one of the books I found it marked at \$1.10 and on examining it found that it was filled with the merest drivel; its attempts at humor were positively pitiful; yet people were buying it, paying more than twice as much as I had paid for my 400 pages of Dickens. Of course a variety of tastes must make up the world, but with the great works of such men as Dickens at such low prices, why will men squander their money on the weakling attempts of some of the addle-pated "up-to-date" writers. Read Dickens and you will enjoy his humor, you will never forget his characters, nor will you tire of returning to his pages from time to time. But who ever reads the same comic supplement twice? Without arrogating any particularly good judgment to myself, I could not help thinking as I tucked my treasure under my arm and left the store, "Blessed is the man who can choose a good book."—*Pathfinder*.

## MORE THOUGHTS AND FACTS ON INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Internal improvements on a national scale is the theme of the day, both in and out of Congress. Indiana has organized a River and Harbor Congress to act as a branch and feeder to the National River and Harbor Congress. This move will be duplicated in every direction and just as the Inglenook prophesied last September, we may expect the next generation to revolutionize inland transportation facilities in the United States.

Peace advocates ought to lend their influence to this commendable turn in national affairs. To drain 75,000,000 acres of swamp lands; to fertilize and reoccupy 100,000 vacated farms in New England; to irrigate 300,000,000 acres of arid land; to reforest 100,000,000 acres of mountain; to conserve waterfalls, mountain freshets, and snow water, so as to prolong the navigable period of our rivers; to increase our canal traffic so as to hasten freight and reduce its cost; to build cement or rail highways so farmers can save time, labor and expense in marketing their crops; to attend to sanitary conditions in cities, schools and homes; to build and equip industrial schools and teach domestic science to our daughters;—these are things that will make a prosperous, happy, contented and a united people. Had the military appropriations of the past been spent in such improvements as we have named above the world would be none the worse off and the American people would be one hundred years in advance of any nation on earth.

The **Inglenook** stands for loyalty and patriotism in all national movements that count for the good of the people. Let everybody talk up internal improvements and thus divert the public mind from so much military display and expense. Remember that forty per cent of our national expenditures of late years has been on the army, and navy, and pensions and the rate is rapidly increasing.

Germany and France have a Cabinet officer of public works, with good results, while at present our water ways are under the War Department.

As an example of what a little improvement in water traffic will do we refer to the Great Lakes, where \$70,000,000 has been spent in improved harbors, outlets, etc., and the traffic on the lakes has doubled and trebled repeatedly within the past twenty-five years. These lakes now have the largest inland marine commerce in the world, and rapidly increasing each year.

Some people have the false notion that canal freight is slower than steam cars in transporting freight. The average distance of freight cars per twenty-four hours is twenty-five miles, while the lake steamers average two hundred miles a day. The heaviest freight trains carry only 2,000 tons, while one river barge will carry as high as 72,000 tons. The Ohio River equals ten double-track railroads, so far as transportation capacity goes. Around the Great Lakes, railroad freight is 8.7 mills per mile a ton, while the steamer rate is only one mill.

From these facts it is easy to see the imperative need of improving our inland conditions. Railroads are now robbing the people in freight rates, and millions of dollars worth of crops spoil in the South every year for lack of ample freight service.

## RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We expect to see a marked increase in the demand that the public schools give more attention to ethical instruction in the near future. The distinctive ideas of religion, such as immortality, the personality of God, salvation through Jesus, the inspiration of the Bible, will not be taught; but justice, sympathy and brotherly love toward all men, the duty of abiding by the law, the evil of intemperance, gambling, and vicious indulgence will be taught. For these have nothing to do with any particular creed, but have to do with the stability and future success of the State. In this connection a portion of the speech of Ambassador Reid before the school-teachers, of New York, on the English system of education is worth quoting. Referring to the general sentiment in America concerning the present contest in England over the teaching of religion in schools supported by the state, Mr. Reid says: "And yet I cannot help feeling that on the general subject we might profitably take a hint from the old country. Whatever else we may say about the English schools they do turn out well-behaved, orderly boys and girls, respectful to those set over them, grounded in the morals of Christian civilization, with instinctive sense of obedience to law and becoming regard for the authorities that represent it. Would we be any worse off if we had more of these qualities here? May it not happen that in our efforts to keep all questions of religion and morals in what we consider their proper place, they may in reality be left without any place in the training of a good many children? If the interest of the Republic requires that every child should be compelled to learn to read its laws, does not the same interest as imperatively require that every child should be taught, and should be unable to escape being taught the absolute necessity of respect for those laws, and of prompt and dutiful obedience to the officers of the law? Does not the interest of the Republic further demand that the coming citizens shall have some idea of our old beliefs in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, or at least shall be thoroughly grounded in the great principles of the moral law, without which neither ordered liberty nor civilization itself can exist?"

"If English schools, according to our ideas, go too far, in teaching creeds, may we not be going too far the other way, in some parts of the country at least, in excluding altogether, or in giving too little space to teaching unsectarian religion and morals, to enforcing respect for authority, and to training the habit of mind that secures unhesitating obedience to law, and to its officers? In London the policeman, the representative of law, often controls the biggest and angriest crowd by lifting his hand, in cases where the New York policeman has to lift his club. Nay, here the giddy chaffeur, for a single example out of many, gayly snaps his fingers at the up-lifted club, and has to be run down on a motor cycle. Even then, when caught, he is apt to tell the presumptuous policeman he means to have him "broken" for his pains. Such a threat in London would railroad him to a long term in jail. The mere failure to stop, the moment a policeman lifts his hand, is generally in England unthinkable; the imagination is staggered to conceive the punishment that might befall the insensate and foolhardy person who should venture on such unprecedented lawlessness. Some cause has produced this difference. Is it improbable that early training in a school that could be nowise escaped by the growing boy had something to do with it?"



### WORKING OF THE RATE LAW.

The Interstate Commerce Commission in its twenty-first annual report just issued expresses its satisfaction with the working of the rate law in commerce. Although the law has been in force only sixteen months, the Commission reports:

"To a gratifying extent there has been readjustment of rates and correction of abuses by the carriers themselves. Methods and usages of one sort and another, which operated to individual advantage have been voluntarily changed, and it is not too much to say that there is now a freedom from forbidden discriminations which is actual and general to a degree never before approached. . . . The amended law, with its enforceable remedies, the wider recognition of its fundamental justice, the quickened sense of public obligation on the part of railway managers, the clever perception by shipping of all classes that any individual advantage is morally as well as legally indefensible, and the augmented influence of the Commission resulting from its increased authority have all combined to materially diminish offensive practices of every sort and so signally promote the purpose for which the law was enacted.

"Of the 107 cases which were contested before the Commission, the Commission sustained the complaint in forty-six cases, dismissed it in forty-six cases, and fifteen cases are as yet not decided. The Commission believes that it should be given the power to restrain a railroad from an advance in its rate when it will work injustice to shippers until the propriety of the advance can be proposed upon; and further, it would have the power to postpone the advance until such a time as it will work no unnecessary injury. The Commission is greatly troubled by the inadequacy of the railroads to meet the increasing demands on them that accompany the rapid growth in production in America. It quotes the opinion of one eminent railroad president who estimated that during the period from 1895 to 1905 the traffic offered for carriage in the United States increased 110 per cent, while during the same period the instrumentalities for handling this traffic increased only twenty per cent, and declares "it may conservatively be stated that the inadequacy of transportation facilities is little less than alarming; that its continuation may place an arbitrary limit upon the future productivity of the land, and that the solution of the difficult financial and physical problems involved is worthy the most earnest thought and effort of all who believe in the full development of our country, and the largest opportunity for its people." As a result of the Union Pacific investigation the Commission recommends:

"Railroads should not be permitted to invest generally in the stocks, bonds, and securities of other railway and steamship companies, except connecting lines, for the purpose of forming through routes of transportation, including branches and feeders. It is in the interest of the public to facilitate the consolidation of connecting lines. The credit of a railway company is founded upon the resources and prosperity of the country thru which it runs. Its surplus funds and credit should be used for the betterment of its lines and in extensions and branches to develop the country contiguous to it."

Testimony taken at the hearing showed that about 50,000 square miles of territory in the State of Oregon, surrounded by the lines of the Oregon Short Line Railroad Company, the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, and the Southern Pacific Company, is not developed; while the funds of those companies which could be used for that purpose are being invested in stocks of the New

York Central and other lines having only a remote relation to the territory in which the Union Pacific system is located.



### THE CAMPAIGN FOR REDUCED POSTAGE.

While we talk so much of binding men together in the spirit of brotherhood, we are likely to forget that the binding together comes always through concrete means, such as speech, books, newspapers and letters. Raise telegraph rates and telephone charges and by so much we drive people apart. Lower them, and we bring people nearer together. The English are talking of asking us to establish a two-cent postage rate with them. At present a letter from London, if its destination is New York, pays five cents postage; but if it goes thru New York to Montreal, Canada, it pays only two cents—an unreasonable distinction. Every letter from England to America is one more factor in the insurance fund against possible war. The Postal Progress League has an even more ambitious plan, however, than two-cent postage with Great Britain. They propose to introduce into Congress at the next session a bill for the consolidation of the first, third, and fourth classes of mail matter, with a common rate of one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. The domestic letter revenues for the year past were \$160,000,000. As the League views it, the reduction would save the public \$80,000,000 annually. Altho there might be a slight reduction in revenues for a year or two, experience has shown that the postal income would soon be larger than ever. The first notable reduction in the letter rates of this country occurred in 1845, when the previously exorbitant rates were reduced to five cents per half ounce up to 300 miles, and ten cents for greater distances. The effect of this reform on the revenue was a temporary slump, but by 1855 the previous figures were surpassed. In 1851 the rates were again reduced to three cents per half ounce up to 3,000 miles, and six cents for greater distances. Again the revenue showed a temporary slump, but by 1855 the previous figures were again surpassed. During the interval 1883-1885 the letter rates were reduced from three cents per half ounce to two cents per ounce, and the publishers and newsdealer's rates on magazines and newspapers were cut from two to one cent per pound. Again, there was a slight temporary falling off in revenue from \$45,500,000 in 1883, but by 1887 it had reached \$48,800,000, and by 1890, \$60,800,000. In 1890 it was \$102,000,000. The postal deficiency for 1888 was less than for any year during the period from 1867 to 1879. As a result of the 33, 1/3 per cent reduction of the letter rate in 1883, the postal revenues fell off less than 7 per cent in the two succeeding years, and the 100 per cent increase of the letter unit—from a half ounce to an ounce—in 1885 was accompanied by an immediate increase in the revenues, which in 1887 were 7 per cent; in 1890, 33 1/3 per cent, and in 1900, 100 per cent higher than in 1883, the year of the letter rate reduction. There is a considerable profit on local business at present rates, and the League believes that local business would enormously increase with a reduction in the postage rates. Previous to 1891 the pieces of mail matter handled in our free city delivery services were carefully counted, and the cost of the service found to be less than one-quarter of a cent apiece; in the City of St. Louis it was only one and five-tenths mills apiece. The League's statement concludes: "If there was any decrease in the postal revenues, the experience of what followed the notable reduction in the postal rates in the years 1883 and 1885 proves that it would be followed by a quick recovery."

**WHY LABOR HATES CAPITAL.**

No acute analysis nor Platonic logic is needed to answer the above question and with it all the concomitant and correlated questions which bother the rich and poor alike. A few figures of recent events will forever settle the inquiry. Here they are: Dec. 2, 1907, 36 miners lost their lives in the Naomi mine. Dec. 6, 1907, 344 miners perished in the Monongah mines. Dec. 16, 1907, 43 miners died in the Yolande mine, and on Dec. 19, 1907, 228 more perished in the Darr mine. 651 in all, for one month. The total for last year was 7,000.

Carefulness and proper testing appliances would prevent nine-tenths of all our mine disasters, but the wealthy coal owners who live in palaces refuse to spend a little money for the safety of their employes. The employe does not feel friendly over the matter. Neither would you, nor I, or the mine owners if the conditions were reversed.

**BOYCOTTS BY LABOR UNIONS ARE ILLEGAL.**

A far-reaching decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was made last week on the legality of organized boycotts. The boycott method has been one of the most effective weapons of labor unions. Whenever the demands on the union was not met by the employer the employes would quit work. This factory, or whatever it chanced to be, was then reported to the Federated Unions and advertised in all of the literature of the unions as well as an enemy to labor.

The next stop taken by the unions would be to quit buying the wares of that factory, and to quit trading with any and every retail dealer in the United States who handled the wares of that factory. This system has ruined dozens of prosperous enterprises and forced hundreds more to surrender to the labor unions. Business men have dreaded the boycott worse than a fire, because it meant more complete disaster.

The Sherman Anti-trust law which was passed several years ago was meant to restrict any and all measures which tended to restrain the natural channels of trade. Under this law the Supreme Court has found the labor union boycotts to be illegal because they seek to restrain trade outside of their own realm. When they refuse to trade with a store which sells nonunion goods, and persuade others to not trade there, and force that merchant to buy union goods or quit business, and at the same time force the factory to quit a legitimate business because one or more laborers in the factory lost a job, it all seems an unfair method. Railroads and other corporations are fined for restraining trade, or for illegally getting it, therefore the Supreme Court seems to be impartial in its present ruling.

**THE CHINESE INDEMNITY.**

It is a matter of pure honesty, national honesty, nothing else, that the United States should repay to China the surplus of indemnity, which China was compelled to pay us after the Boxer troubles. The nations compelled China to pay the damages done and the cost of the expedition to Peking up to \$336,000,000, of which the share of the United States was \$24,440,778. It is now found, when all the expenses and claims have been paid, that everything has amounted to only \$11,655,902. That is, there is nearly \$13,000,000 that has been paid by China, or which she is under bond to pay, beyond what was really due from her. That ought to be remitted to her, and a bill to that effect

has passed the House and ought speedily to pass the Senate. We have no honest right to that excess. To keep it would be robbery. It would please us to hear that other Governments follow our example, but no news of that sort has yet arrived.

**MORE REGARD FOR IMMIGRANTS.**

A factor in the solution of the immigration problem is our treatment of these people as we find them in our towns and cities. They are receiving impressions of American life and ideas that are likely to be lasting, and it behooves us to see to it that these are such as will be beneficial. We are helping to mold them into the new life of this free country. Are we careful enough of their environments? Good citizenship on our part will do much to solve the problem. But above all else is the need of bringing to them the Gospel in its simplicity and helpfulness; it is still the power of God unto salvation. This is a duty we owe to them for the Master's sake. President Roosevelt has aptly said: "Americanism is not a matter of birth, or ancestry, or education, or creed, it is a matter of the spirit that is in the soul of man." God has placed upon us the duty and given us abundant opportunity to help put the right spirit into the souls of the incoming millions.

**NATIONAL GOOD WILL FOR CUBA.**

Public sentiment in the United States cordially approves the plan for turning Cuba over to the Cubans as soon as possible, but the Cubans themselves, to judge by the Havana papers, are sorry to see the approaching end of the Provincial Government. The two rival leaders of the Liberal party, General Jose Miguel Gomez and Senator Zayas, appear to be almost the only men who welcome the news. The Cubans are cynical in regard to their own ability in self-government. If they could keep an American, for instance, Governor Magoon himself, at their head, and the American army to support him, probably all would go well. As it is, our army will probably stay a few months after the inauguration of the new regime.

**Uncle Sam's Reason for Fining the Standard Oil Company.**

"Johnny, you get paid well enough without stealing."



# THE INGLENOK

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Its purpose is: To safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature.

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## OUR DIFFERENT TASTES.

THERE is as much difference in taste for reading matter as there is in taste for selecting eatables. One reader writes his appreciation of one department of the INGLENOK, and some one else sends in his thanks for some other department, so that each class of thinkers finds the bill of fare suited to his needs.

On the other hand we advise the reading of even what is distasteful, providing it varies only in taste, for, in no other way can a person be well rounded and competent to pass judgment on a very wide range of thought. To read one class of literature exclusively, narrows a person even in his own chosen field, for each thought, vocation, and each field of research sustains fundamental relations with all the other departments of both material and spiritual existence.

A certain scholar of repute has recently expressed the above thought and it is being echoed and re-echoed by scholars in every line of work. For your own development we urge a wide range of reading and at the same time special emphasis and attention can be given to your chosen work or hobby if it has crystallized into that form yet.



## WHAT NEXT?

A NEW subject of gossip had just been announced and amplified by my visitor. Two days before this same person had informed us fully on something just about ready to be masticated by the ravenous character eaters of the neighborhood, of whom she was chief.

This same person came about three times a week with just such messages until the above question would voluntarily come to our minds as the door was opened and closed by our informant.

But don't you like to hear other people properly sized up by professional gossipers? And don't you like to see other people wince a little once in a while.

when under the fire of an expert gossip?

It would be a glorious thing if everybody would talk about existing conditions without discussing *persons* so much. It is easy and profitable to keep in touch with, and have a judgment on surrounding interests which can be expressed on proper occasions without discussing persons at all, only as they relate to the interests discussed. It is little business to reduce all conversation to a personal basis and forever hold the object of attack either above or below par—your own imperfect self regulating all estimates. There are too many personal pronouns used in everyday conversation to maintain a brotherhood of feeling. The "he's" and "she's" are to be heard seven days in the week on the streets, before and after religious meetings, at festivals, and in every collective body of people.

Have you ever tried to talk less about *persons* and more about the *principles* involved in the work which the person talked about, represents? Try it for ten years and you will receive a satisfying revelation. Too many people today, are bordering on the line of professional gossipers.



## WE HAVE A RIGHT TO SPEAK.

WHEN a person is right he should be heard. We know we are right about the need of better literature in our homes, and we will add, more sensible sheet music in the parlor. Kutchy-kutchy-koo, lovy-me, lovy-you music, and sensational books and papers, will corrupt and ruin the brightest and purest children that God can give us. Either discard such stuff from your homes or else confess that you are, by choice, in cahoot with the devil. Get squarely on one side or the other.



## HOW ONE WAS WON.

"PLEASE send me a dozen INGLENOKS to distribute among my friends. I think some of them will subscribe for it. That is the way I became a subscriber. Miss Hawkins, from Indiana, sent me a few copies.

Sincerely, ARMELIA L. COLWELL, New York."

Yes, there are dozens of subscribers just like the one above. There could be a hundred more secured.



## POWER PLUS SAND.

A LOCOMOTIVE is a good example of power, yet we saw one of the largest and finest of engines stuck on a level track because it had no *sand*, or rather, because its supply of sand was exhausted. You know that on the top of every locomotive, and electric coaches, is a tank of sand which runs thru a pipe to the track and sprinkles sand on the rails, so that the wheels will not slip when the rails are frosty or the load too heavy.

People need some *sand*, too, as well as does the locomotive, if they expect to accomplish much in this

world. It is not enough to simply have power, in order to do something. That power must be applied, and that at the right spot and in the right way. Most people find their load very heavy, and their track either smeared with the envy of some opponent, or frosted with the indifference of careless helpers, before they get very far in life.

A good supply of gritty sand is not a bad thing to have on such occasions. It keeps the wheels to the track, moves the load and makes gain out of the otherwise unused power. Get some sand! Use it!



#### OUR NATURE COLUMNS.

WE want our readers to become lovers of nature, because nature is both beautiful and good to us. The greatest teacher of all ages was a lover of nature. It is healthful, and inspiring to mingle with nature. We want short, catchy items in this column, something the young should learn and something the old want to know.



#### ANOTHER ORPHAN GIVEN A HOME.

HAD we found only four homes for orphans within a year we would have been elated, and would have been well repaid for our efforts, but the Christmas number alone, of the INGLENOOK, has accomplished that much that we know of, and how much more good it did we may never know. We are not very much in favor of lounging around, floating first this way, then that way, here on the ocean of life. God gave us ever-active minds and supple bodies and he strews our paths with golden opportunities for doing good. Let us take hold on something and fill our mission.



#### HOW SOME THINGS GROW.

A FEW weeks ago we spoke a few words about why some things grow, and said that some things grow from internal energy, and some from external force. We have repeatedly called attention to the need of spreading the influence of the INGLENOOK altho some people think one call is enough and tire when a few more are made. Could our agents and readers become as enthusiastic over a good thing as some other people do over some things not so essentially good, then they would not get tired so quickly and so often.

One political paper of note has organized a club arrangement by which its management is working for 1,000,000 subscribers. Each week, for many months past, that paper has from one to two pages full of matter pertaining to its success. Calls, appeals, plans and testimonials by the score and hundreds are given. And the plan is proving a success. As many as 2 000 subscribers per week are secured. Do you wonder why? Because the whole force are workers, that is all.

If you believe in offsetting evil; in producing good

literature; in inspiring individuals and helping the home, then take a hint from the methods of the paper under consideration and see what you can do.



#### BOILING DOWN AND BOILING OVER.

GENERALLY it is easier to boil over than to boil down in the use of words. We found the following example of verbosity which is too common with many writers.

Not so many years ago is it in the history of the medical profession that we find the scholastic arrogance and quaint conceit of the dignified Doctor Medicine refusing to consider seriously as a legitimate part of his Aesculapian function the prescribing of proper food as an auxiliary remedial measure complementing the more noxious and nauseous agents of his pharmacopoeia.

How much more clearly and lucidly the same thought might have been expressed in the following sentence:

"It is only a few years ago that the doctors entirely ignored the importance of prescribing proper food in the treatment of disease."

Here is another editor's plea for conciseness in manuscript submitted for publication which Orison Swett Marden gives in *Success Magazine*. An amateur journalist once wired a city editor:

"Column story on ———. Shall I send?"

"Send six hundred words."

"Cannot be told in less than twelve hundred."

To this the editor replied: "Look at Genesis, first chapter, story of **creation**, told in six hundred words. Try it."

The president twice returned to Congress, for condensation, the Bristow reports on the postal frauds. It contained 100,000 words, and was involved and intricate. Seventy-eight thousand words were finally cut out, reducing it to a pamphlet of 22,000 words.

Another illustration of how essays can be condensed with profit is as follows which is given by the Mahin Advertising Company.

During the period of convalescence, when it is particularly desirable that the patient's appetite should be encouraged with all manner of easily digestible and readily assimilable nourishment, no variety of foodstuff is better adapted to gratify the palate by its pleasing and delicious properties, and at the same time to supply each and every form of nutriment required to rebuild, to reconstruct, to regenerate, the whole material organism, wasted and enervated by disease than ———.

Reduced to simple and lucid English, this sentence would read as follows:

During the period of convalescence, nothing is so well calculated to please the plate or rebuild the waste organism than ———.

The aim of the writer should be how much thought can be expressed clearly in the fewest words. A flood of words is often an indication of a drought of ideas.





### MEDICAL.

#### Proper Breathing.

DR. B.

PERSONS who have throat or bronchial trouble, and in fact every body else, should be careful to sleep with their mouth closed. The nasal passages are the natural sources through which to breathe. As the air passes thru the nasal channels the particles of dust are checked and the temperature of the air is modified. But when the air is breathed thru the mouth, not only the cold air but also particles of dust are directly admitted into the bronchial tubes which is certain of creating an irritated condition of the mucous membrane of the throat and bronchial tubes or air cells, and in time, a diseased condition results.

When breathing through the nasal channels is difficult the wrong should receive medical attention. Especially is this true in children. When a child breathes with its mouth open there is a wrong that should be remedied at once, as the cause is due to what is known as adenoid growths in the back nasal channels, and they should be removed in order to add to the child's general vitality and future health.

Public speakers and singers should practice deep breathing, admitting the air into the lungs through the nasal passages and with every inspiration practice abdominal expansion as well as expansion of the chest. Not more than twelve to fifteen full breaths should be taken per minute and each inspiration and expiration governed by regular intervals.

Possibly there is no better way of developing lung capacity and health than by sleeping in a well ventilated room with plenty of warm bed clothing and keeping the mouth closed, so as to keep the mucous membrane of the mouth, throat, and bronchial tubes naturally moist.

Where there is an irritated condition of the mucous membrane of the mouth or throat, one half an ounce of listerine, one half ounce of fluid extract of sweet licorice, one fourth ounce glycerine and water to make four ounces makes a very pleasing and effective mouth wash or gargle, or for better effect, place the fluid in an atomizer and spray the parts often.



THE world accepts a man at practically the same estimate he places upon himself, provided his own estimate is honest.

### CLEANLINESS.

BY FLORA E. TEAGUE.

OUR mothers and grandmothers know but little about hardwood floors. Today in the homes of the wealthy they are frequently seen. They are vastly superior to the old style floor carpeted up to the basement board, where dust settled and moths harbored and ruined in delight. Those of us who are not able financially or otherwise to have hardwood floors, can have something else "just as good."

No matter what kind of floor you now have, putty up the cracks. If necessary, plane off irregularities in warped boards, then apply any of the many kinds of "floor shines" now advertised. Sew your carpet together in strips for a large or small rug, whichever you prefer, and place it in the center of your border-stained floor. It needs no tacking. (What a labor saving!) It can be removed daily, weekly, or monthly, shaken, aired, and replaced with but little trouble. The result is freedom from dust and moths; freedom from taking up and putting in tacks, a pretty border for your rug, and greater cleanliness and purity. A dampened cloth, or even a dry one on a light mop-stick applied occasionally freshens the painted border. After a trial of this kind, you will never want to go back to the old style of all-over-carpet floors.

Lordsburg, Cal.



### GETTING AT IT BACKWARDS.

HAVE you noticed that most people start in sin by a backward act? They ask, "What harm is there in this?" instead of asking, "What good will it do me." There may be no inherent harm in the act itself, but *the absence of virtue in an act is within the border line of sin* already. No one has a moral right to think or live such a neutral life that the world can truthfully say that they contribute no moral force to society. A day or year of such neutral conduct is *wasted*, and to waste talent is to degenerate and merit the Lord's disapproval.

If you want to be sure and safe at all times, then seek ways and places that calls out your virtues rather than your lusts. In short do those things which are so helpful that you do not need to ask if there is harm in it. Beware of innocent looking pleasures if out of that pleasure the crying wail of some blighted soul in the past can be heard.



# Sues Saloon-keepers for Damage to Home



THE daily press of Chicago gave the following account on January 11, 1908:

The plaintiff's case for Mrs. Jennie De Haven, the little woman suing four saloon-keepers whom she charges with the wrecking of her home and the destitute condition of her little family of seven children, was finished in Judge Eberhardt's court at noon today.

Mrs. De Haven said on the stand:

"My child Raphael was without medicine during a severe attack of pneumonia; he has often been without food and proper clothing, and I have been obliged many a time to get stale bread from bakeries to feed him."

"While my husband, Henry, was drinking hard in these saloons, my seven children and I had to live by the help of neighbors.

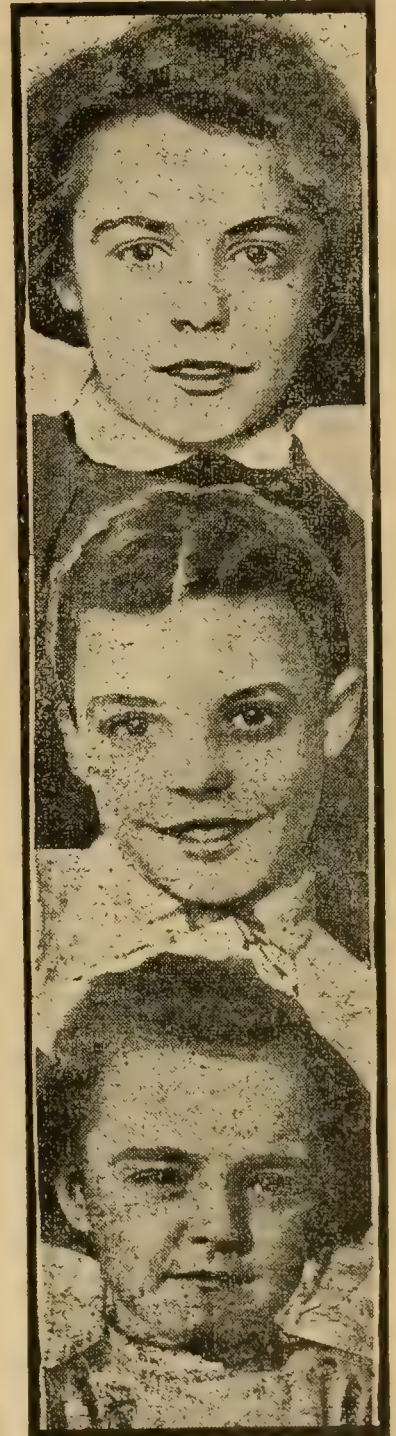
"Little dresses and shoes were brought to us by friends, and the churches helped us now and then. All this was because my husband could not get away from the curse of the drink these defendants sold him.

"They got his wages; we lived in rags. Sometimes we could not go out doors because we did not have enough clothes. Sometimes we were so hungry that we were desperate.

"Neighbors gave us food. Sometimes they gave us a little money, and out of it I had to pay the car fare that sent Henry to work to earn money to pay for his drinks.

"At night the children went to the bakery with baskets. For hours they would stand in line to get their share of bread that was old. Often that was all we had to eat."

Mrs. De Haven, who is seeking \$1,000 from the saloon-keepers, is said by her neighbors to be a model little mother and a loving, suffering and patient wife.



Of the seven children for whom the mother has been bravely fighting the wolf from the door, there is the baby Homer, nine months old, Raphael, a delicate little chap, four years old; Leverina, six; Doris ten; Ralph, thirteen; Lillian, fifteen; Harry, seventeen, the only one of the children that works and is able to assist with the support of the others.

Mr. De Haven, who has taken a liquor cure, and is

now at work, said today with tears of humiliation in his eyes:

"I did not want my wife to bring these suits. I did not know they were entered until I read an account of them in the newspaper.

"I do not blame her—but after taking the cure last October I had hoped for a chance to begin over without this publicity and disgrace.



"We lived on the West Side, but were obliged to move away because the children in the neighborhood taunted my little ones and made life unbearable to them."

The sympathy of his children for Mr. De Haven reveals that whatever his failings as victim of drink have been he never has been deliberately cruel to them.

This was testified to in Judge Eberhardt's court by little Lilly De Haven, who said:

"I'd rather have my father as he is now with us at home than to have all the money in the world."

While she testified that her father had been intoxicated much of the time during 1906, she declared that he, sober at home with his family, was much more than any money a suit could possibly bring.

Henry L. De Haven, the husband, who spent almost all his salary in saloons, has become a reformed man since his wife brought her suits. He recently took a cure for drink. His reformation, however, has not altered his wife's determination to get back from saloon-keepers some of the money her husband paid them.

"My husband is a changed man," said Mrs. De Haven, "and even if I didn't get back a penny of the money he spent in saloons I would be a happy woman.

"He frequently earned over \$100 a month. Most of this went to the saloon men. I never saw a pay check. They were always changed in saloons. Two months ago he handed me his pay envelope—the first I had ever received. I warned the saloon men, but it did no good. It came to such a pass that I had to do something to try to stop it or go insane.

"The curse of this rum business is that the saloon-keepers permit workmen to run bills. When a man is allowed to run bills that leaves his family in want there should be a way to stop it. Hundreds and hundreds of dollars has he spent over bars after I had warned proprietors of our sad situation. We have been married nineteen years. I am thankful for today's verdict. I hope other wives who have been left without means of support will follow my example." (Mrs. De Haven was awarded \$600 damage.)



J. KOB, of Iowa, sends us this amusing incident of days gone by:

"Once upon a time, a traveler who approached a hotel late in the evening thus addressed the little son of the landlord: 'My son, detach this quadruped from this vehicle and stabulate him and donate him a sufficient quantity of nutritious ailment, and when the glorious aurora of morn shall illumine the eastern horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality.' The son called to his father and said: 'Daddy, daddy, there's a dutchman out here wants to see you!'"

## MISMATED.

D. E. CRIFE.

THERE is no more useful, honorable occupation than tilling the soil. The man who loves this work, and labors faithfully to build for himself a good home in which to provide for those he loves best, yet never forgetting to aspire to a pure and elevated life, never fails to see and appreciate the beauties around him. Such a man as this is worthy of the fairest daughter of earth. In his loyal love she may find all the joy, the content and the happiness that can become the lot of any of the most favored of the race.

A man which we have in mind was a farmer, but he was not quite the kind of a man just named. He was unlearned, unpolished, with little aspiration for more than a roof over his head, and the simplest food to supply his daily wants. He had lived in his mother's home until almost middle life. He had never been more than a day's journey from the place of his birth. Then, thru the eccentricity of fate, such as one sees only once in a great while, he won the heart and hand of one of earth's noblest young women. Just how he ever won such a prize no one seemed to know. Plain and unromantic as he was, he had a little look of joy and triumph on his face as he stood before the altar, with his gentle bride. She was radiant with youth and beauty, as amid her blushes she gazed out of her soft, brown eyes, so full of love and hope, on a world that stretched so beautifully before her then.

All the neighbors came to the old church to see them married. She was remembered by some as the loveliest bride they ever saw, or even expect to see. She was the last scion of a fine old family that once had known wealth and grandeur which the reverses of war had swept away. The aged grandmother was all that was left her now. She had lost her mother in infancy, but had been carefully brought up in her maternal grandmother's home, which, tho a home of poverty, was yet a home of refinement and of something akin to luxury.

After the old southern style, the grandmother had tenderly shielded her from every form of labor, from every care and every harsh contact with the world. She, herself, had become accustomed to practice the strictest economy, yet she spared no pains to prevent the young girl from feeling the blight of poverty and hardship. But generations of poverty and hardship could never have effaced the innate grace and refinement that fitted her as a garment, and made her worthy to be queen of a realm.

Always accustomed to the idleness of genteel poverty, she was ill fitted to enter on the hard duties of a poor farmer's wife. They soon settled down to everyday life in an old mud-daubed log house, on a bleak, stony hillside. Here all the work of housekeeping fell to her frail, inexperienced hands. She submitted to this changed condition with a meekness and

grace that might have taught a lesson to an angel. She tried in every way to adapt herself to the duties and labors of the uncongenial surroundings with gentleness and patience, and without complaint.

The man loved her, perhaps as much as he was capable of loving. He was faithful to her, in a way, and was never intentionally unkind. When he learned that the charming artlessness, which made her so lovely, was largely the result of inexperience and inefficiency for grappling with the duties of life, he may have been disappointed, but he was patient. When he learned that her delicate and fragile beauty was largely founded on the childlike frailty of a body not strong by nature and undeveloped by strengthening exercise, he may have realized that a stronger woman would have been a more congenial companion, but never told her so. While he could not fully understand how unable this delicate creature was to grapple with the hard duties of her lot, nor fully sympathize with her weariness when her tasks were too heavy for her strength, he was patient and uncomplaining.

Still her charms were not enough to hold very closely the one man of all the world, who should never have left her side unless duty called him away. He was not unfaithful, only thoughtless. Before she had scarcely become acquainted with the gruesome old house, he would now and then spend a long evening chatting with his mother, whose house was not very far away, while the fragile wife sat at home alone, trembling as the rats rattled and played in the ghostly garret. He was very fond of dogs and hunting, and frequently left her alone with her charms and her affairs while he followed the dogs over the woodland hills, half of the night, with no higher prospect than possibly bringing home a ten-cent "possum." For days following, his conversation would be about the excitement of that chase. But there are many men who will leave a wife almost as young and almost as fair as this one, and be gone more than a half night, where duty does not call, and when they come home do not even try to share the pleasures of the night with her and bring back with them less than nine ten-cent "possums."

Her only intimate friend was her nearest neighbor, a middle-aged woman, with a large family. Tho often overburdened with work and family cares, her congenial surroundings had kept her heart young, and high aims and ideals were constantly before her. In this strange, half-motherly, half-sisterly companionship the young woman found the one great help to cheer and encourage her in bearing life's hard burdens, and to develop herself for the duties before her. They were an odd appearing pair,—the plain, unassuming mother of a family, and the pretty, gay young wife, still arrayed in her dainty girl dresses. But the wise, kind sensitive sympathy of the one, and the trustful, appealing helplessness of the other, drew them so

close to each other that they were almost inseparable; and each entered so largely into the life of the other, that the influence of those few years will never be lost on either.

There was a peculiar charm about this modest, quiet, low-voiced young woman, that attracted every inmate of this family, where she was almost a daily caller. Every child was glad to see her every time she came, and only too happy to do her a favor. Later on, when she brought a little baby with her, he became the pet of the entire household. In every little perplexity she appealed to this friendly neighbor for advice or help, yet in such a refined way as never to become burdensome.

Time brought its changes! In a few years the family, with whom she had been such a constant caller, went to a far land. Then letters told more eloquently than spoken words had ever done, how this one dear friend had won her undying love, and now that her dear grandmother had gone to rest, was the dearest friend she had on earth. To her, time brought its changes too. Always fragile, sore afflictions had fallen upon her. Child after child had come into the home until she had quite a family. She always finds her tasks far beyond her strength, struggle with them as she may.

During all these years this husband and wife have been faithful to each other as the world calls faithful, but they have never blended their characteristics and peculiarities together so as to become adapted each to each and be all the world to one another. Their differences in life and thought were too far apart for this. No doubt he realizes now that a stronger woman, who could share his labors, and tread by his side thru the woodland he loves, whose thots and aspirations were more in harmony with his own, would have brought more happiness into his life than this delicate, refined woman who has a hundred charms that must remain sealed books to him; but which would have made her an inexpressible treasure to some other man.

In her own home, with her children around her, whom she loves with a true mother-love, she writes to her most trusted friend: "Somehow I have for so long a time had a sense of loneliness in this life, that, try as I may, I cannot overcome. I try always to do the things I think right and best. I often go to God in my loneliest hours and ask him to help me bear the trials humbly in this life. I know full well that while earth may forsake, he never will. We can trust no other friend like him."

It is sad, so late in life to know that something has been missed that might have cheered this life's journey. How important that young people, when choosing a companion, for the long walk, which ends at an open grave, should wisely choose such an one as will be a congenial friend, a suitable helper in all the vicissitudes of life that must be encountered.



# Sympathy vs. Coolness in Child Training

Catherine Beery Van Dyke

"And ye fathers (parents) provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

WHEN the child comes into our midst from its previous existence; that is, from its prenatal habitation, its surrounding conditions are radically different. Before birth no chilly wind strikes it, no sight or sound, or odor or taste, reaches its undeveloped senses. The mother's heartbeat has sustained its physical life and her body has enveloped and shielded its body with even temperature and perfect poise. Its mind and spirit were in embryo and the best that could be done for these was for the mother to be kept in calmness of spirit and in a state of loving expectancy, until the time she could clasp her offspring in her arms and gaze into its innocent baby eyes.

But once here, the child must be adjusted to the different physical surroundings. It must be clothed and kept by outside means from cold or draft. The eyes must be kept for a time from the strong light; the process of sustaining and building up the body must be carried on in a different way. Oh, how much depends upon the mother at this time! If she is unwise how much physical suffering she must cause her child to endure. And how many mothers make serious mistakes during the period of gestation! Sometimes through pride the dress of the babe is not what it should be. Sometimes in the press of duties its body is neglected. Sometimes she becomes excited, worried, grieved or angry. She nurses it then and the result to the child is shameful suffering; and if this order of things become habitual, the child cannot develop normally.

During this period the mental and moral life of the child is awaking. Neglect, sooner than anything else, will develop in it a feeling of rebellion and the child becomes "cross." Children are babies more fully developed and "men are but children larger grown," so in order to normal development in the older being, right conditions must be provided now.

I do not believe that a baby is naturally cross; nor do I believe that boys and girls are naturally bad. If they are cross and bad it is because something unwholesome has entered their systems or their lives. Oh, the responsibilities of parenthood! Thank God, they are offset by the possibilities of our children.

Part Two.—When babies are small we fondle, caress and cover them with kisses. When they grow out of infancy we are inclined to show our love less; and by the time they are in their teens, many children have been so entirely isolated from mother and father that they must stem that most dangerous period known as adolescence practically alone,—or sometimes worse—

in the intimate association of other neglected children some of whom may be vicious and unclean.

Here it is, more than anywhere else in their lives, that children need sympathy of both father and mother. It is during these transition years that it requires more patience, more understanding, more love than at any time before or after this period. The child is passing from being a child to the state of manhood or womanhood. The change is not instantaneous. It is a process requiring years to complete; and it is fraught with so much consequence that neither parent nor child can afford to be separated from each other during its progress. Here it is that the text has its most emphatic bearings. "Provoke not your children to wrath." If that were all of the admonition we might, with some shadow of excuse, neglect or violate it through our lack of wisdom or some such thing. But the other part, "but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

"Nurture," nourishment. How soon we begin to pine and be in pain when our stomachs are empty! Just so soon do our children miss us when we put them on the edge of the nest and think they are big enough to fly alone. The nurture we gave them in babyhood was used in those hours. Now it is as much our duty to feed them as then; but we must be careful and faithful in the selection of the food. Then a smile, a soft word, a lullaby, sometimes a timely spanking, was sufficient. Now they demand always the soft sweet word and the smile (just as older people like milk just as babies do) but more than that they need instruction; and here comes the golden opportunity of a parent's life, when he can instill the principles of morality and religion in the heart and life of his child as at no other time.

Oh, God is so wise and so good! Good to give us the dear little helpless things that wean us from our selfishness and bless us with their sweet and sacred presence. Wise, that as they enter maturity and we are at its height or declining, we can have the companionship, the confidence of a fresher, younger manhood and womanhood.

But what will we do with this golden opportunity? Oh, parents, consider it well before these tender difficult years are forever beyond our control.

Do you want your child to be pure? Teach him from your own experience, your own acquired, your own observation, what purity is and have him follow after it by your direction and your example. Do you want him to be a scholar? Do not dwarf his ambition by want of sympathy or coöperation. Do you want him to be thoroughly a man of God? Handle with

him the word of God as though you believed it and believed it to be alive. "Bring him up in the admonition of the Lord." Read the 119 Psalm and see how "the law of the Lord" is exalted. Are you ashamed to bring your child to regard it as David regarded it? "Admonition" does not mean nagging, nor does it mean a sentimental repetition of precepts. But a careful painstaking process of instruction in the word of God, the importance of which is so well set forth in the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy.

"The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes." Educative. Use it.

There is no higher mathematics, nor science, nor philosophy than the spiritual discernment that grows out of a practical knowledge of the Scriptures.

How important then that this admonition be given to children all along the line.



#### THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WHAT CHRISTIANS NEED AND WHAT THEY WANT.

ONE of the most flagrant mistakes which Christians make is that of continually wanting more personal liberty in questionable things of a worldly nature. Everywhere churches and pastors are protesting against their members attending dances, races, theaters, euchre parties and many other pleasure resorts. Church members today, as a rule want this privilege and take it, or else they set up the cry of having their personal rights interfered with.

A fatal mistake is made in such cases because, for a Christian to make a success of his spiritual life, he does not need such pleasures. Indeed they are deadening in their nature, and to enjoy them to the fullest extent is to die to higher usefulness and run ninety-nine chances out of a hundred of creating an uncontrollable desire for worse things.

What a Christian needs, if he expects to thrive and enjoy his religion is; constant activity in practicing his private devotions; improving his daily opportunities of leading sinners to Christ. Liberty to do good, and liberty to increase in ability and willingness to die daily upon the Cross that some other soul might be lifted up through him, is the liberty which the soul needs in order to perfect its good growth and powers.

A little liberty in questionable things generally means a desire for downright sin a little later on. Liberty in things not absolutely necessary for a Christian's growth is a compromise on the very face of the matter, because a Christian has no business to ask for, not even think of, things *foreign to his spiritual interests*. Christians are weak at best, hence they need help. Do not forget the fact, because it is fundamental to growth, and how much help does the ways of a wicked and unregenerate world offer a Christian?

If churches would quit stuffing their members so much with theology and church polity and get the en-

tire membership in rhythmic action in saving souls as a daily business, there would not be such a clamor for personal liberties, because the work of Jesus Christ is so fascinating and extremely satisfying to a soul, that the pleasures of this world are but filthy rags compared with the joy which is to be found in seeing sinners born again into new life and fellowship with God.

Are you chafing under church restraint? Here is a cure for such a fever. Spend a few years in continuous prayer, penitence, study and soul-seeking. By that time you will know the worth of this essay. Such a course changed the murderous dispositions of Peter and Paul. It has cured similar cases since then. It is doing so every day. It will do so for you. After Peter and Paul were cured they had no taste nor desire for worldliness in any of its forms, but gloried only in the Cross. God put life into this message that each reader may act out its teaching.

We all need it. You need it.



#### FEAR, ADMIRE, LOVE.

WHICH of these words express your fellowship with God? Do you fear his justice, admire his works, or love his ways? While fear may move a man to begin the Christian life, and an enlarged knowledge of nature and of the soul may cause a man to intellectually admire God's ability there yet remains one stage more into which Christian must develop if he is to enjoy the richness of God's grace. That condition of heart is *love*,—an affectionate regard for the fellowship and service of God. Love kills fear and quickens admiration into a mutual compact with God. You can admire God and yet be outside of his fellowship,—an alien to God. But to love God is to be a part of him in experience and aspiration. Then the success of his work will give you as real a thrill of joy as you would feel to meet your mother after a long separation. Yes, learn to love God, and then the world and all of its ways will lose their attraction.



#### A CONSERVATISM WHICH DOES NOT CONSERVE.

THE word "conserve" means to keep in a sound, healthy state. "Conservatism" means "a disposition to *preserve that which is established*." From these definitions as given by Webster, conservatism does not mean permission to stand idly by and permit things to go to ruin, as so many weak kneed people do, when some trouble arises and they are afraid to either veto the wrong or advocate the right.

Many people take a reserved or inactive man as a conservative man which is not often correct. Conservatism may mean radical measures in order to keep matters in a healthful condition.



# A Million Dollars

Hattie Preston Rider

"I WISH," said Grandma Hillis, "that I had a million dollars."

Mrs. Ward first stared at her and then laughed.

"Just hold my sewing a minute, Grandma, dear, and I'll run and fetch it for you," she answered, merrily.

Grandma Hillis shook her head, albeit her eyes twinkled.

"I know your willingness, my child, and I believe there are people who would gladly give it, if one could get at them, and they understood for what purpose it was wanted. I have been thinking and thinking, since this local option agitation has been going all over the country, what a wonderful lot of good one could do with a million dollars."

"For campaign funds?" Mrs. Ward asked. She still looked as if she suspected a joke lurked somewhere close around.

Grandma Hillis shook her head again.

"I don't know very much of those things," she said. "Wiser brains have to manage them, but with that million dollars I would build half a dozen places in different cities, sort of auxiliary to the Young Men's Christian Associations, where men in their working clothes might be free to go and lounge, and enjoy themselves innocently. There should be baths, books, clean, newsy papers and magazines; also, some sort of lunch counter, where a man might get a cup of hot coffee, milk, or buttermilk, and a bite to eat, for a nominal sum,—It should be an appetizing bite, too, like the free lunches the saloons set out: baked beans, roast meat, and cheese. Of course we know the enormous profits on retailed liquors makes that same lunch free in the saloons, but few men would grudge the payment of a small price for something they really relish, if it could be had in a decent place.

"Do you think that enough people would patronize such a place to keep it going?" Mrs. Ward asked.

"Maybe not," Grandma Hillis conceded. "That's why, I wanted so much money to assure its success, for a time, at least. But I've read of several institutions of that sort in Chicago, under the direction of the Young Men's Christian Association, and founded by different railroad companies. The buildings are situated right at the end of their lines, and afford a pleasant and convenient place for the men to spend their time between runs. They could even cash checks and leave deposits there for their families. There were comfortable beds provided, too, for short lodging, at small cost."

"Some one must have exercised a wonderful lot of common sense in planning it," Mrs. Ward remarked.

"The article said the railroad companies more than got their money back, in good service." Grandma Hillis went on to say. "It is said that several saloons, I forget how many—in the same block with one of these associations, had gone out of business since the place was established. It's my opinion, Jennie Ward,"—the speaker's lips took on firm lines,—that not one man in ten would ever go into a saloon to say nothing of hanging around there, if he had any other comfortable place where he felt free to go!"

"Why doesn't he stay home, then?" Mrs. Ward asked, promptly.

"All homes being so very pleasant and attractive!" Grandma Hillis responded, with unlooked-for sarcasm. "But then," she amended, more gently, "of course some homes *are* pleasant, and some wives so agreeable that they keep their husbands courting them all their lives. Even then, men like to go out among their own friends and working associates once in a while. It's natural and right. They like to talk about a hundred things women don't understand or care for. We could get rid of the liquor evil lots more quickly, if we could take all the light and warmth out of saloons and put them in a decent place, with attendants whose friendliness was real, instead of a glossed-over desire to get all a man's money at the expense of his manhood. Fill up a human soul with rightness, say I, and there's no room left in it for wrong."

Thoughtfully, Mrs. Ward folded her sewing.

"Well, I must be going," she said, "for the children are coming home from school. They seem lonesome if I'm not there, but I heartily wish, Grandma,"—with a half-laugh and a big sigh—"that you had that million dollars!"

Grandma Hillis nodded brightly.

"It'll come, even if not to me," she declared. "Jennie Ward, I'm growing rich over such women as you, who make it their first care to keep a warm nest for the 'wee men to come.' There isn't room in any woman's life for motherhood and a lot of other interests too. If they all looked at things as you do, the grandmothers of the future wouldn't need to be wishing for a million dollars."



ALCOHOL will remove grass stain from summer clothes. It also removes summer clothes and spring and winter clothes, not only from the man who drinks it but also from his wife and children. It will move household furniture from the house and eatables from the pantry; the smiles from the face of his wife and the happiness from his home. As a remover of things alcohol has but few equals.—*Payette News*.



## OUT OF MY SCRAPBOOK.

EFFIE E. MILLER.

A FEW years ago I received from my father, a scrap-book, as a Christmas present, and since then I have pasted in it all the clippings I wished to save. Most all of the first page is poetry, and a few of the subjects are: "Brother Ralston's Experience," "Mount Auburn," "My Childhood," "An Evening Reverie," "There is no Death," "The Family Album," and "The Crippled Child." In the second column of page two, I find this: "You can generally count on the man who is patient with children, and courteous to women; who likes music and loves flowers."

How true! but how many are always patient with the little ones, who have so many things to learn, and ask so many simple and perplexing questions? How many are always courteous to women, no matter whether they are elegantly and stylishly dressed, or clothed in a simple, neat way? How many always like music,—not the so-called classical music so popular in fashionable society today, but the inspiring kind that uplifts humanity, elevates the soul, and awakens a deeper reverence for things that are higher, nobler, purer? How many always love flowers, which are one of the many things God saw fit to place on earth to make it pleasanter? Surely all those who meet these requirements can be relied upon.

On this same page, "Looking Backward," "Face to Face with Trouble," "The Drunkard's Sermon," "The Sin of Omission," and "Sunshine," are found. On another page I notice this:

"Life is a voyage,  
Travelers are we—  
The soul is the vessel,  
The world is the sea.

"Life is a picture—  
The canvas is Time—  
Events are the colors  
That man must combine.

"Life is a poem  
Most beautifully ended,  
When gladness and sorrow  
Are beautifully blended."

This reminds me of another definition of life. A few years ago four young lady friends and myself went to call on another young lady. Arriving at her home, we were somewhat surprised to hear that she had gone away that morning to be married. During our conversation about her marriage, the mother remarked: "I'll tell you, life is a great undertaking." This impressed me, but not so much as the father's response, which was: "Well, life is a great *undertaking* anyway we take it." He is a deep-thinking, God-fearing man, and has

always met life's struggles bravely, but nothing he has ever said or done has struck my mind so forcibly as that. Many times have I thought of it since, and more and more do I realize the truth of his words.

But let us not shrink from the great undertaking, but remember that, "every hardship, every joy, every temptation, is a challenge of the spirit, that the human soul may prove itself."

Another column is "Little Sermons," by D. L. Moody. On another page are some short definitions of "The Favorite Girl." The following are the two which I thought best: "She is the girl, who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather." "She is the girl who makes the world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself." On the opposite page is, "Among My Photographs," "Hints to Book Lenders," "A Rainy Day," "In an Old Album," "Some Christmas Thoughts," and

"Once in a while, in the desert land,  
We find a spot of the fairest green;  
Once in a while from where we stand  
The hills of paradise are seen;  
And, a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,  
A joy that the world cannot defile;  
We trade earth's dross for the purest gold,  
Once in a while."

Jonesboro, Tenn.



A Moment of Excitement.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT RUBBER.

The extensive use of rubber warrants the statement of a few facts concerning its manufacture. Everyone knows that it is practically impossible to find a pure rubber article on the market in these days, and one often hears the rubber manufacturer arraigned as a conscienceless defrauder. But let the public, which stands in judgment on the manufacturer, stop to consider its own part in the case. One concern informs us that it pays \$1.40 per pound, wholesale, for crude Para rubber, and 23 cents per pound for canvas, yet it makes up and sells rubber hose for 25 cents per pound. Problem: Find the profit. There is no method of adulterating canvas, although to be sure it forms a relatively small part by weight of the hose. If any profit is to be made, it must come out of the rub-

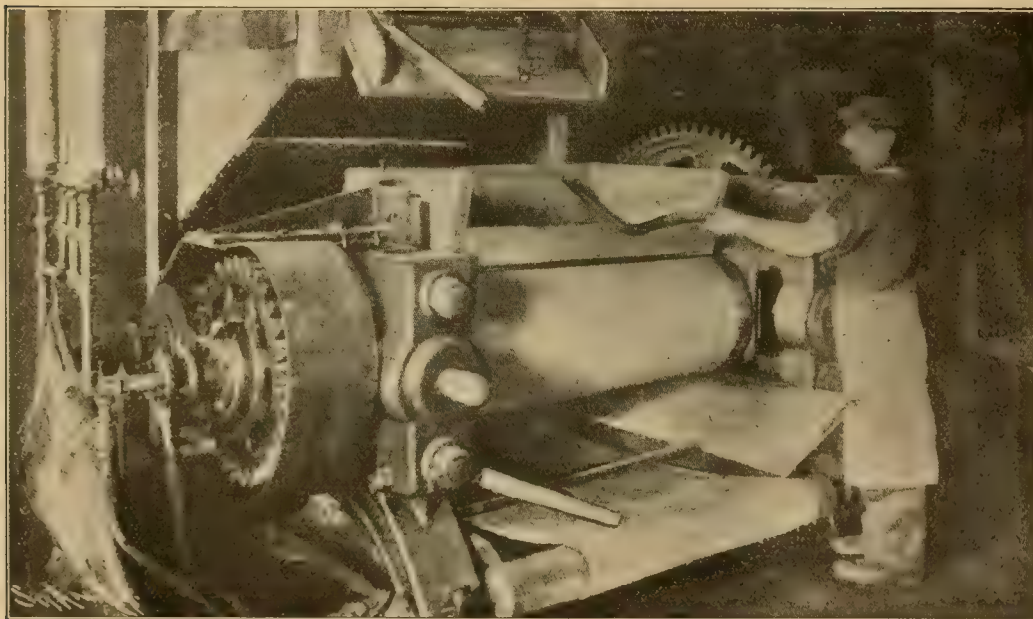
### Reclaimed Rubber.

Scrap rubber, or rubber "shoddy" as it is called, is made up principally of worn-out boots and shoes, but includes every conceivable form of worn-out or disused rubber, ranging from old hose (the poorest grade) to the inner tubes of bicycle and automobile tires, which may be as high as 95 per cent pure rubber. The material is first ground very fine. It is then treated by what is known as the "mechanical" process for removing all foreign substances. This process consists of a series of magnets, sieves, and blowers, through which the material passes until every particle of metal and foreign matter is removed.

### Manufacture of Rubber Hose.

In the manufacture of rubber hose the sheets of

unvulcanized rubber are cut into strips and fed into a tube-forming machine. This machine is somewhat similar in its action to the common household meat-chopping machine. A worm or screw conveyor feeds the material from the hopper to the tube-forming head. The latter is provided with an aperture of the required size, in which a core is centered. The machine is sufficiently heated to maintain the rubber in a plastic condition, and in this state it is forced through the die, giving it the re-



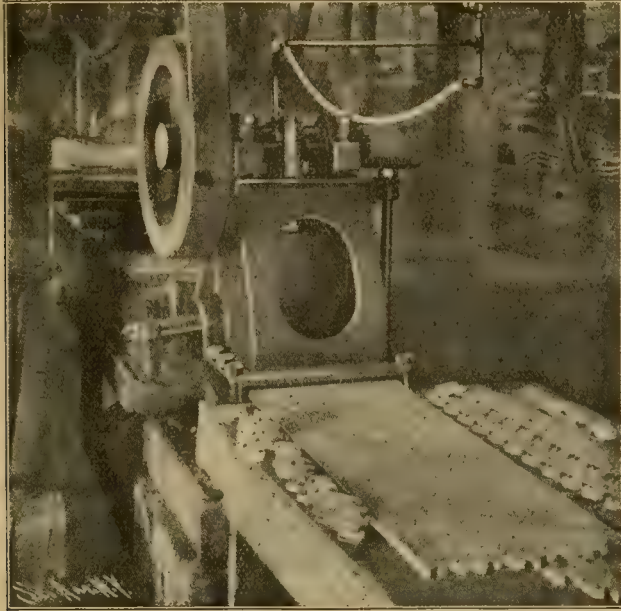
Making Sheets of Rubber.

ber, and the public which refuses to pay more than one-fifth as much for the finished product as the manufacturer does for the raw material, should find no fault with the quality of goods it receives. Were it not for the invention of a process for reclaiming old rubber, the lot of the manufacturer would be a hard one. Fortunately for him, he is not dependent upon the forests of Brazil or Central America for the precious gum. Rubber has been imported into this country for nearly a century, and since the material is proof against all ordinary deteriorating influences, it follows that the country is stocked with a large supply of the material, in scrap form, to be sure, but rubber nevertheless, and capable of being reclaimed by a simple process and remanufactured into new goods.

quired gage, and issues from the machine in the form of a seamless tube strongly knit together, which is coiled in a spiral on a slowly-revolving table. The tube may be made in any length desired, because, owing to the soft, plastic character of the rubber, each strip is pressed into the one ahead, and the hose issues without joints. For convenience in handling, the hose is usually cut into 50-foot lengths. In order that it may keep its shape while the canvas reinforcing layers are applied, it is mounted on a long iron rod which snugly fits into the hose. The successive layers of canvas are added by a separate machine after the canvas has first been coated with rubber.

The making of fruit jar rings is a much more economical process of manufacture, as it entails no loss in waste cuttings. The material is made into tubes on a tube ma-

chine of the same type as that used in the manufacture of hose. The tubes are vulcanized, and are placed on a mandrel and mounted in a lathe. The rings are then cut off by an automatic mechanism, which alternately presses a sharp knife against the rapidly-revolving rubber tube, and, between cuts, feeds the knife laterally a distance depending upon the desired thickness of the rings, which is



Making Rubber Mats.

governed by a ratchet. These lathes, as they are entirely automatic, run at a very high rate of speed, reducing the cost of cutting to a minimum, which enables the manufacturer to offer a better quality product today, even in the face of much higher prices for raw materials.—Scientific American.

#### CUBA'S IMMEDIATE NEEDS.

Cuba, it will be conceded, needs at once:

(1) A great, practical, educational development along the lines of practical experience in self-government, exercise of personal rights, and self-control must occur in Cuba before any republican form of government can be successful without outside aid and support.

(2) That aid and support must come from the United States. It is practicable to give this aid without annexation, without incorporating Cuba into the political system of the United States, thus adding an element of weakness, rather than strength, to our own institutions.

(3) That aid must come in the form of settled commercial relations as soon as the termination of existing treaty obligations will permit; and in the form of wise initiative, discreetly exercised, looking toward such changes in Cuban laws as will develop in her people capacity to appreciate free institutions, and govern themselves under a republican system. These changes must look toward reduction of the paternal attitude of the central government, with corresponding exercise of greater power by local authorities.

There appears to be one way in which these ends can be accomplished within American limitations without injury to the self-respect of the Cuban people. The educated Cubans see, clearly that a period of tutelage is necessary. The uneducated Cuban cares nothing about politics, really; what he wants is results. He would just as

leave has these results flow from a paternal autocracy as from the most liberal democracy. He is ignorant of the machinery by which results are accomplished; but he knows conditions are hard for him, and will welcome whatever ameliorates his hardships, provided it be a genuine amelioration. Promises alone will not keep him quiet; they would only dam up the waters of revolution to bring on another and worse inundation.

A "protectorate" over Cuba already exists. We have the facts, however it may be called. Names matter little. That protectorate must take some form for the immediate future which will permit of preventive, as well as corrective, measures. The present intervention is purely a corrective measure, not initiated until the mischief was done. For the future there must be a system that will prevent a recurrence of such troubles by terminating the conditions that create them.

#### A "Council of Advisers" for Cuba.

Previous to the date on which the Treaty of Paris terminates, February 4, 1909, a new treaty should be negotiated with the Provisional Government of Cuba, to take effect at that date. This treaty should contain not only a definite adjustment of commercial relations between the two countries, but also the necessary authority to institute and maintain a Council of Advisers in Cuba. The re-establishment of the Cuban Republic, like its first organization, should be made conditional upon its acceptance of the provisions of this treaty.

The Council of Advisors should consist of one president, one advisor for each department of the Cuban Government when necessary, as for example, the Treasury Department, Sanitary Department, and that of Foreign Affairs, and one for each province. Each member thereof should be an American, entitled to the diplomatic privileges in Cuba, and an official of the United States, not of Cuba.

The functions of these officials should be threefold: to observe, to propose, and to exercise the judicial functions hereinafter described. Thus each adviser to a province would exercise the right of proposing measures to the Provincial Council. The advisers to the several departments of government would exercise a similar right. The Council of Advisors as a body should have the right to propose such legislation as might seem expedient to the Cuban Congress, and in their collective action would exercise the judicial function to be described. All proposals would be merely advisory in character, and therefore would not curtail the legislative rights of the Cuban bodies. Diplomatic privileges are given to render these officials as nearly independent and impartial in the discharge of their duty as may be humanly possible. It should be provided by the treaty that no adviser may hold or acquire any property interests in Cuba during his incumbency, nor receive any emolument or perquisite whatever from the Cuban Government or from any citizen thereof during his incumbency.

The English system in Egypt illustrates what must be done. The Khedive's government has remained intact; but Lord Cromer had the initiative in such measures as were deemed essential by the British Government. An exactly similar system in Cuba is not advocated. It would be plainly impracticable, owing to our different form of government at home, with responsibility to a legislative body, as well as to the executive. But some of the features of England's Egyptian system might well be incorporated into the future relations between Cuba and the United States.

For the United States the indispensable things are:





# Echoes from Everywhere

## NATURE AND SCIENCE NOTES.

Exposure to radium for a month, in Professor Bordas' experiments, seems to have changed light red corundum to ruby, violet to sapphire blue, and blue to emerald green, while white became topaz yellow.

The abundance and variety of ants is a striking feature of the animal life on the southern slope of the Himalayas. The snow-line there rises 6,500 feet higher than in the Alps, and Dr. Forel has recorded four species at a height of 12,000 feet, while of 112 species known in these mountains, not less than fifty are local, found only in the Himalayas.

When the law, permitting the free distillation of denatured alcohol was passed, it was generally supposed that farmers all over the country would start small stills in order to take advantage of it. Scarcely a single still has been built, however. Dr. Niley, the government chemist, explains the fact as due to the ignorance of the farmers as to how to run a still. He will do what he can to remedy the difficulty by setting up a still at Washington, where he will develop alcohol from spoiled fruit and cheap vegetable substances, and ask representatives from the agricultural colleges to come to Washington to see how the still is made and worked.

By next summer the nation's war balloon should be launched. The War Department has received six bids for the balloon, running from \$5,000 to \$25,000, and promising delivery in from three to five months. The War Department balloon must carry two people, weighing 350 pounds, with 100 pounds of ballast additional, and must make twenty miles an hour in still air. One bidder offered to make a balloon with a speed of forty miles an hour for \$30,000.

## Plant Culture by Electricity.

H. F. Hughart, a Minneapolis florist and gardener, believes that he has solved the problem of growing vegetables during the short days of the northern winter. He has installed electric lights in his greenhouse, to be used thru the night as a substitute for the rays of the sun. After two weeks of this treatment, the lettuce plants exposed to the light, were one and one-fourth inches taller, and forty per cent heavier than the plants that were shielded from the light. Under present conditions, the gardener considers three crops of lettuce during the winter months, a good yield. Mr. Hughart thinks he will be able to raise four crops during the same time by the new method.



## FOREIGN.

The French postoffice has introduced a new scheme. When a man misses the last mail at night, he may pay a small extra fee and have his letter telegraphed to the

postoffice of its destination. There it will be written out and placed in an envelope and delivered the next morning by a postman on his first round.

The opening of the British Parliament on January 29 was not disturbed by demonstrations on the part of the women suffragists, as had been feared; but variety was supplied by a man named Roe who pretended to be a peer, claiming to be Lord de Morley. He was ousted from his seat by a watchful usher. This is the first recorded occasion of any unauthorized person entering the House of Lords and taking a seat as a robed peer, although two or three attempts to do so have been made. No penalty attaches to the offense and Roe will be allowed to enjoy the honor of his feat.

Last week there was sold at a London auction an old American flag which was represented to be the one that floated on Captain Lawrence's man-of-war, the Chesapeake, in the War of 1812. The purchaser, who is said to be Cornelius Vanderbilt, paid \$4,250. Now very great doubt has been thrown on the authenticity of the flag. An investigator for the New Jersey Historical Society says that the Chesapeake flag is buried with Captain Lawrence in Trinity churchyard, in New York City. The present flag he thinks, might possibly have belonged to the United States ship President which also took part in the War of 1812.

Following the example set by the smaller English cities last summer, London is to have a great pageant next July. The first of the eighteen scenes will be a prehistoric spectacle introducing King Lud as the founder of the city. The last will be the great fair in Hyde Park in the coronation year of Queen Victoria. Other scenes will consist of a great Roman sacrifice to Diana on the site of the present St. Paul's Cathedral; the return from the Crusades; Queen Elizabeth's reception of Drake, including festivities on his arrival in which the dance from "The Midsummer Night's Dream" is given by the ladies of the court; and Charles I. on his way to Whitehall to be executed.

The new Governor-General, of Odessa, one General, Tomaltcheff, has set about fighting the revolutionists after an extraordinary method. Last week the police discovered a bomb in a public tea room. After the place was cleared and closed, they reported their find to the Governor. He ordered the bomb to be exploded where it had been found. The order was carried out, with the result that the entire house where the tea room was located was destroyed. The General announces that this will be his method of fighting revolutionists. It seems like cutting off one's nose to spite his face, but perhaps it will be effective in Odessa. The revolutionists might leave a bomb in the Governor-General's palace and see whether he would have it exploded there for them.

A canal from Lake Constance and Basle to Genoa! That is the plan of a Milanese engineer, Pietro Caminada. Moreover, the King of Italy is greatly interested in the scheme, which involves the building of tunnels and of sluices on a new plan. Caminada estimates that the cost would be \$110,000,000, and that the canal would have an annual business of 15,000,000 tons of freight. If the canal were built grain, wood and cotton could be conveyed via Genoa more cheaply than from Antwerp on Rotterdam, whereas at present the cost by the shorter southern route is more than double that of the northern. The most serious objection to the scheme thus far advanced is that in the higher Alpine regions a sufficiently abundant water supply might not be obtainable.

#### Canada Enforcing Sunday Laws.

Winnipeg has put on the Sunday lid. The local branch of the Dominion Alliance has been agitating for closer Sabbath observance. A recent raid caught about three hundred Sabbath breakers, including newspaper reporters, cab drivers, merchants taking stock, railroad employes, druggists, shoe-shine artists, livery men, newsboys selling American Sunday newspapers, restaurant and hotel keepers, fruit venders, and even one minister who was performing a ceremony. All are supposed to have been pursuing their occupations in violation of the new Sunday act, which specifically says that no work is allowed except it is a necessity or an emergency.

The law hinges for its enforcement on the initiative of the provincial authorities: and therefore, the citizens must be first reported to the attorney general of the province, who will then decide as to whether action is to be taken or not.

A Frenchman, named Lemoine, has been claiming that he had found a formula for manufacturing diamonds. His formula was published in order to show the world that it was genuine. Now it turns out that, at least, part of the diamonds he displayed as coming from his crucible were bought from Paris jewelers. Lemoine's method of making jewels seems likely to be as useful as the method of burning ashes exploited last summer.

A much larger number of Japanese have been returning home from the Pacific coast during the last week or two than usual. The steamers from San Francisco, which commonly carry ten or a dozen at this time of the year, have been taking from ninety to two hundred of late. The Japanese have refused to tell why they are going back, saying only, "We have to go back home." The theory is that the Japanese government has ordered the army reservists to report at home, since many, if not all, of those sailing had served in the Manchurian war.

Cuba has had peace and quiet for a good while now, but she has not yet paid any of her debts. The cost of the American occupation up to January 1, was a few thousand under four and a half million dollars.



#### GENERAL.

##### Mild Winter for the North.

On Tuesday, February 4, the first real snow storm of the season came down on central North Dakota. Up to that time, there was not snow enough for even the lightest sleighs. The snow came with little wind, and no great fall of the temperature. It continued for the better part of two days, covering the ground to the depth of about

eight inches. This is welcome to the farmers, who depend on the sloughs and pot holes for their supply of wild hay. The snow water generally runs into these sloughs, filling them and insuring a growth of hay. Evaporation from these numerous ponds, also produces local showers, which keep the crops growing till the heavy June rains come.

President Roosevelt has deposed Mr. Stillings from the government printing department on the charge of graft and extravagance in public funds.

New York.—Chas. Morse, president of a \$60,000,000 steamship trust and nineteen banks has failed. All his affairs are now in court. His home is attached and the multi-millionaire of one year ago is now out of business and penniless.

Far from trembling before "modernism," the Bishop of Madrid, Spain, has instituted sociological courses in all the Catholic seminaries of his diocese. The teachers are laymen. Four courses are given: Social law, social economies, social economies and the social activities of the priest.

The sweeping statement, recently made, that women are responsible for most bad books that are written should have an addenda. The gentleman making the charge should define what, in his estimation, may be termed a bad book. Critics are in disagreement thereupon, and some even object to the Bible.

Zola sinned against art in his selection of material. Victor Hugo did not. Let women have credit for writing some books that have uplifted the world!

A number of members of a sect which call themselves "Followers of the Holy Ghost" are waiting in New York for an opportunity to go to South America. These people claim to have the gift of tongues. They go into spasms in which they talk gibberish which they claim to be foreign languages. The men and women who are waiting to go to South America claim that the language they speak is Portuguese. One member believes that he speaks Turkish, and means to go to Turkey. One of the leaders, O'Reilly, tell this story to show that "Followers of the Holy Ghost" may certainly expect ways and means to be provided: "One night I was walking in Phoenix, Arizona, with one of my brothers of the faith. We were both ravenously hungry. We had no money. But we knew God would feed us. When I got to be very hungry I heard a voice from heaven say: 'Look at thy feet. See the loaf.' I looked down, and there at my feet was a loaf of bread, hot and fresh.

#### How Chinese Take the Civil Oath.

During the trial of a gambling case in the city police court of Minneapolis it became evident that one of the witnesses, Tom Lee, a Chinaman, was not telling the truth. Jim Mar, another Chinaman who was pushing the prosecution, declared that the Chinaman did not consider the ordinary oath binding on him, and that to secure the truth, it would be necessary to swear the witness by the Confucious oath, which is taken over the blood of a chicken.

Having become satisfied that the witness was not telling the truth, the judge ordered him taken to the basement, and to be sworn over the blood of a chicken. Peter Nelson and his deputy, H. W. Tisdale, took Tom Lee downstairs. A chicken was taken from the crate by Cap-



tain Martin Burfering, and held in readiness. Nelson held a long knife, and Tisdale stood ready to administer the oath. As the knife was handed to Lee, he shrank back, looking around excitedly as if seeking protection. Beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. No help coming, he cried out loudly, "I won't, I won't do that thing. It is nothing. I won't be a fool." Again he was offered the knife, but the Chinese drew back and turned as if to flee. At this point his attorney interfered. He was then held under bonds for further examination. It would be curious to know just what his view of the oath is.

The United States secret service agents in New York recently seized two thousand rifles and two hundred thousand rounds of ammunition which had been intended for the Haytian revolutionists, as well as some \$400,000 in Haytian notes, printed to pay the revolutionists bills. In the same connection they have arrested Joseph N. Gordan, who was trying to ship the guns and the money to the troublemakers.

We often talk of our inferior position as a ship-owning and ship-sailing nation; but the figures show that Great Britain was the only nation in the world which built a larger tonnage of ships last year than we. We built nearly five hundred thousand tons—488,000, to be exact—while the Germans built only three-fifths that amount. The British with 1,673,000 tons to their credit, built toward three and a half times as much as did we.

#### RELIGION AND HEALTH.

Chicago, Ill.—The new system of healing by Christian psychology, as practiced by Bishop Fallows' corps of helpers, has aroused much interest all over the United States. Scores of sick people have applied for treatment and have confessed a cure.

The bishop practiced his doctrines long enough before announcing them publicly to know his ability to relieve many forms of suffering. Of course he does not deal with contagious diseases or cases needing surgical skill, but old chronic complaints associated, more or less, with mental conditions are his chosen diseases. Good circulation, helpful suggestion, and hopeful anticipation are tonics for such cases just as real and effective as is bella donna, quinine, or nux vomica. Healing both body and soul is a forgotten art in this scientific age.

#### A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

Washington, D. C.—A movement is being made to induce Congress to found a National University for higher education so as to supplement what state universities are now doing. Leading educators have been working toward this end for several years with increasing favor all the while.

The bill was drafted by Dr. Edmund James, president of the University of Illinois, and is signed by himself and the following university presidents:

W. O. Thompson, Columbus, Ohio; Brown Ayres, Knoxville, Tenn.; Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Berkeley, Cal.; Charles R. Van Hise, Madison, Wis., and James B. Angell, Ann Arbor, Mich. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Washington, D. C., commissioner of education, is another signer.

The bill calls for an appropriation of \$500,000 and stipulates that unconditional gifts, legacies, and donations may be accepted.

The purpose of the university is to promote science, pure and applied; liberal and fine arts, and the higher education of men and women in the public service of the

state or nation, and to cooperate with scientific departments of the federal government.

The standardizing of state universities is advocated, as also the creating of experimental engineering stations.

#### PENSIONS FOR RAILROAD MEN.

Portland, Me.—The Grand Trunk line has installed a pension system claimed to be the most generous in the country, embracing every employé of the railroad in the United States and Canada. There are 35,000 employés of the company.

A compulsory retiring age is fixed at 65, while any employé who has served for 15 years or more will be entitled to a pension on a graduated scale, according to the number of years served.

The rate of pension has been fixed at 1 per cent of the average yearly salary for the highest 10 consecutive years of service, the 1 per cent being multiplied by the number of years served. A minimum pension has been fixed at \$200, while there is no maximum.

In addition to this provision is made for employés who have been disabled in the company's service and also for men dismissed without cause under 65, but who have not served over 15 years.

Other roads have tried this system for a generation past with gratifying results. Many large cooperative factories have also demonstrated the worth of the same principle in business.

#### THE POWER OF A JURY.

Jackson, Miss.—Altho the nation is supposed to be superior to any state, yet, when a jury fails to convict or even regard the international treaties it is hard for the government to act justly in such a case.

The United States has promised in the treaty with Italy that Italian citizens residing in this country shall receive "the most constant protection and security for their persons and property."

The Italians in Mississippi are reduced to a state of peonage—of semi-slavery—in defiance of federal laws, but the national government cannot enforce its laws and treaty stipulations.

When a federal jury composed of Mississippians refuses to indict other Mississippians who have violated the peonage laws the national government is helpless. It will be obliged to tell the Italian government, if it be an Italian citizen who is held in quasi bondage, that notwithstanding the treaty pledge it cannot protect him. That will be humiliating, but it will be inevitable.

#### WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED.—At once. A reliable man with good recommendations. Married. Experienced in pipe-fitting, well pump work and work in hardware store. Work all the year round. Address Levi Zumbun, Brookville, Ohio.

FARMS FOR SALE in Elkhart County. Good improvements. From \$35 to \$65 per acre.—M. H. Miller, Bristol, Ind.

WANTED.—To sell 1,000 sq. ft. new steel roofing and siding. Corrugated sheets 22 in. x 8 ft., painted red. Price \$15, including nails. A bargain. Just the thing for farm buildings.—J. B. Holoepeter, Pentz, Pa.

# BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!

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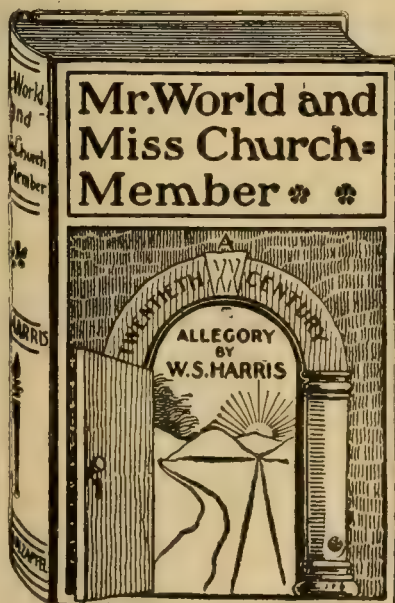
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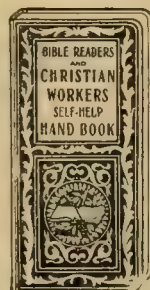
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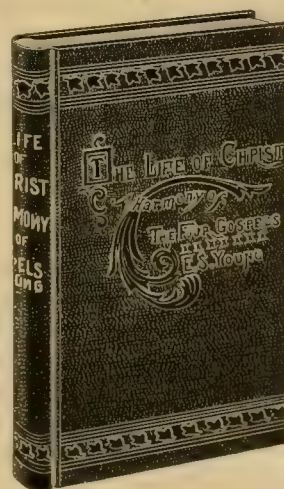
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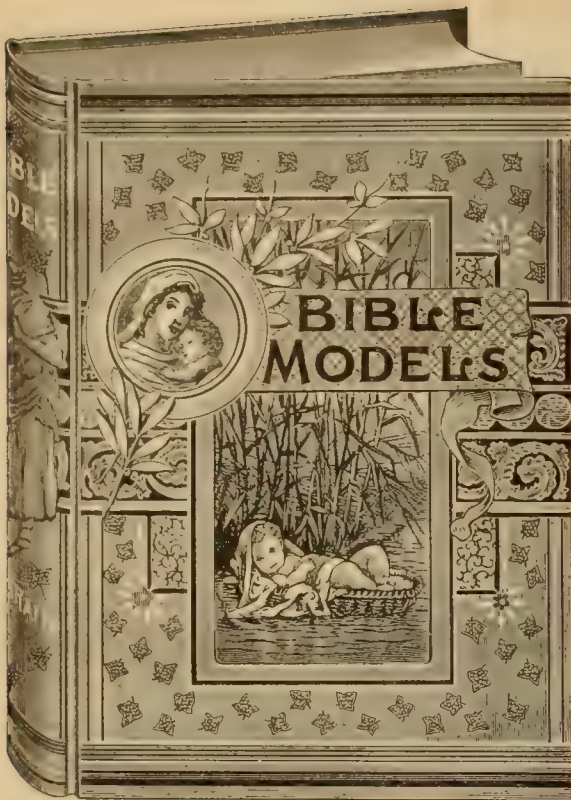
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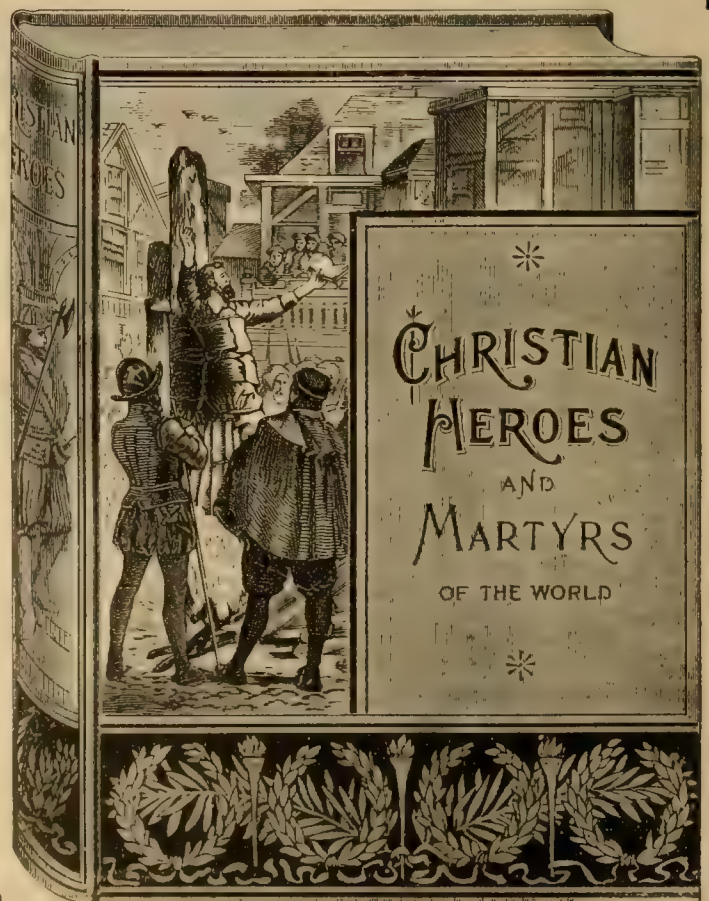
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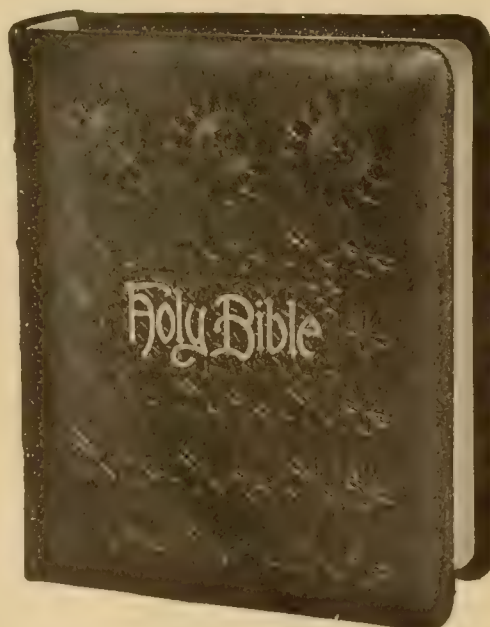
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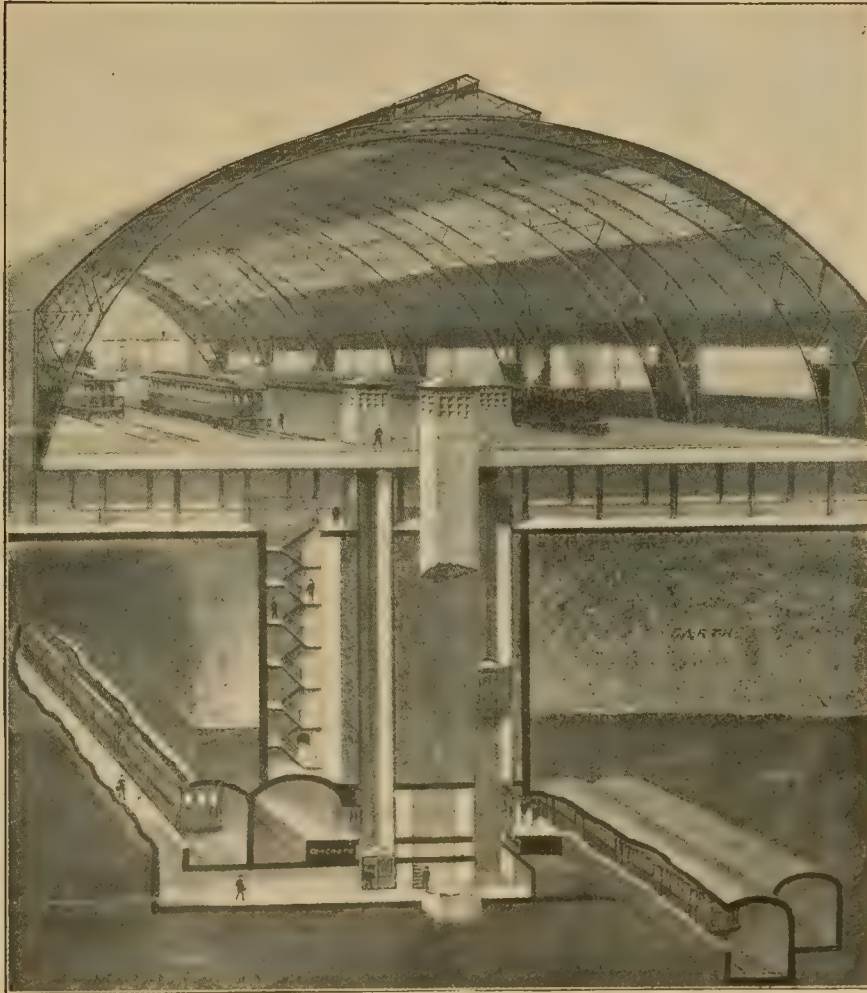
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and

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A Yellow Newtown Apple Tree. From one and one-half Acres, S. L. Bennett of Medford, Oregon Obtained the Present Year about \$1400, and can Repeat the Story Next Season. Single Trees in His Little Orchard Produce 25 Boxes of Apples.



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CALIFORNIA

**Tuesday  
MARCH 3  
1908**

Leaving Chicago, 10:45 P. M.

Leaving Omaha, Wed. March 4,  
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Leaving Cheyenne, Thurs. March 5  
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## If You are Going It Is High Time You Are MAKING ARRANGEMENTS



ON the 3rd of March we expect to have about a car load of people leave Chicago, over the Northwestern line, for Omaha, where we expect to meet another car load of people from Duluth, and a third one is to be made up at Omaha by people from different points in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. This is our first spring excursion to BUTTE VALLEY on the low rates.

Mr. E. M. Cobb and Mr. E. T. Merritt have been lecturing and showing stereopticon views of Butte Valley in the city of Duluth, Minnesota, and some forty applications were taken for homes in Butte Valley. Not all of these people are going on the third of March, but we expect enough for a car load. Several others have left the selection of their lands to friends of theirs who are going on the excursion. This is a very satisfactory way to do when one can not get away at that time.

The price of land is likely to advance immediately after the excursion and these people are anxious to take advantage of the low rates, as well as the low prices of land. Since the fruit men from the north have investigated the Valley and spoken so highly of its merits as a fruit country, the people can readily see that an investment in Butte Valley Lands is not only likely to double itself, but do so very shortly. Some of the people right north of there, last fall, sold their fruit unpicked for a thousand dollars an acre. Of course it will take four or five years for an orchard to get in bearing, but that is all the more reason why the trees ought to be planted at the earliest possible date.

The proper thing to do would be to go on the excursion of March third, clear off the sage brush this spring, plant the ground to potatoes, onions, or grain, and set the apple trees this fall. Get some good orchardist to select high grade Newtown Pippins, Spitzenbergs, and Winter Banana Apples. Those seem to be the favorites of the oriental markets and bring the highest figures. The orchardist could care for the trees properly while young, which would insure a fortune a few years hence.

After reading this you will hardly have time to correspond with us and get an answer before March third, so you had better write to,

GEORGE L. McDONAUGH, Omaha, Nebr.,  
E. T. MERRITT, Omaha, Nebraska,  
D. C. CAMPBELL, Colfax, Indiana,  
ISAIAH WHEELER, Cerro Gordo, Illinois,  
E. M. COBB, Elgin, Illinois.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



# The Riddle of Life

A noted author has said that life "is a riddle and the key to the riddle is another riddle." This applies with equal force to life in all its phases, including our physical existence. It is indeed, a mystery. Much has been written in a scientific way as to what life consists of, but very little is known beyond the fact that the blood is the life. Even in ancient times, it was written "and the blood is the life thereof." Accepting this fact as our foundation, we find the blood to be the most important part of our physical being and it emphasizes the necessity of keeping our life stream pure and vigorous. To ignore this fact is but to invite physical pain and suffering.

A weak or impure condition of the blood shows itself in a thousand different ways. We meet people every day who appear pale and in a certain sense, bloodless. They have blood enough, but it is thin and vitiated, lacking in power and warmth; others again are florid, showing an abundance of vital fluid, but pimples and skin eruptions betoken its impure condition; others again by the peculiar color of the whites of the eyes and yellow skin, show that the blood is charged with bile owing to an inactive liver; while here and there we find a rheumatic, tortured by the presence of uric acid in the blood as a result of weak kidneys, and so on in many different ways.

All these conditions are bad. What is needed is a good reliable remedy that will cleanse the blood of its impurities, revitalize and enrich it and quicken its circulation. There are thousands of so-called blood medicines to be had. A few are good, some are bad and the rest indifferent. Any medicine that moves the bowels, however drastic its composition, is advertised nowadays as a blood purifier.

The purpose of this article is to call attention to a remedy which is without a peer as a blood-purifier and health-giver and which has the record of a century's constant use behind it. It is known as DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER and thousands upon thousands have testified to its remarkable power. It not only cleanses the vital fluid but makes rich, red blood and sound, solid, healthy flesh. When you commence to use it, you will not remain long in doubt as to its effect. The very first bottle will demonstrate its merits.

---

## Saved His Life.

Toledo, Wash., July 5, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—The medicine arrived all right about three days after I had written you. I have sold seven bottles already and am almost out of the Blood Vitalizer. I have only three bottles left. I am ordering two dozen bottles this time, as the demand is increasing. Not a word of complaint have I heard; only praise about your medicine. Your dealings with me have been honest and correct. I am your friend in truth. Your medicine saved my life, and I shall always be your friend. May God bless you for making such good, honest medicines.

Yours very truly,

James Turner.

## A Grateful Woman.

New York, N. Y., April 2, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Gratitude is what prompts me to write and tell you what your medicines have done for me. I was a sufferer from sick headaches and had consulted five different doctors and taken their medicines without success.

After using the Blood Vitalizer a short time I felt relief and in three months I was completely cured of my trouble, and in spite of my old age I have had no return of my former sickness.

In order to help suffering humanity I am at all times glad to give information about your medicine.

Respectfully yours,

Anna Nisly.

1560 Ave. "A."

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DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is known as a plain household remedy. It comes in a plain bottle in a plain wrapper, but it brings results and therein lies the secret of its success and everincreasing popularity. It is distinctly different from all other medicines. It may have its imitations but it has no substitute. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is not a drugstore medicine, but is sold to the people direct, through special agents appointed in every community. For further particulars address:

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## Procrastination is the Thief of Time

Don't wait a year and then pay \$100 per acre for land that you can buy now at \$40.

Buy you a home in our "RAISIN CITY COLONY" and live happy in the land of SUNSHINE and FLOWERS.

Postoffice is established with A. W. Vaniman Postmaster. The Hotel is now completed and doing a prosperous business. Raisin City Lumber Company has a large stock of Lumber and is doing a flourishing business.

RAISIN CITY is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, 14 miles from Fresno, a city of 25,000.

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This land is especially adapted to dairying and stock raising as it is the home of the alfalfa.

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Fresno County, in which RAISIN CITY is located is the greatest fruit producing county in the world, 80,000 acres in grapes.

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The soil is a rich, sandy loam; the land is generally level and ready for the plow; and abundance of good water.

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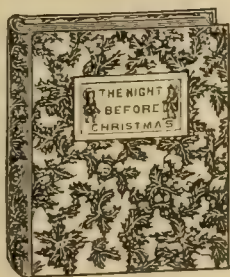
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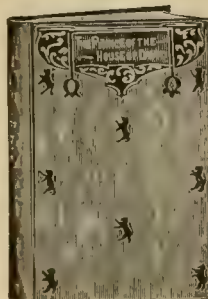
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### Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

## Come and See

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake

Respectfully,  
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California.

A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

## Realize \$1,000.00 Per Acre

### Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per box.

### Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at \$2.00.....\$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

## HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Will be in effect in the Spring of 1908

Colonists' one-way rates in effect from March

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Write for information.

**D. E. BURLEY,**

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Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

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**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

February 25, 1908.

No. 8.

## Subduing Wild Rivers

Guy Elliott Mitchell

WORK OUTLINED BY PRESIDENT FOR WATERWAY IMPROVEMENT WOULD LEAD TO COMPLETE FOREST PROTECTION, VAST RESERVOIR CONSTRUCTION AND ENORMOUS WATER POWER DEVELOPMENT. STREAM GAUGING WORK OF GOVERNMENT IS FIRST STEP IN THIS GREATEST INTERNAL DEVELOPMENT EVER UNDERTAKEN

SINCE his first message to Congress six years ago, President Roosevelt has been prominently before the public as the most vigorous conservator of our natural resources that has occupied his high official position, if not at any time in the history of the country, at least in recent years. No question of internal improvement that comes to his notice does not find in him a ready advocate; no feature of the waste or spoliation of national resources does not immediately insure his vigorous repression, even to the extent, as many charge who may be benefiting thereby, of stretches of federal authority.

The great river and harbor appropriations of Congress have been variously characterized as "grabs," "steals," "wastes of public money," "treasury raids," etc., especially that part apportioned for the so-called improvement of inland water-ways for which nearly \$150,000,000 has been spent during the past ten years. Yet the President in his recent speeches in the Mississippi Valley cities and before the Inland Waterways Commission vigorously advocated increased national expenditures and pledged his ardent support for inland waterway improvement. The difference between his attitude and that which Congress has held in the matter is that he insists the work shall follow out definite and well considered plans and in the future each project be carried through to completion, rather than that it shall be of a hit and miss nature—makeshift, temporary work, which has, during the decade mentioned, characterized the work of the Army engineers, made neces-

sary by the limitations placed upon them by Congress.

The President stated the obvious truth, which however, seems to have been lost sight of by Congress in providing for river improvement, that the springs and the rivulets on the mountain sides must be preserved, if the water flow of the great rivers lower down is to be regulated. The protection of the forests will largely regulate the stream flow and prevent too startling variations between drouths and freshets; but following this idea further and directly bearing on river navigation, natural basins in the mountains, built into reservoirs will greatly aid in river regulation and as the system is made partially or wholly complete, mitigate or entirely overcome the evils of floods and at the same time provide water for navigation.

### Already Put Into Practice.

The plan has already, in many instances, been put into complete practice in the west, where the waters of certain catchment basins are stored in mountain reservoirs and entirely utilized for irrigation. The streams in these valleys, instead of being, first raging torrents, and then dry beds, preserve an even flow during the entire time that the water is needed, and the flood excess is stored in the mountain basins. The only difference in considering the waters of western and eastern rivers is that the former are needed for irrigation and the latter for navigation.

The President has also mentioned the importance of the water power resources of the country,



citing the plan of Los Angeles for bringing water for city use a distance of nearly 250 miles, and incidentally developing power therefrom sufficiently valuable to probably pay large interest on an investment of \$23,000,000.

In connection with our water power resources, the data which have been gathered by the Hydrographic branch of the Geological Survey, through its extensive system of stream measurements or gaugings, is interesting and presents some startling facts.

#### **Vast Power Now Wasted.**

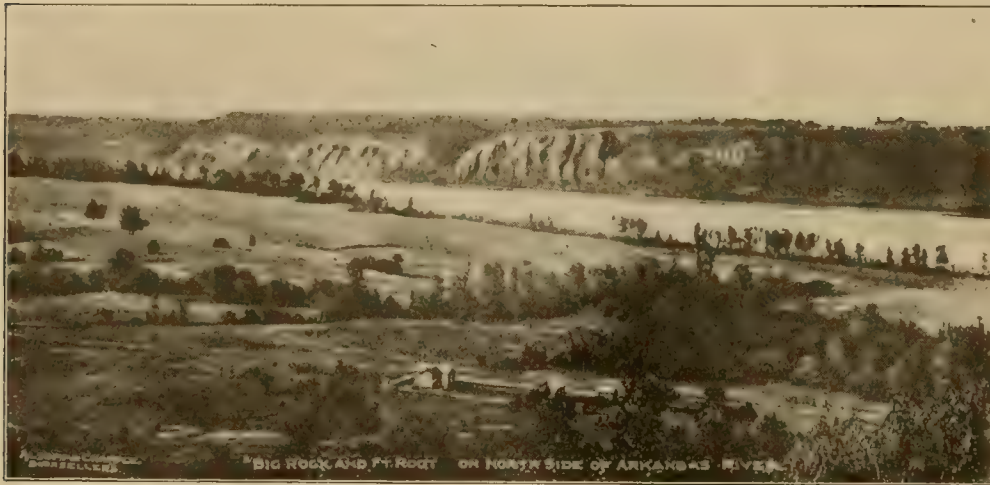
Chief Hydrographer Leighton calculates that there is a minimum of 1,600,000 horse power going to waste over government dams across navigable rivers alone. Considering this worth an annual

that they are practically one and the same. Even- ing up the stream flow, by reservoiring for one purpose would be equally effective in promoting the other.

The low water flow of any stream determines its capacity, either for power or for navigation, and the variation in the most of our rivers is surprising. Take for instance such a well known river as the Susquehanna. For several months each year its flow is around about 1,000 cubic feet per second, while in times of flood it frequently passes the 100,000 feet per second mark; in other words it flows in one day what it would otherwise discharge in three or four months. For power or navigation purposes, this excessive flow is worse than useless. And in the case of general floods along the various rivers which empty into the Mississippi and the Missouri, the aggregate swollen discharge of hundreds of such large rivers and of thousands of smaller streams is enormous.

#### **Great Value of Storage.**

The intelligent storage of these flood waters in a thousand natural reservoirs or lakes at the head waters, would reduce these floods to entire-



Enough Waste Water Passes Down this River Each Year to Make It Four Times Its Normal Size if the Flood Waters Were Dammed and Regulated.

rental of but \$20 per horse power, the nation should have a yearly income from it of \$32,000,000, or a 3 per cent investment on \$1,066,666,666. These large figures are somewhat unintelligible, but the great volume of this wasted resource may be realized when it is compared with the stupendous power which it is proposed to create from Niagara, with its 167 feet of sheer fall. The Niagara power projects, which it has been heralded far and wide would destroy the scenic beauty of the giant cataract, contemplate the development of some 340,000 horse power by using the American Falls and 430,000 horse power from the Canadian Falls—780,000 horse power—or less than half the wasted horse power above mentioned. And even this is but a slight portion of our nationally wasted water power. It can be found on every hand, in both the large rivers and the small streams and in the aggregate it runs up into the tens of millions.

This question of power development, especially in the upper reaches of streams, is so closely related to that of navigation on the lower rivers,

ly safe bounds, while at the same time a vast supply of stored water would result which would later be let down into the various river channels to be converted into power and to maintain navigable stream flows.

The erosion and waste of good soil by reason of deforestation and lack of storage is another evil of large proportions; but one which can be remedied. This washing away of farm fertility is, as the President says, greater than all the other land taxes borne by the farmer. The Mississippi alone sweeps away thousands of acres annually of its richest delta lands, the value of this mortgage running into the millions of dollars. But the Mississippi lands are not the only ones depleted by flood. Some of the silt carried by the Father of Waters comes from the crests of the Alleghanies, augmented by the wash from every farm in the great Mississippi Valley and its tributary valleys. Director Newell, of the Reclamation Service estimates that each year a volume of earth, represented by

one square mile, 400 feet in depth is thrown into the Mississippi River.

#### Improvements Worth Hundreds of Millions.

As a nation we are undoubtedly rapidly nearing a position where despite the great cost of such a work as outlined, it will be determined the part of wisdom to undertake it. The expense would be heavy, but the benefits would be disproportionately greater. Floods are destructive and expensive, and their abolishment would increase property values hundreds of millions of dollars; the wasted power due to lack of stream control is a loss annually of hundreds of millions, while the lack of water trans-



The Thousands of Tiny Mountain Streams Carry Enough Water to Irrigate an Entire State if the Flood Waters Were Utilized.

portation which we should have is actually costing the people every year hundreds of millions more. It is not to be doubted that the benefits which would result under these three heads would be of far greater value than the amount of the expenditure necessary to make them possible. In other words, our economists and engineers are looking toward the day when our rivers shall become as certainly and *effectively managed as is the water in the distribution pipes of a modern city*. It is the highest conception of a stream's management that it shall result in flood control, in aid to navigation, in irrigation and municipal water supply where needed, and in development of water power; and in descending from its source to perform these various duties, it can be made, incidentally as it were, to accomplish the last named.

#### Preliminary Work Already Started.

The Hydrographic Branch of the Geological Survey has kept well abreast of the times in making its thousands and tens of thousands of stream measurements. Its records show quite definitely the maximum, minimum and average flows of our principal rivers and many of the smaller ones, and it has made reconnaissances and surveys of numerous reservoir sites in all parts of the country. Stream flow data is the first essential—records for

long time-periods of years—before any safe engineering projects can be undertaken with reference to river control. Without the hydrographic studies and records during the last 15 years in the west, not a single one of the government irrigation storage works could have been constructed to-day. A single year's measurements will not suffice in considering a stream's storage supply, or the depth of channel required for its greatest flow, since one year's flow may be double that of the next. Where reservoirs are to be built to hold water, either for irrigation or navigation, the average inflow must be known before capital can be safely invested, either the money for construction, or following, that of the homesteader, or the electrical power company, or that necessary to build and equip a line of boats.

While an immense work has already been done by the Hydrographic Service, with the President's characteristically expressed interest in this broad subject, it is probable that the activities of the stream measurers will receive a new impetus, since before it is possible to control rivers, it will be necessary to know them—to study their flows, their capacities, their habits, even their eccentricities.



#### THE TEMPLE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

In some old legend of the vanished past,  
Some half-forgotten story,  
Some tale of Rome, the mistress of the world,  
Or Athens' primal glory,  
We read of those who, in their fullest life,  
Faded from mortal vision;  
The grand old heroes of the early time,  
Who walk the fields Elysian.

They dwelt with men on earth, and then were not;  
But in some temple splendid,  
Their statues stand, a calm majestic throng,  
By white-robed priests attended.  
And so I thought our friendships fast and firm  
No chance nor change could sever,  
Suddenly vanish from our longing eyes,  
And disappear forever.

It may be they are walking with the gods,  
O'er meadows ever vernal,  
Or, set as constellations in the skies,  
Light up the heavens eternal.  
But we, left desolate, can only carve  
From tenderest recollections,  
A pure white statue in our hearts of hearts,  
Incensed with sweet affections.

Their priestly thoughts pace reverent to and fro,  
Before the altar holy,  
While from the shrine, the fragrant dusty clouds  
Rise solemnly and slowly.  
And when the toil and busy day is o'er,  
And memory opes her portals  
We glide within the silent Temple's door,  
And dwell with the immortals.



## The Country Boy in the City

J. A. Garber

A NUMBER of years ago it was said that "everybody is moving to town." The migration is still in that direction. This is especially true of the young men and women. Boys and girls whose ancestors for generations back have lived on the farm or in the village, independent and respected citizens of the community, are not satisfied with the old environment, and so they seek employment in the city. In many rural sections there are scarcely enough grown-up young people left to organize a good debating society or singing school.

By many, this moving to the city has been deplored; but there are two sides to the question and our conclusions must depend largely upon our point of view. That the city needs the country boys is evidenced by the fact, that the majority of the best business and professional men were once country boys. So, also, the most of our great statesmen, in our past history as well as at the present time, have been, and, are men who have lived very close to the soil. It is not too much to say that they are the bone and sinew of the business, industrial, professional, and governmental world; and if the cause of freedom and our benign institutions are to be perpetuated, it will be because the young people from the rural districts emulate in their lives the teaching and example of their forefathers.

On the other hand, are the country districts suffering loss because the boys do not remain in the old home neighborhoods? Yes, perhaps, temporarily at least; but ultimately the country place will be a large gainer, for the tide must certainly turn sooner or later. The young men and women who are now hurrying off to the cities will live to see their children and grandchildren just as eager to get back to the farm, and when they go back they will take a great many of the city conveniences and home comforts with them. And then every easily accessible neighborhood in the country will be virtually a suburb of the nearest city or large town. With the free delivery of mails bringing the daily papers to the very doors; the telephone connecting every house with every other in the community; the electric car lines running out in every direction from the large centers to the smaller towns; with the houses built to include a few more modern conveniences and home comforts; when, a generation or so hence, the tide of migration is back to the farm, we will have there the principal conveniences of the city, with all the advantages of life in the country. At any rate, let us not be disturbed because the boys are going off to the city now. It would be a great deal better, no doubt, in many cases, if they stayed at home,

but let us hope that we will be fully repaid when they or their children and grandchildren come back.

One of the principal things which causes the country boy to grow restless and leave home to try his fortunes in the city, is the vision of fat positions which he fancies are there standing wide open just waiting for some one to come and step into them. This delusion is generally dispelled soon after the young man reaches town, but the lesson is sometimes severe, and needless discouragements might frequently have been avoided had he been informed beforehand as to the actual conditions. Speaking generally, the boy who goes to the city should be fitted for some special line of work, and have his plans very definitely laid out. This is an age of specialties, and there are always opportunities for the man who knows, the man who can do some one thing particularly well, who excels in his line. Business and professional men have not much time or inclination in our day to teach a new employé. They say they are not running a kindergarten; they want boys and young men who have been taught before coming to them.

Then along with the ability to excel in some particular line of work, the young man who goes to the city needs a large measure of pluck and energy. He will find that for every position that opens there are at least forty applicants, and if he can expect to get one he must go after it with a vengeance. I recall just now the case of a young man who came to Washington some thirteen years ago hoping to find employment. It was in the year 1894, just after the bottom had dropped out of the business world, and one-half the people were without employment. Coxey's army of unemployed men had made their memorable march to the national capital, and some straggling members of that unique company were still to be seen on the streets of the city. The prospects were anything but encouraging as the young man began to look around for a place. He had a good English education, and was an expert stenographer; and what he lacked in experience he made up in energy and determination. He placed himself in touch with business friends who had facilities for learning of any openings which might arise, and in a few days he received a message stating that the managing editor of one of the Washington dailies wanted a private secretary, and to call to see him at 4:30 in the evening. The message was received at 10 o'clock in the morning, and at 10:20 the young man was in the managing editor's office making application for the position. He got it, entered upon his duties immediately, and had the satisfaction of in-

forming a great many applicants who came that afternoon, and during the next four or five days, that the place had been filled.

The first six months of a young man's stay in the city is very likely to determine what kind of a life he will lead thereafter. It is the time when he is forming acquaintances and choosing his associates, and the company he keeps will exert a greater influence in the formation of his character and upon his ultimate success than any other factor that enters into his life. This applies not only to his business connections, but with even more force to his diversions, his habits and companions while off duty, during his hours of recreation. Let no young man who goes to the city to seek his fortune conclude, because he is only one in a multitude, that therefore his influence will be lost and he need not be very particular about his principles and habits of life. Nowhere in the wide world are truth and honesty and genuine manhood more appreciated and more needed than in the large cities. But the conflict is severe and unceasing, and the young man needs all the strength and power of resistance he can command in order to meet successfully the keen competition and the temptations which are certain to cross his path.

The story is told of Henry Wilson (that is not his real name) who came to the city and obtained employment in a large wholesale grocery. The business prospered and the proprietor enlarged the scope of his enterprise from time to time by adding new departments. Finally he concluded to add a department for the sale of wines and liquors, and to place Henry in charge of that branch of the business. When the plan was laid before the young man, he said simply, "I am sorry to disappoint you, sir, but I cannot take charge of that part of your business." "Why not?" asked the proprietor. "Because I do not believe in the sale of intoxicating liquors, and therefore must refuse to have anything to do with it." "Very well," replied the proprietor, "it will mean the sacrifice of your place in this store." And so the young man was discharged. A few months afterwards a new bank was to be opened, the largest institution of the kind in the city, and the president came to the wholesale grocer and asked him if he knew of any one who would make a good cashier for his bank. "Yes," said he without a moment's hesitation, "I know of a young man who will suit you exactly;" and he told him that Henry Wilson was the best man in the city for the position. "What do you know about him?" inquired the banker. "Well, all I know about him is that he would lose his job rather than do what he thought was wrong." Henry was given the place at double his old salary, and the man who secured it for him was he who, for the sake of preserving discipline, had discharged him from his own store.

The boy who goes to the city, even as a stranger,

will have no difficulty in placing himself in the right kind of environment, for there are a number of institutions which exist largely for the purpose of helping young people to maintain their integrity and develop into strong, useful citizens. In most cities there are schools of all grades where studies in almost any line of work may be pursued at night, thus affording opportunity to those who are employed during the day to fit themselves for more efficient work in their chosen field, or to prepare for a professional career. The Young Men's Christian Association has a welcome for all young men who come, and endeavors to assist them in every possible way by maintaining evening classes in various lines of practical work, a well-equipped gymnasium, studies and lectures in Bible and Sunday-school work, as well as giving some attention to the social side of life. There are also the public libraries and reading rooms, where evenings may be spent most pleasantly and profitably with the best books and periodicals. And most important of all, the young man should at once locate the church of his choice, where he will want to become a regular attendant and associate himself intimately with the people whose aims are apt to be right, and whose ideals are for the best things in life.

*Washington, D. C.*



#### A COSTLY CANAL.

The Panama Canal is by no means the most costly per mile of the great canals of the world. It may cost \$300,000,000 or even \$500,000,000, and still not be nearly as costly per mile as the great canal projected from the Danube at Vienna to the Adriatic at Trieste—at a cost estimated up to \$300,000,000—which will have twenty-two tunnels of a combined length of six miles. Large canal tunnels are not uncommon in Europe, however. A single tunnel on the Marne-Saone canal is nearly three miles long and over 700 square feet in section, and a tunnel on a canal at Condes is about 1,000 feet long and over 1,100 square feet in section. It is even yet an open question whether a tunnel in the Panama Canal through Culebra Hill would not be much cheaper than to excavate to such a great depth as they are now doing. The open cut, however, has some compensating advantages.



#### NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The new coast lighting service proposed to the Kiel Nautical Society by Corvette Captain Arenhold, a retired German officer, is designed to make unnecessary the present expensive light houses. Naval searchlight signals, projected at an angle of forty-five degrees, are visible at a distance of fifty nautical miles; and he believes that a cone of light reflected perpendicularly upward could be seen at least eighty nautical miles—much further than the more powerful horizontal pencil of light from a tower sixty-five to one hundred feet high. The different beacons could be made recognizable by different colors and different forms for the light sheaf.



WEAK men wait for opportunities, strong men make them.—*Marden.*



## A Future for the Buffalo

A YEAR or two ago an association called the American Bison Society was organized to save the buffalo from extinction. The society has aroused interest in the matter and has had the good fortune to see two government herds established within a year. One was presented to the United States

mon method was for a few dozen horsemen to watch a large herd of buffaloes for several days, from a distance, but draw in closer each day so as to gently force the herd toward some ravine or precipice. When the herd was headed right, and the distance to the trap close enough, these brave?

hunters, by noise and shooting and rapid approach from behind, would start a stampede of the entire herd. Surprised by this sudden foe, the buffalo would plunge forward toward the ravine or precipice, and after a herd of ten or fifty thousand had once started to running, there was nothing left for those in the lead but to jump the precipice and be crushed to death either by the



Indians Welcoming their Old Companions Back Home.

government by the New York Zoological Society and sent to the Wichita forest and game preserve in Oklahoma. The other was purchased by the Canadian government from the Pablo herd in Montana and is now established in the Elk Park in the foothills of the Canadian Rockies.

Thus after a generation of painful indifference a few people aroused themselves sufficiently to see that the once venerable buffalo shall not be blotted off of the face of the earth by the ruthless hand of sporty Americans.

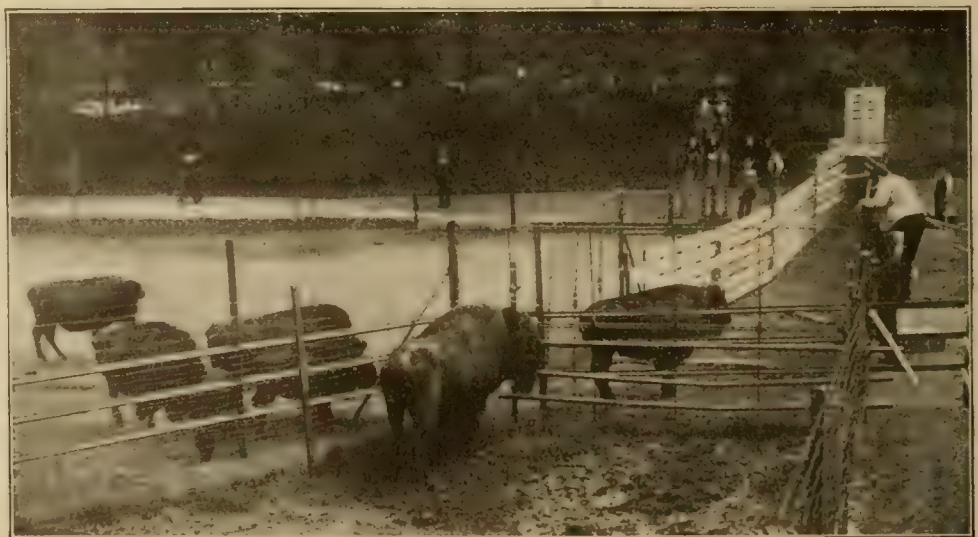
Nothing in modern time equals the useless slaying of the buffalo, either in magnitude or cruelty, and it is to be hoped that from these two herds a new start may be made of this interesting specimen of the animal world.

That the younger generation may know something of the cruelty which man is capable of, we will describe some of the methods by which a few of the old hunters used to trap tens of thousands of buffaloes. One com-

mon method was for a few dozen horsemen to watch a large herd of buffaloes for several days, from a distance, but draw in closer each day so as to gently force the herd toward some ravine or precipice. When the herd was headed right, and the distance to the trap close enough, these brave?

Cases have been told where the entire valley of small streams were leveled up with dead buffaloes so that the few remaining ones could cross to freedom on the level.

The gang of hunters would then spend a week or more in skinning the largest and best carcasses.



Loading Buffalo.

When they tired of their job, or acquired all the hides they could market, they left the corrupt mass of flesh to the Indians, the hungry wolves, and time to devour.

Another method was that of covering ponies with buffalo hides and riding in among a herd and shooting or spearing until satisfied. Sportsmen often got railroad conductors to stop a train and let them have one hour in shooting dozens of buffaloes, which might be grazing near the railroad. These were shot for sport and left to rot without ever being touched.

Thus by one foul means after another the white man exterminated millions of buffaloes within a few years' time. When the settlers went to Kansas in the early eighties, the central part of the State was one vast buffalo graveyard. So numerous were the skeletons out on the open prairies that, in some places, a ton of bones could often be gathered into a wagon without moving it out of its tracks.

It is but just to say that the Indian did not engage in this wasteful and useless warfare against the harmless buffalo to such an extent as did the white man.

The useless destruction of harmless animals at any time ought to be prohibited, because it breeds coarseness and hard-heartedness in the slayer.

The seal is on the verge of being exterminated now in the effort to satisfy the foolish desire of some rich people, who want to pay a little more for their dress than some other people do. Song birds were protected by statute a few years ago in the United States or else some species of birds would have been annihilated to adorn (?) woman's head-dress. Several South American nations have forbidden French and American bird hunters from gathering fanciful feathers from tropical birds to be placed on the millinery markets of Paris and New York.

The moving of the herd of buffaloes from New York, and their reception en route and by the Indians in Oklahoma, is told by Mr. Loring, the gentleman who has secured for the few remaining buffaloes their ancient rights:

The work of rounding up the herd was commenced in October. A chute, fifty feet in length, had been erected between the two main corrals fronting the Buffalo House, communicating with both and terminating with a very ingenious sliding iron gate. Against this gate the crates were placed. The herd of fifteen was driven into the north corral, and the animals, one at a time, liberated into the chute. As soon as each bison was selected, the properly marked crate, designated for this particular specimen, was fastened into position adjacent to the sliding door. Most of the animals were rushed down and into the crate before they could realize it.

As nearly all of the western papers had described the bison transfer, our arrival at the various towns south of St. Louis was awaited with considerable

interest, and in some places it approached enthusiasm. As the side doors would be opened throngs of men, women and children rushed up to get a glimpse of the famous animals, and if the stop was long enough, they climbed in, and inspected the bison through the openings of the crates. In some places the car was packed to suffocation, and the people only departed when they were forced out by the speed of the train. The signs attracted attention everywhere and the curious observers noted them all along the line, reading as long as the car remained in sight.

The eastern boundary of the Bison Range crosses the end of the valley at Lawton, Oklahoma, and five miles beyond are the corrals, where the bison arrived after seven days car riding. The wagons were driven in and the rear wheels dropped into depressions dug in the ground. After spraying the animals with crude oil, each was liberated. Aside from a very slight lameness, they were in perfect condition, greedily eating their allotment of hay. The corrals, three in number, each about 200 feet square, are placed just inside the southern boundary of the line fence, separated from it by a passage of 15 feet in width. Two long sheds with mangers have been erected on the northern side. Individual members of the herd may be quickly transferred from one corral to the next, through the lane on the south side, the ends of which can be closed with strong wire gates. The fence is 74 inches high, made by the Denton Wire Fence Company, of Denton, Texas, supported on oak posts twelve inches in diameter, set three feet in the ground. Above the fence proper, for greater security, are three wires extending parallel to the line of the top, about five inches apart. One of these will be insulated for a telephone service, which is being installed. The gates are most ingenious, handsomely constructed, and can resist the rush of a big bull as easy as the fence itself. The grass in the corrals has been burned off, and the animal can get no other food but the alfalfa upon which they are now feeding almost exclusively. Large galvanized tanks, of the type used exclusively in the west, have been placed in each enclosure, and a constant supply of running water will flow into each as soon as the windmill on the banks of Cache Creek has been completed.

The bison will be kept in the corrals until spring, when Mr. Rush expects to liberate them into a range of some 200 acres. This pasture will be fenced in the winter and the grass burned. A number of cattle graze through the valley, and as it is quite well known that they carry the tick which causes Texas fever, the spraying with oil and burning of the grass have been thought expedient to prevent the bison from becoming infected. Mr.



Rush is thoroughly familiar with all methods of prevention, and has adopted the most stringent measures to carry the animals through the dangerous season. Once they become acclimated, the danger line will be passed.

The fence is nearly fifteen miles around, and encloses 6,200 acres of the best of the valley and the mountains on the western side. Four rangers will police the range at all hours, and the dangers from forest fires and breaks in the wires can be detected and reported with dispatch, as telephone boxes will be placed at each of the five range gates. Mr. Rush gives his entire time to the bison, and Mr. W. R. Mattoon, Acting Forest Supervisor, is in charge of the construction and working of the station.

## CURRENT COMMENTS



### AFTER WHISKY, THEN WHAT? OPIUM.

Chinese are known the world over as opium fiends. They fought, at first, to resist the use of the drug, but the big bully, England, forced China to slay her children on the battlefield in a brave defense of her national virtues and then to slay succeeding generations by the continued use of opium.

England was sane enough to know it was wrong when she did this and has lived long enough since to repent of her wrong which can only be lamented now—it can never be cured or made right.

With such a dreadful chapter within the lives of people now living it would seem impossible, or at least a mad act, for the United States to duplicate that folly. But as strange and as insane as it seems to be, it remains true just the same that we are headed in that direction. The Department of Agriculture has been experimenting in Southern Texas with the poppy plant with the view of producing opium on a large scale for the people of the United States to use.

The matter is yet in its infancy and seems like a toy to be played with so far, but as sure as the plant becomes acclimated and the cultivation of the plant proves a financial success opium will come into general use and the government will reap a rich revenue from it just the same as it does now from the saloons which seem to be doomed to extinction at an early date.

This movement ought to be nipped in the bud and never allowed to fasten its poisonous fangs in the heart of our sons and daughters. The saloon business has been a costly lesson to all classes, why fool with opium?



### ONE OPINION.

THE *Philadelphia North-American* (rep.) says: "The New York banks owe the banks of the country \$500,000,000. For a month they have refused arbitrarily to pay. They actually indulge in self-praise because they have consented, reluctantly and under pressure, to settle some sixteen per cent of that debt, largely with the government's money newly deposited with

them. We face now the indisputable fact that all gold importations, all the deposits of treasury money, all the questionable bond and debt certificate deals have been done for one solitary purpose—to put New York in a position to pay its debts. Let the humiliating admission be made frankly. All signs point to easier money. But whether or not those signs will be fulfilled depends upon the will of Wall Street. The country has paid a tremendous blackmail for permission to resume legitimate business. But no guarantee is gained that agriculture, commerce and industry will not be held to ransom again, and yet again, whenever it suits Wall Street's pleasure. Until our financial system is changed American business is at the mercy of Manhattan's gamblers."



### THE FINAL ACT IN MAKING NATIONAL LAWS.

National legislation is vested in Congress according to popular opinion. True, the bills are introduced there and threshed out pretty liberally by both the representatives and senators, and formulated into legal documents to be executed as needed.

After all the effort made by our four hundred national legislators, when one of their laws is tested and finally decided as to its rightness, fitness, and constitutionality, this is done by nine men—the Supreme Court of the U. S. Congress can pass all the laws they please and the Supreme Court can cancel all they please, providing they find grounds for such action. After all, then, Congress proposes laws. That is about all. Their nullity and verity depends upon the nine judges who sit on the supreme bench.



### TROUBLES IN THE TRANSVAAL.

If the English have a hard question to solve in regard to Japanese immigration into Canada on account of the Japanese alliance, they have a still harder question in the Transvaal in regard to Hindu immigration and regulation; for the Hindu are, equally with the Afrianders, subjects of the Empire, some of them having served in the British army, and that they should now be treated as inferiors is likely to make trouble in India. The Transvaal is anxious to prevent new Hindus from coming into the country, and to that end they registered the 13,000 Asiatics who were already within its borders before the Boer War. The certificates of registration included among the identifying marks the thumb impression of the man registered. In spite of this, the certificates were bought and sold freely, and identification became a farce. The fact that Natal, the neighbor of the Transvaal, does not object to the Hindu and allows them to come freely, so that there are now 120,000 Indians to 92,000 whites in that colony, made the difficulty a serious one. The Transvaal, like British Columbia, Australia and our own Pacific coast, is determined to keep the Asiatic from increasing in its borders. The first law which the Transvaal passed under its new constitution as a British colony was an immigration restriction bill, which gave the authorities the power to deport unregistered Asiatics, and the British government allowed the law to stand, although it was contrary to its former policy. In order to prevent the practical nullification of the registration system, the

Transvaal during the past year, made identification considerably stricter, and to that end compelled the Hindus to give the impression of ten fingers instead of one. Straightway a storm arose among the Hindus. They refused to register. Some of them had served in the British army, all of them were British subjects, and they would not thus be debased. The Transvaal authorities threw thirty-five of them into prison for short terms. The explanation of their refusal to register seems to be that in India the impression of the left thumb is accepted as a current means of identification, but only criminals who have undergone punishment are compelled to give the impression of ten fingers. The British government has unfortunately tied its hands by giving to the Transvaal the power to export Asiatics, and it is hard to see what it can do. The Transvaal itself gives no sign of yielding in the matter, tho its policy sows seeds of discontent in India, where the soil is already well prepared with ill feeling against England.



### LIQUOR TACTICS.

The Brewers' Association send out many leaflets, news items and prepared matter for the press that is wholly untrue. They do this in order to gain their point and to prove that more whisky is sold in prohibition territory than in license territory.

It takes some effort to run down these lies, but here is one that has recently been strung up for the public to look at for a while. It is a sample of the trickery and devilishness which pervades the entire saloon element:

One of the recent articles of the daily press contained the assertion that "2,583 persons are said to have federal licenses to sell liquor in Maine." This is nearly five times the actual number.

| Year   | R. L. D. | R. D. M. L. | W. L. D. | W. D. M. L. | Rectifier | Brewer | Total |
|--------|----------|-------------|----------|-------------|-----------|--------|-------|
| 1900-1 | 1148     | 289         | 19       | 30          | 2         | 5      | 1493  |
| 1901-2 | 1038     | 358         | 15       | 32          |           | 4      | 1447  |
| 1902-3 | 975      | 423         | 15       | 36          | 1         | 2      | 1452  |
| 1903-4 | 546      | 564         | 8        | 29          |           | 3      | 1159  |
| 1904-5 | 636      | 427         | 15       | 28          |           | 3      | 1109  |
| 1905-6 | 209      | 502         | 6        | 30          |           | 3      | 750   |
| 1906-7 | 307      | 467         | 2        | 28          | 1         | 5      | 810   |
| 1907-8 | 107      | 334         | 2        | 29          |           | 4      | 536   |

R. L. D.=Retail Liquor Dealer. R. D. M. L.=Retail Dealer Malt Liquor. W. L. D.=Wholesale Liquor Dealer. W. D. M. L.=Wholesale Dealer Malt Liquor.

There are many resorts where the liquor tax has been paid twice and even three times in the year by as many different persons, the proprietorship changing every few months which necessitates the issuing of a new tax receipt.

The four "brewers" make only non-intoxicating beer.

The two "wholesale liquor dealers" are wholesale druggists, and the "retail liquor dealers" include 15 town liquor agents not authorized to sell for beverage purposes.

Thus instead of there being 2,583 federal licenses in the state there are only 536.

### SNEAKING WHISKY INTO PROHIBITION TERRITORY.

One of the hard fights which the people in the six dry states like Kansas, or North Dakota, has to endure is the privilege which railroads take in carrying the liquor from a wet state into the dry state, where the law forbids the selling of liquor.

Bills are now pending in Congress which will put a

stop to such illegal traffic. At some of the division points and junctions of the large roads in Kansas, the express companies did a wholesale liquor business, so far as handling liquor packages were concerned.

Interstate commerce laws seek to regulate much other traffic between the states so as to comply with state regulations and now it is time for the people of a dry state to secure some legislation to keep whisky out of their territory.

The Littlefield Bill prohibiting the interstate commerce in intoxicating liquors in conflict with state laws provides that the police powers of the states shall attach to all liquors shipped into the state as soon as they cross the state line and that the place of sale is the place of delivery in case of C. O. D. shipments. Under the present interstate law and the interpretation placed upon it by the Supreme Court, liquor can be shipped into dry territory and the state officials cannot interfere with it till it reaches the point of destination and a delivery has been made. This greatly hampers Prohibition and local option.

Speaker Cannon is said to favor the continuation of the old way in allowing whisky to be shipped into and used in prohibition territory contrary to state laws.

### OTHER TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

Another important bill is the Liquor Tax Receipt Bill. There are now twenty-two of these bills pending before Congress. Most of them are not in shape to do what they are intended to do, but they are all intended to protect from Federal interference prohibition and dry territory.

The one bill that covers all points and the one which will be advocated is one presented by the Prohibition Congressional representatives and known as the Hill Bill having been introduced by Congressman Hill of Connecticut.

This bill provides that no liquor tax receipt shall be issued to any one until the applicant therefore has produced a state, county or municipal license.

This will effectually stop blind tigers whether in license local option or prohibition territory since no one can get the Federal permit without first having the local license.

### THE PLOT TO RESTORE THE CANTEEN.

Word has just come to some of the reform leaders in Washington that military officers are making a very active propaganda for the restoration of the beer saloons in the army. It is reported by an army officer, in confidence, that General Grant and General Geo. B. Lowd have formed in New York a society called the Army Canteen Association. Gen. John A. Johnson has a long article in the Pittsburg Dispatch, recommending the restoration of the army beer saloon as a means of grace.

This political propaganda, it is claimed, is in violation of Army Regulations, 1904, Paragraph 5, which reads: "Efforts to influence legislation affecting the army should never be made except through military channels. The adoption of any other method by any officer or enlisted man will be noted in the military record of those concerned." Probably these officers have little to fear for the War Department, charged with the duty of enforcing the Anti-Canteen law, has been actively at work for its restoration from the time the law was passed. Every temperance man, whether he regards the effort to restore the canteen as likely to succeed or not, should see that the sophistries on this subject are answered and that the opportunity this discussion affords to present the truth about beer is utilized.



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its departments are: Literary, Editorial, Home, Cream of Magazines, World News.

Its qualities are: Good Sentiment, Moral Convictions, Inspiration.

Its purpose is: To safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature.

Its scope of matter is: Scientific, Religious, Educational, Philanthropic, Economical, Sociological and Financial.

Its field is: The World.

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## THE INGLENOOK AND POLITICS.

It is easy to get married to a party and blindly endorse anything and everything which that party does, and at the same time condemn all other measures offered by opponents and rivals. While this rule holds good, more or less, in all organizations, it seems to hold doubly good in politics.

The time will soon be here when presidential candidates will become very prominent, and partisanship will run very high. Since this is true, and knowing the delicate feeling which some voters have about their favorite candidate, we want to forestall any and all chances for this feeling to spread its slime over the pages of our magazine.

It is all foolishness to think that any one candidate has a monopoly on either ability or virtue. There will not be a man nominated by any party but what possesses some of the good qualities needed by a national executive officer, and the simple fact that he endorses the Republican, Democrat or Socialist platform is no indication at all that he can govern 90,000,000 people well. President Tyler was a staunch partisan, but a very poor ruler in the White House, while President Monroe was a very neutral man, at least conservative, yet he was almost an ideal ruler.

The policy of the INGLENOOK shall be to approve and commend the good character and sane politics of each and every candidate. When the Socialists propose a new and reasonable idea worthy our mention, we shall not hesitate to give it publicity, and when the Republicans show weakness we shall not hide their shame. At all times we shall gladly note any moral propositions which any party puts forth, altho outside of the Prohibition party there are not many direct moral issues advocated.

In conclusion we want to discourage the sending of partisan notes to the Editor with the hope or request that he will publish them. Our magazine is independent and shall not purposely allow ourselves to be drawn

into any faction, political or otherwise. Our aim is material and spiritual progress. Our matter, educational, scientific, economic, financial, philanthropic, and religious. Politics, so far as affected by partisanship, are purposely omitted, altho movements affecting civic life will appear in our columns week after week.



## THE SECOND AND LAST CALL.

FOUR months ago we called for articles favoring international arbitration. We received *one* response.

Are we a family of whisperers, backbiters, slanderers and cannot conscientiously write anything in favor of peace? No. We guess that each one thot that the other fellow would write. But the other fellow didn't write. If we receive nothing from this call there will be a tardy mark at least placed against the names of some of our moralists and educators. Can you teach Latin, mathematics, and the sciences and are not able to teach peace? Better revise your course of study so as to incorporate some studies that enter deeper into soul-life than does Latin and science. May we have a hearty response of well-prepared articles from our contributors. We do not want to prove peace from a Bible standpoint, nor from a church decision, but we want war itself to be its best witness against itself, and peace to be its own advocate. The reasonableness and unreasonableness of the question is what we want. Christ had a reason for all of his doctrines. Let us find his view point of life.



## A CHANGE IN OUR NEWS.

WE have been requested to give an account of accidents in our news items, and henceforth will include the leading accidents of each week, altho we do not consider such news as very essential. Twenty-four pages of the INGLENOOK could be filled each week with nothing but accidents that occur in a city like Chicago.

If we speak about the suicide of one man we also ought to speak about the 200 other suicides each week in the United States. If we tell about any one murder we ought to tell about all the other hundred murders. If we speak of one automobile accident we ought to speak about all the other hundreds of such accidents each week. Then there are scandal cases. Dozens of them right at our door, Chicago, every week. Then there are the gambling raids, betting at horse-races, saloon happenings, fights, murders, disgrace. But we shall let your daily paper feast you on all such rich stuff, while we will give a different grade of accidents. Perhaps if we should give the kind of news indicated above some would quit taking their daily altogether and take only the INGLENOOK. Or what grade of news is it in the daily paper that makes it so essential to your home? The INGLENOOK gives all the news *except the rotten slush and scum of sin*. We leave that for you to get out of the daily paper.

## OUR INGLENOOK.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

We welcome 'thee with message clear,  
Thru every week, thruout the year,  
Thy words bring to us hope and cheer,  
Our Inglenook.

Tho conflicts rage and strifes increase,  
Who advocates the reign of peace,  
And seeks from sin, souls to release?  
Our Inglenook.

Who shows "the way, the truth, the light,"  
Declares, "My servants do not fight,"  
Condemns the rule that "might makes right?"  
Our Inglenook.

Our pure bright harbinger of love,  
That bears the spirit of the dove,  
Thy blessed truths our hearts approve,  
Loved Inglenook.



## DRY READING.

WHAT do you read for? For pleasure, to learn, or to kill time? Reading matter which merely excites the sensibilities, but neither feeds the intellect nor strengthens the will is hurtful in more ways than one. First, it creates an appetite for more matter of an exciting kind, and then soon calls for more excitement. More and more, stronger and stronger, is the call for such stuff until the mind becomes abnormal and is governed by the emotional and beastly part of man. The highest pitch and last stage of such growth is tragedy in which the reader of such literature becomes the actor. Tragedy to body and soul.

Many a murderer has confessed that his mind had been inflamed to commit his crime by the reading of criminal literature.

The second hurtful thing about foul literature is, that it destroys all appreciation for sane and helpful reading. Everything else is flat and dry unless it is colored up with human blood, and seasoned with profane words or scenes.

Can you become interested in any kind of literature, such as poetry, history, descriptive, technical, scientific and so on? If the matter is written in an easy style and it is repulsive to you, rest assured that you have attained to an abnormal condition of mind. A healthy physical appetite relishes any of the various kinds of foods, starch, sugar, proteids, etc., while a healthy mind feasts also on a variety of information and ethical thot. Of course there are preferences but when in health the mind will not sicken at every little food outside of its own choosing.

We often see people spend hours, yes days, and weeks, devouring a book. Odd moments at all hours of the day are snatched up in order to follow the thread of the story. And the whole thing could be told in a few pages. It was all about a romantic love affair. A chance acquaintance, courtship, rivalry, a quarrel, a spooning season, a fall-out, separation, an accidental renewal of love, the wedding. Tragedy often figures

in the story some place, a suicide, a duel, or something weird, unnatural and unreal.

When we ask these people to read something that calls for *conviction and execution of purpose* they say, Oh, such dry reading. I just can't interest myself! The man who drinks whisky wants his eatables all peppered and salted, or else he cannot taste them. His taste has been paralyzed with strong drink, and the person who reads much excitable matter will soon call for something snappish and fiery. Their normal taste for pure literature is gone. Then things do get dry and prosy.

With as much earnestness as we would beseech you to quit drinking whisky or playing with a rattlesnake, we beseech you to quit reading questionable literature today, if you can, for mark the appeal, a drunken, weakened mind, incapable of executing a decision, comes just as surely from reading sensational literature as it does from drinking rum. Foul literature is the ally of whisky.



## SPECIAL NOTICE.

OVER 1,000,000 people are studying Esperanto, the new world-language. The INGLENOOK will teach you this language free of cost. None too young, none too old to learn it. Go to organizing a class at once and tell us how many of your friends want a six months' course of study free. All that is required will be to subscribe for the INGLENOOK, and get the regular text book. The book costs \$1. If sufficient numbers want this new language we will begin at once to give lessons. There is no time for delay. See an account of the language elsewhere in this issue.



## OUR NEEDS PLUS OUR DESIRES.

THE difference between what a person needs and what he desires gauges the amount of happiness and sorrow that will be measured out to each person. You may have all you need, but because some one else whom you know has something additional, then you desire that also, so that what good things you have already are entirely lost in the inordinate desire to have as much, or more than the other person. Your clothes are good enough, but your neighbor has a new outfit and there is no rest until you have one also, altho your strength and pocketbook both argue otherwise.

If people could once become wise enough to enjoy their present stock of good things and not become feverish for what they do not have, it would add a great deal of happiness and usefulness to the present supply of contentment in the world. Needs are supplied daily, but desires for more and better and as much as others have, puts a person in a racking, unhappy condition. Desire only what you need, and then be content and thankful when that is obtained.





## FOOD PRINCIPLES

LENNA FRANCES COOPER, Principal School of Health and Household Economy, Battle Creek Sanitarium

### Mineral Matter.

IN our last article we considered the Food Principles. It is our purpose in this article to begin a study of them individually.

Of the two incombustible Food Principles, water has been discussed somewhat at length. But of the other, the mineral matter, let us now consider.

If we were to reduce any article of food to dryness and then incinerate it, we should find remaining in the dish something which we cannot burn. This we call *ashes* and is the *mineral matter*. But you may say, "It is so small in quantity. Of what consequence can it be?" True, it is a very small amount, but it is nevertheless a very important factor in our food. Without these mineral salts we cannot preserve health. They are absolutely necessary to keep the blood in proper condition, to enter into the composition of nerve tissue, and the bones strong and firm.

The classes of foods in which these are especially abundant are the vegetables, fruits, and cereals; the vegetables being the richest in this constituent.

Indeed vegetables are valuable as a source of mineral salts and for bulk which, by many physiologists, is considered very necessary.

The bulk is due to cellulose which forms the framework of all vegetable products, and which is practically indigestible, tho the tender cellulose of young plants is now considered digestible.

There are two classes of vegetables: viz., those which are storehouses of nourishment for young plants, such as the potato, peas, beans, etc., and the succulent vegetable such as lettuce, cucumbers, etc. The latter class are very low in nutritive value, tho they are not to be despised since they are very rich in mineral salts. Of the eight parts of solid matter in lettuce 1.24 parts are mineral matter, making the mineral matter about  $\frac{1}{5}$  of the total solids. Of 12 parts of solid matter in spinach 1.98 parts are mineral matter, making  $\frac{1}{6}$  of the totals solids.

While the nutritive value of these vegetables is low, it is made even lower by the ordinary methods of cooking. When vegetables are cooked in large quan-

ties of water and the water drained off, a *good share of the valuable part of the vegetable is thrown away.*

The best way to cook vegetables is to steam them, or cook in as small a quantity of water as possible and to make a sauce of the liquid that remains. Oftentimes the liquid in which vegetables are cooked may be utilized the next day as a vegetable stock for a soup or sauce.

As far as possible let lettuce, celery, fresh tomatoes or some fresh vegetables, or fruit, appear in the daily menu. There is undoubtedly a value in fresh vegetables and fruits, that is not found in the cooked. But let it be remembered that all vegetables with a coarse fibre such as carrots, turnips, etc., and those containing starch should be cooked, both to soften the cellulose and to cook the starch.

All strongly flavored vegetables such as onions, carrots, turnips, cabbage, etc., should be cooked in boiling salted water, uncovered. All vegetables should go to the fire in boiling water.

### RECIPES.

#### Spinach Souffle.

1 cup spinach puree.  
1 cup milk.  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup flour.  
3 eggs.  
2 tablespoons of butter.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt.

Rub the flour, butter, and salt together, heat the milk and add slowly to the above, stirring to keep it smooth. Then add the spinach puree by putting canned or freshly cooked spinach through a colander. Then add the yolks of the eggs beaten till light, and lemon colored. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into a baking dish and bake in a slow oven 15-20 minutes.

#### Onions on Toast.

Cook medium-sized white onions in boiling salted water until tender. When tender thruout arrange on nicely toasted slices of bread, and pour on each onion a little cream sauce as follows: Put one pint of rich milk or thin cream to heat in a double-boiler. Thicken with one-fourth cup of flour moisten with a little cold milk. Cook 15-20 minutes. Add salt.

Garnish each plate with two or three slices of hard-boiled egg.

#### Escalloped Vegetable Oysters.

1 quart sliced salsify.  
1 pint bread crumbs.  
1 pint cream.  
1 pint liquid in which the salsify is cooked.  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of flour.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt.

Cook the vegetable oysters in boiling salted water. Drain and save the liquid. Make a sauce of the cream and liquid, thickening it with the flour and cook in a double-boiler as the cream sauce for the onions. Add the salt. Arrange the vegetable oysters and the bread crumbs in layers in a pan, the top layer being of bread crumbs. Over all pour the cream sauce. Bake about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour.



#### THE WORTH OF A GOOD COOK.

THIS side of the question will be written by a man, leaving the questions of good providers and sour husbands to be discussed by the opposite side of the house.

No man on earth will be satisfied with a poor cook. Do you hear that, young girls, and mothers? The divorce may be granted on the grounds of cruelty but the first root and branch of that cruelty was dissatisfaction about some personal need not attended to. Fine piano music by the wife in the parlor will not make full what is lacking for the husband in the diningroom; nor will a loose, witty tongue of a society belle change the food flavor on the palate of a hard working man; nor sweet looks stop the gnawings of an unsatisfied hunger in a man's stomach. Indeed to have the three substitutes named above and yet be unable to feed a hungry husband shows the folly of some modern home-training which young girls receive these days.

Hired servants and a liberal use of prepared foods can never reach the fatal spot of a husband's appetite with such satisfying effect as can food that has been prepared and flavored with the sweet will of a cheerful and confiding wife—one who seeks to please her husband.

If you ever intend to marry, young lady, make sure that you win your husband by nook or crook, or die in the effort. There is no joy in wedlock when this effort is not mutual. Now they say that the most direct route to a man's heart is thru his stomach. Be sure that you learn this road then early in life and travel it in wedlock.

#### What Is a Good Cook?

1. One that takes interest in the culinary department of her home. She will not be satisfied with greasy dishes piled up here and there; with scraps and foul matter in sight of the dining table. She tries this way, that way, and the other way. She studies foods

more than she studies fashion plates and display windows at millinery stores.

2. One who teases both the appetite and affection of her husband. Warm-hearted, wives and cooks who are hopeful, confiding, and alway making the man wish that he could get even with her kindness rather than to be outdoing them all the time.

' Lord give us more good cooks!



#### FROM AN ORPHAN GIRL.

Burroak, Kans., Jan. 28, 1908.

Editor Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.

Dear Sir: As you are interested in the orphan I thot I would like to let you know what a nice home I have. I came to Mr. Chas. Sloniker's a little over four years ago, a girl then of ten years, with no home, and in that time I have attended school every day during the school year. I go to Sunday school and church every Sunday.

The people with whom I came to live, belong to the Brethren church. Up to that time I never knew of such a church, but after I attended their church for a time and these people were so good to me I wanted to unite with their church. So two years ago last fall, at their love feast, I united with the church.

I could not be treated better in any home than I am here. I have everything to make me comfortable, a good chance to get an education, and have good church privileges. I wish every orphan had a good home like mine.

Your little friend,

Edna Mosher.

WHILE this little girl is happy now, she will see the worth of a good Christian home more after she gets older. The family who so kindly befriended this orphan girl will never regret their good deed. There are thousands of good people with good homes, and no children, who could make other orphans happy as did Mr. Sloniker. The Editor knows something of this girl's home. Why not take an orphan brother and sister into your home, you who are able, so that they need not be separated? Can we hear from more orphan children, or those who were once orphans but are now settled down in life now?—*Editor*.



#### QUESTIONS ON POULTRY.

1. WHAT breed of fowls do you find the best layers?
2. How many hens do I want for each male?
3. How many fowls is it advisable to keep in one yard?
4. Is it preferable to have a board floor or one of earth?
5. What do you consider the best incubator?
6. What capacity incubator do you consider the most practical?
7. Are most vegetables good for poultry? What kinds are particularly good?
8. What do you find the best remedy for lice?

#### ANSWERS.

1. If you have a large yard for your chickens the leghorns are unexcelled, but if you have a small yard



the plymouth rock will likely give better results. Some breeds bear confinement better than others.

2. From eight to ten. Eight is preferable.

3. That depends entirely upon the size of the yard. With fresh soil, plenty of greens, wood ashes, and grit, chickens can be crowded. The roosting place must be clean and well ventilated.

4. Dirt floors. Keep clean by moving the house several times a year onto fresh soil.

5. They are all made nearly alike. What gives success to one is a dead failure to another.

6. For a beginner use a small incubator, or else you run a good chance of losing money by scalding your eggs. Experience and care is required in handling incubators with success. After one season's experience you might chance from 100 to 400 or 600. Do not get larger than that unless you have a regular house built for hatching. Better use two small ones, for if you make a mistake some day it may not affect both.

Fresh grasses, vegetables, fresh meat and bones are all necessary. Chickens must have mineral matter in abundance in order to form the egg shells. Vegetables, bones and prepared grit are all good.

8. Tobacco powder is good. So is a soap and kerosene emulsion. Take ordinary suds and make it one-third to one-half kerosene and sprinkle it on the fowls. Good wood ashes for the chickens to wallow in will destroy lice on their bodies. Whitewash the chicken house and soak the roosts with kerosene. This will destroy lice. Do not wait until your flock shows signs of lice before you begin. Keep their house clean if you want any profit in the poultry business.

Have you ever tried the milk albumen sold as a substitute for meat for poultry? If so, with what results?

Giving the hens warm water these cold mornings will help them to keep up the heat, and it is much cheaper than grain at present prices.

If your state experiment station is doing anything with poultry, get the bulletins recording their experiences. They ought to be helpful to you.

A good dry mash and one easy to remember is made from ten pounds each of best wheat-bran, corn-meal, ground oats, wheat-middlings, gluten-feed or meal, linseed-meal, and best beef-scrap.



#### HOW SOME PEOPLE TEACH COOKING.

BELOW we copy a lesson on cooking from some leading magazines. The INGLENOOK believes in plain English instead of the French terms used.

*Melon Sauce (sweet)*—Remove the rind and seeds from several slices of melon, then boil them in a liquid composed of two parts of wine to one of water, adding lemon-peel, cinnamon and cloves to taste. When soft, strain and serve.

*Melted Butter Sauce*—Melt four ounces of butter,

and shake into it gradually a tablespoonful and a half of sifted flour. Stir all the time. Add a teacupful and a half of cold water by spoonfuls, without ceasing to stir. When the mixture has commenced to boil, lift from the fire and stir until it thickens.

*Menus droits*—Suckling pig's ears when served as an entrée.

*Meringue*—Sugar and the white of egg, beaten to a froth.

*Meringues*—Light, spongy cakes, usually filled with whipped-cream.

*Merlan*—French for whiting (the fish).

*Merluche*—French for haddock.

*Meuniere (a la)*—In the miller's style.

*Mignon*—French for dainty, delicate.

*Mignonette Pepper*—A form of comminuted pepper, made from either white or black pepper-corns, which, after being broken to resemble mignonette seed, are sifted until all fine dust has been removed.

*Mijoter*—To cook slowly.

*Milanaise (a la)*—In the Milan style.

*Milanaise Garnish*—Chop six mushrooms, two truffles, and an equal quantity of smoked beef-tongue into small pieces, and put to cook with two cupfuls of previously boiled rice. Moisten with half a pint of Madeira sauce and the same quantity of tomato sauce; add three tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Bring to a boil and cook about five minutes longer.

*Milanaise Sauce*—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, and add two chopped mushrooms, two boned anchovies, and a chopped truffle. Stir until brown; then sift in two tablespoonfuls of flour; stir for about four minutes, and add half a pint of beef-stock, half a wineglassful of Marsala wine, and the same quantity of caper vinegar. Stir until the mixture boils; then add mixed English mustard, salt, and cayenne pepper to taste. Let the sauce cook slowly, or barely simmer for about twenty minutes. Strain; add a tablespoonful of capers; boil five minutes more, and serve.

*Mille-feuilles*—A very light, many-flaked cake.

*Minnestrone*—One of the most popular of Italian soups. It is made thick with green vegetables.

*Mint*—An aromatic herb utilized in making foods and drinks.

*Mint Sauce*—Pour half a pint of vinegar in a saucepan; add half an ounce of brown sugar, and reduce. Add half a pint of water and bring to a boil; then add a tablespoonful of finely minced mint.

*Mirabelles*—A name applied to small, yellow plums.

*Mirepoix*—A rich gravy of white and brown stock, thickened with herbs and seasoned with condiments, in which meat is slowly stewed.

*Mirepoix Sauce*—Put a quarter of a pound of butter in a saucepan. Add half a pound of fillet of veal, a quarter of a pound of fat bacon, a quarter of a pound of lean ham, a carrot and one onion, all cut into dice.

Add some parsley, a few mushrooms, a small shallot, half a bayleaf, a little thyme, basil, clove, mace and pepper, and a suggestion of grated garlic. Cook over a slow fire for a few minutes; then, add the pulp of half a lemon, a ladleful of consommé, and a wineglassful of white wine. Simmer for two hours, and squeeze through a tammy.

*Mirlitons*—A kind of tart made of puff-paste; similar to *fians*.

*Mirotons*—Boiled beef smothered in onions. The term is sometimes misapplied to dishes of cutlets, or fillets arranged in a circle with the sauce in the center.

*Misere (a la)*—In the poverty style, or cooked very simply.

*Mittonner*—Simmering, or stewing slowly.

*Mock-Turtle Soup*—A soup made of calf's-head instead of turtle.

*Moderne (a la)*—In the modern style.

*Moelle*—French for marrow.

*Monglas Sauce*—Mix a level tablespoonful of flour with a heaping tablespoonful of butter until smooth. Moisten with some of the liquor in which the joint has been boiled. Add some essence of mushrooms, and boil for ten minutes. Remove from the fire; thicken with the yolks of three eggs beaten up with milk. Return to the fire; stir constantly, and bring to a boil once more. Remove from the fire again; add the juice of one lemon, some chopped mushrooms, and minced parsley.

*Montebello Garnish*—Heat a pint of tomato sauce and the same quantity of Bearnaise sauce together, but do not let the mixture boil. Add three sliced truffles; cook for two or three minutes and serve.

*Morille*—An edible fungi similar to mushrooms.

*Moscovienne (a la)*—In the Moscow style.

*Mouiller*—To add broth to meats during cooking.

*Moule*—French for mold.

*Mousseline*—A cake, similar to the *brioche*.

*Mousquetaire (a la)*—In the musketeer style. (See *Musketeer Sauce*.)

*Mousse*—A light, frozen dainty.

*Mousserons*—Small mushrooms.

*Mousseux*—A term applied to dishes that are foamy, or frothy.



## WOMEN ACCUSED OF WRITING BAD BOOKS.

BY LULU C. MOHLER.

[A certain conference of men recently made the above charge.—Ed.]

WOMEN, poor creatures, are rather feeble-minded. They have been so adjudged since the beginning of the race by some of the most eminent masculine minds. I have often been puzzled as to why God made a creature so deficient as a woman for man's most intimate associate. He perhaps made an awkward blunder. But then, some men, if they are scholarly, find

life a burden without an intellectual wife, while others of the best approved minds, state that man, in his restful moments, longs for primitive things, and a woman at her best, for him, is one who is a comfortable homemaker, and the less she knows about Homer, or Euclid, or philosophy, the better. Tastes differ.

I recall the boys and girls at home, arranged around the room, deep in geometry. Then we worked together at zoology, algebra, physics and literature, and, for the life of me, I cannot remember one girl who showed signs of imbecility, tho some showed symptoms of insanity in various forms. Hence, it is hard for me to be convinced that women are not as gifted, intellectually, as men.

When it is said that women write bad books, I think of some books they have written that are bad—but *all* bad books were not written by women. If any man ever read George Eliot's books—tho she makes some errors—so did Thackeray—Margaret Deland's, or others in America or abroad, in various lines of thot, he would certainly give us a fair hearing.

When I think of a man daring to say they find nothing of worth in the poems of Elizabeth Browning, or in the editorial and literary work of Mary Mapes Dodge, I remember that such men dare to criticise the Bible, and analyze and find wanting the teaching of the Master.

Women do not get equal credit from the world for their good works, while men get unstinted honor and fame. This is a fact, that all who run may read. Well need men tremble to see the day come when woman will come into her own. She will be found no unworthy match.

The number of women that have achieved truly perfect things in science and the arts is not very large. Only a few among women, compared with many men will become thoro scholars. Why? Because of their nature. With women the voices and longings of the heart are almost stronger than she can resist, and if she lives up to them fully she finds little time left to become a profound scholar in books.

I am thankful for the scholars. They make a way; but because the number of masters among women is small, is surely not because they are mentally deficient.

*Leeton, Mo.*



## GOOD SENSE IN EDUCATING GIRLS.

Richard Seidel.

A girl may sow no wild oats. A boy may—that is, if he is not found out. Never mind whether a boy's honor or self-respect is sullied, that is another matter. But the girl's soul must be as snow: her virtue beyond reproach. So spreads our social law, and on its iniquity we need not here dwell. What is an "industrial" for a boy spells ruin for a girl. Let her make one false step, no matter what the temptation may have been, and the world looks askance at her: yea, turns from her. Every hand is raised against her. Women especially, never condone, never for-



get—except a few, God bless them. As the Nazarene turned toward the fallen Magdalene, women turn from her; so far are we from his teachings today. And then to help our daughters along to the absolute guardianship of the Temple of Chastity without a flaw, we do what? Explain the most imperious force in all human nature: the most masterful instinct of the race? No, no! That would be touching on life's processes, and life's processes are indelicate, immodest! The springing of the flower from the seed; the chicken from the egg; the tree from the root—these are low, these are vile! Such knowledge would mean to a girl a knowledge of herself that she must not have! The conservation of the race must remain to her an unsolved riddle. The most disastrous pitfall for a woman is before her: the critical moment, the crucial instant may face her at any time. But the truth, the one weapon that could be her sole safeguard—that must not be "told" her. That would be the inculcation of an impure thought! It is enough for her to know—nothing!



#### GOOD MOTHERS.

A GOOD mother must be kind, sweet, affectionate, comforting. Other comforts in a home can be bought with money, but not these. She is the center of life in the home, for when everybody and everything fails, then youth and strong old age goes back to mother. Friends and money may be swept away, but mother never.

A good mother must be firm. Not obstinate and contentious, but settled enough to carry out a deal for good, over and above the whims and objections of children.

To be firm, and unyielding, when right, is the surest way to win respect. Everybody despises the unstable and weak-willed fellow. If children are allowed to run the finances or social events of a home they would sink the entire craft. Their place is subordinate by divine authority and by the nature of things. They need a post, an anchor safe and sure and not one that is uncertain.

For this reason firmness is one quality in a good mother. A good mother must be a Christian. Not one simply in form, but she must reflect the very heart of God. As he gave his Son for his children so a mother must die to her own selfish desires and let God's will become hers for the saving of her children. To direct young souls with an immortal destiny is a task fraught with tremendous responsibilities. To try to do this without help from the Infinite is as hazardous as it would be to place some children in a little row-boat and launch them on the Atlantic Ocean in the teeth of a gale!

For the children's good and the mother's own welfare, know the will of God and practice his teachings. This is more essential than good clothes and well-furnished homes.



#### UNSUNG PRAISES.

EVERYWHERE the public at large and the press are lauding philanthropists of the Carnegie and Rocke-

feller class, while the associated charities and other unions for help and relief eke out a very prosy life so far as being noticed and commended by the public is concerned.

There are about 4,000 chartered benevolent institutions, independent of church, in the United States. The aggregate amount of sunshine, health, joy, relief and downright cash distributed by these societies would eclipse each year all that Carnegie will ever give to the world, yet Carnegie is flaunted here and there as a great benefactor. And indeed and in truth he is a worthy example, but we are measuring up the unnoticed goodness of those who struggle to do, and do not donate a part of their *surplus* only. We praise their mite and might.



#### CHILDREN WITHOUT HOMES AND HOMES WITHOUT CHILDREN.

THERE are said to be 2,000,000 childless homes in the United States, while New York City, alone, has 25,000 homeless children. Some are foundlings having been deserted by the parent. Others are outcasts, their homes having been broken up and the parents disappeared. Others are truants and wayward urchins who have either deserted home or have been led away by evil associates.

But think of the comfort which these 2,000,000 homes could dispense to these little street wanderers, hungry, dirty and friendless! Many a crime and state expense could be saved by saving these orphans from their awful condition.



#### WHY DO BOYS DROWN WHILE SKATING? THEY VENTURE.

THE papers are full of sad stories these days about boys drowning while skating. One, two, three, yes as high as five boys all drowned at once, has been the record so far. From our office window we watch them skate on Fox River and it is easy to see why so many drown.

There goes two boys now for a skate. The ice is frozen about one-third way across the river. They go cautiously, stopping every few feet to test its strength. On and on they go. Finally one stops. His instinct of fear calls a halt. The other goes further and coaxes the second one to come. He is now within ten feet of the water. Can he go five feet further? Two steps more and a snapping is heard twenty-five feet behind him. He turns quickly for he knows the danger, but down they both go under the ice, never more to bless their happy home.

It was all because of a *venture*.

Many older people venture into other things with just as fatal results. There is always enough good, safe places in which to reap sweet joys without so much venturing. Take the safe road!

## SOME KITCHEN HINTS.

DELICATE blues and pinks can be laundered without fading in the following way: One teaspoonful of turpentine put into half a gallon of water. Wet the goods in this and hang in the shade to dry.

A good share of my ironing is done with a clothes-wringer. If taken while still damp, pillow-cases, towels, sheets, and all rough pieces can be successfully treated this way. This means a considerable saving of fuel and labor.



## THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF JOHN WESLEY'S LIFE.

JOHN WESLEY is known to history as an evangelist only, but he was a practical reformer in economic life as well. He started a poor man's bank, a poor man's lawyer, a poor man's doctor, a labor factory for the unemployed, a household salvage corps, a prison mission, a cheap printing press, free public libraries and a general associated public charities.

From all this it appears that he was not a mere theorizer. Preachers and good people of today need to partake more of such practical turns. From the above record it is no wonder that John Wesley's name continues to live.



## WHY SO MANY FIGURES?

WE have used statistics rather freely of late, not because we had nothing else to offer but because the business expansion of the past few years excels anything in modern times and deserves to be itemized and compared.

While some people do not relish figures in their reading matter, yet there are some facts which compel figures to be served with them. Is it not interesting to know that the government had about six times as much money on hand last October as it had twelve years ago?

We do not offer you all poetry nor all prose, all concrete nor all abstract matter, but generally for what we do offer there is a reason.



## WHY DO WE URGE ORPHANAGE WORK?

BECAUSE so many good people can engage in it both to the advantage of themselves and the orphans. Very few people are called and qualified to grace a pulpit or teach in Sunday school. Fewer yet can go abroad to spread the kingdom of God. Only a few are situated so that they can go and come at their pleasure, and give their entire time to charity. Only a few can enter the various avenues of religious work, but look at the multitudes of good people who could give a home to one or more orphan children and save them from crime. Because of the *great need of the children*, and the *great supply of homes* we bring our orphans to your doors.

## THE FAIR COVER.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

An emblem of purity, some say, the snow  
Wings downward to earth; in a sense, it is so:  
For hidden beneath it, each unpleasant sight  
Lies buried—forgotten, and seemingly white,  
But ah we shall find that with mocking surprise,  
Whence thistle lies buried will thistle arise,  
And thus its fair robe more an emblem may be,  
Of sense-blinded time, to the Eternity.

Snow sepulchre, hiding earth's filth and disgrace,  
A season, yet powerless sin's curse to efface,  
Thou freezest the water, e'en while it descends  
From Heaven, the stains on earth's bosom to cleanse,  
Like does the offender whose unmelting heart  
Holds mercy at arms-length, and bids it depart,  
And buries alive sins which Christ would remove,  
To make place for mercy, and pardoning love.

Withal, fairest snow, though this semblance we see  
Of ill, yet 'tis willess, hence sinless, in thee,  
For cov'ring like charity what is more vile,  
Pure—spotless by nature—art thou all the while,  
And uppermost holding the spotless to view,  
Art bidding us think of the honest and true.  
E'en underfoot trampled and soiled by men,  
Thou, melting, resolvest to pureness again.

The semblance proves not of sin's kinship, indeed,  
Yet hearts at the thought of earth's hidden sins, bleed  
To know the fair-cover of much we admire  
Must melt like the snow which earth's form doth attire;  
For better it were, than as Angel of Light,  
Did sin but discover itself to our sight,  
'Twere better to face it, with hope to o'ercome,  
Than blinded be to any ill 'neath the sun.

For wrongs, never righted, may open our eyes,  
And saints to us cited prove wolves in disguise,  
And policy prove the impulse to have been  
Of deeds which were lauded, and works counted clean,  
Yea, subterfuge show inconsistency's touch,  
And honor—its bartered, alas, over-much,  
When truth is revealed, for in candor, you know  
Not every thief may be tracked in the snow.

Logansport, Ind.



## TWO POETS.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

One sang in studied verse of pain,  
Whose heart had known no anguish;  
Past him the world unheeding rolled  
And left his song to languish.

One sang the pain, the bitter pain,  
That gnawed his heart to madness,  
And lo! the world kneeled down to kiss  
His tear-stained cup of sadness!



## SAY NO TO RUM.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

In elegant club room or low den of sin,  
Drinking champagne or brandy, rum, whiskey or gin;  
Full many a drunkard was brought to that pass  
By not saying "no" to the first social glass.



# Esperanto, a World Language

## What Is the Origin of Esperanto?

ESPERANTO was created by Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, a Polish physician, who was born at Bialystok, Russia in 1859. In his native city were spoken side by side Polish, Russian, German and Hebrew. The struggles, often sanguinary among the diverse-tongued people, led him to devote his entire spare time to the creation of a neutral language, which could cause peaceful and successful interrelationships.

## What are the Claims of Esperanto?

By its systems of terminations, a word is quickly and correctly placed as a part of speech; by the simplicity and regularity of its grammar, a person can easily acquire its knowledge; by its system of suffixes and prefixes (which Prof. Max Muller terms the genius of the language) which permits all shades of expression and all degrees of elasticity, it is capable of being used for all commercial, literary and scientific purposes.

## Is Esperanto Easy for an English-Speaking Person to Learn?

Being based upon those root-words which are common to the greatest number of languages, the Latin element is closely associated with the fundamental basis of Esperanto, therefore the French, Spanish and Italian people acquire it most easily, being able to recognize possibly 70 per cent of the words on every page; while the English recognize about 60 per cent; and the Germans about 40 per cent. There are about 3000 root words in the whole of this "one letter one sound" language, while M. de Beaufront assures us that there are 2,265 forms of French verbs alone! So that while one is learning French verbs he may acquire nearly the whole of Esperanto.

## What are the Uses of Esperanto?

The jealousy of nations which forbids the use of an existing language brings Esperanto to the front in the rivalry of nations for the world's trade, therefore Esperanto, being taught in the commercial colleges of England and France is fast becoming a factor in the commercial world. In literature many of the world's classics are already translated and scientific original writings are rapidly appearing in Esperanto journals, besides a large number of popular writings. The Red Cross Society of the World, peace organizations, Christian Endeavor Society, Socialists, Good Templars and many other international societies have adopted it, and publish proceedings in the language, while in France the Code of International Laws has been recently translated into Esperanto.

Beside these things a moral obligation is an incentive to many people to take part in an international movement, which, by means of a neutral idiom, can bring all people nearer, into a closer relationship, into a common brotherhood. Tolstoy says "The sacrifices which every person in the civilized world will make in learning Esperanto will be small; the results which will be attained will be so immense that one can hardly refuse to make such effort."

## What Congresses have been held by Esperantists?

The first world's congress was held at Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, in August, 1905. The second congress was held at Geneva, Switzerland, in August, 1906. The third congress was held at Cambridge, England, in August, 1907. These congresses had an attendance each of 1500 to 2000 Esperantists representing twenty to twenty-three nationalities and about fifteen to eighteen unlike tongues. They represented about 1,000,000 Esperantists throughout the world.

## What Criticisms have been Made by the World's Scholars?

Rector Boirac of Dijon, France, says, "The consequences of Esperanto, so far as concerns the future progress of humanity will be hardly less important than those that followed the invention of printing."

Max Muller said, "I have studied Esperanto and place it far above its rivals."

Sir Wm. Ramsay, K. C. B., says, "It is almost incredible that the whole essential grammar of a language can be given in a paragraph; but it is none the less true."

R. J. Lloyd, D. Litt., M. A. University of Liverpool, Eng., says, "I have studied Esperanto with much care and am now teaching it in the University. The ease of learning it and the accuracy of expression of which it is capable are both very surprising."

## What Recognition Has Been Given Esperanto?

In national affairs, its study is recommended by the European countries amongst the officers of the army and navy, and in the Red Cross Society of the World. It is designated as the official language of the International Scientific Association, of the International Legal, Medical and Dental Societies; and of the International Peace Congress.

In the church, Esperanto has received the approval of Pope Pius X. and it is permitted to be used in the meetings of the Cardinals; it is used

extensively by the Christian Endeavor Society throughout the world, and by the Y. M., C. A. During the recent Congress in Cambridge there were preached, simultaneously from the local church pulpits, the Protestant Service, the Roman Catholic Service and the Congregational Church Service, in the Esperanto language.

In the commercial world, Esperanto has its own international commercial journal published in Germany; is taught in the London Chamber of Commerce and the Commercial Colleges of England, France, Germany and Belgium, and by its system of Esperanto Consuls throughout the world is fast demonstrating necessity and its usefulness in facilitating business transactions. In the report of the Bureau of Labor and Commerce in March, 1908, the merchants of the United States, who have or desire an international business, were warned that unless they took up the international language Esperanto, they would see the salesmen of Europe running over the world taking orders everywhere in that language.

In literature, the Esperanto language is fast becoming a rich repository in the translation of masterpieces of all countries. In France, Belgium and England it is being introduced into the public schools.



#### NARROW-MINDED.

Who are they and where do they live? No one ever heard any one confess the above condition. Narrow-minded is not so bad in itself until it wears the crown of bigotry and wields the scepter of authority. Then look out!

Years ago, a family moved about ten miles from their place of birth, into another county. They became acquainted with the ways of a new neighborhood and traded at a new county seat. In five years' time they moved back to the old home, and they assumed to have learned enough, and had enough experience to govern a state and control six or eight railroad systems, besides.

There was nothing, no place, no people, nor ways of doing anything only as it had been done in the new county, where they had lived five years. They proved every assertion and opinion by what some one in that county had said; they did, or tried to do, everything the way those people had done. They were loud and active in reforming their old neighbors, some of whom had seen a large part of the world, both at home and abroad.

This family was narrow from two standpoints: First, their base of calculation was very narrow,—not over ten miles of observation. Second, they surrendered and threw away good things already learned and substituted inferior goods, besides surrendering their own standards and judgments.

As a rule the person who knows only one phase of life, or the workings of one calling, or have a smattering knowledge of several, calls all other people narrow who do not know more of his own chosen lines than he does.

One time at school, a real blockhead in everything but spelling, spelled the school down, and for years after that he expressed his inflated estimate of himself by saying, about other people, "He don't know nuth-in'." Just so with many grown people,—those who do not know what they know, they call narrow.

As a rule those who have studied the deepest and longest on practical and theoretical questions do not parade themselves and make such a splutter as does the fellow who got only enough of some question to make him lopsided, consequently he is always a noisy picture because he has a busy time trying to keep right side up.

Be careful who you call narrow. A good grandma, whom we know, never learned to read, hence never got any schooling. She could not shine nor compete with smart high-school lassies, on the questions of the day, but in times of sickness and death, young people's quarrels and family upsets and church work, her judgment and advice were above impeachment. Was she narrow? Not a bit. Of books she knew nothing, but of human nature, right and wrong, and such questions, she could instruct all the university presidents in the world.



#### DO ANIMALS DOCTOR THEMSELVES?

MUCH interest has been aroused during the past year upon this question. Some have testified of well known cases where snipes bandaged broken legs with the evident purpose of healing the break. Others scorn at the idea that the shy, elusive, wild animals should give evidence of any such sentiment which heretofore was supposed to belong to man alone.

Animals have the instinct of self preservation, and of eating wholesome food. They also flee from danger, and know when they are wounded. Wild animals have been known to fight for each other. Buffaloes on the prairie would form a circle around the calves and weaklings of the herd and defend them to the last. Dogs know enough to keep their sores clean and coated with the healing saliva of their mouths. The dog is also known to eat grass when he shows signs of sickness.

Some claim that wild birds are cruel to those who get a broken limb and drive them out of their flock to starve, or else perish from their foes. It seems possible that while the instinct of one animal is prominent in one direction the instinct of other animals leads out in some other direction. Some species may even show a concern and care for health, and broken limbs that is wholly lacking in other kinds.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### PLANT CULTURE BY ELECTRICITY.

An exceedingly interesting experiment is being conducted at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, London under the name of "the Thwaites Electric Culture", and if it bears out under a lengthy trial all the features that the inventor claims, it is likely to revolutionize the present methods employed both in the heating of glasshouses and the manner in which plants and fruits are hastened to maturity independent of the seasons.

Before describing this new system of electric culture, a brief reference to previous experiments will not be without interest. Very soon after Jablockhoff invented the electric arc, it was discovered that the rays from this light stimulated the growth of plants, and the work was continued by Sir W. Siemens in England, Baily in America, Lebstrom in Sweden, and Berthelot in France. Both Sir W. Siemens and M. Berthelot died before the results of their experiments became known, but they were quite classical and of splendid promise. Baily was convinced that the arc light promoted assimilation and hastened growth and maturity. Lebstrom found the positive electrostatic current to greatly accelerate the circulation of the sap, and

modern producer-gas suction engine coupled to a dynamo. The electric energy developed by this plant is allocated to the feeding of the arc lights in the glasshouse. An electrostatic machine is driven from the gas-engine crankshaft, and the electricity is discharged by points along the plants to electrify not only the air, but the plants and their roots as well.

The arc lights are equipped with special reflector hoods, by which the beam of light is confined within narrow limits of concentration. The open end of the hood is closed by a water screen, made up by a glass trough filled with water. This water screen, through which the light rays have to penetrate, is intended to secure as near an imitation of natural solar effect as possible, and to limit the effect of the rays; and if it is desired to screen from the plants any portion of the spectra, colored water can be employed. The roof of the reflector is provided with a chimney, to permit the escape into the roof of the glasshouse of the nitrous oxides that may be produced. It is arranged that the arc lights are automatically constantly and almost imperceptibly moving along the entire length backward and forward of the glasshouse, radiating a powerful beam of light on both sides.

At the present time daylight is being extended for a period of four hours. Just before sunset the powerful arc lamps are lighted, and the beam flits from plant to plant as it moves slowly up and down the glasshouse. When the days get shorter, the light will be put in operation for longer periods. Mr. Thwaites estimates that with his system, from three to four producing seasons in the year will be attainable. If, of course, choice fruits and flowers can be produced at any period of the year at no great cost, the invention should certainly possess great commercial value. As already stated, at the moment it is purely in its experimental stage, the plant having only been in working order for just a month, too short a period for one to predict likely results. At the same time, it is an experiment which will undoubtedly be followed with the greatest interest.—Scientific American.

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#### "A 1 BUT THEY ALL DRINK."

Dunn's commercial rating so described a firm of four young Boston business men. They were rich and prompt, and could not be rated otherwise than A 1 at that time; but a few years later two of the brothers were dead, another was a drunken sot out of business, and the fourth one was dependent upon charity. Whisky ruins fortune, health and mind.



The plants on the right hand received four months' electric treatment. The others none.

the more fertile the soil the more vigorous the vegetation, and the more effective the current; it was also found to increase the proportion of saccharine.

Coming to the present experiment, we have an ordinary glasshouse in which have been placed some two hundred plants, consisting of geraniums, fuchsias, various kinds of palms, grasses, tomato plants, etc. The plants are being forced by light from an arc lamp, and the house heated in a new ingenious manner. This apparatus, which is causing much discussion among electricians, consists of a

## HOW ANIMALS ACT DURING EARTHQUAKES.

The news dispatches, it will be remembered, announced that on the eve of the great earthquake at Karatagh, in Central Asia, on October 20, all the dogs of the region set up a howling, horses stampeded, and cattle bellowed with fright. This report is in singular confirmation of some general principles as to the conduct of animals during earthquakes laid down in an article in a recent number of the Dutch review, *Vragen van den Dag*.

The writer of this article reminds us of the frequent contention that some animals are able to feel in advance certain conditions of the weather or other natural phenomena, and that they are thus, in this respect, better endowed than man.

Whether this power has been lost to man in the process of civilization, or that it was never possessed by him at all, we would not undertake to affirm. Although animals are not to be wholly regarded as weather prophets, still by a close observation of their behavior under particular circumstances of the kind, something may be gained in this line of human knowledge.

In connection with the fearful catastrophes of recent date in Italy, California, and elsewhere, which, like so many others of like nature, will long retain a hold on human memory, attention has again been called to the fact that many animals give intimations of such great disturbances in advance by certain particular and often unusual conduct. It is particularly such animals as have their abode under ground that often indicate, days before the event, that something unusual in nature is about to occur, by coming out of their hiding places under the ground into the open.

Aelian mentions that, in the year 373 before Christ, five days before the destruction of Helike, all the mice, weasels, snakes, and many other like creatures, were observed going in great masses along the roads leading from that place. Something similar was noticed also, later, though not to so marked an extent as in the case mentioned by Aelian. This leaving of their subterranean abodes by underground creatures on such occasions might possibly be explained by the emission of various malodorous and noxious gases during these disturbances of the earth.

But not only do animals living under ground furnish indications that something out of the ordinary is about to happen. The larger animals on the surface, such as cows, horses, asses, sheep, and many birds, even, seem to get premonitions of particular natural phenomena and events.

Thus it is related that in 1805, during an earthquake, the cattle at Naples and its neighborhood set up a continuous bellowing some time before the event, at the same time trying to support themselves more firmly by planting the forefeet widely apart; the sheep kept up a continuous bleating, and hens and other fowl expressed their restlessness by making a terrible racket. Even the dogs gave many indications of uneasiness at the time. The actions of animals observed during the great earthquake of 1783 seem to have been most remarkable. Thus the howling of the dogs at Messina became so unendurable that men were sent out with cudgels to kill them. Their noise was most marked during the progress of the earthquake, while it was difficult to pacify the animals in the vicinity for some time even after the cessation of the shocks. Dogs and horses ran about meanwhile with hanging heads, or stood with outstretched legs, as if aware of the need of planting themselves firmly. Horses that were ridden at the time stopped and stood still without orders, trembling so at the same time that no rider could remain in the saddle. Scophus tells the story of a cat during an earthquake at Locris which set up a most dismal caterwauling at the approach of each new shock, meanwhile constantly jumping from one point to another.

The roosters kept up a continual crowing, both before and during the earthquake. In the fields Scophus observed hares so under the influence of the terrestrial disturbance that they made no attempt to escape and seemed in no way disturbed by his presence. A flock of sheep could not be kept on the right road, notwithstanding the efforts of shepherds and dogs, but fled in affrightened haste to the mountains. During the same year of 1783, fear had taken such possession of the peasants of Calabria that they were seen to flee from their huts the moment dogs began to howl, asses to bray, or cows to bellow. Birds, also, seem to have premonitions of the coming of such catastrophes. During the earthquake at Quintero, in Chile, in November, 1822, the gulls uttered all sorts of unusual cries during the whole of the preceding night, and were in constant restless motion during the quake. On February 20, 1835, the day before the earthquake at Concepcion, in Chile, at ten in the morning, great flocks of sea birds, mostly gulls, were seen to pass over the city landward, a phenomenon not to be explained by any stormy condition of the weather. It was fully an hour and a half after their passage, at 11:40 of the forenoon, before the earthquake came, one so disastrous that nearly the entire city was reduced to ruins. Even the fish in the sea seem to be disturbed at the approach of an earthquake. Thus during the one of 1783, quantities of fish were caught at Messina, of a kind that usually keeps hidden in its secret abodes at the ocean's bottom. And Alexander von Humboldt, the famous traveler and naturalist, tells of having observed the crocodiles of the Orinoco leaving the water and fleeing to the forest during an earthquake.—Review of Reviews.



## THE EUROPEAN "RETIRED" CLASS.

According to Continental views, whoever can secure for himself a daily pittance without toiling for it, ought not to toil, and no credit is given to the wealthy young man intent on increasing his capital by engaging in some trade, nor to the man of fifty or fifty-five who remains at work after amassing a small competence.

Therefore, we meet in every Continental city a large class of idle men, who, having dismissed for the balance of their life the care of money-making, have no ambition beyond that of living and enjoying life. That their enjoyment includes but a meagre dole of life's material comfort is evident, but this gives them a peculiar charm.

There is, however, a real value to the state in their view of life. Many devote themselves to intellectual pursuits which routine work made an impossibility in the preceding years. A large number of interesting works on military matters, science, history, biography, and memoirs, are due to the pen of "retraités" from the army or navy, who, owing to the importance the army plays in European life, form a large contingent of the retired class.

Some of the retired Continentals engage in minor political activities. Town councillors are in the majority of cases retired officers or former civil-service men, who, with their indifference to money questions, make perhaps rather poor administrators, but public-spirited and of an unimpeachable character.

The influence of this great leisure class in the shaping of the nation's tastes and ideals is a thing an untraveled Anglo-Saxon can hardly realize. Thanks to this "idle" class, literary and artistic salons after the fashion of the eighteenth century are still a possibility on the Continent of Europe. In the late afternoon the "retraités" gather either around the marble tables of some café and play cards, or preferably meet at the fireside of some hospitable hostess. These men of a mature age, who have ample leisure for thoughts of the past and can observe the present without haste, make the most delightful conversationalists.—Review of Reviews.





# Echoes from Everywhere

## FOREIGN.

### English Debtors in Prison.

Returns of the county courts of England issued from the home office show a continuous increase in the number of persons committed to prison for non-payment of debts in England and Wales. In 1900 there were 1,131,775 complaints and 7,890 debtors imprisoned; in 1906 there were 1,265,908 complaints and 11,986 debtors imprisoned. In Ireland imprisonment for debt is almost non-existent, but 80 being sent to prison in 1905.

### German Criminal Code.

In other respects the German criminal code which covers the whole kingdom has been modified so as to meet modern requirements. In the United States every state has its own code, and the variation and contradiction are great; but in Germany the standard of criminality and of penalty is the same thruout the empire. Among the subjects concerning which more stringent laws have been passed are horse racing and various forms of gambling and the working of mines without authorization in territory under German protection, whether they contain minerals, coal, or salt. The new mining laws are very elaborate. Other laws were adopted last year for the protection of the government against frauds in revenue. Such frauds are to be punished by a fine equal to four-fold the amount of the duty. Falsification of bills may be punished by imprisonment and loss of civil rights. There are also laws protecting the government telegraphic and telephonic service.

### England to Protect Youth from Cigarettes.

If a bill which passed its first reading in the House of Commons becomes a law, juvenile devotees of the cigarette will have a hard time in indulging their appetite.

The act is a government measure which amends the existing laws for the protection of children. It prohibits smoking under the age of 16, provides penalties for any one younger than 16 years old found smoking in the street or any other public place, and makes the sale of cigarettes to persons under 16 years a punishable offense.

Among other features the bill establishes juvenile courts thruout the country and calls for special places of detention for children, instead of sending them to the ordinary prisons.

### Prison Work in Toronto.

No city in Canada takes a greater interest in its prison work than Toronto. Lieut. Col. Joseph S. Pugmire of the Salvation Army has had great success in dealing with prisoners. The prisoners are interviewed. On discharge they are met by some of the agents of the Salvation Army and they are furnished with clothing and lodging when necessary, and with work.

By a new French process, milk powder is produced by forcing the liquid under high pressure thru a tube only

1-250 inches in diameter into a closed chamber heated to 167° F. by a current of warm air. The milk expands to vapor, the air current carries off the water, and the solids fall in powder.

Ignifuge, as a new French material for making wood unburnable is called, is a mixture of 135 grams of sulphate of ammonia, 15 of borate of soda, 5 of boric acid, and 1,000 of water. At Bordeaux impregnated wood and shavings remained in a hot fire until the wood fuel was consumed, and were found simply charred. Treated paper and cotton fiber were consumed slowly without a blaze.

\*\*\*  
GENERAL.

### WHISKY'S AWFUL TOLL.

Sixty-five out of 67 Murder Cases Caused Directly by Intoxicating Liquor, in One Illinois Lawyer's Experience.

PILLOW, SMITH & STONE,  
LAWYERS.

Marion, Ill., Jan. 24, 1908.

Mr. Frank W. Loy,  
Effingham, Ill.

Dear Sir: Answering yours of the 21st inst.: Will say that I have been practicing law about twenty-seven years, and have been connected with the prosecution or defense, with sixty-seven murder cases, sixty-five of which were caused directly by the use of intoxicating liquor. During my somewhat extensive criminal practice, I can safely say that at least 97 per cent of all the crimes that have come under my observation, were the result of the use of intoxicating liquors, either directly or indirectly.

Very truly,

George W. Pillow.

—From Illinois Issue.

### Improved Roads for New England.

Unless the plans of the road builders of three states fail, the present year will see the practical completion of a continuous highway of modern construction extending from New York to the western Maine border and the heart of the White Mountain region in New Hampshire.

In the network of highways that have been built from town to town under state auspices in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut, the road commissioners have not lost sight of the larger plan for a great central trunk line through New England for automobile and carriage travel. Each year of the last decade and more has seen portions of the route constructed. Some gaps still remain, but they are comparatively few and short.

It is estimated that 85 per cent of the crops of 1907 has been shipped out of North Dakota by this time.

### A Jesuit Celebration.

This year the Catholics of Maine will take cognizance of the 300th anniversary of the founding of the Jesuit mission on Mount Desert Island. In 1608 the Jesuit Priests Peter Biard and Enemond Masse established a mission on the island. The exact site is uncertain, but is supposed to have been on a spot at the foot of Flying Mountain, about two miles north of the present village of Southwest harbor.

They lived and labored for five years until the freebooters sent by Argall of Virginia invaded the island, burned the chapel and mission buildings, desecrated the holy vessels and drove the priests to far-off Canada.

A magnificent Catholic church is now in course of erection in Bar Harbor on the very ground pressed by the feet of the devoted priests 300 years ago. The dedication of this church, coming as it will on the 300th anniversary of the founding of the first mission and the planting of the first cross on the island, will be an event of more than ordinary significance.

### For a Pan-American University.

Activity looking towards the founding of a Pan-American university has finally taken definite shape in a bill brought before the House of Representatives Monday by Congressman George P. Lawrence of Massachusetts. Briefly sketched, the scheme as it exists so far provides for an administrative centre at Washington, with a branch of the university at the capital or chief city of each country of the western continent. The formal statement of the purpose of this project is to promote co-operation among the higher institutions of learning of North, South and Central America. One of the avowed intentions of those who project the undertaking is to diffuse industrial education. Between Hudson Bay and the Straits of Magellan there is a wilderness of material upon which geology, ethnology, history and science have only begun.

There has been so much fine weather in North Dakota this winter, that the residents are already boasting of their "banana belt." On Jan. 19, one of the balmy days of the winter, Cando citizens went out to the ball ground, played a game of ball, and had their pictures taken.

### To Feed any Child Hungry in School.

"Every girl and boy whose parents haven't money to buy food for them may come to my restaurant and I will feed them gladly," said Adolf Lorber, known as the "Delmonico of the East Side," of Nos. 274-276 Grand Street.

Mr. Lorber will feed 1,000 school children a day, giving away warm luncheons in the banquet room on the first floor of his restaurant. The menu will consist of soup, roast meat, vegetables, bread and butter, coffee and fruit, with ice cream twice a week.

The school children will have a private entrance, and they won't have to form in line. Every child will be admitted as soon as he or she puts in an appearance. The banquet room accommodates three hundred.

"I know that hundreds of little children go to school daily without food," said Mr. Lorber. The luncheons will be given away, and will be kept up until conditions improve in the lower portion of the city.

The tremendous figures of the amount of lumber cut last year probably ought rather to fill us with apprehen-

sion as to our timber supply for the future than with exultation over our ability to saw wood in the present. In 1907 more lumber was cut in the United States than in any preceding year. The Forest Service estimates that it approximated 40,000,000,000 feet, and that the total mill value of the lumber, lath and shingles produced, was not less than \$700,000,000. We made nearly twelve million shingles and nearly four billion laths for our houses in the twelve months.

Last year the Government disposed of almost thirty million acres of public lands, and set aside nearly forty-four millions acres in national forests. There are now 159 national forests, embracing 150,832,665 acres.

Three New York banks last week closed their doors as an aftermath of the financial troubles. All three had been connected more or less intimately with bankers who, on account of their business methods, were discredited at the time of the panic.

Electrolysis of pipes is now prevented by insulating from the ground. The pipes are covered with a specially-prepared asbestos paper, coated with a water-proof insulating compound, and joints are made tight by strips and insulating cement. The protection is claimed to be permanently durable.

### A Testimonial Against Liquor.

Below is a letter from Chief of Police in St. Louis to Arthur B. Farwell which explains itself. We quote from the Illinois Issue.

January 31, 1908.

Dear Sir—Replying to your letter of January 29, in which you ask information regarding the Sunday closing of saloons in St. Louis, will say that from a police standpoint the saloons being closed on the Sabbath day has been productive only of a desirable result. There is less crime in St. Louis since the saloons were closed on Sundays than ever. Drunkenness on the Sabbath day has been reduced to such an extent as would scarce have been believed. Men who were in saloons all day Sunday are now at home with their families, and the money that formerly went over the bar now goes for food and clothing. This naturally lessens crime. St. Louis has never been so prosperous as it has been during the past few years, since the Sunday closing law has been enforced. Many business interests were at first opposed to the innovation, but since its trial many who are actually engaged in the liquor traffic favor the law. It would be impossible to give detailed facts and figures along this line, and I trust that this general information will suffice.

Respectfully,

E. P. Creecy, Chief of Police.

### Some Hard Hits in the President's Recent Message.

There is no moral difference between gambling at cards or in lotteries or on the race track and gambling in the stock market.

It is not the puppets, but the strong cunning men and the mighty forces working for evil behind and through the puppets, with whom we have to deal.

When we are able to put the real wrongdoer in prison, this is what we strive to do.

That stockholder is not innocent who voluntarily purchases stock in a corporation whose methods and management he knows to be corrupt.

The apologists of successful dishonesty always declaim



against any effort to punish or prevent it on the ground that any such effort will "unsettle business."

They have hurt honest business men, honest-working-men, honest farmers, and now they clamor against the truth being told.

The business which is hurt by the movement for honesty is the kind of business which, in the long run, it pays the country to have hurt. It is the kind of business which has tended to make the name "high finance" a term of scandal to which all honest American men of business should join in putting an end.

Most certainly it behooves us all to treat with the utmost respect the high office of judge, and our judges, as a whole, are brave and upright men.

The opponents of the measures we champion single out now one and now another measure for especial attack, and speak as if the movement in which we are engaged was purely economic. It has a large economic side, but it is fundamentally an ethical movement.

The methods by which the Standard Oil people and those engaged in the other combinations of which I have spoken about have achieved great fortunes can only be justified by the advocacy of a system of morality which would also justify every form of criminality on the part of a labor union, and every form of violence, corruption and fraud, from murder to bribery and ballot box stuffing in politics.

I do not for a moment believe that the actions of this administration have brought on business distress.

#### The Tobacco War in Kentucky.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Feb. 15, 1908.—The band of masked men who have caused terror in these regions for over a year past rode into Fredonia, Crittenden County, captured James Scadberry, operator of the Cumberland Telephone Company, and cut all the wire connections with the outside world.

Leaving a large guard in the town, others galloped to the village of View, five miles away, and blew up Alfred H. Cardin's tobacco factory, containing 35,000 pounds of tobacco, and set fire to and destroyed Mr. Cardin's barn, containing 10,000 pounds of tobacco belonging to him and his croppers.

The loss aggregates \$10,000.

Mr. Cardin is the buyer for Buckner & Dunkerson of Louisville. Neither he nor his family were at home.

Eighty per cent of Crittenden County farmers have tobacco pooled in the Society of Equity.

Mr. Cardin is not a member. He is a well known citizen, 73 years old, and was formerly a candidate for Governor on the Populist ticket.

The Planters' association has an organization in this county.

Dozens of men have been called out at night and gagged, lashed, and tarred and feathered, while others have been forced to leave the country. Some have been killed.

Hettie Green, of New York City, says she has recently refused to loan money to some of the wealthiest families in that city, among whom were the Vanderbilts. She claims that corporations have been inflating both the quantity and the value of their stock of late years, until it could stand no more and then have sold the stock at these inflated prices. The promoters got the money while the buyers got a piece of paper that is worthless so far as securing money on it is concerned. A dead factory is poor security.

#### A \$20,000,000 Depot.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 15, 1908.—San Francisco is to outdo the eastern cities in the way of a magnificent depot. Plans have been adopted by the railway lines of the city for a \$20,000,000 terminal depot to be built in the heart of the city, where all interurban and subways will converge.

#### West Virginia to Vote on Saloons.

The temperance wave has struck West Virginia. The Legislature has passed a bill providing for a prohibition amendment to the state constitution. It is left for the Senate to give assent to the measure.

#### A Blizzard East and West.

Elgin, Ill., Feb. 20, 1908.—Forty-six hours of snow and wind has just ceased. The weather station reports 13 inches of snow on the ground and the wind to have reached 48 miles an hour in Chicago. The storm covered the northern states east of the Rocky Mountains. Ten are reported frozen to death in Chicago. Dozens of trains are stuck in snow drifts. The loss in deaths and traffic is reported heavy in every direction.

#### Good News from Iceland.

Iceland is only half as large as Missouri. The island is volcanic, and very little of its area is tillable. The people have a fight on hand most of the time to raise enough to eat, but they have found time enough to give some hard thot to the moral and intellectual side of life.

Alcoholic liquors are neither made nor used by the inhabitants. To import rum is a penal offense and has been enforced so long that the citizens have lost their desire for whisky.

As a result of this moral condition there is not an illiterate person among the 78,000 Icelanders. There is neither jail, penitentiary, a police system, nor a court. The people support several colleges and a few good, clean newspapers. These, along with an abundance of other good things, is the report brought back by travelers to this north country.

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

**WANTED.**—At once. A reliable man with good recommendations. Married. Experienced in pipe-fitting, well pump work and work in hardware store. Work all the year round. Address Levi Zumbrun, Brookville, Ohio.

**WANTED.**—To sell 1,000 sq. ft. new steel roofing and siding. Corrugated sheets 22 in. x 8 ft., painted red. Price \$15, including nails. A bargain. Just the thing for farm buildings.—J. B. Hollopeter, Pentz, Pa.

**I HAVE** several good farms for sale or exchange in Southern Missouri; climate mild, winters short, land productive, good schools, good churches, fine for fruit. For information address, F. E. Cochran, West Plains, Mo., R. 2.

**WANTED.**—Brethren to locate at Manzanola, Colo. Center of sugar beet and alfalfa territory. Fine climate. Brethren churchhouse in town. Several have already located.—S. Wenger.

**WANTED.**—Some brother with experience to take stock in and manage a bank in a good small town. Address, J. M. Stutsman, Elbing, Kans.

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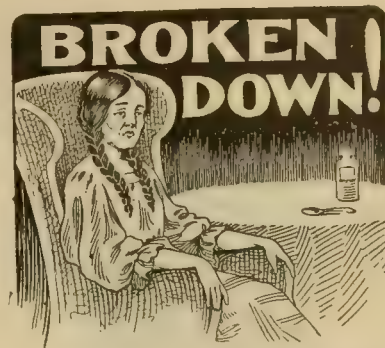
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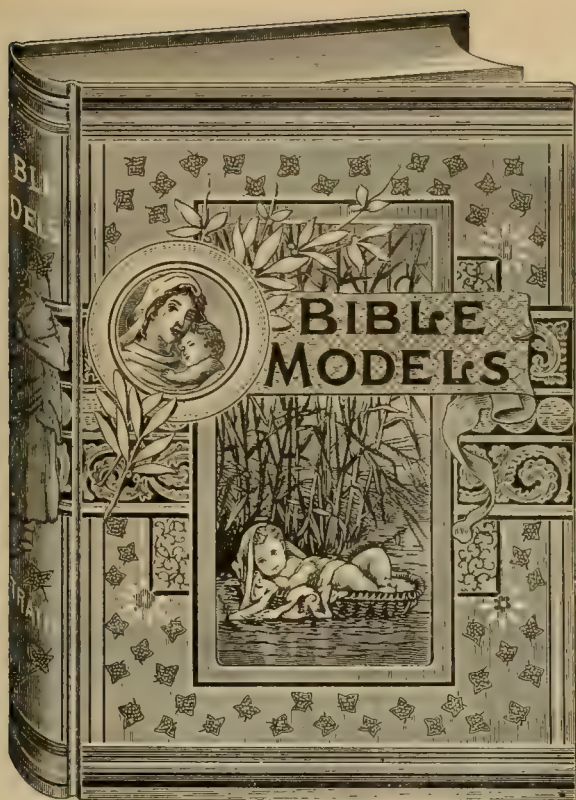
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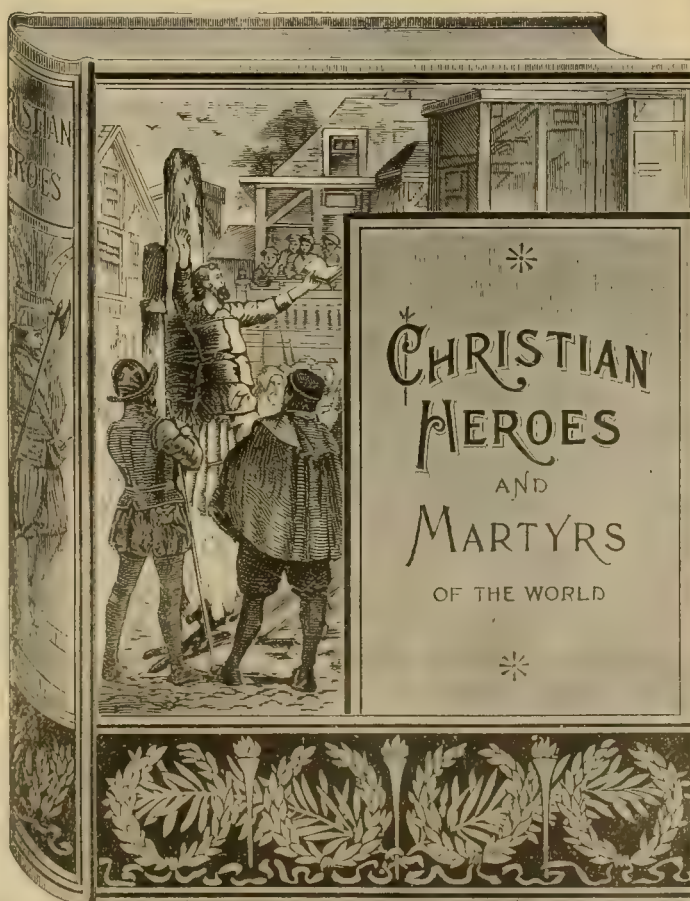
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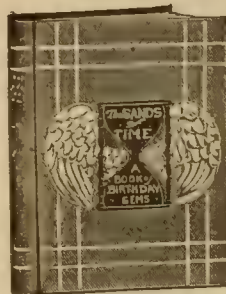


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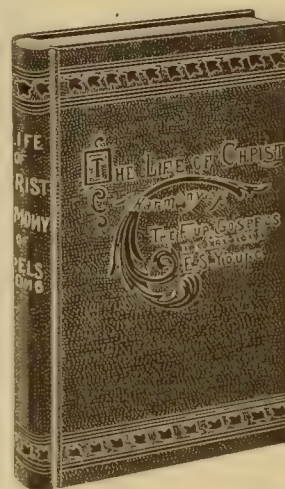
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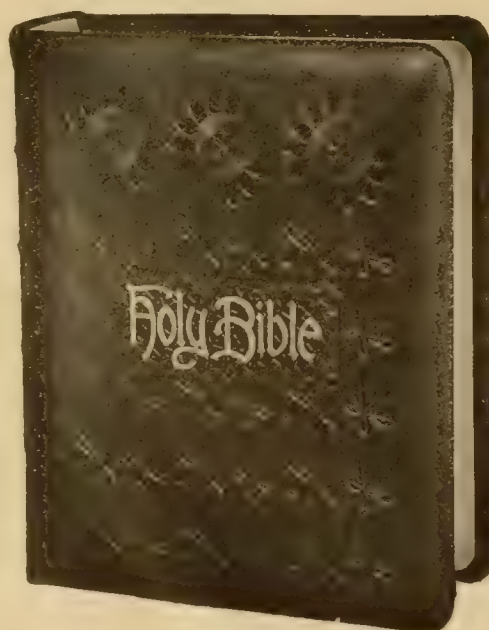
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MARCH 3  
1908**

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Leaving Omaha, Wed. March 4,  
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## If You are Going It Is High Time You Are MAKING ARRANGEMENTS



ON the 3rd of March we expect to have about a car load of people leave Chicago, over the Northwestern line, for Omaha, where we expect to meet another car load of people from Duluth, and a third one is to be made up at Omaha by people from different points in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. This is our first spring excursion to BUTTE VALLEY on the low rates.

Mr. E. M. Cobb and Mr. E. T. Merritt have been lecturing and showing stereopticon views of Butte Valley in the city of Duluth, Minnesota, and some forty applications were taken for homes in Butte Valley. Not all of these people are going on the third of March, but we expect enough for a car load. Several others have left the selection of their lands to friends of theirs who are going on the excursion. This is a very satisfactory way to do when one can not get away at that time.

The price of land is likely to advance immediately after the excursion and these people are anxious to take advantage of the low rates, as well as the low prices of land. Since the fruit men from the north have investigated the Valley and spoken so highly of its merits as a fruit country, the people can readily see that an investment in Butte Valley Lands is not only likely to double itself, but do so very shortly. Some of the people right north of there, last fall, sold their fruit unpicked for a thousand dollars an acre. Of course it will take four or five years for an orchard to get in bearing, but that is all the more reason why the trees ought to be planted at the earliest possible date.

The proper thing to do would be to go on the excursion of March third, clear off the sage brush this spring, plant the ground to potatoes, onions, or grain, and set the apple trees this fall. Get some good orchardist to select high grade Newtown Pippins, Spitzenbergs, and Winter Banana Apples. Those seem to be the favorites of the oriental markets and bring the highest figures. The orchardist could care for the trees properly while young, which would insure a fortune a few years hence.

After reading this you will hardly have time to correspond with us and get an answer before March third, so you had better write to,

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E. T. MERRITT, Omaha, Nebraska,  
D. C. CAMPBELL, Colfax, Indiana,  
ISAIAH WHEELER, Cerro Gordo, Illinois,  
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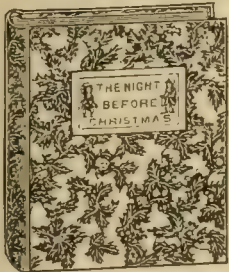
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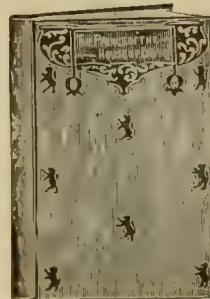
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are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

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Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,  
John R. Newton.

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Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

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50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

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**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

March 3, 1908.

No. 9.

## Our New Infidelity Law and Its Relation To Divorce

ELIZBBETH B. GRANNIS, President National Christian League for Promotion of Purity

It is always a time for rejoicing with one's friends when a victory is won. I would that all the constituents of the INGLENOOK were my friends, and they may be, no matter how wise or convincing any of them may prove to be in opposition to the service we have rendered in securing the present Infidelity Law for New York State. Very few, even among most advanced thinkers, have more than a faint idea of the benefit which would accrue to the human race if both sexes had a just appreciation of the meaning of purity or temperance in marital relationship. If the question were asked us whether every human appetite overly indulged does not deplete and punish itself, we would all answer in the affirmative. I imagine but few among progressive readers have a just conception of the satisfaction, even from a selfish standpoint, experienced by married people who practice temperance through scientific and spiritual self-control. If there is truth in this declaration for selfish comfort and happiness in the marital relationship, what of the added joy and satisfaction in accepting the blessings of offspring from the Creator of life for which we have asked and made preparation to receive. Many have learned by experience the value of the reward of fidelity in wedlock of one man with one woman thru a long life record. Continence, or total abstinence, in marital relationship except for offspring, has but little bearing upon our new Infidelity Law, altho the question of self-control and temperance or purity in the marital relation, is a powerful ally in behalf of this law.

Love is without question the greatest motive power that moves the race or the individual for good and higher development. I hope it is needless to say that no reader will imagine that I refer to any sentimental or emotional affection. I refer to that great love of heart which ought to rule the mental caliber of the nation. Christ in his Gospel always honors the heart above the head. The heart of the pulpit should con-

trol the intellect and the heart of every individual should control every human ambition in the noblest sense. Yet love is not the only attribute for good. Fear is not only the beginning of wisdom; but fear quickeneth the conscience, particularly of the unthinking, reckless go-as-you-please individual. Every law of nature is the law of God, and must be verified in our own bodies that we may secure the highest rewards for obedience to nature's laws.

Many people are more or less interested in the agitation by Church and State of the divorce question. More interest is apparently manifested to prevent the results of careless family training and reckless marriage, than in striving to build suitable conditions for the consummation of successful scientific and spiritual wedlock. Much thinking, talking, and writing upon the subject of divorce has failed up to the present time to reduce proportionately the number of divorces thruout the states. Dissolving marriage ties is largely on the increase in spite of the agitation by the anti-divorce advocates. In my judgment wise counsellors seeking to reduce the appalling evil of divorce should turn their attention largely to better conditions and better training for the highest and most important office in human life that any person can hope to attain. 'Privileges and responsibilities in this relationship are above all others. They bring every human being into direct partnership with the Creator in producing conditions for successful human development with all of its prospective achievement in addition to preparation for immortality. Flippant, jesting, idle, thotless comments and the want of serious thot and expression by persons of broad influence; are chiefly the promoters of the alarming conditions of society regarding the marriage and divorce question. The state is largely dependent upon the church whatever may be said in opposition to this assertion. Notwithstanding the estimate of legislators and many lawyers concerning the influence exerted by ministers and women (non



voters,) we who know, are justified in declaring that when a great number of pastors unite with many women advocates in a moral educational effort, the legislators and substantial members of a community not only give attention but coöperate with them for the righting of the wrong at issue, even to enacting our recent Infidelity Bill into law for the great Empire State.



Individual citizens of the Church and State should seek to interest all organizations and persons pledged to social and civic betterment of the people to learn what are the chief causes which lead to separation or divorce in wedlock. We who are striving to create better public sentiment and teach better methods for preparation in scientific and spiritual marriage know its result in more satisfactory marriage and better offspring. We must seek continually to add knowledge to our own experience and observation according to the scripture injunction.

Our Infidelity Bill was first drawn at my request by one of our very efficient members, the late Ex-Judge William H. Arnoux, who said to me at the time he was glad to draw the bill, believing that agitation of the subject would do good, but that he was sure from his experience that I would never succeed in getting the bill passed by the Legislature. His reason was chiefly that Legislators of New York State would

not enact a law for their own conviction. The bill is an amendment to the Penal Code. It provides that a married person guilty of marital infidelity on statutory grounds commits a misdemeanor, and when convicted is subjected to imprisonment for not more than six months, or to a fine of \$250.00, or both. The law went into effect on September 1st., 1907. It is quite probable as the daily papers have said, that no bill of a moral character has caused so much discussion in or out of the Legislature, as our Infidelity Bill, which is quite similar to that of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Vermont, and the District of Columbia. The penalty is not so severe as in some of the states, and severer than in some others. It is a common saying "that as New York State goes politically, so goes the Federal Government." It is equally true morally.

Chief objections against this bill by the Legislators of our state during the past decade have been, that if the bill were to become the law it could not be enforced; that they were opposed to adding dead wood to the Statute Books; and many similar objections. There has been no evidence in New York City, or up the State that the law is to be a dead letter, judging from the arrests which have been noted by the metropolitan press.

Mr. George W. Condon, with Miss Baggett, who were arrested at 265 West 23rd-Street New York City recently by Mr. Condon's wife and mother, accompanied by officers, did not need to appear before a bar of justice to realize there was little truth in the assertion of Miss Baggett, when she threw her arms about the neck of Mrs. Condon's husband when arrested with the exclamation, "He is mine, you cannot take him." These people in spite of their wealth were subjected to arrest under this law with many other similar cases. The same objections have been offered in the Legislature every winter during the last decade by the bill's opponents. For example: A law with a penalty affixed for the violation of the Seventh Commandment will place the whiplash in the hands of lewd women for the purpose of blackmailing men holding high official positions; such a law would include jealous wives to prosecute their husbands; why should you believe men will make laws for their own conviction for your asking; laws cannot force morality into the hearts and lives of men; it is useless to make laws which cannot be enforced, etc., etc.

Many judges and lawyers are opposed to the law and will seek by every ingenuity known to the profession to evade conviction under this law, but any of its advocates and supporters believe that many of these men will be gradually won over to the righteous enforcement of this law. A very conspicuous result of the law during the month of September was that the number of divorces was reduced in each of the courts to almost half in number, and in some to quite one-half compared with previous months.

There is everything to be said in favor of this law and not one sound argument has ever been offered against it. Not one flippant sage, who opposed this law, has ever advocated the erasing of the laws from the statute books with a penalty affixed against *murder* or *theft*—while these laws stand on *each side* of the Seventh Commandment in the laws given by God to Moses, "*Thou shalt not commit adultery.*" New York City has been the great city of refuge for disloyal husbands and fathers where they could indulge every form of licentious debauch without danger of any state law to punish adulterous acts. Rich, irresponsible fathers and lawless sons from Maine to California have found free license and most attractive devices by the ingenious in wickedness to draw them to the best and the worst of cities. Men of high finance, wealthy manufacturers, doctors with seared consciences, ex-ministers, and wealthy fathers and husbands high in social influence have furnished three-fourths of the capital, (according to reliable statistics to support the ultra elite 80,000 demi monde, in addition to the 40,000 street women of the metropolis.)

From now on wealthy husbands and fathers from our neighboring cities can no longer, without danger of legal penalty, insult their heart-broken and dependent wives thus—"Kate, if you would behave yourself and let me alone, I could have Miss—, in my office and entertain my friends in my own home, but you prefer to always interfere in my business and social life; therefore I am obliged to keep Miss—, in New York and have my social enjoyments where you cannot interfere. If you would attend to your own affairs and let me alone, I would give you all the money you want for the house, children and everything else." Should not every lover of purity in family relationship rejoice that the former license of infamy is legally at an end? Our law will help every state in the Union.

Legal responsibility of fatherhood out of wedlock, is both practical and desirable that rational responsibility of fatherhood in wedlock be exemplified. This law will aid the church to divert a portion of its interest from establishing homes to rescue young fallen girls. Wealthy fathers who are heads of families have been sorely neglected by the State and Church in the past, and some of us realize the need of rescue work being done among capitalists who are high and powerful in social and financial circles as well as devoting all energy to the salvation of young, ignorant girl victims. The soul of a masculine high financier is just as valuable as that of his little milliner girl victim.

Some of the daily newspapers have designated our Infidelity Bill, "the anti-divorce bill." The mission of this law for the diminishing of divorces is not by any means its chief object, which is to make infidelity in wedlock a legal misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment, or fine, or both.

New York State has had no law making infidelity in marriage a crime or misdemeanor for more than sixty years. The National Christian League for Promotion of Purity will send any person desiring it, *a copy of the law on infidelity of every state in the union*, who will send their address to our headquarters, 5 East 12th Street, New York City.

Delaware, Louisiana and Idaho will no longer be able to associate the Empire State with themselves for having no legal penalty for infidelity in wedlock. During our strenuous efforts for the past decade not one individual lawyer, doctor, ex-judge, minister or ordinary laymen has ever given one encouraging word that this bill would become a law. Hundreds of just such people have said to me times without number each winter, "You are making a splendid effort, God speed you! Agitation is good, but you will never succeed. You will have to wait for the millennium. How can you believe that legislators are going to make a law for your asking, for their own conviction?"

Many and many a man has declared personally to me that if there was real danger of this bill becoming a law he should feel obliged to go to Albany and plead against it because the result would be the breaking up of half of the families in the State. Quite a serious comment on family life!

If there were time and space hundreds of incidents connected with the securing of this law could be told which would awaken public interest to facts which could not readily be credited. I wish every person in the United States might learn of this legal victory for the defense and uplift of legal monogamic relationship in every state as well as New York.

One of the splendid results of this law is that no husband can boast from now on, in the presence of his children, to his wife (if she is a woman of spirit,) of illicit relations, offering all proof that she may apply for a divorce which in such cases is a reward to the criminal and punishment for the innocent.

Which class of people of both sexes are in the minority at 40, 50 and 70 years of age—they who regret the sowing of wild oats (so-called) in their early manhood and youth, or they who regret their self-control of fleshly temptation of physical enjoyment in sin for a season? We do not need to accept the answer of any easily dubbed "superstitious fanatical Christian."—A large majority of men, strictly of this world, will wail out the honest reply—"Oh, that I had known the horrible judgments meted out to me in my body for indulging in the pleasures of sin for a season."

\* \* \*

"Go wing your flight from star to star,  
From world to world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming wall,  
Count all the stars and all the spheres  
And multiply each by thousands of years.  
One moment in heaven is worth them all."

—Moore.



# Snowflakes

H. M. Foglesonger

A VERY common subject, indeed, is snowflakes. It does not necessarily lead you into a remote part of the earth nor does it have the least smack of sensationalism; but the study of snowflakes is really fascinating. The writer has been interested in the tiny structures for sometimes and they have been the source of a great deal of pleasure. The amateur will find help in his researches in the new International Encyclopedia and in the writings of A. Bentley of Vermont; but by far the best way to study the snowflakes is to get out in the snow and see for yourself. You need no other apparatus than a small magnifying glass, which is not absolutely necessary however, and you need not take a day off either. A good way is to watch the flakes when they fall on your coat sleeve as you walk

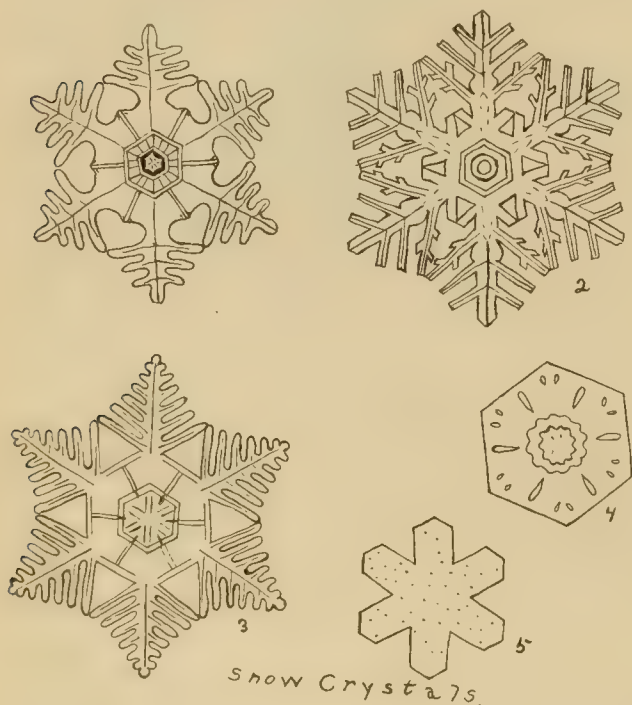
Those branchings vary from the most simple to the very complex, and the center is often made up of concentric designs.

You may find small crystals of three sides and of irregular designs, but the latter have become modified in their flight. Often one fan is broken off and the remaining ones pushed around so that it looks like a five pointed star. These must not be mistaken for original crystals. As was said the designs are numerous. The larger crystals may be divided into two classes, one having a more or less large and complex center and the other having scarcely any central structure. The center is usually a hexagon with one or two smaller hexagons within. The outlines of these hexagons are then united by other lines radiating from the center. You can readily see how almost innumerable variations in this design may occur. The branchings and structure of the points vary from the leaf like style of fig. 3 to the plain conventional style of fig. 2. Nature is surely an artist and our painters and decorators will search a long time before they find more beautiful patterns than these tiny snow crystals. Figures four and five represent the smaller kinds and are merely thin plates of varying internal structure.

The snow crystals follow certain general rules. The crystals of one snow are usually of the same or similar design and the lower the temperature the smaller they are. Simpler designs are usually found during low temperatures also. But the higher stratas of air are colder and flakes coming from high altitudes may be very greatly varied by warmer and lower stratas of air before they reach the earth. Figures (1) and (3) are thus modified and figure (4) is very slightly changed. In a wide spread storm the crystals are generally smaller and simpler in design.

During January of this year there were two successive snows in this locality of which the crystals were like figure (1). They were all fashioned in the same way. But the next snow had something new, for the crystals were like figure (3) only there was no center. The six leaf like branches united at the center so that a beautiful six pointed star was formed. But later the full figure (3) came and soon it was enriched by compound branchings.

Figure (2) is an unusual style and not often seen. During the early part of the winter I saw flakes of that design without the secondary branchings but a few days ago a small snow fell here in which a large percentage of the flakes were exactly as represented in the drawing. At the time I had no magnifying glass with me and could not work out the central design so well.



along the street. The writer has made many observations while watering the horses and if the horses' coat be black you can have no better place to see them. The flakes fall on the horses' hairs and are not broken and you can view them from all sides.

What we ordinarily call a snowflake is a fluffy bunch of tiny crystals all tangled together, hence to understand a snowflake you must study the individual crystals. Some claim that there are as many as one thousand different designs of these crystals but not nearly that many have been drawn or photographed. From the accompanying five figures you gain some idea of how the crystal is formed. In general they have six sides or branches radiating from a common center.

This morning Jan. 27th, we had a most interesting snow. The crystals broke away from the usual regulations and came down in many figures. It was a veritable exhibition of beautiful patterns. The simplest were tiny plates like fig. (5). Some had central designs like fig. (4) and others were plain. Besides there were many kinds of beautiful stars, with the most delicate lines and branchings. The radiating needles seemed to be a kind of halo about the concentrically designed body of the crystal. I wish time would have permitted the drawing of every one for you. I studied several under a magnifying glass and it was hard to say good-bye to the little pictures as one after another they gave up to the warmth of my hand and melted. Each one was so beautiful. They would come down singly, in pairs and in threes and sometimes in a whole jolly group they would pounce down upon me. The little fellows would hang together but the bigger ones would risk the flight alone.

The dark lines in the crystals are minute air chambers but the delicate shadings which can be seen only in the real crystals must certainly be due to the varying thickness of the crystals or perhaps to the structure of the minute particles. Snow is white because all the rays of light are reflected into the retina of our eyes. Light shining through a prism will be divided into many tints and shades. The combination of all these colors is required to make white light and when an object is green only the green light waves are reflected into the eye. The snow crystals are so formed that all the waves that go to make up white light are reflected into the eye in a mass.

For assistance in making the accompanying drawings recognition is due to the photograph of A. Bentley.



### THE EARTH'S SEVEN WONDERS, OLD AND NEW.

ARE these seven wonders of today as wonderful as the seven wonders of the ancient world:

New York's forty-eight-story building.

The 30,000-ton steamship Lusitania.

The transatlantic wireless telegraph now in operation.

The war airship under trial by several nations.

The electric locomotive, replacing the steam locomotive.

Edison's cement house that can be built in a few hours.

The camera-phonograph.

These are not the seven "modern wonders of the world," but they are the seven newest wonders—they are all developments of the year 1907 A. D. They certainly hold down their side of the scales against the seven wonders of 907 B. C. They are all innovations, unprecedented, prophetic of future wonder-develop-

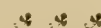
ments. They all indicate material progress, and are typical of the "commercial" spirit of the times.

The seven ancient wonders weigh heavily in the balance against anything that has been produced during these modern times. They were wonderful for any age, and in their line modern civilization has not surpassed them. Of all the seven only the Egyptian pyramids remain and the ruined foundations of the walls of Babylon. Few of them were altogether materialistic. The pyramids, the mausoleum erected by Artemisia, the temple at Ephesus, the statue of Zeus at Olympia were religious, and as typical of the spirit of those days as are the great ships and skyscraper buildings of the spirit of today. The pharos, or lighthouse, at Alexandria, and the colossus of Rhodes were great works that might come from the genius of any age.



### FOOLSCAP PAPER.

SOME two hundred years ago there was a civil war in England, in part growing out of a disagreement among the people about the kind of religion they ought to have. The king, Charles I, and his followers were on one side, and Oliver Cromwell, with the king's opposers, on the other side. Cromwell was successful, and the king was executed. Then Cromwell became head of the government, and he had a liberty cap made as a stamp for all the government paper. When the royal family had regained the throne, it happened that King Charles II wanted to write a letter. They brought him some of the Cromwellian paper. He noticed the stamp, and said, "What is that in the corner?" When he was told, he flew into a passion and said, "Take it away. None of your foolscap for me!" This bit of history will make you understand why one class of paper has so dull a name.



### A STUDY IN WORDS.

EXPLAIN the exact difference of meaning between:

1. Avenge and revenge.
2. Avaricious, covetous, miserly.
3. Behavior and conduct.
4. Beseech, entreat, solicit, implore.
5. Blameless, spotless, faultless, stainless.
6. Care, anxiety, solicitude, concern.
7. Communicate, impart, reveal.
8. Egotism, self-conceit, vanity, egoism.
9. Imagination and fancy.
10. Liberal and generous.
11. Profuse and lavish.
12. Auspicious and propitious.



### IS IT TRUE?

A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest of men.



# Homestead Life in New Mexico

James M. Neff

My father was never noted as a gunner nor did he encourage his boys to try to acquire skill in the huntsman's art. It was not uncommon for him to "take to the woods" with us, however, but it was usually to pick brush, roll logs, saw wood or tend the sugar camp. The valleys of the Wabash and its tributaries had been sufficiently reclaimed from a wild and savage state when I entered upon the stage of action, that there was little left to appeal to a boy's love of romance and adventure.

Notwithstanding this fact it was one of the dreams of my boyhood that I would one day live alone in the fastnesses of some forest with beasts and birds as my companions; and there was no pastime in which I took greater delight when with my playmates than that of playing Indian."

Had I lived a generation earlier I would probably have sought the companionship of Daniel Boone or Davie Crockett, but as they had gone ahead and encountered the Indian and killed all the bear before my advent, I sought in books the seclusion which I otherwise might have found in the woods.

Being somewhat inclined to become an enthusiast in any line pursued, I so gave myself to school and books that before I had passed my majority many years, failing health drove me to the open. And if my tactics in recent years have been those of retreat, it has been in flight from "the great white plague," and in this flight I have sought and seen much of God's great outdoors.

I have chased the deer and the "razor backs" of the pine forests and played with the alligators of the cane brakes and swamps of the Gulf coast; I have crept thru the brush and climbed the mountains of North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia and thot about the bear and panther that many people talk about but few people see in recent years; I have wagoned across the plains of the Southwest and among the mountains of New Mexico, hearing the scream of the wild cat and hoping to see the bear that President Roosevelt didn't kill; and had my good wife enjoyed rocks and mountains and romance as well as I, it is possible we would not be "out of the woods" today.

But as this trend of events has so run that we have passed thru the experience of life on a homestead out on the plains of New Mexico. And let me tell you, when a man gets housed in a little cabin out on the plains with nothing in sight but grass and sky and out of doors; when the sun gets low in the west and he hears the drum of the blue partridge, the call of the curlew, the bark of the fox and the coyote's

howl, if he ever "played Indian" when a boy, his wild nature all comes back to him and he begins to think about his gun. The two cuts accompanying this article will give you some idea of how the "wild nature" came back to me.

As I trudge across my untitled "claim," still wild as nature made it, suddenly a jack rabbit leaps from his hiding in a cluster of mesquite and bounds away at such a rate of speed that if my gun were on my shoulder he would soon be out of danger; but my gun is not on my shoulder; it is down in front of me, held in both hands, ready to be raised into position for action, and hence at the crack of the discharge his jackship turns a double somersault as he runs and falls? to rise no more. I take my ax and uproot a tree cactus and drag it up alongside a sharp-bayoneted yucca in such position that the space between can be entered from but one direction. Back into the angle thus formed the carcass of the jack rabbit is thrown as bait. In front of this is carefully concealed a heavy, double-spring steel trap. I had been to "the brakes" a few days before and brought a few



poles (a rare article often on these New Mexican plains) and to one of these, about five inches in diameter, the trap is chained.

Then the sunset is followed by the brief New Mexican twilight and soon darkness is settled all about us. That night the coyotes howled loudly all about us. Next morning I was up and out in the early dawn, across the plains after the bronchos that I might get

an early start on my nine-mile trip to town. As I came near the yucca where the trap was set I saw that the arrangement of things as I had left them the evening before was somewhat changed. I looked again and discovered that the trap was gone. I



looked again and I saw that the pole had been dragged away. "There's been some big game here," I said to myself, and then I looked cautiously all about me. I could not see far thru the dim light, and everything was still.

I imagine, now as I think of it, that my eyes were big. If you had been there and looked into my face, there is just one thing that would have kept you from laughing, and that is, you would probably have been as much interested in the game as I was. I argued to myself: "He certainly would not have gone far with that trap and pole. I'll likely find him not far away." I stepped out a little way and walked in a circuit about the yucca, looking cautiously in every direction. I saw nothing. All was still. I walked farther out and started around in a larger circuit, and when about half way around, I heard the rattle of the chain; and as I heard it, a succession of chilly tremors crept up my spine. I peered again through the meagre light and saw a large grizzly-coated coyote crouching behind a cactus.

It was not far to the house and I ran for the gun and arrived with scarcely breath enough to tell my wife what I wanted. You have heard say and many of you have experienced that the higher you get and the lighter the air, the more difficulty you experience in breathing. Well, the altitude was high that morning, unusually high, as it seemed to me.

But the coyote, as large in body as a good-sized shepherd dog, but standing higher from the ground, was soon dispatched, dragged to the house, hanged by the hen house as you see him in the picture, and the hens sauntered about, stared, and cackled thanks to their stars that they were yet alive.

Look at the other picture. In my hand I hold a fox, or, as we call him in New Mexico, a "swift." In color he is rather between a red and a gray fox, not large but as sly perhaps as any of his kind and with an appetite for fowl equal to that of a Methodist preacher. At the top and to the right of the picture a badger skin hangs against the house. Of course I need not explain that the black furs are those of the inevitable, odoriferous, everywhere-present skunk. Above the window are the pelts of some jack rabbits whose carcasses made fresh meat diet for the hens. Back of me and hanging against the tent (which served as our bed room while living on the homestead) are the skins of several "swifts."

See that hole in the ground at my feet? That's the cellar window. Were I to take you into the house, raise the trap door and conduct you down the stone steps into the cellar and show you my fruit, you would forget for the moment the presence of the wild man of the west and realize that there is more than one side to life on a New Mexican homestead.

*Clovis, N. M.*

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#### THE ARMY IMPERILED.

For several years past the War Department has found increased difficulty each year in securing recruits to keep up the required numerical strength of the army. Some navies of the world use twice as many men per battleship as the United States does. In fact, while the United States ranks second in the naval equipment of the world she ranks fifth in the number of men employed. It is said that the fleet enroute to the Pacific was very sparingly manned, because of lack of naval recruits, while the army is below its legal status about twenty-five per cent.

Now to revive military enthusiasm and enlarge our standing armies with young men there is a move on foot to appeal to the colleges and universities for recruits. The school authorities would not want to show themselves disloyal because they depend upon public patronage, hence they would likely join in with any popular wave that pretended to be for the national benefit. The universities and colleges aggregate the largest bodies of young men to be found anywhere, hence this would be a fat place to work.

The friends of peace ought to organize to combat and offset any such a movement, for if militarism once dominates our schools as it does German universities, then we may expect duelling to be practiced by our children just as it is in Germany. It is easy to disbelieve this report and go to sleep over it, but some means will be found to keep up our army and navy if our college halls must be invaded. The friends of peace have a work to do if they want their convictions to bear fruit.



## CURRENT COMMENTS



### SUIT AGAINST THE HARRIMAN ROADS.

Relying on the information gained during the Interstate Commerce Commission investigation of the Harriman railroads last year, Attorney General Bonaparte has brought suit under the Sherman Act to set aside the control by the Union Pacific Railroad Company and its subsidiary corporations of the Southern Pacific and the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Road; and to have declared illegal the ownership by the Union Pacific or the Oregon Short Line of stock in the Santa Fé, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, on the ground that all these lines are competitors of the Union Pacific. In the present suit, the Government holds that the Harriman interests have a substantial monopoly of the transportation business of the country between the Missouri River on the east and the entire Pacific coast south of Portland on the west. It is reported also that no suit is to be brought on account of the manipulation of the Alton Railroad, by which the public was practically cheated of millions of dollars, which went into the hands of the men who held control of the road. During 1901, Harriman as head of the Union Pacific began to get control of the Southern Pacific, which controlled a line from New Orleans to California and Portland Oregon. Since 1902 a majority of the board of directors of the Southern Pacific have been members of the board of directors of the Union Pacific. "Competition between the two companies," the Government charges, "has been substantially eliminated." The San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Road, which runs from tidewater on San Pedro, California, to Salt Lake City, was projected by Senator Clark as an independent road. But the Harriman interests, by means of threats, induced him to make the new road practically a part of the Harriman system. The Harriman interests have also acquired a large amount of Santa Fé stock, and two directors of the Union Pacific, Frick and Rogers, are also directors of the Santa Fé, altho the two roads would naturally be competitors. The Oregon Short Line, one of the subsidiary companies in the Harriman system, held, Jan. 30, 1907, twelve million dollars of stock in the Great Northern and six million dollars of stock in the Northern Pacific, the the Government holds both the Northern roads to be competitors of the Union Pacific. Attorney General Bonaparte holds that the Harriman roads present a situation analogous to that of the Northern Securities Company. The Government won the former case, and compelled the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific to separate their ownership, but it is generally understood that there is no more competition now between the roads than there was before the Northern Securities Company was dissolved. How competition would be created between the Harriman roads, in case the present suit is successful, does not appear. The Government case is to be in charge of Frank B. Kellogg and C. A. Severance, who were the attorneys of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the Harriman investigation last year.

### INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGES.

The notice given by the public press to a recent international marriage, especially the amount of space taken

by the more particular "Palladia of our liberties," those journals which make so much of the "common people" is, in one aspect, thoroly amusing. But, tho the fact that the New York "American" should spend three and a third pages on a wedding between a foreign count and a young American lady is laughable, it is a sign also of a very serious distortion of vision. Why is so much space given to the wedding? What had the groom done, or what had the bride done to make them people worth paying any attention to? Nothing. There is many a teacher in the public schools, many a young charity worker, many a young writer, yes, thousands of stenographers and clerks, to whose weddings not an inch would be given in the public prints, but who are of far more value to the community than the young women whose marriages are made the subject of columns. It is a very serious matter that the vision of most Americans, as witnessed by the papers, is thus distorted. We must judge people by the amount of service they render. The most effective way to bring men and newspapers to judge by that standard is to hold up to ridicule those who do not. In regard to international marriages a Representative from Illinois has introduced into Congress a bill providing for a tax of twenty-five per cent on the dowry of American women who marry foreigners, and an Assemblyman at Albany has introduced a bill to levy a tax of twenty per cent on such dowries or settlements. Representative McGavin, of Illinois, recently, made a speech on the federal bill which called forth laughter and applause. In the course of his speech he said:

"I was curious to know whether the present tariff schedule included dukes, lords and counts, and finding that the things were not here mentioned, I thought that it might be proper for the customs officer to classify them like frog's legs, as poultry, for it is the general opinion among Americans that they are a species of geese. Mr. Chairman, we upon this side of the House, have in recent years referred triumphantly to the fact that, as between this and other nations, the balance of trade was in our favor, but nowhere in the summary can be found a reference to such trade as these, where soiled and frayed nobility is exchanged for a few million American dollars wrung from the lambs of Wall Street with a woman thrown in to boot. There was a time when wealthy Americans traveling in Europe were contented with buying costly fabrics and paintings, by "old masters," of whom they knew nothing, but now they want something even more costly but less valuable; so, when the wealthy girls traveling with their parents abroad see some remnant of royalty they enthusiastically exclaim, 'Oh, mamma, buy me that!' An interpreter is secured, the bargain is made and the money produced, and the girl is gone, soon to return a sadder but a wiser one. While I have engaged in some criticisms of these particular ones who have made a mockery of the most sacred relations of life—of these not satisfied with any other name but Countess Spaghetti or Macaroni—I want to say one word in tribute to those true American women who spurned the wiles of earls, lords and counts for the love of his majesty, an American citizen."

### A GERMAN'S VIEW OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

Mr. von Brandt, a German scholar, traveller and writer, speaks thus of the American woman:

"There are, however, two peculiarities to be found in American girls. Whether born or merely brought up in America, they evidence the same independence of judg-

ment, and the same complete self-reliance. It is hard to say whether this is the result of the education in public schools and in the coeducation of colleges, or in their freedom from that condition of legal and social subservency to which the gentler sex is doomed in older countries. It is with us most frequently the case that the female members of the family are occupied with providing for and looking to the future, while the men are making provision for the present, its needs and its expenses. Such a thing is inconceivable in the United States. Here the number of girls and women who make their own living is ever increasing.

"In reality the American women are as specialized by descent, education, locality, and climate as are the dwellers in separate provinces of other countries. Every American man, and still more every American woman, are different from each other according as they live in New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Baltimore, New Orleans, or other cities, just as the Germans are according as they live in Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne, or Munich.

"It can not be doubted that the life led by young girls in colleges and universities is nothing more than what the Americans call 'having a good time,' a time, however, which they gladly give up on any opportunity of obtaining an occupation."

He concludes by reviewing the question of "race suicide," due, he thinks, to "the love of a free life, the self-will, the hatred of responsibility, of the cares of a household, which distinguish the American girl." This same spirit accounts, he declares, for the frequency of divorce. Independence and love of liberty, he thinks, is about all girls learn in college.

#### THE FAILURE IN FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

The term skyscraper has become synonymous with fire-proof buildings of late years, but a recent fire in one of these fire-proof buildings, in New York City, has caused many doubts as to the ability of these tall buildings to withstand fires, because in the instance under consideration the entire building became a wreck, altho the building proper, both floors and walls, was constructed of fire-proof material.

The failure in calculation comes from the fact that a building whose floors are crowded with flammable material soon generates such a heat that the steel braces, girders, and connections lose their tensile strength and give way under their immense weight, and if one or two of the upper floors fall, the combined weight then crushes the next floor, and so on until the whole inside of the building lands on the bottom floor, where the fire and crash together completes the ruin.

It is safe to say that very few, if any, fire-proof buildings are in existence yet, altho much improvement has been made in this direction, and since buildings 600 feet high are being built, it becomes imperative that they be made fire-proof, because firemen cannot fight a fire at such a height.

#### THE ILLEGALITY OF THE BOYCOTT.

The second of the decisions limiting the rights of labor unions was rendered in the case of Loewe & Co., hat manufacturers of Danbury, Connecticut, against Martin Lawlor and two hundred other members of the United Hatters Union of that city. In this case the Supreme Court unanimously decided that the boycott was illegal, on the ground that it was a combination in restraint of trade within the meaning of the Sherman anti-trust law.

As in the Adar case, the Supreme Court overturned the decision of the lower courts. The Danbury hatters asked Loewe & Co. to unionize their factory. Altho of eighty-two hat manufacturing concerns in this country, seventy acceded to the demand of the Hatters Union, Loewe & Co. refused. In order to force them to yield, the Union which is a part of the American Federation of Labor, declared a boycott, which was announced in the official organ of the American Federation, and was enforced with the help of the Federation organizers, numbering one thousand, according to the plaintiffs. Loewe & Co., which has a yearly output worth \$400,000, estimated that it suffered a loss of \$80,000 worth of business on account of the refusal of the labor unions to buy its product, and under the section of the anti-trust act, which awards to the complainant three times the amount of damages sustained by a combination in restraint of interstate trade, brought suit against the Danbury Hatters' Union for \$240,000. The boycott affected the plaintiff's business in many places outside of Connecticut, notably in San Francisco. The court ruled that the combination charged fell within the class of restraints of trade which aim at compelling third parties and strangers involuntarily not to engage in the course of trade except on conditions that the combination imposes. The case will now be retired in accordance with the law as laid down by the decision. Loewe & Co. have already attached \$180,000 worth of property which belongs to members of the Hatters' Union in Danbury, and which will be forfeited if the trial court decides that the company suffered in the amount of even \$60,000 from the boycott. The American Federation of Labor is said to be maintaining a boycott against some one hundred and fifty other individuals and firms. The decision greatly limits the fighting powers of the unions.



#### CARING FOR EX-PRESIDENTS.

A bill in Congress provides that future presidents of the United States shall, upon the termination of their offices, become representatives to future International peace conferences. In the past there has been no suitable occupation for ex-presidents altho they were well equipped to handle international matters.

The step is in the right direction and we trust to see it become a law. It would be the nucleus for an international board that could plan and act in the interest of adjourned conferences. If these world congresses are to become permanent and productive of good they will need to delegate their powers into the hands of some board so that erstwhile questions could be settled at once and not wait until the full congress convenes.



#### STANDARD OIL HARD HIT.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in which the court held the Elkins law to be valid and not repealed by the Hepburn act, knocks away one of the pillars on which stood the appeal of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana from the conviction and record-breaking fine obtained in Judge Landis' court.

"This decision is of vital importance in its bearing on the Standard Oil case," said Mr. Sims. "The validity of the Elkins law, under which the fine was obtained, was the chief point of the defense in the appeal that was taken to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. This point removed, there seems to be little doubt that Judge Landis' big fine will be affirmed by the Court of Appeals. The appeal will likely be argued early in the April term of the court."



# THE INGLENOOK

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its departments are: Literary, Editorial, Home, Cream of Magazines, World News.

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## LEARN TO TRUST YOURSELF.

It is a good drill for a young man or young woman to be forced to rely upon themselves in financial, educational, and social matters. The boy, who in school always depends upon some one else for help will weaken, day by day, until at the end of his course he will be totally helpless and disqualified for any position of trust.

To support one's self, even if the progress is slow and the way marked with failures will, sooner or later, develop a strength of character that will draw patronage and respect. It is often an act of kindness for a teacher or parent to withhold help until the child's resources have been exhausted, and then the help should come, not in actually doing the piece of work, but, in directing the youth in his own endeavors.

We select the following from Henry Wallace:

"Learn to depend on yourself, not merely in mastering the studies of the year but in everything else. It does the boy no good to have things made easy for him at home or away from home. His future success will depend on the character he develops, and no agency can develop that but himself. The boy or girl for whom things are made easy at home and in school will usually be soft in fiber, mental and moral as well as physical.

"The teacher, professor, or lecturer is not doing you any kindness in making it easy for you; and the schoolmate who tries to make it easy for you by helping you out when you are behind through laziness or lack of application is no friend of yours. If you are to get any good whatever out of your studies you must dig them out for yourself. The problems may be hard, but whether hard or easy, solve them. Go at things with a grim determination that you will know all there is to be known on that particular subject. If you keep that up even for one year it will give you moral and mental fiber and lay the foundation for usefulness in your future life."

## A CORRECTION FROM PROFESSOR HARNLY.

ON page 91, under the heading of Our National Wastefulness we gave some figures as they were used by the Geological survey. The statement, that since \$200,000,000 of the \$600,000,000 San Francisco fire was paid by insurance companies the country suffered a loss of only \$400,000,000, was challenged by Prof. Harnly, of McPherson College, Kans. He claims that had the entire \$600,000,000 been paid by fire insurance companies the loss to the country would have been just as much—that is, that a fire is a loss regardless of how much insurance companies may restore.

The Prof. is absolutely correct in his conclusion, for should a vessel sink in midocean with \$10,000,000 gold on board, this amount of loss could in no way be restored by the insurance which the steamship company carried on their vessel and its cargo. Yes, the San Francisco fire lost the country \$600,000,000, and the government calculations were erroneous.



## FORWARD MOVEMENTS.

It does not take much brains to find fault. There is so much about us that is inferior that a person could spend all his time lamenting. But this yields no personal profit to the person or strength to his cause. We want remedies—something that tones up the body politic and produces fruit. Something constructive, and not wholly destructive. This is the kind of blood we want in our magazine—something that dispenses health and activity week after week as the pages are read. Something real and practical.



## TESTIMONIALS.

"OUR INGLENOOK, good from its birth, grows better and better week by week." Nancy D. Underhill, Colorado.



"WE wish to congratulate you on the improvement of the INGLENOOK. It is now a very interesting little magazine, and one of which we may be proud, when we say it is 'our magazine.' We have heard the same feeling expressed by some of our other missionaries, as to its improvement. And we believe it will continue to grow."—Effie V. Long, India.



"'TIS growing in value."—Emma Horning, Colorado.



"THE INGLENOOK is continually progressing."—Richard Seidel, N. J.



"I AM sure that your paper has a place in our American world of magazines. For it not only 'preaches clean literature,' but what is far better, it 'prints clean literature.'"—Wm. L. Judy, Pa.

## THE MURDER.

J. O. BARNHART.

"Good-bye, sweet ones," the mother bird said,  
As she roused her little ones from their bed,  
"I must go and look for your daily bread."

And the little ones all were happy.

"Good-bye, good-bye, you must all be good,  
Till I bring you your breakfast from the wood."  
And they all said, "yes," for they understood,  
And the little ones all were happy.

"And when all my darlings have been fed,  
And tucked again in your nice warm bed,  
I must look for your papa, then," she said,  
And the little ones all were happy.

"'Tis three days since he went away,  
I wonder so much what makes him stay,  
I am so lonely all the day,"  
And the mother was very unhappy.

"Good-bye, good-bye, till I come again,  
And bring your food from the forest glen,"  
And they answered, "Good-bye, good-bye," for then  
The little birds all were happy.

Yes she flew away but she never came back,  
For the cruel hunter was on her track,  
And every time his rifle cracked,  
The hunter, he was happy.

Where she dropped to the ground the sod was red  
With her dear heart's blood, as she fell down dead,  
"Farewell, dear birds," was the last she said.  
But the hunter he was happy.

He put her in a blood-stained sack,  
He always carried upon his back,  
And every time his rifle cracked,  
The hunter, he was happy.

He carried her off with a hundred more,  
To the city, unto a market store,  
Whose sign was a dead bird over the door,  
And the hunter, he was happy.

The merchant, he laid them all away  
With a thousand more he'd bought that day,  
And he laughed, "ha! ha!" as the price he paid,  
For the merchant he was happy.

But the little birds left alone in the nest,  
They cried till the sun went down in the west,  
And longed for their tender mother's breast,  
All lonely and all unhappy.

And under the stars they cried and cried,  
And perished of hunger side by side,  
But God beheld when the orphans died,  
All sorrowful and unhappy.

And the mother bird found the father that day,  
As in the merchant's dark cellar she lay,  
But he too was dead, and he could not say,  
Why he left them all unhappy.

He could not stay, but the hunter could tell,  
For he knew the spot where the father bird fell,  
And his rifle's sharp crack was the funeral knell,  
That left them all unhappy.

But who was to blame for the slaughter and sin,  
That made the hunter and bird-seller grin?  
Who is it fills their pockets with tin,  
And makes them all so happy?

Is it the milliner over the way,  
Who decks all her windows with great display  
Of bonnets and birds in such splendid array,  
While young birds are left unhappy?

Is it the milliner? No, ah, no,  
Those bonnet-trimmed windows are not just for show,  
She makes the bird-bonnets to sell, you know,  
And it makes her very happy,

To see her customers pleased so well,  
For all of those wonderful bonnets she sells,  
And who are the customers, can you tell,  
That make the milliner happy?

If you do not know, why, then you ought,  
For one of those bird-trimmed hats you just bought,  
And so long you had tried and so long you had sought,  
Ere you found one to make you happy.

But when you beheld it you did not see  
The kind mother bird and her children three,  
In their warm cosy nest in the maple tree,  
And all so glad and happy.

You never could guess how the little birds died,  
You never could know how long they cried,  
And suffered to pamper your foolish pride,  
And perished so unhappy.

But it was your money that paid such a price,  
The price of their blood, not just once or twice,  
And you thot, yes you thot they were all so nice,  
And seemed so glad and happy.

But the one that you bought was only just one  
Of thousands of thousands, all killed with a gun,  
Of the hunter who doesn't just do it for fun,  
He does it to make **you** happy.

And hundreds of hunters are doing this thing,  
All over the land every day in the spring,  
For they know you will buy all their plumes and their  
wings,  
And be so well pleased and happy.

But the very next time you remove with such care,  
That exquisite hat from its box to wear,  
Just tarry a moment, a moment while there,  
While you are so glad and happy,

And ere that most lovely creation you try,  
You who would never harm even a fly,  
Just look that dead bird, that dead bird in the eye,  
Whose orphans were left unhappy.

Behold with your eye, and then hear with your ear,  
And while the sad cry of those orphans you hear,  
Then turn to that God whom you claim to revere,  
Who made all his creatures so happy.

And ask him to help you to merciful be,  
And may you live long all his goodness to see,  
In field and in garden, in flower and tree,  
Then will all his creatures be happy.

And with his blest children may you, too, enjoy,  
The time when they neither shall hurt nor destroy,  
And never shall care, grief, nor anguish alloy  
The seasons that pass all so happy,

And thru boundless realms of beauty so rare,  
We'll soar like the birds free from fear and from care,  
And dwell with the righteous in mansions so fair,  
And be ever glad and happy.

Chesterville, Illinois.





## What Books Shall We Read

Luella G. Foglesanger

### WHAT BOOKS SHALL WE READ?

LUELLA G. FOGLESANGER.

WE are usually careful about the selection of our friends, and well we should be, but we are usually not so careful in the selection of the books which we read. We should shrink from associating with a person who was uncultured or unrefined, yet we will not hesitate to pick up a light trashy book, and read it just for pastime, or to rest the mind after study. It would be better for both the moral and physical nature, if this time were spent in the fresh, open air taking exercise of some kind. The mind would thus be restored to its normal condition, and no evil effects would result.

Many writers cannot conceive great and good characters, they are not capable of portraying noble men and women, so they content themselves with creating mediocre characters. Their characters are swayed by ruling passions, usually the passion of love, and there is nothing inspiring or uplifting in them. The author who writes trashy literature and publishes it, scattering it broadcast over the land is committing a greater sin than if he gave his readers so many grains of poison. By doing the latter he is simply poisoning the body; but by the former he is poisoning the soul, that, before, was pure and spotless. Boys and girls have been lost morally, thru the reading of one single bad book.

The period between 16 and 25 in a young man's life and between 16 and 21 in a young lady's life is the critical period. This is known to be the adolescent period. The adolescent mind is filled with hopes, dreams, tempestuous passions, and religious ideals. Excitement and amusements are necessary at this period to satisfy the inward cravings of the soul. It is at this time that the individual comes into the highest powers of the body, and also of the highest powers of the soul. He is sensitive to all moulding influences; he is an idealist; he is a hero worshiper—a hero worshiper almost as great as Carlyle himself. Ideals are formed largely by the books read during this period. If we read detective stories, stage coach robberies, cheap love stories, blood-curdling ruffian

stories, our ideals will be the heroes and heroines of these stories. We endeavor to be like them and prove to be so to the sorrow and disappointment of our friends. Deforming the body is nothing in comparison with deforming the soul; and just as the body of the child is most easily deformed before the age of five, so the mind during the adolescent period can be most easily deformed and injured. How careful then we should be in the selection of our reading material at this time.

Thru the boy and the girl surges the desire to be, to know, to feel all that is highest, truest, best. They may keep their aspirations hidden from even their nearest friends but their souls are filled with dreams of perfection, even of suffering that they may rise to higher levels. It is now that the boy and girl should read Sir Walter Scott's Historical Novels, the embodiment of action, of chivalry and of high ideals. His *Ivanhoe* is a vivid picture of the knight and castle; his *Talisman* revives the days of the Crusaders; his *Kenilworth* gives us a glimpse of the brilliant days of Queen Elizabeth; in his *Old Mortality* we are introduced to the grand old Scotch Covenanters. These books are all intensely interesting and appeal especially to the boy in the adolescent period. The history in these novels is not always accurate, but it has been said that altho the hair lines in Scott's pictures may be neglected, most persons can learn more truth from studying his gallery of historic scenes than from poring over volumes of documents and state papers. It is in the adolescent period that Dicken's characters seem most real and life like. Little David Copperfield seems so companionable and quaint, and we weep over little Oliver Twist's hardships and sufferings. It is now his Christmas carols seem most exquisite and pathetic. Dickens awakens philanthropic desires, a love for those less fortunate than ourselves. He broadens our sympathies, and since we are most susceptible to these influences while we are young, we should read his works for their elevating tendencies. If we want something humorous, turn to his *Pickwick Papers* and spend an hour or so with Sam Weller. A good hearty laugh over Sam's awkwardness, stupidity

and wit will do any one good. The pages of Dickens are unsullied and he instructs, amuses and ennobs. Become better acquainted with him.

It is so important to cultivate a taste for good classic literature. Some people go thru life believing that all literature bearing the classic stamp is dry, heavy and uninteresting. It is simply because they have read the wrong thing first. If you give a boy of fourteen "Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture" to read he will not appreciate it. If you follow this up by giving him "Wordsworth's Intimations of Immortality," or George Eliot's "Romola," he will be disgusted with it all. He will form a dislike for good literature and look for something ordinary and full of life. Give him Fenimore Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales," and he will devour them one after the other. He will go romping thru them as a young horse in a new pasture. Our greatest writers have given us plenty to suit all ages and conditions, and if we do not like their works, it is simply because we have not found what suits our age and temperament. Literature is the best that has been thought and felt by the race,—then why not make the acquaintance of these great souled men.

We can all cultivate a love for poetry if we begin by reading some of the simpler ballads. Any one can enjoy Shelley's "The Cloud," "To a Skylark," and "Ode to the West Wind," Burns', Longfellow's, Whittier's and Lowell's poems. Some one has said that poems are simply the lessons poets learned from life and which they sing to all generations. Their souls are often laid bare and we see and understand them better sometimes than we understand our associates about us. We cannot expect to understand and appreciate Shakespeare; we cannot grasp the sublimity of Milton, if we do not first cultivate a love for poetry by reading short, simple poems. The treasures of Shakespeare are forever locked to us if we do not first climb to him step by step. Poetry naturally appeals more to girls than to boys—there is something in their nature which responds to the sentiment and musical rythm of a beautiful poem; but, even tho it does go hard at first for the boys, it is worth while. It is worth all their efforts of perseverance; it is worth all their efforts of dogged persistence. At whatever cost cultivate a taste for poetry during the adolescent period. Poetry has a refining influence which prose does not have. Show me a boy or girl who is fond of poetry, and I will show you a boy or girl who has fine sensibilities and high ideals.

A good wholesome writer is Louisa Alcott. Her "Little Men and Little Women," her "Old Fashioned Girl," her "Eight Cousins" and "Jo's Boys," are books for both girls and boys. We do not mean that no other books should be read except those which bear the classic stamp. Some very good books are "The Crisis" by Churchill, "The Man without a Country" by Edward Everett Hale, "The Little Shepherd of

Kingdom Come," "When Knighthood was in Flower," "The Wide, Wide World," "The Man from Glengarry," "A Singular Life," "John Halifax Gentleman," "Lost, Yet Found," "The Night of the 20th Century," "The First Violin," "Always Happy," "The Lamplighter" and "The Call of the Twentieth Century."

I have named only a few of the good books which can be had, but in choosing books always select one by an author who has a good recommendation. Don't read a book by an unknown author unless recommended by one whom you know to be a competent judge. If you start a book or story and you feel it is not making you better, throw it aside without finishing.

There is another kind of books which we should read, and that is books telling us about our own organization and which will help us to lead good, pure lives. Horace Mann has said of himself, "I was taught all about the motions of the planets as carefully as if they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to contract their orbits; but about my own organization I was left in profound ignorance." If this mistake has been made in our education we have access to books and literature which will enlighten us in many respects, and if we do not avail ourselves of these opportunities we can only blame ourselves if we make grave mistakes in our lives. Girls should read Mrs. Mary Wood Allen's books for girls, and Margaret Sangster's books; boys should read Sylvanus Stall's books for young men. A magazine is now published by the name of "*Purity Advocate*" which should be found in every home in the United States. (The INGLENOOK expects to cover much of the ground covered by the *Purity Advocate*. Editor.)

Roosevelt has said, "There are great problems ahead of us as a nation, but the really greatest problem is the problem of making better men and women of all of us." I would add that this question would be more than half answered if we all used the greatest care in the selection of our books, and then read, read, read.

Elizabethtown, Pa.



#### A LOST SON.

WE want to learn the whereabouts of John W. Buzzard. He volunteered in the U. S. Army at Ft. Dodge, Iowa, in 1899, entering Co. A., of U. S. Infantry. He served three years in the Philippines, came back to San Francisco and reenlisted for three years more in Co. I., U. S. Infantry. Served for two years at Newport, Ft. Thomas, Ky., and was discharged at Ft. Sheridan, Ill., in April 1905. We have not heard from him since that time. He is our son, is thirty-one years old and we are anxious to know what became of him. Any information concerning him will be appreciated.—*Eliza E. Buzzard, Knoxville, Iowa.*



# A Christmas Sleigh Ride

Elizabeth Royer

IN the little village of Morris was Miss Amanda Parmalie's Finishing School for Girls, and the Morris Academy for boys. Now the rules of Miss Parmalie's school were very strict. After ten o'clock at night when the lights were turned out by Miss Parmalie herself, there could be no more talking, and all of her young charges were supposed to be quietly dreaming of how very well they would have their lessons on the following day. Every afternoon, for one hour, Miss Parmalie's sister, Miss Maria, led the girls for their daily walk in paths far from the Morris Academy. On no other occasion would any of them dare step outside the high board fence that enclosed the school yard, except on Saturday afternoon, when all who had had perfect behavior during the week were allowed to go shopping in the little village stores, or to call on some of their girl friends. As Miss Parmalie had a very high ideal of perfect behavior, the village stores were not greatly benefited by the additional population during the school year. However, the boys of the Morris Academy were not hampered by any such rules, for they boarded with various families in the town and were their own masters, much to their pride and emulation.

Christmas came on Tuesday, and the fifteen girls who were left alone on Friday to spend the holidays were either lamenting their misfortune or else planning how to get around the rules and have a little fun, as they sat in the schoolroom on Saturday evening awaiting the ringing of the study bell.

"Well, I don't see what we can do," complained Edith Brubaker.

"We can't do anything. That's all there is to it. Of course Miss Parmalie won't let us go anywhere, and who cares for an old turkey dinner if we can't have some fun too. Say, wouldn't it be fine if we could have a sleigh ride! The roads are just right." Kate Merrick who had been reading in a corner threw her book aside and came closer to the circle of girls around the fire.

"Maybe something nice will turn up," meekly suggested Estella Myers. She was only thirteen and not a favorite with the other girls.

"O yes, Stell, of course something nice will turn up in this school, especially if we sit down and hold our hands. Like as not Miss Parmalie will play tag with us and have a party and invite all the boys," said Mary Crawford.

"You don't need to be so cross about it, Mary.

Be still, girls, I hear someone coming," commanded Kate.

The door opened and in popped Ada Foster with

her hair all blown about, and her cheeks rosy from the wind.

"O girls, you—er—er, say Stell, won't you go up and hunt my "math" for me? There's a dear. Come, go at once. Altho anxious to stay and hear what was said Stell also wanted to keep on the good side of the older ones, so she went away on her errand.

"You can't guess what I know," cried Ada, and they all gathered around her exclaiming and coaxing her to tell at once. "Well, since Stell is out of the way I will tell you. She is not to be in it. I got a perfect mark last week and Parmalie let me go to see cousin Ruth. Harry Blain and Carl Raymond were there, too, all afternoon."

"You lucky girl," interrupted several.

"Don't talk until you hear what I have to say. We planned the best sleigh ride for Monday night that ever was."

"But we can't go," came from several.

"Yes we can. Now listen, or Stell will be back and let it out. On Monday night when the study bell rings at seven we will go to our rooms and pretend to study, but as soon as all is quiet, Kate, you and Edith that room down there next to the window that faces the back fence, must sneak out of your room and open the window and crawl out. Harry is going to take one of the pickets off the fence so we can get thru and a lot of the boys will be waiting with two bobs."

"Do you suppose we can do it?" shouted the girls.

"Sure we can. Just wait 'til I get thru telling you. Then May, you and Gerty come next and so on until we all get out. Now remember Stell is not to know."

"Well, we can't keep it from her. She is always tagging some of us."

"Yes we can. She has special permission to go and see that wonderful aunt of hers on Monday afternoon, and she won't get back until time for the bell. Then she will have to go to her room and change her things, and we must get out while she is doing it. If she catches us we will have to take her, or she will tell on us and spoil it all."

"It seems mean not to take her," said Edith.

"Now Ede, you know how she acts. Don't be so awful good. It won't hurt her to stay here," replied Ada.

"I know, but she is the youngest of us all, and we ought to be kind to her."

"We will take all the blame, won't we girls, so you needn't hurt your conscience over it, Ede."

"Suppose Miss Parmalie should see us. What

would we do?" asked Kate who stood in awe of Miss Parmalie.

"She won't because she and Miss Maria always talk over our shortcomings in the evening. Its lucky too, that the recitation rooms are between ours and hers. or she could hear us. If she should happen to come down the hall and meet one of us at the window, we must make some excuse and go back. Each of us must wait until the other is clear thru the fence before we get out. If we don't make any noise she can't possibly know what we are doing. Then we can come back by the time the ten o'clock bell rings and climb in again, and all be in our beds when Miss Maria comes around to see that all is well."

"Hush! here comes Stell." And they all started to talk of something else as Stell came in with the book for Ada.

Over Sunday there were many whispered conversations, plans were made and remade for the outcome of their excursion. At first some were afraid to undertake it, but on Monday evening when the time came all were ready to go and anxious for the fun. They were so interested in their own plans that they had not noticed an unusual quietness on Stell's part, and if they had, they would hardly have given it thought, except perhaps to be glad for the relief from her continual chatter. However, Stell had sharp eyes and knew how to make use of them. On the evening when Ada and the girls had planned the ride, she had listened at the door and had heard enough to decide that she was going along, whether they wanted her or not. She could crawl out of the window as well as any of them, and better than some, for she did not care for spoiling her clothes, and if she was once out with the rest, they would have to take her.

The seven o'clock bell rang on Monday evening and the girls went to their rooms as usual. Kate and Edith waited a little and then crawled out of the window, found the hole in the fence, and were received joyfully by the boys waiting with the bobs. One after another the girls came out, and congratulated themselves upon their escape from Stell as well as from Miss Parmalie. Mary was the last one to go, and just as she had dropped out of the window and pulled it shut after her Stell came from her room and opened it again to follow, when Miss Parmalie entered the other end of the hall and was beside her before she knew it.

"Estella Myers, may I ask what you are doing here cooling off the house and taking your death of cold?"

"Why—a—a Miss Parmalie, I—a—a just came here to look out a minute."

"Look out a minute! Go to your room at once and make better use of your time."

"Yes, Miss Parmalie."

"Hurry, close the window and don't let me come here again and find it open."

"Yes, Miss Parmalie." And Stell was compelled to return to her room while Miss Parmalie watched her until her door closed.

"I thought I heard someone outside the window. I wonder if that child could have been talking to some boy. She looked guilty," said Miss Parmalie to herself. She raised the window carefully and looked all around but could see nothing unusual, as the back yard was shaded by large evergreen trees making it impossible for her to see the tracks in the snow, for she was near sighted and rarely wore her spectacles because they made her look old. Satisfying herself that all was well and feeling gratified that all her young charges were studying so quietly on the very evening when she had expected the most trouble, she went back again to Miss Maria and spent the evening entertaining several callers who came in.

Stell was left alone. She had heard the sleigh bells jingle as the bobs drove away while Miss Parmalie was talking to her, and then she knew that there was no use thinking of going with the rest. What could she do? They had gone without her, and she had not even been able to follow them, and now she must do something to get even. It would be so much better for Miss Parmalie to catch them coming in thru the window than for her to tell. After thinking a while she finally decided upon a plan. She knew where the girls kept everything for she had been in their rooms so often, and therefore it was no trouble for her to find the keys to their doors which they had left open. A little while before it was time for them to come back, she locked all of their doors and took the keys to her room and locked herself in. Then she waited at the keyhole listening for them to come. All of the other rooms in the building had been locked by the ones who had gone home, so she knew that none could sleep in any of them, and anyway when Miss Maria would come to see that all was well, she would find out that they were not in their own rooms and report to Miss Parmalie who would investigate.

A few minutes before ten she heard the window raised and someone get in. Then several more came. They stood about waiting for the rest a little while and then several went to their doors and tried to get in. In a moment they found out their trouble and were back again at the window telling all the rest. She could hear their whispers and catch fragments of their conversation.

"I believe it was that mean little Stell. We might have known that she would find us out. There's not a thing but what she sticks her nose in it," said Ada wrathfully.

"We'll pay her back for this. She can't escape us," said another.

"Well anyway," said Kate, "She can't spoil all of our good time."

"I should say she can't," answered one.



Mary pulled out her watch and exclaimed, "Girls, it's almost ten. We have got to do something or Miss Maria will come and catch us."

"I have an idea," whispered Ada.

"Good for you, Ada. Tell us."

"I am going to go to Miss Parmalie's room and ask her for the master key. I will tell her that I am sick and want to get into the store room to get some quinine. Then we can open all the doors and I can take back the key." "Just the thing. Hurry up."

Ada threw off her wraps and started toward Miss Parmalie's room. She knocked timidly and asked for the key. Miss Parmalie was very amiable for she had enjoyed a pleasant evening visiting, and had not been troubled with the girls.

"Why Ada," she said, "That is too bad. What is the matter?"

"Oh, I don't feel good. My head aches," said Ada.

"You look like you had a bad fever. I certainly hope you aren't going to be sick. How red your cheeks are. I will go along with you to help find it."

"Oh, Miss Parmalie, you needn't trouble yourself. I am not very bad. Please leave me go alone. I do not want to trouble you."

"No, I shall go with you. You look ill, and if you should get sick, I never want to give occasion to any one to say that I neglected you."

Poor Ada could do nothing but walk meekly back thru the hall and meet the girls. Miss Parmalie started at the sight of them.

"Young ladies, what does this mean?" she asked.

No one answered.

"Will someone kindly tell me at once what the meaning of this is. Why are you not in your rooms? You all know that it is against the rules for you to be in the halls at this time of the evening. Why do you all have your wraps on?"

Still no one answered. What could they say?

Stell was listening at the door and laughing within herself. This was certainly better than she had expected. For Ada, the very one who had insisted on her not going, to be caught in this way was too good. She had never had much self-control and now she gave way to laughing so that it became audible in the hall, and Miss Parmalie came to the door and demanded that it be opened.

"Estella, open this door at once and explain this behavior to me. Are you up to some mischief?"

Stell came meekly out.

"No ma'am, I haven't done anything. Ask the girls."

Finally after much commanding the whole story came out. Miss Parmalie was shocked beyond description. To think that all the teaching she had given had resulted no better than this. What could she say to their parents when they asked why their daughters

had been allowed to go sleighing unchaperoned? She had no words in which to express herself. The girls stood guilty before her. At last Edith came forward and said, "Miss Parmalie, we haven't any excuse to make. We wanted to have our fun. We have had it. Now tell us our punishment and leave us go."

At last Miss Parmalie could speak. She poured out her wrath upon them as they had never heard her before and ended up by saying, "You appreciate nothing whatever that is done for you. For punishment you will not be allowed to go out on any Saturday night during this term. On New Year's Eve Miss Maria and I had planned a little party for you. We were going to break over our rules once and allow you to invite your friends, either boys or girls, and try to give you a good time, but now we will not do it. We certainly cannot have confidence in any of you. Estella, you are as guilty as the rest. I understand now why you were at the window. Get the keys for the girls and all of you go to bed at once." She walked away and left them looking shamefacedly at each other.

"Oh," said Ada regretfully, "If we only could have waited until New Year's! Think what a lovely party we could have had."

"Come on" said Kate, "Let's go to bed and think what a lovely time we have had."

*Elgin, Ill.*

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## HOW THE SNOW COMES DOWN.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

The snowflakes come playfully fluttering down,  
They softly, silently fall.  
They cover the fields, the houses, the trees,  
Transforming them each and all  
Into fairylands, wonderful, spotless and new,  
Where each house is a palace fair;  
The garden, the highway, the ice-roofed stream  
Are so white and so still everywhere.

The snowflakes come rapidly fluttering down,  
They vie with the northern blast  
That tosses, and blows them, and whirls them about  
As they come still more thickly and fast;  
That gathers them up into high fleecy drifts,  
Or scatters them far and near,  
Till the fluffy-winged flakes, all aweary with play,  
Nestle close to the earth brown and sere.

The snowflakes come furiously fluttering down,  
Till the blinding storm is done.  
Then over the hills, the houses, the fields  
They glean in the shining sun,  
And all thru the long, cold, winter time,  
While the icy northwinds blow,  
They tenderly wrap the earth in sleep.  
Such beautiful, wonderful snow!

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## Caring for Lawns.

It is never well to use manure on lawns, for it introduces a world of weeds and often tough grasses which choke out the lawn grass entirely and drain the soil of its nourishment.

Bone-meal applied at the rate of about 65 to 70 pounds for each 5,000 square feet of land—otherwise every 50 by 100 foot plot—is probably the best fertilizer generally for the lawn or garden. It is sold by the ton or at retail in sacks of different sizes, 100 pounds costing \$2.

## DIVERSITY OF GIFTS.

BERTHA DELP.

CLOSE by there is a family in which there are four sisters. Three of these sisters have some work, which besides being of a pecuniary value, is also an accomplishment. One is handy with the needle and is a dressmaker; one is a school-teacher; and the third loves music and books; but the Giver of gifts seems to have forgotten the fourth, for her fingers seem too stiff and awkward for the piano. She cannot remember dates in history nor solve arithmetic problems. Sewing does not come natural to her and in society she seems backward and silent.

Shall we say she is unfortunate? That she is, the unlucky one of the family? Ah! wait and decide after you have learned a little more about her.

Do you see those flowers in the window and those out in the yard? Who takes care of them? Why, Mary does. She spends so much time with them, and we could not do without them. They make the room so cheerful.

What a nice flock of chickens you have! Yes, Mary takes care of them. She seems to have better success than any one else.

Who does your washing and ironing? You seem to get so much work done, and yet your girls are busy with their school work and sewing? Why, Mary does it. We could not get along without Mary.

Mary, the girl who has no special gift, is the one we could not do without, for it is she who does the little things which nobody else wants to do or has time for. It is she to whom father and brother come for the extra jobs. Mother can always depend on her and the sisters call upon her when they are in a hurry.

Always cheerful and ready, home would not be home without Mary. For, not meaning to be unkind, the others leave the unpleasant tasks for her. If Mary would take a visit of several weeks perhaps the others would learn to appreciate her more. We could not dispense with the Marys, what we need to do is to be more kind and thoughtful to them.

If any who read this happen to be the Mary of the family let me say to you, "Your gift is of far more value than that of your more brilliant sisters. We need you in our homes to make them brighter and better. God has given you your gift. You may never become famous in that which the world calls famous. You may not even be known outside of the community in which you live, but God sees and remembers your labors."

It is the home-girl who makes the true home and the true mother. From these homes come the true men and women, who rise up and call her blessed.

The home-girl has a great opportunity in helping to make her brothers what they are. She can make the home such that they will not want to leave it for

the streets or places of harmful amusements. She can teach them truth and purity by her own life so that they will choose friends and companions of the noblest and best.

So keep on making our home cheerful and good, and do not look upon your work as drudgery, altho some of your friends may. Make it a noble calling by noble thinking.

The lowest work may be exalted by a noble mind and again the highest and noblest calling can be debased by an ignoble mind.

There is a tendency for girls of today, to leave the home for the office, etc. Let me urge you not to do it, but educate and prepare yourself for a home-girl.

*New Murdock, Kansas.*

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## MEDICAL ITEMS WORTH REMEMBERING.

Carbolic Acid.

DR. B.

CARBOLIC acid is a common but dangerous article and very few homes are without some quantity of the drug. Many accidents result from its careless usage, and many children are either injured or poisoned from it in an accidental way.

While the drug possesses some good medical qualities yet its destructive power to tissue is such that no bottle containing it should be allowed in a home without a poison label on the bottle.

As an antiseptic dressing to sores or cuts, twenty drops of the drug to one quart of cold, boiled water is of proper strength for either man or beast.

If any part of the body is burned by the acid a thick paste of common baking soda should be applied, or even a paste of common lime applied for a few minutes, and when removed apply cider vinegar. Many people apply the pure acid to kill corns and in every case of such practice evil results follow.

In such a case keep a soda paste constantly applied until the action of the acid is destroyed. The juice of lemon will also act well for such cases.

If the drug has been swallowed, weak cider vinegar or lemon juice may be swallowed, or even strong soap water may be drank. Epsom salts in solution is also a good agent to kill its destructive action. One thing to be remembered is that no glycerine or oil is to be given.

Another article that is in every home is one of the many washing teas or lye. If a child receives a burn or has swallowed the article apply either lemon juice or cider vinegar to the burn, and give weakened cider vinegar to drink if the lye has been swallowed. Soon follow this with sweet milk or cream, and then cause a vomit. To avoid accidents keep each bottle of medicine properly labeled and in a secure place out of the reach of children.



## FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

ETHA EVANS BEISEL.

Do you save the cooking recipes you find in your different papers and magazines? There are many excellent ones obtained in this manner that do not find their way into cook books. But instead of saving the clippings in an odd jumble and in such a confusion that one isn't tempted to use them on account of the time that must be consumed to find the required one, try using the card system. It is so simple and so convenient.

Make your cards of uniform size and large enough to receive a medium-sized printed or written recipe. Paste each recipe on a separate card. Or, if a recipe is to be copied, write it on the card in a neat manner. Then have the good husband fix a box with several compartments in and label each compartment for that which it is to contain. There will be one for all the cake recipes, one for the pies, one for the puddings, etc. Then when one is compounding some delicacy it is so much nicer to have just a card lying on the table before one, than to have a cook book lying open with a tendency to close when one's hands are the busiest. And then one knows just where to look for one's favorite recipe and the trouble arising from having to sort over a miscellaneous collection of recipes is saved.

Discard the recipes of no value and save the tested ones. This idea as to arrangement did not originate with me, but it is such a good one, that I want to pass it on to the INGLENOOK readers.

*Buford, N. Dak.*

This is a capital idea. We want more household hints. Who will give the next one? Let's have one each week.—Ed.



## SPIRITUAL FLASHES.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

It is Within You.

If you do not wish for the kingdom of heaven, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And to work for it you must know what it is; we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to come outside of us; but in the hearts of us. "The kingdom of God is within you." And, being within us, it is not to be seen, but to be felt; and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful, and helpful spirit.

**The Successful Minister.**

A GREAT many attempts have been made to answer the question: "What is the first quality of a successful minister of the Gospel?" Some would say

scholarship; some logical power; some oratory; but it seems to me that the first characteristic of the great preacher is, the *spirit of helpfulness*; one who loves to help men and women; one who goes about doing good, to whom an opportunity of doing good to a human being is a benediction more precious than gold and silver; one who has this quality cannot fail in his work even though there are many things which he lacks. All the other gifts and attainments without this one, cannot make him successful. With this, blessed by the Holy Spirit, he cannot fail to be useful. He who loves man for man's sake will be loved by men, and he will place his impress upon them not only for time, but for eternity.

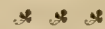


## VINES—WHICH?

BY AUNT MARY.

"WHAT are some good vines and plants for shading windows and porches?" INGLENOOK, page 131.

Replying to this question would say that as far as my experience goes, I have never found a vine with more good qualities than "*Clematis Paniculata*." During its season of bloom, August and September, it is a sheet of white, fragrant and dainty and lovely in every way. If planted with a northern exposure it will retain its glossy foliage far into the winter. I have three vines, four years old, from seed, which were a beautiful sight last season, but would advise getting the rooted plants, which are advertised in all leading seed catalogs. The tender *Hydrangea* is a lovely plant to place at the foot of this vine, or, in fact, it is a desirable plant anywhere, if it can have shade during the heat of the day.



## THE OLD WOOD.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

To me, no dull insensate growth,  
Those heirs of time appear;  
But life with thot and feeling both,  
My fancy findeth here.

A purpose held, an upward aim,  
Those sylvan monarchs teach;  
The finer traits that man may claim  
Seems attributes of each.

How deep the strong oaks grasp the soil,  
At danger, loud they scoff;  
The tempest in its strength they foil  
And hurl its dark clouds off.

Theirs is the nature that achieves,  
No yielding there is found;  
The very rustle of their leaves  
Assumes a martial sound.

Of gentler mold of softer wood,  
One prone to praise or dream;  
A stately poet of the wood,  
The lofty pine doth seem.

And softly thru its tender leaves  
The wind is mourning on,

As when some noble spirit grieves  
For some great hope now gone.

Scarce matched in beauty of them all,  
On high the elms extend,  
Graceful as fountain in its fall,  
Their long, lithe branches bend.

The autumn touch of beauty brings  
New charm upon the trees;  
The glory of a thousand kings  
May not compare with these.

The maple, dyed in sunset hues,  
Would dim the Hebrew's throne;  
And Sheba's Queen would scarce refuse  
To say she was outshone.

A saffron tint the beech receives,  
The birch's boughs turn pale;  
O'er ledge and crag the berry leaves  
In dark red streamers trail.

In sunset robes the ivy lies,  
Upon its mound of stones;  
A scarlet sash the woodbine ties  
Around the cedar's cone.

And over all the autumn air,  
Lies like a golden flood;  
The work of God seen perfect there  
Within the grand old wood.



#### THE GOOD WE CAN ALL DO BY PASSING IT ALONG.

"THERE go the Andersons in their new automobile," said Augusta, as they sat on the vine-shaded piazza.

"I'm crazy for a ride in a real auto, and I've never even set foot in one. People *are* selfish, and I don't suppose Maude Anderson will ever think of inviting me."

"Well," said her Friend Mattie, "I don't suppose they realize what a great treat it would be to you or me." She hesitated a moment, then continued boldly "just as *you* don't realize what an immense pleasure it would be to mamma if you would invite her some time when you are going for a long drive. Of course, *I've* been with you lots of times, Gustie, but I've often wanted to ask you to let mamma have my place some time. She never has anything but trolley rides you know."

"Why, I never thought of it," said Augusta, promptly. "Why didn't you ask me before? We've always had a horse and have been so used to driving that I never thought it would be any special pleasure. Tell your mamma I'll call for her Saturday, and we will take the prettiest ride I can find—where trolley-cars won't take one."

When Mattie told her mother of the invitation that evening, Mrs. Loring's face lighted up. "Indeed, I should like it very much, but wouldn't Augusta enjoy it more if you went instead?"

"No, mamma; she really wants *you* this time. I'm not invited at all," laughed Mattie. She had not told her mother of the conversation that led to the invitation,

and that the first suggestion of the drive had come from Mattie herself.

"It has been a long day," said Mrs. Loring, "since I've had anything more than a car ride."

"Dade, thin," said Mrs. Murphy, who had just brought back the laundry, and had stopped a few minutes, at Mrs. Loring's invitation to rest and enjoy the cool glass of lemonade that was very refreshing after her long walk, "it's meself would be glad to get a car ride now and thin—'way out to the parks, wid me little Maggie—but it's precious few nickels I can be sparin' fer car rides this summer."

Mrs. Loring and Mattie gave a quick glance at each other as the same thought flashed through their minds. Had they not neglected a very simple means of giving pleasure to others? They could well afford the money to give Mrs. Murphy and her ten-year-old Maggie a refreshing car ride at times.

"Mrs. Murphy, when I have my pleasant carriage drive next Saturday, I'd like to think that you and Maggie are having an outing too. You can take these dimes and enjoy a good ride. It will give me real pleasure."

"Wasn't Mrs. Loring good to give us this lovely ride?" said Maggie to her mother, as, in the very front seat of an electric car, they rode out to one of the beautiful parks the next Saturday afternoon.

"Yis, indade," said Mrs. Murphy. "And 'tis meself was wishin' we cud 'a' brought Biddy Ryan's little lame Timmie along wid us. How he would 'a' liked to see the green grass and the yaller buttercups!"

Maggie puzzled over this for some time. She knew it cost money for car rides, and she knew her mother had none to spare. It was hard work sometimes to get enough to pay the landlord and to buy food.

Before the ride was over, she had solved the problem. "Mama, I think Mrs. McCarthy would lind me her baby-carriage, and I could wheel Timmie over to the square, where he could see the fountain and the grass and the trees, and it would be nice and cool. He wouldn't be very heavy, if he *is* 'most five. Can I?"

"Yis, dear; an' it's a good thought, darlin';" responded Mrs. Murphy.

So the deed of kindness was "passed along." And each one found it was in her power to give pleasure to others—to share what seemed a simple thing to her, but meant much to others less fortunate than herself. —*Exchange*.



#### CHINESE AND AMERICANS.

We bake bread; the Chinese people steam it.

In rowing a boat we pull; they push.

We keep to the right; they keep to the left.

We use a soft pillow; they use a hard one.

Our sign of mourning is black; theirs is white.

We shake a friend's hand; they shake their own.

We locate intellect in the brain; they locate it in the stomach.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### A GREAT CITY ENFORCES PROHIBITION.

When I asked Senator Curtis of Kansas the other day whether the enforcement of the Prohibition law in that state had been injurious to business and whether it had retarded the development of the state, as has been so frequently represented, he referred me to C. W. Trickett, the assistant state attorney, who had been in charge of the prosecution of the liquor sellers in the thriving town of Kansas City, Kans., which lies immediately across the river from the Missouri city of that name and is the second largest live stock and meat packing center west of Chicago.

It has also extensive grain and flour trade, eighteen elevators, large smelting and refining works, the Missouri Pacific, Union Pacific and Rock Island railway shops and several other important industries.

The population, about 100,000, is composed very largely of foreigners, who are accustomed to the liberal habits of the European countries in drinking wine and beer, and the slum element is said to have been larger before the recent cleansing took place than in any other place of the same number of inhabitants in the nation.

At the same time there has always been a very large and determined element in favor of law and order and the enforcement of the Prohibition law.

For many years the city government was elected by the liquor element, which controlled the voting population, and were able to poll 2,000 majority for a mayor whose campaign platform was: "The saloons shall run."

Mr. Trickett, having been appointed assistant state attorney, was instructed by Governor Hoch to close up the saloons and enforce the Prohibition law in Kansas City, and he did it. When I asked him to tell me how it was done Mr. Trickett said:

"On June 8, 1906, there were 256 saloons in Wyandotte County, Kan., of which Kansas City is the seat. There were 200 gambling houses and more than sixty houses of evil repute.

"On July 3 following there was not a saloon nor a gambling house nor a disorderly house in the county, and there has been none since.

"Today Kansas City, Kan., is the largest city in the world without a saloon, a gambling den or a bawdy house. By reason of that fact and of the publicity given to it I have received inquiries from Germany, France, England and Canada as to the effects upon the morals of the people, upon poverty and crime and upon business and commerce.

### Believe Saloon Is a Necessity.

"There are thousands of good people all over the country who believe that the sale of liquor and dens of vice are necessary to the prosperity of a city or state.

"I recall that when the fight started in our county delegation after delegation of business men protested and said if we closed the saloons it would stop our growth, destroy the business of the merchants, deplete the deposits of the banks, stop the erection of buildings, render houses vacant, increase taxation, reduce the price of real estate, cause people to go over to Kansas City, Mo., to do their shopping and spend their money and ruin our town generally.

"One day a delegation composed of two bankers and three merchants, who had been appointed by the business interests of the city, came to my office and spent an entire morning presenting these arguments and begging me not to enforce the law.

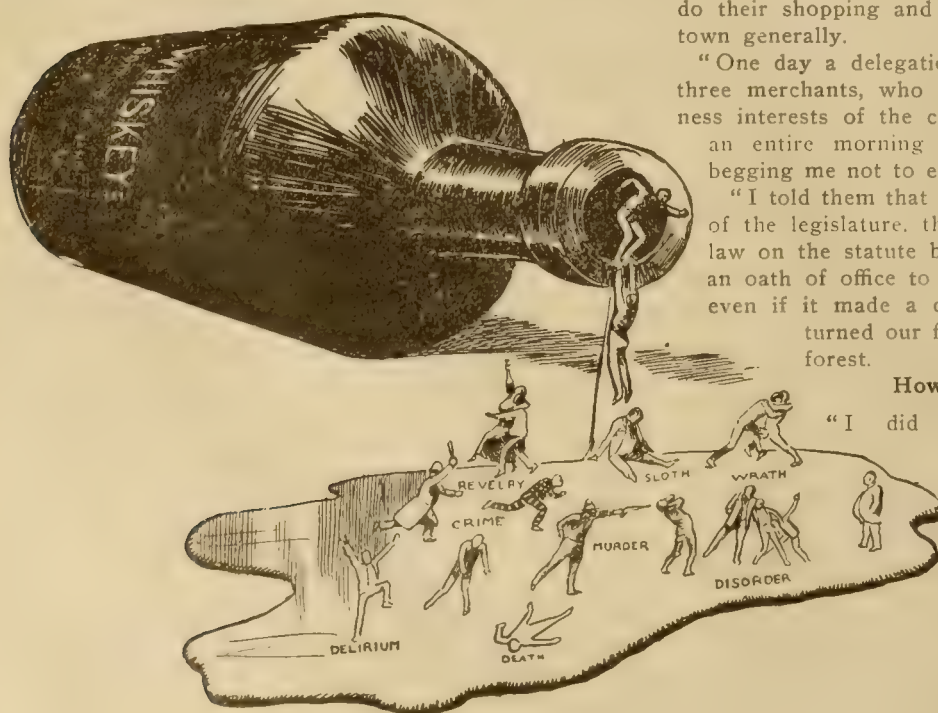
"I told them that I was not responsible for the acts of the legislature, that I did not put the Prohibition law on the statute books of Kansas, but I had taken an oath of office to enforce it and intended to do so even if it made a desert of Wyandotte County and turned our flourishing city back into field and forest.

### How They Enforced the Law.

"I did not know what the result would be," continued Mr. Trickett. "I did not know whether the city would be injured, but I had a duty to perform, and I performed it to the best of my ability." \* \* \*

### The Effect of Prohibition on Business.

"What has been the effect on business?" I asked.



"Have you heard of Kansas City, Kan., being wiped off the map?" replied Mr. Trickett. "Have you heard that Wyandotte County has become a desert? Have you heard of any of our banks failing or any of our merchants closing their stores? Have you heard of anybody going bankrupt?"

"On the contrary, the committee of two bankers and three merchants who, as I told you, came to protest against the enforcement of the law about two years ago will now tell you or anybody that they were mistaken and that the abolition of liquor selling has been of decided benefit instead of injury to the business interests of the city. They will tell you that the deposits of our banks have increased more than \$2,000,000 since the saloons were closed and that the merchants have had to employ additional clerks to attend to their business.

#### **Banks Show Big Growth.**

"I can show you a letter from the president of the largest bank in our city, who was a member of the committee that came to protest, in which he says that within one year after the whisky joints and gambling dens were closed his deposits increased \$1,700,000. He says in his letter: 'We think we have the accounts of more than 50 per cent of the business men of this city and have talked with a large number of them about the effects of the closing of the saloons on their business. With a few exceptions they have stated that they are pleased with the results. I believe this feeling is shared by a large majority of the professional men and other intelligent citizens.'

"The president of one of our savings banks has written me that not only has its business increased 50 per cent, but that 75 per cent of the new customers are of the class that formerly spent all their money for liquor.

#### **Converted from High License.**

"One of our business men who was asked his opinion wrote to a friend, saying: 'I have been in business in Kansas City, Kan., for seventeen years, and there are more houses, and good houses, being built; more people are buying homes, and good homes, and seeking investments, than in any year since I have lived here. Like most of the business men of the city, in the past I have believed in high license and local option. Now I am in favor of closing the saloons and keeping them closed. Drinking is not a necessity; it is only a habit.'

#### **Building Gain Extraordinary.**

"The people who objected to the enforcement of the Prohibition law," continued Mr. Trickett, "said that it would destroy the prosperity of our city; they said it would stop the erection of buildings. But the official records show that during the year after the closing of the saloons, from July 1, 1906, to July 1, 1907, Kansas City showed an increase of 209.7 per cent in building operations, the largest of any city in the Union. The next largest gain was 77 per cent. Three times as many laboring men bought homes in our town last year as ever before in its history.

#### **No Use for the Jail.**

"The effect upon crime and disorder has been similar. The closing of the saloons has reduced our court expenses \$25,000 a year, which was formerly spent in the prosecution of criminals.

"During the time the saloons were open there was never a term of court that did not require from six to eight weeks to try criminals. Since then no term has been more than three weeks, and one term we did not

have a single criminal for trial. This month the same court opened its session, and it took only three days to try all the criminal cases on the docket.

Before the saloons were closed the city fathers were wondering where to get money to build an extension to the jail. Today its doors hang idly on their hinges. We have no use for the jail we have.

"I have a letter from the mayor of a city where there were only two arrests last year, and those were two men who got drunk at Independence, Mo., and took the wrong road to get home. I have a letter from the police judge of our own city, showing that day after day goes by without a single arrest in a city of over 100,000 people.

"Fifty thousand people gathered in the heart of the city during carnival week last fall, and there were only four arrests. The men in charge stated that it would have been impossible to have had it had the saloons been open.

#### **Charitable Needs far Less.**

"I have here a letter from the commissioner of the poor farm stating that there has been a wonderful reduction in the sending of old people 'over the hill to the poorhouse.' Their sons and daughters are taking care of them instead of making them subjects of charity.

"I have a letter from the director of the Orphan's home stating that during the time the saloons were open the average number of children they had to care for was fifty-six. Today they have twenty to care for, less than half the number they had when the saloons were open.

#### **Revolution in School Attendance.**

"Every saloon was closed on July 3, 1906. Less than three months after that our schools opened. In former years we had to employ from six to eight additional teachers by reason of the increase in population, but there was such an unusual demand for admission that we had to employ eighteen new teachers.

"I went to the teachers and said, 'From whence comes this large demand for admission to our public schools?' The result was a list of 600 boys and girls from twelve to eighteen years of age who attended the public schools last year for the first time and they gave as a reason why they had not attended in former years that they had to assist a drinking father to earn a living for the family.

#### **Prosperity Always Follows Enforcement.**

"Nor are these improvements and conditions peculiar to Kansas City," said Mr. Trickett in conclusion. "They have been duplicated in every city of our state in which the Prohibition law has been enforced, in Topeka, Wichita, Junction City, Fort Scott, Coffeyville, Independence and other places.

"You may go all over the state and the people will tell you that every single city, without an exception, where the Prohibition law has been enforced has enjoyed a boom, a prosperity such as it never knew before. I believe that the prosperity of Kansas is due quite as much to the Prohibition law as to the good crops.

"There are three places in Kansas today where a man can get a drink, where the law is openly defied—Leavenworth, Atchison and Pittsburg—and in every one of them the population has decreased. On the other hand, the population of Kansas City, Kan., has increased more rapidly than that of any other city in the state. Next come Wichita, Topeka and Parsons, all Prohibition towns.

"I think I have answered your question," said Mr. Trickett.

—William E. Curtis, in Chicago Record-Herald.





# Echoes from Everywhere

## \$1,000 Reward.

The American Humane Society of Boston, Mass., has offered \$1,000 for the best essay against international wars. Here is a chance for some of our Inglenook contributors. The same society is offering an equal amount for the best essay on vivisection—the common practice of experiment with medicine and surgery upon live animals in the interest of human suffering.

## About the Japanese.

At a meeting in Seattle, the Asiatic Exclusion League addressed a memorial to Congress, demanding immediate legislation for the absolute exclusion of Japanese, Koreans and Chinese, and predicting that the people would "take the law into their own hands" if Congress should not act without delay.

An organization called the Yellow Peril Exclusion League was formed at a meeting of labor leaders in Denver, its avowed purpose being to drive Japanese and Chinese from Colorado. Several of the speakers, one of them a Denver alderman, urged that the demand upon Congress for new exclusion laws should be emphasized by riots.

Seventy Hindu laborers recently discharged by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company were driven from a village near Marysville, Cal., last week, by the white residents. They have made complaint to the British Consul at San Francisco.

The British Columbia Legislature passed, on the 6th, an immigration bill excluding all immigrants who cannot read and write English or some European language.

Baron Takahira, the new Japanese Ambassador at Washington, said in London, last week, that he was delighted to return to America: "I know of no truer friends of Japan than the Americans. Our excellent relations and knowledge of each other will insure an amicable outcome at an early date of the negotiations which are still in progress." He had "never dreamed of the possibility of war between Japan and the United States." Such a thing was "unthinkable."

## Cats Transmit Diseases to Man.

The Medical Record recently gave some warning and information on this subject worthy our consideration. Below we give a part of what they say.

That diseases are not infrequently traceable to the lower animals, such as cats, dogs, the various species of the feathered tribe, or the so-called house pets and household pests (rodents), is unquestioned. Indeed, on account of the matter engendered by the so-called domestic animals with their attendant parasites (fleas, etc.), the German Government has promulgated rules whereby no domestic animals such as cats and dogs can be tolerated in a pharmacy, for every detail of the practice of pharmacy, especially in the larger cities, is closely supervised by the German Government. A man from a neighboring village bought a chicken from an infected farm; he took it home, and diphtheria broke out in the house

shortly after. This was the first case in that village. Dr. Turner further stated that his attention was called to these facts by the medical attendant, and the man himself corroborated the information in all particulars. Similar accounts are received from abroad as well as in this country as to the identity and transmissibility of disease from the lower animals, such as have been observed in swine, sheep, dogs, horses, and cattle, to human beings. I may here incidentally state that hair, fur, wool, and feathers are carriers of infectious material.

I am encouraged, therefore, to be content with drawing attention to the danger from infected domestic animals such as cats and dogs, whose rattling and mousing propensities and other habits render them especially liable to infection.

## Reducing Silver to Gold.

Scientists are still trying to make gold out of other elements. The claim is now made that silver has been so far transformed that it can hardly be distinguished from gold in looks. Alchemists and idlers of all ages have wished for this, but all in vain, but the time to ridicule scientific visions is past, and we hold our prophecy concerning the question, meanwhile earning our little stock of gold by the old way—the sweat of the face. This rule has not often proved futile.

It seems that the recent financial flurry caused the committee on House Bills to retrench a little in naval expense. Instead of four monster battleships the committee recommends only two to be built and a corresponding less number of smaller craft.

It is estimated that \$20,000,000 is spent in presidential elections, mainly for literature, speeches, travel and a little for boodle.

## Saloon Revenue and its Fruits.

Judge J. L. Fort, prominently mentioned for the next gubernatorial nomination on the Democratic ticket of Missouri, says in an interview:

"In Stoddard County, where we had \$15,000 a year from the saloons, our criminal courts cost us from \$20,000 to \$22,000 a year. Now, under Prohibition, the cost is about \$1,700 per year."

Speaking from the bench January 15, Judge Alton G. Dayton of the Federal Court at Parkersburg, declared:

"I have said it and I again proclaim it, that no man can be engaged in the sale of liquor and be honest. He will take the last dollar of a drunken man, kick him out and send him on to a drunkard's grave. They study dishonesty and come into court and perjure themselves to avoid punishment. We don't license any man to rob, steal or murder, but you can take the licensed saloons generally of the country and the murders committed under the sale of liquor will average one murder for every saloon in the country."

**125 Miles an Hour.**

The fastest time ever made by train has been attained on the Marienfelde-Dahlwitz Electric Railway, near Berlin. An electric motor car, over one hundred feet in length and weighing ninety-five tons, traveled at the rate of 125 miles an hour over a twenty-three mile track. The only discomfort experienced by the passengers was the terrific noise, which resembled the clanging of ten thousand blacksmiths' hammers. In America last April a Government relief train ran 168 miles in 161 minutes; and last May Mr. Harriman, the financier, crossed the continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic, a distance of 3,306 miles, within three days and thirty-three minutes, attaining a speed of eighty-three miles an hour over one track of 137 miles, and an average speed of sixty-six miles an hour—which is a world's record. The largest railway engine in the world is owned by the Great Northern Railroad of America. It employs two sets of drivers, and its total weight with tender is over 150 tons. It carries twenty tons of coal and 10,000 gallons of water. The most powerful engine is an electric locomotive designed for the New York Central Railway. It can carry a train weighing 900 tons at a speed of over sixty miles an hour. Its driving power is 2,800 horsepower, or fifty per cent greater than that of the largest steam passenger locomotive now in use. The highest railway ascends the Sierras, Peru. It tunnels the Andes at a height of 15,645 feet—an elevation reached in the short distance of seventy-eight miles. In its building 8,000 workmen were engaged at one time, and nearly 8,000 died or were killed during the six years of its construction.

The fourth Pan-American conference is to meet at Buenos Ayres on May 25, 1910. In that year the Argentine Republic celebrates the centennial of its independence.

The President in his message to Congress urged that America should be fitly represented at the international exposition to be held at Tokio, Japan, in 1912. Senator Cullom, following the suggestion, has introduced a bill to appropriate \$350,000 for a government exhibit there.

An ingenious method of securing many small contributions for benevolent work has been devised in Holland. Special postage stamps are issued at double price, one-half going to the postal authorities, the other to the Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. More than \$9,000 have already been realized by the society in this way.

A recent decree of the Pope orders the festival of the Virgin of Lourdes to be celebrated by the entire Roman Catholic world. Hitherto this devotion has been local, and permitted, not obligatory. The movement seems ill chosen for putting official recognition upon one of the most pitiful of contemporary superstitions.

**Compressed Air.**

Investigating the effect of compressed air on health, two British engineers have shown that a pressure of ninety-two pounds per square inch—more than six atmospheres—may be endured without unpleasant results. The pressure must be taken off at a uniform rate, however, at least twenty minutes being allowed for each fifteen pounds of reduction, and capillary circulation in the body must be kept up by muscular exercise during compression. Slight temporary neuralgic pain in the arms was the only ill effect of the great pressure.

**Temperance in Missouri.**

Columbia and Boone County recently excluded the saloons from their territory.

**King Leopold's Disease.**

The King of Belgium has been notoriously immoral and even cruel. It is claimed that his rule in the Congo Free State has been one of avarice and bloodshed. At his instigation unruly natives had their hands cut off and even feet and legs and ears, besides many other brutish acts. Travelers in that country claim there are thousands upon thousands of such victims.

At last gangrene has fastened upon the old monarch and his past wickedness will soon be ended. Added to his brutal rule is that of his polygamous life. Yet with all of this very little protest was made by the crowned heads of Europe. Monarchs seem to be a privileged class.

**What Are You Buying?**

The liquor traffic in proportion to its capital employs less labor than any other business. The New Voice is authority for the following statistics: In purchasing

\$100 worth of hardware one buys \$24.17 of labor.

\$100 worth of furniture one buys \$23.77 of labor.

\$100 worth of men's furnishing goods one buys \$18.34 of labor.

\$100 worth of clothing one buys \$17.42 of labor.

\$100 worth of cotton goods one buys \$16.91 of labor.

\$100 worth of worsted goods one buys \$13.55 of labor.

\$100 worth of woolen goods one buys \$12.86 of labor.

**\$100 WORTH OF LIQUOR ONE BUYS ONLY \$1.23 OF LABOR.**

**Railroad Accidents Reduced.**

The Union Pacific officials have published a report which shows that accidents on their road decreased sixty per cent last year, as a result of the \$12,000,000 expense in installing the block system and other appliances, and a traveling car in which instructions are given to every employé. Tests and drills in accuracy and efficiency did much to increase the faithful service of the operators.

Such news is welcome. Americans are the greatest travelers on earth, but the hazard imposed upon travelers in recent years was becoming so appalling that the public was holding on to the horns of the dilemma, not knowing what to do. The Union Pacific will soon win back their \$12,000,000, besides the good will of the public and a doubling of traffic as a result of their sensible move in railroad equipment.

**From the President's Message.**

"Just as the blackmailer and bribe-giver stand on the same evil eminence of infamy, so the man who makes an enormous fortune by corrupting legislatures and municipalities and fleecing his stockholders and the public, stands on the same moral level with the creature who fattens on the blood money of the gambling house and the saloon. Moreover, in the last analysis, both kinds of corruption are far more intimately connected than would at first sight appear; the wrongdoing is at bottom the same."

**Fortunes in Five-Cent Deals.**

Most people are watching for a chance to make money in great large lumps, and chunks. Ten thousand dollars cleared in one deal gives so much more satisfaction than the same amount made in five-cent deals. But while



people are holding their heads so high, multitudes of others are rolling up their millions in penny deals.

The penny slot-machines which register your weight, write your name, deliver gum, and so on, return fortunes to their owners every year. The five-cent car fare has made millionaires out of scores of people in the United States, and no more profitable business is known today than the streetcar business. Then there are the steam railroads which carry people on the basis of two cents per mile, and their earnings run up into the hundreds of millions.

Is it not time for the people to reconsider the value of the penny and lay more stress upon it? Small profits, honestly made, are to be commended to our youth. The desire for large profits often leads directly into speculation, then into gambling, thence to embezzlement which graduates into a full uniformed prisoner.

#### Restoring the Motto.

Plans are being formulated in Washington for a great national movement to force the restoration of the motto, "In God We Trust," on gold coins designed by the late Augustus St. Gaudens, under the direction and with the approval of the President. The Christian Endeavor Union of the District of Columbia has taken the initiative, and has instructed the superintendent to prepare resolutions citing the origin of the motto, the circumstances of its adoption, and the reasons why, as a Christian nation, the name of God should be referred to in the motto, and by legislation make its removal impossible hereafter. The resolutions will furthermore urge all Christian organizations, churches and societies, as well as individuals, to coöperate in effecting the restoration of the motto, and also in securing such laws as will insure its permanent retention.

#### Anarchist Shoots a Priest While Praying.

Denver, Colo., Feb. 24, 1908.—While Priest Heinrichs was bowing in blessing communicants at mass yesterday morning an anarchist stepped forward and shot the priest dead on the spot. While attempting to pass out of the doors of the church the assassin was caught by policemen and taken to jail. No cause is known for the rash deed further than the genuine hatred which anarchists have for the present organizations of society and state.

#### Oklahoma to Dissolve Pooled Railroads.

Guthrie, Okla., Feb. 26, 1908.—Gov. Haskell has given orders to State Attorney-General West to institute dissolution proceedings against the Rock Island and Frisco roads in the new state. It is claimed that the interests of the roads have been pooled by the managers, thus robbing the people of the benefits accruing from rival roads.

#### Suit Against Five Big Express Companies.

Judge Kohlsaat, of Chicago, is trying an important civil case which may be followed up later with wholesome legislation. The National, Adams, United States, Wells-Fargo and American Express companies are all defendants to a charge of rebating and other violations of the interstate commerce law. Some of the points are identical with Standard Oil tactics and similar heavy fines may be imposed. Since these companies charge as much as five times what some other carriers charge for carrying parcels per hundred miles it would seem that they could pay a few fines and still not suffer very much from it.

A parcels-post would remove all this wrangling.

#### Harriman Victorious.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 26, 1908.—The famous injunction suit of Fish against Harriman is settled, Fish retiring from the fight. This leaves Harriman in control of the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Illinois Central, Oregon Short Line, with a large share in the Santa Fe, besides controlling interests in many connecting lines. He now dictates rates and terms to all the leading lines west of Chicago.

#### Government Buys Balloon.

Orders have been given for three army aeroplane airships to be furnished within six months. This places the United States first in equipment with army balloons. One of the contractors, Wright Bros., agrees to build a two-man aeroplane that can make a circle in the air at the rate of 40 miles per hour.

#### A 20,000-Mile Automobile Race.

On Lincoln's birthday six automobiles, one each of German, Italian and American, and three of French manufacture, started from Times Square in New York City for a trip westward around the world to Paris. The "Times" of New York and the "Le Martin" of Paris are the instigators of the race. Last year there was a race from Peking, China, to Paris which attracted much attention and helped to sell many daily papers in Europe. The papers mentioned above are again seeking notoriety.

From San Francisco to Alaska, and across Behring Strait, the machines will be transported, but all the remaining distance will be made by the machines. Gasoline for fuel has been deposited at intervals along the entire way except the first nine hundred miles after leaving Behring Strait.

#### University of Chicago to Teach Agriculture.

At a recent meeting of the authorities of the Chicago University it was agreed to give extension courses in agriculture as soon as plans could be put into operation. This shows the extensive growth which practical education has made within the last decade. It is only a question of time until the rural schools will teach the elements of agriculture and domestic science along with arithmetic and grammar.

## WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

**WANTED.**—At once. A reliable man with good recommendations. Married. Experienced in pipe-fitting, well pump work and work in hardware store. Work all the year round. Address Levi Zumbrun, Brookville, Ohio.

I HAVE several good farms for sale or exchange in Southern Missouri; climate mild, winters short, land productive, good schools, good churches, fine for fruit. For information address, F. E. Cochran, West Plains, Mo., R. R. 2.

**WANTED.**—Brethren to locate at Manzanola, Colo. Center of sugar beet and alfalfa territory. Fine climate. Brethren churchhouse in town. Several have already located.—S. Wenger.

**WANTED.**—Some brother with experience to take stock in and manage a bank in a good small town. Address, J. M. Stutsman, Elbing, Kans.

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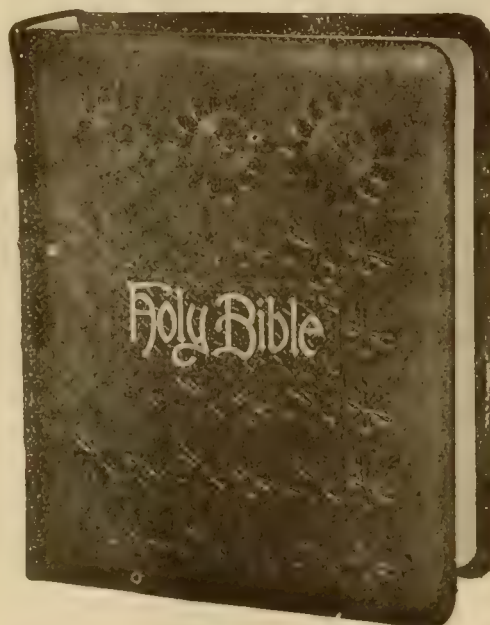
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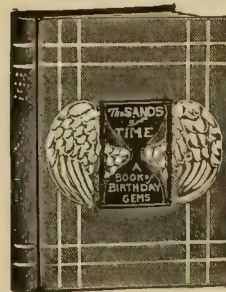


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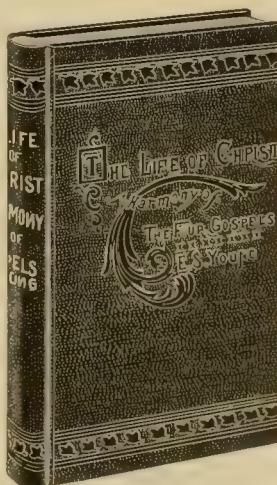
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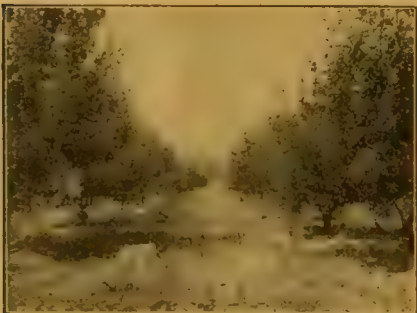
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# Late News From BUTTE VALLEY

---

The farmers in the vicinity of Macdoel are making good use of the beautiful weather we are enjoying, by clearing off the sage brush and plowing the ground preparatory to sowing spring crops. Quite a number of them have arranged to secure a car load of pure seeds from a reputable seed firm. This is a very commendable act upon the part of our farmers, from the fact that the virgin soil is very clean and should be kept that way by the use of pure seeds.



Mr. L. D. Howell and wife, of Washington, spent one week in Macdoel and purchased a farm west of town. They have returned to their former home at North Manchester, Indiana, to visit friends and relatives, and expect to come back in the fall and improve the farm.



Mr. Roy E. Swigart, of Dixon, Illinois, is expected here with his family the first of the month and will move on his place recently purchased. Mr. Swigart is a very influential man, and his coming here means a larger following later.



The Railroad Camp located in Macdoel has been moved to Dorris. The steel-laying gang is busy laying track from Bray to Macdoel. But a few days more and we will see the smoke of the locomotive and hear the sound of the whistle in our village.



The large excursion party leaving Chicago on the 3rd we expect here the 7th of March, and the indications are that a large proportion of them are coming to stay. Of course some will purchase land and return home for their families. The next excursion will be March 17.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. High have their new house in Macdoel nearly completed.



Mr. J. G. Perry, a former merchant of Abilene, Kansas, has purchased several lots on Montezuma Avenue, and will immediately erect a building for a complete line of hardware, farming implements, etc. Mr. Perry is an energetic business man and will help to make things move.



Massic & Son say their business is increasing every day. The same may be said of every other business firm in the city.



Smith & Maust have their new building completed and are ready to stock up as soon as the railroad is completed, which will be but a few days. If you want to keep track of our town, it is necessary that you do not make your visits too far apart, for things do move here.



Many of the farmers are getting their sugar beet seed from the Department of Agriculture.



Joseph Clark and Miss Cades Smith were united in marriage last Saturday.



Miss Florence Hufford has been a success in conducting our school in Macdoel. She thinks that she will undoubtedly double the enrollment of scholars next term. There are nearly 100 children of school age in our district.



If you can't come on the excursion of March 17, arrange to come on the 31st.

---

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



# The Riddle of Life

A noted author has said that life "is a riddle and the key to the riddle is another riddle." This applies with equal force to life in all its phases, including our physical existence. It is indeed, a mystery. Much has been written in a scientific way as to what life consists of, but very little is known beyond the fact that the blood is the life. Even in ancient times, it was written "and the blood is the life thereof." Accepting this fact as our foundation, we find the blood to be the most important part of our physical being and it emphasizes the necessity of keeping our life stream pure and vigorous. To ignore this fact is but to invite physical pain and suffering.

A weak or impure condition of the blood shows itself in a thousand different ways. We meet people every day who appear pale and in a certain sense, bloodless. They have blood enough, but it is thin and vitiated, lacking in power and warmth; others again are florid, showing an abundance of vital fluid, but pimples and skin eruptions betoken its impure condition; others again by the peculiar color of the whites of the eyes and yellow skin, show that the blood is charged with bile owing to an inactive liver; while here and there we find a rheumatic, tortured by the presence of uric acid in the blood as a result of weak kidneys, and so on in many different ways.

All these conditions are bad. What is needed is a good reliable remedy that will cleanse the blood of its impurities, revitalize and enrich it and quicken its circulation. There are thousands of so-called blood medicines to be had. A few are good, some are bad and the rest indifferent. Any medicine that moves the bowels, however drastic its composition, is advertised nowadays as a blood purifier.

The purpose of this article is to call attention to a remedy which is without a peer as a blood-purifier and health-giver and which has the record of a century's constant use behind it. It is known as DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER and thousands upon thousands have testified to its remarkable power. It not only cleanses the vital fluid but makes rich, red blood and sound, solid, healthy flesh. When you commence to use it, you will not remain long in doubt as to its effect. The very first bottle will demonstrate its merits.

---

## Saved His Life.

Toledo, Wash., July 5, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—The medicine arrived all right about three days after I had written you. I have sold seven bottles already and am almost out of the Blood Vitalizer. I have only three bottles left. I am ordering two dozen bottles this time, as the demand is increasing. Not a word of complaint have I heard; only praise about your medicine. Your dealings with me have been honest and correct. I am your friend in truth. Your medicine saved my life, and I shall always be your friend. May God bless you for making such good, honest medicines.

Yours very truly,

James Turner.

## A Grateful Woman.

New York, N. Y., April 2, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Gratitude is what prompts me to write and tell you what your medicines have done for me. I was a sufferer from sick headaches and had consulted five different doctors and taken their medicines without success.

After using the Blood Vitalizer a short time I felt relief and in three months I was completely cured of my trouble, and in spite of my old age I have had no return of my former sickness.

In order to help suffering humanity I am at all times glad to give information about your medicine.

Respectfully yours,

Anna Nisly.

1560 Ave. "A."

---

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is known as a plain household remedy. It comes in a plain bottle in a plain wrapper, but it brings results and therein lies the secret of its success and everincreasing popularity. It is distinctly different from all other medicines. It may have its imitations but it has no substitute. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is not a drugstore medicine, but is sold to the people direct, through special agents appointed in every community. For further particulars address:

**Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co.**

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue

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Don't wait a year and then pay \$100 per acre for land that you can buy now at \$40.

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Postoffice is established with A. W. Vaniman Postmaster. The Hotel is now completed and doing a prosperous business. Raisin City Lumber Company has a large stock of Lumber and is doing a flourishing business.

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### RAISINS, PEACHES AND FIGS.

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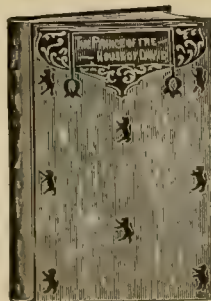
The bells, .....By Edgar Allan Poe  
Bingen on the Rhine, .....By Caroline E. Norton  
The Cotters Saturday Night, ....By Robert Burns  
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## **Unlimited**

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Many settlers are locating in the new tract near Twin Falls just now being opened for settlement. There are splendid opportunities for young and old of small means to get good comfortable homes with a splendid income.

### **Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits**

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

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Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,  
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California.

A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

## **Realize \$1,000.00 Per Acre**

### **Some Facts Are Hard to Believe**

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per box.

### **Figure It Up for Yourself**

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at \$2.00.....\$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

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**Will be in effect in the Spring of 1908**

**Colonists' one-way rates in effect from March 1, to April 30, 1908**

**Write for information.**

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**Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.**

**G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,**

**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

March 10, 1908.

No. 10.

## LEPROSY

### Its Social and Economic Aspects and Administration

[In response to our request for an account of the Molokai Leper Settlement known all over the world for its scientific and humane work, Mr. L. E. Pinkham, President Board of Health of Hawaii Territory, sent us the following.—Editor.]

THE experience of the Hawaiian race has varied little from that of other aboriginal races. Lacking knowledge of the diseases of civilization, or their control or remedies, this race has suffered accordingly, and become susceptible to certain infections to an infinitely greater degree than other races dwelling among them.

Between forty and fifty years ago the Hawaiians found numbers of their race affected by a disease the most tragic, socially, that ever afflicted mankind, leprosy, which was undoubtedly brought from the Orient, and was designated by the natives as the "Chinese Sickness."

On January 6, 1866, was established one of the most remarkable institutions in existence: the Leper Settlement on the Island of Molokai. The village is situated on a tongue of land, of some 6,348 acres, that juts into the sea, which surrounds three sides, and, on the remaining side, perpendicular cliffs, from two to four thousand feet in height, form a natural and practically impassable barrier to exit by land. Communication by sea is limited to one steamer call per week from which no person, the Superintendent excepted, is allowed to land, and on which officials only may depart, except by special permit of the Board of Health. The scenery is notable, impressive and rarely equalled.

The growth of this institution has been gradual in scope and administration. Its record has been one of

ever-increasing care and kindness, as well as the carrying out of its mission of protection to the general population of the Islands.

In whatever measure severity may, at times in the past, have been used in apprehending lepers, the process of law is now rarely used, for officials prefer to deal with the afflicted ones not as outcasts of society, but as deserving of the same consideration, care and sympathy accorded to persons suffering from other incurable and lingering diseases.

From Government Physicians, covering nearly every district of the Islands, and other sources, information



• One of the Homes Provided for Lepers, Molokai Settlement.

is lodged with the Board of Health that a certain person has, or is suspected of having, leprosy.

As soon as transportation can be secured the President of the Board of Health usually sends a written invitation, either direct or through the Government Physician, to the person suspected, to call at his office or report at the Receiving Station in Honolulu, stating all expenses will be paid, and if found free from



the disease the patient will be promptly returned home. If there is any doubt concerning a case the person is not sent to the Receiving Station until after a preliminary bacteriological examination. The result of this policy is mutual confidence, which is rarely

girls; the Baldwin Home, in charge of Catholic Brothers, domiciles 118 men and boys; and the Bay View Home, for the more helpless, cares for 38 persons; while 593 have homes of their own within the 488 buildings in the Settlement. There are resident 58 helpers (kokuas) and 18 persons, including clergymen, persons of religious orders, officials and physicians.

Six churches and a Young Men's Christian Association building afford religious privileges; several assembly halls, band stand, race track, baseball grounds and shooting ranges furnish means of amusement. Two small brass bands, glee clubs, pianos, organs and smaller instruments furnish music.

A number of the most modern conveniences are being, or about to be, established consisting of a steam poi (a native substitute for bread) factory, a first-class steam



A Home for Leper Women, Molokai Settlement.

abused. If abused, the process of law is put in motion.

It is now common for afflicted persons to carefully settle their affairs, avoiding contact with others during the few days necessary, and then, unattended officially, to proceed to the Receiving Station at Honolulu. The sensibilities are thus guarded and the state of mind and spirit is that of voluntary surrender of liberty and submission to care and treatment.

The bacilli of leprosy are found in the tissues of the body, and on the disclosures of the microscope, in the hands of the Bacteriologist of the Board of Health, depends the detention of a leper suspect. If the bacilli are not found the person is returned home with a certificate to that effect. If found, the person is held for examination by a board of four additional physicians. At this examination the suspect may be represented by a physician of his own selection and may demand further confirmatory bacteriological examination.

The full Board of Examiners render their decision, in each case declared leprosy, to the Board of Health, which confirms the declaration and formally orders transportation to the Leper Settlement on the Island of Molokai.

Within the Settlement the Bishop Home, in charge of five Franciscan Sisters, domiciles 79 women and

laundry, an ice plant, a power wood-yard, new and enlarged operating dispensary, hospital, enlarged water supply, etc., etc.

The extensive United States Leprosy Investigation Station is within the borders of the Settlement.

Two companies at the Settlement catch fish which are purchased by the Superintendent for consumption by the lepers, and their helpers only, alternating with



A Leper Orchestra, Molokai Settlement.

the meat supply. Other little business enterprises are carried on by the lepers. Agriculture, live stock raising and dairying, for local use, is carried on by the Board. Employment at fair wages is furnished all able and willing to work. None are forced to labor.

Everything necessary for the domiciling, sustenance, clothing, treatment, etc., of these wards is furnished free of cost to the recipients by the Territorial Government.

Excepting the officiating clergymen and one Brother, who for reasons of his own refuses to accept anything save subsistence, the Board of Health pays moderate salaries to all persons engaged in the work of the Homes.

Relatives are allowed, by special permit, to visit the Settlement for a stay of several days by entering a new and attractive Visitor's House, which is arranged for complete segregation and interview facilities, and where they may see and converse with their leper friends.

As the lepers have the franchise, are voters and take much interest in politics, political speakers, at election times, visit and address them from the segregated visitors' enclosure.

Leprosy has various physical manifestations, is usually slow in progress, and, in many cases, leaves the person vigorous and capable of the usual exertion incident to labor and sports.

The medical treatment of specific leprosy has been more or less intermittent from the fact facilities have been lacking for hospital detention and discipline, and from the fact the sufferers have not been inclined to submit to restraint or persevere in medication.

Dr. Rost of Rangoon, Burmah, was in 1903 quite sure he had discovered a cure, which attracted wide attention and was tried on a great number of cases, but early in 1906 he was obliged to admit failures.

Dr. Wilkinson of Manila, thought a six months' longer treatment with X-Rays would have cured certain lepers. We prefer to await further developments in the above experiment as we fear damage from X-Rays. We, however, have under consideration another treatment by rays less severe in their effect.

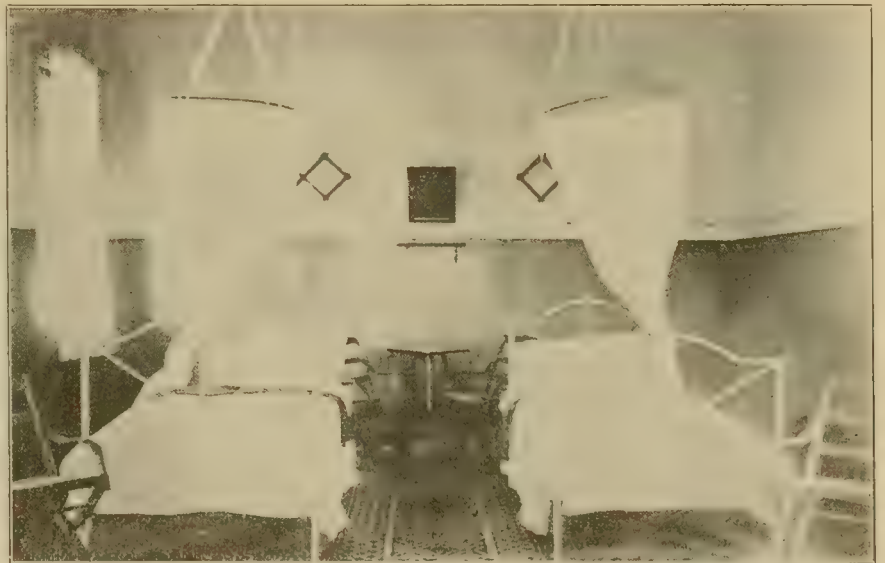
The Chaulmoogra Oil treatment practiced by Dr. Dyer in Louisiana we have used for a long time and are employing that treatment continuously. Specifics from Dr. Britton of Paris were unsuccessfully used. Experiments are being made with baths of a solution prepared from the eucalyptus. This treatment seems to be accomplishing much good and is received very willingly by the patients generally.

Other efforts are being quietly made by competent scientific practitioners to solve the problem. Should any reliable discovery be made it will promptly be made public to the medical world.

A variety of entertainments and luaus (feasts) occur from time to time. Races are run, field sports are enjoyed, shooting clubs test their skill at the butts and chess tournaments have disclosed, in a blind lawyer, one of the most remarkable chess players ever known.

On a visit to the Settlement in July, 1906, it was my privilege, with the Superintendent, to enjoy a special entertainment given in our honor, the like of which has probably never before been witnessed.

Twenty-four girls, inmates of the Bishop Homes for Girls, gathered in its assembly hall and presented a flag drill, with accompanying figure marching and singing. The pianist was a leper girl. The girls were all dressed in white, each carried an American flag.



A Hospital Room for Those Suspected of Leprosy.

and executed all figures with precision and without a mistake, while the singing was most creditable. Some faces were pretty, some showed their affliction, but all were attractive to the Superintendent and myself.

When the Settlement is represented as a place of confinement, abandoned hope, a chamber of horrors, the impression is very incorrect. A large correspondence with the outside world is carried on, all letters, however, being disinfected.

Persons not diseased may, from time to time, take short leaves of absence from the Settlement.

The Settlement contains ten square miles, an area larger than the ordinary city man avails himself of.

It has been the aim of the present President of the Board of Health to improve the appearance of the Settlement by erecting a higher class and more attractive style of buildings, that the villages may compare favorably, if not excel, those having a healthy population of like numbers. In the end economy, as well as increased comfort, will result, and the inmates be made more hopeful and ambitious.



Hope is not denied to those sent to Molokai, for where the evidence justifies re-examinations are held and, if found free from the bacilli, liberty is restored. And here comes the strange fact that for a number of years not one single person so freed has been willing to accept liberty and leave the Settlement. Yet this fact is not strange. Here is a village possessing public and private comforts and utilities vouchsafed to few villages of one thousand inhabitants; that has much that is pleasing and attractive in the village itself, as well as the influence of a fine climate and superb scenery. While the living is simple, the Territorial Government provides ample homes, food, clothing, attendance and medical care free of cost.

Leprosy rarely attacks white races, and lepers, usual-

this article is penned by one peculiarly qualified to describe and disclose the true facts as to the Leper Settlement on the Island of Molokai, and its people.

The Territory of Hawaii is entitled to the admiration of the civilized world, for it most willingly bears the burden of this one disease at a cost which would relatively cause the mainland of the United States, if similarly afflicted, to care for 532,513 persons at an annual expenditure of \$72,278,458.00.

He who seeks sunshine will find and transmit it, and he who chooses to dwell on the dark spots only will so darken his picture it will be untruthful.

In the *Pacific Advertiser* of Honolulu, Jack London says:

Leprosy is not so contagious as is imagined. I went for a week's visit to the Settlement, and I took my wife along—all of which would have not happened had we had any apprehension of contracting the disease. Nor did we wear long, gauntleted gloves and keep apart from the lepers. On the contrary we mingled freely with them, and before we left knew scores of them by sight and name. The precautions of simple cleanliness seem to be all that is necessary. On returning to their own houses, after having been among and handling lepers, the non-lepers such as the physicians and the superintendent merely wash their faces and hands with mildly antiseptic soap and change their coats.



A Bad Case.

ly early conscious of their trouble, withdraw from public notice and soon find their way to the Settlement on the rather remote and sparsely populated Island of Molokai, hence neither residents of the Territory nor travelers have any grounds for apprehension of a meeting or of contact with lepers.

The Leper Settlement on Molokai is known the world over and is usually described more on the lines of sentiment than fact. This article is written that the true general aspect and spirit of that community may be known. To them individually, as to all mankind, comes eventually suffering and death. Care and consolation is always at hand for them.

The writer excepts the former custom of one-day visits to the Settlement and chooses to remain days within its borders studying the needs and spirit of the people by personal meeting with individuals; hence

Not so was the leper and his greatly misunderstood and feared disease treated during the Middle Ages in Europe. At that time the leper was considered legally and politically dead. He was placed in a funeral procession, and led to the church, where the burial service was read over him by the officiating clergyman. Then a spadeful of earth was dropped upon his chest and he was dead—living dead. While this rigorous treatment was largely unnecessary, nevertheless one thing was learned by it. Leprosy was unknown in Europe until it was introduced by the returning Crusaders, whereupon it spread slowly, until it had seized upon large numbers of the people. Obviously, it was a disease that could be contracted by contact. It was a contagion and it was equally obvious that it could be eradicated by segregation. Terrible and monstrous as was the treatment of the leper

in those days, the great lesson of segregation was learned. By its means leprosy was stamped out.

The Settlement of Molokai enjoys a far more delightful climate than even Honolulu, being situated on the windward side of the island, in the path of the fresh northeast trades. The scenery is magnificent; on one side is the blue sea, the other the wonderful wall of the pali, receding here and there to beautiful mountain valleys. Everywhere are grassy pastures, over which roam the hundreds of horses which are owned by the lepers. Some of them have their own carts, rigs and traps. In the little harbor of Kalaupapa lie fishing boats and a steam launch, all of which are privately owned and operated by lepers. Their bounds upon the sea are of course determined, otherwise no restriction is put upon their seafaring. Their fish they sell to the Board of Health, and the money they receive is their own. While I was there, one night's catch was four thousand pounds.

And as these men fish, others farm. All trades are followed. One leper, a pure Hawaiian, is a boss painter. He employs eight men, and takes contracts for painting buildings from the Board of Health. He is a member of the Kalaupapa Rifle Club, where I met him, and I must confess that he was far better dressed than I. Another man, similarly situated, is the boss carpenter. Then, in addition to the Board of Health store, there are little privately owned stores, where those with shopkeepers' souls may exercise their peculiar instincts. The assistant superintendent, Mr. Waiamau, a finely educated and able man, is a pure Hawaiian and a leper. Mr. Bartlett, who is the present storekeeper, is an American who was in business in Honolulu before he was struck down by the disease. All that these men earn is that much in their own pockets. If they do not work they are taken care of anyway by the Territory, given food, shelter, clothes and medical attendance. The Board of Health carries on agriculture, stock raising and dairying for local use, and employment at fair wages is furnished to all who wish to work. They are not compelled to work, however, for they are wards of the Territory. For the young, and the very old, and the helpless, there are homes and hospitals.

In spite of the fact that they are afflicted by disease, the lepers form a happy colony, divided into two vil-

lages and numerous country and seaside homes, of nearly a thousand souls. They have six churches, a Young Men's Christian Association building, several assembly halls, a band stand, a race track, baseball grounds and shooting ranges, an athletic club, numerous glee clubs, and two brass bands.

Leprosy is terrible, there is no getting away from that; but from what little I know of the disease and its degree of contagiousness, I would by far prefer to spend the rest of my days in Molokai than in any tuberculosis sanitarium. In every city and county hospital for poor people in the United States, or in similar institutions in other countries, sights as terrible as those in Molokai can be witnessed, and the sum total of these sights is vastly more terrible. For that matter, if it were given me to choose between



Last Stages of the Disease.

being compelled to live in Molokai for the rest of my life, or in the East End of London, the East Side of New York, or the Stock Yards of Chicago, I would select Molokai without debate.

The action of leprosy is not steady. It lays hold of its victim, commits a ravage, and then lies dormant for an indeterminate period. It may not commit another ravage for five years, or ten years, or forty years, and the patient may enjoy uninterrupted good health. Rarely, however, do these first ravages cease of themselves. The skilled surgeon is required, and the skilled surgeon cannot be called in for the leper who is in hiding. For instance, the first ravage may take the form of a perforating ulcer in the sole of the foot. When the bone is reached, necrosis sets in. If the leper is in hiding, he cannot be operated upon, the necrosis will continue to eat its way up the bone of the leg, and in a brief and horrible time that leper

(Continued on page 224.)



## COMMENT: Critical and Otherwise

Richard Braunstein

A GOOD Christian humbr is one of the most desirable things under the sun. The writer pities a man with whom smiles are the exception,—whose face has a chronic winter of dubiousity always shadowing it, as if the world were more than three-fourths a barren waste and the remainder under a prohibition. The *life* of the universe is sunshine; the clouds that sometimes shut the sunbeams away from the world, are the vapors that arise from its own bosom; and how like the world are the souls living out their probation on it! Some souls are grand with a joyous life. They shine like the pellucid dewdrops of a summer morning, which millions upon millions of times reduplicate the sun, with the reflected beneficence of God. For them it is as natural for a song to bubble forth, as it is for a lark to rise out of the clover in the cool brightness of the morning, drawing a silver chain of melody towards the sky. They are not hidden in vapor; they have no property in chronic glooms, and the darkness that comes to them sometimes is that of the sorrowing kind, sorrow that is sympathetic, and impressed with the distresses and afflictions of the unfortunate, which, like a summer shower, gathered in the florid benevolence of the sun, scatters itself out in grateful blessing. Beneath their strong ministries the wilted waste blossoms again. Life becomes a genial tract, full of multiplying vitality.

Religion rejoices in the deep wealth of such a soul. In it is the moral material of all the practical utilities, the wide charity, the genial benevolence, the glorious humor that laughs hypocrisy and folly out of the world. In those souls, directly opposite in the quality of their human nature, who carry about them something that reminds one of the frigid drizzle of north-eastern storms, there is no religious nourishment or life of any profitable kind. As in the universe of natural life, the best fruits require a genial atmosphere here, so in the universe of soul, the best and most religious fruits require for their growth the spiritual sunshine of love, and, indicative of and inseparable from the inward love of Christianity is the outward Christian good humor.

In one of his Psalms, David said: "What is man that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man that thou visitest him?" Man is the greatest and noblest being in God's great universe, and as such is endowed with certain rights and privileges of which the lower classes of life are not participants. The greatest of these rights is that a man's future depends upon himself. Having chosen his occupation, he of

course, wishes to succeed in it. How can he best do so? *By concentrating his efforts upon a single thing.* Too many people spread their energies upon too wide a field, and not having force of character enough they become failures. Undoubtedly many men who fail would become successful if they would concentrate their efforts upon a single thing.

A great many men lament that circumstances prevent their success, while many others make a ladder of circumstances to reach the goal they are striving for. Later we find the one class plodding thru life barely earning a living and despondent about everything, while the other class, having mounted that high pinnacle, success, step by step, tower grandly above difficulties, glorying over them and rejoicing that they have triumphed over adverse circumstances.

A man who wants to do only easy things will never succeed. He is quite apt to underestimate the dignity of toil, and when the ranks are crowded he is likely to be thrust aside, his place being filled by another.

The opportunity presents itself to all who first carefully prepare themselves. Abraham Lincoln's parents were poor, so Abe not only had to work hard, but he received very little schooling. Under such circumstances most men do not try to elevate themselves put plod along as their fathers before them had done. Not so with Abe. Out of the depths of his soul a voice told him to "get out of his light," to look forward to something far more grand and noble than his present life offered. He knew in order to attain this end—*he must work*. Thenceforth he became animated with a new spirit and put all his energies into the new work. His motto, which he faithfully kept was, "I will study and prepare myself, then perhaps the opportunity will come." The opportunity did come, and Abe was prepared; he became its master in spite of adverse circumstances. Some one has wisely said: "God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest." And so it is with man. Each man has a special work to do; but if he wishes to be successful in it, he must carefully prepare himself, as did Lincoln. He must have the power to concentrate, and (if the editor of the Nook will allow me to coin a word), he must have that admirable quality which we will call "stick-to-it-ness." Horace Greeley's advice to young men was "Go West." That was when the west needed young men. It now has young men of its own. Today the field is not the west, it is the *world*. If Horace Greeley were living today, his advice would probably be "Young man, get out of your light."

## THE TUFTED TITMOUSE.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

ONE of our most sociable birds is this same tufted Titmouse, or sugar bird as he is more commonly called by country people. It is about the size of the English sparrow, but rather more slender. The male and fe-

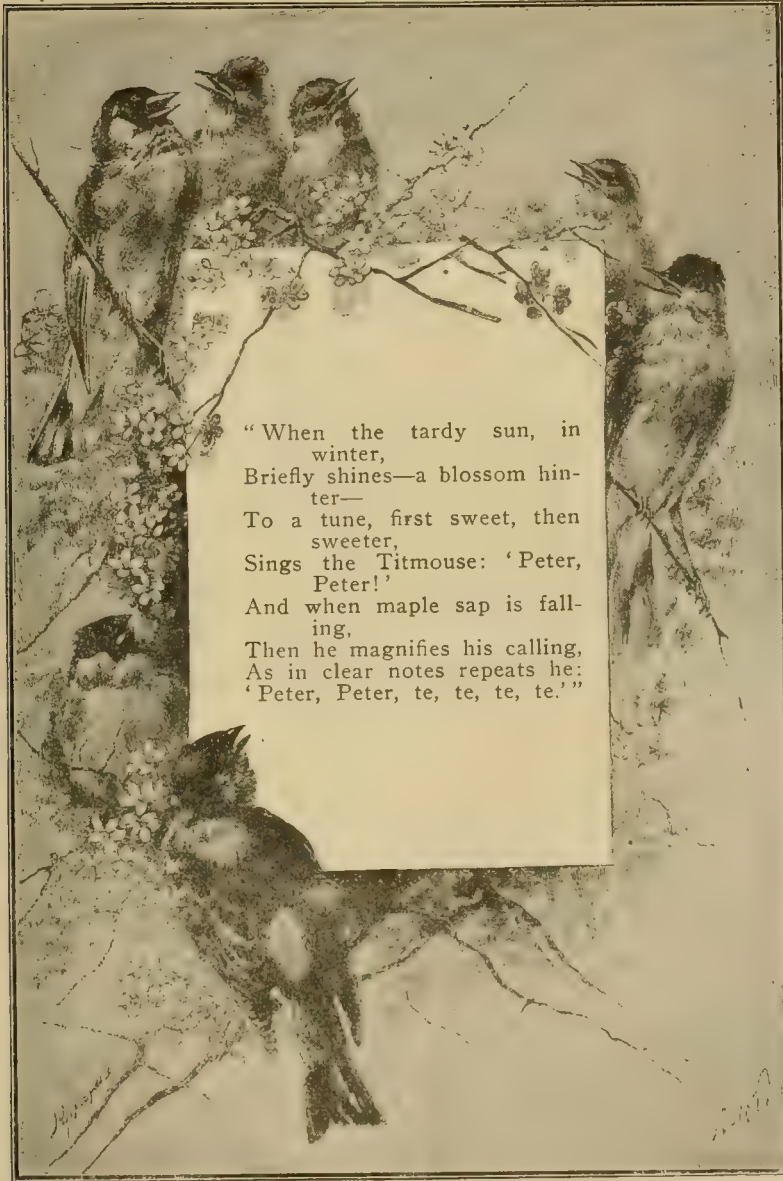
The Titmice are among our most active birds. To see a flock of them taking a bath in a shower of rain is a scene not soon forgotten. One morning in last March, ten of these birds were in the top of an apple tree during a heavy shower. They were tumbling about among the branches like trapeze performers; one instant fluffing up their feathers that the drops might filter through; the next turning summersaults in the air, lighting on the branches, twittering with delight.

The range of these birds extends throughout the United States, east of Texas and south of the Connecticut Valley. It is said they are rarely seen so far north as New England. They are not regular migrants, most of them remaining throughout the year where they have taken up their abode.

In winter perhaps no bird is more abundant in the wooded portions of central and southern Indiana and Illinois, than this species. Roving in restless, noisy troops through the woods, scolding at every intruder and calling to one another in unmusical tones, it soon renders itself conspicuous and easily recognized. Its ordinary note is a monotonous "da-da-da" often repeated. But its spring song is a loud, clear whistle of "peto, peto, peto peto," and no other song of the birds is more welcome, for it is the harbinger of spring and sugar-making. Mr. James P. Baskett says this "spring song is that sugary sap-rising call to 'Peter-peter-peter' to get out his spiles and sugar troughs."

The Titmouse is a great hunter of insects, not only over the bodies of trees, but through low shrubbery and even on the ground. It will also come close to the house for a bit of bacon. A few years ago I read how the Titmouse came to the unchinked log smokehouses of the early settlers and "dug into the hams and mid-

male are alike in color, size and appearance. Both have a high and pointed crest, and are of an ashy color above, whitish below and with a streak of rufous on the sides partly hidden by the wings, and a black band crossing the forehead. The feathers of the head are long, and, when the bird is excited or angry, can be raised into a conspicuous crest, whence the common name of tufted Titmouse. From the black bar across the forehead it is sometimes called the black-fronted Titmouse, while its Latin name is *Parus bicolor*, the former word meaning "Titmouse" and the latter "of two colors."



"When the tardy sun, in  
winter,  
Briefly shines—a blossom hin-  
ter—  
To a tune, first sweet, then  
sweeter,  
Sings the Titmouse: 'Peter,  
Peter!'  
And when maple sap is fall-  
ing,  
Then he magnifies his calling,  
As in clear notes repeats he:  
'Peter, Peter, te, te, te, te.'"



pecks at it vigorously. My presence seems to make no difference to him. Indeed, these are sociable birds and seem to enjoy the company of man.

As stated before they winter in flocks, but when spring comes these winter bebies separate; and each pair seeks some natural cavity such as a hollow in the fork of a tree or a deserted hole made by a woodpecker. This is lined with bits of moss, leaves and grass, and in it are deposited the four to six eggs. In color the eggs are white, sprinkled with reddish-brown and lilac. Often two broods are reared in one season.

*Spiceland, Ind.*

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## Leprosy

(Continued from page 221.)

will die of gangrene or some other terrible complication. On the other hand, if that same leper is in Molokai, the surgeon will operate upon the foot, remove the ulcer, cleanse the bone, and put a complete stop to that particular ravage of the disease. A month after the operation the leper will be out riding horseback, running foot races, swimming in the breakers, or climbing the giddy sides of the valleys.

Leprosy is as old as history. References to it are found in the earliest written records. And yet today practically nothing more is known about it than was known then. This much was known then—namely, that it was contagious and that those afflicted by it should be segregated. The difference between then and now is that today the leper is more rigidly segregated and more humanely treated. But leprosy itself still remains the same awful and profound mystery. A reading of the reports of the physicians and specialists of all countries reveals the baffling nature of the disease. These leprosy specialists are unanimous on no one phase of the disease. They do not know.

They are baffled in the discovery of a serum wherewith to fight the disease. And in all their work, as yet, they have found no clue, no cure. Sometimes there have been blazes of hope, theories of causation and much-heralded cures, but every time the darkness of failure quenched the flame. A doctor insists that the cause of leprosy is a long-continued fish diet, and he proves his theory voluminously till a physician from the highlands of India demands why the natives of that district should therefore be afflicted by leprosy when they have never eaten fish, nor all the generations of their fathers before them. A man treats a leper with a certain kind of oil or drug, announces a cure, and five, ten, forty years afterward the disease breaks out again. It is this trick of leprosy lying dormant in the body for indeterminate periods that is responsible for many alleged cures. But this much is certain: as yet there has been no authentic case of a cure.

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HE who does not give, does not live.

## CURRENT COMMENTS



### HARD TIMES FOR LUMBERMEN IN THE NORTH-WEST.

The railroads penetrating the lumber regions of Idaho, Oregon, and Washington recently made a raise in freight of \$3.50 per thousand feet of lumber. This knocks the lumbermen of this territory out of competition in the eastern states with lumber from Minnesota and the southern states.

As a result of this arbitrary ruling by the railway companies the mills and forest hands of the northwest are idle and will remain idle until the shippers can regain their old rate. Congress has a bill under consideration at present which specifies that no freight rate for interstate traffic can become binding until the shippers have the privilege to be heard on the question.

In the past the railroads could discriminate against, or in favor of, any section of country they pleased and throw the entire force of laborers and capitalists out of business. Canada has equalized railroad rates for many years by a board of railroad commissioners, who make rates for all the railroads. We trust to see the contention between the shipper and the carrier placed upon a more equitable basis by the present Congress than ever before. Unsettled business relations have been a great hindrance to progress in the past.

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### THE RIGHT OF THE EMPLOYER TO DISCHARGE MEN.

The Supreme Court has made two decisions recently which hurt the labor unions. In the first, the so-called Adair case, the court ruled by a six to two vote, Justice Moody not voting, that the clause in the Erdman law of 1898, which forbids railroads or other carriers engaged in interstate commerce to discriminate against or discharge employes because of their membership in labor organizations was unconstitutional, "an arbitrary interference with the liberty of contract which no Government can legally justify in a free land." The case was brought by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad in order to test the law. William Adair, a master mechanic of the road, for the purpose of attacking the law discharged O. B. Coppage, a fireman, because he belonged to the Order of Locomotive Fireman. That organization took up the matter, Adair was indicted under the Erdman law, and convicted and fined \$100 by the Federal court in eastern Kentucky, which upheld the constitutionality of the law. The company made the plea that the law interfered with the liberty of contract and was class legislation. The Supreme Court held that in the absence of a contract the law could not compel any employer against his will to accept or retain the services of any employe, nor could it compel any employe against his will to perform service for any employer. Such a decision would apparently make impossible any compulsory arbitration law, no matter how much advantage such a law would be to the country. Altho the sentiment that no employer or employe should be forced against his will to hire or perform service sounds unexceptionable, yet in New Zealand, where under the compulsory arbitration law employers have been ordered to employ union men rather than non-union, other things being equal, and employes are forbidden the right to

strike the welfare of the state has been promoted by the limiting of the freedom. Full liberty is enjoyed by the lone savage in the wilderness. The development of civilization is the story of the surrender of liberties for the sake of the common good.



#### HOW JAPAN HOLDS TO HER EMIGRANT SONS.

A Canadian writer who recently visited Japan in the interest of immigration says:

The evidence goes to show that the naturalizing of Japanese in Canada, even when all the details are carefully observed and the processes of law strictly followed, is a travesty, and the oath of allegiance a meaningless formula. A Japanese may take the oath, but it has no binding significance for him, because in the matter of citizenship he is not free either to renounce his old allegiance to Japan or to make good any new pledge to Canada. His country is his god, patriotism is his religion, and he is bound, not only by his own personal sense of loyalty, but even more inextricably by the heavy bonds given to the Government of Japan before he could emigrate, and in which the property and rights of his friends at home are involved, and he must remain bound, in his allegiance to Japan, to hold himself in readiness for his country's service at any time the authorities of Japan may issue the call.

It is asserted on authority that every Japanese in America is on the official record in Japan, his movements regularly reported, and his friends bound in heavy penalties to restore him to the Government officials at any time he may be required. That being so, the processes of naturalization in Canada and the oath of British allegiance are of no more significance to a Japanese than is the change of costume made convenient by the change of climate or the adoption of Canadian currency or style of cravat.



#### SECRETARY TAFT AND THE NEGRO VOTE.

Most Americans do not know the depth of resentment against President Roosevelt roused among many colored people by the dishonorable discharge of three companies of colored troops on the charge of shooting up Brownsville. According to the negroes themselves, nothing has aroused them so since reconstruction days. Their opposition to the President is so intense that they will oppose any man who is popularly supposed to be named by Mr. Roosevelt as his successor. Three of the leaders of the portion of the race which believes in fighting directly for its rights, Bishop Alexander Walters, president of the Afro-American Council; the Rev. William H. Scott, president of the Negro Suffrage League, and William Monroe Trotter, of the New England Constitution and Suffrage League, have issued a call to the negroes of America to send representatives to a convention to be held in Philadelphia on April 7 for the purpose of putting the negroes on record as opposed to what they term "the positive and notorious hostile attitude of the Government of our republic toward its citizens of color under the present Republican Administration," and also to express their opposition to the candidacy of Secretary Taft. In support of the charge of hostility toward them, on the part of the present Administration, they refer to the President's order that negroes as a class should receive a different sort of education from white men and to his charge that negroes concealed criminals of their race. Besides Secretary Taft's endorsement of the Brownsville discharge, they hold against him his advice to negroes given at Louisville, to accept

conditions as they are in regard to the franchise and to trust to the developments of time. The negro voters have of course, been almost altogether Republicans. In 1900 they held the balance of power in Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Montana, Oregon, Washington and West Virginia. Their defection from the Republicans would make it impossible to carry Missouri, Kentucky or Maryland, which are doubtful states. Negroes are preparing to attempt to appoint colored delegations from the Southern states, where the bulk of the Republican party is composed of colored men. In Florida already contesting delegations, one pro-Roosevelt and one against the President and Secretary Taft, have been appointed. If the negroes control a good proportion of the two hundred odd delegates from the South they would probably have the balance of power in the Chicago convention.

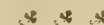


#### BRYAN PREACHING TO WALL STREET.

On the question of watered stock and fictitious capitalization, Mr. Bryan compares those who palm off spurious securities upon the market to horse traders who doctor up a worthless animal and by concealing his defects sell him to some unwary purchaser. Of Wall Street operations he says:

"Gambling is one of the worst of vices, and gambling in stocks and farm products is the most destructive form in which the vice appears. Measured by the numbers of suicides caused by the New York Stock Exchange, Monte Carlo is an innocent pleasure resort by comparison. Measured by the amount of money changing hands the contrast is still greater in favor of Monte Carlo, and measured by the influence upon those who do not gamble, the evils of Monte Carlo are insignificant when compared with the evils of New York's commercial gambling houses. The New York Stock Exchange has graduated more embezzlers than Fagin's school did thieves."

He closed his remarks about such gambling with an appeal to the spiritual advisers of our great cities to "consider whether they cannot advance religion as well as morality by pointing out that the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal' is openly and notoriously violated in the stock market and in the grain pit by those who profess to believe in the Bible and to have respect for its teachings." His appeal is good and recalls the name of Daniel Drew, the founder of Drew Seminary, a benevolent and religious minded man, who made much of his money on Wall Street. It is recorded in the "Reminiscences of Richard Lathers," that, at one time, Mr. Drew, under the influence of an eloquent appeal, subscribed more than he could afford. But, as he said, when he narrated his experience afterward in class meeting, he prayed over his difficulty and rose from his knees confident that all would come out well. And so it proved, for, said he, "The next morning, when I went down to my office, I fleeced those fellows out of twice the sum I needed."



#### BETROTHALS TO BE WRITTEN AND WITNESSED.

That all engagements to marry must be in writing is the ruling of Bishop Richard Scannell of the Catholic diocese of Northern Nebraska. The prelate orders that the documents must be witnessed by two persons, and instructs his priests not to perform the marriage ceremony if these formalities are not complied with. He declares that engagements have come to be looked upon so lightly that this ruling becomes necessary. It is effective after Easter Sunday.



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## PUTTING THE BEST SIDE FORWARD UPON FIRST ACQUAINTANCE.

It is appropriate to be friendly to a new acquaintance and possibly it is useless to try to even wish to change the common tendency to make an exhibition of one's good qualities to a stranger, but with this human trait there is a counterpart which is not commendable from any consideration. That counterpart is the general disregard for the hidden or private acts and conditions of our hearts or surroundings.

A swell stone front; exquisite artistic designs in the architecture, the furniture, and the lawns all perfect. But the back yard! Just anything, anyway, and no way at all. Now this is a true picture of real life. We try to establish credit and gain a worthy place by living a two-faced life, and the contrast between the front and back yard is not as despicable as the front and back appearances of our hearts and lives.

Do not pretend less goodness, but do possess a more uniform character thruout. If you smile at an introduction, let that smile bespeak an inner friendliness. If you boast goodness, let the assertion be exemplified by a record of charity to all classes. Cultivate the talent to grow in the estimation of those who know you best. It is not the first but the last impression that counts.



## HOW THE WORLD GROWS BETTER—NO. 1.

CHANGES, both gradual and spasmodic, both temporary and permanent, have marked our course as a race. The deeds have not all been good, nor all bad. The ages have not always shown an outward improvement on the past, but somehow, somewhere and in some way, there has always been a leavening power in society working for and toward righteousness. It cried out against slavery, it cried out against tyranny, and it cries out today, against intemperance and vice. When a nation or an age degenerated, this moral power invariably caused a revolt, a cleansing, or else

annihilation. Just as air, and water, and the human body throw off their refuse matter and become pure thru activity so the soul of man maintains its health and strength by constant activity in righteousness.

To say that the race has become inherently better is a mistake, but to say that the race has recognized many of the mistakes of the past and has always endeavored to avoid repeating them is true. Whether the desire to be better and the effort to become such is stronger now than when the ancients became penitent and resolved to do better is not capable of being solved, but the seed of sin lives and reigns in human flesh today the same as it ever did and ever will, so that the elements of character remain the same. For this reason outside measures, such as legal restraint and self-preservation, have become the gauge of the world's goodness.

Restraint is a world power, today, of immense value to humanity. When other nations made it too warm for King Leopold's reign in the Congo Free State of Africa, he released his rule and the natives will now fare better and not lose any more hands, feet, ears, and suffer such other atrocities. When slavery became too brutish the United States put an end to the business so that several million people were restrained from that form of evil. Prison walls keep tens of thousands of people from doing wickedness today, while social ties bar many more from indulging their evil propensities. The police system and the penal code of our states continually stare millions of people in the face and hinder, or at least, guard them against doing wrong. If it was not for this, that, the other, and so on, not many people would do right continually.

The Bible itself is a law of restraint. "Thou shalt not" thunders eternal vengeance in our ears day and night. The sword of justice hangs directly over our heads, suspended by the little cord "if." Break those two letters and the keen, sharp edge of that sword will cut our being asunder.

After restraint, as a bulwark to righteousness, comes self-preservation. Much of the world's goodness will be found under this heading. Political candidates will do almost anything to further their popularity. Political parties advocate any measure which insures them success. The nations make alliances with former enemies in order to strengthen their positions. As a witness to this, note the Anglo-Russian treaty of last year as regards Persia.

The peace sentiment of today is not so much a religious sentiment as it is an economic question. The European governments are staggering under their tremendous national debts and their peasants are revolting at the ever-increasing rate of taxation. The rulers are facing a revolution on the part of the laboring classes, and for this reason they are trying to appease the just wrath of the poor and retain their support, by pretending to lessen the need of armament.

The rulers are no less selfish. They would fight for any cause if they saw a sure chance of winning. If war could be engaged in without hazard and expense it would be the favorite pastime of rulers.

In conclusion and as an introduction to future papers on this question, we assert that restraint and self-preservation as preventives of crime are the ground work upon which humanitarianism and righteousness will develop, for already there are signs that so far as the evil in man is checked the good in his heart will correspondingly strengthen. What the progress has been we cannot measure, but a few items can be named which show moral progress and a greater asset of fraternal fellowship than ever before. Whether it is all the result of policy or the fruit of principle will be left with the reader to judge.



#### ALL THREE FOR \$1.25 INSTEAD OF \$2.50.

WE announced last week that the text-book on Esperanto would alone cost one dollar. We have made arrangements since then to give a paper-bound Esperanto text-book, a monthly Esperanto journal for twelve months, and the INGLENOOK one year, all for one dollar and twenty-five cents. Any one can see that this is an exceptionally cheap offer, to say nothing of conducting lessons thru the INGLENOOK for several months free. Every young and middle-aged reader of the INGLENOOK ought to secure a few new subscribers among their friends so that they could share in this good offer. By the first mail, after the other offer was made, word came that classes were being organized in Kansas and Illinois. Let us have an enthusiastic Esperanto class.



#### BEGINS AT THE WRONG END, SAYS JUDGE CLELAND.

ACCORDING to Municipal Judge McKenzie Cleland, the father of the parole system in the Maxwell Street police district of Chicago, "the easiest time to reach a man's heart is when he stands in court charged with crime, alone and friendless. That is the time to save him. That is when he is easiest to convert and reform. That is when the minister of the Gospel should speak to him of Christ.

"But we do not do any of these things under the present system. We send the men to the penitentiary, and then, when the man is bitter against the state and society, we hire a chaplain at so much a month to talk to him about God's love."

#### Begin at the Wrong End.

"We begin at the wrong end in a number of things in this country. We have taken the Bible out of the public schools and put it into the penitentiaries.

"Most of the crime is directly caused by the saloon. The state is rather inconsistent in its attitude toward the criminal. It licenses the saloon with one hand, and

with the other hand punishes the poor man who gets into trouble through drinking.

"The parole system which I put into force at the Maxwell Street station was simply a sincere effort on my part to administer justice in a Christianlike manner. I maintain that the system is legal and that it was a success. It decreased crime in the district, it decreased drunkenness, it restored mothers to their children, it sent fathers back to their families, and it saved the city money."

#### Declared System a Success.

"The police, the state's attorney, the lawyers and business men in the district declared my parole system successful, and I regret that its operation was suspended by my transfer to another court. If I thought it was not legal or that the law prevented a judge from helping a man charged with crime to reform, I would move out of the state and never come back until the laws were changed."



#### MY CASTLE IN AIR.

BERTHA M. NEHER.

I played, as a child, by a murmuring stream,

Where fancy ran wild in a beautiful dream,

In which I saw plainly, in visions most fair,

A beautiful, wonderful Castle in Air.

Its magical rooms were so large and so grand;

A fairy Queen ruled by a touch of her wand;

And fairies and children in happiness rare,

Were made to inhabit my Castle in Air.

But time in its fleeting, my vision dispelled:

The fairies were out of my castle expelled:

Yet often I saw it illumined, still there,

In maidenhood's fancy, my Castle in Air.

In revery often, through hallways so grand,

With knights and fair ladies I roamed hand in hand;

Or musing in silence, not thinking of care,

I builded with rapture my Castle in Air.

Too soon though time found me to womanhood grown,

And many bright dreams of my childhood had flown;

Life now was more real, though still when I'd dare

To look, I saw clearly my Castle in Air.

Its turrets and towers no more could I see,

In which my bright fancy once revelled so free;

But windows whose luster the crystals might share,

Still gleamed from the walls of my Castle in Air.

But years in their passing, how swiftly they add

The multiplied duties—some happy, some sad!

So less and less often the time I can spare,

To wander at will through my Castle in Air.

But still there are times when I tire of the strife

With evil temptations that enter each life;

Instead then of giving up all in despair,

I go for a rest to my Castle in Air,

And wander again as in days long ago,

Through scenes that are only a vision, I know,

But yet, when my spirit goes wandering there,

I come back refreshed from my Castle in Air.

Milford, Indiana.





## Lullabies

Catharine Beery Van Dyke

THERE comes a time—in fact the time is often opportune—when melody and song become an important element in child training. God made but very few people who are not capable of discerning and using pitch.

Music is the language of love, prayer and praise—a language not confined to the human family alone, but it is given also to beasts and birds and insects.

Who has not listened, either with sadness or delight (for all are not impressed in the same way by music), to the chorus of frogs down in the meadow pond in the long, early spring evenings when the air is filled with the smoke of bonfires from the door yards, stock fields and clearings. Who has not regarded with something of awe the uninterpretable “hoot, hoot” of the lazy, deceitful owl also in the long, quiet solemn evenings? And with these nocturnal vocalists may also be classed that splendid bird whose sweet, though monotonous and somewhat personal strain is: “Whip-poor-will. Whip-poor-will!” and that busy, absorbing, objectionable insect, the mosquito, with the larger ones whose serenades are so marked when summer is declining—the musical cricket and the katydid?

The lowing of the cow, accompanied by the artificial (and superficial) bell is one of my musical memories. The parental neighing of the horse, down to the satisfied grunt of the hog, the purring of the comfortable cat (one little boy said his cat sang alto), and the wicked squeak of the tiny mouse all express the musical language idea.

But to man alone is given the power to compose his own songs—words and melody, sweet or sad or joyous. Since this power to produce melody is so universal, we may set it down that there is a divine purpose in it, and that the proper use of it will magnify the qualities, nature and name of our Creator.

Oh, music, sweet music, whose chiefest charm lies in its own expression!

“I sing because I love to sing,  
Because instinctive fancies move,  
Because it hurts no earthly thing,  
Because it pleases some I love,  
Because it cheats night's weary hours,  
Because it cheers the brightest day,  
Because like prayer and light and flowers,  
It helps me on my weary way.

“Because above the changing skies,  
The Spirit saith good angels sing.  
Because, wherever sunshine lies,  
The woods and waves with music ring.  
Because amid earth's Babel voice,  
All happy things that go or come,  
Give to their grateful hearts a voice;  
Then why should I alone be dumb?”

With the little “All About” song, spoken of in a previous paper, the mother may begin to teach her child music and its meaning. How naturally she takes the little one in her arms and sings that ancient lullaby so familiar to English speaking mothers, and destined to be as immortal as the other “Mother Goose” jingles:

“Hush-a-by baby upon the tree top,  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,  
Down comes rock-a-by baby and all.”

In this the word “baby” may be the first to become intelligible to the child. Another equally inspiring, though a little more ambitious is this:

“Rock-a-by baby, thy cradle is green,  
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen,  
Sister's a lady and wears a gold ring,  
Brother's a drummer and drums for the King.”

Here other members of the family are introduced and will soon be recognized. While I do not advise that mothers should make a practice of rocking their babies to sleep, there will be found many other opportunities to sing to the child or to the children.

A sweet little childish song will often cure a fall, a disappointment, or a heartache as well as soothe the over-wrought little brain and nerves. A long time ago a friend of mine had a dear little son of less than four years. When hurt or tired or sorrowful he would come to her and say: “Burden down, mamma, burden down.” She always knew he meant: “One sweetfy solemn thought.”

“Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down,  
Nearer to leave the cross today,  
And nearer to the crown.”

Here the idea of heaven or rest is received. Many of you will perhaps recall the tender little meaningless

ditty that one of "Helen's Babies," always called for when his feelings were hurt:

"Toddy one boy day," etc.

While the children do not always—indeed they may seldom—get the grammatical meaning of the song, yet either the tune, time or some words of it will be caught and will "reach the spot" in the broken little heart or the receptive brain and will give comfort and peace.

"What is the road to 'Slumberland,'  
And when does the baby go?  
The road lies straight through mother's arms  
When the sun is sinking low.

"He goes by the drowsy 'Land of Nod,'  
To the music of 'lullaby,'  
When all the lambs are safe in the fold  
Under the evening sky.

"Two little tired, satiny feet,  
From the shoe and the stocking free,  
Two little palms together clasped  
At the mother's patient knee.

"Some baby words that are drowsily lisped  
In the tender Shepherd's ear,  
And a kiss that only a mother can place  
On the brow of her baby dear.

"And close and closer the blue-veined lids  
Are hiding the baby eyes,  
As over the road to 'Slumberland'  
The dear little trav'ler hies.

"And this is the way through mother's arms,  
The precious darlings go,  
To the beautiful city of 'Slumberland,'  
When the sun is sinking low."

Words, Mrs. Mary D. Bine. Music, Geo. F. Root.  
John Church Co.

In this sweet song the words "Slumberland," "Lullaby," "Mother," "Tender Shepherd," are developed and will soon be grasped.

The words of the following sweet fairy song were written by Eugene Field. Music by John Hyatt Brewer and published by Arthur P. Schmidt, 136-5th Ave., N. Y. The first line is its title:

"The Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by street,  
Comes stealing, comes creeping;  
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,  
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet,  
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,  
When she findeth you sleeping.

"There is one little dream of a beautiful drum  
Rub-a-dub, dub—it goeth;  
There is one little dream of a big sugar plum,  
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come  
Of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,  
And a trumpet that bloweth.

"And dollies peep out of those wee, little dreams,  
With laughter and singing;  
And boats go a-floating o'er silvery streams,  
And stars peek-a-boo, with their own misty gleams,  
And up—up and up—where the Mother Moon beams  
The fairies go winging!

"Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?

They'll come to you sleeping.

So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,  
For with poppies that hang from head to her feet  
The Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by street  
Comes stealing, comes creeping."

The charm words in this are, "poppies," "dreams," and "Mother Moon." Then this one so sentimental, yet so touching that I can scarcely read it or sing it without tears:

### My Baby's Kiss.

Words, M. E. Rourke. Music, L. Peasley.  
Frank K. Root & Co., Chicago, Publishers.

"Press your ruby lips to mine, Baby, baby dear,  
Dripping red with rosy wine, Baby, baby dear.  
Laughing limp of dimpled bliss  
Hold me tightly—just like this—  
While I tell you of your kiss, Baby, baby dear.

Chorus:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
One for every day,  
Like a letter sent from heaven,  
Postage yet to pay.

May I never miss that letter with its load of bliss  
There is nothing sweeter, better, than my baby's kiss.

Does my little darling know, Baby, baby dear,  
As each year you older grow, Baby, baby dear,  
That the day is coming, when  
You'll be big like other men?  
I will be the baby then, Baby, baby dear.

For occasion such songs as the following will serve a good purpose:

"We'll camp a little while in de wilderness,  
Few days, few days;  
We'll camp a little while in de wilderness,  
An' den we'll all go home.

"You'd better b'lieve de Bible,  
You'd better b'lieve de Bible,  
You'd better b'lieve de Bible,  
An' den we'll all go home.

"We'll shout a little while in de wilderness,  
You'd better be a praying, and  
You'd better be a marching," etc.

### Climb Up, Ye Chillun, Climb.

"Jacob dreamt he saw a ladder  
Reachin' to the sky,  
Angels goin' up and down it.  
Climb up, chillun, climb!

What a show to get to heaben, what a happy time!  
Don't I wish I bin dar, honey?  
Climb up, chillun, climb!

"If I had a golden ladder,  
Reachin' to the sky,  
I would shinny up to heaben,  
Climb up, chillun, climb!

I'd shake han's wid Moses, Aaron, an' de circle jine,  
Sing de songs among de blessed,  
Climb up, chillun, climb!

"'Lija didn't need a ladder  
Reachin' to de sky;



Up to heaben he was carried,  
Climb up, chillun, climb!  
Get ye ready, all ye bredren, for de happy time,  
When we'll be as white as angels,  
Climb up, chillun, climb!

Chorus:

Climb up, ye little chillun,  
Climb up, ye older people,  
Climb up to the sky!  
Now is your chance for heaben,  
Go up in six and seven,  
Climb up, ye chillun, climb!"

Such songs as these can sometimes be conveniently substituted for the "strap" and to my mind it is one case in which the "substitution" is better than the thing itself.

Then back to the sober ones again.

Here is one which papa should appreciate. A graphic picture of the true family tie:

#### Lullaby, My Darlings.

Words, Wm. H. Gardner. Music, Harry J. Ballou.  
Oliver Ditson Co.

The lights are lit across the hall,  
I hear the children's mother call  
"Oh, come each little sleepy head,  
It's time you all were safe in bed."  
And when they toddle up the stairs  
And mother hears them say their prayers,  
And as the cot she lingers by  
She sings to them this lullaby.

Refrain:

Lullaby, my darlings,  
Sleep sweetly tonight.  
Hush-a-by my babies, my angels of light,  
God guard and keep thee, my children so dear,  
Sleep my little darlings, there's nothing to fear.

Each little head is buried deep  
Within the spell of gentle sleep;  
Each sparkling eye and smiling face,  
Seems shining with a heavenly grace  
As mamma looks upon her dears,  
So free from grief or pain or fears.  
She softly sings the lullaby,  
And watches them with happy eye.

Then down the stairs she softly goes,  
Still thinking of each darling rose,  
She whispers, "Papa, come and see  
Our darling little sleepers, three."  
The father looks in loving pride,  
Upon his loved ones, side by side,  
And looking upward to the sky  
He murmurs mother's lullaby.

The following I have just clipped from the *Chicago Daily News*:

#### Sleepy Time.

Good night, little baby;  
I've counted your toes,  
I've kissed all your fingers  
And rumped your nose.  
Good night, little baby;  
The day's gone away;

The big, tired darkness  
Doesn't know how to play.

Good night, little baby;  
My arms are the bed,  
My heart is the pillow,  
My love is the spread.

There are many sea or sailing songs that make beautiful cradle music. The sentiment may not be adapted to infants, but the rythm and melody have a pacifying effect. Such are: "Sailing," "Nancy Lee," "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and "We Rock Away, O'er the Billows Gay." My collection of lullabies would not be complete—though many others are left out—without the quotation of Alfred Tennyson's beautiful lines:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea;  
Low, low, breathe and blow  
Wind of the western sea.  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon and blow,  
Blow him again to me,  
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon,  
Rest, rest on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon.  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west,  
Under the silver moon,  
Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dream the Dream That's Sweetest."  
"Over the Stars there is Rest."  
"Now the Night Is Come."  
"Child's Evening Hymn." (Kindergarten.)  
"Manchester," in Brethren Hymnal.  
"What Are the Wild Waves Saying?"  
"Annie Laurie."  
"Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."  
"Dream Faces."

And the glee hymns of Christendom of which there is such a splendid collection with many more form a treasury of baby and child songs; and the mother's wise selection may be one of priceless value.

I close this chapter with a lullaby more highly prized by me, perhaps, than any other one because I learned it and used it for our firstborn; sometimes in sadness, sometimes in joy.

#### Gently Rest.

Words, Walter Powell. Music, Kucken.

Gently rest, the night stars gleam,  
Soft thy slumber, bright thy dream;  
Fear no harm for I will keep,  
Watch with love while thou'rt asleep.

Let but angels whispering tell,  
In thy soft dream where they dwell,  
In that land where no decay  
Steals the flowers they love away.

Ah, 'twere vain to tell thee now  
Of the love my heart can know;

Only now for thee I pine,  
All a mother's love is thine.

Refrain:\*

Oh, hush thee now, in slumber mild,  
While watch I keep, oh, sleep, my child.



#### THE HOME DAUGHTER ON THE FARM.

A GIRL wrote to me the other day from her farmstead home in the Middle West. On the day that she wrote her sky was indigo, and she felt as if imprisoned in a London fog. The bright, busy school days had gone, and she was living in a round of monotonous duties, performing tasks that did not appeal to her, and with the impatience of youth, feeling that there would never be an end to her present flavorless existence. The daily drudgery was irksome. She realized that she had drifted away from her mother, and that their views were not in harmony. She wanted independence and had not a cent in her purse. Sweeping and dusting, cooking dinners for hungry hired men, occasionally driving to the village on an errand, and seldom varying the routine except by a call on a neighbor, my correspondent felt that nothing was worth while, and declared that at times she was on the verge of hysteria. Her mother had accepted the drudgery and monotony, and had grown used to it, but the daughter was very sure that it was the wrong life for her. Still she felt bound to it as by iron fetters, for, as she confessed, her mother was in breaking health, and domestic help in that region was not to be found for love or money. What should she do?

My answer to her and to others in a similar situation is, that a manifest duty is never insupportable. Things that ought to be borne can be borne. As for the pin pricks incidental to having no money of one's own at command, they are annoying and exasperating, and it is sometimes right to make a stand and insist upon an allowance. Still, if a daughter remembers that she has received from her parents every essential in clothing, education, comfort and luxury, so far as their means have allowed, it need not be regarded as a calamity that she must still ask for what she wants.

I wish I could persuade this lonely girl, who in her home suffers the pangs of homesickness for a cheerier life, to believe and expect that something unforeseen and very pleasant may be waiting for her at the next turn of the road. The homely proverb says that it is "a long lane that has no turning." Have patience, dear heart. The sun will presently drive away the fog, and a golden light replace the present gloom. To make the best of any situation is the truest wisdom. Suppose, for an instant, that you could indulge your own fancy, and leave your mother and father, and the rest of the folk you really love, to endure hardness without your help. Could you find unalloyed satisfaction in turning away from what you ought to do, to what you would prefer? Deep in your womanly heart there

is a voice that answers "No," if you are candid with yourself.

Life on a farm is by no means shorn of pleasure to country girls in general. I talked with one a while ago, and I cannot forget her radiant face as she told me that each season of the year was more delightful than the other, and that in winter, when the snow lay white over the landscape, there were merry-makings, sleigh-rides, gatherings of the clan, and pleasant times among the young people; that afforded a great deal of variety; so that to use her own words, "the winter whirled away like an express train." This home daughter spoke of the long evenings for music and reading, alluded to the correspondence study that she found fascinating, and observed that the telephone in the farmhouse brought it into swift communication with even distant neighbors, and with the world beyond its door. She was a gay, buoyant girl, and I am glad that she is not exceptional among the daughters of the countryside.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*



#### WHERE DID THE FROGS COME FROM?

FOLLOWING the toad and rattlesnake stories, we come to a rather common occurrence, altho it is as mysterious as it was when the frogs of Egypt first bothered Pharaoh.

After a heavy downpour of rain countless thousands of young water frogs of nearly uniform size have been known to cover the ground in different localities. Conservative men and women have witnessed such freaks.

Were the young frogs hidden away in the trash on the ground, just ready to jump, before the rain came, and did the warm water make their joy so great that they could hide no longer? Or were they rained out of the clouds? Where that one particular rain did not fall there was no evidence of frogs, and the frogs were too numerous, by far, to be the result of breeding on dry lands, so that they were imported from some unknown place. Could frog ponds, containing millions of larvae have been sucked up into the air by a cyclone and the eggs have hatched in the dense moisture of heavy clouds and then have been rained down again? There are many known instances where cyclones have drawn water out of rivers and deposited it over the country with a fair sprinkling of fish.



#### A NEW ELECTRICAL USE.

To determine when wire hoisting ropes have depreciated beyond the limits of safety has been a difficulty of mining engineers, and to avoid risks—in the absence of exact tests—many ropes have been doubtless discarded while still in fairly good condition. The strength of the ropes is now gauged by a new use of electric induction. The ropes are passed through a coil of copper wire traversed by an alternating current, and the variations of induced current—which exactly correspond to changes in the thickness of the rope—are recorded on a suitable instrument. Dangerous wear or broken strands cause the indicator to give warning.



# Glencoe, or the Drug Evil in the Family

## A True Story

Armelia L. Colwell

FOR many years the broad, rich acres and the old-fashioned massive buildings known as "Glencoe" had passed from father to son until, at last, it belonged to Ernest Lee. Neither time nor money had been spared to make the house and grounds the most beautiful spot for miles around, and the quiet which forever reigns in this quiet spot seems not unlike the deep hush of a Sabbath morning.

Ernest Lee was a devoted Christian worker, and when he married a woman, Jane Curtis, who never attended church but openly declared religion to be all nonsense, people were much surprised at his choice. His aged pastor Rev. John Brown had many talks with him on the subject, but Mr. Lee always assured him that he felt sure of himself and that he could induce his wife to join the church. When they were first married she attended church quite regularly but took every chance to ridicule, and, in every way, tried to get her husband to stay home from church services.

Mrs. Lee had a great ambition to be rich, and altho in her marriage she had been lifted from poverty to comparative riches, yet she was not satisfied, and worked and saved all the more to get more money. She said she did not love her husband but married him because he had a good home. She never liked children, but when her three were born she loved them with an absorbing affection; and in her great love she yielded, without an effort, to them in everything. They must have what they wanted. She cared only to see them happy, vainly supposing they could be happy thru the indulgence of their whims and appetites.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee had been married twelve years when I engaged to teach the school near "Glencoe." Mabel, aged ten years, and Harry, aged seven, were two among my large number of pupils. As I passed their home on my way to school, I often called for the children. One morning Mrs. Lee said she did not think Harry could go to school, as he was not feeling well and was just eating his breakfast. It being early I offered to wait for him, and she asked me to step into the dining room.

"Harry's health is bad and he has no appetite. He will only eat a piece of fruit cake and some highly-spiced pickles," said Mrs. Lee.

"And what is he drinking?" I asked.

"Oh, that is beer, Dr. Clayton ordered it for me a year ago, while my baby was such a care to me. He said it would give me strength and I think it has, and I am now letting all three of the children drink it to strengthen them." I looked at the little two-year-old Alice, and in her pinched, sallow face could see the

effect, not only of beer but of other harmful drugs also.

"Mrs. Lee, what do you give her to quiet her?" I asked.

"Oh, I give her patent soothing syrups."

"But are you not afraid they will injure her, as they contain opium and other harmful drugs?"

"No, I always give them to my children. I never could get my work done if I did not put them to sleep. I must work extra time now, to make money for the children. If my children were only well and strong, I could save more money, but I have to pay out so much for medicine. We are each taking five or six kinds of patent medicines."

"But, do you think them a benefit to you? They all contain alcohol in large quantities."

"Well," she said, "I am not afraid of alcohol taken as a medicine; we have been using it for years, and I cannot see any harm done; but your mother is one of those W. C. T. U. cranks, and has taught you to hate alcohol, even as a medicine, but her children are all well and strong. I never heard of one of them being sick, so they do not need medicine as mine do who are sick most of the time and have such poor appetites."

"No my mother never gives her children any soothing syrups, or other patent medicines, or harmful drugs. She has them eat plain food at regular hours, such as butter-bread, eggs, and milk with cereals, and vegetables; take plenty of exercise and sleep; and have fresh pure air night and day. And my father, grandfather and great-grandmother used no tobacco or narcotics, and as you say the children in our family are never sick, only when whooping cough or some infectious disease comes around."

"My children would never eat such plain food and will cry until they get what they want. I have great trouble to find anything they will eat to put in their lunch baskets to take to school. Harry wants a bottle of cider, but knowing your temperance principles, I was afraid you would not allow it."

"No, I would not have it in the schoolroom."

"Mabel and Harry often have such severe headaches I always keep antifebine as a quick stop for headache."

"O Mrs. Lee, I think antifebine is a very dangerous drug. Are you not afraid to give it to your children?"

"No I take it myself and give it to them. Dr. Clayton says it is harmless unless you take too much at once. I try to be careful, but once I gave it to Mabel and the blood settled under her finger nails, and I

thot her heart would stop beating. I have often felt the effects of taking too much myself, but always recovered in a few hours. Dr. Clayton left me some small pills. They gave me strength to work. He has since told me they were morphine pills, and now I can buy them at any drugstore."

"O Mrs. Lee, are you not afraid you will acquire the morphine habit which is very dangerous and ends in delirium tremens and death, and God's word and advanced medical science are agreed that 'Whosoever is deceived by strong drink' whether as a beverage or medicine, 'is not wise'? I wish you would read some of the temperance books, about alcohol and narcotics."

"I am not afraid to take any medicine which I think helps me, I do not believe the Bible, nor care to read temperance books."

Let us look at the family of Ernest Lee fifteen years later. Mabel ran away from home and married a worthless man who chews, smokes, and drinks, to excess. Almost her first act after marriage was to pawn her watch and jewels for drink. She has several, small sickly children in her wretched home. She drinks beer, takes morphine, and reads cheap novels to pass away her time. Living in a city of churches she never goes there for help or comfort. A beautiful young girl to whom Harry Lee had paid some attention was asked why she did not marry Harry. He had a good home for her. Her reply was: "How can you ask? One look at his red, swollen nose, watery eyes, sore blotched face, and tobacco mouth should be your answer. I do not believe he has ever been really sober since he was born."

At the grand weeding of Alice Lee to a good man each member of the family had to take some kind of stimulant to go thru the ordeal, and wine was as free as water. A few years later Mrs. Lee in feeble health was taken ill. Dr. Clayton having died, a new physician was called and was astonished to find her in a fit of delirium tremens. She told him she had taken morphine until it did not help her, and now was taking two quarts of strong liquor daily. She lived two weeks longer and suffered tortures daily. She was always surrounded by reptiles and horrid monsters. She did not know her loved ones, and several times in her frenzy tried to kill them. She called night and day for her father, and mother, who had been dead many years. Her mind would beg for them to give her money and would sit for hours smoothing out the bills, and thus her sun set in darkest night.

Mr. Lee lived a few years a sad, lonely, broken-down man. Altho he had been deprived of the privilege of religious worship for many years his faith in his father's God was bright at the close of his life and he tried to point out to many a young man the true path which leads to the "many mansions," and thus he passed from death unto life. But today strangers

are in the halls of beautiful "Glencoe" a warning to all those who know its history, of the harmfulness of alcohol and drugs in the family.

*Wellsburg, N. Y.*



## GARDENING.

AMANDA RODDY.

COVER a piece of ground entirely, with good, rich litter, then take a spading fork and spade deep and thorough and turn it under. If the ground is not rich enough the first year scatter a little fine litter over top before raking. Cover every spring with manure and spade it under before planting, and you will soon have one of the finest garden plots. You must experiment a couple of years before you can expect to succeed very well.

Here are some good seeds for garden use: early curled Silesia lettuce—best for early sowing, dark blood-red turnip beet, oxheart carrot, Earliest of All shell peas, one quart Prize Taker onion sets, Hollow Crown parsnip seed, Wardwell's kidney wax bunch beans, a few early red radishes. When you have the ground fully prepared to plant, make straight marks along so you can plant straight. Make rows about ten inches apart for onions. Scatter a few parsnip seeds along in these rows, but take onion sets and stick them three inches apart in the row right on top of the parsnip seeds. The onions will not hurt the parsnips and you will have two excellent crops. Stick a couple rows of beets twelve inches apart. Sow a couple rows of carrots eighteen inches apart. Sow a couple rows of peas two feet apart. Two rows of bunch peas two feet apart. Leave at least twelve or fifteen inches around the edge of the bed for the lettuce, but sow the lettuce earlier than the beets, peas, carrots and beans. Stick a few radish seeds every three weeks, around the edge of bed in the lettuce. When peas are over you can plant beets and bunch beans in their place to come in fresh and tender again in fall. You can sow a little fresh lettuce every four weeks and have it tender all summer.

*Johnstown, Pa.*



## LISTEN, BOYS!

Do you know how sleigh bells are made? How are the little balls placed inside the bell? Here it is:

The ball having been cast first, is put inside a sand core, just the shape of the inside of the bell. A mold is then made just the shape of the outside of the bell. The sand core with the jinglet inside is placed in the mold, and the melted metal is poured in so as to fill the space. The hot metal burns the core, so that it can all be shaken out, leaving the ball within the shell.



WHAT'S the use of having troubles of your own when you can listen to other people's?



## DAKOTA SNOWS.

PAUL MOHLER.

It has been my duty to teach "Snow Bound" to several classes of North Dakota pupils. The first time I undertook this task, I thought I had something easy for them; but I was entirely mistaken. Whittier's snowstorm, and even Whittier's snow, was so entirely different in character from anything ordinarily seen here, that it might almost as well have been rain, for all the resemblance. Since the eastern snowstorm is so strange to the Dakota children, perhaps the Dakota snow would be interesting to those in the east.

In the first place, we never see many large flakes. The snow comes in fine particles, sometimes as fine as granulated sugar. Sometimes it is soft and sometimes icy; but it is very seldom wet enough to form a snow-ball or to pile up on anything. Consequently, it would be impossible to create such scenes as Whittier describes when he says:

"The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers  
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden wall or belt of wood;  
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,  
A fenceless drift what once was road;  
The bridle post, an old man sat  
With loose flung coat and high cocked hat;  
The well curb had a Chinese roof;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle."

One might as well try to create such effects of dry white sand as of Dakota snow.

Notwithstanding the dryness of this snow, and its granular character, it will freeze when packed. The importance of this fact cannot be overestimated. On this depends our ability to traverse the northern snows. Without the freezing of the packed snow, winter travel in Dakota would be one long flounder; with it, it is a positive delight, much of the time.

Let us see how this works. The first team through a fall of snow has no easy task. The snow is loose, to be sure, but it impedes progress just the same, and the sled draws hard; but the packed snow freezes. Then a little wind fills the tracks. The second team packs another layer, and so on until the track is hard and smooth, and, if the wind continues to blow, in a few days the road is actually higher than the surrounding snow. What a splendid highway we have then; long and level and safe to follow even in a blinding storm; reaching out across the county a score of miles in every direction. On these roads, the heavy, long runnered bob-sleds haul the crops to market. One team of good horses will draw one hundred bushels of wheat a dozen miles to market. Leave this track in a storm? Not on your life! The horse knows when his feet are on the beaten track; leave that, and down he goes in the softer snow.

The railroads, however, dread the snow. They cannot raise their road bed. Packed snow means derailed cars; a snow drift is a barrier. They must shovel the snow, and truly it is a tremendous task at times. They throw the snow from the tracks but to form drifts on each side. The higher the drifts are built, the deeper the track is covered in the next storm. They may set up snow fences to stop the snow short of the track, but in unusual winters, like the winter of 1906-7, the snow drifts over the fence, and even a second one. Then the snow itself is put to work. Long walls of snow masonry; blocks of frozen snow laid together by gangs of men along the cuts, hold back the wind-blown drift till men can but wonder at the gigantic efforts of this soulless corporation to provide for the people. Truly it is not altogether selfish.

Again, about our buildings, the snow has its peculiar forms. It generally comes with a wind; either southeast or northwest. Driven before this wind, it slides along till it finds the lee side of something. Then it stops to rest. Other snow follows suit until soon there is a long drift reaching out in the direction of the wind from each building on your premises; therefore DON'T build your house to the southeast of your barn in North Dakota, or you may have to dig out of the snow some fine morning. However, high buildings are swept clear of the snow. The wind, whirling and eddying around, will pile the snow around the building but at some distance away, leaving the doors clear of snow; quite an important point. But DON'T build them too close together or the drift formed between may be ten feet deep, thrown up on each side by the whirl of wind: "What a path to shovel!" you say. But we don't shovel paths. The wind that forms our drifts, generally packs them too, and freezes them till they will bear our weight. If not, then we soon form hard paths like our frozen roads, and over the drifts we go, and down the other side. A deep drift is a nuisance of course, but not as bad as a mud hole; and we drift climbers have no mud to scrape every time we enter the house. Just the whisk of a broom, or the slip of a rubber shoe, and we are ready for anybody's parlor.

Our snows are a good thing for the country. They make good roads in the winter; and they make moisture for the spring crops. Even the heavy snows of last winter were a good thing in the long run, for they prevented the sale of wheat at the low prices of that time, compelling the farmers to keep their crops till the price was advanced.

This has not been a snowy winter. We had some snow, but not enough for good sleighing. A dry winter has its advantages, but it also has its limitations, God gives to each region its own peculiar blessings. Perhaps the snow is ours. May we be thankful for all the good it brings.

*Cando, N. D.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

IRA P. DEAN.

DURING the panic of 1894 in the midst of a terrible blizzard, with the thermometer away below zero, in a little, old house on the banks of the Susquehanna River, lived a mother and two young children. Just two years before, the father left the mother and two children, so they were living alone.

One evening, after supper, which consisted of the crusts and heels of bread left over, spread with lard, and black coffee, the mother and two children went into the front room to try to amuse themselves and forget their troubles; the children had been playing on the floor when turning to the older boy, just about seven, the mother said: "Boys, I don't know what we will do now, we have eaten the last we have, and my money is all gone. You have no shoes to go out." Then breaking into tears, she continued, "Besides, you father has not brought any money around and I haven't got clothes to go out and the snow is about two feet deep, and still snowing." Haven't we got anything to eat at all, now, mamma?" inquired the older boy.

"No, the bread box is empty and we have nothing in the house, but some of the fryings we ate on our bread." Then looking out of the window she said: "It is awful out tonight, and no one will come that we can tell about it."

"Well, mamma, let's say our prayers, maybe God will send some one around, like the stories you read to us," said the older son again. "Well, boys we will have prayer tonight, we haven't had prayer for a long time together, maybe God will hear us anyway."

The mother read a passage of scripture and then all knelt in prayer. That mother told God how they were alone and everything was eaten up; she told God just how she felt and asked him to send some Good Samaritan around to help them.

"Mamma, do you think some one will come tonight now?" asked the boys, after they arose from prayer.

"I don't know, maybe God will send some one around. We won't go to bed right away anyhow. We will wait, in case some one does come," she replied. Then, going to the organ, she played while the boys sang.

They had only been at the organ a short time, when there was a knock at the door. The singing stopped and all went to see who it was. The prayer was heard, and here stood the answer, knocking at the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. ——," said Mr. Evans, and

stepped into the room with a basketful of groceries and provisions,—bread, sugar, rice, potatoes, coffee, butter and everything that was needed. The family asked him to stay awhile, but he said he had another basketful he wanted to bring and he would have to get it before the store closed.

He was gone only a short time, when he returned with the other basket laden with supplies. Everybody was happy then.

"Whoever made you think of us, Mr. Evans?" asked the mother.

"Well, I don't know," replied Mr. Evans. "I was sitting in the sitting room beside the fire, reading the evening paper, and all at once I just thought of you, and wondered if you might need coal or food. I tried to read, but could not get interested. I looked out and saw it was snowing, then I thought perhaps you might be snowed in and have nothing to eat. So I put on my coat and hat, told my wife how I happened to think of you, and said I would go up to the store and get some things and take them around, so that's all that made me come. But I'm glad I came. I am going to send coal around in the morning. You just let them put it in, it's paid for and you are welcome, and if you need anything else, just let me know!"

The family could not get done thanking him, and after he left there was another prayer of gratitude offered. God had sent the Good Samaritan, and the blessing was enjoyed by the giver as well as the recipient. In this case the mother let God do the work. Her extremity was God's opportunity. But we should not wait until we have no one but God left. Let him have the case in charge and you will never fail to find God ready for emergencies.



### THE MILLER IN THE LAMP.

ADALINE HOFF BEERY.

You fragile, fluttering, dusty thing,  
 You are a foolish fellow  
 To bump your nose against the light  
 That burns so fiercely yellow!

Of course you did not understand  
 The brilliant, blinding danger  
 That lured you from the lonesome dark.  
 You poor, swift-smitten stranger!

And yet how heedless men will rush,  
 In spite of sense and reason,  
 Into the glare of place and power,—  
 To homely truth play treason.

Too late they learn the world's fine gilt  
 Is but a furnace cruel,  
 Where demons keep the temper up  
 With human souls for fuel.

Huntingdon, Pa.



THE value of talent, like the value of coin, depends not upon its brilliance, but upon the use that can be made of it.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### PLANTATION LIFE FOR THE SLAVE.

When I was a boy I lived in Virginia in the midst of slavery. It is not my purpose to moralize or philosophize concerning it. Let others discuss its origin, its abuses, its justification, and all that. The sole object of this is to give a generation which knows little about it,



"Nigger Ned," One of the Few Slaves Who Fared Well.

a glimpse of it as it was. Nor must I be counted as an advocate of slavery by reason of anything I say, yet I shall always maintain that if ever a humane system of slavery existed, it was that to be found in the northern tier of Southern States. I do not mean by this that there were not abuses connected with it, notwithstanding its generally humane aspects, sufficient to condemn it as a whole, but as I recall the condition of the slaves in Virginia from 1855 to 1865, and compare it with that of

the other laboring classes I have known, I do not hesitate to assert that I have never known a laboring class which, as a whole, was happier or more content, or between which and its employers such cordial and affectionate relations existed, or which was, in fact, better provided with the ordinary physical comforts of life pertaining to a laboring class, or upon which the yoke of labor set more lightly.

My childhood was passed in several of the most populous slave-owning sections of the State, and I enjoyed unusual opportunities of observation. I knew the owners of the slaves for miles around and was personally acquainted with hundreds—nay, thousands—of the slaves themselves. My earliest residence was on the eastern shore peninsula in Virginia. There were large slave-owners in that section, and yet, under the influence of General Washington's example—for his memory was idolized among those people—a great many slaves had been manumitted by will and many had remained in the community as freemen. So I knew how the free negroes were regarded. They were not feared or disliked or discriminated against in such a way that they had not a fair chance of living. Many of them had homes, and reared their families on land owned by themselves. Many of the whites were opposed to slavery, not slaveowners themselves, and glad to employ them. The free blacks found employment as mechanics or as laborers without the slightest difficulty, and certainly had such opportunities to better themselves that their condition as free negroes ought not to have brought reproach upon them in any comparison between them and the slaves, if they had used their opportunities to their best advantage. Yet it was a notorious fact that the average free negro in that section was neither so well fed, nor so well drest, nor so well cared for in health and sickness as the slaves. In fact, the home of a free negro might be distinguished almost anywhere by the lack of thrift about it. This arose from the fact that the free negro was notoriously improvident; that his own appearance, and the appearance of his stock, and even that of his dogs, bespoke a happy-go-lucky disregard of thrift that was unmistakable. Our old gardener, "Uncle" George Douglas, who had been inherited from my father's grandmother and named after her father, Col. George Douglas, and who, altho a slave, was a wit, a philosopher, a gentleman, and a much-feared and much-respected member of our establishment, had an expression for those who showed lack of family pride or attachment; of such he would say: "He eant no better than a free nigger's dog. He'll follow anybody that feeds him."

On the other hand, as a class the slaves in a vast majority of homes about us were tenderly regarded by their masters and heartily reciprocated the feeling. The household servants, of whom there was a swarm, dwelt in or about the mansion and were integral parts of the family. In many instances the homes or "quarters" of the whole working force of the plantation were grouped

about the mansion-house. There was not much domestic traffic in slaves. The great majority of the slaves had been born of parents owned by the family of their masters, bore the family names, and had grown up with the family. The supply corresponded, as a rule, with the demand of the owner for labor, and there was no occasion for sales. Where slaves of different owners intermarried, it was quite common to accommodate the matter by the owner of one or the other buying or hiring the husband or the wife, in order to allow the two to live together.

The number of household retainers about a slaveholder's home would be astonishing to our labor-saving people. There was a cook with at least one half-grown assistant; two or more house girls, a milkmaid and understudy, a dining-room servant and assistant, a seamstress, a nurse and assistant laundress, hen-huzzy, a caretaker for the negro children, a carriage-driver, as he was called, and his assistant, a gardener, and one or more fair mechanics.

The relations existing between these people and their owners were not sullen and dogged and antagonistic. On the contrary, they were intimate, affectionate, and confidential. The master spent much of his time in the garden or at the stables or in the fields with his laborers. The intercourse between him and his trusted slaves was most free and confidential on subjects pertaining to the work, in which both were deeply interested, and were intelligent, sympathetic, and frequent, and the slaves were stimulated not by cruelty or threats, but by a desire to promote his interests and by ambition for his success. It was a real ambition to merit his approval, even if its results were not to their advantage. So, too, the mistress, from the moment of awakening until nightfall, was busy with and interested in the things about which her female slaves were employed. In the nursery, the black "mammy" of her children, as her head nurse was called, was her best friend and most constant companion. The young girls, reared under her hand as assistant nurses, housemaids, and laundresses, made her the model of their work and of neatness, and were more ambitious of her approval than fearful of her reproof. There was much in common between her and her cook. Care of the fowls, the butter, the cream, and all the varied occupations of a farmhouse brought her in constant contact and affectionate relations with her dairymaids and her hen-huzzy, and their intercourse was that of a friendly and a common interest, much greater than that with hired servants, who are here today and there tomorrow.

In the spring and autumn, when the clothing of the slaves was to be provided, there were very happy and very busy sewing-bees participated in by all the capable females on the place, presided over by the mistress. Usually the nursery was converted into a tailor-shop with cutting-table, shears, and all the necessary equipment. Great bolts of cloth, lining, etc., were on hand. The measurement of the men and women for their suits was always the occasion of great merriment, and the products of their labor were not at all discreditable. The slaves, both male and female, were well clad in summer and in winter. Some of the female costumes were not only neat, but most becoming.

On such occasions there was not only freedom of conversation, but real merriment and enjoyment. It is not true that cruel or unusual work was demanded of the laborers, as a rule. Work was not begun unusually early or continued until an unusually late hour, except in harvest season, and then it was joyously rendered, for it was the occasion of general enjoyment. There was the keenest sort of emulation among the harvesters. I never

witnessed more willing or better work than when ten or twenty stalwart slave reapers went singing through ripe fields of wheat with their scythes. The contests to establish the claim of "best man" were truly inspiring. Nor were they stimulated by threats. They were the offspring of the desire of these men, just as if they were freemen, to display their superior strength and skill. The spirit of emulation was not stifled by slavery. There were good long rests at midday, when feasts were taken out to the harvesters by the cooks and young women. Great jugs of buttermilk and "switchel" were supplied them for their refreshment. The latter compound is a palatable mixture of molasses, vinegar, and water, most refreshing and healthful for toilers in the heat, and even to this day I love it, doubtless from the memories of early associations which it excites.—The Circle.



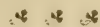
### STEEL WALLS ARE CUT THRU.

What would you say if you should awake some morning to find your new steel safe, guaranteed to be proof against all the devices of burglars, despoiled of its valuable contents by means of a square hole which had been sawed into it? By means of a method now used in France this is now possible, and a block of steel, neatly sawed on all sides could be taken out and slipped back into place. It is no new thing to hear of iron or steel being cut by the application of heat, and the electric arc and blowpipe methods have been in use for a long time. But just recently a new oxy-acetylene blowpipe has come into use that outstrips all other devices in its accomplishments.

The ordinary oxy-acetylene blowpipe has but two tubes, one for compressed oxygen to flow through, the other for the acetylene. The new device adds a third tube, for more oxygen. When the blowpipe is in position, the acetylene is first allowed to flow out and is ignited; then the oxygen stop-cock is opened and the flame heats the metal to be cut to a bright red. When the temperature is high enough, the stop-cock of the other oxygen chamber is turned on and a thin violent stream of oxygen plays on the metal where the cut is to be made. Under the action of the additional oxygen the metal burns brightly, throwing off showers of sparks formed of magnetic oxide. The jet is moved along the surface and the combustion continues, making a clean cut so narrow that a knife-blade can scarcely be thrust into it.

This work can be accomplished with a great deal of rapidity as compared with the other methods in vogue. A half-inch plate is cut at the rate of a yard in four minutes, an inch plate in six minutes and one of four inches in from eight to ten minutes. At Paris 200 iron girders about seven inches thick were cut in less than five minutes whereas by ordinary methods it would have required half a day's work.

An experiment made on a specially protected safe showed that in 20 minutes the oxy-acetylene blow-pipe opened it, although the walls were three layers of steel, each a half inch thick, separated by copper plates a sixth of an inch thick.—Pathfinder.



### HOME MADE BAKING POWDER.

Buy the best cream of tartar; use four tablespoonfuls of cream of tartar, two of soda, and one of flour; sift them together seven or eight times. There! You have the very best! Make up a lot and seal, or make it as you use it, as you choose.





# Echoes from Everywhere

## GENERAL.

### Babies not Wanted.

White babies and negroes are placed in the same list these days by hotels, landlords of tenement houses and by a few other people. The hotels of Chicago are waging a crusade against babies as guests. Some hotels will not harbor them at all, while the tenement landlords cut out babies, cats, dogs and negroes from their houses. It looks like the present status regarding babies is to be made a permanent fixture in society and that babies are not to be welcome any more by their big brothers who are grown up.

### The Nine-Hour Day for Telegraph Operators.

In times past the telegraph companies of this country have squeezed all the time out of their telegraph operators that they could. The loss of health, the inability to dispatch accurately because of loss of sleep, and the general complaint of the operators had no influence with the telegraph companies. Recently the law of the land struck a nine-hour day for all operators. Anybody who cares to know, knows that nine hours spent in receiving and transmitting rush messages is as much as human nerves can stand.

As a result of the recent decree the Santa Fe road must employ 500 more operators. In other words the old employés were doing just that much too much work.

### Harriman Must Tell.

One year ago, during the investigation of affairs affecting the Chicago and Alton, the Illinois Central, the Union and Southern Pacific railroad companies, Mr. Harriman refused to answer the court's queries concerning his financial relation to these various concerns. Mr. Harriman had bought stock in various roads and transferred it to the Union Pacific road at certain figures. Whether a railroad president could buy foreign stock and unload it on his own company at his will at prices which netted kingly sums to his own wallet was the question. The Court has decided that Harriman shall make public his deals. Another stench may be forthcoming for the public.

### A New Occupation for Women.

It is delightful to learn from the journals devoted to the awakening of womanliness in woman, of the new lines of usefulness they are undertaking. Recently we read of an enterprising Mrs. Barrett, in Texas. She is the superintendent of a school for defectives in Texas. She had an ambition to own a homestead farm and an ideal home. She says, speaking of it: "I will prove to you that the old saw, 'When a woman will, she will, and you may depend upon it, and when she won't, she won't, and that's the end on it,' was true in my case."

She says she found her Garden of Eden, but lacked building material. She read up on concrete, obtained

materials at the least possible expense, and with the aid of some common labor, she proceeded to construct what she wanted, and then to teach others to do so. She is constructing concrete houses, barns, cow sheds, hog pens and fences of concrete blocks, made either with the "Ideal machine," or the cheaper method of the "slush" system.

Intelligent American women are nerve-worn and weary of the noncreative woman's work that's never done, yet is ever to be continued. Without labor-saving machinery, the applied form of organic unity to put housekeeping and home-making under the direction of enthusiastic experts, what is commonly called woman's work must become increasingly hateful to womankind. The old-time methods do not fit in with the new-time demands. Women do well to break away from them altogether, and to take up altogether new creative occupations.

When necessity has created a sufficiently large demand for genuine scientists of cooperative home-making they will appear, and domestic service will be scientifically reorganized. It will then be supplied with every essential for making it one of the most exalted and highly esteemed callings, of both men and women. The home is the heart of all social life, and in it should be found both love and wisdom serving humanity with both science and art at command, and the world at large adoring. Let the world of womankind make a grand break for recreation and try their talents, so long latent, at every new, practical, useful thing.

### Governor Hughes on the War Path.

Governor Hughes believes in integrity if his cleaning-up process in New York indicates anything. The insurance companies of his state seem to carry a high hand in the state legislature, so much so that it is difficult to secure any legislation against them.

Several months ago Mr. Hughes asked for the dismissal of a certain state official who handled the insurance companies of the state, but the legislature refused to remove Mr. Kelsey. The Governor has now demanded the official to be removed and proposes to carry his intention into quick execution. The country needs more straightforward state executives like Governor Hughes, and more fearless presidents like Theodore Roosevelt.

### Road Asks Mediation in Dispute with Employés.

It is probable that Chairman Knapp of the interstate commerce commission and Commissioner of Labor Neill will mediate between the employés and officials of the Southern Railway in respect to wages.

President Finley has sent a letter to Chairman Knapp of the interstate commerce commission indicating that a controversy had arisen between the Southern Railway and its engineers, firemen, conductors, trainmen, operators, and roadway men concerning wages, and requested the exercise of the kindly offices of the chairman of the

interstate commerce commission and the commissioner of labor by mediation and conciliation to bring about an amicable adjustment.

The mediators named in the Erdman act will proceed entirely informally. They will discuss the situation with committees of the employes and with representatives of the railway and will endeavor to bring them to a common understanding.

#### Black Hand Victims.

Last week secret service men in Pittsburg discovered a widespread organization of anarchists and socialists among the Italians of this country, whose object is to terrorize and slay the leading church workers in the Catholic church. Priest Hienricks, who was slain while at mass in Denver, two weeks ago, was a victim of this organization. Several arrests have been made and it is thot that the present plots to murder are all foiled and the organization broken up. The aim of the organization was entirely against Catholic officials.

#### Miraculous Healing.

Attributing her healing to constant and sincere prayer, Miss Lucy Mackey, of Washington, D. C., who for twenty years has been confined to her bed, her right arm and right leg paralyzed, is today able to walk about the room, apparently well. Heretofore she was compelled to lie on her back perfectly helpless. In regard to her restoration to health, Miss Mackey said:

"I attribute my healing to prayer alone. I have prayed constantly for the last twenty years, and I have always felt that God would in his own way help me. This morning, while lying in bed and praying to God, all at once something seemed to pass through my body like an electric shock. From that moment I felt stronger. I knew that strength to my arm and leg had been restored. I immediately leaped out of bed, but while my arm and leg had been made whole, I could scarcely stand for dizziness. Now, I will get out and tell the people what the Lord has done for me."

#### Where Millions of Dollars Go.

American society women seem to be crazy to marry a foreigner who has a court title. The dignity and worth of the office and the character of the man seem to cut no figure. Recently the Vanderbilts gave \$7,000,000 to get an Austrian Count to marry one of their daughters. The Count got \$7,000,000 cash and will heir more from the estate. Last week Mrs. Walker, of Philadelphia, who is worth \$60,000,000, married a foreigner. It is said the United States has recently lost \$900,000,000 by such marriages.

But not only do millionaires have money figure in their marriages, for even some country people's love is quickened by money.

For the first time in our natural history the gold in our country exceeds \$1,000,000,000 according to a report from Washington.

#### Temperance Movements in the South.

The great State of Mississippi has fallen into line, and one more Southern State is added to the three which adopted state-wide prohibition last year. The State of North Carolina has already passed another vote unanimously in both houses of the legislature to submit their constitutional amendment. The question is a live issue in the State of Florida, and without doubt state-wide pro-

hibition is imminent in Kentucky, Tennessee and Arkansas. Texas will have a constitutional amendment campaign next year, and will then be added to the galaxy of southern prohibition states.

Judge William H. Wallace of the criminal court of Kansas City, Mo., last week announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for Governor on a straight, law enforcement, Prohibition platform. In his announcement he makes this remarkable statement: "Every murder case tried since I have occupied the criminal bench has been traceable to intoxicants, and more than 75 per cent of other crimes have been due to the same cause. This has put me inexorably against the open saloon."

If Congress has power to prescribe regulations for the shipment of explosives, as it has done, then it has power to prescribe conditions for the interstate shipments of liquors.

#### China Changing Fronts.

Riots and attacks against, or even abuse of, foreigners have ceased. The jingoes have learned a better way. The Chinese are using milder and much more effective methods. For instance, many of the popular songs that are being sung so widely in the schools are saturated with fire-eating and antiforeign sentiment. Many of the textbooks used in the schools introduce the same sort of thing. The native newspapers report many adverse things concerning that "undersirable citizen," the foreigner, and in so doing they take little care to distinguish whether the given foreigner is a missionary or an adventurer, or whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. Be this confusion of thought studied or not, the tendency is the same, i.e., to create an insidious dislike to foreigners as a class. This is apparent, too, on the surface. A customs officer, a foreigner, remarked recently that while a year or two ago the officials would visit him in free and friendly fashion, now they confine their attentions to the barest official formalities.

#### Failure to Make Portugal a Republic.

It has been discovered that the murder of King Carlos, of Spain, a month ago was only one step in the larger plot to overturn the existing monarchy and establish a republic. The present authorities do not intend to prosecute their investigation any further because it would only reveal more treason among the officials and inflame the smouldering passions of the revolutionists.

On the night before the murder it had been arranged for the army to declare in favor of a republic at a certain signal from the land forces. Some one turned traitor to the plot, informed the authorities, and those officials who were depended upon to lead the revolution were supplanted in the army and navy by other officials, who were loyal to the monarchy. A few signals at various places were given but the communications were not transmitted and the whole plot failed. After the revolution republic was declared in Lisbon and the King killed, the army in the north of Portugal was to join the revolutionists and complete the task within two days' time. The murder of the King was the only part of the plot that carried. Monarchies seem to be doomed to extinction.

#### Progress of the Great Reform in Europe.

The fight of the liquor traffic in Europe against the rapidly rising storm of popular indignation is already filling the press of France, Switzerland, and other countries with news, subsidized articles and advertising, similar to that which is found in the American secular press



at the present time. In France *Le Matin*, a powerful daily of Paris, finding recently that the liquor sellers were boycotting its sales on account of its energetic campaign against absinthe, was intimidated by the storm of protest and the editors quickly proclaimed their good feelings toward the "trade" in general and stopped their trade. M. Lalauver, in the *Reform Economique*, sarcastically calls it "a conflict happily ended." In Switzerland, the liquor journals, aroused by the progress of the temperance and prohibition reform, are using a sort of abuse of its opponents that one finds in the "trade" press of America. The dealers' federation loudly calls for members and funds for the coming difficult fight.

The Anti-Alcoholic Exposition held at Zurich in January was well attended. On some days there were more than two thousand visitors, and many of these such as would not be reached by the usual conferences and periodicals. Another exposition is announced for May at St. Gall. The annual meeting of the French National League against Alcoholism was held in December at Rennes. M. Schmidt, deputy for Saint Die, spoke on the Prohibition of absinthe.

Italian temperance leaders united in a great rally at Milan recently at which a federation of the various societies was formed, and a notable impulse was given towards the progress of the reform in that country.

The next international congress against alcoholism will be held in London, the week beginning July 18, 1909. The Honorary President of the Committee of Organization is the Duke of Connaught; the active President is Dean Leigh, president of the National Temperance League.

News comes that during 1907 the Swedish Society of Total Abstinents passed the ten thousand mark. In Norway, Norwege is pursuing its anti-alcohol campaign with the result that in the latter part of 1907, many Samlags were voted out. The Minister of Agriculture, Aarstedt, in a public address on Prohibition, considered it possible in the not distant future.

#### 170 Children Burned to Death.

Cleveland, Ohio, March 5, 1908.—Thirty minutes after school began yesterday the Collins road school building broke out in flames. 170 of the children and one teacher lost their lives. One of the entrance doors was locked which caused the awful loss of life.

#### Local Option for Ohio.

Columbus, Ohio, March 2, 1908.—Without a struggle the Ohio Legislature passed the local option bill, best work going both rural and municipal precincts the right to decide soberly by popular vote. The anti-alcohol forces had been gaining ground under the old law, but the new one will still add strength to the temperance forces. A strong temperance vote is sweeping over the entire State.

#### Governor Asks Legislature to Help End Tobacco War.

Frankfort, Ky., Feb. 26.—In a special message to the General Assembly today Governor Wilson sets forth that the worst of Kentucky is in a state of anarchy, and that but one man has been ordered in the tobacco war, and asks an appropriation of \$25,000 to prosecute night riders, and more power for the Attorney General in courts where it is feared that the local authorities "are likely to fail for any cause to be some such offense furnishing." He also requests the reorganization for a uniform local option law, with the county as the governing unit.

#### Anarchists at Work all Over the World.

With King Carlos, of Portugal, dead from an anarchist's bullet, and with Priest Heinrich, of Denver, Colo., as the second victim, comes the news that an unsuccessful attempt was made to kill the Shah of Persia, and the President of Argentine Republic, all before the short month of February closed. Other rulers are discovering and undoing murderous plots continually, many of which never come before the public.

#### Anarchy in Chicago.

Chicago, Ill., March 2, 1908.—A young Jew, from Russia only three months, an ardent socialist and anarchist, called at the home of Chief of Police, George Shippy, at nine o'clock this morning and gained admittance to the house by pretending to have a letter for the chief of police. Mr. Shippy at once saw by the strange actions of the young man that his mission was more than the mere delivery of a letter so he grabbed the anarchist and tried to search him for weapons, but the anarchist was able to stab the chief, shoot his son and driver before the chief of police was able to kill him.

The envelope was found to contain only blank paper and was intended to engage Mr. Shippy's attention until the anarchist could shoot him. The would-be assassin carried a new revolver in his inside overcoat pocket and a new knife in a belt.

In New York City letters were directed to the leading powers of the world declaring that the United States of Russia are to succeed the present Russian Monarchy. Socialism and anarchy seem to be very active just at present in all the civilized world. Six priests of the Catholic church residing in different states received messages also that they had been marked for assassination.

Anarchy seems to be nearing a crisis in this city. Emma Goldman, the queen of anarchists, is said to have defied the police force to prevent her making a speech. Both federal and municipal authorities have united to drive the leading anarchists from the country.

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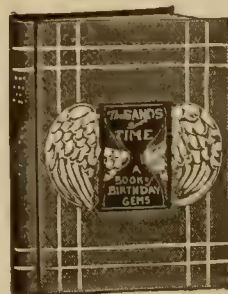


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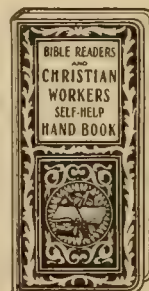
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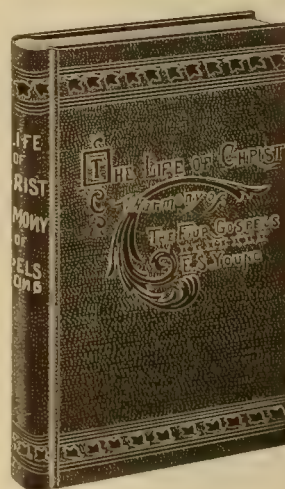
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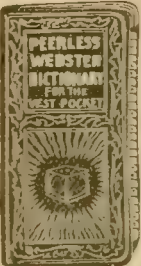
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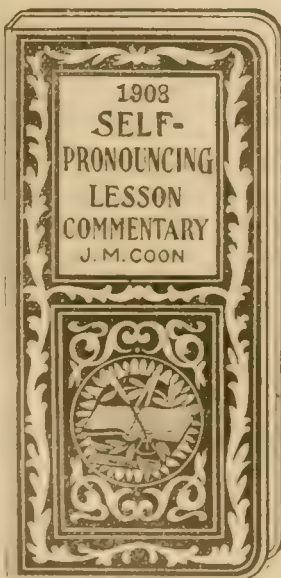
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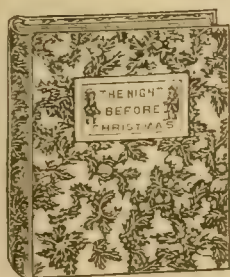
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Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,  
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California.

A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

### Realize \$1,000.00 Per Acre

#### Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per box.

#### Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at \$2.00.....\$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

### HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Will be in effect in the Spring of 1908

Colonists' one-way rates in effect from March 1, to April 30, 1908

Write for information.

**D. E. BURLEY,**

**S. BOCK,**

Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

**G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,**

**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

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No. 11.

## Peace Advocates of the Past

EURIPIDES, 480-406 B. C., cries, "Hapless mortals, why do ye get your spears and deal out death to fellow-men? Stay! from such work forbear." . . . "Oh fools all ye who try to win the meed of valor through war, seeking thus to still this mortal coil, for if bloody contests are to decide, strife will never cease!"

From Seneca (4 B. C.-65 A. D.) we have this outburst, "We punish murders and massacres among private persons. What do we respecting wars, and the glorious crime of murdering whole nations?" "The love of conquest is a murderess. Conquerors are scourges not less harmful to humanity than floods and earthquakes."

Josephus writes: "David said, 'I was willing to build God a temple myself, but he prohibited me, because I was polluted with blood and wars.'"

Here are a few testimonials from some of the early church fathers:

Justin Martyr, who died about 165 A. D.: "That the prophecy is fulfilled we have good reason to believe, for we (Christians), who in the past killed one another, do not now fight our enemies."

St. Irenaeus, about 140-202 A. D.: "The Christians have changed their swords and their lances into instruments of peace, and they know not how to fight."

Clement of Alexandria: "The followers of Christ use none of the implements of war."

Tertullian, about 150-230 A. D.: "How shall a Christian go to war, how shall he carry arms in time of peace, when the Lord has forbidden the sword to us? . . . Jesus Christ in disarming St. Peter disarmed all soldiers." (*De Idololatr*, 19.) "The military oath and the baptismal vow are inconsistent with each other, the one being the sign of Christ, the other of the Devil." . . . "Shall it be held lawful to make an occupation of the sword, when the Lord proclaims that he who uses the sword shall perish by the sword?"

Origen, 185-254 A. D., says, "The angels wonder that peace is come through Jesus to earth, for it is a place ridden with wars." "This is called peace where none is at variance, nothing is out of harmony where

there is nothing hostile, nothing barbarian." "For no longer do we (Christians) take arms against any race, or learn to wage war, inasmuch as we have been made sons of peace through Jesus, whom we follow as our leader." (*Patrologia Græca*, XIV., pp. 46, 988, 1231.)

St. Gregory of Nyssa, 335-395 A. D.: "He who promises you profit, if you abstain from the ills of war, bestows on you two gifts—one of the remission from a train of evils attendant on the strife, the other the strife itself." (*Patrologia Græca*, XLIV., p. 1282.)

St. Augustine, 354-430 A. D.: "Not to keep peace is to spurn Christ." (*Migne's Patrologia, Latina XXXIII.*, p. 186.) "Defensive wars are the only just and lawful ones; it is in these alone that the soldier may be allowed to kill, when he cannot otherwise protect his city and his brethren." (*Letter*, 47.)

Isidore of Pelusium, 370-450 A. D.: "I say, although the slaughter of enemies in war may seem legitimate, although the columns to the victors are erected, telling of their illustrious crimes, yet if account be taken of the undeniable and supreme brotherhood of man, not even these are free from evil." (*Patrologia Græca*, LXXVIII., p. 1287.)

We have also the undisputed historical record of Maximilian, the Centurion, who, having embraced Christianity, resigned his position and refused to fight. For this he was put to death.

Celsus, the great opponent of Christianity, who wrote about 176 A. D., reproaches the Christians for refusing to bear arms, and states that in one part of the Roman Army, including one-third of the whole, "Not a Christian could be found."

Martin replied to Julian, the apostate, "I am a Christian, and I cannot fight."

Testimonies from Popes:

St. Gregory the Great, 540-604 A. D., writes the King of the Lombards, "By choosing peace you have shown yourself a lover of God, who is its author."

Here is Carlyle's picture of war: "Thirty stand fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'fire' is given and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses which



it must bury and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart, were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their Governors had fallen out, and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor block-heads shoot."

MacMichaels addressed the Peace Congress at Edinburgh, 1853: "The military profession is inconsistent with Christianity. The higher the rank and the greater the intellect, the more desperate the criminality. Here is a person upon whom God has conferred the rare gift of mathematical genius. If properly directed what an abundant source of benefit to mankind. It might be employed in the construction of railways, by which the most distant parts of the world are brought into communication with each other. It might be employed in flashing the trembling lightning across the wires, making them the medium of intercourse, between loving hearts thousands of miles apart; in increasing the wonderful powers of the steam engine, relieving man from his exhausting toils; in application to the printing press, sending light and knowledge to the farthest extremities of the earth. It might be employed in draining marshes, in supplying our towns and cities with water, and in adding to the health and happiness of men. It might lay down rules derived from the starry heavens, by which the mariner is guided through the wild wastes of waters in the darkest night. How noble is science when thus directed, but in the same proportion how debasing does it become when directed to human destruction! It is as if a chemist were to make use of his knowledge not to cure the diseases of which humanity is suffering, but to poison the springs of existence. The scientific soldier cultivates his endowments for what purpose? That he may determine the precise direction at which these batteries may vomit forth their fire so as to destroy most property and most lives; that he may calculate the precise angles and force with which these shells may be sent up into the air that they may fall upon that particular spot which is thronged with men, and exploding there, send havoc among them. Great God! am I at liberty to devote my faculties to this infernal work?"

George Washington said:

"My first wish is to see this plague of mankind, war, banished from the earth."



#### NOTABLE MEETING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

AN important conference was held in Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, recently, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury. This meeting was the direct outcome of "A message to the Na-

tion," distributed thruout Great Britain, signed by Randall Cantuar, Francis, Archbishop of Westminster, and J. Scott Lidgett, President of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, in which was set forth the absolute necessity for one day's rest in seven for the physical and mental efficiency of men, women and children, to make home life more truly what English home life ought to be; and to give all an opportunity in the worship of Almighty God, to escape from the grip of ordinary cares and occupations into regions of higher and nobler aspirations. At this meeting many prominent persons were present, besides representatives of over forty Sunday Observance Societies. The Chairman of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, Rev. T. Scott Lidgett, Thomas Law, Secretary, the Convener of the Free Presbyterian Churches of Scotland; Bishops and Clergy, members of parliament and others, took active part in the meeting. The various claims to Sunday rest were urged, on behalf of shopkeepers, especially by Lord Avebury, who proposed a resolution urging legislation "in accordance with the general wishes of the shopkeeping community." Similar claims were urged on behalf of those engaged in merchant shipping, the police, railway employes, postmen, fishermen, tramway men and other branches of industry in which enforced Sunday labor is now prevalent. A resolution was unanimously carried that a committee be formed representing all such societies and religious bodies as may be willing to coöperate in creating a national Lord's day Alliance, similar in constitution to kindred national organizations already successfully established in various Christian countries of the world. The Honorary President of The Woman's National Sabbath Alliance of America, with her husband, the Honorable Darwin R. James, manager of the American Sabbath Union, were present and contributed in securing this desired organization. The Woman's National Sabbath Alliance has just passed its thirteenth annual meeting, with Mrs. Don O. Shelton, recently elected President. The Alliance shows the vigor of inherent life in its increasing number of auxiliaries, and its widely circulated literature. 500,000 pages of literature have been circulated in the United States and Canada the past year, some of which, printed in Bohemian, Italian, Magyar and Russian, has been given freely to immigrants arriving in New York. A new Auxiliary has just been organized for the City of New York. The coöperation of all Christian people is greatly desired in the work of the Alliance. \$1.00 a year constitutes membership; \$10.00 a sustaining membership.

Samples of literature and the annual report can be obtained at the headquarters of The Alliance, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.



HAPPINESS is the harvest of helpfulness.

## Return of Jews to Farm Life

WHEN in March, four years ago, the Governor of New Jersey signed the charter creating the borough of Woodbine, it is doubtful if he realized that the thing he did was historic, even epoch-making. That Woodbine was interesting he must have known, for farming settlements of Russian Jews do not plentifully dot

Philadelphia? There are hundreds of thousands of Jews in Russia to come over, there is plenty of money to help them in the way of loans when they come here, and there is an object-lesson for them in the communities now established. Galveston took the matter seriously enough to receive them by its mayor, who

made them a very cordial and hearty speech of welcome. To argue on such a subject is useless. It is, on the other hand, very important to set forth the facts and let them speak for themselves.

To sum up the present situation, there are now five Jewish settlements in southern New Jersey, one of them the town of Woodbine, entirely self-governed. There are settlements of Jewish farmers in

Massachusetts and Connecticut assuming very respectable proportions, as indeed they are throughout New England. The Dakotas have a goodly number of Jewish farmers (in one spot the third generation is now farming), and they are increasing in Michigan and Illinois. In Arpin, Wis., a colony has been organized on the lines of Woodbine, embodying its principles and profiting by its experience. For that matter, you may find Jews truck-farming in Florida and raising cotton in Oklahoma. In all, they cover twenty-three States and Territories.

the landscape anywhere; but Woodbine is more than merely uncommon. The Governor who signed that charter was giving Jews their first chance at civic self-government since Titus, more than eighteen centuries ago, left not one stone upon another in the Holy City and the long tragedy of Jewish exile began.

The late Baron de Hirsch, great financier and great philanthropist, left his millions to help Jews because, he said, they were the people who most, in all the world, needed help. His enormous legacy was to be expended in different ways, but most deeply in his heart was the ideal of "back to the land." The money to finance the establishment of many of the Jewish farming communities came from this land. Perhaps the most conspicuous effort was made in the Argentine Republic, but this country has also profited largely by his generosity. In fact, the policy of helping the Jew back to the land and settling him in places other than large cities has been successful enough to call forth recently the gift of sums amounting, it is said, to over \$1,000,000 for an extension of this work in a way that should profoundly affect the Jew in this country and that may be of national importance to the United States. In reply to the ever-recurring demand for restricted immigration, a great organized effort, headed in Europe by the Rothschilds and in America by Jacob H. Schiff, is being made to turn the tide of Russian emigration from the congested ports of the North to the young lands of the West and South. Is America likely to find, in ten or twenty years from now, little towns of self-governing Jews throughout the great West as a result of the new scheme of landing Russian Jews in Galveston, Tex., instead of New York or Boston or



Woodbine, N. J., the Only Jewish Municipality Known in the World Since the Roman General Titus Destroyed Jerusalem in 70 A. D.



Jewish School Children of Woodbine, Who Are Taught Both Mosaic and Modern Doctrines.

Woodbine was founded in 1891 by the trustees of the Baron de Hirsch Fund in connection with a committee of immigrants. Several little Jewish communities were already prospering in southern New Jersey, or they were at least holding their own, so these seventy-five Russian immigrants were minded to follow



suit. They had 5,300 acres of land covered with scrub-oak and stunted pine and a great deal of patient endurance. They had also a good superintendent, Prof. H. L. Sabsovich, whose insight into men and things and whose unfailing enthusiasm were to help them in many a hard place. Thus equipped, they started in.

The settlers had many disappointments. The fact that the soil required so much fertilizing and that there were so few local markets was against their immediate success. They had, too, an idea that is thoroughly characteristic of the *ghetto* Jew who has through all the ages preserved a passionate attachment to his ancient home. The Woodbine settlers, in the joy of their return to the land, wanted to be as were their forefathers, and the crop which most attracted them was that of Palestine—the grape. The soil of southern New Jersey did not respond properly to this poetic and pathetic impulse, so the pioneers to a great extent gave it up and turned to the commonplace sweet potato and made a success of that.

Nowadays things are vastly improved agriculturally. The establishment of factory industries created, at the very door of the farmers, a considerable demand for their produce. They arranged to sell their fruit and vegetables at seashore resorts. They learned experience by their failures—above all, they profited by the establishment of an agricultural school.

Of the \$25,382.38 actually raised by taxation during the years 1904, 1905, and 1906, a little over one-half was spent for the public schools. Only \$150 was appropriated for the poor, and this was not half expended, and what was spent went not to Woodbiners, but mostly to destitute non-Jews who “happened along” after the fashion of tramps. There has been but one arrest in Woodbine, a “drunk and disorderly” Gentile from the neighborhood.

We gather the above from the *Circle*.

With all the inducements given the Jew to found colonies in this country it is likely that he will continue to be a wanderer until his national destiny is settled, because there is an inborn desire in every orthodox Jew to occupy his old ancestral home in Palestine. Small squads of them will colonize and amalgamate with modern people, but the racial instinct of the Jew is very much alive and he will not make a permanent national home until his title to Palestine is restored. When that time comes we may expect them to become agriculturists, statesmen, educators and commercialists with an enthusiasm and success which the world has never witnessed. Their long pent up genius, energy and close coöperative qualities will set a pace for the world which even the Teuton has never attained. Also their religious integrity will manifest itself in standards and fruits of holiness which the Gentile never attained. The seed for all this wonderful success has been planted, and

has been growing for nearly nineteen centuries and when the flower and fruit of this mysterious plant mature to the world it will mark a new epoch in the world's history.



#### PROF. MUNSTERBERG ON MALICIOUS ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

While every one can excite hypnotic influence, no one can do it by a mere glance. All the stories of a secret influence by which one man's will gets hold of another man's mind are remains of the mesmeric theories of the past. Today we know that everything depends upon the attention and imagination of the hypnotized, and that no mysterious fluid can flow over from the mind of the hypnotist to the mind of the subject. The old mystical view of unscientific superstition reached its climax in the prevalent belief that a man could exert influence from a distance, without the victim's knowledge of the source of the uncanny distortion of his mind. In “Science and Health,” Mrs. Eddy wrote: “In coming years the person or mind that hates his neighbor will have no need to traverse his fields to destroy his flocks and herds . . . for the evil mind will do this through mesmerism, and not in *propria personae* be seen committing the deed.” And again: “Mesmerism is practiced both with and without manipulation; but the evil deed without a sign is also done by the manipulator and mental practitioner. The secret mental assassin stalks abroad, and needs to be branded to be known in what he is doing.” Or, “that malicious animal power seeks to kill his fellow mortals, morally and physically, and then to charge the innocent with his crimes.” There ought to be no compromise. The morally ruinous doctrine of “malicious animal magnetism” is a complete distortion of the facts; nothing of that kind is ever possible. Some think that if the surprising facts of hypnotism are possible, such telepathic mesmerism might be possible, too, since the influence looks similar. We might just as well declare that if it is the surprising fact that a hen can be hatched from a hen's egg, it may also be true that a hen can come from a white candy egg, since they look alike. It is exactly the essentials of hypnotism and telepathy which are dissimilar and not to be compared; the latter would be a mystery; the former is no harder to explain than any act of sense impression and attention.



#### TIME FLIES AWAY.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Time flies away on lightning wings,  
We know not where it goes;  
But somewhere in the dim, far past,  
Just where, one hardly knows.  
We bid it tarry just awhile,  
Till we have time to do  
The things we wish to do each day;  
But it must hurry, too,

And get around before the sun  
Says it must go to bed;  
For somehow Time, like other folks,  
Must be a sleepy-head,  
And has to have its night-time, too,  
When sunshine disappears.  
It cannot longer stay today  
When night summons, it hears.

Moorestown, N. J.

## A Peculiar People

John S. Fernald

THERE exists in the state of Maine, a community under municipal conditions which probably has not a parallel anywhere else in the Union. The place is known as Hibbert's Gore, and is located about midway between Augusta, the state capital, and the sea-coast city of Rockland. The Gore contains about 500 acres, and is in no township nor county, tho' bordering on three. A few years ago there were a dozen or more families including more than 50 persons living on the Gore, but the number is now reduced to 13 persons in three families, four of the inhabitants being of school age. The people, being in no township pay no taxes, but keep

in 1827 from portions of Lincoln and Hancock counties, and in 1860 Knox County was taken from Lincoln and Waldo. In running the lines for some of the earlier changes, the surveyors, with the imperfect instruments of that day, followed different courses, and as a result the lines failed to meet and this triangular section was left out, and the people found themselves to be without a county. Attempts have been made in the past to attach the Gore to one or the other adjacent townships, by act of Legislature, but the plan has been opposed by both parties. The people of the Gore do not want to become attached and pay taxes, and the people of the townships fear that the expense of maintaining the road, schooling, paupers, etc., that might arise would more than offset the taxes. As the people most interested seem to be satisfied, other people are not disposed to interfere.

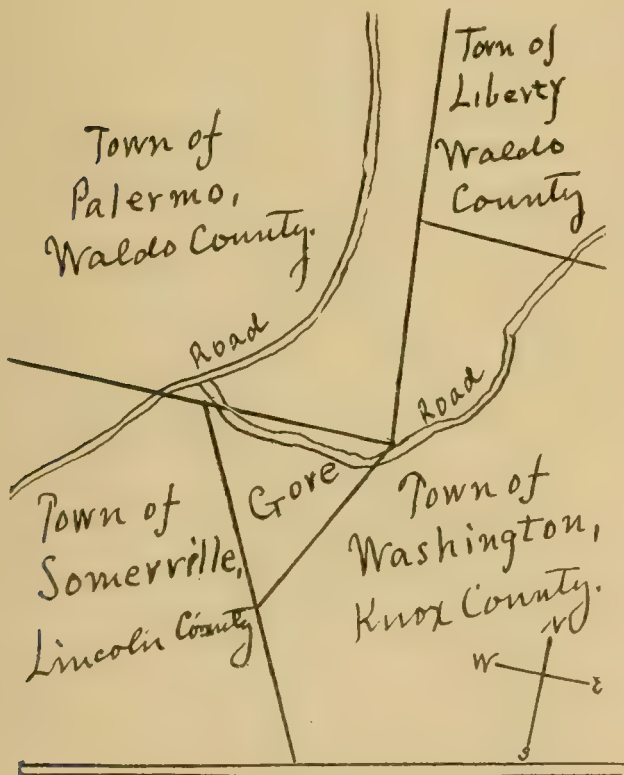
The conditions at the Gore have led to some amusing events in the past. Some time ago a man from outside that because the place was not in any town or county it was not under the state laws, and he prepared to set up a liquor shop there, thinking that the people from all around would drive through the Gore road and get liquid supplies that were hard to procure in the villages thereabouts. But he overlooked the fact that he was in the United States and neglected to pay the internal revenue tax. His first customer was a U. S. deputy marshal, who promptly closed up the business. Another man, living in a neighboring township thought he could get rid of paying taxes on a large herd of cattle by driving them down to a barn which he bought on the Gore, just before the day of assessment, April 1. The assessors taxed him for the cattle, and threatened to make a test case of it in the courts, and the tax dodger surrendered. Lincoln County exercises a protectorate over the Gore to the extent of recording deeds, but otherwise the place is, in a political sense, nowhere.

Belfast, Me.

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### HOW TO KILL A GOOD BUSINESS.

In 1880 the United States exported 39,000,000 pounds of butter and 12,000,000 pounds of cheese. Twenty-five years later, in 1905, it exported 16,000,000 pounds of butter and 8,000,000 of cheese. This tremendous decline, notwithstanding the increased demand abroad, was due to the methods of some American exporters who shipped adulterated butter, sold oleomargarine for butter, and used similar methods in the exportation of cheese.—Taken from a Consular Report.



their one short section of road in repair by mutual labor, and pay tuition for their scholars in the schools of the neighboring towns.

The reason for this peculiar condition is because of an error in an ancient survey, in laying out the old plantations, which afterwards became incorporated as townships. Originally the whole section was known as Patricktown Plantation, and was in the county of Lincoln. In 1804 the township of Palermo was formed; in 1811 the township of Putnam, now Washington; and in 1858 all that remained of the original Patricktown was incorporated as Somerville. Waldo County was formed



# The American Braggart

Elmer E. Shank

MODESTY becometh all men. A quality little sought for but admired by all men, is this rein to self-assertion whereby a man's acquaintances are invited to seek his good qualities rather than to have their presence thrust upon them in the possessor's own terms. The general rule of really great men and women seems to be the suppressing or guarding of their real worth, to the passer-by or chance acquaintance. Musicians are usually of this type; great inventors and great writers need to be drawn into society or to the discussion of their own hopes and aspirations. Edison is such a man. Emerson was such a poet.

Valuable is the friendship of these people. Worth seeking after is their friendship or their companionship. Worth the earning is their confidence. There is a reality—something substantial—in their influence that makes us better for having lived with them and having learned to know them. How much better to be able, with one's friend, to take him at par or to expect a premium on him rather than to have to discount him, discount his words, his deeds, his actions or his attitudes.

I wonder, then, where we Americans fall. Into what class do our ex-country cousins cast us? Into what class do we throw ourselves? Can we group with the pure white Swiss or the sturdy Hollander? Can we stand in the light of the Norse or Swedish thorobred? Is our egotism less than that of the self-satisfied Englishman, or our carelessness more apparent than the hapless Irishman? Can our "gude" heart send the pure blood thru our veins to the color of the worthy Scot? Yes, the blood will come to our faces, but rather as we blush in shame than flush in embarrassed modesty.

The brag of Americans is too apparent to conceal. We are by our own admission the most progressive and important nation on the face of the earth. Taken collectively we are the saucy go-ahead greed-mongers of the commercial and political world. Taken individually we are the guffahs and dunces of society. By our white cousins of other nations we are awaited in wonder, met with surprise and then followed with pity and contempt. They politely hold the curtain aside to smile behind it as we pass into the international ball-room to swell out and show our importance—literally to make fools of ourselves. We captivate the ladies and arouse the jealousy of our French or English rivals and we tell them of Bunker Hill, of Stillwater, Ticonderoga and Yorktown, but we don't mention Marquis de Lafayette or the men in England who took our part. We boast of Dewey and his banner fleet that crippled Spain but we forget to thank En-

gland for the English shells he shot at the enemy. We forget Catherine of Russia and the aid she furnished us; we fail to thank Germany for the science or the invention she has taught us. We are the self-styled key to all modern accomplishment, no share of which we ever allow other people rightfully to claim.

Has such braggardism won us friends or made us enemies? I really don't believe that the foreign friend who listens to our story in open-mouthed wonder really loves us and respects us when we are gone. I don't believe he will seek our further acquaintance without great provocation.

The braggart at school overcomes his momentary adversary, but somehow when the fray is over that braggart is left coolly alone by his playmates in general. He is but a tinkling cymbal in a dark, hollow barrel. He is discounted at once and is likely to get worse than he deserves. The statement was once made, "Prove that Mr. — is the greatest orator in Indiana," and the pointed answer came, "You don't need to prove it, he admits it."

Were we not such braggarts we would better endure acquaintance. A good horse is loved more by his owner year by year. A Saint Bernard dog is treasured more highly when the master finds better traits as each day passes by. A true teacher comes to be loved by pupils as they draw deeper from his wisdom and tap the fountain heads of his knowledge. But if we start out at our zenith before our friends, according to our own representation, how shall we endure the subsequent search into character and soul that comes with close association? I have had one Professor as a teacher for whom I think I would willingly give my life if need be. Of all my teachers there was only one such. Every time I came into that teacher's presence I found him better, more capable and profound and always sincere. The strength of a man lies not in his veneer but in the fibre of his being.

Reputation, and often character, are not so much what we think they are but what others think about us. We are inclined to take ourselves too seriously. I was once in an oratorical contest which I intended to win, but I found chance to gain more knowledge when a young lady lowered my colors with a rank high enough to beat me. We are constantly showing our best side to our friends, we are always on dress parade; we never allow friends to catch us working at home with the veneer all gone and our working clothes on. We advertise that we are better than our neighbors and that we deserve more than they.

What, then, shall the verdict be? Associates shall say to one another, I will discount you twenty per

cent; it ought to be thirty; and thus we go. As watered stock, we are at a loss to know just where to fix our present worth. Thus we exist as an artificial group, speculative and uncertain, mistrusted even by our friends. Europe and the yellow men are less lenient with us. If we have not grown up in modesty ourselves, can we not at least teach it to our children? O would that Americans as tourists could stand as an example to their hosts to be copied and remembered! Let us be missionaries of the Christ Spirit that leadeth and upbuildeth not in vanity but in truth.

*Grants Pass, Oregon.*



### FOR THOUGHT AND ACTION.

DALLAS B. KIRK.

ADVANCE!

Mean business.

Who said, "Fail"?

Less talk, more work.

Put your hands to work.

Silence wins its own battles.

Live contented within thy means.

Honest meddlers make dishonest peddlers.

True men are hard to find.

Go and meet opportunity half way.

Plans alone never get very far.

Get busy with something worth while.

Laziness and work parted long ago.

Worry is the minus in life.

Meet every issue with an honest face.

Up, comrades, up! don't sleep all day.

Watching the clock and employer never paid.

Your forgetter may be your best friend.

Some honest hearts beat under dishonest coats.

An honest life may contain some strife.

Work is always busy; laziness always idle.

If your time is paid for, don't loaf.

The demand for fools is never fully supplied.

Don't poison yourself with sulky fits of temper.

Grip your work with the hand of determination.

Be a hero by slaying your evil thoughts.

We will never regret having done our duty.

Work is the keystone in every successful business arch.

Study to become wise, but be careful how you show it.

Have you too many cares? then get rid of laziness.

Some people wear out more clothes loafing than they do working.

The sunny side of life seems to be hard on some people's eyes.

Are you ashamed of work? then work is thrice ashamed of you.

Is your life worth living? then don't trade it off for nothing.

If you run into debt you may have to walk out badly crippled.

Let go of the past, improve the present and pray for a happy future.

Cut your way thru the hill of laziness with the grit of a Roosevelt.

Truth, health and freedom are the three golden links in the chain of happiness.

A happy mind is more than medicine for the body, acting as a tonic.

Grit will help you over the mountain of difficulty and thru the valley of despair.

Don't think everything is going to the dogs, nor throw your sympathy in that direction.

Being on the shady side of fifty does not prevent you from looking over into the sunshine.

Stop, youth! Do you wish your future to reap a harvest of bitter regrets? Then don't sow that wild oats.

Keep on the working side of life while young, and in old age you can say: "I had a 'Square Deal.'"

Working winter, spring, summer and fall,  
Pays better than loafing out it all.

Seek work and you will have money and enjoy pleasure; seek pleasure and you will lose both your cents and sense.

Plow down the weeds of laziness in your brain, sow the seed of usefulness, keep well cultivated, and you will reap an abundant harvest of good things.

*Pentz, Pa.*



### "TOMORROW."

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Dream—Gilded dawn! Skein that is never spun!  
Cup of a hundred sorrows, drained or spilled!  
What is your mystery? Some earth begun,  
Earth-born has found in you a hope fulfilled  
Time's fateful fingers on that brow shall press  
The seal of patience on the stamp of pain;  
But each "tomorrow" brings a new caress,  
A light of courage to the soul again.  
A whispered, "Hope! nor follow black Despair  
Down to the shadows of its grinning lair!"  
Today we yearn to know that perilous glare  
Of which tomorrow's sun shall make us sure  
So lives the Son of Man, nor counts his sorrow;  
Hope springs eternal in that word "Tomorrow!"



### HOW TO REACH THE INGLENOOK.

A LETTER addressed to the Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois, without specifying which department, it is intended for may have a sad time before it finds any one in the House willing to claim it, besides losing considerable time, because there are fully a dozen different departments which carry a correspondence independent of the other departments. For this reason we ask that our correspondents place the word INGLENOOK on the envelope. This insures safe and speedy delivery.



## CURRENT COMMENTS



FROM 480 B. C. TO 1901 A. D.

Very little has been said about the change of base in the world's doings which was witnessed by the victory of the Japanese over the Russians—the yellow race over the white race. Such an event had not been recorded for over 2,300 years. From the time that Xerxes set out with 1,200 sail to subdue the wiry Greek and was repulsed at Thermopylae and Salamis in 480 and 479 A. D., until 1901 the European never bowed to the Asiatic. True, in the Crusades, and at other times, the European was repulsed at odd times, but in this last event the yellow man overcame and stands triumphant today, whetting his sword for another challenge with the white man. It is Asia against the world now once more after 2,300 years of playing second fiddle.

Beginning with the Greek rule the Asiatics have been beaten and outwitted, times without number. The only time when Europe did tremble for independence was when the Moors of the eighth century overran Spain, but Charles Martel ended their advance in 732 A. D., and they eventually departed to African shores.

In the conflict between Japan and Russia a new era has dawned. The Japs showed themselves a superior genius thruout the war, and in trade the yellow man has cleared the Asiatic waters around Eastern Asia of foreign trade. Even between Bombay and China the Japanese marine has captured the trade.

The little hornetlike Jap is felt in international politics today; he is in too much evidence in both Canada and the United States; he has absorbed Korea, dominates Manchuria, and is molding the mind of China. What Japan is Asia will be. Whether Asia shall ever rule the world again as she did for many centuries remains to be seen, but at least the 2,300 years of European,—the white man's—monopoly is drawing to a close. We hope to see no one people, nation, or clan rule the world. Let freedom and liberty, and national righteousness prevail among all colors.



### MORE WAR TALK.

Congressman Richmond Pearson Hobson bids us note Japan's naval expansion. To quote his words:

"The white race and the yellow race will clash, and the first war will be between the United States and Japan. This will be followed by a general war between the white and yellow races, unless by the building up of a great navy this country shows Japan the foolishness of engaging in a war with the United States.

"Japan has ordered \$125,000,000 worth of great war-ships since her war with Russia. Japan does not need these ships against Russia, China, or Great Britain. Japan has added five divisions to her army since her war with Russia, and the military activities of Japan have more than doubled since that trouble came to a close. The United States has furnished them 750,000 rifles. Japan can put 200,000 soldiers aboard ships inside of four days.

"The Japanese could land 400,000 soldiers on the Pacific slope in four months, another 400,000 in six months more, and a million men in a year. They could put ten soldiers to our one on the Pacific slope. Japan will have

eight new battle-ships ready for service soon, any one of them equal in effectiveness to three of ours. If they get the Pacific Ocean they will take the Pacific slope.

"The Japanese have educated their people to hate Americans, and the people are only awaiting the Government's signal to go to war—the Government is awaiting only a pretext."

The above is a fair sample of a great amount of public talk heard in various parts of our country. Reports say that the masses of the Japanese people share largely in the sentiment indicated above. If enough of such talking is done it is possible to precipitate a useless war between the two nations at an early date, altho Ambassador Takahira, from Japan, who has just assumed his official duties in Washington, delivered a message of peace and good will to President Roosevelt from the Emperor of Japan. The Emperor asserts that it is foolishness to talk about breaking the friendly ties that have existed between the two nations for so long. The Emperor's sincerity cannot be doubted and if he has his way, and the newspapers do not succeed in firing the minds of the people, there is no danger of war for a long time to come.

The expansion of Japan's army and navy is not out of proportion to her territorial and commercial expansion so that the cry of preparing for a definite attack could just as well be made against the United States and all the European nations, for which one is free from this charge? Germany is more than doubling her fleet by ordering more and bigger war-ships. What enemy is she preparing to attack? None. It is only the carrying out of a peaceable national policy. And so it is with Japan. She has adopted the modern notion that commercial and industrial expansion must be accompanied by a proportionate increase in war equipment.

The present danger lies in the fact that the large per cent of illiterate Japanese believe current rumors and are easily stirred to the fighting point, and the government of Japan is more responsive to the clamor of the people than most governments. The Emperor could be drawn into a conflict unwillingly if the people at large should demand a defense to their national honor.

Peace advocates should become active in talking peace and distributing literature which teaches peace. The cry of war is going forth, and the stampede may come, but let us work to offset the present erroneous course of affairs.



### TRAVAIL WITHIN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Many prophets of our day have been terrorized in late years with the prevailing liberalism in religion, philosophy and science, but it was left for the Pope to make the most dramatic dash toward offsetting what is now generally called "modernism." With a fearlessness and a sweep that startled the thinking world he threw his entire force into the onward march of this enemy of the church and society as well.

Whether, or not, he can rally enough energy to offset all that he calls evil remains to be seen, but he has manifested a conviction and an independence which are commendable.

Several of his own communicants, both lay and official, have answered his encyclical arguments and protests but the Pope shows his determination to impose his ecclesiastical prerogative upon his subjects by later and repeated statements. We believe that the saner element in humanity would have settled back upon the old fundamentals of religion at an early date whether the Pope had issued his

manifesto or not, just the same as they did in the sixteenth century. It is well known that when Luther first demonstrated the weakness of popes by asserting individual liberty before God, many Christians were swept too far along by the joy of answering directly to God instead of worshipping thru a priest or pope. The Catholics made much capital out of the moral laxity of Luther's followers and Luther lamented that his disciples who had been restricted so long now took too much liberty. In the course of a few years, however, conscience settled people upon a moral plane higher than they had known before.

In the present flurry, caused by some unfounded and premature claims of scientists and higher critics, many people have lost their moorings and are adrift, and many will be swept into the irreligious tide of the day, but the race has never yet wandered away from God's righteous ways but what they swung back nearer to the kingdom of truth than ever before, altho numbers do not always indicate this, but a clearer vision is had just the same. As long as higher critics dispute and wrangle among themselves about their own criticisms of the Bible the saint need not worry about the foundation of his hope. And as long as scientists of one decade disprove and throw away the hypotheses of their predecessors, again, we need not fear modernism nor any other ism whether the Pope issues his veto or not. "Nevertheless the foundations of God standeth sure," and "thy word, O Lord, is forever settled in heaven," are verified truths that neither science nor philosophy can make or unmake.



#### GRAFT IN BUSINESS VS. GRAFT IN POLITICS.

When Rudolph Spreckels saw his San Francisco gas stock drop from 85 to 60, he came to . . . town to attend to his duties as a stockholder and—to learn what graft is in business; and what politics is in business; and what the relation of said business corruption is to political corruption. Rudolph Spreckels made some swift, superficial inquiries about the gas company, and he heard that it had a big floating debt. There were other signs of neglect in the management, yes, and of inefficiency. The directors were all "leading citizens," "prominent business men," "veterans in finance." They were just the sort of men that business men would put upon a board of aldermen or supervisors to give good business government. Yet this young man found that these picked business directors were neglecting their duty to him as a stockholder, very much as his supervisors neglected their duty to him as a citizen and property holder.

And that wasn't all: the company wasn't earning the dividends it was paying to him! Why? The price of gas was high enough; gas companies elsewhere earned big dividends at a much lower rate, and his father was proposing to reduce the price from \$1.25 to 75 cents. Young Mr. Spreckels couldn't get answers to his questions from the officers and directors; they wouldn't listen to him. So he did as reformers do in politics; he appealed "to the people," and the people heard him gladly.

In other words, the stockholders to whom he addressed a circular elected Rudolph Spreckels to the Board of Directors. Then he found out what the matter was. Those respectable old business men on the board were dummy directors. They took orders in like manner as do our dummy legislators, and, like these despised politicians, were organized by a boss which ran this business as our political bosses run cities and states, inefficiently and dishonestly. He put investigators to work and, tho they found nothing "big," they did find something small,

very small. Besides general confusion, mismanagement, unearned dividends and inefficiency, there was graft. The directors got gas, electric light, gas ranges, coke and other supplies free. That was their price perhaps. That was the way the boss, Joe Crockett, bribed them. But the business boss had another political method of control. He gave places to relatives and friends of the directors and other influential men. The pay-roll was "padded," like a city pay-roll, to make jobs for persons with pull.

How can business men despise politics so? How can they pretend to dread the inefficiency, the pulls and the graft of public ownership of public utilities, when they know that this San Francisco Gas Company is a typical example of "private" or business management of this class of business? Mr. Spreckels cut off more than \$300,000 of useless expenses (graft, politics and inefficiency) in the first year of his control of the company.



#### THE DECAY OF CHILDHOOD.

Normal youth is analogous to springtime, giving promise to a harvest in maturity. The poetry of innocence speaks forth from the countenance of the child, and the song of purity is heard in his words. He breathes the freshness of the green fields, and hope springs as a light from his eye. But normal childhood is passing; it is being supplanted by a regrettable precocity, which makes the youth old before his years.

The youthful mind should be a fertile field for the development of the world's greatest thoughts, a home of powerful mental entities. Instead, the modern youth becomes for the most part, a narrowed plat for the seeds of noxious weeds; or growth may be so persistently forced as to exhaust the substances of the mental soil. In a recent number of the Westminster Review, Mr. Wilfred M. Leadman severely arraigns modern commercialism, the spirit of which is productive of abnormal conditions in the growing generation:

"How much may not this country be losing by her absurdly rigid educational system? She is cramming her youth with solely commercial and athletic ideals. She is completely blind to the boy's promising individuality; instead of giving him a sympathetic environment and treating him with the same minute attention to the smallest details as the animals at the zoo are treated, instead of trying to discover his innate abilities and nourishing them to a grand and glorious growth, she is herding all her boys in huge barracks, training them on the same wicked, egotistic principles, pitchforking them into the professions or trades which most suit their parents' pocket, and then congratulating herself on her splendid results. Yes, wrecked lives, distorted ideals, degraded abilities—those are often the fruits of our superb scholastic schemes. If I may risk the charge of irreverence, I would say that man in the future is to be made in the image of Rockefeller or Sandow, not God."



It is always interesting to follow the progress of the the consumption of sugar in a country, for it seems that as man's consumption of sugar increases his consumption of alcohol decreases. Among the foods that nourish the muscles, sugar is said to be as perfect and inoffensive as alcohol is imperfect and dangerous. In Germany within the twelve years from 1894 to 1906, the consumption of sugar has doubled, and scientists and others declare that in the presence of such figures it is safe to say that the consumption of alcohol has decreased in Germany.



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## "IN THE MIDST OF LIFE—DEATH."

This number of the *Inglenook* appears just as arranged by the editor, Brother Barwick, save that we have moved down his first editorial to tell the many friends and readers that he who has thus given them a part of himself, not only in this but other issues, is with us no more. Saturday morning, March 7, he moved among us about his chosen work, at noon his body was lifeless,—his spirit with his Maker. An account of his life and death will appear in next week's issue.



## "MY PEOPLE DOTH NOT CONSIDER."—Isa. 1: 3.

THE above sharp, piercing charge from the Lord of hosts needs to be emphasized again and again altho the people may not relish its force nor profit by its recital any more than they did when it was first announced. In this article we want to apply the prophet's language to the subject of child study.

All the possibilities of time and eternity are wrapped up in the child. The infinite Godhead counseled together before they brought the first human soul into existence. They also guarded man's later interests with infinite care, but the generation of a human soul today by procreation has come to mean little more than a joke among men and women in this immoral age. How many children or none, or didn't want any, or the practice of abortion, are as common topics for sporty remarks today as is horse racing or merry entertainment. Many people know this to their condemnation even if they are sly in their remarks. The sacredness of giving birth to a soul is gone. Prostitution and infanticide are on an equal social par with chastity and motherhood. The platform and the press are used to defend some of these unnatural practices. Marriage is only legalized adultery to thousands of people, many of whom express their intentions before marriage of never raising a family. Yet these people commune at the altar, lead prayer-meeting, console

sin-sick souls. In the eyes of God they are social scavengers.

But leaving this phase of this momentous question we come to another part of the question where we are common guardians. After the child is born it has rightful demands to make of its seniors, in the home, in school, in church and out in the world.

It seems that most parents are too busy chasing after gold dollars and too dizzy in the mad whirl of social life to give special attention to the study of children's needs. Home training is not studied nor discussed. It seems next to impossible to get Christian people to encourage study in this question by exchanging ideas and asking questions, altho every normal parent has large expectations for their offspring. Could our churches be induced to give as much attention to child study as our states give to agricultural colleges to improve the breed of farm stock, the world would witness a decided advance in the human race both morally and physically.

Very few papers devote much space to child study and what is given therein is seldom read. The curious, the unexpected, the catchy, the funny—these are the winners today. Why? "My people doth not consider." This was the Lord's answer at one time, and we cannot say that it has ever been fully withdrawn.

Then the twelve years of public school life is another period in which ideals of character and future destiny have a large part. Mental habits, moral tastes, physical development—these are not examined as carefully nor ranked as high in worth as is the amassing of so-called facts and fancies outlined in the curriculum.

The recent revelation of factory conditions in which pregnant women labored over time at under pay and in insanitary quarters proves the disregard of this question by America's greedy people. Puny children in these same factories working in filth and inhaling poisonous gases which adults would not endure also shows the depths to which we have sunk on this subject of child study. Were such cases rare then there would not be much room for complaint, but when the statistics in some cities prove that one out of every six of the children in the city under sixteen years old works under such conditions, then it is time for plain words to be spoken and decisive action to be taken.

Of course the readers of this magazine are hardly guilty of all that this paper hints at, but where they know of the increasing ratio which marks the growth of such hellish standards then why not set our face against the current, and with pen and tongue keep our own ranks clean and pure by precept, and by example. Silence about a known evil makes us an accomplice to the evil.

"My people doth not consider," or else they would take up the Lord's standards. At least we believe more would be said and done.

## A TESTIMONY AGAINST FOUL LITERATURE.

PROF. THOMAS, of the Chicago University, gave a lengthy discussion recently in the *American Magazine*, on the effects of yellow journalism in which sensation and emotion are the faculties appealed to. After showing that emotion is the controlling power in most people's lives he charges that the bulk of daily papers do not write to give facts and develop truth, but to appeal to the emotions of man.

He says that if such a sheet be analyzed, it will be found that it handles events and persons from the pain or disaster standpoint. The event itself is of no significance. The loss of life, the loss of happiness, the loss of property, the loss of reputation, death and destruction, is the whole story.

"But the yellow press does not stop with the singling out and overemphasis of situations of the fear-and-hate type. It distorts incidents and situations so that they will correspond to the most crude and brutal conditions of consciousness and desire. It perverts facts and manufactures stories purporting to be true, for the sake of producing an emotional shock greater than would follow on the presentation of the exact truth.

"The art of printing is so ennobled by its historical association with the pursuit of truth and with the interests of humanity, that we have been slow to perceive and credit the essential viciousness of the operations of the yellow press. The traditions of the press are so fine and printing is so deliberate an act that we have a persistent faith in the printed age; and even after we have been repeatedly deceived we still find it difficult to believe that anything printed in the papers can be untrue. But our faith is departing. At present we believe nothing that we see in the dailies, or at any rate we do not believe it absolutely, we are inclined to believe the weeklies, we will venture to form a judgment on a basis of statements appearing in the monthlies, while our old credulity in the bound volume remains unshaken."

The immorality of the yellow journal is set forth in these words:

"The yellow journal . . . is a *positive agent of vice and crime*. The condition of morality, as well as of mental life, in a community *depends on the prevailing copies*. A people is profoundly influenced by whatever is persistently brought to its attention. A good illustration of this is the fact that an article in commerce—a food, a luxury, a medicine, or a stimulant—can always be sold in immense quantities if it be persistently and largely advertised. In the same way the yellow journal by an advertisement of crime, vice, and vulgarity, on a scale unexampled in commercial advertising and in a way that amounts to approval and even applause, becomes one of the forces making for immorality."

Mr. Thomas makes a good point when he says that

an article well advertised in a community finds friends, and that when a sheet advertising crime is brought into a home frequently or daily, the subject matter of that paper will find a responsive chord in your life, or in the life of your children. There seems to be an awakening among all classes of thinking people about the corrupting influences of many of our daily papers.

Mr. Thomas also makes the direct charge that the yellow journal (all sensational papers) is a *positive agent of vice and crime* and that *the condition of morals in a community depends upon the amount of such reading matter that is found in the community*. Christians ought not further along positive agents of crime. The most of the daily papers advertise whisky, tobacco, race-track doings (gambling and all), theaters, dancing schools, cafes, where lewd women resort, and dozens of other hurtful agencies.



## POVERTY AND GENIUS.

"My folks are rich and I don't have to do this," said a young man last week, as he voluntarily gave up a good job which was in line for promotion to an enviable position. Any one can see into the future of that boy if that spirit continues to rule his life. He will soon despise labor, shun responsibility and eventually lose his ability to become independent. All of this because he had a pile of money to inherit. A parasite to society. A non-producer, an unworthy example, the progenitor of a weak, decrepit race.

Had this young man been born in a home where the needs of life pinched and pricked him into a serious activity it would have been infinitely better for him and all his followers. Then he would have soon learned how to provide for himself and others; thus contributing to the common fund of daily blessings. He would have held his position until he became foreman in his work and perhaps the head of a prosperous business firm. He would have become a benefactor, while as it is, he may become a malefactor.

Often poverty is a blessing in disguise. The geniuses of all ages have been reared and lived in poverty. There seems to be a vital relation between necessity and greatness. Or in other words, poverty is a blessing as well as riches. If you want to satisfy yourself fully that poverty gives a man more chances to bless his fellows that does wealth, just make out a list of the names representing the various classes of persons whose names are revered and stand as inspiration stations in the onward march of human progress, and see how many wealthy men are found in the list, that is, how many were born wealthy.

We do not mean to say that wealth is a curse. While it often is, yet it need not be, for it has rich blessings to bestow when properly used.



WORRY never made anything—but wrinkles.





## FOOD PRINCIPLES

LENNA FRANCES COOPER, Principal School of Hygiene and Cooking, Battle Creek Sanitarium

VEGETABLES as a class are chiefly valuable for two things, viz., for the mineral salts which they contain and for the bulk which they give which is due to the cellulose. When this cellulose becomes hardened and woody, as it does in many old vegetables such as parsnips, carrots, turnips, etc., it is undoubtedly a menace to digestion.

This should be rejected before the food is swallowed. Besides these two important constituents or Food Principles, vegetables also contain other food principles, namely, water, starch, sugars, albumen, etc.

Vegetables contain large quantities of water varying from about 75 per cent to 95 per cent. The cucumber for instance contains 96 per cent water, leaving only 4 per cent nutritive value.

Starch is an important constituent of some vegetables, namely, potatoes, corn and green peas. If we were to examine microscopically the starch from these different vegetables we would find that the little grains from each source have each a definite shape and characteristic, just as much so as do the potato and apple when viewed with the unaided eye.

Then if we were to make further examination, we should find that each starch grain is composed of two distinct parts, an outer portion cellulose which forms a covering or sack for the inner portion which consists of tiny granules. These granules are the smallest division of the starch grain and they give starch its peculiar characteristics.

The effect of heat upon starch is clearly shown in the making of the cold and the cooked laundry starch. In the cold starch, cold or only slightly warmed water is used and when this starch is allowed to stand for a time, the starch all settles to the bottom and when the water is poured off it can be used again or for any purpose for which starch is ordinarily used. But if boiling water is used, the starch grains lose their identity, become opaque, and the water is thickened. This is because the cellulose is broken by the heat and the granules escape in much the same manner as apples fall from a sack when the string is cut. Once free,

they immediately take up the water, producing a thickening of the water with a more or less gelatinous nature and the identity of the grains is forever lost. We can in no way separate them from the water again.

This is what always happens when we use flour, corn starch, or any other starchy substance for thickening. When boiling water is poured on the dry starch the grains on the outer part of the mass are broken and the granules take up sufficient of the water to form a pasty coating on the outside and we thus have a mass which in cooking is sometimes known as a lump, hence it is always essential to moisten the starch with sufficient cold water or liquid to surround each grain and to separate it from the rest, so that each one will receive an equal share of the boiling liquid.

When a potato is baked, the same thing occurs. The heat breaks the cellulose of the starch grains setting free the granules which take up the water of the potato and thus produce that mealy condition which is so much desired.

Most people think that any one can boil potatoes. While it is one of the simplest things in cookery, yet there is a science in even that. To prepare the potatoes, pare as thinly as possible, as the best part of the potato lies near the skin, place in cold water to keep firm. If the potatoes are old it may be necessary to let them stand in cold water an hour or so, before paring. Remove from the cold water and drop into boiling water and let boil gently from fifteen to twenty minutes, according to the size of the potatoes. Have the potatoes as nearly the same size as possible to insure uniformity of cooking. When they begin to get tender pour over them a cup of cold water, which will check the cooking on the outside and allow the cooking on the inside to proceed, thus making them more evenly cooked throughout. When they have come again to the boiling point, drain off the water, and shake over the fire until the potatoes are white and mealy. Salt may be added at the table, or if desired, may be added after ten minutes' cooking.

**Potato Croquettes.**

1 pint hot mashed potatoes. 2 tablespoons butter.  
 ½ teaspoon salt. ½ teaspoon celery salt.  
 ½ teaspoon grated onion. 1 egg yolk.

To the mashed potatoes, add the butter, the seasonings, and lastly the beaten egg yolk, and beat vigorously. If desired a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley may be added also. Shape into round oblongs or any preferred shape, dip into cracker crumbs, then into a beaten egg to which has been added one tablespoon of water or milk, then dip again into the crumbs, place in an oiled tin and bake in a hot oven until nicely browned.

**Baked Cabbage.**

1 medium-sized head of cabbage.  
 2 eggs. 1 pint milk. salt.

Chop the cabbage as for stewing, steam or boil until tender. Drain off the liquid if boiled. Beat the eggs and add to them the salt and milk. Pour this over the cabbage, place in the oven and cook until set like a custard.

**Potato and Celery Hash.**

1 pint diced cold potatoes. 1 tablespoon melted butter.  
 ½ cup chopped celery. Salt.

Prepare the potatoes by cutting into cubes about one-half inch square and the celery by carefully washing and cutting or chopping into small pieces. Mix and add salt and place in a baking dish. Pour the butter over them and set in the oven, cover for fifteen minutes or until thoroughly heated, then uncover and let brown.

**HOW TO KEEP PIE DOUGH.**

Now for a good pie crust that will keep for a week and the last pie as good as the first. For busy mothers, how nice to have it all ready to pinch off enough for a pie, roll out quickly and fill and bake. How nice not to have to stop first and make the pie crust! Take three cups of flour, and one cup of lard, a pinch of salt; mix. Break an egg in the cup now and beat; then fill with water, stir and mix in your pie crust. Bury it in the flour bin. Be sure to have it entirely covered with flour to exclude the air. Never mind the hard lumps. After taking it out of the flour, roll out just the same as the lumps will disappear in the baking.

**A WORK BAG.**

Have black sateen for the outside, the lining should be of some pretty contrasting color. For the bottom take a piece of pasteboard or cardboard about one-quarter yard in diameter, smoothly covered on both sides with the sateen. Around this sew slightly full the three strips, two of the sateen, one of the lining, have it as wide as desired, the outer strip of the sateen should be only half as wide as the other and sewed to the other at intervals to form pockets while the wider one should have a draw string at the top.



WITHOUT earnestness there is nothing to be done in life.

**THE FARM GARDEN.**

D. Z. ANGLE.

THE importance of the garden, and the necessity of its presence on most every farm we think is apparent, or should be to every one. Usually the housewife does most of the work of gardening, if physically able. But if she lacks in health, strength, or time, why shouldn't the "husband" give his assistance, or hire some one, since the end certainly justifies the outlay of time and expense. At least a strong boy or man should do the heavy work, like plowing, spading and raking. After planting is done, much of the cultivating can be done by children and women in the cooler parts of the day, providing the garden is small or medium size. If it is large or the season rainy, it will require more work and much steady effort to plant, properly cultivate, and grow the plants, while keeping down the weeds, for killing weeds is the main thing to do after obtaining a good stand of plants. And the best way to keep down weeds is to cultivate the ground as soon as dry enough after a rain, before, or just after weeds start to grow. Also by keeping top soil loose and friable, the lower soil remains moist, even if weather becomes dry, and adds sustenance and growth to roots of plants instead of quickly evaporating as it would from an untilled hard surface soil where the weeds soon obtain a good start and are then doubly hard to eradicate.

We prefer, where convenient, to have the garden longer than it is wide, so that most of the plants may be set in long straight rows, which renders planting and cultivation more convenient and rapid. In setting plants, stretch a cord tightly between stakes on long rows as a guide to set by. We usually grow some potatoes, either Irish or sweet, and sweet corn in garden, which are best planted and cultivated by aid of one horse and plow. These may also be employed to some extent in cultivating tomatoes, cabbage and lima beans, until plants are too large to go between without injuring them, they being set or planted in checks about thirty inches apart each way. We use a narrow strip eight or ten feet wide along one side of garden in which we raise onions, beets, lettuce, peas, wax beans, radishes and maybe early cabbage or tomatoes, parsnips, asparagus, etc. The onion seed, or sets are sown or drilled across this strip in rows about ten inches apart. Beets, peas, beans, parsnips and carrot seed may be sown in rows about the same as onions except thinner in the row. Afterwards, if too thick, thin to suit space required for each plant and strength and power of soil to produce to profitable size or quantity. Sow the lettuce in a square patch, radishes in rows like beets, etc., or the seed stuck around edges of beds or at ends of other rows. The cabbage or tomatoes here, should be set not closer than twenty or thirty inches apart in checks. In cultivating we use either a double or single wheel hoe.



or both. Sometimes one, then the other, is best suited to the needs of the growing plants. Either one is a great improvement, in most cases, as a time and labor saver over the common hoe that "Markham's man" used, though the hand hoe, too, comes handy at times in some places. But we prefer to do our work with least expense of time and labor possible, and believe it is best to use horse power wherever practicable.

First plow the garden with a team, then harrow what is to be planted soon, leaving balance lay rough so rain will not pack it so hard or weeds will not start so readily. Of course in a dry time or season, the clods get hard, but generally we can arrange it all right, and when ready to finish planting late vegetables, we harrow or rake as soon after a rain as the soil will do, or replot if too weedy, then smooth and plant. Garden should be heavily manured before plowing, either in fall or spring, with well-rotted manure. A rich soil, properly prepared, planted and cultivated will insure a good yield of wholesome vegetables such as no farmer should be without.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*



#### A FEW HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR HOUSE-CLEANING TIME.

TRY cleaning the cupboards, closets and dresser-drawers in March and note later how much the regular housecleaning has been lightened.

If you do not want to revarnish the hard-wood floors and woodwork this spring, try rubbing the marred places with a cloth dipped in turpentine. Varnish is largely composed of turpentine and the oil serves quite well as a temporary substitute.

A kerosene cloth is better than soap and water for removing the inevitable grease that has deposited itself on the upper woodwork of the kitchen during the winter. It not only removes the grease more successfully but it is done with greater safety to the paint and varnish.

If the kitchen paper is too good for removal and too soiled for neatness, try rubbing, good and hard, every spot of the walls and ceiling with clean cloths. By so doing you will save the expense of paying a cleaner and make the paper look clean and glossy.

Lace curtains or thin white curtains of any material last much longer and hang or drape more gracefully if unstarched.

The most satisfactory way I have found for hanging lace curtains is to baste two two-inch tucks in the long end that must be thrown over the pole. A two-inch hem and a two-inch tuck in which to slip the pole—all together makes an attractive heading for the curtain. In length the curtain only reaches the top of the mopboard.

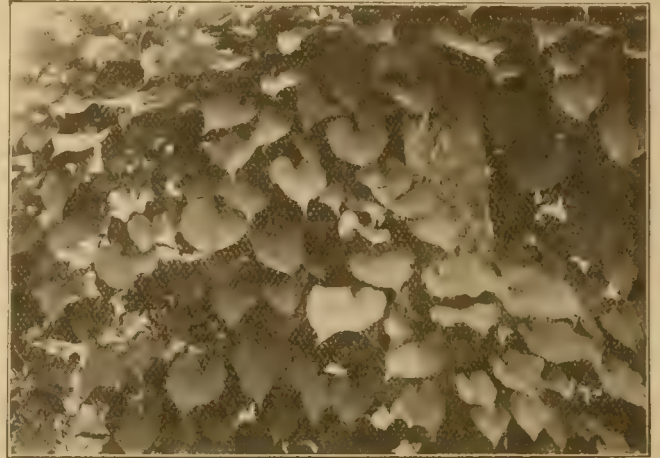


EXPERIENCE is the best teacher, it is the father of wisdom.

#### THE WILD YAM AS AN ORNAMENTAL VINE.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

THE wild yam (*Dioscorea villosa*), shown in the illustration, is a native climber that has been used with good effect for hiding unsightly objects. In this instance it is used as a screen in the back yard of a village lot. It was planted along a four-foot wire fence. The top dies down each year, but it grows so rapidly that by the time it blooms, which is in June or July according to latitude, it has not only reached the top of the fence, but has covered shrubbery ten to twelve



The Wild Yam.

feet high. The blooms are very inconspicuous, but if one is lucky enough, which means that one should locate the plants the summer before transplanting from the woods, to get both staminate and pistillate kinds, the seed pods are ornamental and remain on the vines for months.

The broad, heart-shaped leaves are smooth on the upper side while the under surface is downy. When the yam first comes up in the spring it grows several feet before showing any sign of leaves. But later it makes up for any deficiency in that respect. It does well in partial shade and will be found growing in the woods climbing over shrubs and brush piles throughout the Central States.



#### GARDEN AND FLOWERS.

LUCINDA MILLER.

I THOUGHT I would write a few thoughts on gardening. I begin early in spring as soon as the ground will permit. The first I sow is a bed of lettuce. Cultivate the ground in March and sow it so that it will be ready for early use. When it is used up the ground can be cultivated and sown to beets or radishes for later use.

Then as soon as the ground is warm in April sow peas, drill in rows; have the rows two feet apart. That will give plenty of room to cultivate. Then I plant beans in hills two feet apart. I plant onions and

radishes and cucumbers. Some think you cannot have cucumbers early but I have good luck with early ones. I sow early cabbage and tomatoes; set some in rows and set a plant in every vacant spot. You will be surprised how much you can raise by setting a plant in every place you can find for one.

When the peas and beans are done bearing they can be pulled up and the ground cultivated again and sown to turnips. This way you can raise a good deal of garden on a small piece of ground.

Now as to flowers. I sow some around the edge of beds. I had nice nasturtiums around my beet bed last summer, and sweet peas grow well near the fence, so they will run on it. A wire fence is especially nice. Sow as early in March as you can.

*South Bend, Ind.*



### LAUNDRY WORK.

THE reason wash day is so dreaded by the housewife and, in many instances, by all the members of the household, is because the work is not rightly managed and proper preparations made for the work of this day.

The careful housekeeper has found that her work on wash day is made much easier if the clothes to be washed can be soaked over night, as this loosens the dirt and makes them much easier to wash. A small amount of borax dissolved in the water in which the clothes are soaked is a great help in softening and removing the dirt and in whitening the clothes. Borax costs more than salsoda. But it does not injure the fabric as do the stronger alkalies, so in the end it is the cheaper.

The thoughtful woman has also found out that it is far more economical to mend clothes before they are washed, for often the rents are made worse in washing and often garments are made useless by neglect. All stains that will "set" in washing should be removed before the clothes are put to soak. The stain should be examined and removed by the process most effective for the kind.

It is best to make all possible preparations, such as cutting the soap into pieces ready to make the soap solution for the boiler, before wash day arrives. Preparations for the meals of wash day should also be made in advance.

Washing Woolens—Great care needs to be taken in washing woolens, for unless they are washed properly they will shrink and become stiff and harsh. It is better to have the temperature of all the water used about the same. Never rub soap onto woolen garments. Make a soap solution and put it into the water in which the garments are to be washed. Always shake and brush the garments well before wetting them. Have the suds and two rinsing waters warm and add a tablespoonful of borax to each one.

Work the suds through the material by lifting, squeezing and kneading. Never rub or twist woolens. After rinsing through two waters run through the wringer and hang out to dry, and do not allow them to freeze. Take from the line before quite dry and press with moderately hot iron.—*Lotta I. Crawford.*



### DESTINY.

AURELIA HARRIET WORTH.

We speak each other in passing  
In the hurry and bustle and strife,  
As we meet on the dusty highway  
Or out on the ocean of life.

We speak each other in passing  
As we sail thru the mist and the rain,  
Then creep away in the darkness  
And are lost to sight again.

Like ships that pass in the night  
Each go a different way;  
One on the troubled ocean  
The other the tranquil bay.

Like ships that pass in the night  
We part to meet no more,  
As we sail on the restless ocean,  
Or wreck on the rocky shore.

For the ship that paused in passing  
And spoke thru the mist and rain,  
Has sailed away in darkness,  
And is lost to sight again.

And perchance when the voyage is over,  
And we anchor in the bay,  
We will meet again the vessel  
That spoke in passing our way.

Cairo, N. Y.



### A TIME FOR ACTION.

It is only a few years back that I would rather quibble over the form of some Greek verb in order to get an argument to substantiate some pet idea; or pile up testimonies of Greek philosophers; or recite statutes of Roman jurisprudence; or relate the heresy trials of the dark ages than do anything else in the world. Metaphysics, paragraphs of ethical thought and masses of book lore were my delight. But now I see a lost, struggling mass of humanity helplessly floating down the surging, seething stream of time into a dark chasm out of which come the bitter wails of a misspent life, the admission of some hidden crime, the soul's intuition of Satan's presence and the mad curses of those who have been led thither by sin. It is the cry for help, the wail of despair and the moanings of souls entering eternal torment.

Shall I sit idly by and witness this awful scene when it is possible that I can save a few of these my unfortunate brethren? Some one saved me from that very pit. Shall I mock that good deed? No. "Those who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." That is enough for me. Do you want more?



## LOST IN A DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

EMMA HORNING.

SEVERAL of we young folks were spending the afternoon at one of the neighbors. Towards evening the snow began to creep over the ground giving signs of a blizzard. We made ready to leave as soon as possible and knowing the way so well we thought there was no danger. The moon was shining thru the new blown snow making it very charming to light, young hearts, but we failed to turn at the right place and before we were aware, the road was nowhere to be found. No fence, houses many miles apart, and snow everywhere, made the situation a serious one when we left our minds dwell on it.

But we supposed we were going the direction of home and would soon strike some familiar object so we were only half alarmed and half pleased to think we were really having the experience of being lost in a snow storm. We were well fixed for cold weather. Each of us had on a heavy, long fur coat and were wrapped in plenty of robes. We were enjoying it more than the horses for the snow was deep and they had no road. On we went eagerly scanning the dim horizon for a welcome light. An hour went by but nothing was to be seen but the falling, blowing snow with the dim moonlight weirdly gleaming thru it. Another and another hour passed by, fingers and toes began to feel very uncomfortable, creeping chills began to creep all over us. The horses could only plod slowly along. We were really becoming alarmed. What would we do? Unhitch, turn the sled over to keep the wind from us, then wrap ourselves well in our robes and let the snow drift about us which might keep us from freezing; then turn the horses loose so they could keep moving and not suffer from the cold.

These were our plans when, "What's that?" All was movement. On examination we found it to be a railroad grade eight or ten miles in the opposite direction from home. We turned, more satisfied but still very uncertain as to the result. Keep going, tired horses. Poor things! Look! can that be a light? Watch! Yes, No. But time revealed a light from a truly welcome window. 'Twas an old stone house about five miles from home. It was occupied by an old bachelor who was caring for a flock of sheep during the winter. He made us very welcome to his fire-side, but the wind whistled thru the stone walls, the little cook stove kept red hot could keep the atmosphere above the freezing point but a couple feet from the stove, but we were not lost. Our host was very interesting and we spent some time listening to his stories of early times in Illinois, of muddy weather, corn husking, and thrilling incidents, keeping time to his narration as he walked to and fro across the floor in the process of keeping warm. When stirring adventures began to "run out" and eyes began to droop he said he was very sorry he could give us no bet-

ter accommodations for sleeping than sitting by the fire, but he assured us that there was plenty of coal to keep the stove red. After making things as comfortable as possible, he said it was time for him to go to "roost," and wrapping himself up in a blanket he lay on a pile of hay in the corner.

We sat by the fire with our fur coats on while our faces burned and our backs felt the frost line, but this was far better than under the sled-box in a snow-drift. We tried to sleep but with little satisfaction and were very glad when the glimmer in the east revealed the coming of dawn. We were soon on our way home, arriving just in time for breakfast, greatly relieving the anxiety of the parents who suspected our trouble and kept a light burning for us all night in the upper window. Breakfast over, we just had time to get to the schoolhouse to open a new week of school. I am afraid the schoolma'am did not hear all the pupils said that day for she once found herself asleep in the center of one of the recitations.

*Fruita, Colo.*



## THE ANSWER.

WE have been asked to give an answer to the question under the head of a Skull Cracker, found on page 1,259 in No. 53, issued Dec. 31, 1907. The problem is as follows:

Three men took eggs to market. A had fifty eggs, B thirty, and C ten. They sold their eggs at the same price, yet C managed to get as much for his ten eggs as A and B did for theirs. How could he do it?

Whenever one of the three men sold any eggs they all sold at a uniform price, and continued to do so until all were sold.

This is no catch question, but one of possible occurrence which your grandfathers worked long ago. Can you do it?

Here is the explanation:

A sold 49 eggs, at one-seventh of a cent each, which gave him 7 cents. B sold 28 eggs, at the same price, which gave him 4 cents. C sold 7 eggs, at the same price, which gave him 1 cent.

Then A sold his one remaining egg for three cents. This made ten cents in all for A. B sold his two remaining eggs for three cents each, which made him ten cents in all. C sold his three remaining eggs at three cents each, which made him ten cents.

In the hog problem which followed the egg question the men made a mistake in trying to make unequal quantities of meat at unequal prices give an average sum for each.

While the above questions seem useless yet there are thousands of daily cases where neighbors and households wrongly divide matters by not noticing the right equation in larger and smaller quantities at various prices.

## A CHILD STUDY.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE Bible is unique among all the works of ancient times in its attention to the child. There is but one child in the Iliad of Homer and none in almost all the other books of that age. But the Word of God gives us the childhood of nearly all of its prominent characters. The first glimpses we get of Joseph and David are those of early youth, while we know Moses and Samuel almost from their birth. The advent of the Christ into the world as a little child has dignified the estate of childhood and has given to both childhood and motherhood a new significance in art and literature. Surely the keynote of all inspiration in all that has been most beautiful in literature and art, most ennobling and most universally uplifting, was struck on that night when the holy child was first nestled in its mother's bosom.

Christianity is easily distinguished from all other so-called religions by its tender regard for the child. Heathenism looks upon women and children with disdain, and it is not so many years ago when they offered up their children as sacrifices to the Ganges, and other gods of their false worship. The family life as we see it and enjoy it, is peculiarly a Christian institution, wherein the child is recognized as having inalienable rights before man and before God. Over the entrance gate of a certain playground in London, patronized chiefly by the poor, is this sign: "No adults allowed to enter unless accompanied by children." We discover here a principle, that the child is the germinal fact of all life, and its essential foundation. We approve of the sign.

How many of us in our treatment of the child really apprehend its personality, or think of the child as a distinct individual element of society? We are always looking for the man in the child without stopping to realize that the child has a life all its own before it becomes a man or a woman. We are forever troubled with what we think the child may be, and are not content to work with the child as it is. The child of Mary was a babe before he became the man Jesus. Across the deep, blue sea, the words are over the play-ground gate of the world's greatest city, "No adults allowed unless they have children with them." And beyond the deep, blue sky, in another city, whose builder and maker is God,—over the entrance gate to that city whose streets shall be full of boys and girls playing therein,—are to be found the words, "Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter in."

In the study of an eminent scholar and minister is a rude brick from the palace of Sardnapulus, that must be about 2,500 years old. And, yet, for all those twenty-five centuries it has preserved upon its face the plain marks of a human hand. Some workman had taken it up, in a plastic state, before it had hard-

ended in the sun and it bears to this day the visible proof of that hand that took it up in the ancient brick-yard.

In the world of life about us there are many human souls, who in the plastic state of impressionable condition are receiving the touches of good or evil that will never be effaced. And I believe that there are no years when human life is more sensible to the touch of the life that now is than those first years of a child's life—tender, confiding, trusting, innocent, dependent.

According to the common law, the parent is charged with the duties of feeding, clothing, educating and protecting his children. This, of course, is regarded as a burden without compensation until such time as the child's earnings may lighten it. The child's value, therefore, is in proportion to his ability to earn, a proposition which when followed to its logical conclusion makes the life of the child one valueless dummy.

Not until we have made a study of the child from the standpoint of the man of Galilee shall we ever realize its true worth, and come to see, with clearer vision than ever before, that the child is the germinal principle of all manhood, and as such ought to be given the very best care and culture. For what shall it profit us if we gain the whole world but lose our own children?



## WHAT WHISKY DOES.

Dr. Podstata, superintendent Northern Illinois Insane Hospital, at Elgin, says of whisky when speaking of its effect on parent and offspring:

"A very serious topic for consideration indeed, but not the worst. Far worse in the opinion of a physician is the influence of alcohol upon the offspring. I am able to quote Dr. Demme in presenting absolutely positive comparative data gathered by him. Demme, in order to obtain light upon this question, formed two groups of parents, which groups each numbering ten families, he carefully followed for the interval of twelve years. In the first group were parents who drank alcoholic beverages, in the other there was no consumption of liquors. The group of drinkers had a total of 57 children. Of these only ten, that is 17½ per cent, were fully normal. The remainder suffered from various diseases and mal-developments, all of them pointing to degeneracy. Twenty-five of the children died within the first few months of their life.

In the other group there came 61 children. Of these only five died within the 12 years. Four of the children suffered later from diseases of the nervous system and two had evidences of mal-development. The remainder, that is 50 children, constituting 81.9 per cent, remained entirely healthy. It would be superfluous to say any more regarding the effects of alcohol beyond possibly summing up the direct and indirect effects so far as they pertain to the nervous system.

1. The loss of moral and ethical sense.
2. Insanity of jealousy.
3. Delusional insanity with hallucinations.
4. Delirium tremens.
5. Epilepsy.
6. Paralysis.



**MY MISSION.**

E. C. HOLLAR.

O! if I were a songster gay  
 With spark of poet's fire,  
 The names of kings I then could take,  
 And tune them to my lyre.

But 'tis not given me to sing  
 With voice of angels high;  
 Nor yet to write with form so true  
 That Pope should with me vie.

With charming words I am not called  
 To greet the noble's ear,  
 But with my simple rustic verse  
 To bring the lowly cheer.

Or, if I were an orator,  
 And speeches great could frame,  
 My nation's worth on hill and mead  
 I might with length proclaim.

But Athens' men hath struck me dumb,  
 And Henry holds me spell;  
 So aught of good that I would say,  
 In simple words must tell.

For 'tis not given me to speak,  
 With thundering words and great,  
 But to in verbage smooth and plain  
 Great sentiments create.

And other gifts, if I should have,  
 The world I might amaze;  
 And like the three of Athens' great  
 Stand wrapped in misty haze.

But I'm not built for wonderment;  
 Nor on the genius plan,  
 But in my plodding way to show  
 The brotherhood of man.

And, after all, these lives of ours  
 Do count for naught or much,  
 According as these hands of ours  
 God's righteousness do touch.

Hardin, Mo.

**WHERE DID SOME OTHER ANIMALS COME FROM?**

A FEW years ago some states in India were over-run with rats. Not just simply enough to annoy people a little, but whole armies of them traveled across the country and destroyed so many crops that food had to be sent to the natives. This continued for a few months and then the rats suddenly disappeared. Who can explain?

Thousands of settlers in Kansas witnessed the flight of locusts in that state, about thirty years ago. One day a buzzing noise could be heard overhead. Then the sunlight became dim and grasshoppers began to drop here and there. Turkeys and chickens nearly ran their legs off at first to get the grasshoppers as they fell, but after a while they did not need to run for them. The sun was hid behind a cloud of grasshoppers and they began dropping everywhere, even so much that turkeys ran for shelter.

In a few hours after the grasshoppers fell the corn-

fields were eaten bare by them, the grass and other vegetation was all gone. It was total destruction to all farm crops.

These grasshoppers lingered for three days, and then one forenoon they spread their wings, soared aloft, and where did they go to? No one will ever understand whence nor whither about this strange and destructive phenomenon, but we cannot deny its reality. A large part of two states was affected by them, and thousands of people were made poor in two hours' time.

**A HOG THAT LIVED OVER TWO MONTHS IN A STRAWSTACK.**

A NEIGHBOR missed two hogs on the day he threshed his wheat and he suspected that they had gone to sleep around the strawstack at noon, and were covered up with straw.

This was in August. One cold day in October, this neighbor, Mr. Williams, was gathering up loose straw around his stack for bedding his stock in the stable when he heard a hog grunt altho there was no hog in sight. He had heard of delirium tremens, but being a teetotaler he concluded that his ears were not deceiving him. The grunting noise came from within the stack. He finally located the noise, and, remembering the two lost hogs, he eagerly removed some more straw, and behold, there stood a lean, gaunt, razor-back porker, poorer than the lean kine of Egypt, but able and glad to renew old acquaintances, after a confinement of nine weeks and two days in the bottom of a strawstack!

The hog was afterward fattened and sold, but his history was never written. While in this prison he ate his mate, which made it possible for him to live so long in such close quarters.

**THE CHILDREN.**

AGNES NEFF.

All day long we hear the patter  
 Of the busy little feet;  
 All day long their silvery voices  
 Come to us in accents sweet.

Little, dimpled hands are busy  
 In the sunshine, or the rain,  
 Strewing playthings on the carpet;  
 Leaving prints upon the pane.

Soiling little frocks and faces  
 In their happy, childish glee,  
 While from beneath the golden ringlets  
 Star-like eyes beam merrily.

And when the evening shadows close  
 Those dreamy eyes in sleep,  
 Bright angels round their little beds,  
 Their nightly vigils keep.



THERE will be good will in all when God's will is over all.

## For SUNDAY READING

### RESCUE THE GIRLS.

#### Crittenton Home for Fallen Women.

THE great work of Charles N. Crittenton in establishing homes for fallen women is one of the monuments of personal work, equalled by few men in this generation.

Through his untiring personal efforts for a period of twenty years he was enabled to establish and open *sixty-five* homes, through which thousands of girls and women have been rescued from lives of sin and shame.

Mr. Crittenton was not a preacher or evangelist, but a successful business man of New York, who devoted most of his time to this great work.

He started in life a poor boy, became wealthy in the wholesale drug business, let his assistants conduct the business while he went out to *rescue the fallen*.

His story of the inception and prosecution of the work is as follows: "Many years ago Jesus gathered into his arms my little Florence. For months my heart was in rebellion against God because he took my child. But one day memory recalled Rev. 3: 19 which I had learned in Sunday school—'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten,' and I could not get those words out of my mind, until I broke down weeping, and a voice consoled me by 'you can come to her.' I wrestled in prayer until, through my blinding tears I felt the 'peace be still' and a great calm came over me, and like a tired and weary child I rested on his bosom.

"I promised my Savior then to follow his leading. Soon after I was asked to lead a meeting and my promise prompted me to accept. After the meeting a night missionary requested me to accompany him on a trip to the slums, and I accepted.

"We visited saloons full of drinking, cursing and gambling. Then entering a side room of a saloon we came upon two girls, and the missionary sang: "There is a fountain filled with blood," then prayed. I never heard such a prayer before or since. He not only prayed for those two girls, but for all mothers' girls in New York. After prayer he asked me to talk to them, and I told them of my grief, my rebellion and my salvation. They were heart-broken as we gave them 'Good-bye and a God bless you, go and sin no more,' when, like a flash, it came to my mind, Where can they go?

"No doors open, only doors of shame similar to the one they were in. From this reflection came the founding of the first Florence Mission later changed to Mother Mission from which have sprung many others in different cities, where any tired, weary moth-

er's girl can come at any time of day or night and find consecrated Christian mothers as matrons and assistants that will welcome them in, and let them rest their weary heads on their bosoms while they encircle the tired body and tell them the wonderful story of Jesus, the Mighty to Save.

"The girl whom God used to open the door of the first Florence Mission lived nearly two years after that, and hers was one of the most remarkable of conversions. She had a wonderful faculty in committing the Bible and quoting the same in preaching. People came from far and near to hear her thrilling eloquence. One of her last addresses was to 3,000 people in the Cooper Union who were held spellbound by her eloquence."

Mr. Crittenton spent four years as a night worker in the slums of New York City, which, in trying also to carry on his business in daytime, so broke his health that his physician ordered a trip abroad.

He went abroad and visited all the large cities of the world, studied the conditions of the street girls, and in the shops; investigated any and all movements set for their alleviation; addressed thousands of girls in the leading cities; and returned to this country with his heart bowed down to know that in all the world of sorrow and suffering womankind, not one agency of redemption was successfully established.

He at once set himself to the work; adopting plans and improving on them as his experience warranted, until this mighty circle of sixty-five homes for fallen women attest his labors in strengthening the weak, rescuing the fallen, and bringing thousands into the fold.

"God bless the Rescue Missions,  
Wide open, day and night,  
To bring the erring daughters  
From darkness into light;  
To meet the love of Jesus,  
His cleansing grace to know,  
Though sin has blackened deeply,  
He'll wash her white as snow."

—*Sunshine Mission Echo*.



### A PRAYER.

CARL NELSON.

My heart is speaking,  
God, in the stillness, to thee;  
My soul is seeking,  
Light up the pathway for me.

Hope is redeeming,  
Let me, O Savior, not be  
Lost in the gleaning;  
Garner me safely to thee.

Heal my demerit,  
Warm my cold heart with thy glow,  
Lead now my spirit  
Into the way I should go.

Cando, N. Dak.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### SHEEP SUCCEEDING CATTLE IN THE WEST.

The cattle barons of the West, who once held undisputed sway over the great public domain, have been displaced, in the last few years, by new lords of wealth and power,—the sheep men.

Travel over the Pecos country in New Mexico, where John Chisum ruled like a lord of old, and where his baronial retainers fought desperate battles with the retainers of rival cattle barons, and what will you find but sheep, and more sheep? To be sure there are plenty of cattle left in the country, but they are split up in tiny herds among the small ranchers, while most of the unfenced range is grazed over by great flocks of sheep, of all grades and values, in charge of Mexican herders in all states of somnolency. In Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado, where the dust of the cattle trails once clouded the blue skies, the old highways of the steer are grass-covered, and,—the mockery of it!—are fed over by dusty-backed herds whose eternal "ba-a-a" brings a curl of contempt to the lips of the cowman. Where the cowboys once faced the storms of the prairie, in their yellow slickers, the sheep herder now crawls into his canvas-covered sheep wagon, where he lives in comfort through the hardest "norther," and in summer, even to the grassy slopes of the Rocky Mountains, above timber line, one will come upon sheep camps.

#### The Sheep Interest Coming to its Own.

For twenty years the sheep man has fought for every foot of ground he has gained in the West. He has fought pitched battles with cowmen and ranchers, and has seen his sheep slaughtered by ten's of thousands, and his herders killed or driven in ignominy from the disputed territory. But always the sheep owner has come back across the "dead line," until finally his enemy has yielded place. Today the sheep man is the stronger, instead of the weaker party. A few months ago, when there was a raid on a sheep camp in northern Wyoming, the sheep men offered a large reward for the capture of those who had slain the sheep and burned the sheep wagons. Furthermore, they armed their herders, and, in some instances where danger seemed most threatening, stationed guards about the flocks and announced that any cattle interests that sought a fight would be accommodated. Such boldness would have been unthought of ten years ago, and the case simply shows how the sheep men have grown in power until practically they are the dictators, instead of submitting to the dictation of others.

The sheep man has had many prejudices to overcome. Chief of these has been the theory that sheep destroy a range, trampling out the roots of grass and rendering a feeding ground valueless when once they have passed over it. The folly of this statement has been demonstrated in the West, where the same grazing grounds have been used by millions of sheep for years and are as good today as when the sheep first went on them.

### The Sheep Herder's Life and Duties.

Naturally the central figure in the sheep business is the herder. He is the man upon whom the owner depends for the safety of an average flock of from 2,000 to 2,500 sheep, which may be worth from \$10,000 to \$30,000. It has been the custom to look upon the sheep herder as a man who takes up this employment because he is "locoed" or because he cannot do anything else. Nothing could be further from the truth. No sheep owner could put so much responsibility on the shoulders of an incompetent or irresponsible man. The herders are selected from the best material the labor market has to offer, and are paid from \$50 to \$75 a month and board. The herder is furnished with everything he needs, and there is no limit to the quantity or quality of his fare. He is given carte blanche to order what the market affords, and the "camp tender," who comes with supplies once or twice a week, sees that the order is promptly filled. The sheep wagon, in which the herder lives in winter, is a veritable house on wheels. It is a canvas-covered wagon, containing cookstove, bunk, cupboard, and in short, everything that can make life bearable for the herder. In one of these wagons a man can remain comfortable while a "norther" rages without. In summer, while in the mountains, he lives in a tent, but this is all a man requires among such ideal natural surroundings.

In the spring, at lambing time, is the herder's season of responsibility. It is then that a May snowstorm will wipe out the year's crop of lambs; if the flock is caught in a bad place, and it is then that the band must be closely guarded against the dangers from coyotes and wolves. Care must always be exercised in changing feeding ground, lest the sheep get among poison weeds and die. Countless sheep have been lost in this manner, the herder being unaware of any danger until the poisoned animals began to drop by the score.

#### Sheep-Shearing by Machinery.

Sheep-shearing time brings to the fore another interesting class of men,—the shearers. These men begin their work in the south, where, the shearing is early, and work north through the season, finishing their work in Montana and Canada. The shearing is done by contract, in pens that are equipped with costly machinery. Formerly sheep were clipped by shears, but the modern shearing knife, run by steam or electricity, is used nearly altogether today. The machine is not much faster than the old-fashioned shears, but it does the work in much more cleanly fashion, and leaves less wool on the sheep. The saving of from a quarter to a half a pound of wool to each sheep amounts to a great deal of money when so many millions of sheep are sheared in a season.

The shearing is done early in the summer. The herders bring up their bands of sheep and run the animals into pens. The shearers in the pens grasp the

animals and soon the keen knives are cutting through the wool. The fleece comes off almost in a single garment, so neatly do the skilled shearers work. Despite the exhausting nature of the work, the men standing all day in a stooping posture, some astounding records are made. One shearer, Frank Hewitt, of Saratoga, Wyo., who is credited with being the champion shearer of the United States, won a medal at the Chicago Exposition, in competition with nineteen other shearers, by shearing 100 sheep in three hours, and twenty-seven minutes. It is said that this shearer turns out an average of 175 sheep a day throughout a shearing season. With a dozen men shearing sheep with such rapidity, it is no wonder that the wool is soon stacked high in sacks at the sheds, ready for shipment. About 100 sheep a day may be accepted as the general average for a shearer. The operators get 8 cents per fleece, so it is seen that their pay is relatively high, though it is none too much when one considers the exhausting nature of the work and the shortness of the shearing season.—Review of Reviews.



### THE NEGRO IN THE UNITED STATES.

In the large cities the negro element is growing "more rapidly, perhaps, than any other single element of urban population"—and this in spite of the fact that in these Northern negro communities the deaths are almost invariably in excess of the births. But it appears that there is a tide of negro immigration, constantly rolling upward from the South that more than counteracts the effects of a high mortality. Thus we read:

"In 1880 Chicago had only 6,480 colored people; at present it has about 45,000, an increase of some 600 per cent. The census of 1900 gives the negro population of New York as 60,666. It is now (1907) probably not less than 80,000. Between 1890 and 1900 the negroes of Philadelphia increased by 59 per cent, while the Caucasians added only 22 per cent, and the growth since 1900 has been ever more rapid, the colored population now exceeding 80,000."

In Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Chicago race feeling and discrimination are rapidly increasing; new and more difficult problems are constantly arising.

Two classes of colored people come North: "the worthless, ignorant, semicriminal sort," lured by the intermittent, high-paid day labor of the North and the glittering excitements of city life; and "the self-respecting, hard-working people who are really seeking better conditions of life, a better chance for their children." To many of these the North has all the glamour of the promised land. Coming North to find a place where he will be treated more like a man and less like a serf, the negro discovers that he must meet the competitive struggle to which men of the working class are subjected in the highly developed industrial system of the North.

I know of nothing more tragic than the condition of the swarming newer negro populations of Northern cities—the more tragic because the negro is so cheerful and patient about it all. I looked into the statistics closely in several of them, and in no instance does the birth-rate keep pace with the death-rate. They die off faster than they reproduce themselves, and if it were not for the immigration constantly rolling upward from the South the negro population in Northern cities would show a falling off. Consumption and the diseases of vice ravage their numbers. . . .

From inquiries that I have made everywhere in the North there would seem, indeed, to be a tendency to "race suicide" among negroes as among the old American white stock. Especially is this true among the better-class negroes. The ignorant negro in Southern agricultural districts is exceedingly prolific, but his Northern city brother has comparatively few children. . . .

Not only is the death-rate high in the North, but the negro is hampered by sickness to a much greater degree than white people. Hospital records in Philadelphia show an excess of negro patients over whites, according to population, of 125 per cent. About 5,000 negroes passed through the hospitals of Philadelphia last year, averaging a confinement of three weeks each. Mr. Warner, in American Charities, makes sickness the chief cause of poverty among colored people in New York, Boston, New Haven, and Baltimore. The percentage of sickness was twice or more as high as that of Germans, Irish, or white Americans.

Such are the pains of readjustment which the negroes are having to bear in the North.

Superficially, at least, the negro in Boston still enjoys the widest freedom; but after one gets down to real conditions he finds much complaint and alarm on the part of negroes over growing restrictions.

Boston exercises no discrimination on the street-cars, on railroads, or in theaters or other places of public gathering. The schools are absolutely free. A colored woman, Miss Maria Baldwin, is the principal of the Agassiz School, of Cambridge, attended by six hundred white children. I heard her spoken of in the highest terms by the white people. Eight negro teachers, chosen through the ordinary channels of competitive examination, teach in the public schools. There are negro policemen, negro firemen, negro office-holders—fully as many of them as the proportion of negro population in Boston would warrant. A negro has served as commander of a white post of the Grand Army. . . .

But with crowding new immigration, and incited by all the other causes I have mentioned, these conditions are rapidly changing.

A few years ago no hotel or restaurant in Boston refused negro guests; now several hotels, restaurants, and especially confectionery stores will not serve negroes, even the best of them. The discrimination is not made openly; but a negro who goes to such places is informed that there are no accommodations, or he is overlooked and otherwise slighted, so that he does not come again. A strong prejudice exists against renting flats and houses in many white neighborhoods to colored people. . . .

Even at Harvard, where the negro has always enjoyed exceptional opportunities, conditions are undergoing a marked change. A few years ago a large class of white students voluntarily chose a brilliant negro student, R. C. Bruce, as valedictorian. But last year a negro baseball player was the cause of so much discussion and embarrassment to the athletic association that there will probably never be another colored boy on the university teams. The line has already been drawn, indeed, in the medical department.

In fact, the more I see of conditions North and South, the more I see that human nature north of Mason and Dixon's line is not different from human nature south of the line.—Ray Baker, in American Magazine.



Most people flatter themselves that they can't be spoiled by flattery.





# Echoes from Everywhere

## FOREIGN.

### An Arbitration Treaty with France.

Last year, when the arbitration treaties, drawn up, by our State Department with France, Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland, were submitted to the Senate, that body amended them so as to require that a special treaty, to be ratified by the Senate, should be drawn up for each individual case which was to be arbitrated. The President refused to submit the treaties so amended to the various countries. Last week, however, Secretary Root informed the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations that he had written to each of the seven countries and all had assented to the change, and that the President would accept the amendment. The scope of the treaty is shown by the first article which reads:

Differences which may rise of a legal nature or relating to the interpretation of treaties existing between the two contracting parties and which it may not have been possible to settle by diplomacy, shall be referred to a permanent court of arbitration established at The Hague by the convention of July 29, 1899, provided, nevertheless, that they do not affect the vital interest, the independence or the honor of the two contracting States and do not concern the interest of third parties.

The treaty with France was ratified by the Senate on February 20, and will be in force for five years. The arbitration treaties with the other six countries are identical with the French treaty and will be ratified. The next duty of the State Department and the Senate is to draw up such treaty with Japan.

### Philippine Church Award.

During the Philippine insurrection the American Army used many churches, contiguous parish houses, school buildings and seminary buildings as hospitals, prisons or barracks, and after the restoration of peace the occupation of the buildings was, in many instances, continued until suitable quarters could be constructed for the garrisons. The great Cathedral at thousand captured Spanish soldiers. Many other of the Manila was used for the imprisonment of three or four buildings used were fine structures, and in some cases, were considerably damaged and sometimes partly destroyed during their occupancy by the American authorities. The Catholic Church submitted claims for \$2,442,000 on account of the Government's occupancy of these buildings, including in their demands compensation for damages inflicted by the insurgents. The Board on Church Claims appointed by the War Department, after a careful investigation, made a conservative award of \$363,000 to the church. The church likewise submitted claims for \$298,222.50 for the spoliation and carrying away of sacred ornaments, images, vestments, and so on. The Board of Claims made no awards in these cases, but suggested that if Congress desired to recognize such claims an allowance of \$40,000 would be ample. The Committee on Insular Claims has accordingly introduced into Congress a bill

to allow to the Roman Catholic Church \$403,000, the sum of the two awards, the money to be paid to the Archbishop of Manila, as representative and trustee of the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines.

### Russia Too Poor to Build Fleet Destroyed by Japan.

Minister of Finance Kokovsoff, in an authoritative statement, said that he saw no possibility under the present circumstances of the country raising funds to rebuild the fleet destroyed by Japan.

The naval project had reached the point where the estimates, amounting to \$1,000,000,000 for ten years' construction, had been submitted by the admiralty to the financial committee of the Douma.

Minister Kokovsoff says that neither this extended program nor the alternative minor program, calling for an estimated expenditure of \$225,000,000, can be considered.

### The Pope and His Editors.

The interdiction of "modern" Catholic newspapers goes on merrily in France. The Archbishop of Rennes and the Bishop of Laval have laid their ban upon the abbé Dalry's paper, "La Vie Catholique," because he urges Catholics to vote with the Left in supporting the government. Printers have been forbidden to print this sheet. Other interdictions are less easy to understand. That zealous Catholic, Henri Laserre, the pious historian of Lourdes, lately found his "Translations of the Gospels," put under the ban. Applying to Rome for the changes required in order to obtain the information, he received a list of 5,548 necessary corrections in text and notes, and 4,500 suppressions of capital letters, commas and hyphens. Some of the textual corrections are merely in the order of the words.

The Kaiser has made himself laughed at all over the world by the frequency of the prosecutions for lèse majesté in his domains. But he was so grateful for the defeat of the Socialists last year that he ordered that the enforcement of the law should be less rigorous, that, for instance, persons who cast reflection on the imperial house while under the influence of drink, or otherwise mentally irresponsible, should not be prosecuted. The result is that in Prussia only fifty-three persons were convicted of the crime in 1907 as against one hundred and eleven the year before.

On account of his speech in New York, the Monarchist (Octobrist) and reactionary members of the Douma at first boycotted Professor Milyoukov. When he started to approach the tribune in order to speak, the members of these parties left the chamber. In their absence there was not a quorum and the president suspended the session for half an hour. When the session opened again, Professor Milyoukov again started to speak, and his opponents repeated their tactics. Later when the members

had found more accurately what Professor Milyoukov said in America, they concluded that he did not deserve criticism, and the total result is that he is stronger as a leader now than ever before.

"Things they do better abroad." Paris has inaugurated a special corps of bicycle policemen whose care is to oversee automobile traffic. The men carry three small flags, meaning, respectively, "Smoke," "Too fast," and "Smell," by which they warn automobilists who are unconsciously infringing on the municipal regulations. The French Automobile Club pays the expense of the corps. French automobilists must be more anxious to obey the law than certain of their American brothers.

A law compelling shops to close on Sunday recently went into effect in Italy. In Rome every shop obeyed the law. Domestic servants, who were not included in the law, are said to be complaining that they also should receive a day of rest. In the country districts, Sunday is the shopping day for the peasants, and at Albano and several other places the country folk assembled in front of the shops on the first Sunday under the new law and compelled them to open up.

Costa, one of the three men killed by the royal guards at the time of the assassination of King Carlos and his son, was an innocent bystander. The new king and his mother, two or three weeks after the assassination, summoned Costa's mother to court and promised to take care of her in the future.

The Russian police have arrested in St. Petersburg fifty men and women whom they accuse of being terrorists and of plotting against Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch and J. G. Chitchevlovitch, the minister of Justice. The Douma condemned terrorism in a resolution supported by the Constitutional Democrats as well as the Octobrists and Monarchists.

King Menelek, of Abyssinia, has sent Pope Pius a couple of lions. The Pope now has all the elements for an old-fashioned heresy trial and execution, the heretics in the shape of the Modernists and the executioners in the shape of lions.



## TEMPERANCE.

### A Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution.

Impressed with the growing popularity of Prohibition and feeling the pulse of the people in his own and other districts that are getting tired of Congressional delays, Congressman Acheson introduced on Monday, Feb. 24, the following Joint Resolution, proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States:

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of each House concurring therein), that the following amendment to the Constitution be proposed to the legislatures of the several States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said legislatures, shall become part of the Constitution, namely:

"The manufacture, sale and importation of intoxicating liquors, including beer, ale and wine, and of opium, cocaine or other narcotic drugs, except for medicinal and mechanical purposes, shall be prohibited in the United States and in all of the territory over which the United States has or shall have jurisdiction. Congress shall have power by appropriate legislation to enforce the provisions of this article."

A few thousand petitions to the Committee on Judiciary, to which it was referred, for the immediate consideration and favorable recommendation of this Resolution might help this committee to decide more favorably for the national prohibition of liquor. A two-cent stamp will tell them your wish.

### A Testimonial After Sixty Years of Temperance.

Liquor journals insist on saying that the people of Maine do not want the prohibition of the saloons in their state. The following is a fair sample of what a hundred leading papers in the State have just said. The papers were Republican, Democratic, Socialist, and farm journals. The people of Maine are pleased with prohibition and the contrary statements of the liquor press are falsehoods made to get votes for liquor in other States where the temperance sentiment is growing. Licensed saloons may bring more revenue into the city or county treasury, but they also, as surely, bring more paupers and criminals to our poor-houses and jails. The voters of Maine want no resubmission, no license, no free rum, but such enforcement as will strengthen manhood and promote individual prosperity and happiness.—Maine Farmer, Augusta.



## EDUCATIONAL.

### Training One Thousand Pupils.

The second annual report of the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial Education is filed.

The Commission is of the opinion that industrial education cannot be successfully connected with the elementary schools or with the high schools, which have as their main object a general education, because the efficiency of such a school depends chiefly on its dominant motive; it is also of the opinion that industrial training should not be attempted for young people under fourteen years of age.

The Commission has also prepared a plan for an industrial school for girls. This plan has been provisionally accepted.

The State of Massachusetts has been the first in the Union to undertake systematically the work of providing for its manufacturing interests of the future a body of workmen who shall be skilled not only in the practical but theoretical branches of their work.

### Educating Both Mind and Body.

A system of compulsory physical training for girls has been established in the central and technical high schools of Springfield, Mass.

The physical training is made a regular part of the school course and counts towards graduation, probably the only course yet discovered to compel interest in it in many of the pupils.

The object being to make well girls rather than gymnasts, and the system carried out with the idea constantly in mind, there is none of the danger which attends mere athletics, and the results of the experiment thus far are so plainly good that most of those who at first objected or doubted must be convinced.



## GENERAL.

The fleet was received at Callao, Peru, last week, with tremendous enthusiasm. The State Department has confirmed the report that the battleships are probably to return via Suez. Australia has invited the vessels to include the antipodes on the return trip. In a letter on the sub-



ject to the American Consul General at Melbourne, Prime Minister Deakin, of Australia, said: "No other federation in the world possesses so many features of likeness to that of the United States as does the Commonwealth of Australia, and I doubt whether any two peoples could be found who are in nearer touch with each other and are likely to benefit more by anything that tends to knit relations more closely. Australian ports and portals would be wide open to your ships and men, and it would be a matter of great gratification if the President could see his way to direct that the wishes of this Government be met in the matter." Secretary Root gives some hope that at least part of the fleet make the visit.

#### Congress to Investigate Slavery in the South.

Many severe charges and considerable evidence that southern business managers do import and hold in slavery European emigrants has led Congress to investigate the condition of affairs in half a dozen southern states. County attorneys have repeatedly called such cases into court but the grand jurors always failed to convict the guilty parties because they wanted this foreign labor force to be retained as it is. What the present investigation may reveal will be watched with interest. The South is not very well pleased with the action of Congress, but if slavery is practiced against the Constitution of the United States, it is time that the facts are found out, whether it hurts north or south.

#### The Death Penalty in the United States.

Many papers are referring to the penalty of death which a Russian court pronounced upon General Stoessel for surrendering Port Arthur to the Japanese seven years ago as an evidence of Russian cruelty and backwardness in civilized matters. The United States have just such a military statute and so have all the other leading countries, and General Hull would have suffered this penalty in 1812 had not his advanced age recommended clemency in the court. War ethics are about the same the world around.

#### 1,000 Tons of Coal a Day.

The above is the record of coal used on the big ocean steamers, Lusitania and the Mauretania. Each vessel is trying to maintain an average speed of 25 knots per hour.

The huge new Cunarder, the "Mauretania," last month made the eastward passage in five days, two hours, forty-five minutes, being at the average speed of 23.90 knots per hour. Between Tuesday noon and Wednesday noon she covered 575 knots, her average speed per hour being 24.87 knots. This constitutes a new record for ocean steaming. It must be understood that the eastward day's run amounts as nearly as possible to only twenty-three hours.

New Mexico is knocking at the door once more for statehood. According to George Curry, Governor of the Territory, President Roosevelt has pledged himself to do what he can to help. He is quoted as saying: "New Mexico and Arizona will be admitted as states inside of another year, if it is in my power to accomplish it."

Since the recent decision of the illegality of the boycott by labor unions, the unions are having a hard fight in some places because of their boycott system. In New Orleans a large number of unions are under indictment at present.

A good picture of how some corporations treat the laws of the land, and show their attitude toward their employés, is shown by the way the Northern Pacific Railroad is doing. The law recently compelled the railroads to give their telegraph operators a nine-hour day. The Northern Pacific in complying with the law now refuses to give their operators an hour off for dinner, thus forcing them to work as much as they did before the law was passed.

The Government certainly means to have the work on the Canal popular, if ingenuity and solicitude can make it so. Last week it sent off four young women musicians, a violinist, a soprano, a contralto and a pianist, to make a four weeks' concert tour of the Isthmus. The concerts will be given in the Young Men's Christian Association clubhouses at Colon, Panama, Empire and Culebra.

For ten years now the wreck of the Maine has been in the harbor of Havana. On February 15, the tenth anniversary of the sinking of the ship, the wreck was decorated with wreaths and a flag at half-mast. There is talk of removing the vessel as part of a plan of harbor improvement.

Congress advanced the scale of wages last week for all enlisted army men, both private and official. The army has been diminishing in numbers for several years past and its extinction is to be offset by paying wages which will compete with those offered in the commercial world.

Miss Ellen M. Stone, the Missionary who was captured by Bulgarian brigands in 1901, is reported to have asked Secretary Root to demand from Turkey the restoration of the \$66,000 which was paid for her ransom, in order that it may be returned to the persons in this country who contributed it.

The recent floods in the Ohio valley caused a loss of \$2,500,000. That sum would have built a few reservoirs in which to store and regulate all this waste water.

The Pullman car company has refused to serve liquors in its dining and buffet cars.

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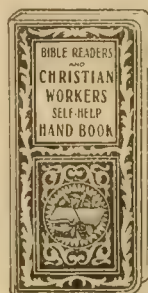
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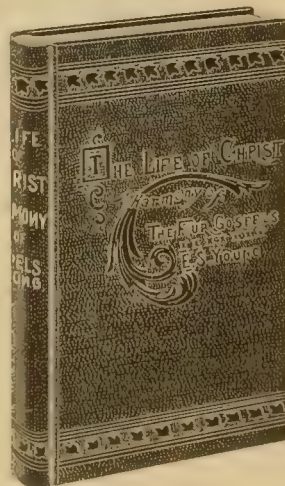
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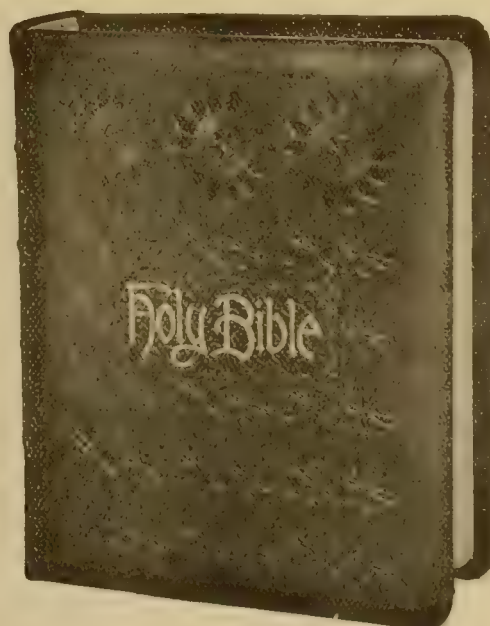
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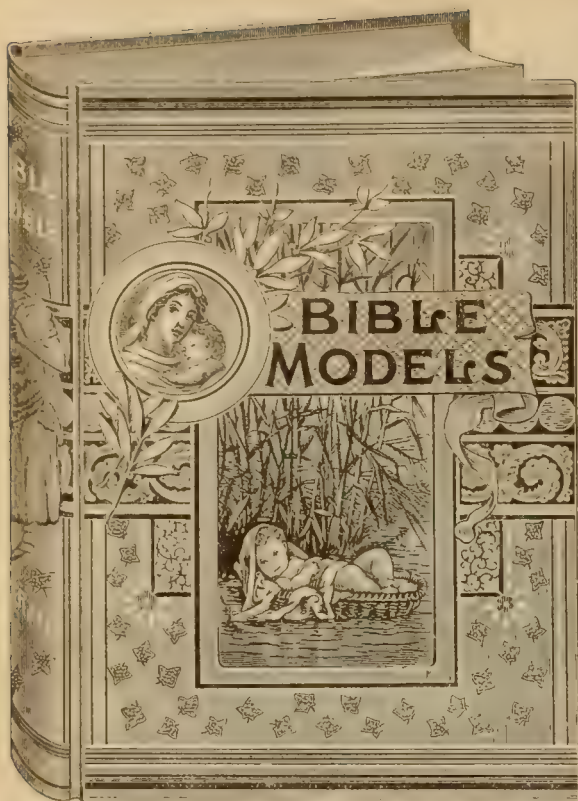
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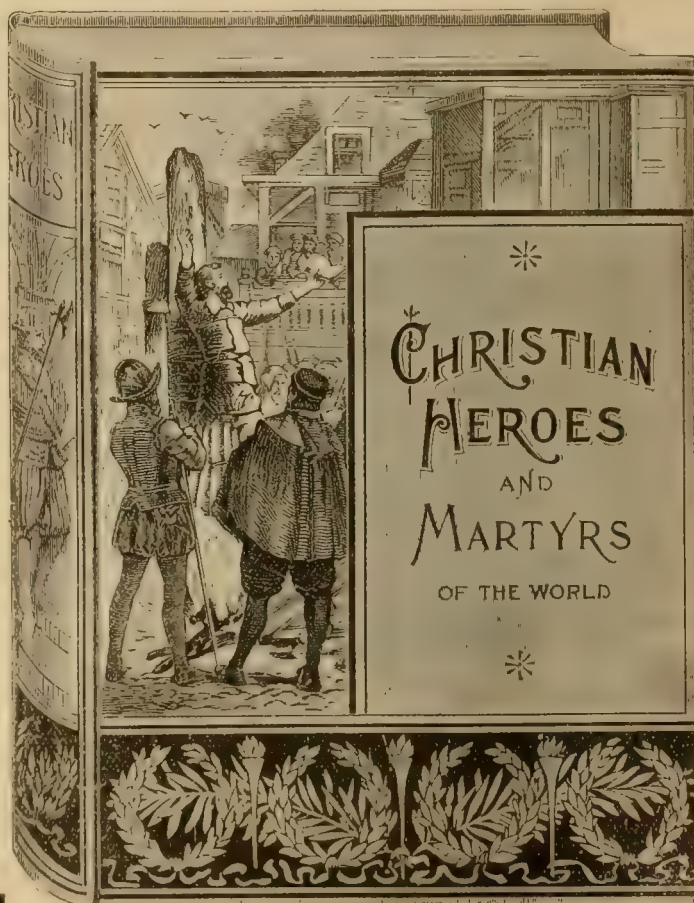
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# THE INGLENOOK



THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

March 24, 1908.

Price, \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol. X. No. 12.



## APPLES

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and

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A Yellow Newtown Apple Tree. From one and one-half Acres, S. L. Bennett of Medford, Oregon Obtained the Present Year about \$1400, and can Repeat the Story Next Season. Single Trees in His Little Orchard Produce 25 Boxes of Apples.



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Apples and other fruits, such as berries, cherries, pears, etc., are perfectly at home. One of the most profitable industries that could be taken up here, however, is apple raising, because the quality is of the very best, the market has never been supplied, and most generally apples sell for more per box than do oranges. Besides, the pests that ruin fruit trees in the East are yet unknown in the valley, and the closest care is exercised by the State authorities in protecting the fruit trees all over the State.

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# Clippings from the Siskiyou News

## ERICKSON & PETERSON.

### Their Great Contract on The California Northeastern Nearly Completed—More Work to North.

Dorris, February 7, 1908.

Editor Siskiyou News:

A delegation of farmers attended pay-day at the headquarters of Erickson & Peterson on the 25th of last January on matters pertaining to heavy sales of grain and hay by the producers to the railroad contractors. If the amount of these sales were expressed in figures they would not be small ones. Notwithstanding this, Erickson & Peterson have purchased all the produce of this valley offered for sale. The near approach of one of the finest railroads of the Pacific coast, if not the United States, has commenced to warm us into life. The channels of commerce are being widened, the pulse of trade quickened, and we feel that the hand of civilization is about to be laid upon us. The advent of the California & Northeastern railroad into Dorris is not an idle dream. With Bray as the present terminus, some twenty-six miles away, and miles and miles of ties and heavy rails and bridge steel on the ground, Mr. Hoey, chief engineer of the construction works, has given it to the writer that by the first of next May he will have the steel laid into Dorris. With the completion of the road to Dorris a great engineering feat will have been performed—miles of cuts through solid and unyielding rock, deep ravines filled to maintain the one per cent grade, every depression with an iron aqueduct for the outlet of imprisoned waters, every foundation of solid masonry, and every bridge of steel. Such is the California & Northeastern.

It is a matter of history that Napoleon crossed the Alps with a great army. It is a fact that Erickson & Peterson have crossed the great tributaries of old Shasta, burnt more powder, with a heavier equipment and used their steel for a better purpose than did Napoleon.

Let us say that this work has been maintained under most adverse circumstances. At a time when the great Harriman systems were trembling under the financial depression and every projected line of his shut down, Erickson and Peterson were pushing their work, aided only by their skill of twenty-seven years' experience. These people now are trimming up the roadbed across the broad expanse of plains some eighteen miles south of Dorris, when

their present contract will be completed. Just who will continue the work north is a matter of conjecture, but it will not be straining a conclusion to say that Erickson and Peterson, with their heavy equipment, railroad construction trains, steam shovels, pumping and electric plants, and thousands of other implements, costing perhaps a quarter of a million dollars, will be permitted to assume the responsibility of taking up the heavy work between Dorris and Klamath Falls. The new contract from Dorris will include the work of the big tunnel, a structure eighteen feet wide and twenty-four feet high, built on an easy curve and a descent of the conventional one per cent grade, emerging the better part of a mile from its entrance. This contract will be let on a basis of solid rock and an estimate of eighteen months to two years in process of construction. The big tunnel will be the door that admits you to the Hole-in-the-ground, where heavy grading continues around a precipitous mountain, then a tunnel 800 feet in length thence to the Big Klamath Marsh. With the heavy railroad work north of us it is safe to say that Dorris will be the center of gravity for some time—the hub of commerce and the paradise of pleasure.

C. T. Silvers.



### The California Northeastern.

There is renewed activity in railroad building beyond Bray, the present terminus of the California Northeastern.

Three big Southern Pacific engines are now at work bringing up large quantities of railroad supplies, the principal part of which is railroad ties, although six car loads of rails were brought in recently. There is sufficient material piled up now in the yards at Bray to complete the road to Dorris and additional supplies are being brought in daily. The heavy grade between Weed and Grass Lake makes the additional engines necessary to get the trains up the hill. Indications along the line point to the commencement of work on an extensive scale in the early spring, and the outlook is more favorable now than ever before for the early completion of the road to Klamath Falls.

The grade on the California Northeastern will be completed this month as far as Macdoel, so that it is likely that the steam shovels will be taken next month to Klamath Falls.

## CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.

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# Possibilities of IDAHO

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## Unlimited

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Many settlers are locating in the new tract near Twin Falls just now being opened for settlement. There are splendid opportunities for young and old of small means to get good comfortable homes with a splendid income.

### Grain, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets and Fruits

are among the products that yield abundantly. All we ask is a thorough investigation of the possibilities of this country. What others are doing you can do as well.

Visit the new BEET SUGAR FACTORY now in operation at NAMPA. Another factory will be built at Payette next year and undoubtedly others in this section of the country. Seeing is believing.

### Come and See

"WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th day of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,  
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Morrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty percent more plant producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where it is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California.

A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

### Realize \$1,000.00 Per Acre

#### Some Facts Are Hard to Believe

The following is one of them;

Orchardists in the Payette Valley are realizing as high as one thousand dollars per acre for their apple crop this year. Some of the finest apples in the world are grown in this section and command prices at from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per box.

#### Figure It Up for Yourself

50 trees on one acre. Apples are yielding this year from 6 to 15 boxes per tree.

50 trees would yield 500 boxes or more.

500 boxes at \$2.00.....\$1,000.

Come and see and believe.

### HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Will be in effect in the Spring of 1908

Colonists' one-way rates in effect from March 1, to April 30, 1908

Write for information.

**D. E. BURLEY,**

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**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

March 24, 1908.

No. 12.

## Hero Sentinels of the Coast Lights

John S. Fernald

THAT "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," is amply proven in the lives of those who "go down to the sea in ships," and those whose duty it is to safeguard, so far as possible, the lives of these heroic toilers and the vast amount of property entrusted to their care. The warrior, both on sea and land, is, in a sense, to use a modern phrase, in the limelight, and his acts are heralded in contemporary prints and recorded in history. But the worker in the arts of peace has no such fame. His acts of daring, of devotion to duty and of self-sacrifice, whether in facing the dangers of the stormy ocean, running the railroad train, or in any of the thousands of lines of modern industry, are barely noticed unless some startling event calls public attention to them, and then, after being a "nine-days' wonder," they are forgotten.

All civilized governments having territory bordering on a seacoast or navigable lakes maintain along those coasts systems of lights, buoys, beacons and other aids to navigation, while crews of life-savers, with life-boats and other appliances, keep constant watch to render succor to the shipwrecked mariner. On the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the United States are 1,327 light stations, including 33 light vessels, while our government maintains 27 light stations in Cuba and Porto Rico. The light vessels are small craft, of not over one hundred tons measurement, anchored in the open ocean off the coast, and serving the purpose of lighthouses in locations where such structures could not be maintained.

One cannot realize what life is on these light vessels without actual experience. We think of the discomforts of an ordinary sea voyage on a well-equipped modern liner or palatial coastwise or lake steamer, measuring from one thousand to ten thousand tons, and have little idea of the daily toil, discomforts and dangers of the little crews of these guardians of the coast. The steady rolling and pitching of the vessel or steamer under way is as nothing compared with the irregular roll, the furious pitching and the vicious

snubbing on the chains, as these little vessels are buffeted by the waves. Being anchored on or near the edge of shoals, the sea is much rougher than in the usual courses in the deeper waters of the open ocean, and yet, with his vessel tossing and heaving in the sea, as no other craft can, the light-ship man must at-



tend to his duties faithfully. His lamps must be kept trimmed and burning constantly from sunset to sunrise, and his day mark must be substituted during the hours of daylight. In many of these light-vessels a record must be kept of passing craft, and, now that wireless telegraphy has been installed, must be reported. In foggy weather a siren, or other loud-voiced horn must be sounded at regular intervals, usually two blasts every minute, the duration of the blasts to be ever the same that the passing mariner may know, from the signal, what station he is near. Let those who object to the sound of these fog signals,



when heard for a brief period, the hearer being comfortably ensconced in a seaside hotel or on board a passing yacht, think of the men in the stations obliged to hear the sounds at close range constantly, and under conditions of the greatest discomfort and danger,



and also let them realize that on these very sounds the lives of thousands of sailors and passengers and millions of dollars' worth of property depend. These signals are made by machinery over which the men must keep constant watch, and if anything goes wrong, then the great bell must be sounded by hand. On the light-vessels and lighthouse "eternal vigilance is the price of safety," not only of the men themselves, but of many others.

Lighthouses are of many kinds, each being built according to the needs in its locality. The greater part are in places of comparative safety, on the land, and are wooden or stone towers, with ample buildings for the keeper and his family, but all are more or less isolated from neighbors, as the light must be as near the shore as possible, and is often on some headland, far from any other buildings. But the keeper whose life is the most isolated and filled with danger is he who keeps the light standing alone on a ledge in the open ocean, with perhaps not a foot of the solid rock showing above the water. Some of these towers are built of granite, and stand in water of considerable depth, others stand on bare rocks, of which but little shows above the surface, and others still, on account of the great force of wind and waves, must be built of open-work steel. In these outside lighthouses life is even more dreary and dangerous than on the light vessels. There are the same duties as to keeping the lights and fog signals that prevail on the vessels, but the motion of the ship is absent, only the fearful beating of the waves against the structure, making it rock and tremble to its foundation, with the ever-present danger that the whole may be washed into the sea. When a light-ship breaks away from her moorings she is helplessly adrift, but is nearly always picked up by some revenue vessel or other craft, and brought to safety, while in case of disaster to a lighthouse the inmates all perish before help can possibly arrive. This has occurred at Eddystone, off the coast of England, Minot's Ledge off Boston harbor, and others.

Among the light-vessels most frequently mentioned

in the marine news of the papers are Frying Pan Shoals Light-vessel, which is moored in sixty feet of water seventeen miles off Cape Clear, North Carolina; Winter Quarter, nine miles off the coast of Virginia; Fire Island, Sandy Hook and Scotland Light-ships, which guide the mariner to New York from the south; Nantucket Light-vessel, forty miles off the eastern entrance of Long Island Sound; and the two Pollock Rip light-vessels, one and one-half and four miles off the coast of Cape Cod, Mass.

Among the most important and at the same time the most dangerous of the light-stations of the United States, are the series of lights along the Florida Keys. These Keys consist of a dangerous reef a few miles off the coast extending from the Fowey Rocks on the Atlantic about two hundred miles southwesterly to Dry Tortugas in the Gulf of Mexico. These lights consist of the Fowey Rocks, Carysfort Reef, Alligator Reef, Sombrero Key, American Shoal, Sand Key, and Dry Tortugas. Except the latter, which is a lighthouse built on the land, these are open-work steel structures, standing from one hundred to one hundred forty feet in height, in the open ocean, with no land or projecting rocks near, but guarding a channel filled with all sorts of obstructions, in crooks, turns, rocks and shoals. Standing as they do alone in the open ocean, and feeling the full force of the gales of both the Atlantic and the Gulf, life in these places is anything but a pastime.

Not the least among the disadvantages of the life of the light-keeper is the lack of educational facilities for his children, not one light-station in twenty being



located within reach of the public schools. A movement is now before Congress, however, to provide some means of education for these children.

While we would take no jot or tittle from the honor due to him who offers his life in the defense of his country, nor him who faces the dangers of the sea to transport our people and merchandise to and from home or foreign ports, nor to him who, with his hand on throttle and lever, controls the locomotive as it flies over its course with its cargo of human freight, we would not forget those who with no human companionship outside of their own mates, guard the lives and property of the traffic of the seas. Confined in one spot, the light-keeper sees no human life except the passing craft, and these are at so great a distance

that communication can only be of the briefest possible kind by means of signal flags, and confined to technical reports, weather, etc. He cannot visit or receive visits except under the most favorable weather conditions, and he must be constantly on guard night and day for fear that the failure of some part of his apparatus to work properly may lure some vessel with its precious living freight to destruction. Again we say, that while all honor is due to the man behind the gun, the man behind the light is entitled to the name of hero along with the bravest of the brave.



#### ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

##### X. "H. H." Jackson.

"HELEN, daughter of Professor Fiske, was born in Massachusetts in 1831. While she was a bright child, and grew to be an amiable woman, it was years before she turned to literature. She married Mayor Hunt, an able naval engineer, and devoted her time to her son and husband, and any spare time was given to society. Mayor Hunt was killed while experimenting with one of his own submarine inventions. Soon after her son and only child died, and then Mrs. Hunt to ease her heart-ache and loneliness turned to the muse, and in the course of time published an unpretentious book of "Verses." Then she took a trip to Europe, and on account of the grace and humor of her delightful letters, by the advice of a friend, published them as "Bits of Travel." Several other volumes followed. It is claimed that she wrote the two novels, "Hetty's Strange History," and "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," although she never acknowledged them.

Diphtheria drove her from Newport to Colorado, where she married Mr. Jackson and became greatly interested in the cause of the Indians. "From 1880 to 1885, the year of her death, her heart, mind, and pen were devoted to this one subject." The United States Government appointed her to examine into the needs of the California Indians, from the interest manifested by the public in her book, "A Century of Dishonor," dealing with the attitude of the government toward the Indians. Then came "Ramona," a story making an appeal to the red people, which aided much in bringing juster treatment of them. Her pen-name by which she is known was "H. H."

She wrote some stories for children, "Nelly's Silver Mine," and tales of "Cats." Her life was full of labor for others, of helpful good, yet the last lines she ever wrote are humble:

"Father, I scarcely dare to pray,  
Too clear I see, now it is done,  
That I have wasted half my day  
And left my work but just begun."

Worthy of mention: Thomas Jefferson, political;

Henry James, stories and criticisms; Sarah O. Jewett, novels; R. M. Johnston, stories; John Jay, political; Mrs. Emily Judson, poems and sketches.

Bryan, Ohio.



#### THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

A. G. CROSSWHITE.

FROM early childhood I had heard of the deadly "Upas tree" and had even believed the fabulous reports that the very atmosphere around it was poisonous; but not until I was full grown did an opportunity present itself of coming in touch with a plant which I regarded as more marvelous than the fabled plant of the East.

Strolling along the east shore of the beautiful Tennessee River with a friend one day, he stopped abruptly and pointed to a certain singular plant. Said he, "Did you ever see anything like that before?"

"No," I replied, "I think not. It resembles the lotus a little, but its vine is more like a certain species of river apricot that grows in the mountains of upper East Tennessee."

"No, it is neither," said he. "You may recognize it possibly by touching it." I cautiously put out my finger expecting either to be stung or slightly poisoned, for I had had some serious trouble with the poison oak and had maintained a vigorous hatred toward it or anything of a similar nature. But the effect, in this instance, was in no way injurious to me, yet I will never forget to my dying day my great surprise to see it shrink from my touch and wither to its very roots.

"Shame on me for inflicting such pain upon her maidenly little form without a thought of injury," said I, apologetically.

My friends who had know the plant for years told me it was the "Sensitive Plant" and then took a hearty laugh at my expense. I offered no further apologies for my ignorance of plant life either to the marvelous little "River Queen" or to my friend, who declared that I actually blushed when she so visibly resented my familiarity.

This plant, though exceedingly rare, is well known to the botanist but is a failure as a house plant. It must be allowed to grow in its native soil quite unmolested by human hands; for there is no affinity between them. A personal contact with it, however, is by no means fatal to the over-modest little plant for it soon straightens up again and retains perfect composure until some rude hand molests it again. Mr. Brander who is recognized authority, describes it as follows: "A plant of the genus *mimosa*, so called because its leaves and foot stalks shrink, contract and fall on being slightly touched."

This would form the nucleus of a fine illustrative article if we had the talent or disposition to moralize,



but our object is, primarily, to open up an avenue of scientific investigation.

*Flora, Ind.*



### THE ORIGIN OF WARS.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

There was tumult and there was din;  
There was Satan, and there was sin;  
There were groanings, and there were fears;  
Orphans' sighs, and widows' tears;  
And there was cursing and piercing cry,  
And despair's last rending agony;  
And there were vultures, and worse than they,  
Hovering to gorge their human prey.  
Where were such sights, I pray thee tell?  
Where was on earth so fierce a hell?  
There, where yon warriors armed and steel'd,  
Are cheering their troops to the battlefield;  
There, where famed statesmen and poets, I ween,  
Declare 'tis a proud, a glorious scene.  
But was there found, in that brilliant day,  
The heart to feel or the lip to pray?  
The accents of heaven or the looks of love,  
The Prince of Peace, or the Holy Dove?  
I say not what passes in secret souls,  
For dewdrops may fall while thunder rolls;  
But I saw them not in the haggard cheek,  
I heard them not in the dying shriek;  
I marked them not in the frenzied eye;  
They calmed not the shouts of victory!  
They were lost in the yells of the frantic breath,  
That peal'd to the heavens for triumph or death!  
They echoed not in the cannon's roar!  
I traced them not in the seas of gore.



### WHICH IS THE ROAD TO BIGSVILLE?

O. H. KIMMEL.

YEARS ago, when our great Northwest was only sparsely settled, a New England family was making the long weary trip to the new Northwest. They had reached a pioneer town in Minnesota only a few miles from the new town of their determined destination. This town we shall call Bigsville. The traveler drew up in front of a cabin at the outskirts of the former town, and inquired of the kindly-faced ranchman who was mending a harrow by the roadside, which road he should take to Bigsville. The kindly-faced rancher pointed out the road that the traveler should take, then they entered into conversation.

In the course of the conversation the traveler asked concerning the kind of people that lived in Bigsville and thereabouts. This question the rancher did not answer directly. He first asked the traveler what kind of a place he had left back in New England.

"I left,"—said the traveler,—“just one of the meanest communities that any one ever lived in. The people were untruthful and mean, and stingy and almost wholly given to lying. They were backbiters, and would say and do all manner of evil

against any man or his family. Their morals were not good, in fact, I can call to memory no good trait of the people of the community from which I came. It was because of this that I packed my family and a few goods into this wagon and emigrated to the West. I hope, here, to find good people and a good community where my family may grow and wax strong and fat from the abundance of this new, rich soil. I presume that Bigsville will be a good place for me, don't you?"

"I cannot say that it will be," said the rancher, meditatively. "You see Bigsville is settled largely by people from New England, and I rather think that you will get out of Bigsville just what you did out of your community back in New England."

"But," said the traveler, "I have heard, all along the way, that Bigsville is an ideal place, made up of good people and good associations."

"I can't help what you have heard," said the rancher, "nor do I desire to discourage you. I bid you go to Bigsville and try it. But remember what I tell you, I think you will get out of Bigsville just about what you did out of your New England home."

With this the traveler drove on towards his destination.

The next day another traveler and his family stopped in front of the rancher's door, and he too inquired the road to Bigsville. Then as usual, they entered into conversation and in the course of the talk the traveler inquired about the new town of Bigsville. Again the rancher evaded the question and inquired about the community that the traveler had left.

He said, "We left the best little neighborhood back in the New England hills that any man could ever wish to see, or to live in. The people were all so kind, and so good that it was hard for us to break away from them. They were intelligent, enterprising, true-hearted, charitable and public spirited. No true man ever asks a favor in vain in that community. I tell you it was hard to leave it, but in doing so I am sure we shall succeed, for the prayers of every neighbor we had back there are with us. We wanted to come west to give our children a better chance in the world, for there we were thickly crowded together. Of course, we do not expect Bigsville will be as good as our old home, but if it is even half as good we can get along."

"Well," said the rancher slyly, "Bigsville will not disappoint you. It is made up of good, enterprising, hardworking people, and they will suit you, and you will suit them. With the exception of my own town, I think it is the best place to live that I know of. Whatever you put into a community, you get from it. If you put the same goodness and kindness and charity and love in Bigsville that you put into your New England home, you will find that the town will re-

spond just as generously as that town did. Remember that what you put into a community you will reap from the community."

With this encouraging remark the traveler thanked the rancher, and drove away, leaving the philosophic old rancher to himself and his thoughts.

Two years later the old rancher happened to be in Bigsville one day. While he was on the streets he chanced to meet the first traveler of our description. After greetings the ex-traveler stated to the rancher, "Well, you were true in what you told me about Bigsville all right. The people are just as mean here as they were in New England."

"O I knew that, I knew that," said the rancher, "I told you then that you would get out of Bigsville just what you got out of your New England home."

Just as the rancher had climbed into his rig, preparatory to starting home, he noticed some one hallooing at him from across the square. He waited until the man came up, and it turned out to be traveler number two. They greeted each other cordially, and then the new settler said, "I have long desired to meet you and to tell you how happy myself and family felt after our talk with you at your home that day when we were coming to Bigsville for the first time. We have found it to be a most delightful place. The people are just as good and kind and charitable as they were in New England. Every family here, but one, has visited us, and we have repaid the visit. We are all neighbors and friends and associates. This is a delightful place to live."

"Yes, yes, I knew it," said the rancher, "I told you then that what you put into a community you will reap from it. Yes, it is a good community, a good community." And with this he drove off toward his home mentally assuring himself that he knew the one family that had not visited the second traveler.



### COLUMBUS SCRUGGS.

N. R. BAKER.

THIS Columbus never sailed upon the great seas tho his ancestors did. He was a big, hulking negro. He had a propensity common to many of his race of taking what did not belong to him, but not the usual capacity for avoiding detection.

On this occasion the charge was grand larceny and the sentence was ninety days at hard labor. That meant transportation to a logging camp and labor with other convicts under a lease contract made with the owner of a great sawmill fifty miles from Mobile. This mill cut 75,000 feet of lumber daily and besides the fifty or more convicts employed one hundred free laborers.

One night Columbus disappeared from the strong and high stockade, altho a warden with a shotgun was constantly pacing the distance around it. He

walked eight miles, stole a suit of clothes, was captured and returned.

Punished? Laid across a barrel and whipped with a heavy strap.

Again he disappeared. Again the same punishment in double portion. He was shackled and warned that the next offense would merit a punishment close to the point of fatality. The third night he disappeared again. Again the capture and the return. Preparations were made for the great flogging. The strap was brought forth. It was thick as a buggy trace, twice as wide and almost as long. The negro was stripped, and laid across the barrel. It was a hot July day. The warden, clad in trousers and undershirt only, laid on one hundred lashes with both hands, using all the power at his physical command. When thru the warden, exhausted, sank upon a log with streams of perspiration dripping from every pore. The giant negro had neither moved, trembled nor winced. Calmly he arose, cast a pitying glance at the warden and said, "I declare, boss, it's a shame for a white man to haf to work like dat on sich a hot day."

But such irreverence and disregard for authority must be dealt with yet more severely. Explanation is made to the "big boss" of the mill. He comes in person, a giant himself, and tells Columbus that for the next offense the bloodhounds, hitherto used in tracking him, will not be called off at the critical moment, but will be allowed to tear him to pieces. A special guard is appointed to watch him night and day. Before the end of another week, in broad daylight and under the eye of the special guard, while stacking lumber, with heavy shackles joining foot and arm, Columbus disappears as suddenly and as effectually as if the ground had opened and swallowed him. He had only piled the lumber so that he could hide in his own lumber pile, but the guard thought he must have run. Phone and wire messages were sent to other camps and neighboring towns. A large reward for his capture was offered. The next morning the shackles were found on the back porch of the "big boss," the owner and superintendent of the mill. A file taken from a tool chest in his back yard had been used to remove the shackles.

Such impertinence—and such grim humor. Then there was "racing and chasing"—on Gallberry Flats. Of course the threats as to the dogs must be carried out. But should Breakwater be loosed? That was the question. Breakwater was the largest and fiercest of the bloodhounds, a regular man-eater. Yes, the die is cast. Breakwater is to lead the pack. The superintendent of the mill, mounted on a superb black horse, follows the baying hounds.

All day they travel, fifteen miles from home. The trail leads down to Escatawpa River and is lost. After a time the dogs swim the river and find the trail on the farther bank. The horse and rider dare not cross.



but two miles further down the trail is lost again. After a time it is found, now on this side. This is repeated four times. Floundering over logs, thru marshes and swamp, back and forth across the river, now losing, now finding the trail, the weary day drags on.

At sundown a hungry and disgusted rider sits a jaded steed. The baying of the hounds is heard far away across the swiftly-flowing stream and interminable swamp. What is there now to do but leave the negro to his fate? Undoubtedly the hounds will overtake him soon and tear him to pieces. The rider turns his horse's head homeward where he arrives at midnight by a shorter route.

The next morning at sunrise a careless, shambling negro approaches a forest home far beyond the river and offers in exchange for breakfast four meek hounds, and Breakwater is the meekest of the lot.

Two years later this negro died of fever in a coal mine where the convicts were then working. He had stolen something of such value that his sentence was for two years, and such long terms are served among the dusky diamonds instead of in the lumber camps.

*Mobile, Ala.*



## ESPERANTO, THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE.

### Its Practical Uses. How it has Spread Over the Entire World.

It is hardly necessary in these days of extensive international intercourse in the fields of commerce, science, literature, and travel to discuss the need of an international language. The world of scholars, and popular sentiment is demanding today as never before that there be a neutral language to unite the minds and activities of men in these various fields of national interest, spare to specialists the labor of years of study in the acquirement of foreign tongues, and make our international congresses something more than a "Babel of confused tongues."

No one of the national languages could hope to be selected as the international medium of expression, for the reason that international jealousy would prevent its adoption. We often hear people asserting that English is to be the language of the whole world; but the unfortunate thing is that the people who make this statement are always Englishmen, and never Frenchmen or Germans! Even were it not for this international jealousy, English spelling would prevent its adoption; and by the time that our ridiculous spelling is reformed, Esperanto will have been used as the International auxiliary language for many, perhaps hundreds of years! The only solution of the problem then is an artificial language, built upon the two thousand vocables which are homophonic in ten great languages; these roots to be phonetized according to simple, international principles of pro-

nunciation, and grammaticized with a minimum of inflection; the language must not be difficult to learn and must be capable of expressing the finest shades of thought.

It is a well-known fact that many words are already international, as "automobile," "theater," "bicycle," etc.; these words remain practically unchanged in Esperanto. The rest of the words are taken from various languages, preference always being given to those words that are found in the greatest number of the national languages. Thus "hundo" is from the German, "blanka" is French, "pano" is Spanish, "pordo" is Italian, "patro" is Latin, "kaj" is Greek, "akompani" is English, etc. In this way one who knows Esperanto becomes acquainted with these other languages of which it is composed. Esperanto is absolutely phonetic, each letter having one unchangeable sound. Its grammar is simple and there are no exceptions or irregular verbs. Nouns end in "o," adjectives in "a," adverbs in "e," etc. The significant thing, the thing we desire to call your attention to, is not the beauty or perfection of the language itself—for many things that are perfectly sound in theory do not work out in practice—but how universally Esperanto has been accepted all over the world. This is the thing that counts. For no matter how imperfect the language may be in itself, and how impossible it may be according to the judgments of some men to invent an artificial language that will adequately express men's thoughts, if people all over the world have determined to make it a success, and are actually using it every day for all kinds of practical purposes, Esperanto cannot fail.

How can one say that Esperanto is a Utopian dream and will never come into practical use, when it has spread to Algeria, Australia, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Bohemia, Norway, Samos, Chili, Indo-China, Denmark, French Guiana, Holland, Canada, Malta, Mexico, Monaco, New Zealand, Tunis, Uruguay, Brazil, Roumania, Greece, China, South Africa, Madagascar, Bolivia, Poland, India, Japan, Peru, Russia, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Germany, France, England and the United States? Do not think that we have named the countries where merely individual Esperantists live; in every one of these countries regular Esperanto organizations for the propagation of the language exist, while in many of them it is taught in the Universities, Commercial Schools, and public schools.

Japan has awakened to the possibilities of coming into touch with western thought and culture through Esperanto by placing courses of study in its universities, and giving it official support. So great was the demand for courses of study in the language that it was necessary to found an Esperanto Institute at Tokio. In Russia, in spite of the difficulties encountered because of political disturbances, it has worked its way

into the principal universities, and many societies have been formed for the propagation of the language. In Belgium the Minister of Public Instruction announces his intention of introducing it into the public schools. Switzerland, the seat of the Esperanto Congress last summer, is thoroughly awake; Geneva is the headquarters of the International Scientific Association using Esperanto in its international relations. In Italy Esperanto prospers under the peculiar blessing of the Pope; It is even used at the meetings of the Cardinals. In fact the whole Catholic world is beginning to be interested in the language since the founding of an international Catholic review printed in Esperanto. In Germany courses in the language are offered by several universities, while such world-famed professors as Ostwald and Schmidt have lately lectured on the subject and urged its introduction into the public schools. Frankfurt is the seat of the International Commercial Association which uses Esperanto in its international relations.

But France is the stronghold of Esperanto today, and Paris is the greatest Esperanto city in the world, having a select Esperanto club of four thousand members. Thus any Esperantist, be he a German, Englishman, Japanese, or Pole, is always at home in Paris, and the tourist in France today can be understood with Esperanto, since it has worked its way into all of the principal cities and large numbers of the great hotels. Scholars, scientists, professors support it; Berthelot, Brouhard, General Sebert and many other members of the French Institute are Esperanto enthusiasts; already it has become an obligatory study in many of the public schools, and the Chamber of Deputies is now considering the matter of introducing it into all of the schools.

But England is not far behind; the London Chamber of Commerce has put Esperanto upon the same footing as French and Spanish, gives examinations and grants degrees of proficiency in the language. The largest commercial schools and many of the Universities offer regular courses of study. The London County Council has lately authorized the teaching of the language in the public schools, and hundreds of teachers are hastily preparing themselves to teach the language. These are remarkable victories for Esperanto in England, when one considers that it has all been accomplished since 1904. Cambridge, England, was the seat of the third Esperanto Congress, held in August, 1907.



#### ANARCHY TAUGHT BY MAIL.

THE Catholic church is deeply stirred over the murder of Priest H. Heinrichs, of Denver, Colo., a few weeks ago, by an anarchist. Scores of other priests and prelates have been threatened and terrorized by a band of anarchists lately organized. Archbishop Inigley, of Chicago, has summed up the situation by

charging the *Chicago American*, a leading daily paper, with teaching and spreading this reign of lawlessness. It will be remembered how this paper foretold the murder of McKinley and justified the murder afterwards. This event is evidence that the paper named has some connection with the reign of anarchy which is spreading so rapidly in this country.

Here are its words:

"McKinley, bar one girthy Princeton person who came to be no more or less than a living, breathing crime in breeches, is therefore the most despised and hated creature on this hemisphere. His name is hooted, his figure burned in effigy—

The bullet that pierced Goebel's chest  
Cannot be found in all the West;  
Good reason it is speeding here  
To stretch McKinley on his bier.

"Institutions, like men, will last until they die. If bad institutions and bad men can be got rid of only by killing, then killing must be done.

"There has been much assassination in the world, from the assassination of some old rulers who needed assassination to the assassination of men in England who, driven to steal by hunger, were caught and hanged most legally."

Free speech is a republican institution, but when that free speech binds shackles upon the public, like anarchy is doing all over the world, it is time that governments make an attempt to suppress such abused liberties, and, while they attempt to suppress the publication of corrupt political doctrine, it would do well to also suppress the immoral virus which also fills the daily papers today in the way of coarse, profane pictures, scandal and lewd talk. If corrupt literature was taken away it would purify not only the civil life, but the political conditions of affairs also.



#### ELK EATING ORCHARDS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE depredations of a herd of elk, protected by the law and said to be the only extensive herd of these animals at liberty east of the Rocky Mountains, have aroused great anxiety among the farmers of Andover and surrounding towns, who apparently have no legal means of protecting their property. Already damage amounting to several hundreds of dollars has been done to orchards in the vicinity of Ragged Mountain, over which the elk are roaming. The state fish and game commissioners have inspected the territory and noted the evidence of damage, but have expressed the opinion that the farmers can obtain no relief under the present laws. The only way of securing payment for property loss caused by the animals, they say, will be to secure the passage of special acts by the next legislature, the next session of which will open in January next. Meanwhile, all that the farmers can do is to try to frighten the animals away from their orchards.



The elk, originally numbering eight cows and four bulls, were formerly confined in Corbin park, in Croyden, N. H. Austin Corbin, head of the association which controls the park, presented them to the state to be turned loose in some wild territory. At the request of officials of the Ragged Mountain Fish and Game Club the game commissioners placed the elk on their property, located on Ragged mountain in Andover. This property is not enclosed, and it was agreed that the animals be allowed to roam at will. For the first three or four years they were seen occasionally, but did not appear to be increasing in number. Last year, however, owners of farms near the mountain were surprised to see a large number of the animals who descended into their fields, cropped the grass and vegetables and ate the new mown hay. In the fall they grew still bolder, and began to molest the trees. This winter between forty and fifty elk have been counted at one time, and they have become so fearless that they have invaded farms in the center of the town. Hundreds of valuable young apple trees have been damaged and many have been ruined.



#### A NEW INDUSTRY.

A BANGOR paper is authority for the following pig story:

Because the guests at a dinner given in Boston by Garrett Schenck, the millionaire president of the Great Northern Paper Co., pronounced the ham and bacon and roast from a hog killed in the Maine woods to be the best eating they had ever tasted in the pork line it is likely that the raising of wild pork on a large scale will be attempted by Mr. Schenck as a side line to the making of paper. Indeed there is more than a likelihood of it for already an order for one hundred shoats has been given to a well-known marketman and these shoats will be turned loose on an island in a northern Maine lake as soon as the snow is off the ground and the air warm enough for piggie's comfort.



#### GOAT MILK A TUBERCULOSIS PREVENTIVE.

NOTHING in the history of science is more instructive, according to the experts who prepared the recent report of the British commission on tuberculosis, than the vast difficulties experienced in propagating the use of the milk of the goat. Physicians of the highest eminence have affirmed that, in the milk of the goat, nature provides the best possible solution of the problem of tuberculosis. In saying that the goat is not subject to tuberculosis, Dr. Finley Bell, of the New York Academy of Medicine is in agreement with Sir William Broadbent. He also supported by the evidence of leading English goat keepers and of every publication concerning goats, and of the distinguished Prof. Nocard who stated recently that of the 130,000 goats and kids brought to Paris for slaughter every spring,

the meat inspectors had failed to find a single case of tuberculosis. Nevertheless, with the exception of the member of the British aristocracy, few Anglo-Saxons have profited by the lessons of these truths. Those scientists who go so far as to defy any authority to produce a single case of tuberculosis among a population using goat's milk to the exclusion of cow's milk, receive little attention. The circumstance seems all the more surprising in view of what the investigators on the British commission call the superior richness and flavor of the milk of the goat to that of the cow.

The above has been under discussion for some time and is worthy attention. Goats seem to have a good record for healthiness and some scientists have declared that the cow has been the medium through which tuberculosis has been spread, although other scientists have denied this claim. For good or evil, goat milk is coming into use more and more because goats can be kept in the cities where cows cannot be kept.



#### H. M. BARWICK IN SCHOOL.

EDWARD FRANTZ.

I HAD met Bro. Barwick first in Chicago about fifteen years ago, but had no real acquaintance with him until he came here to school. He came here from Canada in November, 1903, attended the college that year and the following one, graduating with the A. B. degree with the class of 1905. He was chiefly interested in philosophical subjects. He did considerable work also in the Bible department. He was a strong student. When he met a new problem he would hardly do anything else, even eat or sleep, until he had thought it through to his own satisfaction. He had not much patience with small details, but had great ability to grasp the main issue and get at once at the heart of a subject. He became greatly interested in foreign missions while here, and I think seriously considered the idea of entering the foreign field, even at his own expense.

The two years following his graduation were spent chiefly in evangelistic work. In this work he was very successful, many being brought into the church during his meetings. A part of this time he was in the employ of the mission board of Southwestern Kansas, being stationed first at Heizer, Kansas, afterward at Newton, Kans. It was from the latter place that he went to Elgin to become editor of the INGLENOOK.

He was a man of earnest spirit, and of more than average ability. Why he should have been stricken down in the prime of his manhood, why he could not be spared to accomplish the work which his physical, mental, and spiritual strength seemed to promise—this is one of the mysteries that baffle our finite minds.

McPherson, Kans.

## CURRENT COMMENTS

### THE FUTURE OF PERSIA.

For a quarter of a century England and Russia have been operating in Persia—Russia in the north, and England in the south and along the coast. For a long time each nation was held in check by the fear of the other, but last fall they came together and agreed not to molest each other in the furtherance of their projects so long as each one kept within his own territory. This virtually made Persia the prey of a concerted attack from both nations.

The artist gives a graphic portrayal of the past and present condition of affairs. Russia is importing more soldiers into the north and is extending her grip very rapidly, while England is not slow to pick up any stray straws that might strengthen her position in the south. Persia bids fair to become prominent in European politics before long.



### OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Education in this country is the bulwark of national progress. The Revolutionary fathers provided school laws and a school system on a liberal basis. States have set aside lands for a perpetual school fund. Legislatures appropriate millions every year for our public schools, to say nothing of the hundreds of church and private schools.

With all of this school enthusiasm we seem to be awakening to the fact that the contents, or the matter taught in our school system, is not as helpful as it should be in reaching the desired end—good citizenship. The medium (a free school system) is admirable, but the goods which are delivered do not seem to be giving the best of satisfaction. The first concerted confession which came from the educators themselves was in the resolutions passed last summer, by the National Educational Association, in which the character of the student of today was deplored by the educators.

Since that time, and even before, various college professors have ventured to speak their convictions. High school teachers have discarded Greek letter fraternities and sorosis clubs from many schools. Universities have remodeled some of their courses of study leading to the higher degrees. President Wilson, of Princeton, speaks his feeling thus:

"I have been teaching for some twenty years—that is, I have been conducting classroom exercises—but I do not think I have been teaching any appreciable part of that time. I have been delivering lectures, sometimes about

things of which I know, but more often about things of which I had heard. My pupils have remembered my stories and forgotten my lectures."

Domestic Science and industrial schools are springing up in every direction and a general awakening is evident everywhere. The day of calling a mass of disputable facts "knowledge," and "education," is past in this country. The old term "preparing for college" will soon be substituted by "preparing for life," for what does not fit one for life should not be considered a fitness for college. Nor does this mean that everything is to consist of bread and butter studies, but practical life is to receive a larger share of attention than ever before. Art, literature, ethics and science will all be bent to beautify life in action as well as to beautify canvas for studies.

When this stage is reached we will all find that the highest art, the deepest science, and the most valuable information, is that **which can be and is converted into everyday conduct.**

"By their deeds ye shall know them" is applicable to educated people just the same as it is to Christians. When this test fails then there is something wrong.



### KANSAS NEWSPAPERS ON WHISKY.

There are over 800 newspapers in Kansas but only twenty of them publish whisky advertisements.



Before and After the Anglo-Russo Treaty.

### PRUSSIA AND POLAND.

The strike a year or two ago of the Polish school children in the eastern provinces of Prussia against reciting their religious exercises in German was but a picturesque feature of a long race conflict. Prussia is attempting to Germanize these eastern provinces. Since 1886 the government has been buying lands from Polish owners and reselling them on favorable terms to German immigrants. The policy has induced Polish competition in land buying. Poles have established land banks to assist their fellows in buying land from German owners. The net result has been that Poles hold more land in these provinces than they did twenty years ago. During the



ten years from 1896 to 1906 the Germans lost to the Poles on the whole 125,000 acres, equal to one per cent of the area of the two provinces. Since 1898, the Prussian Land Commission has had to buy almost solely from German proprietors. In view of this fact Chancellor Bülow has got the Prussian Diet to pass a law providing, under certain circumstances, for compulsory expropriation of land in the provinces of Posen and West Prussia. The public sentiment of Europe condemned such a high-handed proceeding. Sien-Rieroic, the great Polish novelist, made an appeal to the civilized world to exert its influence to prevent the passage of such a measure, but, though it was sharply fought, Bülow whipped it through. Under it 173,000 acres are liable to forced purchase.



### JAPAN AND AMERICA.

Baron Takahira, the new Ambassador from Japan, took occasion to say, in a carefully prepared interview on the day of his arrival, that war between America and Japan was impossible, that the attitude of the Japanese toward the Pacific cruise was shown by their desire that it might visit Japan on its way home, and characterized war talk as "smoke without fire" and "commercial news," that is, he explained, "news spread for certain objects to conserve some special interest of the newspapers." The reception of the new ambassador by the President, with whom he is personally acquainted through his residence as minister here during the Russo-Japanese war, was most cordial. It is announced that the Japanese Government has given our Ambassador O'Brien an outline of the measures they will take to limit immigration. They are reported already to have prohibited the issuance of passports to Japanese laborers to go to Hawaii. In the month of January, 1908, only 970 Japanese came into continental United States and Hawaii, as against about five thousand last year, figures which Secretary Strauss interprets as showing that Japanese restrictive measures have been effective. Baron Takahira will have to deal with a second big question now pending; that is, the treatment of American trade in Manchuria. It is freely charged by our merchants that Japan is attempting to close the door opened for the world's trade into Manchuria through the action of the late Secretary Hay. The situation is summarized thus: Exclusive privileges have been granted Japanese merchants and foreign merchants have been forbidden to enter Manchuria to solicit trade. China is developing an antipathy to Japan. The training of the Chinese army by Japanese officers has ceased. Japan has abandoned her adherence to the program for the preservation of China's integrity. In regard to railroads in Manchuria, the Japanese have forced the Chinese to drop their plan for opening a new road, alleging that it paralleled their own railroad there, though the two roads would have been as far apart as the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. Americans have complained of a system of rebates on the South Manchurian Railroad, the Japanese Government line by which Japanese have been favored.



### MORE NEWS FROM MARS.

Photographs of the spectra of Mars as compared with photographs of the spectra of the moon, made by Professor Slipher at the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, show on repeated plates that the "Little A" band is stronger on Mars than on the moon, a fact which, according to Professor Lowell, indicates that there is water vapor in the atmosphere of the planet.

### THE GREAT WAVE OF PROHIBITION.

The American people are loathing the liquor traffic. The better element are endeavoring to trample the whiskey evil under their feet forever. Every argument in favor of the so-called right to make and sell intoxicants, goes down in the face of the facts of the terrible effects of drink. No sane man can consistently defend the liquor business from the standpoint of morals; nor yet from the basis of economics, since the loss to the people in property, in morals, in health as well as in actual cash, is far in excess of the tainted revenue the Government derives from the manufacture and sale of all intoxicants. Whiskey brings large returns to liquor dealers, because it fires the passions and holds its victims through the creation of an insatiable thirst. An army of Americans is annually wrecked in every sense of the term through the drink demon, whose activity is productive of insanity, vice, and crime. It is said that the new year began with 40,000,000 American people under the banner of prohibition, and that the wave of prohibition is destined to sweep the traffic from the nation. Every good citizen should commend every effort made to abolish the giant evil. The Federal Government should at once pass vigorous measures to sustain the will of the people in prohibition States, to the end that ultimately the Federal power may be employed to declare unreservedly for national prohibition.



### MONEY-MAD WALL STREET.

It has been said that a really square man in public life should have no enemies. But the history of all great men from time immemorial refutes the statement. No man who has ever dared to take a resolute stand against a deep-seated evil, has been free from the bitter opposition of the evil elements he denounced. President Roosevelt has taken a stand against predatory wealth; and today he is the most hated man in New York. Wall Street has gone beyond the limits of sanity in opposing the President. Wall Street is money mad. Goldphobia is rampant, contagious, and contaminating. It is unreasoning, and utterly oblivious to the sentiment of the nation. Wall Street hates Mr. Roosevelt; and the more bitter the hatred, the more popular the man becomes in other parts of the nation. What Wall Street hates bitterly, the people should heartily support, for Wall Street is corrupt and dangerous to all free institutions and subversive of good government.



### THE HUDSON TUNNEL.

Last week the swift electric train began to displace Robert Fulton's century-old invention as the shuttle which is weaving Manhattan and northern New Jersey into one continuous city. The first of the Hudson tunnels connecting Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue with Hoboken, was opened to public traffic. President Roosevelt's puissant finger touched an electric button in Washington to start the first train on which Governor Hughes and Foit were fellow-passengers. Already the subway tunnel under the East River to Brooklyn, which was opened January 9, has made subaqueous travel a daily commonplace to tens of thousands of New Yorkers, and soon the down-town tubes of the Hudson Company, and the Pennsylvania Railway tunnels under the North and East rivers will make the incomparable waterfront view of Manhattan only a memory, except to such as go down to the sea in ships.

It is said that an insurance company which took Alexander of Servia as a risk, put down his occupation thus: "King, hazardous." The occupation of king is hazardous. The Shah of Persia last week would have been killed by a bomb had it not been for special precautions. As the royal procession was traversing a narrow street in Teheran on February 28, two bombs were hurled at the royal automobile. The vehicle was shattered, the chauffeur wounded and three outriders killed. The Shah, however, was riding in a carriage further back in the procession. The automobile was closed, however, so that the fact was not known. More trouble in Persia is expected.



The London Missionary Society is preparing a great missionary exhibition to be called "The Orient in London," which will be held next June. Ten thousand volunteer helpers, "stewards" in the English phrase, recruited from the ranks of the Congregational churches, are being trained in London and the counties to take charge of the exhibition. "The Orient in London" is only one of the measures in a great missionary campaign that the directors of the London Missionary Society are undertaking this year to increase knowledge and interest about missions. Two other large exhibitions are to be held at Newcastle and at Bradford; two summer schools, or holiday conferences, will be held during the four weeks of August; for two months in the fall a preaching campaign throughout the country will be conducted by Congregational ministers, going out "two and two;" and then will follow a "simultaneous missionary mission," from November 15 to 22, in which, the leaders hope, every Congregational church in Great Britain and in the Colonies will share.



The English Winston Churchill, of the present Liberal Cabinet, in addressing the League of Young Liberals not long ago said some things in regard to the poor which we might well put in our hats to think about . . . "The greatest problem of the British Empire lies at home . . . Civilization, which has brought, and science which gives, many fair things to a large proportion of the population, has given nothing to the poorest and weakest among us. The condition of these is much worse from the point of view of the degree of human misery than the condition of the savages of the countries I have recently visited, or of the fierce, barbarous peoples of times long past. How can we talk of the virtue of thrift to a man who does not know whether he will get his next meal by a job at the docks or by pawning some pieces of furniture from his home? What is the use of teaching Imperialism—a very good thing in itself—to the man whose whole life is demoralized by the vicious and cursed element of casual labor which presses upon him from day to day? If I interpret the feeling of the working classes the cry is a great cry of complaint against insecurity in the lower ranks." The Master of us all is recorded to have cured the impotent man before he bade him sin no more.



Press dispatches suggest a stormy future for Portugal. A good share of the trouble comes from the extravagance of the court, which has to be supported by a country almost bankrupt. Seven royal palaces, the Necessidades, the royal city residence, Ajunda, the palace of the Queen Dowager, Relem, Quedes and Cascaes on the seashore, and the wonderful palaces of Cintra and Tena, besides the shooting places at Villa Vicosa and elsewhere, are

kept up with all the expenses involved in the constant journeyings of the large court from one place to another. The court itself has a hierarchy and a ceremonial etiquette second only to those of Russia and Austria, and the personnel is considerably larger than that of Germany.



The Republic of Panama is old enough to be thinking of electing its second president. The election of a second president is as hard for a republic as teething time for a child. We weathered it, but it was too much for Cuba. President Amador, abiding by the constitution, will not run for re-election. One of the two candidates who have thus far come forward is Senor Domingo de Obaldia, who has been minister from Panama to this country. He was the last Columbian governor of Panama, but after the revolution accepted the status quo. The other candidate is Senor Ricardo Arias one of the founders of the Panama Republic and a member of a family settled on the Isthmus in Balboa's time. Panama has thus far set an example of soberness to her neighbors to the North, altho she should not be given too much credit for it. It is said that at one time, within a year or two, a revolution was all ready to be launched, when word came from Washington that no revolution would be allowed. The big stick swished and Panama remained orderly.



#### BAD PROSPECTS IN THE NEAR EAST.

The concert of the Powers, in their relations to Turkey, is again "out of tune." The measures to reform conditions in Macedonia and remove the abuses which have been incident to the rule of a Moslem government over a Christian population having thus far proved ineffective, the Powers were preparing to formulate further proposals of reform, when the German Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, Baron Marshall von Bieberstein, announced that Germany would no longer act with the other Powers in insisting that Turkey consent to their demands; in other words, that Germany was willing to accept the Turkish reform measures, which would mean no reform at all. The German action has made more difficult a situation already complex on account of international rivalries over railroad concessions in the Balkan States and in Turkey. Austria wishes to build a road through Novibazar to connect the Austrian line through Bosnia with the Turkish line at Salonika. Russia has given word that it will not permit this extension, because it would give the commercial interests of Austria and consequently of Germany a practical monopoly of Western Turkey from the Danube to the sea. Austria desires direct railroad communication between Vienna, Salonika and Athens. From Vienna south, Austria already has her own lines through Hungary, Bosnia and Herzegovina down to a point on the Uoac River in Herzegovina. Coming north the railroad line runs from Salonika through Uskub into Servia, with a branch going from Uskub to the northeast as far as Mitrovitza. Austria desires to connect these north and south lines to complete the System. Russia, as a counter proposition, is said to be about to ask the Sultan for a concession to construct a railroad line from Raduievatz, in Servia, on the Danube River, to Antioari or Duloigno, both seaports of Montenegro, on the Adriatic, a project that would connect the Danube with the Adriatic and would practically make the Austrian project impossible. In the new alignment of the Powers on the Eastern question, Germany and Austria seem likely to be arraigned against Russia, Great Britain, France, and probably Italy.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## HENRY MILTON BARWICK.

It is not within the power of the writer to give a fair representation of the many elements entering into the character of the subject of this sketch. It is to be doubted whether even a life companion could do that, giving to each influence its just value as it emanated from that character. The proper execution of such a task may be left to the One who knows the hearts of us all, who not only understands every impulse at its inception, but measures correctly the force of its every influence. Nevertheless, it is true that as we move among our fellows there emanates from us an influence that may be considered a fair index to the general trend of our lives. And this was true of our brother. With his strong convictions and his courage to stand by them, his life has left indelible impressions upon those who came in touch with him. We shall leave it to those who have made somewhat of a study of his character to discuss this subject and confine ourselves to the setting down of some of the facts in his life history.

Henry Milton Barwick was born in Dayton, Ohio, Jan. 28, 1870, and fell asleep in Jesus at his home in Elgin, Ill., March 7, 1908. He was the son of James E. and Rebecca Barwick. His father answered to the Master's call in 1876, and two brothers and a sister died in their childhood. His own son, little Paul aged fourteen months, preceded him nearly five years. He is survived by his aged mother, beloved wife, four children, two brothers, J. F. (merchant), of Hockley, Texas, and Dr. S. O., of Elkhart, Ind.

His ancestors have resided in this country since 1652 to 1664 and have ever been a worthy, upright people, the two leading professions among the Barwicks being the ministry and medicine. From childhood until his thirty-third year his home was in Preble County, Ohio, having been raised on a farm there.

From early childhood he was of a sympathetic temperament, free from rude or unbecoming conduct, or

the association of evil companions. From his first day in public school he was most studious and began teaching at the age of sixteen. He graduated from the academic department of Mt. Morris College, Mt. Morris, Ill., when twenty-three years old, also from the collegiate department of McPherson College, McPherson, Kans., in 1905. There was no time in his life when he was not engaged in study, in storing up knowledge and broadening out in higher thought. He was a free and easy thinker and writer, and his manner of delivery was such as to impress the hearer with his broad grasp of the subject and the earnestness of his purpose.

He united with the Brethren church at the age of sixteen and was faithful and devoted to his chosen spiritual belief the rest of his life. He was called to the ministry at the age of nineteen and at once entered into active church work. He was always held in high esteem by the young people as well as by the aged, and frequently officiated at marriages and funerals.



The Inglenook Room as Brother Barwick Left It.

His aim was not the acquirement of earthly goods, such as that of gaining and storing up wealth, but he was possessed of a mind and a desire for a high type of thought to be given in service for the Master. His life's work was not always executed under the greatest financial convenience, but with a fixed resolution he struggled to develop his natural mind qualities.

In physical form Brother Barwick was very nearly a perfect specimen of manhood. He was six feet four

inches tall, with a body well proportioned for that height, and at the time of his decease, gave no evidence of the hold disease had upon him. Saturday morning, March 7, he was at the office and about his regular duties. Evidently, however, he was not as well as usual, as he went home early. His noncommittal answer of "Nothing" to the inquiry as to his early appearance there removed the cause for anxiety that might otherwise have been felt, and his retiring to the bedroom with the explanation that he would lie down awhile occasioned no alarm, as he sometimes rested thus before the noonday meal. It was the rule to let him rest till he wakened of his own accord, but this time, after waiting a half hour, his wife went in to call him to dinner. But he was not there. Only the lifeless form remained. The physicians who were summoned said that he had been dead an hour and that he had died of heart trouble. Tuesday afternoon, after services in the Brethren church, across the street from his home, his body was laid away in the Bluff City cemetery, of this city.

Brother Barwick took active charge of the editorial work of the INGLENOOK last September. He began the work under many difficulties, but he brought to bear upon it the same zeal and energy and breadth of thought that has characterized all his efforts and it was coming to assume somewhat of the nature and character of his ideal. For this and other reasons it is hard for us to reconcile ourselves to his sudden departure.

But the life in the body is not all of life, and it must be that he could continue his work with greater glory to the One whom he served, freed from the vestments of mortal life. So be it.

"There is no death! what seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the suburb of the life elysian  
Whose portals we call death."



#### DELIVERING THE GOODS AS PROMISED.

WHEN the little INGLENOOK prospectus, for 1908, was sent out four months ago, some people wondered a little about our ability to deliver the goods advertised in the prospectus. The prospectus seemed to contain too much for one dollar. Well, if our correspondence is any criterion to judge from, there is not much doubt left about the goods being delivered.

The Editor wants to announce that not only has his own high anticipation been met, but it has been more than realized. In addition to twenty letters from foreign countries covering travel, missions and social questions we have such writers of national fame as Anthony Comstock, of New York City, for thirty years the leading figure in ferreting out foul literature. He has secured more legislation against evil books and caused more attention to be given to clean literature than any known living man. His name is

known over Europe and America. His article will soon appear. The American Humane Society, of Boston, Mass., has contributed an article. The National Red Cross Society gave a write-up recently. Then Mrs. Grannis, another person whose field of work has been the English-speaking world, will contribute four articles. Wilbur F. Crafts, of international fame in reform matters, has promised a letter. Prof. Corson, a national educator, has also a good article in our hands on "How the Home can Help the School." Mr. Day. M. P., of England, is preparing an article. It is useless to try to name all that are worthy of mention, but the above names ought to command attention and create enthusiasm for our magazine that would double its circulation within the next six months. If you appreciate our efforts, then please push the work along. Don't keep quiet about it.



#### ROASTING CHILDREN ALIVE.

IMMEDIATELY after the burning of the school building in Cleveland, Ohio, recently, in which over 170 children were roasted alive, in full sight of plenty of help, Governor Harris ordered an investigation. What there is left to investigate is hard to discover, unless it would be to investigate his state legislature and see why plenty of fire-escapes are not placed on all buildings in the State, that are over one story high. It is only two months ago that over 200 persons lost their lives in a fire in Pennsylvania. The Iroquois fire, in Chicago, with its 400 victims is not very far removed yet either, besides dozens of other buildings each year in which from one to twelve persons have perished. The recklessness of American people stands out boldly in this one aspect of failing to provide safety escapes for people huddled together in public buildings.

Coal mines, blast furnaces, railroads and fires consume tens of thousands of our worthy citizens each year, because of neglect. Of course not all mortalities could be avoided, but the number could be diminished by two-thirds or more.

Every reader of this item ought to urge his state congressman to offer a bill to his legislature which would compel fire-escapes to be placed on all buildings more than one story high. Many states have had such laws for several years and all the others will get them sooner or later, because it is right and reasonable. But there will have to be a few more thousand of our innocent ones burned up before our wise legislators can be made to let loose of old rotten partyism and do something for the people.

Later:—Since writing the above quite a number of cities have provided fire-escapes to their school buildings. It is the old story of locking the door after the horse is stolen.





## A Touch of the Real

Mary I. Senseman

MIRIAM lounged in the armchair, her eyes dreamy, listless, heavy-lidded.

Edna bent over a square of linen on which she was embroidering an elaborate design.

The elder sister worked very leisurely. Scarcely noticeable was the progress in the elegant work.

Miriam spoke now and then:

"If Cora Marley comes Sunday, we must have winter radishes. She likes them. Will that be finished before mamma's birthday? You are terribly slow. Your letter to Mr. Carleton cost double postage. I hope Mr. Carleton will send me some post cards. What ails mother? Her letter was as dull as she was when she left for Aunt Christine's. I wish Fergus were nearer our ages. He doesn't seem like a brother. Papa has a new hat. I am going up town," she finished, rising slowly.

Edna looked up at last.

"If you are not gone more than an hour, bring me a sable brush from Heckendorn's. Then I can work upon 'Twilight' today. I want to finish it before Mr. Carleton comes home."

"I'm just going to The Sweet Home for a dozen cornucopias and maybe—"

Edna interrupted, "We have a fresh nut cake for dinner. Papa and Fergus don't care for cornucopias."

"Well, I do," Miriam drawled. "And so does Gip."

Edna replied with a smile of elder sisterly indulgence.

Gip, the yellow and white collie, bounded joyously along at the side of his young mistress on the way to the artists' supply store.

For Edna Groveland was an artist. Not a far-famed one. She was only seventeen years old. And nobody but Mr. Carleton had ever instructed her. But Mr. Carleton's paintings were known in many a grand exhibit. And he said, of all his pupils, Edna's work was best; it was full of promise; she had the genius of patience, by which she created harmonious, simple-appearing pictures out of multiple perfection.

Miriam bought the sable brush and then she and her dog retraced a part of their way.

On a building alongside the confectionery, the girl noticed a sign that had not attracted her attention when she passed previously. The sign was, "Dolls' Hospital and Dispensary," and in the window were not only dolls and dolls, but a card reading, "Wanted! Two Girls at Once."

Miriam stopped. Next door were the rich cornucopias. Her pulses were bounding. It was a cold day, and her hands trembled as she tied Edna's packet fast to Gip's collar.

"Go home," she whispered to the dog.

Gip stood still, wagging his tail.

"Go home," repeated his mistress, aloud, but weakly. Then louder, sharply, almost angrily, "Gip—go—home."

The dog trotted away, his tail drooping.

The counter excitement of effort had quieted her nerves, and Miriam entered the "Hospital."

There were a young woman and a girl inside. Each sat at a table on which there were glue, thread, a box of sawdust, and quantities of dolls' accessories and of their every part or section.

The woman arose.

"Do you wish to see me?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Miriam, "if you are the one who wants two girls."

The young woman bowed.

"You want girls to work here?" questioned Miriam.

"Yes," was the answer, hesitatingly, as the speaker surveyed Miriam's clothes.

"Then I shall stay," was the assured statement. She picked up an armless doll, selected a pair of arms of similar proportions and composition and with needle and thread deftly fastened the new members in place.

"Please take off your wraps and sit at this table, Miss —."

"Miriam Groveland," supplied the girl.

"Miss Groveland. I can pay my assistants seventy-five cents a day." The tone was insistent now.

Miriam did not heed. She was deciding in her mind whether a black-haired or a fair-haired head would look the better on that doll body in the pink dress.

Miss Granvil took the card from the window and changed the second word to "One." She brought another table and supplied it as were the other two.

The door opened and a little girl entered timidly.

"Your dolly?" suggested Miss Granvil.

"Nanny," said the child.

"She's sitting up," said Miss Granvil, going to a small chair in which sat a handsome doll. "You may take her with you."

The child clutched Nanny, not forgetting to exchange a piece of silver for her.

For a half hour the three in the room worked uninterruptedly.

Miss Granvil was curious about her new helper, who had begun work so earnestly and was continuing it so absorbedly. But she silently planned to pay the girl her wages that evening and subsequently make inquiries concerning her.

Miriam was, in fact, wholly absorbed by what she was doing. She had not even noticed the dolls' cots ranged along one side of the room. So, when she had repaired all the dolls on her table, Miss Granville directed her to the cots, whence a new supply of invalids could be obtained.

Miriam was again settled at the table when the door opened and opened and continued to open. And Miss Granvil was walking about, and then the first assistant left her table, and then Miriam's aid was requested. For the hospital seemed to have filled all at once, with children and dolls. There were probably ten little girls from various grades of life who had brought their afflicted darlings or who were to receive theirs in renewed health.

Two or three, however, were newcomers who had not brought dolls. Poorly clad little ones they were. One of these drew Miriam's attention, saying, "A dolly, kin I git a dolly?"

Miriam, misunderstanding, asked the child to tell her what kind of a doll it was.

"Like that," was the answer, with an eager nod at a fine one near.

Miriam would have given it to the little girl, not preceiving that the shabbily clothed girl could not consistently own the dainty doll.

Miss Granvil opportunely interfered and explained. "Here is a dolly for you, sweetheart," she said. "We make these dolls from remnants of those brought in," she added to Miriam, "and give them to children who want them and who have none."

That was the dispensing branch, then, of the establishment.

At six o'clock the hospital was closed for the day.

Miriam, still in a glow, entered the confectionery and laid her newly-received quarter before a clerk.

"Cornucopias," she said.

She was soon at home, and took Gip with her into the vestibule, where she fed him the cakes, one by one.

It had occurred to her that she would have to explain her absence, and she dared hardly expect to be permitted to keep on working for Miss Granvil. She was not intellectual, but she was able to contrast her seventy-five cent position with the vocations of the other Grovelands. The father, owner and editor of a high-class magazine; his brilliant son, twice Miriam's age, Mr. Groveland's right-hand man; Edna, who was looked upon as an artist in embryo, and—mother, wife of Mr. Groveland and mistress of his home.

Mrs. Groveland was away. Miriam expected a scolding and a plain command to quit her nonsense. She couldn't plan a fictitious tale. She was not sharp-witted enough. Maybe,—it was chilly in the vestibule,—maybe she would be sent to school,—to a school for backward children. It had been only through hard pleading on her part, supplemented by Mrs. Groveland's requests, that Miriam was not in school this year. She had been a freshman in the high school two years, and then had again failed to be promoted. Mr. Groveland saw it would be useless for his youngest child to apply herself for the third time to the prescribed studies, and he offered her the choice of several selected schools. But entreaty won, and Miriam was spending the winter in idleness and aimlessness, except for Gip and an appetite.

The door opened, and Miriam hastily tried to escape. But there was also a swish of skirts on the stairs, and Edna's restraining voice, "Miriam! wait!"

Mr. Groveland stopped, too, then, and his elder daughter continued, with her manner of responsibility, "Papa, do you know where Miriam was this afternoon?"

"No," was the answer.

"She went up town about two, Gip with her, and before three the dog was at home, alone, with a sable brush, for me, tied to his collar."

"Where were you, Miriam?" Mr. Groveland asked the younger girl.

"I was at Miss Granvil's," she answered, and the memory of the dolls gave her courage to step toward her father and her dignified sister. "She has a dolls' hospital and dispensary and she wanted two more girls to help repair dolls and I went in and—worked."

"Well, Miriam!" it was Edna.

"Well, Miriam!" it was Mr. Groveland.

"Do you get paid?" questioned Mr. Groveland.

"Oh!" Miriam had her father by both sleeves and mildly jerked him. "Oh! you must not say you won't let me go just because I'm paid seventy-five cents a day. It's so splendid and children come in!"

"Well, Miriam,"—it was an emphatic "well" this time, and not a drawn-out one,—"it may not harm you. I shall consider the matter."

"Thank you," Miriam answered, and was silent as they went, three abreast, up the stairway.



It was Fergus who, a few minutes after, turned Gip out of doors.

A week had gone by.

That first evening Miss Granvil ascertained, of the proprietor of The Sweet Home, that Miriam Groveland was a daughter of David Groveland of *The Monthly*.

The following morning, Miriam put in an appearance at the hospital at nine o'clock. Her employer was already at work and the next morning Miriam came at eight. Again business seemed to have been in progress for some time, and the second assistant asked at what hour she should come.

"My sister and I begin work at seven," replied Miss Granvil.

That day a third girl became a helper in the hospital and the card was removed from the window.

Mrs. Groveland returned the last evening of Miriam's first week in employ. She did not seem to have been improved by the "rest." Mr. Groveland brought her from the train, but he told her nothing about their younger daughter except, "Miriam has a surprise for you."

It was a surprise—to the rest of the family as well. For, mother at home, Miriam could talk. She told the whole story of the week, its beginning and its triumphant progress, and Mr. Groveland, Fergus and Edna, with mother listened. This half-stupid, aimless, careless girl had all at once become alive, warm-hearted, gentle.

Mr. Groveland, the keen-minded, was thinking, and he told his thoughts to his wife, later, when they were alone. "Miriam has awakened, I think. I am glad she found the place. She has something tangible now, a pulsating connection with life. It will, in all probability, open a wider door for her. It is, at least, a touch of the real."

Then something seemed to snap in his brain and he gave a startled look at his wife.

He lay awake that night a long time. Thirty-two years arose out of the dead past and moved in solemn, almost tragic, state, before his mental eye. He saw his bride, a happy seamstress, come to grace his humble cottage. The son was born; then, in one bound, came recognition of the editor's talent, wealth, and an upward leap in the social scale, followed by new environment, travel, entertainment, a large and successful enterprise.

Some way, some place, Mrs. Groveland had dropped her needle. Not even when the daughters were born, two years apart, was any of their clothing made by the mother. And, as she ceased to ply her needle and thread, some of her joyous hold on life had ebbed. Mr. Groveland never properly accounted for his wife's seeming lack of interest. He knew tonight, when he said, "A touch of the real."

He looked into his own life. What would it be

without his beloved duties? Many hours a day were occupied with what, though often wearisome, was, to him, inspiring. And he, unwittingly, had driven from his wife's hands the one thing that meant as much to her as his work meant to him.

The next morning Fergus temporarily occupied his father's place in the editor's sanctum. Mr. Groveland was fingering many sorts of fabrics in a dry-goods store. Before noon he was transporting homeward a bundle nearly half as large as his own portly figure.

He lugged it into the house and Mrs. Groveland came in haste, alarmed. Mr. Groveland removed the wrappings. There seemed to be all colors of the rainbow and all textures within. "I never knew till last night, Lottie, that you had lost your grasp upon the real. And I am to blame for it. So I got these things. You can make anything,—dresses, bedclothes, table linen."

Mrs. Groveland suppressed the tears. There had been thirty years of famine!

"Thank you, David, now I can rest."

*Pleasant Hill, Ohio.*



#### WORK TOGETHER.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

A raindrop on its downward way  
Across the sky was fleeting  
And to its neighbor, bright and gay,  
It gave a friendly greeting.

"Come, you help me and I'll help you,  
And each will help our brother.  
We'll show the world what we can do  
By helping one another.

"On fertile plain of waving grain  
We'll pour our crystal treasure.  
To do the good we know we should  
Will ever be our pleasure.

We'll turn the wheel to grind the meal  
The miller's bairnies feeding.  
We'll bear the freight of steamers great  
Across the ocean speeding."

Aye, do the little that you can,  
Aye, give your best endeavor  
To fill your place in heaven's plan  
And shirk your duty never.

What you can do may seem to you  
To be the veriest trifle;  
But keep in view the good and true  
And evil motives stifle.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.



I WONDER if many housekeepers know that boiling sugar with an acid changes the sugar to glucose. One pound of sugar has as much sweetening power as two and one-half pounds of glucose, consequently one pound of sugar stirred into fruit after it is cooked and while still warm will make the fruit as sweet as two and a quarter pounds when the fruit is boiling.—Sel.

## B - U - D - D - I - N - G

John H. Nowlan

THERE are several styles of budding, but the one described here is the most common one in use.

Budding is economical in the amount of wood from which the buds are taken, as a scion long enough for grafting will furnish several buds.

It is expensive in the use of stocks, as a seedling is required for each tree, while in grafting with the piece-root system two or more stocks can be made from a single seedling.

The operation is simple and an expert can do the

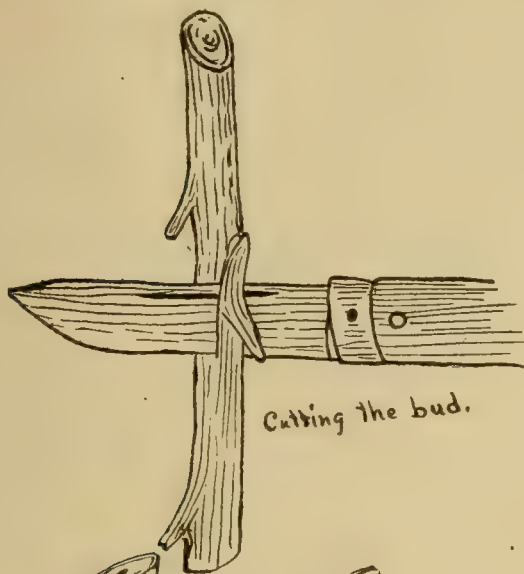
enough to take some of the new wood, and is cut straight across above the bud.

The stock should be at least as large as an ordinary lead pencil. Apples will require two years to reach this size, while peaches may reach it in a single season. Peach stocks may therefore be budded late in the first season of growth.

The height at which the bud is to be inserted depends upon the operator, but the nearer the ground the better. Where the body is cut off above the bud a crook is left which, if near the ground may be covered when the tree is reset.



Cutting off the top.



Cutting the bud.



Preparing the stock.

work quite rapidly. As a man can make more buds than grafts, the expense is not much, if any, greater than grafting, for the greater amount of work done offsets the higher price of summer labor.

Budding is done in the summer while the bark separates easily from the wood. The bud should be taken from wood of the present season's growth. The petiole of the leaf may be left attached to the bud to aid in placing it in position.

The bud is cut from below upwards, just deep

The cut for the bud, which should be made on the north side of the tree is made like the letter T. The cross cut of the T is usually cut a little sloping and the stem extends downward an inch or more. The two flaps of bark thus made are loosened slightly with the heel of the budding knife, the bud, grasped by the stem of the leaf, placed within the flaps and pushed down till the entire cut surface is in contact with the wood of the stock. It is then bound above and below the buds till the parts unite.

For this purpose use material affected as little as possible by moisture. Bands of raffia are much used for this purpose as are sometimes corn husks. Papaw bark was used by horticulturists here in former days, but now it is almost a thing of the past.

As soon as the parts have united, the bands should be cut, otherwise they will bind the bark too tightly. The following

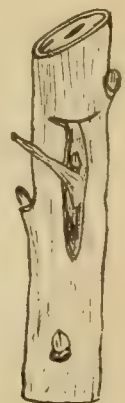
spring the top should be cut off just above the bud.

By budding, the removal of the top forces all the strength of the root into the top, causing a vigorous growth, which is greater than in grafted stocks as the growth of the roots has not been checked.

In several climates care should be taken to select



Tying.



Inserting the bud.



hardy seedlings, as the bud can be no hardier than its root.

With a piece-root grafted tree the scion produces roots of its own and is the same as a tree propagated from a cutting.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



#### GROWING FLOWERS.

##### March Preparations for Summer Blooms.

There's a stir in the bush,  
There's a song in the air,  
And birdies come back  
To the trees brown and bare.  
The wings bring a message  
So sweet and so dear,—  
I love to repeat it—  
"The springtime is here."

—Mrs. Geo. Gray.

PLANT the entire bunch of dahlia roots in a box of soil; keep in a warm place until sprouts appear, then remove to a cooler situation.

Begin planting out hardy plants, shrubs and vines as soon as the ground can be worked. Prune such as need it before growth begins.

Send for the flower catalogues early and make your selection of roses and shrubs, and get your orders in early so as to avoid disappointment in choice and delay in planting.

Have the man of the house make you a hotbed. He can do it easily and at little cost, and in it many varieties of flowers may be started. Have him do it now before he gets too busy with his own affairs.

If there are humps and hollows on the lawn, cut and roll back the sod, fill in level; or cut away hump, then roll back the sod, and firm down smooth. Scatter unleached wood-ashes over the lawn, and seed bare places before ground hardens.

Sow sweet peas now, the sooner the better. This is the method employed by H. A. Cassel, one of our New York folks who has gratifying success: "I dig a trench about a foot deep, then put in clay, then manure, then dirt and stamp in the seed. The clay holds the moisture."

Divide the canna roots into pieces of one eye each, and place in flats about three or four inches deep, and a couple of inches apart, according to size of tuber. Cover loosely with soil, or sand and soil, and keep warm and moist, but not wet. When they have grown four or five inches high, transplant to pots or boxes until time to set outside. The plants will show flower stalks within about six weeks from planting.

Many of the flowers that will bloom late in the autumn must be started now. Among these are chrysanthemums. Soon after the old plants are brought from the cellar, sprouts will appear. When these reach a growth of two inches, separate from the old plants, taking care to leave a bit of root attached; plant in small pots that have been filled with rich soil. Keep

them in a moderate temperature, and water well until time for transplanting to the open.



#### SOME INCUBATOR SUGGESTIONS.

BE sure that the machine stands level.

If you haven't purchased a machine, find out which make successful poultrymen around you are using. They have probably discovered which is best for their particular conditions.

When you get the machine, set it up according to the directions of the manufacturer, and follow his directions closely in operating it. He ought to know better than any one else.

Study thoroughly the best authorities on artificial incubation, but don't believe everything every old irresponsible know-it-all tells you.

Place your machine where the temperature is as uniform as possible. Most machines work better in a moderately cool temperature. The circulation of air is better than when the temperature is too high. A little dampness is no disadvantage. But sunlight should be excluded, and drafts of air must not be permitted. Still good ventilation must be provided.

Use the best oil obtainable, or arrange for heating by gas if available. Have the lamp thoroughly clean, and keep it well trimmed.

If you wish early summer broilers, and pullets that will begin to lay in the fall, February is a good time to start with the breeds like Rocks, Wyandottes, R. I. Reds, Brahmas, and other of the larger breeds. A couple of months later will do for the smaller breeds.

It's a good scheme to have your brooder ready when you set your eggs.

A house cellar, if well ventilated, is a fairly good place to run an incubator. But be careful about your insurance. You may need a special permit. Some insurance companies are very foolish about these things.

When ready to begin, heat up the machine before putting in the eggs, and be sure that it is running correctly for several hours before putting them in.—  
*L. B. Wooldridge.*



IN the gorgeous banquet hall of the Waldorf Astoria last week a woman spoke on "Higher Education in the Harem," and called for financial help, and the response from the so-called "exclusive" audience was many thousands, a single subscription being \$10,000.

To us the whole project of the speaker seems at best a fad and folly. Our hands should not be busy cleaning out the homes of our distant neighbors, when at our own doors childish hands are outstretched, dumbly imploring time to laugh and love and play and prepare their little bodies and growing minds for life's tasks, as nature intended they should.

There is no other subject more befitting the wisest laws that our legislators can frame than the protection of the children.—*Home Herald.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### MY PRAYER.

MARY C. STONER.

O my Savior, blessed Savior,  
Grant to me thy grace and love,  
Grant to me the peace of pardon,  
Grant thy wisdom from above.

For the world with all its vices  
Lures the heart from thee to stray,  
But with childlike faith and worship  
I would at thy footstool stay.

Oh, to me, my only Savior,  
Grant the gift of thy free grace,  
That the inborn sin of weakness  
May not bar me from thy face.

May the fancies fair but sinful  
Lose their oft'-beguiling charms,  
May I find my only refuge  
Safe within thy loving arms.

May the thoughts and impure motives  
That have often filled my breast,  
Find no lodgment in my bosom,  
Find no place in which to rest.

Then in holy, sacred fullness  
Come to fill this heart of mine  
With the blessed, saving presence  
Of thy Spirit, gift divine.

North Manchester, Ind.



### AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS.

Some years ago I had the privilege of leading a man to Christ who was just out of one of the New York State prisons. I was down town doing some missionary work when he came to our door. Mrs. Mackey said, "I am very glad you have come; come in, brother, and make yourself at home." When she called him "brother" he wondered if she knew who he was; it is not customary for an ex-prisoner to be called brother, and that struck him as a remarkable thing.

That night he went with me to the mission and a man whom the Lord had used me to lead to Christ ten years before related his experience. I closed up with an account of my own. My friend sat in front of me, and the gospel message went to his heart. He knelt down in prayer and called on God, although right out of State prison; and God heard his prayer and did wonderful things for him.

Now he has a mission over on the North side, and last night I was in that mission and heard a woman give a wonderful testimony. She had taken the Keeley cure twice, the Washingtonian cure three times, tried Christian Science, and everything that money and scientific research could suggest to cure her.

She was not an illiterate woman, but very talented, one who was expected to make her mark in the literary world. But sin got into her heart. She became not only a drunkard but a slave to the morphine and cocaine habits. She had taken in all seven different cures, but there was nothing that did her any good until she came to the foot

of the Cross and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." and last night she stood up and testified, "I am rejoicing in the God of my salvation." Oh, how it made my heart glad! When they found her she was almost on the verge of insanity.

### Latter-Day Delusions.

Recently while in a large church a lady came to me and said, "I want you to pray for my husband." I said, "Sister, what is wrong with him?" Then she explained that they had been having some confusion in the church because of some newfangled things that had come in about people claiming to speak with tongues, etc., and you know the nearer we come to the coming of the Lord the more of that sort of thing we will see in the world. I hear people singing, "Oh, for a thousand tongues!" But if they are not making use of the one they have what would they do with a thousand?

Then she went on and explained to me that her husband was a drunkard. I said, "Are you praying for him?" She said, "Yes." "Does he know it?" She said, "I hope so." She had not dared to let him know she was praying for him, because she said, "Well, he is such a proud man, so haughty," etc., and she was really afraid to let him know she was praying for him.

Does it not seem nonsensical not to let the friends you love dearly know you are praying for them? I had the privilege of praying with her husband, and recently I had the privilege of coming back to that same church and meeting that gentleman and his wife and taking lunch with them. He told me that when his wife came home and told him she was praying for him it broke his heart and he had never had it mended again.

Right in your own family there may be someone who is just hungering for the gospel invitation. You may buy all the books in the world on how to win souls for the Master, but you will never do it until the Holy Spirit reveals to you your heart, helps you to put away sin, to give up the flesh and the devil and just become a child of God. That is the secret of it.

Nicodemus was a mighty man. He could read the Word of God as well as the disciples, but the Master said, "Ye must be born again." And the experience of the leprous man shows the simplicity of it. He had heard Jesus speak of that sermon on the mount and he said, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Jesus said, "I will," and just touched him and it was done. I am so glad he did not say before he did it, "Now you have got to quit stealing and smoking and swearing," etc., but that touch of the Divine finger cured him from wanting to do any of those things.

There is so much in prayer. You remember when Peter was walking on the wave and took his eyes off Christ, he said, "Lord, save me." It was a sincere prayer and the Lord saved him that quick. I would to God I might be able somewhere, in some place, to teach somebody the secret of prayer,—not saying prayers, but to pray. There is power in it. Men ought always to pray, not sometimes, but always.

### In the Last Days Perilous Times Shall Come.

"There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God." Rom. 3: 11. Is not that the terrible condition of affairs today? Some preachers say that the world is getting better. I wish they would travel with me a few months in some of the places I have been, in the levee district in New Orleans, up at the head of the Great Lakes, where Mrs. Mackey started a rescue home where-in are five girls under fourteen years of age who are



candidates for the maternity shelter. But I am glad there is power, and though sin does abound grace does also abound. "And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Jer. 29: 13.

You need never expect to have your prayers answered unless you exercise faith with them. It goes hand in hand. Then again we so many times expect God to do things for us that are not good for us. Moody once told about his boy Will, who, when he could not get a thing that he wanted, would whimper and cry, then get on his back and kick and yell until he got what he wanted. One day when Moody was shaving, Will came and said, "I want that razor." And when he could not get it he began to go through some of his tricks.

Mr. Moody was a very tender-hearted man and it hurt him not to please the child, and he did not know what to do next. He did not like to spank the little fellow, and so he tried to find a way of escape. He noticed a large plate of oranges and apples, and, with the razor in one hand and the fruit in the other, he said, "Do you want that?" And you should have seen the boy grab the orange! He did not want the razor then.

We ask God for things that would unfit us for things he has for us to do and would hurt us, and then he comes along with some beautiful fruit, such as love, joy, long-suffering; there is a bunch of nine kinds of such fruit in Galatians 5, and they won't hurt us. I know my God will withhold no good thing from those who walk uprightly. Psa. 84: 11.

"This is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us." Often I have been called to pray in hospitals, prisons and sanitariums and insane asylums. One day I was called to pray with a woman who had lost her reason because of the awful calamities that had come upon her. Her husband had died, her sons, her daughters; her home had been burned up and she had lost her money. Then Satan thought he had her; but even in her deranged condition the Spirit of God prompted that woman to pray, and her reason and health were restored, and she is rejoicing to-day. She had lost all. We want to pray in faith.

When you get an opportunity to do something for God, don't see the obstacles, but be true to God and he will be true to you. I am thankful that fourteen years ago when I was walking down Van Buren Street with the intention of throwing myself in the river and ending it all, I met a man who, when I said to him, "Say, boss, won't you help me to get some liquor?" answered, "You don't need liquor, you need Jesus." I thought he was crazy! I looked at him. I had never struck anything like that before. He said it so earnestly, so forcefully, that it brought me to my senses.

There was spiritual power about the man, and my heart was smitten. Then he spoke to me. He put his arm around me and brought me into the Pacific Garden Mission. He didn't put me in a back seat and say, "Make yourself at home." No; he brought me right up in front where I would get hit real hard.

Three or four times I tried to get out of my seat to smash the speaker's face, for the devil was in me, and God was trying to get me from the devil. Finally he knelt down and talked to his Father in heaven. He was acquainted with God and he could say: "My Father who art in heaven, as you saved me save these men that raised their hands!" As he was praying, looking up in faith with his eyes closed, I got up in my drunken condition, and lurching forward tipped him over so that his face struck the edge of the platform and the blood came from

the wound. But he kept right on praying. He didn't say, "Take this old drunk away."

And so I found Christ when I was a poor, blear-eyed, drunken bum, and since then he has used me to his glory. The Lord called me into evangelistic work. Last year I had five hundred calls, and I could not of course begin to fill them all; but I traveled four thousand miles, staying two or three weeks in each place, doing what I could to win souls to the Master.—Tom Mackey in Lifeboat.



### A DISGRACE TO THE PLACE.

TEN years ago he was a man of wealth, conducting an honorable business, a director in several of the largest business enterprises of his city, on the school board, looked up to as one of the strong men of the city, and the head of a happy, intelligent and respectable family. Then came

#### The Social Glass.

That short statement of three words stands between the man described above and the one which is to follow. A wanderer from home, friendless, penniless, blear-eyed, filthy, ragged. Before his fortune was all washed away in the swill which flows over the saloon bar, he had become a welcome patron at George Green's saloon. No one was more welcome than Mr. Dan Jones. He still bore marks of respectable manhood and kept up the social grade of Green's saloon. Mr. Jones drew other men of his fiber to this saloon.

After awhile his self-reliance was gone, his money was dwindling, his standing at the saloon was not so high, his credit small. Finally after his last cent was in the saloon-keeper's pocket, his family relations all broken up, his last suit of clothes full of holes and he had nothing left but the fires of hell burning within him, calling for more liquid damnation, the saloon-keeper, with a shove and a brutal kick, sent the once respectable Mr. Dan Jones sprawling into the ditch with the statement that he had become "a disgrace to the place."

He was the produce of the saloon, yet the saloon-keeper was so ashamed of him that he banished him to make room for some other victim. A disgrace to a saloon! Well he was surely a long way down the hill if that was true, but that is saloon history. They want good men, not bad ones. They will make bad men out of good ones, for that is their chief business. The saloon hastens its millions downward, but helps no one upward.



"There is a land mine eye hath seen  
In visions of enraptured thought,  
So bright, that all which spreads between  
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

"A land upon whose blissful shore  
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;  
There those who meet shall part no more,  
And those long parted meet again."

Old sinners are not satisfied with us unless we live better than they do.—Sam Jones.

## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE LEAD OF ENGLISH AS A WORLD LANGUAGE.

From the statement that English now leads all other languages in the number of its readers, and that its geographical distribution corresponds to a remarkable extent with the area of the world's greatest literacy, Mr. E. H. Babbitt goes on to predict that within the century "English will be the vernacular of a quarter instead of a tenth of the people of the world, and be read by a half instead of a quarter of the people who can read." If its supremacy is frankly recognized, he adds, "It can be made the universal reading language in even less time." Even now, he asserts (writing in *The World's Work* for February), "three-fourths of the world's mail matter is address in English, and more than half of the world's newspapers are printed in English." Moreover, as those newspapers have a larger circulation than those in other languages, "probably three-fourths of the world's newspaper reading is done in English."

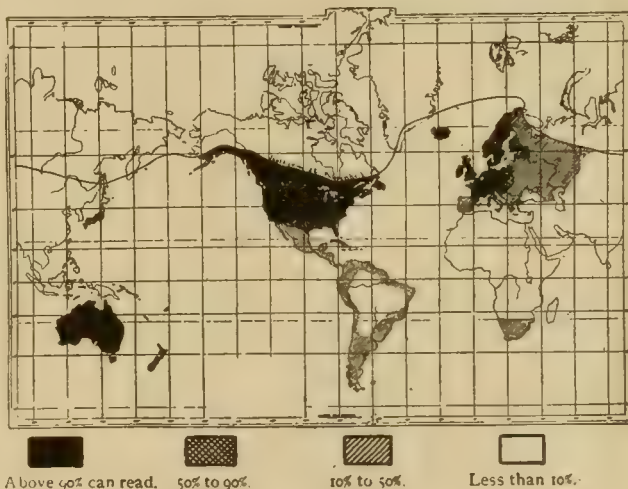


MAP OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.

It is only for the temperate zones, explains Mr. Babbitt, that any reliable facts are known or predictions possible. "The future of the lands within the tropics is problematical, and the lands north of the isotherm of the freezing-point can never sustain any large permanent population." To quote further:

"A language must have a recognized literary standard, and all the people in its territory must learn to use it as such before its influence goes far abroad. English, French, and German, and they alone have reached this point. French and German have no new country, and practically the whole of their population is now literate; their relative share in the world's reading can only increase as their population increases. Spanish and Russian, on the other hand, have both new country and room for a much higher percentage of literacy.

"It is probable that all the countries in temperate zones will have universal literacy by the end of the century. In this case, even if no one read English outside its vernacular countries, it would still hold its own as the leading literary language. German and French are bound to fall off relatively as vernaculars, and this implies a falling off of their importance as culture-languages; but the importance of English in this respect is bound to grow. The first place among foreign languages has been given to it in the schools of many European and South American countries; Mexico and Japan make it compulsory in all



MAP OF THE WORLD'S LITERACY

schools of upper grades; and China is to follow Japan in this respect as soon as the work can be organized.

"The number of people who can actually read, or will learn if now too young, for the various languages of the world, appears to be as follows." [See table at end of article.]

In this table Chinese is considered not as a spoken language, but as a system of writing. French and German, the languages next in importance to English, "can not maintain their relative positions," asserts Mr. Babbitt, "because English has more than half the new land in the temperate zone, and they have none." Spanish and Russian, the languages which dominate the rest of the new territory, "are not established as culture-languages, as English is." Moreover—

"No other language, not even French or German, has a vernacular so uniform and well established, and with so few variations from the literary language. English is spoken in the United States by more than fifty million people with so slight variations that no foreigner would ever notice them. No other language whatever can show more than a fraction of this number of persons who speak so nearly alike."



| Language.                          | Numbers in<br>Millions. | Per<br>Cent. |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------|--------------|
| English .....                      | 136                     | 27.2         |
| German .....                       | 82                      | 16.4         |
| Chinese .....                      | 70                      | 14.0         |
| French .....                       | 28                      | 9.6          |
| Russian .....                      | 30                      | 6.0          |
| Arabic .....                       | 25                      | 5.0          |
| Italian .....                      | 18                      | 4.6          |
| Spanish .....                      | 12                      | 2.6          |
| Scandinavian .....                 | 11                      | 2.2          |
| Dutch and Flemish .....            | 9                       | 1.9          |
| Minor European .....               | 34                      | 6.8          |
| Minor Asiatic .....                | 16                      | 3.2          |
| Minor African and Polynesian ..... | 2+                      | 0.5          |
| Total .....                        | 473+                    | 100          |

—Literary Digest.



### A WIDESPREAD SCIENTIFIC HOAX.

While scientific hoaxes of every sort are heard of and overthrown from time to time, there is one "fake," at least, which has managed to survive well on to a quarter century, and having crept universally into the histories, ethnologies, and anthropologies, will doubtless require many years for its complete overthrow in the minds of the public. This hoax was the plot of a simple miner in Calaveras County, California, a good many years ago, and it has been perpetuated by the most careful scientists as the famous "Calaveras skull."

Almost unknown to fame, there now lives in Los Angeles as assistant rector of the Episcopal Pro-cathedral, the Rev. Mr. Dyer, to whom belongs the credit of exposing the Calaveras imposition.

Mr. Dyer, who is now a man quite well along in years, tells his story as follows:

"I was stopping in the eighties with John C. Scribner, the Wells-Fargo agent, druggist, and keeper of the country store at Angels Camp, Calaveras County, about five hundred miles from here. This Angels Camp was a mining camp then of about three hundred population; and at the time the trick was played the population was slightly greater. I was talking with Mr. Scribner in his store, and also with an old friend of his who happened to be present, and whose name I have forgotten. Conversation led to old times, and among other incidents coming up, was the story of how they fooled everybody about the famous skull. They, however, assumed that I and every one else now knew that it was all a trick, and no longer attempted to disguise the facts, as they were glad they had a little laugh over the effect of it. What they had said convinced me that the trick was as stated. On my return to Los Angeles, therefore, I called on an old gentleman they had mentioned as having had a hand in it, and by recalling certain incidents to him, got him to recount the hoax.

"His story was a typical one of the old mining camps. The skull, he said, had been placed by Scribner in Matson's mine at Angels Camp, to fool Matson. This man Matson was a blacksmith, who, when work was dull, would dig a bit deeper down in his shaft. Scribner, therefore, dug into the débris at the bottom of the mine, and hid the skull where Matson's pick must strike it. Matson, as per the plotter's plan, went down the shaft very shortly after, struck into the earth, and the first thing his pick brought up was the skull.

"Of course Matson was astonished. The skull, he saw at once, could not have grown there, nor could it have fallen there. Matson, by the way, was really an intelligent man, one of a great number of men who had come out here to make their 'pile,' and then quit the country as soon as possible. He recognized the possible value to science of the skull, and took it to Scribner's partner, who

took it to Scribner, telling him of the find. The joker kept his secret, and the fame of the skull spread. Gradually both the story and the cranium came into the possession of a certain Dr. Jones, of Murphy's Camp. When State Geologist Whitney came through that part of the State, he was made acquainted with the find, and secured the valued treasure. He, after investigation of the place of finding and the nature of rock, gave credence to the tale, and proclaimed the finding of the skull of a man of the Pliocene period.

"It remained for a poet, Bret Harte, to hit at the truth—in a humorous poem suggesting that the skull was that of a Digger Indian. Scientists the world over, however, felt assured that the oldest human remain now known was that of this creature of the Pliocene era. Only Prof. Le Conte, of the State University, was dubious, and his scruples were based on a feeling that there never had been definite proof that the skull had been found where stated. He, however, described what facts were known to him, and let the question remain open. Meanwhile the Smithsonian Institution sent men to take samples of the earth from the surface at Angels Camp, and at different depths in that shaft. The wiseacres also inspected the skull, and found some earth inside it. This they took away to analyze, but no one knows what their tests proved. Possibly they learned that there was a stratum of the earth of today down in the bowels of the Pliocene strata, a statement so ponderous they felt it would not do to make it public.

"From time to time one has heard doubts expressed about the skull. The old men of the camp locality have long known the truth, and told it to anyone who would ask and listen. It is one thing, however, to proclaim a discovery, and have it taken up by the press, and quite another to get a denial as widely spread. When I discovered the facts, Scribner had been dead several years, and at rest back in New York State. At the time of his funeral, I was told, they pronounced quite an oration upon his career at Angels Camp, when again the story was told, and his sister has written me that she, too, for a long time knew the truth about the skull. I first told the facts to a reporter of the *Los Angeles Times*, but history seems to stick to the delusion. I visited Angels Camp for the last time in the eighties. Near the foot of the camp there was then still an Indian burial place (there having been an Indian village nearby), and skulls could readily be obtained.

"As to the skull, there are pictures of it in the reports of the Smithsonian Institution, and from these it is evident that the Indian was a Digger, and that he had died of violence, having been crashed on the head by a heavy bludgeon, in such wise as to cause him to throw the head far back, so that it is on a level with the spine, a bit of the backbone still remaining."—*Scientific American*.



The American people believe in free speech, but they do not believe in that sort of free speech which incites to murder. Public meetings called to honor assassins who have died at the hand of the law, or to denounce the conditions of legal society, and declare that officers of law or certain classes of citizens, ought to be killed, or that in any other way the regular operation of law should be violently resisted, are not peaceable meetings and should be interdicted, even as the law provides. So foreign anarchists should be deported, and native anarchists forbidden to preach the gospel of murder, and their meetings should be suppressed, but with discrimination and intelligence. In a land of freedom, where the people rule, there is no excuse for anarchism.—*The Independent*.



# Echoes from Everywhere

## FOREIGN.

The first mammoth warship of the German Navy was successfully launched March 7 and christened Nassau by the Grand Duchess of Baden. The Nassau displaces 17,960 tons and is built entirely of hardened steel. Her dimensions and the thickness of her armor are not exactly known, as everything connected with her construction has been kept strictly secret by order of the Marine Minister. It is known, however, that she is to be fitted with three sets of triple expansion reciprocating engines, and is to be provided with three propellers. The minimum speed she is specified to attain is nineteen knots. Her crew is to number 866, including 27 officers. The cost of construction, including trial runs, will total \$9,190,000, of which \$5,567,500 are accounted for by the hull and internal fittings, \$3,375,000 for artillery, and \$247,509 for torpedoes.

In Germany the school children can get hot or cold milk merely by dropping a coin in a slot. One slot, says Popular Mechanics, furnishes paper cups which are thrown away after being used. When the coin is placed in the slot the milk tap protrudes from the box, and when a lever is released it disappears again to be rinsed by a device which cleans it thoroughly. When hot milk is desired an indicator is moved over the "warm" mark, and enough milk to fill one of the cups leaves the tank and runs over a flat surface under which a spirit lamp is burning. The lamp lights when the indicator is moved. As is usually the case in Germany, the sanitary regulations are fulfilled to the letter. Once a day the milk tank and its connections are taken out and cleansed thoroughly.

Recent French official figures show that of over 14,000,000 adult women in the republic, nearly 6,500,000 work for their living. The highest wages earned are by the cutters of precious stones in Paris, who get about \$1.87 a day. The smallest wages are earned by dressmakers, who get an amount equivalent to five cents together with two meals a day. The average factory worker receives from twenty to fifty cents per day. It would seem that "underpaid" women in England and America do better than their French contemporaries.

## SCIENTIFIC.

An instrument has been devised for making complete tests of street cars while in operation. It consists of a table over which a roll of paper is fed slowly, above which are arms carrying small recording instruments. Each of these instruments is connected with a clockwork mechanism which causes it to register on the moving paper below every five seconds. Each instrument registers a special value—such as the amperes and volts used on each car motor, or the speed of the car or its location on the line, etc., so that for every trip of the car over the

road this device furnishes a graphic record far more accurate than could be made by any number of observers.

The Biological Society at Paris has received the reports of two eminent French physicians deputized to inquire into the vexed question whether smoking is injurious to women or not. The overwhelming testimony presented shows that it is, and that the use of tobacco especially interferes with woman's prime duty, motherhood. Statistics regarding the state of health among the female employes of the government tobacco factories prove that the handling of tobacco and the making of cigars and cigarettes means early death to a great many of the working women and girls. Among those who smoke, in addition to handling tobacco, the mortality is greatest. The investigation includes the collection of statistics regarding the married state of tobacco workers. The figures show that a greater percentage of them than in other trades are childless, while the mortality among their children is exceedingly large. Most of the children die at a very early age.

A New York scientist who is a woman, by the way, has been attracting the attention of the French Biological Society by her method of resuscitating animals apparently dead from electrical shock. She says that the cases are rare in which the victims cannot be recalled to life. Dr. Leduc and other experts have experimented along the same line, but have not used the New York woman's plan of procedure, which is to place the negative pole near the spinal column, and the positive pole over the kidneys. The patient is then given a series of rhythmic electrical impulses which restore the respiration and the cardiac reaction, and the animals—she has not tried the treatment on men—which seemed dead, come to life, the resuscitation, in fact, being very rapid. Application is to be made to the New York authorities to permit the treatment to be given the next criminal to be electrocuted.

## PROHIBITION.

Both houses of the Ohio legislature have passed a county local option bill. It provides that election may be held within any county to vote on the question banishing saloons upon petition of thirty-five per cent of the qualified voters. A majority of the votes cast shall determine the policy of the county, but in event of a county's voting against prohibition no township residence region which has voted for prohibition shall be affected thereby. Elections may be held every three years. Stringent regulations for the enforcement of the law are provided. The law will not go into effect until Sept. 1.

The Chicago and Northwestern Railway company has established a new precedent in the method pursued in "laying off" superfluous employes. Instead of giving preference on point of age, length of service, etc., as



heretofore, the men to go are those known to be in the habit of frequenting saloons, evidence on this point being furnished by the company's private detective force. The first application of this rule resulted in the circulation of a temperance pledge by the employés, which at last report had been signed by 25,000. Every employé is asked to sign and when completed the monster pledge will be presented to the president of the road.

In Stoddard County, Mo., when we had \$15,000 a year from the saloons, our criminal court cost us from \$20,000 to \$22,000 a year. Now, under local option Prohibition, the cost is about \$1,700 a year.—Judge Fort.

Wheaton, Illinois, county seat of Du Page County, population 4,100, is one of the most enterprising Prohibition towns in the west. Recent interviews with its leading officials show that intoxication and other crime is practically unknown while property values and public improvements are noteworthy. There are three ward school buildings, a prosperous college and an academy, while the high school is overcrowded, including many pupils from nearby license towns unable to support high schools. Electric lights, gas, sewerage and drainage systems, and miles of paved streets and city sidewalks add to the convenience and attractiveness of the little city. Wheaton is the home of State Chairman Alonzo E. Wilson, Illinois Prohibition Committee.

The Kansas Inter-Collegiate Prohibition State Convention was held at McPherson College, March 6 and 7. The leading speakers of the conference were President H. S. Raymond of the Kansas State Association and Traveling Secretaries Walter E. Critchlow and Wm. A. Rice. The State contest which packed the opera house on Friday night, was full of enthusiasm, reflected from the various college delegations present. Nine colleges of Kansas sent strong contestants.

Iowa Prohibitionists are setting their mark for 400,000 signatures to the State-wide petition for constitutional Prohibition. Their aggressive activity is already exciting the liquor politicians who are flooding the State with whiskey tracts and leaflets.

Detroit business men, with capital exceeding \$10,000,000, have united for the strict enforcement of the liquor laws in that city.

\* \* \*

#### GENERAL.

It will be recalled that in 1905-6 a large number of English teachers came over to America to inspect our methods in the public schools. Taking the cue from this the National Civic Federation has made arrangements to send about 500 or more American public school teachers to England, Scotland, Ireland and the continent to make an inspection of the various school-teaching methods of foreign countries. The teachers who make this trip will have an opportunity to examine at first hand what is being done for children abroad, both in the common schools and in the special schools. President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia university, has been appointed chairman of an advisory committee to carry the plan through.

John R. Walsh, president of the wrecked Chicago bank, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the government prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kans. Walsh's

attorneys immediately began preparations to file a bill of exceptions in the United States Court of Appeals. More than four years have elapsed since Walsh committed the first violation of the banking laws charged in the indictment against him; two years have passed since his arrest, and if the higher courts should upset Judge Anderson's decisions, there is no forecasting how many years longer the battle for this old man's freedom can be dragged out through the federal courts.

Oregon is working out a good many ideas that are fixing the attention of other states, not the least of which is her primary law for the election of United States senators. Jonathan Bourne, junior senator from that State, claims to be the only man in the senate who holds his place by virtue of the direct voice of the people, for the Oregon law makes the election of a senator by the legislature practically a mere form. Of course the popular choice as revealed in the primaries is not mandatory upon the legislature, although it is morally bound to follow the wish thus expressed by the people, just as in the case of the presidential electors who could, if they chose, vote otherwise than in the way in which they have been instructed.

The old wagon in which John Brown rode to and from Iowa City during his anti-slavery crusade was destroyed by fire at Iowa City recently. The fire left two charred wheels, which will be preserved by the Iowa State Historical Society. The wagon was owned by the family of Herbert S. Fairall, late secretary of the Northern Wisconsin Land association. John Brown spent many months in Iowa City, and the weather-beaten hotel where he "put up" is still a landmark there.

President Roosevelt is preparing to wage relentless war on stock gambling and all forms of trading on margins or dealing in futures. He has begun laying in a supply of ammunition for this purpose by instructing Herbert Knox Smith, chief of the bureau of corporations, to conduct an exhaustive and comprehensive investigation and ascertain to what extent this form of gambling may be controlled by the federal government.

The provision for pneumatic mail tube contracts carried in the postoffice appropriation bill has been pared down to a bare half dozen lines, but left in such a manner that the postmaster-general will have authority to contract for the extension of tube service in Chicago or in any other town where it may be needed, provided he acts within the appropriation.

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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# Facts Regarding Imperial Valley

Some people in trying to induce their friends to settle in the country where they themselves are located, frequently send them advertising matter that is gotten up by unscrupulous land agents that deviates from the truth. Their friends come and buy property and soon find out that the facts do not correspond with the advertisements sent them. The result is they soon become discouraged and sell out at a sacrifice, and go back where they came from, worsted financially and in some instances say worse things of the country than they should, and thus bring reproach on a good country (though not as good as the advertisement represented it to be). The undersigned has known this to happen more than once, and for this reason has decided to tell his brethren and friends about the Imperial Valley in his own words, so that he alone shall be responsible, and so that the wonderful Imperial Valley may never be made a reproach and a by-word.

Imperial Valley is situated in San Diego County, California, 183 miles east of Los Angeles on the Imperial branch of the Southern Pacific railroad. The soil is an alluvial deposit and all crops are grown by irrigation, with water from the Colorado River. The main irrigation canal is 80 feet wide on the bottom and 100 feet wide on the top, and 10 feet deep. The soil is adapted to the growth of wheat, barley, alfalfa, and nearly all kinds of fruit. Alfalfa having plenty of water can be cut eight times per season, yielding as high as ten tons of nice hay per acre which sells at present from \$8.00 to \$11.00 per ton. Barley can be sown for winter pasture in alfalfa stubble after the last crop of hay is harvested. Alfalfa can be cut every three weeks if the hay is wanted for dairy cows, or every four or five weeks if wanted for horses. I have known of alfalfa yielding \$40.00 worth of seed per acre and my own yielded \$20.00 per acre with the first season's sowing. Dairying and hog raising are very profitable. Butter sells from 20 cents to 45 cents per pound; hogs, 7½ cents on foot; also beef, cattle and horses do excellently. One colt weighed 960 pounds at less than one year old. One acre of alfalfa will keep from 2 to 3 head of dairy cows or horses and from ten to fifteen head of hogs. Oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apricots, grapes and berries do well. A single grape vine has yielded 30 pounds of grapes 18 months from setting. Grapes, apricot and cantaloupe growing is very profitable as they will ripen here from three to four weeks earlier than other places, and be placed on the eastern market before they are ripe in other localities. One man at Coachella was offered \$600.00 cash for the grapes on a single acre of vines and refused the offer and sold at retail for \$1,400.00. Cantaloupes will net the growers from \$50.00 to \$300.00 per acre. I have lived in the valley as long as any one, being one of the first settlers, and my experience and observation has taught me that you can grow almost anything here you plant, including vegetables, if planted in the proper seasons and properly cared for. The selling price of land at present is from \$40.00 to \$100.00 per acre, owing to location. President Roosevelt says that when it is thoroughly developed it will be worth from \$500.00 to \$1500.00 per acre.

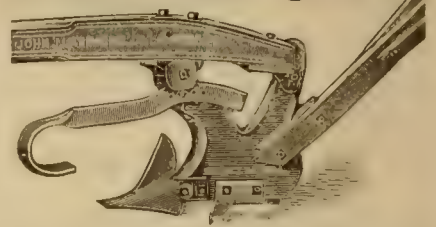
Reader, when you shiver around your fireside the coming winter, just think of the Imperial Valley where you can go in your shirt sleeves nearly every day in the year. And on the 10th day of this month (May, 1907), while there was a snow storm raging in many places in the eastern states, we were making hay and picking and eating fruit in the Imperial Valley.

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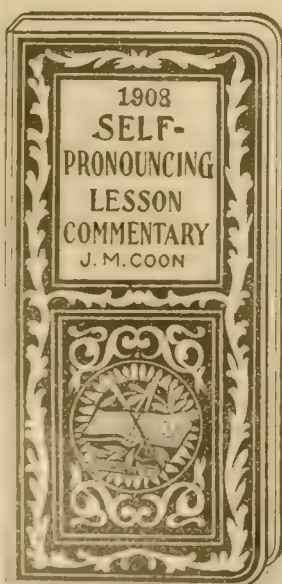
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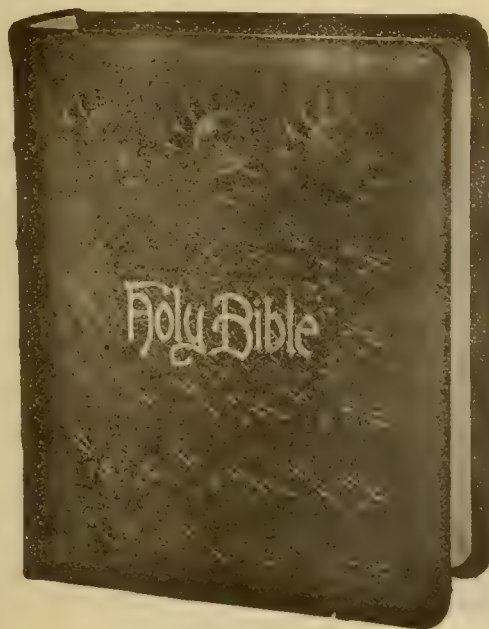
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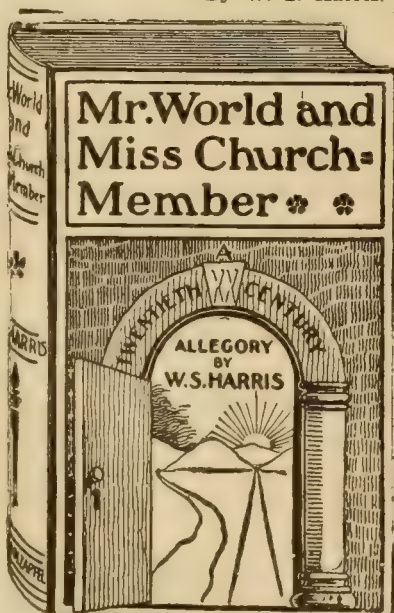
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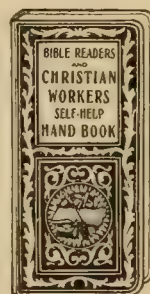
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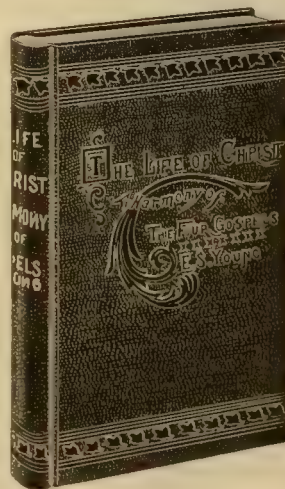
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Choose Between

# Opportunity and Procrastination

## MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATE SENATOR INGALLS' FAMOUS POEM "OPPORTUNITY"

*Opportunity  
Master of human destinies am I!  
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait  
Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote. And passing by  
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate!  
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate.  
And they who follow me reach every state  
Illotals desire and conquer every foe  
Save death. But those who doubt or hesitate  
Condemned to failure, penury and woe  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore  
I answer not, and I return no more!  
Geo J. Ingalls*

Read what Senator Ingalls has to say in the Illustration, about Opportunity. There is an old adage "Procrastination is the thief of time." Both these sayings are very applicable to our beautiful valley in Northern California. It is one of the greatest opportunities that has been offered to the American people, for a good home in a beautiful country, at a small figure. The soil is rich, the water is plentiful, the climate is mild and pleasant, and the future of the valley is certainly very promising.

Too many have already neglected what they intend doing later. While it is not by

any means too late to move to Butte Valley, yet ten thousand acres have already been sold and prices are advancing rapidly. Thirty-eight people went to Butte Valley on the 3rd of March Excursion, and there are to be more excursions as follows: March 31, April 14, and April 28. These will be personally conducted excursions.

For further information address any of the following:

Geo. L. McDonaugh, Omaha, Neb.

D. C. Campbell, Colfax, Ind.

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## California Butte Valley Land Co.

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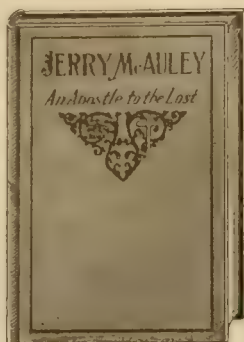
San Francisco, Calif.



# JERRY McAULEY An Apostle to the Lost

Edited by R. M. Offord

The new and largely revised edition of the book just published is neither biography nor autobiography but the happy blending of both. The editor gathered together the fragmentary accounts of the man's own life and with suitable explanations wove the entire into a most complete story of one of God's humblest servants and yet earth's greatest men. Jerry's own account of his sinful life is put in that language which shows he was keenly sensible of his awful guilt. And while the reader gets a clear insight into his life, it is in such a manner as not to feed the baser of human nature, but rather to rejoice that one should be saved from such lower and devilish depths.



To read his "testimonies" and to stop and ponder on them is to find the clew to his power. Here is one of them. "I have nothing to be proud of; I am proud of my Savior and not of myself. I was a notorious drunkard and gambler. Even my wife does not know of some of the sins I committed, and she never will till the Day of Judgment. I don't know what to say to express my feelings of thankfulness. I know I have been converted, that is, if conversion is ceasing to love that which is evil and loving that which is good. I know that divine grace saved me from a drunkard's grave."

## Kindle the Flame in Other Hearts

It is a good thing to write and print and spread the life of such a man as the hero of this volume. It may kindle the flame in many other hearts. Christians in other walks of life than he trod may be stirred to better living. And some poor, sinning soul, some wretched and sinking soul, some poor sinner, almost as bad as Jerry was, may read it in his extremity, and cry out with this ransomed prisoner, "Lord, save me, I perish."

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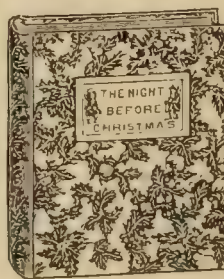
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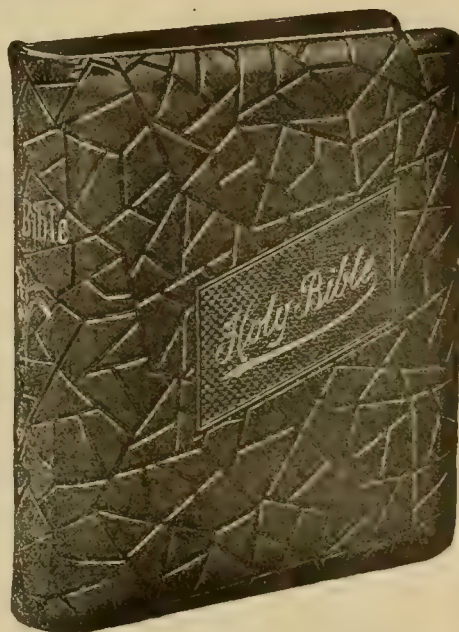
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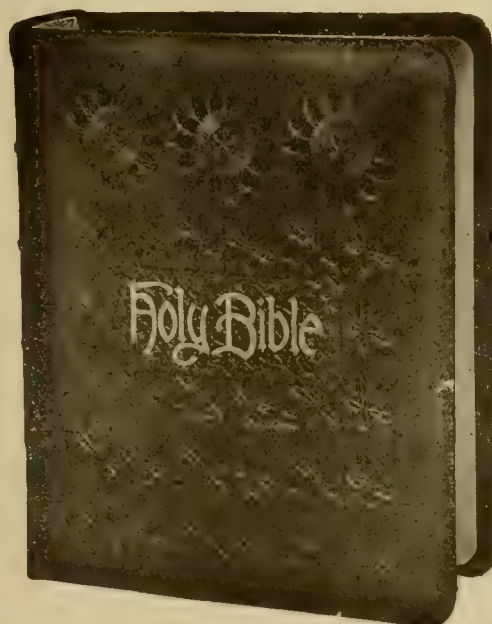
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Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,  
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Merrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty per cent more plant-producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where is is equalled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California.

A. T. Farris.

Mr. B. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho, states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

March 31, 1908.

No. 13.

## BENEFICENT WORK of GEO. T. ANGELL

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
of CRUELTY TO ANIMALS and the AMERICAN  
HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

Majorie Johnson

BEFORE entering upon an account of the work of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the American Humane Education Society, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, it may be well to glance briefly at some of the main facts in the life of the president and founder of these societies.

George Thorndike Angell was born in Southbridge, Mass., June 5, 1823, his father being the Reverend George Angell, a Baptist minister of marked ability, and his mother, Rebecca Thorndike, a woman of rare strength and beauty of character. His father dying when the boy was about three years of age, his care and maintenance thenceforth devolved upon his mother, who nobly fulfilled the trust. "No man ever had a better mother," is Mr. Angell's tribute to her worth.

From *The American Boy* for July, 1906, in which appeared an article on Mr. Angell by the writer, the following words are quoted: "The work which Mr. Angell has done for the suffering dumb creation is well known throughout the civilized world; few, perhaps, appreciate the great difficulties with which he had to contend at the outset. He was a man eminently fitted to lead a great movement; a college graduate whose facilities had been stimulated by a struggle with poverty in early life; whose indomitable will had overcome obstacles and carried through projects in the face of opposition which would have crushed one of less splendid fibre; a lawyer, possessing a keen, judicial mind, logical, capable of intense concentration; of unusual quickness of perception; possessing also a moderate competence which rendered him to a great extent independent of outside aid and enabled him to undertake the publishing and distributing of vast quantities of literature, as well as to travel from place to place and disseminate by personal influence the knowledge on this important subject of kindness

to animals which he wished to scatter broadcast over the land. In order to accomplish the great work which he had set himself to do, it was necessary that he should renounce the legal career of unusual brilliancy, and this he did not hesitate to do, although how great the work would become, and how widespread its influence, he little dreamed at the time."

As a boy he early began to take an interest in animals; he handled with safety dangerous dogs that others feared to handle; a horse so spirited that others could with difficulty get into the saddle would stand quietly for him; a cow that he once found in distress and relieved showed her gratitude by lapping his coat sleeve with her tongue; pigeons and sparrows came to him every day for food; his canary followed him about from room to room like a pet dog. As time went on he grew more and more desirous of righting the wrongs of the dumb creatures, so entirely at the mercy of man whose tender mercies were so often cruel. With him, to see a wrong meant to put forth every effort to right it. When cases of cruelty came under his notice, such as a horse being ridden to death in a race, or the barbarities practiced in so many of the stockyards, when there was no law to prevent or punish the offenders—these things so wrought upon his sympathies and burned into his brain that he resolved to give up his successful career as a lawyer, his chances of business prosperity, and devote himself entirely to the righting of these wrongs. Some one must do the work and it must needs be that the man to do it was one possessing within himself the elements of success in whatever work he might undertake.

After strenuous days and sleepless nights, wherein plans for the work were laid, in 1868 the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was formed. Its act of incorporation was obtained, its constitution, by-laws, and the laws under which it was to prose-



cute, drawn up; then came the important question of how to obtain funds to carry on the work. This was settled in a remarkable manner. To use Mr. Angell's own words: "Going up Washington Street we passed a man connected with our police force and it flashed upon our mind that this man could help us, so, turning we overtook him. The result was that we saw our Chief of Police, the Mayor, the Chairman of the Police Committee of Aldermen who was a client of ours, and our City Attorney, and with their aid had seventeen, picked from the whole police force of the city and clothed in their best uniforms, put under our orders for three weeks to canvass the entire city for funds, being the first time in the world, probably, that a police force was ever employed for any such purpose. The result was that with various memberships the sum of about thirteen thousand dollars was obtained to begin our work."

After the formation of the society Mr. Angell traveled all over the country from New England and Dakota in the north, to New Orleans in the south, investigating the condition of the animals and the work done for them. He preached the gospel of kindness wherever he went and his audiences have been state legislatures, colleges, universities, normal schools, national and state conventions, the assembled police of Philadelphia, three thousand drivers and teamsters in Boston, great union meetings of clergy and churches in the northern, eastern, western and southern cities.

A trip abroad brought him into contact with the workers in this cause in Europe. In London he called at offices of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the mother of all the other humane societies of the world. This brought him into contact with such distinguished people as Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, then an aged man, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who became his firm friend and helper in the English work, and others. He then proceeded to Paris where an interesting sight to him was the presentation of a medal to a little boy who had given his dinner to a starving dog on the street. This pleasing presentation occurred at the annual meeting of the French Society for the Protection of Animals. In Switzerland the famous dogs of Saint Bernard claimed his attention, and in Venice the daily feeding of thousands of pigeons in the square of San Marco.

Mr. Angell had already started his paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, of which the first issue comprised two hundred thousand copies, and while in England, instead of, as was expected, seeking subscribers for his own paper, he urged the directors of the Royal Society to start a paper similar in aims and purposes to his own. He had the pleasure of afterwards assisting to name his paper, *The Animal World*. Informing those who thought he had come to England to collect money for his society that he "came to spend

money, not to get it," his influence for good was vastly augmented by this independence of their purse strings.

The formation of the American Humane Education Society followed as a natural sequence upon the society for the prevention of cruelty. It was formed in 1889, its object being to create a public sentiment in favor of kindness to animals, to show the immense importance of teaching the children of our public schools the principles of humanity in dealing with the dumb creatures, to distribute vast quantities of literature, and to keep the movement before the public eye. This society has done untold good in the distribution of its literature, in the offering of prizes for essays and stories dealing with kindness to animals, in the publication of humane literature, and in many other ways. Among the most important of its publications, the book, *Black Beauty*, which has been called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the horse, has had a circulation of over three million copies, has been translated into most European languages, and into three Asiatic. The simple eloquence of this book appeals to the heart as many a more ambitious tale would fail to do.

Among the prizes offered by this society recently have been two for essays on vivisection, a subject which is at the present time occupying a large place in the minds of thinking persons. The prizes offered were for the best essays for and against the practice, and the object in offering them was to so bring the matter before the public as to create a discussion which should result in the formation of a proper public opinion upon it. Much interest was caused by the offering of these prizes, and the essays which were selected as the winners present the subject on both sides in a clear and impartial manner. These essays will be sent free to the editors of all newspapers and magazines in America north of Mexico, and no better way could be found of placing the matter fairly and squarely before those who so largely influence public opinion.

Other prizes now offered are: a one thousand dollar prize for the best story showing the folly and wickedness of international wars; one thousand dollars for the story best suited to make the rich and the poor more kind to each other, and so harmonize the disputes between capital and labor. A few months ago a sum of one thousand dollars was paid for the best drama of *Black Beauty*, and a like sum is now offered for the best drama of *The Christ of the Andes*. As the secretary of the American Humane Education Society says: "These are liberal offers, but, as I once said to a reporter in Mr. Angell's hearing, money is no object if we can get the goods. We want a drama and two stories that shall be worth a thousand dollars each, and if we don't get them for that Mr. Angell says he will double the offers."

It will be seen from these facts that the society is using the large funds placed at its disposal in the

way best calculated to secure the desired object. The societies have the entire confidence of the public, to quote from the report for 1907: "The funds of both our societies are placed for investment in the hands of three trustees, who have as high a reputation for integrity and ability as any three men to be found in Boston. Legacies to our societies have been given already in two hundred and seventy-three wills, not including others now in process of settlement. The payments of the two societies last year were \$61,213.83, which was more than the receipts, but the present year our receipts are likely to be considerably increased and the payments made greater than last year."

The American Humane Education Society elects its directors for life or during good behavior. The directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are elected annually, but every nomination must be made a week in advance of the annual meeting to avoid electing undesirable persons. To quote again from the admirable report of Mr. Guy Richardson, secretary of the A. H. E. S.: "The Massachusetts Society has on its roll twenty-five employes, men and women, who are paid full salaries; and an agent in practically each one of the three hundred and fifty-four cities and towns in the state to whom it pays expenses. It has an officer on duty in its offices at all hours of the night. . . . Our ambulance is also, in this way, made available at any hour of the night as well as day. . . . Another officer is on duty during all the day hours of Sunday with liberty to call on the police for all the help he needs. We have one agent who devotes his entire time to the destruction of sick and suffering animals."

The *Parent American Band of Mercy* was started in 1882, and several interesting incidents occurred in connection with the movement. It was of all things important that the right man should be found to take it up, Mr. Angell's time being more than full already with the numerous projects of the societies, and while he was considering where this "right man" could be found, Judge Parmenter of the Municipal Court, sent to him the Reverend Thomas Timmins "who was of all men just the man he wanted." Among the first Band of Mercy members were, the Governor of the State, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, Wendell Phillips, and others of equal prominence. "Its work is done by and under the direction of the American Humane Education Society." Between seventy and eighty bands, comprising nearly three million members, have been formed, and new bands are being daily added to the list. "It is a great army of mercy, so large that if marching in single file it would reach not only from Boston to Chicago but some hundreds of miles beyond." Over twenty thousand new mem-

bers were added at the great New England Food Fair held in Boston in October.

Mr. Angell married in 1872 a lady whose kind care, as he says, has probably added more than ten years to his life. He is a firm believer in special providences, as a perusal of his fascinating autobiography will show. In a recent article published in *Our Dumb Animals*, he says: "The fact that with always delicate health and many sicknesses and hundreds of nights with no sleep, and tens of thousands of nights with very little sleep we should now, in our eighty-fifth year, have outlived every humane worker we can remember at the starting of our Massachusetts Society, and be able now to be hard at work every day with a possibility of being able to do it some years longer, seems to us singular.

"We know that some good people (how many we do not know) have during many years been offering up prayers for the preservation of our life. How much influence those prayers may have had we do not know, but the Bible tells us that the fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much."

Mr. Angell is a great worker in the Peace movement. "He is the most effective peace worker we have," is the testimony of the secretary of the American Peace Society to his work in this direction. One of the aims of the American Humane Education Society is to teach children the monstrous nature of war and the gentle, refining principles of peace, which if taught to the children of our land, thus leavening the sentiment of the nation, would cause wars to cease from the face of the earth. In an article on "A Chinaman's Experience in America," Mr. Angell says: "The question whether America will be at war with this great nation (China) or shall find in it its most profitable customer for all we produce, is to depend upon the humane education which we are now trying to give our people, and which our American Education Society is endeavoring to carry to all nations under its flag on which is inscribed, 'Glory to God,' 'Peace on Earth,' 'Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature' (both human and dumb)."

The officers of the societies are: Geo. T. Angell, President; Hon. Henry B. Hill, Vice-President; Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, Counselor; Guy Richardson, Secretary; Hon. Henry B. Hill, Treasurer; Eben. Shute, Assistant Treasurer. Trustees of Permanent Funds of Both Societies: Alfred Bouditch, Lawrence Minot, Thomas Nelson Perkins.

Almost all the clerical work of the societies is done at the offices, 19 Milk St., where also the directors' meetings are held, the annual meetings, and where visitors are welcomed at all hours. The work of the president is chiefly done in his own rooms at the Hotel Westminster, where he still carries on the work of editing *Our Dumb Animals*, dictating his articles to



his amanuensis with remarkable lucidity and with wide grasp of the news of the world, which interests him in its bearing upon humane subjects.



### THE HORNET.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

No one cares to form a very close acquaintance with the hornet, and yet it is an interesting insect, and its nest is a marvel of insect architecture.

Hornets, like bees, are sociable creatures, and form colonies in which they live their brief lives. But un-



like bees their communities exist for one season only. On the approach of cold weather most of the hornets die and the home is deserted. A few hibernate and thus pass the winter.

Early in the spring a mother hornet, which may be known by the white patches on her face, comes out of some sheltered place, probably from under an old, decaying log, or from the heart of a hollow tree. After making a hearty meal of flies which she eats hanging head downward by her hind feet, and sipping the sap she finds dripping from scarred trees, she sets about finding a suitable location to build a nest and found a colony.

Some one has said that "the hornet was the first paper maker, and holds the original patent." The large, gray, strawberry-shaped structure certainly looks as if it were made of paper, and in fact it is built of a sort of papier-mache.

When the hornet is ready to begin building her nest, she visits the boards of unpainted barns and the tops of old gray picket fences, and chews off the partly-decayed fibers of wood. These she mixes with saliva from her mouth, and works into a paste or pulp, which she carries to the site which she has chosen for her future home.

In building a nest like the one in the illustration, the hornet makes a thread of pulp and attaches it to the branch. To the lower end of the thread she attaches, mouths downward, three or four little cells, also of

pulp which she has modeled with her jaws. In each cell she lays an egg. Around the cells she makes a globe-shaped covering about the size of an English walnut. Outside the first globe of paper she soon makes a second and a third, always leaving a hole on the under side for an entrance. Presently the first eggs hatch, and the hornet has to divide her time between building additions to her nest and feeding the baby hornets. She also continues to make more cells and lays more eggs. She feeds the young hornets chiefly on flies, which she catches on the wing. After undergoing certain changes the grubs first hatched become full-grown hornets, and immediately begin to help their mother by working on the nest and by feeding the younger ones, leaving their mother free to go on building more cells and laying more eggs. As each brood reaches maturity its members turn right in to help with the housework, and this they continue to do until cold weather comes. Then nearly all of the full-grown hornets come out and die, leaving the last brood of grubs to perish in their cells.

The large nest from which the accompanying photographs were taken was found on a maple tree, although some authorities claim that hornets usually select the willow as a homestead. The nest measured thirty-six inches in circumference near the top, and contained many cells holding eggs, and hornets in all stages of development. The nest was discovered early in September, but prudence forbade a very close examination at that time; and it was decided to leave it until midwinter when the hornets would all be dead.

The hornets have some relations who have a reputation almost as bad as their own. These are the wasps. Of these there are two kinds, the sociable



wasp and the solitary wasp. The sociable wasp builds its nest of the same material as that used by the hornet, but does not inclose it as the hornets do. These nests are usually found attached to the under sides of the roofs of barns and other outbuildings.

The nest of the solitary wasp is quite different, in that it is built of mud and has compartments entirely

shut off from each other. Each compartment holds a single larva, and the amount of food that it will need to enable it to develop into a full-grown wasp. This food invariably consists of small spiders. Where the mother wasp obtains these spiders is not known, but it is supposed that she embalms them with a fluid with which she is provided, and deposits them at the same time the egg is laid.

*Spiceland, Ind.*



### THE TRUTH OF IT.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

O happy world, do you know that sorrow  
Lies at the back of all,  
To cover each gay and glad tomorrow  
With a thick and sombre pall;  
That trouble is ever beseeching to borrow  
Altho he would lend his all?

O questioner, do you know that gladness,  
Is a conqueror, brave, of pain,  
That a loss to us is a moment's gladness,  
And a day of joy, a pain;  
That sin and death, disease and madness  
Wrestle 'gainst love in vain?



### DANGERS OF A COAL MINE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

A COAL mine is full of dangers. The roof may fall; at any time a flow of water may be found and many similar dangers meet the miner, but the greatest danger lies in improper ventilation, fire damp, choke damp, and dust.

The miner, no matter where he works, must have fresh air and have it constantly. A failure of the air for a few minutes will cause the death of all the men in the mine. A fresh supply of air must flow through all parts of the mine to remove the air fouled by breathing and blasting and to dilute the gases given off by the coal.

Coal was originally a deposit of vegetable matter which in the course of time has been covered to the present depth. Decaying vegetation always gives off gas and in the case of coal it is more or less imprisoned in the seams. This is the marsh gas and the other gases met in the mines today.

A microscopic examination of coal will show it to be full of minute pores and from these the gases escape into the mine workings. Marsh gas is lighter than air and is found near the roof. This gas is diffused in all directions and mixing with the air forms an explosive mixture. Fire damp is a general term given to any mixture of explosive gases and air.

Gas escapes most freely from the face of fresh-cut coal, where it sometimes collects in great quantities. When mixed with air at the rate of one volume of gas to five volumes of air (16.7 per cent) it will burn but produce no explosion. When mixed in the pro-

portion of one volume of gas to sixteen volumes of air (5.9 per cent) burning is attended by only a series of feeble impulses. These percentages are called the explosive limits of fire damp.

Marsh gas is not poisonous to the system but breathing air charged with a large percentage of it causes giddiness. This is caused by the air being deprived of part of its oxygen. It does not poison the system or deprive the blood of its oxygen as does the deadly carbonic oxide gas.

The impure air fouled in a mine by an explosion is called the after-damp. Incandescent carbon (carbon at a white heat) reduces carbonic acid to carbonic oxide. Coal dust in the air of a coal mine is often the cause of more loss of life than the original explosion. One-half of one per cent of carbonic oxide is fatal to life, yet fires will burn in it. It is lighter than carbonic acid, hence miners have been found dead sitting out of reach of the carbonic acid and their lamps burning brightly by their sides.

It is claimed that dust is sometimes the sole cause of an explosion, and in some dry mines various methods are employed to allay the dust, the principal one being sprinkling.

To avoid danger from explosives, Sir Humphrey Davy invented the lamp known as the Davy lamp. Flame is gas at a white heat. Sir Davy noted that a piece of cold iron held to a small jet flame issuing from a coal fire momentarily extinguished it. He reasoned that if the flame could be surrounded by cold iron it would not spread to the surrounding gases. He made a lamp surrounded by a fine wire gauze (28 wires to the inch). When taken where inflammable material is found the gas burns inside the lamp but is prevented from spreading by the gauze. If you have a gas jet hold a very fine wire gauze over it, turn on the gas, and hold a lighted match over it. The gas will burn above the gauze, but the metal will conduct the heat away and the flame will not pass below till the gauze becomes heated. Since then a number of lamps have been made, all having the gauze for the basic principle.

Ventilation is sometimes secured by means of natural heat but it is an unsatisfactory method if the workings are extensive. The oldest method was to have two shafts in one of which the air was rarefied by means of a furnace, thus causing an upward draught and drawing in air through the other shaft. While the furnace does not cost as much as other methods, and is not as apt to get out of order, yet there is great danger of firing the coal seam, and the air must be taken into the upcast some distance above the fire to prevent an explosion.

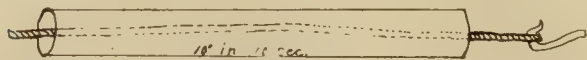
Fans are the commonest method of securing ventilation. The exhaust fan reduces the atmospheric pressure at the top of the upcast and causes a vacuum, thus causing the air to move through the mine toward that



point. By means of the blowing fan the air is forced into the mine, increasing the pressure, thus causing a current away from the fan.

Whatever system is used, the air is made to circulate through the mine by means of curtains and doors. Formerly the air was taken in at one shaft and out at the other after being passed through all the parts of the mine. But with increase of workings came increase of consumption of air. To the uninitiated it would seem that doubling the power would double the quantity of air, the airways, etc., being the same, but such is not the case. The power varies as the cube of the air, hence to double the air requires eight times the power.

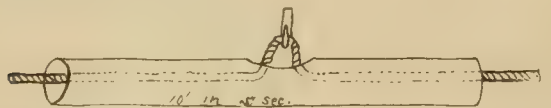
The only economical way left is what is called splitting the air current, which means that the air is drawn from both directions of the airway. To illustrate, suppose a pipe ten feet long has a rope lying



in it and a force of one pound will draw the rope out in ten seconds. The velocity is one foot per second. If a hole be cut in the middle of the pipe and the rope grasped at that point the same force will remove it in five seconds as each end will be traveling one foot per second.

By placing the air shaft near the centre of the workings and drawing the air from both directions the ventilation is doubled without an increase of power.

Sulphur is present in almost all coal, usually in combination with iron.



Some faults throw the coal up or down several hundred feet, the most noted being the Whin Dykes of Scotland.

The three great coal fields of the United States are the Pennsylvania, the Illinois, and the Iowa-Kansas-Missouri.

One seventh of the coal of the United States is in Illinois, the area being 37,000 square miles of from three to sixteen seams.

The consumption of coal is greater for each decade than for all previous years.

The time may come when we will utilize solar energy directly, but we are now drawing on the stored energy of ages past.

Human life is cheap. The month of December 1907 has a gruesome record. Read the mine accidents.

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| Dec. 1, Fayette City, Pa..... | 30  |
| Dec. 7, Monongah, W. Va.....  | 340 |
| Dec. 9, Leadville, Colo.....  | 18  |

|                                 |     |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Dec. 14, Yolande, Ala.....      | 75  |
| Dec. 19, Jacob's Creek, Pa..... | 250 |
| Total .....                     | 713 |

Every one of these explosions was due to accumulated gas which could have been prevented by better ventilation.

The treatment of the laboring class, not alone in the coal mines, but in all the various industries, is one of the most convincing arguments of the Socialists. The number of killed and wounded in the "industrial war" on mankind exceeds the number of victims of any recent war. The time is coming, and though slowly yet not the less surely, when labor will gain better treatment. Let us hope that it will be gained peacefully.

*Mulberry Grove, Illinois.*



### POOR LITTLE JACK.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.

It was a very pleasant sight to meet little Jack, riding up and down the sidewalk every fine morning in his little automobile. One would think, to see this



five-year-old, bright-faced boy, with such beautiful brown eyes and hair, that he had all he needed to make life's happiness complete.

Jack's parents moved into the flat next to ours, and in this way we became acquainted with the conditions in his life, which proved to be a great surprise to us. We could hardly believe that the mother of that dear,

bright-faced little boy could be so cross to him. She was extremely impatient and irritable.

As far as I could learn, Jack was a very obedient child, as these two following incidents show:

One day as Eleanor (one of Jack's playmates) came by, she found Jack just outside of a neighbor's front gate, crying. "What's the matter, Jack?" she asked. "My ball went in Tommy's yard," said Jack, "and mamma told me not to go in there." Eleanor recovered the lost ball, which was in plain sight, and restored it to the thankful owner.

Another time Jack appeared at our door with some car tickets, which he found near our gate, and naturally supposed someone in our house had lost them. Laura opened the door at his ring, and asked him in, but he said that his mother had told him not to go inside, and, holding up the tickets, he inquired if they belonged here. Laura's sister had dropped them and was glad for their recovery but little Jack could not come in to receive her thanks.

One day, while my wife and I were at lunch, in our flat, a surprise of the following kind came through the thin little wall which separated little Jack's home from ours. "You will ruin everything I put on you. Don't you know how to eat? Why don't you put your victuals in your mouth and not all over the tablecloth? You won't get any more lunch if you can't act better than that!" Then we heard a slap, and a spoon fell on a plate and little Jack was weeping very softly as if his little heart would break. "Now shut up your bawling, or get down from the table,—do you hear me! I can't eat my meals with you bawling all the time. Take your spoon up there and eat right or I'll take it away from you and you shall not have a bit of dinner. There you are again (another slap, on the hand this time, I imagined, as the spoon went smartly down on the floor)! Didn't I tell you which spoon you must use when you eat your soup? I never saw such a stupid child in all my born days. I wish I could have you eat by yourself and would never have to eat with you again!"

I imagined, by this time, little Jack's eyes were so full of tears that he could not tell one spoon from another, and that he would probably enjoy a meal of herbs by himself far more than anything such a mother could prepare for him. And this was a sample of little Jack's usual experience!

After the assault of this mother upon her only little son had subsided, my wife said: "If we had a pretty little boy like Jack, we would not treat him like that, would we, dear?" I replied, "I should rather hope not."

Little Jack is always very tastily and comfortably dressed, and has a nice little automobile in which to ride, but we can only say, when we think of him, "Poor little Jack," and do you still wonder why?

### RESCUING A FRIEND.

THAT the crow is a bird of more than ordinary intelligence, the following anecdote will clearly prove:

A miller saws two crows light upon his mill-pond. One obtained firm footing upon a cake of ice, but the other, less judicious in the selection of his landing place, pitched into some pulpy snow, from which he found it impossible to extricate himself. His companion immediately came to his rescue, and tried to help him out of the predicament. Finding, however, that this was impossible, he stopped, elevated his head in a position that denoted calm and mature deliberation, then chatted for a moment with his unfortunate comrade and flew off.

The miller decided that he would watch the conclusion of the whole affair. In about ten minutes the crow, bent upon the errand of mercy, returned with two others of his species, as first aid to the injured. The three put their heads together in consultation, flew around their imprisoned companion, examined his condition, and then by a joint effort raised him up and stood him on the ice. This being accomplished, they rubbed against him to warm him, brushed the frozen snow from his wings, and finally all departed together, the saved crow being in the center of the others, as though it was still necessary to watch after his welfare.



### SCHOOL FOR MOSLEM GIRLS.

MOSLEMS have never considered that women have many rights in the world other than to stay at home and do as the men say. Pretty closely confined to their houses and heavily muffled when they do appear on the streets, they are not a class that is likely to excite the envy of the women of nations where the spirit of freedom permits them to do as they wish and to go where they please. American and English women look with a good deal of commiseration upon the French girls who are kept, up to a certain age, under close restraint, but the life of the French girl is one of freedom as compared with the little Moslem houris who live in Turkey, western Asia, and on the northern coast of Africa. From time immemorial this has been the fate of the Moslem women; even as far back as the events related in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments" we see that this seclusion was imposed upon the female sex. The Mussulman does not think much of the woman who would mingle with the world and become interested in the world's affairs, and even the Koran has not much to say about the future state of women.

But an awakening is slowly coming about, owing to the closer intercourse that these Mohammedan nations are holding with other nations that are more enlightened. In Tunis, for example, a slight step is being taken toward the better education of the women; only a slight one comparatively, to



be sure, but that much. The truth of the matter is, the men of Tunis are now thrown in contact a great deal with the men of France, inasmuch as Tunis is a colony of France; a great many male inhabitants of Tunis go to Paris where they study, mix with the people of intelligence, and come to admire the intellectual qualities of the women of France. Naturally, then, when they return to their home, they are not satisfied to marry the sort of doll babies the Tunis women are, who are unable to keep pace with them in the matters that interest them.

So the French government and some of the wealthy Tunis papas have come to the conclusion that the girls may be allowed to learn a little after all, and a school has been established in the city of Tunis in an ancient and luxurious palace; a veritable Oriental fairyland, it seems to the Occidental with its great halls paved with flagstones of polychrome marble, lighted from many windowed and gilded cupolas. Here in this old palace one hundred little Tunis girls flit from chamber to chamber like the houris of the Mohammedan's paradise. They range from six to fourteen years. Two old sheiks, just such fellows as we learned about in the "Arabian Nights," with long white beards, and a few young women who act as instructors together with a directress, have charge of the school. The institution was opened as a council which teaches the pious works of the Mussulman. The two wise old fellows who have charge give instruction in the Koran, the elements of the Arabic language and the Moslem code of morals while insisting upon a spirit of tolerance. The rest of the curriculum is devoted largely to hygiene, domestic economy and needlework for which the young scholars show a great deal of taste. It is interesting also to note that the scholars show a great deal of interest in mathematics, thus retaining that aptness for a study that their forefathers, the Arabians, founded and gave us the principles of and from which has developed the most exact of all sciences. Only the daughters of the rich are found in this institution, for among the poor an educated girl is considered unmarriageable. And this is the attitude of Mohammedans in general toward education; in the main they are opposed to the spread of learning.—*Pathfinder*.



#### HILLS THAT TRAVEL.

THE formation of sand hills or sand dunes along the Atlantic seacoast of the United States is so frequent, that these eminences are common sights, especially on Cape Cod peninsula, the coast of New Jersey, as well as in the vicinity of Cape Henlopen, Cape Henry, and on the beaches of North and South Carolina. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the dunes are created by the action of the wind upon the sand, which is washed up by the waves. They are termed fixed or

wandering dunes according to their formation; for unless one is sufficiently covered with vegetation, the force of the wind currents continually changes the position of the sand to such an extent, that the hill travels in the direction of the prevailing breezes at a rate depending upon their force and constancy. Measurements which have been taken in southern New Jersey, as well as Massachusetts, show that in a year a wandering dune may move from 15 to 20 feet. Unfortunately, the sand is continually shifting to such an extent, that there is little opportunity for seed which may be deposited upon the surface to germinate; and even where shoots appear above the surface, unless protected in some manner they are soon killed by being covered over or cut off by the contact of the flying sand particles. Consequently, the movement of a shifting dune is seldom checked until it has changed its location to such a point that it is less exposed to the wind current, when it may become fixed by the growth of vegetation upon it. The formation of the coast dune has a parallel in the sand waves, as they are termed, which are found in various localities inland, since they are due entirely to the action of the wind currents on loose material of this kind: and where the topography is favorable, so many waves are formed that they have been termed sand seas, as one can see ridge after ridge reaching backward for miles, and bearing a striking resemblance to the waves of the ocean. Not only in the United States are to be noted examples of this kind, but in some portions of the Sahara in Africa, and especially in the Turkestan desert, although the valley of the Columbia River in Oregon and Washington probably contains as remarkable illustrations of the action of the wind as any part of the world. Picturesque as is the view along these sand ridges, unfortunately they afford a perplexing problem for residents in this vicinity to solve, as they frequently overwhelm the railroad tracks, and would engulf buildings if steps were not taken to prevent their encroachment. For a considerable distance the tracks of the railway owned by the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company are built through this valley between the Dalles and Wallula. Such is the movement of the sand, that on a windy day it is literally impossible to keep the tracks clear of the drift by means of shovels, and unless extraordinary measures were taken, the railroad would soon become buried to a depth of many feet.

An excellent opportunity has been given in the Columbia Valley to study the exact effect of wind currents blowing in different directions, since the high bluffs cause eddies and miniature whirlwinds, which also act upon the sand, as well as what might be called the direct currents. The changes made in the sand waves by various forms of barriers have also been carefully studied, and as a result some valuable data have been secured. It has been found that when the

wind sweeps over a free surface of drifting sand, it acts about equally throughout; but an obstruction of any kind, such as a log or a bunch of grass, at once modifies the action of the wind. A solid object increases the force of the wind around the sides, and hence the sand is excavated. In the lee of the object the sand will accumulate. If two such obstructions are near together, a channel is formed between them, and once formed deepens with astonishing rapidity. The carrying power of the wind increases much more rapidly than the increase in the velocity. Consequently, any increase in the velocity is immediately noticeable in the increased erosive power. The erosive power of the wind is not identical with the carrying power, for in the first place the wind overcomes cohesion, and in the second place it overcomes weight. If the velocity of the wind decreases, the sand previously held in suspension is deposited. Thus if a solid fence is placed upon the sand at right angles to the wind, the sand is excavated in front. The wind, unable to proceed, is divided into currents in all directions. Those going downward scoop out the sand, thus forming a drift a short distance in front. This increases until its height equals that of the fence, when the wind, no longer meeting with the obstruction, allows sand to be deposited in this channel, and it fills up, covering the fence. Similarly, at the ends of the fence the wind currents are increased, and the sand is scooped out. If the fence is raised so as to allow a space beneath, the sand is rapidly scooped out below. The same result occurs beneath buildings, trestles, or other works which allow a space beneath, through which the wind rushes with increased force. If, however, the obstruction is not solid, but more or less open, as a pile of brush or a bunch of grass, the action is entirely different. The wind passes through the obstruction, but with decreased velocity; hence sand is deposited within the obstruction. No excavation takes place in front or around the sides. If the obstruction is stiff and inflexible like a sand fence, the sand is deposited on both sides, the windward slope being gradual and the lee slope more abrupt. If the obstruction is flexible like a bunch of grass, most of the sand is deposited in the lee. Of course, there are all gradations between the two classes, and various circumstances may modify the usual action.

It has also been ascertained, that when the wind is blowing up an incline, the surface velocity increases with the steepness, but when the wind blows down a slope, eddies form, which usually produce a current uphill at the surface. Thus it happens that while small bodies can be blown uphill easily, it is not often that they are blown down hill, but must fall from their own weight when the slope is steep. The fact that the velocity of the wind at the surface on the windward side of a dune increases with the slope results in producing a normal incline, which represents a bal-

ancing of forces. Usually this incline is quite gradual compared with the lee side of the dune, where the slope is the greatest at which the sand will remain in place—about thirty degrees.

The Columbia River, which deposits the sand along the valley it traverses, often rises to a height of fully 60 feet during the freshet season, carrying down stream an immense quantity of fine silt, which is more mobile than the ordinary sea sand, as it consists of very fine rounded grains, easily combined into drifts by the strong winds which sweep through the valley. The movement of the wave is of course caused by the movement of the sand grains over its crest. As the direction of the winds is generally upstream, the waves have a notable uniformity, and at times attain such a height that actually trees 40 feet in height are sometimes buried to the tops. An analysis of the sand shows that it was very fertile when sufficiently irrigated, but the high winds absorb so much moisture that it is impossible for vegetation to take root in the dry season.

In fighting the sand sea, several methods of checking the movement of the sand have been tried, some of them with notable success. The first and most extensively used is the "sand panel." A panel consists of two boards, 1 inch thick by 12 inches wide, and about 20 feet long, nailed to sharp stakes at each end. The stakes are driven into the sand, so as to make the panel stand up with its length oblique to the wind, and the leeward end away from the track. The wind is thus made to carry the sand along the face of the boards and away from the track. While the wind is blowing hard, the panels must be closely watched, as they soon become undermined and fall down, or if not properly placed, are covered up. The second method can be used only where there is a considerable level space on the leeward side of the track. A vertical wall of inch boards from 10 feet to 20 feet high is built a few feet to windward of the track, with an opening of 3 feet or 4 feet at the bottom. The wind striking the wall is turned down, and passes with increased velocity through the opening at the bottom, carrying the sand with it, but soon loses its force on the lee side of the wall, and deposits the sand just across the track. From there it must be occasionally removed by teams or some other means.

A third method, invented by Mr. J. P. Newell, is a modification of the panel plan, but is intended to be of permanent construction. A tight wall from 10 feet to 16 feet high, composed of two planes, the upper inclined toward the wind and the lower away from it, is built between the track and the approaching sand drift. The upper plane deflects the air current strongly downward, and the lower one throws it down so that it cannot undermine the walls, but is turned against the sand bank. The wind is thus made to carry the sand along the wall to the end, which is located at some



point where the natural features will prevent the sand from doing any harm. Such a wall has protected one of the worst places on the road for three years. The movement of the sand has also been partly obstructed by the planting of trees at right angles to the direction of the waves. The trees, which are of a variety which will take root in the formation, are usually set out in two rows separated by a bank of sand, but the formation about them must be artificially moistened to keep them from dying.

As the photographs show, however, there are places where apparently no protection is sufficient to keep the sand from covering the right-of-way. At one point where the track passes close to the wall of rock forming one side of the valley, a force of men and teams is almost constantly employed with shovels and scrapers as illustrated.

As far back as 1832 the people of Massachusetts realized the necessity of preventing the movement of sand dunes near some of the coast towns, to prevent the latter from being literally overwhelmed. The principal form of protection has been the planting of beach grass in places where the wind currents are not too violent to check its growth, keeping the dunes from forming. Some of the dunes have also been "fixed" after formation by planting the grass, then protecting it from the wind by covering the windward side of the hill with brushwood. On a fixed dune certain kinds of trees will grow to maturity. This is illustrated by the forests in New Jersey and Virginia, some of which extend almost to the water's edge. In these States, however, are places where the dunes have reached a height of over 100 feet, and have literally buried growths of large timber to such an extent, that only a few feet of the trees can be seen projecting from the sand here and there.

## CURRENT COMMENTS

Helium, the only gas which up to a few weeks ago had not been liquefied or solidified is no longer unique in that respect. Professor Olmes, of Leyden, has solidified it. Solidified helium will, no doubt, prove the coldest thing in the world, colder even than liquefied hydrogen.

And so, "Old Glory" is to be subjected to "an operation," at least it seems that the addition of the forty-sixth star, signaling the admission of the State of Oklahoma, will soon be made to the United States flag. The General Staff of the army recently adopted an amendment to the army regulations authorizing the Quartermaster General to provide another star. As a usual thing, the addition of an extra star or two has not disconcerted the old flag in the least, but the ground has become so thickly covered with stars that it is said that this new one will necessitate an entire rearrangement of the field of the flag, and so the Navy Department, under the law,

will supply the new plan. As soon as it acts, every existing United States flag in the Service will be withdrawn and the new flags substituted. By act of Congress, April 4, 1818, the United States flag was to consist of thirteen horizontal stripes and twenty stars in a blue field; one star to be added to the number on the admission of each new State, the addition to be made on the fourth day of July succeeding such admission.



The difficulty over the registration of Hindus in the Transvaal on account of the requirement that they give finger prints of all the fingers of both hands, a means of identification used only for criminals in India, has been relieved by the Transvaal's withdrawing the obnoxious form. The Hindus who had been imprisoned for refusing to register have been released and given their promise to use their influence to get their fellows to obey the law as amended. The dispute in South Africa had a very bad reflex influence in India.



### SENATOR PROCTOR.

During its present session the Senate has been called upon to mourn the death of five of its members—Senators Morgan and Pettus, of Alabama, who passed away during the recess; Senator Mallory, of Florida, Senator Latimer, of South Carolina, and now Senator Proctor, of Vermont. Redfield Proctor, was born in Cavendish, Vermont, nearly seventy-seven years ago, graduated from Dartmouth in the class of '51, finished his education at the Albany Law School, and settled down to the practice of law in Boston. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted, during his service rising to the rank of colonel. Returned from the war, he became interested in the marble business. In his hands the business expanded until he controlled the greatest marble quarrying firm in the world.

He began his career in politics by acting as selectman of his town. Thence he rose until he was Governor of Vermont. In 1889, President Harrison made him his Secretary of War, in which post Proctor instituted our present system of coast defense, abolished Sunday inspection which had made Sunday the hardest day of the week for the soldiers, and started a system of examinations for promotions which still persists. Toward the close of 1891 he succeeded George F. Edmunds as Senator from Vermont, and since then had been thrice reelected. Senator Proctor probably did more to bring on the war with Spain than any other one man. After the destruction of the Maine in Havana Harbor he visited Cuba to see with his own eyes the condition of affairs there. On the seventeenth of March, 1898, in simple, straightforward language, without exaggeration and without passion, he told the Senate what he had seen. It was a speech which made votes, votes to help the Cubans.

The late Senator was the sort of employer who postpones or makes unnecessary the advent of socialism. His firm furnished its employees with model tenements at low rent, and everyone can have a garden patch for the asking. It provides a well equipped hospital and district nursing free to employees and their families. The twenty-five hundred workmen are covered by accident insurance at the cost of the company, and without expense to the men. The company stores are on a co-operative basis: a committee of the men takes an active part in their management, and the entire profits from them are distributed to the employees. The Senator, likewise, has given a library and a Y. M. C. A. building for the use of the employees. Last year he gave his

State a sanatorium for tuberculosis. Redfield Proctor, jr. the Senator's son, and the present Governor of Vermont, is said to be anxious to succeed his father in the Senate.



### THE WORK OF PARLIAMENT.

The woman suffragists won an empty victory in the House of Commons recently when the bill to give women the suffrage passed its second reading by a large majority, but was referred to the committee of the whole, whence it is not likely to be recalled, instead of to a standing committee. The bill was introduced by a private member, and the Liberal Government neither advocated nor opposed it. In the division twelve members of the minority voted for the bill and six against it. On Thursday Mr. Asquith introduced the licensing bill which the Liberals had promised. The bill proposes gradually to reduce the number of public houses until at the end of twenty years there shall be one saloon for every seven hundred and fifty persons in cities and one for every four hundred persons in country districts. Such limitation would close about one-third of the public houses—that is, thirty-two thousand out of less than one hundred thousand. In England a license is regarded as a vested right, which should not be extinguished without compensation. The Government proposes that the other license holders shall contribute the money to reimburse the men whose licenses are extinguished. But at the end of fourteen years, licenses would cease to be vested interests, and would belong to the state as they do here in America. The bill also extends local option and Sunday closing. Local option is to govern the issuance of new licenses, and a majority of the parochial electors will be sufficient to prohibit the granting of a license for a period of three years, at the expiration of which a new vote may be taken. Mr. Asquith proposes that outside of London public houses should sell liquor on Sunday only one hour at midday and two hours in the evening. He does not believe England is yet ready for absolute Sunday closing. On the introduction of the bill brewery shares decreased \$160,000,000 in value on the stock exchange. The brewery interests are tremendously strong in England. More than half a million men and women are in the direct employ of the liquor business and another million receive indirect employment. The measure will be the center of a hard fight.



### THE TARIFF COMMISSION IDEA.

Senator Beveridge of Indiana, has introduced into Congress a bill to establish a permanent non-partisan commission to investigate all questions related to the tariff, as the cost of production in foreign countries, the comparative wages paid, and so on; and generally occupy a position relative to the tariff similar to that occupied by the Inter-Bureau of Corporations in regard to business. Senator Beveridge's bill provides that the Tariff Commission should be composed of seven members, three of whom should be identified with producing interests, one member to be a lawyer who has made a special study of customs and tariff laws, one a man with special experience of our tariff laws, one familiar with foreign commercial conditions, and one an economist and statistician who has studied prices and cost of production. The commission would simply report the facts to Congress; it would not fix or even suggest rates. That power would be left in the hands of the Senate and the House. Under the present tariff there are every year an average of thirty thousand cases in which there is a question as to

the class in which imports belong. There appears to be neither rhyme nor reason in some of the present classifications. Buttons and stoves are in the same class; so are railway cars and enameled portraits, cannon for war and bronze crosses for churches, bullets and buggies.

Senator Beveridge points out further that when the present Dingley tariff was drawn the rates fixed by the House and the Senate committees differed in many cases by one hundred per cent, in some cases even more. The House Committee, for instance, proposed a duty of one-half cent a pound on railway fish-plates, the Senate Committee one of four cents, eight times as much. The conference committee, which reconciled the two reports, sometimes disregarded the recommendations of both House and Senate Committees; all of which facts suggest that our tariff is at least not scientific. Senators and Representatives have not time to do the work needed for a scientific adjustment of the tariff, so Senator Beveridge argues, and cites an account, by Senator Vest, of the work of the Senate Committee which drew up the Wilson tariff of 1903-4. Three of the conferees, Senator Vest said, broke down under the strain of the work. He said of himself, "I have never been able to recover from the exhaustive labor to which I was subjected during that terrible struggle."

The present German tariff was the result of six years' work of investigation by thirty expert tariff commissioners. Japan, France and other countries have adopted a similar plan in dealing with the subject. The plan for a permanent non-partisan tariff commission is widely advocated in this country by manufacturers' associations, chambers of commerce, and boards of trade, among them such bodies as the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Meat Packers' Association, the Massachusetts State Board of Trade, the Baltimore Chamber of Commerce, and the Board of Trade of Chicago.



### THE PRESIDENT ON EDUCATION.

President Roosevelt, in a talk to members of the National Educational Association last week, preached to the nation what Booker Washington is preaching to the Negroes, "I trust," said Mr. Roosevelt, "that more and more our people will see to it that the schools train toward and not away from the farm and the workshop." The President went on:

"In our education we have tended to proceed upon the assumption that the educated man was to be educated away from and not toward labor. The great nations of mediaeval times who left such marvelous works of architecture and art behind them were able to do so because they educated alike the brain and hand of the craftsman. We, too, in our turn must show that we understand the law which decrees that a people which loses physical address invariably deteriorates so that our people shall understand that the good carpenter, the good blacksmith, the good mechanic, the good farmer, really do fill the most important positions in our land and that it is an evil for them and for the nation to have their sons and daughters forsake the work which if well and efficiently performed means more than any other work for our people as a whole.

"Machinery is freeing men from the least intelligent work of the hand. The men who run the steam shovels at Panama work with their hands, but work with their brains, too. To put the thought of the mind into concrete shape through the work of the hand is the ideal of work. Physical work that does not combine work of the head with work of the hand is in so far bad."



# THE INGLENOOK

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Its purpose is: To safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature.

Its scope of matter is: Scientific, Religious, Educational, Philanthropic, Economical, Sociological and Financial.

Its field is: The World.

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## HOW THE WORLD GROWS BETTER.

No. 2.

ONE of the strongest evidences of ethical and religious development is found in monogamy. A few thousand years ago polygamy was universal and monogamy was almost wholly unknown, while now, the ruling nations of the world all practice monogamy, and along with this has come the liberation of woman. She is no longer used arbitrarily for the lusts of man's flesh, not bought and sold, not held in ignorance and housed in harems, not looked on as an inferior being, and not held as a mere adjunct to successful housekeeping. She has a deep and abiding place in man's heart. She is adored. She is taking her stand alongside of man in all the battles of life and her courage, conviction and strength is no longer questioned. Indeed she has championed some national reforms, as is instanced by slavery and temperance. With all the new forms of vice which pester us today, there is no doubt but what there is more real, soul affection between man and woman now than there has been for many centuries past.

Along with this advance in the moral fiber of man has come another evidence in favor of a better manhood. This evidence is regard for human life. Massacres are unknown now, but there was a time, even long this side of the Roman era, when captives were killed or sold into slavery. The Roman galleys furnish an example of ancient cruelty. Today the Red Cross of the world alleviates pain on the battlefield and opposing armies give medical attention to those who fought against them. Weapons of warfare have undergone a change so as not to be so cruel as they were formerly. International arbitration has discarded useless punishment and barbarous treatment to enemies. Civil courts furnish a free defense for criminals. Dependent people are cared for today by the State. Penal institutions, instead of being one continued series of torture and shame, are being made re-

form schools in which the inmates can prepare for usefulness in life. Everywhere, regard for the life of young and old, rich and poor is being shown, and the Humane Society of Boston has extended this kindness even to the brute world. Yes, since Christ instilled his spirit into the race and man allowed woman to occupy her rightful place in his heart, he has made rapid strides in his own advancement. Freeing woman has resulted in his own emancipation. And there is yet room for development.



## INGLENOOK WEEK.

To all who are not now on the subscription list of the INGLENOOK, the week of May 4 to 9 inclusive will be a memorable one.

We propose to present three offers of such unusual value as will make it next to impossible for any one acquainted with the merits of the INGLENOOK to be without its weekly visits. If your friends and neighbors have not already subscribed for this splendid magazine send us their name and address and we will mail them a sample copy. Don't fail to call their attention to INGLENOOK Week, and its splendid opportunity to secure a week's magazine on such liberal terms.



## ANOTHER ORPHAN CALLED FOR.

It is with profound gratitude that the editor records the fifth call for an orphan since the Christmas number of the INGLENOOK. This time it is Michigan that supplies the home. Letters from every direction indicate that the work is being watched by our readers. Parents have sent us encouragement, orphans have sent us letters and children who have homes are also interested in the work.

As soon as possible we shall publish the pictures of the children and those who have given them homes. It takes a while to reduce this new work to a working basis but we will soon be able to act more promptly in this matter. The work is a worthy one and the need for workers is great.



## THE TWO ARTICLES ON TRUSTS.

DURING the past few months we gave two long articles in the Cream of Magazines which dealt with the building of trusts. The first dealt with street railway trusts, the second with the tobacco trust. There will be no more articles of that kind during the remainder of this year, and we urge every one who wishes to know something of trust manipulations to read those articles if you have not done so already. Those two articles were valuable reading and dealt with the subjects in such a masterly way that it will be a rare chance to learn so much on such subjects in the future. We could have given more but feel that the question has been treated fully enough.

**PEACE SOCIETIES IN OUR COLLEGES.**

THE Intercollegiate Peace Association (Professor Elbert Russel, Richmond, Indiana, secretary) is arranging, as a part of its work this year, a number of oratorical contests. From a circular on the subject, we learn that state oratorical contests will be held in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, if five or more representatives enter the contest for each State. Each institution belonging to the Association may be represented by one contestant, a bona-fide student of the institution. The orations must deal with some phase of the subject of international peace and arbitration, and must not be over eighteen minutes in length. The number of contestants at any state contest will be limited to six. If more than six institutions enter representatives, district contests will first be held to determine who shall participate in the state contest. The interstate contest, in which the winners in the state contests will complete, will be held in connection with the annual convention of the Intercollegiate Peace Association in May. Three judges will pass upon the merits of the orations. The prizes in the state contest will be \$30 and \$20 for the first and second best orations; in the interstate, \$75 and \$50. The following subjects, we venture to suggest, would be very appropriate for treatment in these orations: "The Origin and Growth of the International Peace Movement," "The History of Arbitration," "The Present Practicability and Urgency of Universal Obligatory Arbitration," "The First Hague Conference and its Results," "The Treaties of Obligatory Arbitration Already Concluded," "A Periodic Congress of the Nations," "An International State Necessary and Practicable," "The Results of the Second Hague Conference," "The Decline of War," "Commerce and Peace," "The Interparliamentary Union and its Work," "The Duty of the Churches in the Peace Movement," "Settled Peace the Measure of Civilization," "The Crime of the Present Rivalry in Armaments," "Limitation and Reduction of Armaments an Immediate Duty," "The Growing Unity of the World," "The Hague Court," "Woman and War," "The Substitution of Law for Violence," "War a Survival of Barbarism," "Great Armaments not a Guaranty of Peace," "War and the Laboring Man."

The *Peace Advocate* gives the Above information from which we learn how some "peace" people are employing their college talent. We suggest that other schools take up the question of international arbitration and spend some energy on the question of the hour. It is one thing to belong to a peace organization, but it is quite another matter to believe in peace strong enough to take a hand in advancing the principle.

The intellect will make as much development in the study of such a question as it will in any study outlined in the college course. At least international arbi-

tration and the uselessness of war could come in as elective studies, while theses and literary societies could give a place for the consideration of these questions.

**WOMEN SMOKING CIGARETS.**

ONE of the fashionable cafés of New York City has announced that its dining parlors can be used as a smoking room by the ladies who dine there. It is becoming popular among a large per cent of the wealthy society women of the city to puff away at a cigaret or two, while at the dinner table. The custom has been introduced from Europe and American womanhood seems to be demoralized enough to catch up the filthy habit as a matter of style. Every lover of righteousness ought to abhor and denounce the incoming evil, for if a mother takes only one such liberty in belittling her virtue, the daughter will take a dozen worse liberties than the mother ever dreamed of taking. This is the nature of sin. It calls for more and more, but is never satisfied. With Sunday gone, with open saloons and foul theaters open and filled on Sunday instead of the churches, with mother smoking cigarets and carousing around at night with a "gentleman friend," with the daughters living in such an atmosphere, and the houses of prostitution licensed by the public consent, how can we expect the city to reform? And since city ideals finally mould rural ideals, what of the future? This is no time for Christian people to be asleep.

**CURBING SPECULATION BY NATIONAL LEGISLATION.**

IN addition to the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting the making and selling of liquors for beverages, another bill is also under consideration for the curbing of speculation on stock exchange. While neither bill will be taken very seriously by Congress yet it shows that the heaven of righteousness is not dead in the nation.

Some of the vilest persons often favor the introduction of such bills simply to make a favorable showing to the moral element of the country and appease the oncoming wrath of an outraged constituency. It is said that President Roosevelt is urging the bill against so much gambling. Hughes, of New York, has made himself clear on the question and Bryan has been preaching this doctrine for several years past. The common people ought to urge such measures upon their representatives. A letter to your congressman may turn the tide in his mind and secure his influence in favor of moral reform.



You cannot touch men as long as you think of them as masses.





## All Wrong

Martha Shepard Lippincott

The stranger is given the kindly smile  
And words that will cheer the heart,  
While those in the home oft receive the frowns  
And words that cause tears to start.  
Oh! why should such cruelty ever be,  
And hearts e'er be made to mourn,  
Where love should be making the household glad,  
And smiles for the loved be worn?

'Tis wrong, your ill humor to give to those  
To whom you should be most true,  
And love, with a tenderness ever kind,  
As all noble souls would do.

Some day, when cold death takes your own away,  
And pardon you long to gain,  
Those lips that you wish could again forgive,  
Must silent fore'er remain.

Oh! then what sad anguish will fill your soul,  
The past you will so regret;  
The sting and the sorrow your words have caused  
You never can then forget.  
And how you will wish you could try again  
And be to your loved more kind;  
But only one life with our loved we live,—  
This fact, you will ever find.  
Box 3, Moorestown, N. J.

## How Two Girls Learned to Sew

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

"GRANDMA is coming!" shouted Christine ecstatically. "Oh, Ellan, Grandma will be here this evening!"

"My, but I am glad!" exclaimed Ellan. And their mother said, "It seems too good to be true. It is ten years since she last visited us, and how she helped me then! You girls had the scarlet fever and I don't see how we could have managed without her, she nursed you day and night."

Grandma's promised visit was heralded with delight by every one in the household. And when she came she was warmly welcomed by all. In a few days the little girls kept coaxing her to come and live with them always. She was so pleasant, so interested in their doings that they fairly grudged the time spent away from her side. She looked critically over Ellan's sketches, and gave her suggestions that were helpful, while she warmly praised her efforts. She was never tired of listening to Ellan's music, it made no difference whether she sang "School days," or that sweet old hymn, "O love that will not let me go," Grandma liked them all. And she thought this Ellan's voice was even sweeter and clearer than her own Ellan's voice had been when she was a girl.

So they were having lovely times together. One morning Ellan said, "The white sale has commenced,

mother, and I need just everything, why can't you and Grandma do some shopping these days?"

"Me, too," announced Christine cheerfully. "I must look all through the wardrobe to find a whole underskirt these days."

"Perhaps we might go," answered their mother, hesitatingly, "but it does seem too bad that your muslins wear out so soon. I had hoped to escape this bargain sale, but if you must have new things I may as well go and see about them."

The girls hurried away to school. Grandma was sprinkling the clothes, preparatory to ironing them. She folded up a white petticoat from which the ruffle was torn in many places, and the lace was, so to speak, disintegrating, in other words, it *was out*, for even the pattern could not be traced. "How long have you had this?" she asked.

"About a year," answered her daughter Ellan.

"And this?" holding up a gown which had that tawdry, thin, unfinished appearance which goes with cheap, marked down clothing.

"We bought that last summer."

Grandma made no comment. For that matter she seldom did advise or criticize unless she was urged to give her opinion. And her daughter commenced

planning for a day's shopping on State Street, in Chicago.

Grandma ironed all morning. As she laid away one article after another of cheap, flimsy underwear, her sturdy independence rebelled at the idea of her grandchildren wearing such things. "Ellan, why in the world do you put up with it?" she asked.

"Put up with what?" inquired Ellan, who had forgotten about the white sale and was thinking about something else.

"Such stuff as this for underwear, when there are three of you here to sew, and a good sewing machine in the little sewing room upstairs."

"Oh, well, it's cheaper to buy things ready made," said Ellan weakly.

"Yes, it looks it," said Grandma, showing the raw edges and ugly seams of a garment she was ironing.

"Well, the girls never learned to sew," faltered Ellan apologetically, "and I have all I can do without sewing."

"Yes, my dear, I know, but that is the most serious part of the difficulty. Do you remember how I taught you to sew?"

"I believe it was before I learned to walk, for I cannot remember the time when I could not sew. But, mother, I loved to contrive clothes for my doll. My girls are so different, they hate sewing."

Grandma was silent. Perhaps that was one reason they all loved her so, she was tactful. And she could bring things to pass without antagonizing the entire family. But that afternoon she went shopping. She bought some remnants of cambric and linen and other white fabrics, also some beautiful patterns of laces and embroideries. Last of all she bought two pretty work-baskets fitted out with needles, thread and scissors and thimbles. After tea that evening she took Christine and Ellan with her to her room, and showed them the white materials she had bought.

"How perfectly beautiful!" said Christine. "Is it for a shirtwaist?" and she held the piece of linen closer to the light.

"What a lovely dress this would make," said Ellan, as she looked at the nainsook.

Then Grandma unfolded her plan and showed them the sewing baskets. "It is all yours if you earn it. Here are patterns and finishing braid. This is to make new underwear for you. I want you to sew about two hours each evening. I'll direct you and teach you, and we'll let other girls attend the white sale this year."

"Agreed!" said both of the girls, content in the thought that any task must be delightful, if Grandma superintended it.

And how they enjoyed learning to sew. Grandma showed them how to cut out the garments, how to make French seams so that there were no raw edges anywhere. Everything was dainty, neat, and well

made, so different from the lavishly trimmed, furbelowed underwear fashioned on flimsy lines to which they were accustomed.

Grandma said, "I want you to know how to sew, then you will not be compelled to wear ill-fitting, ill-made things. More than that, each one of you must take pride in your own mending and repairing."

So she taught them how to mend their kitchen dresses, so that the patches would be as unobtrusive as possible; taught them to darn stockings and mittens. And each of the girls made herself a shirt-waist suit before Grandma went home, and proudly wore it as evidence of the fact that she knew how to sew. Christine said, "I am rather envious of the little bride in Mother Goose who was to eat strawberries and cream, and 'sit down on a cushion and sew a long seam,' for I do like to sew."



## HOW RUGS ARE MADE FROM OLD CARPETS.

D. M. HOLLOPETER.

I WONDER how many readers of the INGLENOOK know of what value their old carpets are after they have been discarded as "no good." Perhaps it may be interesting to some to know that pretty fluff rugs are made from old carpets.

Being hand-made, they command fancy prices, and are in demand, especially by the wealthy and aristocratic classes. However, anyone having old carpets can have them made into rugs—rugs that are exclusive, that add an individuality that only your own carpets can give when made into rugs.

By permission of the Rockton Rug Works, of Rockton, Pa., I take the following from their publication, "Rugs and Carpets":

"It is hard to realize the beauty of rugs made from old ingrain and brussels carpets, unless you have seen them. We cannot do you justice by trying to tell you how nice they are; therefore, we will not attempt it. We simply ask you to send us a trial order.

"It is not necessary to use extra good carpet for these rugs, although the better your carpet, the nicer the rugs will be. Ordinarily, when carpet is not fit for the floor, it makes very good rugs. A wool ingrain will make a much better rug than a cotton ingrain.

"As rug making is an art in itself and very few people have an idea of how it is done, we will briefly outline the process fluff rugs go through.

"The carpet is shipped by freight to the factory, just as it comes from the floor—about as full of dust as it is possible to be. As soon as this carpet is received, it is given an order number and passes to the cutting department. Here it is ripped apart, folded, put in a machine and cut into strips, usually about one inch wide. After leaving this machine it goes to the fraying and raveling machine. And during this process, both edges are cut and raveled, leaving a



heavy fringe, on each side of the strip. During the above journey most of the dust and dirt has been taken out, but to make the rugs sanitary, and remove beyond a doubt any disease germ that may be lurking in the old carpet, the strips are sent to the cleaning department. Here they are put in a vat and thoroughly washed and cleaned in water. After drying, these strips go through a cleaner that eradicates all dust, lint, etc. Besides being sanitary, this process revives the old, faded colors and gives the strips a 'fluffy' appearance.

"We next go to the weaving department. The strips, are woven in, in such a manner that the fringe on both edges of the strip shows through the warp, leaving a beautiful, fluffy surface on each side of the rug, making the rug from one-half to three-fourths of an inch thick. After the binding and fringe are woven in the rug is ready for the finishing department, where it is clipped and cleaned ready for shipment.

"The old, dirty, dusty carpet that came in a short time ago has been transformed into a pretty rug that will beautify the home."



#### GARDENS AND FLOWERS.

MARCH is the month of getting ready. And as getting ready is the first step toward actually beginning, I take it that the "well begun" which we are told is "half done" really applies to this preparation rather than to the garden work itself, which does not come until a little later.

Therefore get ready thoroughly. It will make the greatest difference in your garden and in you, too—in your garden because the things will do better and look better for being in the right places, rightly planted and tended—in you because twice the results will be accomplished with half the labor, and you will not get tired out and discouraged, and the garden enthusiasm will not gradually ooze away from you, leaving you a growling garden cynic by the summer's end.

Every individual has a different way of doing any given thing, and naturally this is as true of gardening as it is of anything else, so it would be preposterous for me to suppose that any hard and fast "directions" which I might give—but which I am not going to—would be followed to the letter. But in a general way I think I may be able to help some—by "suggestion," leaving each to make his own rules, if rules he wants.

To the beginner in gardening, let me say earnestly and first of all, *establish limitations*. Do not let your catalog enthusiasm swamp you with a multitude of things about which you have no idea, to say nothing of lacking room for them in the garden's allotted space. *Everything* looks beautiful in the catalog pictures nowadays, and judging by the descriptions everything is beautiful, with each indeed lovelier than the

last. Beware, therefore, the beguilements of the nursery catalog, and insure yourself against its seductive pages by fixing at the outset upon a certain definite number of things which you will have in your garden, and then let nothing induce you to add even one more—not until another year at least.

In this way, you will find it possible really to observe the plants which you have and to learn something about them, how they should be taken care of, where planted, and how treated to get the sturdiest specimens and the most blossoms.

On the other hand, I should have enough kinds to be worth while and not build all my hopes upon nasturtiums and sweet peas. Of these there is never a dearth in the land, and as there are other things quite as easy to grow, it would seem that a few intrepid spirits might dare to venture into that wilderness of the unknown which is represented by something else than sweet peas and nasturtiums.

With perennials a most attractive all summer—and all spring and autumn, too, for that matter—garden may be made by taking a variety for each month, and this seems to me an equally good method of governing one's choice in annuals. A dozen are not too many—and they are enough.

A dozen kinds of perennials will extend the period of blossom in the garden almost through the entire year, and this extended bloom is, of course, one of the first things to be thought of in planning a flower garden. Annuals cannot be ready for blossoming quite so soon as the perennials, and we do not indeed expect it of them, neither will they bear up so late in autumn under the wintry blasts, but by giving them a very early start in the hotbed or in flats indoors, they will be ready to go outside as soon as danger, from frost is passed, and by May some will begin their display, which you can keep up as long as you choose—for six months usually, weather permitting—by sowing seeds at intervals all summer, outdoors where the plants are to grow.

Under this rule of selection, you will find that you have a very complete garden, and it is a simple matter to add a new thing each year if you feel that you must have more.

The choice of twelve from such an embarrassment of riches as are offered is a staggering task, and I know what strength of mind it is going to take to keep from wading in and ordering everything in sight—therefore the following lists are given. If they help any one over this crucial period, they will not have been prepared in vain. In the list of perennials the plants are arranged under their month of bloom, though of course they are not confined strictly to the one month, but "lap on" at both ends to the month that is next. With the annuals, it is impossible to give the period of blossoming, for this depends entirely upon the time of sowing, as I have already

said. The average height is given, which will help you determine the location of the variety and also the color, which makes a difference in the position of one kind with regard to another. There is also a suggestion about soil and sunlight in each case.

1.—Pansies—of course you will have these—are one of the easiest things to grow as well as one of the most satisfactory, and they have the added interest of being one of the oldest garden flowers known. Their parentage is very obscure, but they are supposed to be descended from a wild European violet—*Viola tricolor*. The hot American climate is not the best for them, therefore give them a spot rather shaded from all but the morning sun and a soil that is rather clayey, but well enriched. You can get them in one solid color or in a mixture so varied that it is impossible to tell what the predominating color is. The average height is six or seven inches. Seed sown now will give blossoms by midsummer. It is usually best to sow seed in autumn for the next season's plants.

2.—The ragged-sailors—or bachelor's buttons—or corn-flowers or blue-bottles or sweet sultans, whichever you choose to call them—must be included, of course. I would advise the regular ragged-sailor—*Centaurea Cyanus*—for its color and general individuality. Sow these very early outdoors, and you will have bloom in a short time. They will come up from self-sown seed in succeeding years once they are established. The plants are usually about eighteen inches high.

3.—The old fashioned lady's-slipper—*Impatiens Balsamina*—comes in a double or camellia-flowered form which is quite as easy to grow as the single variety and far lovelier. Start these in the house now in a rich sandy loam, and be sure that the plants always have plenty of moisture. Pinch in the shoots to make them grow into compact specimens—this, of course, after transplanting and establishing out-of-doors. Let them have hot sun, for the plant is a native of India. The colors are innumerable; the height is from twenty-four to thirty inches.

4.—Ageratum is known to us by its true name quite as well as by its nickname of floss-flower. It blossoms all the time once it gets started, and in the blue shades it is one the finest and showiest things imaginable. It is always difficult to get good blue flowers, so have this by all means. Sow the seed now indoors and transplant in May or early June into almost any kind of soil, setting the plants about nine inches apart. Get a dwarf form; the "dwarf Princess Pauline" is excellent. It is about eight inches high.

5.—Poppies must not be transplanted, as they do not stand it well. Select a mixed strain of the Shirley variety, and you will have everything lovely that the poppy has to offer. They grow on an average from three to four feet high, and the colors are gorgeous. A sandy loam is the best soil for them.

6.—Petunias are one of the loveliest flowers in the world I am certain—not the old single kind, but the exquisite frilled and ruffled and fringed wonders of the newer double varieties. Sow the seed in a box indoors and keep it in a warm window where sunlight falls. When transplanting, put them about a foot apart. The colors are almost limitless, and once you have the seeds fairly started, the plants will grow almost like weeds. Be careful of them until they are well started, however, as the double kinds especially are delicate to keep "just right" in the matter of warmth and moisture. Water these a little more freely than the single. Give them the ordinary good soil and a sunny location and they will blossom all summer.

7.—Snapdragons—*Antirrhinum*—do not find their way into the garden lists as often as they should. Strictly speaking, they are perennials, but as they bloom the first year from seed, they are treated as annuals. Sow indoors for early bloom and again outdoors as soon as the frost is gone. They like a soil that is warm and dry and fairly rich. The height is about eighteen inches, and there is a great variety of color.

8.—Of course there is no garden complete nowadays without some salvia. The standard variety is *Salvia splendens*. Sow the seed indoors now, and set the plants out the last of May. Give them an ordinary light soil. The familiar scarlet is too well known even to need mentioning.

9.—The African marigolds are among annuals what the pompon chrysanthemums are among perennials. The warm, glowing yellows are the one color which effectually drives away the mists of autumn and cheers one up in spite of rain or clouds, blazing like a torch in the garden's midst. These will be ready for blossoming in time if they are sown in the open ground. There are different heights, ranging from eighteen to twenty-four inches, and the usual soil is suitable for them.

10.—Sweet scabious or mourning-bride, as some call them—why, I am sure, I never could guess—are beautiful in the garden and equally lovely cut and in bouquets. There are many shades and colors, and the flowers are lavishly produced. Ordinary garden soil suits them; the height is from twenty to thirty-six inches.

11.—Asters are unrivaled for variety of size as well as color, and they are almost enough in themselves to fill a garden. There is nothing in their culture except keeping them free from disease, and this is easily accomplished by care in the use of manure. Never use any but thoroughly rotted manure well mixed into the soil, and stir unslaked lime or fresh wood ashes into the surface of the ground around them. They need this for a tonic and to keep the roots free from insects as well as disease. Plant the seed indoors now and transplant outdoors when the plants have



four or five leaves, setting them about eighteen inches apart. The average height is twenty-four inches.

12.—Stocks—gilliflowers—complete the list. They are so well known that it seems superfluous to say much about them. They haven't a fault, and if you wish you can take the plants up in the fall and they will keep on blossoming all winter if the room is cool and moist. Sow the seeds now, transplant the seedlings when they are an inch high into other boxes or small pots, and transplant finally outdoors on a cloudy May day. Let them have a deep, rich soil. There are all colors, but nothing excels the white. The height is from twelve to eighteen inches.

#### A Dozen Perennials for the Flower-Garden—February, March, April

1.—*Helleborus niger*—the Christmas rose—sometimes blossoms earlier than February, warm days bringing the blooms out in December or January. Ordinarily garden soil will do nicely, but better results are obtained with a mixture of rich loam and sand with a top dressing of manure. Once started, do not disturb the plants. The color is white and the height about six inches.

2.—*Adonis Amurensis*—a form of pheasant's-eye—has large yellow flowers, is about twelve inches high, and grows in any good light, moist earth in full sun or partial shade.

3.—Trilliums grow ordinarily in a damp and shady place, but they will do well without the moisture if the shade is supplied. The variety *grandiflorum* is the great white one, very showy and beautiful.

#### May

4.—The dear old sweet-william—*Dianthus barbatus*—comes in a mixture of colors, and grows to be from eighteen to twenty-four inches tall. It will grow anywhere, and it is deliciously fragrant.

#### June

5.—Iris dominates the garden this month, both the German and the Japanese varieties being in full bloom—a wonderful riot of color. These range from eighteen to forty inches in height. Put them in a sunny place in light but rich sandy soil which is well drained, and give them plenty of water.

#### July

6.—Hollyhocks—*Althea rosea*—must be in evidence, of course. These will grow in any good soil, and come now in the most wonderful double and ruffled varieties. The colors are very delicate and beautiful; the average height is from four to six feet.

7.—This month the perennial phlox, too, will make its display. The colors are so numerous that it is only a question of choosing a favorite. Be careful, however, and do not get reds and magentas that will clash. These colors are very distinct in phlox, and a mistake is well-nigh unbearable. The plants are tall and

short—from two to five feet. It wants a warm, sunny place and rich soil, tho it will grow in very poor earth.

#### August

8.—The Chinese larkspur—*Delphinium Chinense*—in all its varying shades of blue, as well as the white variety, is beautiful this month. It is about eighteen inches high, with a pleasing foliage, and it blossoms freely. Prepare the soil quite deep. They prefer a rich sandy loam with full sun.

9.—The double white yarrow known by the name of *Achillea ptarmica*, var. *fl. pl.*, blossoms really all summer instead of during the month of August. It is one of the very best flowers for cutting that there is. It averages from twenty to twenty-four inches in height, and any garden soil suits it."

#### September

10.—The hardy asters, commonly called Michaelmas daisies or starwort, furnish a multitude of flowers during this month. Blues, amethysts, lilac shades, and white are among the colors. The height runs all the way from eighteen inches to nearly five feet, the latter being almost shrubby in their growth. Ordinary soil and almost any situation suits them.

#### October

11.—The exquisite Japanese varieties of the wind-flower—*Anemone Japonica*—begin blossoming in August and continue until frost kills them back, but not until this month does one realize their full loveliness. They are a mass of bloom, and the blossoms are large and showy, ranging from a rosy pink which is almost red up the scale through all the delicate shades until white is reached. The plants are about two feet high. Any soil will do, but they like best a rich, well-drained, sandy loam.

#### November

12.—Frosty as this month may be, the hardy pompon chrysanthemums are undaunted, and usually hang on till the end. Almost every warm shade is represented from red to deep brown, with white for a relief. The catalogs tell you that there are all colors except blue, and I do not know but that this is literally true. There are plenty to choose from anyway. The height is from twenty-four to thirty inches. The usual garden soil suits them.—*The Circle*.



#### A BREEZE FROM SOUTHLAND.

J. I. MILLER.

SPRING is here in all her splendor and loveliness. The forest trees, shrubbery and fruit trees have put on their summer gowns. Peaches, that is, early ones, are as large as hazelnuts, while later ones are not yet in blossom. Almost all kinds of spring crops in gardens and fields have been and are still being planted, except rice and cotton which will commence in a few days.

Strawberries have been a part of the bill of fare for the past ten days.

Sunday, March 1, while Indiana and other states were having sleet and snow, we had an ideal spring day. Men in shirt sleeves and children running about in bare feet. In fact some children put on shoes but very seldom in winter in the lower South.

So far March has given us almost continual sunshine. We often wonder why more people do not come south to spend their winters, in place of going through the long cold winters of the north.

*Roanoke, La.*

[The writer of the above has been so long in the South that he has forgotten about the feeling of renewed strength and vigor that the northerner receives from his bracing atmosphere. Almost without exception people like to contemplate life in a warm, sunny climate, but at the same time it must be confessed that our northern winters hold no small influence over our health and industrial departments.—The Editor.]

## For SUNDAY READING

### SERMONS FOR UNCONVERTED NEEDED.

THAT there has been a decline of "direct, pointed, faithful and persuasive preaching to the unconverted" is the opinion of a writer in the *Philadelphia Presbyterian*. "Preaching to Christians," he notes, "has been relatively overdone, and preaching to the impenitent underdone." Those who are occupying the pulpits, he says, should remember that "the most successful preachers, from Whitefield and Wesley on to Spurgeon and Moody, were men whose chief aim was to awaken the unconverted, and to lead them straight to Jesus Christ. Spurgeon never had any 'revivals' in his great church; and for the good reason that there were no spiritual declensions to be derived from. He sowed the Gospel with one hand, and reaped conversions with the other. Unless a minister intensely loves souls, and longs for souls, he will never save souls; if he does, and uses the right means seasoned with prayer, God will give souls converted as his rich reward. In my own experience of forty-three years of pastoral work, I delivered hundreds of discourses to the impenitent, and did not limit them to seasons of special outpourings of the Holy Spirit."



If you wish to look at a portrait of Raphael's, what would you think to see only the forehead uncovered, and then only the eyes, and so on, until all the features had been separately seen? Could you gain a true idea of the picture as a whole? Yet this is the way men look at the picture of Christ in the Gospels, reading a few verses and mottoes here and there, and never considering the life in its wholeness and harmony.—*H. W. Beecher.*

### KNOCK AND IT SHALL BE OPENED.

In two passages of Luke's Gospel, Jesus sought to teach his disciples the necessity of "importunity" in prayers. In the eighteenth chapter he shows how impossible it is that prayer should be unanswered, by invoking the parable of the unjust judge. Prayer is made an argument even in the view of one who feared not God, neither regarded man. And so it must be that the Judge of all the earth, infinite in love and mercy, will honor the importunities of his children. In another chapter of the same Gospel the grounds for faith are deduced from the parable of the midnight visit. The right of friendship is urged as a reasonable incentive to prayer, and the guarantee of a kindly audience. Even though friendship's bond were not strong enough to insure the needed supply, the desire to be freed from the entreaties of his visitor will determine his consent.

God can and will interpose his direction into the business of his children. The devotion of the saints is not blind, but is based on the promise and the experience of answered prayer. Nothing is better assured in the actual sayings of Jesus. No word rings more clearly in the testimony of the apostles. Nineteen centuries of Christian discipleship have wrought the conviction of it into the life and character of the church.

There are some who hold that the events of human life are the chaotic issue of chance, that God has no personal concern in the affairs of men, that the misery and distress of the world, its woes and blessings are the gamble of inscrutable forces. There are those who attribute the happenings of time to a fixed law, beyond the influence of human agency, beyond even the power of God to disturb or amend. To the "naturalist" prayer is unreasonable, a folly of weak minds, but faith knows that God can and does answer prayer.—*Home Herald.*



### HOPE IN THE RESURRECTION.

Shall I dread the day which cometh  
As a thief in darkest night?  
Shall my coming dissolution  
Leave me not a ray of light?

Shall the grave my soul in darkness  
Hide forever in dismay?  
No! there's hope in my Redeemer,  
In him dawns the glorious day.

He has brought me joy and gladness:  
For my soul he came to save.  
He upon the cross has suffered;  
There for me his life he gave.

Glory to the Blessed Savior,  
Who expired upon the tree;  
He has triumphed over Satan,  
He has come to set me free.

Death has lost its sting and terror.  
Life eternal mine shall be;  
Glorious resurrection morning  
When my Savior I shall see.

—*Virgilla Mast.*



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### SALE OF STOLEN ARTICLES.

Attention has been called both by the secular and the religious press to a recent sale in New York of rare and costly objects of Chinese art owned by Mrs. Conger, wife of our Minister to China during the Boxer uprising. Quite generally the press has referred to these things as "loot," though The Congregationalist and Christian World (Boston) asserts that the objects were purchased from the despoilers by Mr. Conger "after the looting was over and the thieves sought a market for their spoil." Among the pieces of the collection were several sacred relics, and The Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati) avers that "so anxious are the Chinese to obtain possession of some of the sacred pieces that their secret agents were at the scene of the sale to bid them in." The Congregationalist comments:

"We wish, in the interests of good neighborhood and the example which a Christian nation ought to set, that the disposal of these goods could have been managed differently. For they belonged to the intimate or the ceremonial life of the monarchs of China. There were garments of state, each in its own color, for the use of the Emperor and the princes and princesses—all ornamented with priceless embroidery. There were the adornments of the private rooms of the imperial family. There was a bell which was sacred to one of the chief religious conceptions of the Chinese people, which was rung only once a year, when the Emperor went out to usher in the spring by worship and the opening of the ground by himself holding the plow. There is something of the old days of barbarism in the exportation, under the sacred rights of an ambassador, of objects so intimate or of such religious worth, from the land where they had their meaning, to become mere objects of art held for a while for private admiration and then advertised and sold to the highest bidder at public vendue. We wish it had been possible for our Government, or at least for a voluntary association of American citizens, to have purchased the collection and returned it to the Chinese Emperor. It would have been a fit protest against the wrongs which China suffered at the hands of foreign soldiers—in which, we are glad to say, the American expeditionary force had little or no share."—Literary Digest.

### OUR SCHOOLS.

Schools are only a means to an end, and education itself, in its last analysis, is simply character building. The young man just out of college is really only beginning his real education, unless he has been unusually fortunate in his environment and in his early mental attitude toward life. He has, or should have, an advantage over his less favored fellows. Unfortunately, results too often show that either the schooling has been defective or he has failed to take advantage of his opportunities, for school is little more than an open door to opportunity in life. Thousands close this as well as other doors of opportunity and write failure against their

lives. The fault is partly in themselves and partly in our system of education. Any school may be made the best in the world if only the boy has the willing mind, and the best in the world is useless without the coöperation of student and parents.

The bulk of primary education is provided at public cost. We are proud of our "common schools"—though they are far below what from an ideal standpoint they should be. No teacher is physically or mentally competent to give proper instruction to forty children, which is the average size of a division in the public schools. Under such conditions individual instruction is largely impossible and must be devoted principally to the laggards at the expense of the brighter children—or vice versa. Nevertheless, comparatively speaking, our common schools do give good instruction. It is amazing that so much is accomplished under such difficulties. It is because the average teacher—usually a woman—gives of her vitality and sympathy and mental force to an extent which is abnormal and deplorable, that the children of tender years are so well grounded in the elements of knowledge. The time will come when no such task will be placed on the young women of this country, and when the teachers will not only be honored but well paid for their services. It may be said that primarily the need of the public schools is a reduction of the number of children in a division to twenty-five as a maximum. It would be better to place the number at twenty. It would pay in every way.—From "Educating Our Boys," in March Lippincott's.



### THE FUTURE OF RACIAL HATRED.

In regard to the anti-Japanese riots in California and Vancouver I am not inclined to look upon them as being serious from a general viewpoint. I am not prepared to state the cause of these riots from personal investigation, but judging from reports I conclude that they must be as follows:

First, the difference of traditions, customs and manners of living between the Japanese and Americans. Second, there is still a great gulf between the standard of living of these two peoples. Third, the number of Japanese immigrants has greatly increased in recent months. Fourth, these facts were used as fuel on the fire of the anti-Japanese movement by certain leaders of the American workingmen.

The first cause, the differences of customs and traditions, will in time disappear, since the Japanese are rapidly adopting Western manners and modes of thought. The second must likewise vanish, and that in the near future, since the standard of living in Japan is rising so rapidly as to soon equal that of America. The third cause, the recent rapid increase in the number of immigrants, will be cut short by the higher living in Japan, since this will render it impossible for coolies to live out their lives at home on wages earned during a short period of labor in the West, as they have done in the

past. Only those of our people who desire to study abroad, and those other few who wish to live abroad permanently, will in the future leave Japan.

With the disappearance of the causes above stated, the anti-Japanese movement in America will die, so we may well look upon it as a temporary factor also. After all, it is absurd to make a gulf between the various nations, religions, thoughts and customs of the world's people. Open all the doors widely, and take what is best from all nations, all peoples, all countries. The thought that will divide the Orient and the Occident, the West and the East, is the real enemy of the world-civilization.

It would be infinitely better for the world if we had international weights, currency and language. Not good but real harm, comes from the adoption of various languages and customs. Let us look forward to the universalization of the world.—Hon. Yukio Ozaki, Mayor of Tokyo, in Independent.



### MAC DOWELL, AN AMERICAN GENIUS.

With the death of Edward Mac Dowell there passes a music-maker whom an apprehending critic called "the most poetic composer in America." The praise is just, so far as it goes. But Mac Dowell was more than that, he was one of the most spontaneously poetic composers with whose music the world is familiar, irrespective of geographical limitations.

"The fertilization of music by poetry," to employ a luminous phrase of Wagner's, would have meant for him no mere esthetic abstraction, but an intimate and ever-present reality. He was a musician, yet he looked out upon the visible world and inward upon the world of the emotions through the transforming eyes of the poet. The art of music differs from the art of painting, of sculpture, of poetry, in that it does not in itself suggest any correspondence with reality. A landscape, a piece of sculpture, bears a direct and obvious relationship to the external world,—it is, at bottom, a transcript of reality; so also do words, artfully disposed, evoke the thought of definite objects, experiences and events. Music, alone and of itself, has no such correspondence, no such relationship; it is not concerned with the events or the aspects of reality; it is, in the literal meaning of the term, the most supernatural of the arts. Yet it may, through an association with words, be made to suggest images and evoke definite moods with an eloquence that is beyond the power of paint or molded clay or cunningly ordered words.

To gain a true sense of his place in American music it is necessary to remember that twenty-three years ago, when Mac Dowell sent from Germany, as the fruit of his apprenticeship there, the earliest outgivings of his talent, our native musical art was still little more than a pallid reproduction of European models. Mac Dowell did not at that time, of course, give positive evidence of the vitality and the rarity of his gifts; yet there was, even in his early music,—undeniably immature, and modeled after easily recognized Teutonic masters,—a fresh and untrammelled impulse. A new note vibrated through it, a new and buoyant personality suffused it. Thenceforth music in America possessed an artistic figure of constantly increasing stature. Mac Dowell commanded, from the start, a wholly original idiom, a manner of speech which has been recognized even by his detractors as entirely his own.

His style is as pungent and unmistakable as Grieg's, and far less limited in its variety. Hearing certain

melodic turns, certain harmonic formations, you recognize them at once as belonging to Mac Dowell, and to none other. This marked individuality of speech, apparent from the first, became constantly more salient and more vivid, and in the music which he gave forth at the height of his creative activity,—in, say, the "Sea Pieces" and the last two sonatas,—it is unmistakable and beyond dispute. This emphatically personal accent it was which, a score of years ago, set Mac Dowell in a place apart among native American music-makers. No one else was saying such charming and memorable things in so fresh and individual a way. We had then, as we have had since, composers who were entitled to respect by reason of their expert and effective mastery of a familiar order of musical expression,—who spoke correctly a language learned in the conservatories of Munich, Leipzig, and Berlin. But they had nothing to say that was both important and new. They had grace, they had dexterity, they had, in a measure, scholarship; but their art was obviously derivative, without originality of substance or a telling quality of style. It will thus be seen why the potent and aromatic art of Mac Dowell impressed those who were able to feel its charm and estimate its value.

What, the casual reader may wonder, are the distinguishing traits of Mac Dowell's music? The answer is not easily given. His music is characterized by great buoyancy and freshness, by an abounding vitality, by a constantly juxtaposed tenderness and strength, by a pervading nobility of tone and feeling. It is charged with emotion, yet it is not brooding or hectic, and it is seldom intricate or recondite in its psychology. It is not German in its general aspect, or French, or Italian,—its spiritual antecedents are Northern, both Celtic and Scandinavian. Mac Dowell had not the cataclysmic imagination, the magniloquent passion, the strange sorcery of style, that are Strauss's; his art is far less elaborate and subtle than that of such typical moderns as Debussy and d'Indy. But it has an order of beauty that is not theirs, an order of eloquence that is not theirs, a kind of poetry whose secrets they do not know; and there speaks through it and out of it an individuality that is persuasive, lovable, unique. There is no need to attempt, at this juncture, to speculate concerning his place among the company of the great ones of music; it is enough to avow the conviction that he possessed genius of a rare order, that he wrought nobly and valuably for the art of the country which he loved.—Review of Reviews for March.



The possibilities that lie in our jury system were well illustrated in a New York court recently. The case was a suit against the New York Railway Co. for damages for killing a child and the jury rendered a verdict in favor of the railroad. It developed that a majority of the jurymen favored the plaintiff, but as they were hopelessly divided and one member had \$6,000 in his pocket to close a business deal it became the unanimous opinion of these conscientious jurymen that they could expedite matters by tossing up a coin for the plaintiff and defendant. In this way the decision was reached. When the judge of the court learned of this ingenious tergiversation, he promptly fined each juror \$50 and set the verdict aside. Thus a very high degree of citizenship and a deep regard for their oath and duty as jurymen are shown in the action of the jury, and of course everyone will feel a degree or two more of confidence in juries henceforth. Justice by the flip of a coin! Really this jury was getting on.—The Pathfinder.





## Echoes from Everywhere

The Italian Steamship Co. will begin in April running ships direct between Philadelphia and the Mediterranean ports, this being the first time the port on the Delaware ever had such a service.

Guayaquil, Ecuador, is suffering from an epidemic of bubonic plague. The scourge is increasing and the sanitary condition of that and other towns is causing great alarm.

March 17 the lower house of the Legislature of Oklahoma passed the Senate telephone regulation measure, with the addition of an amendment imposing a fine of from \$5 to \$50 for eavesdropping over a telephone.

Count Tolstoi is suffering from a severe illness brought on by exposure in endeavoring to rescue his horses which had fallen exhausted in a bank of snow. Owing to his advanced age, being nearly eighty, fears are entertained as to his recovery.

The Georgia railroad commission has issued an order that all common carriers which contemplate a cut in the wages of employees must notify the commission and give the figures and reasons for reduction. Furthermore, they must defer action until the commission notifies them.

At the May Day parade of children one hundred and fifty youngsters will march in the streets of South Brooklyn, carrying a red flag with the word "Socialists" emblazoned thereon, and will sing national anthems garbled so as to give socialistic meaning. The children range in age from four to thirteen.

The market in China for worn-out horseshoes seems to be almost without limit. Chinese iron dealers buy the horseshoes and sell them to knife and tool manufacturers all over the province. It is claimed by the Chinese that the temper of this class of iron makes it the best obtainable for knives and cutlery, and also good for other tools. The reason ascribed for this is that the constant beating the shoes have received under the feet of the horses has given them a peculiar temper absolutely unobtainable in any other way, and that tools made from them are superior to all others.

The government will withhold from the railroads one-seventh of the money for the transportation of United States mails until the actual cost of carrying them is ascertained, if the postoffice appropriation bill passes the House and Senate in its present form. An amendment has been inserted providing for a rigid inquiry into the subject and a separate bill will be introduced as a basis of all future contracts for carrying the United States mails. Arguments made against the present system were to the effect that some of the big companies are receiving enough money from mail contracts to pay the entire operating expenses of their respective roads.

The governor of Illinois has designated Friday, April 17 and Friday, October 16, as Arbor and Bird days. The alternate date of October 16 is given for schools which find fall planting more practical. The superintendent of public instruction has issued an Arbor Day booklet of more than usual interest.

The ship subsidy bill passed the Senate March 20. It provides for an increase of pay to vessels plying between our country and South America, the Philippines, Japan, China and Australia. For instance, vessels making sixteen knots will be paid \$4 per mile,—the amount heretofore paid to twenty knot vessels only.

Pauline Lucca died a few days ago in her native city of Vienna of cancer at the age of about 67. For about 20 years she was one of the most famous sopranos in the world. She was born in 1841, of Italian parentage, but with an ancestry of Jews, and evinced her natural gifts as a singer while yet a child.

A new use of electro-magnets may be made in the lifting and handling of large panes of glass. A piece of sheet-iron will be placed under the glass and one or more electro-magnets applied to the upper surface of the glass. The electro-magnets will attract the sheet-iron, and thereby hold the glass suspended while moving.

Both the bills legalizing lotteries and cock fighting, in Porto Rico, introduced by natives, were defeated by the Legislature, which adjourned March 18. Many important bills were introduced during the session, ninety-four of which became laws. The public utilities bill, drafted after that of New York, was passed. Big appropriations for education and good roads were made.

"What has happened in Georgia since Prohibition went into effect Jan. 1, 1908, is this," declares the Golden Age, Feb. 6, 1908: "The jug trade has taken the place of the barrel trade. The railroads have quit hauling barrels, and the express companies handle only jugs. The difference is about one to forty. The falling off in the dockets of criminal and police courts and corresponding increase of business in other lines are about the same ratio."

The Scientific American gives a list of prizes offered in the interests of air navigation. According to a cable dispatch, M. Michelin, the automobile-tire maker, has given a \$20,000 trophy for an annual international aeroplane race. Besides the trophy, a cash prize of \$3,000 goes to the winner. According to the same dispatch, M. Michelin has also offered a cash prize of \$20,000 to the first aviator to travel between Paris and Puy de Dome, some 250 miles distant, in an aeroplane before the year 1918. This prize is similar to that offered by the London Daily Mail, which is \$50,000 for a flight of 180 miles from London to Manchester, England.

John Haverskate of Whitehall, Mich., while searching through a lot of heirlooms in the attic left him by his grandfather, found a Bible printed in Dutch at Amsterdam, Holland, by Marcus Doorneck in 1690. The book, 10x14 inches, the covers of wood, and bound in brass, is in an excellent state of preservation. The Bible contains two maps showing the two hemispheres.

State Superintendent Cameron, in an address to the Oklahoma State Teachers' Association, said he will insist on the Indian Territory school fund being invested in schoolhouses in old Indian Territory. It is his plan to build schoolhouses in 3,000 districts the coming year. He favors three additional normal schools to be located in eastern Oklahoma. Tulsa is the strongest bidder for the northwestern normal school.

The Agrarian League of Cuba through its representative at Washington has made an appeal to congress for a reduction of the Cuban-American tariff. The League goes further and expresses the hope that Cuba will eventually be annexed to the United States. It declares that more troubles will result if the provisional government established by the United States is removed and the prediction is made that this country will have to intervene again.

Not America alone has been having trouble with her unemployed during the past winter. In Germany many people have been out of work and much suffering has resulted. In Plauen between 2000 and 3000 men and women were among the unemployed. The authorities were petitioned by the unemployed not to tax those out of work. It was asked further that the extension of old streets or the laying of new ones projected for a later time be begun at once.

Notices of a reduction of 10 per cent in wages, to take effect April 6, will be posted in practically every cotton mill in Rhode Island March 23. At a conference held here several of the large cotton manufacturers of the State signed an agreement to reduce wages, and nearly every large mill owner in the State has become a party to the agreement. It is expected that all the smaller mill owners will sign the agreement. Approximately 30,000 operatives will be affected by the proposed reductions.

Four-fifths of the Hebrew residents of Vladivostok have been expelled from the city, and all those remaining must leave before April 1. This wholesale expulsion is in violation of Russia's own regulations, which give governors of ports power to discriminate and allow Hebrews to remain on special permit from the ministry of the interior. By the middle of April all the Hebrews will be expelled also from Kronstadt and Sevastopol. Further vexatious measures are being considered against the Hebrews in Kiev.

Meter reading is "something new" which is being taught in the grammar schools of Newton, Mass. This modern "study" is proving very popular with students and has proved a revelation to the parents, to whom the average gas or electric meter is an insolvable riddle. The superintendent of the gas company was the originator of the plan, and his company furnished the materials required to give the practical instruction. They believe that a thorough knowledge of their system of reading the meters will tend to make their customers better satisfied with the service given them.

The battle for Local Prohibition at Elgin has developed many interesting incidents which show the strength of sentiment which has been aroused against the saloon. One of the most significant of these is the experience of a well-known milk dealer of this city. Having signed the local option petition, he was informed two days in succession by old patrons that they would discontinue their custom because of his sympathy with Prohibition, whereupon he immediately yielded to the intimidation and publicly announced the withdrawal of his name from the petition. The day following this announcement no less than thirty-seven of his regular customers, incensed, cancelled their contracts, telling him they had no use for a citizen who would be so easily influenced by the liquor element. If this is any evidence of the relative size of the Prohibition sentiment Elgin will vote overwhelmingly against the saloon on April 7 next.



#### NORTH DAKOTA.

Several years ago, when the Brethren began to homestead in North Dakota, it was thought that the western part of the State was unfit for cultivation. Even the Mouse River Valley was thought to be a doubtful proposition. Last year, the best crops in the State were produced in the western tier of counties. This year, a church will doubtless be organized in the southwestern part of the State near the old Roosevelt ranch, and another in eastern Montana.

Lignite coal has not been considered fit for extensive use in running large machinery. A new invention, however promises to make lignite valuable, and may make the lignite regions a vast industrial center. By this device, lignite coal is heated till the gas escapes, then the gas is exploded in a gas engine to produce power. The lignite deposits are enormous and their utilization is a matter of great importance.

The northwest is receiving much benefit from the hard times east. Last year it was almost impossible to get sufficient help to sow and harvest the crops at even the most extraordinary wages. This year, the farmers can get plenty of help, and many more helpers are coming this way. Last year there were not enough school-teachers for the local schools; this year outside applicants are appearing in gratifying numbers. The Dakota farmer is now hoping that the east will pick itself up in time to buy a good crop of wheat next fall at good prices. He thinks he'll have it to sell when the time comes.

A Farmer's Institute held in Cando, N. Dak., recently, promises to do much toward changing the methods of farming in this community. It was clearly shown that the present methods of farming were rapidly exhausting the fertility of the soil without leaving enough profit in the hands of the farmer to justify their practice. The growth of clover, alfalfa and field peas was shown to be practicable and profitable in connection with stock raising. Much experimenting has already been done along these lines near Cando, and will doubtless give way to extensive practice of the methods learned.

Conditions are excellent for a good spring wheat crop. The ground froze deep before snow came, insuring the gradual liberation of moisture as the plant roots need it. Enough snow has fallen to moisten the surface of the ground and to fill the sloughs and coulees and insure local showers.



The Duma has been asked for \$1,000,000 to enlarge Russian Prisons, which are overcrowded. The number of prisoners has increased 111 per cent since 1906. In January, 1908, the total number was 159,537, and in February 165,588, of whom 13,000 were political prisoners.

An Illinois Central claim agent, whose territory includes Champaign County, has written a letter in reply to an inquiry from a citizen of that county, in which he says that investigation shows that 77 per cent of those killed by his railway in that county in the past two years were under the influence of intoxicating liquor at the time of the accident. He also says that since the closing of the saloons in the city of Champaign not a single accident has been reported which was due to the use of intoxicating liquor.

China has released the Japanese steamship Tatsu Maru, seized on the charge of smuggling arms to Chinese rebels. The full terms of China's surrender are as follows:

China agrees to punish the officers who lowered the Japanese flag and to send a warship to the place where the vessel was seized to fire a salute as the ensign is re-hoisted. China will purchase the arms and ammunition seized. She will punish the officers who committed this breach against international usage and pay demurrage for detaining the vessel. Japan agrees to exercise extra vigilance against her subjects in the matter of smuggling arms into China.

The Birmingham (Ala.) News, Jan. 25, 1908, says: "For ten years Birmingham has not enjoyed so wonderful a period as it has since Jan. 1. So far Prohibition in this community has proved a powerful agency in the betterment of the public morals. It has reduced the criminal record of this community in a striking degree." The number of arrests for drunkenness in January, 1908, was scarcely one-sixth as large as the average when saloons were in operation. There were only thirty-seven arrests in January, 1908, as compared with 246 for December, 1907, (under license), and an average of 197 per month for the year 1907 (under license).

The government announces that it will place on the market on May 1 next 2,135 farms, and will allow their purchasers ten years within which to pay for them. The area of each will range from ten to 160 acres, and they are made available by the completion and development of irrigation projects in the West. In Nevada, in connection with the Truckee-Carson project, farms of eighty acres can be taken up with an entry fee of \$8, and \$3 per acre annually for ten years. There are 1,000 of these farms. In Oregon 200 farms will be available on the Umatilla project, of from ten to twenty acres. These lands will cost from \$600 to \$1,200. In South Dakota, on the Belle-Fourche project, 175 farms will be available in tracts of eighty acres; in Wyoming, 200 on the North platte projects, and 200 on the Shoshone project, costing from \$600 to \$1,200. Residence and cultivation of the farms will be required of purchasers, and every means will be taken to guard against speculators purchasing them. The farms are all close to railroad connections.

March 16.—Under suspension of the rules, the House of Representatives passed the bill providing for the restoration of the motto, "In God We Trust" on gold and silver coins of the United States recently removed by the President's order. The bill was passed by a vote of 255 to 5.

Pope Pius X., at his name day celebration March 17, entertained the Cardinals with the recital of how a certain gold coin had been given to him as a jubilee gift by the diocese of Acqui. This coin was discovered in 1898, while excavations were being made for the foundation of a new church at Acqui. Upon examination it was found to be the only coin in existence of the period of Innocent IX., a Pope who reigned for two months in 1591. This coin was the only one lacking to make complete the vatican collection of coins issued under all the Popes.

Kosciusko County, Indiana, with a population of 20,000, has no use for a jail. During the last six months the building has not had a single occupant. The temperance people of the county claim this condition of affairs is due to the fact that the remonstrance law has made it possible for them to drive five saloons from the county during the year. The last saloon in Warsaw will close its doors on July 3.

Government reports show the value of products of the farm in seventeen states west of the Mississippi in 1907 to have been \$1,091,000,000. Corn leads in production, being valued at nearly \$500,000,000. Winter wheat is next, valued at \$20,000,000, and domestic hay was valued at only \$2,000,000 less. Rye, oats, barley, and potatoes follow in order. The increase over last year in value of crops amounts to 15 per cent, and this gain is credited to irrigation. Iowa ranks first in corn, oats, and potatoes, Kansas first in wheat, and Nebraska first in rye.

Bishop Charles H. Fowler, of the Methodist Episcopal church, died at his home in New York March 20. At the time of Chicago's great fire he was a pastor in that city. In 1872 he became president of Northwestern University which position he held four years when he became editor of the Christian Advocate in New York. He was made general missionary secretary of the church in 1880 and four years later was elected bishop. As missionary secretary he organized Peking university in north China, Nankin university in central China, the first Methodist Episcopal church in St. Petersburg, established the McClay College of Theology in southern California, and consolidated the three colleges in Nebraska into the Nebraska Wesleyan university at Lincoln. He was trustee of Syracuse university, Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.; American university, member of the board of managers of the Methodist Missionary society, the Church Extension Society, Freedmen's Aid, and other Methodist societies.

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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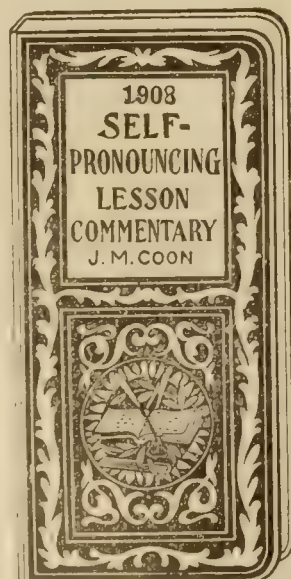
Imperial Valley is situated in San Diego County, California, 183 miles east of Los Angeles on the Imperial branch of the Southern Pacific railroad. The soil is an alluvial deposit and all crops are grown by irrigation, with water from the Colorado River. The main irrigation canal is 80 feet wide on the bottom and 100 feet wide on the top, and 10 feet deep. The soil is adapted to the growth of wheat, barley, alfalfa and nearly all kinds of fruit. Alfalfa having plenty of water can be cut eight times per season, yielding as high as ten tons of nice hay per acre which sells at present from \$8.00 to \$11.00 per ton. Barley can be sown for winter pasture in alfalfa stubble after the last crop of hay is harvested. Alfalfa can be cut every three weeks if the hay is wanted for dairy cows, or every four or five weeks if wanted for horses. I have known of alfalfa yielding \$40.00 worth of seed per acre and my own yielded \$20.00 per acre with the first season's sowing. Dairying and hog raising are very profitable. Butter sells from 20 cents to 45 cents per pound; hogs, 7½ cents on foot; also beef, cattle and horses do excellently. One colt weighed 960 pounds at less than one year old. One acre of alfalfa will keep from 2 to 3 head of dairy cows or horses and from ten to fifteen head of hogs. Oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apricots, grapes and berries do well. A single grape vine has yielded 30 pounds of grapes 18 months from setting. Grapes, apricot and cantaloupe growing is very profitable as they will ripen here from three to four weeks earlier than other places, and be placed on the eastern market before they are ripe in other localities. One man at Coachella was offered \$600.00 cash for the grapes on a single acre of vines and refused the offer and sold at retail for \$1,400.00. Cantaloupes will net the growers from \$50.00 to \$300.00 per acre. I have lived in the valley as long as any one, being one of the first settlers, and my experience and observation has taught me that you can grow almost anything here you plant, including vegetables, if planted in the proper seasons and properly cared for. The selling price of land at present is from \$40.00 to \$100.00 per acre, owing to location. President Roosevelt says that when it is thoroughly developed it will be worth from \$500.00 to \$1500.00 per acre.

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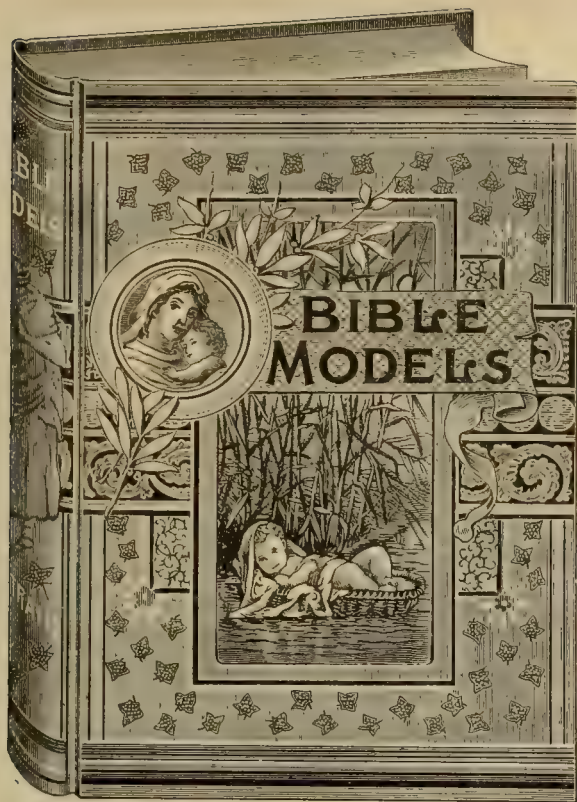
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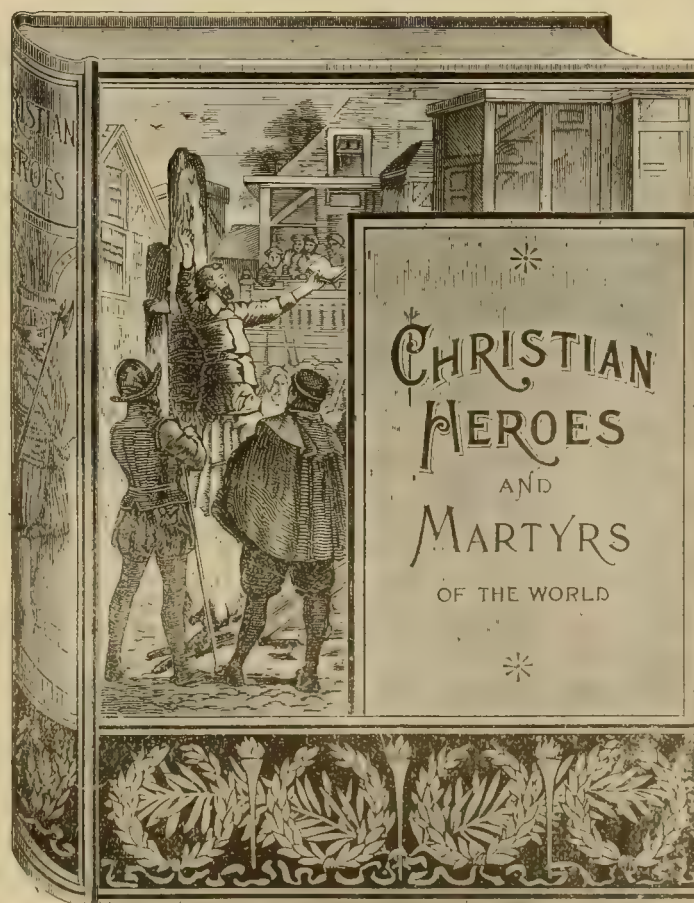
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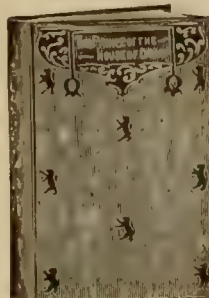
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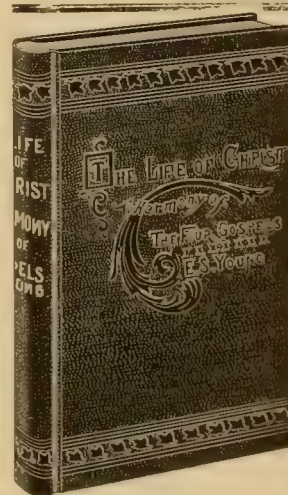
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What Else Would You Like to Know About

# BUTTE VALLEY, Cal.

Halfway between San Francisco and Portland, is located in Siskiyou County, near the Oregon Line.

The scenic beauty of the valley and the surrounding mountains is unsurpassed.

The altitude is four thousand two hundred feet.

The climate is that of Salt Lake City, Reno, etc.

It has about twenty inches of rainfall, besides sub-irrigation.

Sub-irrigation is furnished by Butte Creek and other mountain streams.

The water is pure, cold and plentiful.

The soil is volcanic sediment, from three to nine feet deep.

The valley is level, surrounded by mountains and foothills.

It is covered with a heavy growth of sage brush.

Mt. Shasta is forty miles to the Southwest.

Mt. Pitt, is sixty miles to the North.

The old Main Line of the Southern Pacific is twenty-eight miles to the West.

The new Main Line passes through the Valley from South to North,—

Will intersect the old line at Eugene, Oregon.

It extends from Weed to Klamath Falls.

Klamath Falls is forty miles to the Northeast.

The Rogue River Valley is forty miles to the Northwest.

The new town of Macdoel is building rapidly.

It is centrally located, and has a promising future.

Streets are graded and stores are doing business.

It will become a noted tourist resort.

A splendid church building has been erected in Macdoel.

A system of local and long distance telephones is in operation.

An efficient mail service is installed.

There are nearly a hundred children of school age in the Valley.

A very successful term of school is in progress.

Mud and dust are not found because of soil formation.

Succulent bunch grass is found in abundance, for grazing purposes.

Thousands of cattle are fattened in this Valley.

Tanneries ought to be located here for the output.

Stock raising is profitable in Butte Valley.

Pure water, rich grass, and eternal sunshine make it so.

It is a paradise for the dairyman.

Thousands of sheep are grazing upon the surrounding foothills.

Woolen mills should be established in the near future.

The mountains are covered with forests of pine, cedar and fir.

Fuel and building material are practically inexhaustible.

The opportunities for box factories are splendid.

The valley will be one of the greatest fruit countries in the world.

The surrounding valleys have proven this statement.

Fancy grades of apples only, will be planted in Butte Valley.

Newtown Pippins, Spitzenbergs, Winter Bananas, etc., are being planted.

Orchardists say that it will be a great peach country.

Small fruits do exceedingly well.

Colonists obtain wholesale rates on fruit trees.

Almonds and English Walnuts are said to do well here.

Wheat, oats and barley yield well wherever sown.

Timothy, clover, and alfalfa yield enormous crops.

The mountain streams are full of Rainbow trout.

Wild game is plentiful on mountains and lakes.

Vegetables are prolific and of the very best quality.

Canning factories can be made a paying business.

Every reasonable test has been made of the seeds and soil.

Government experts have examined the soil and pronounce it good.

Sugar beets have tested sixteen per cent saccharine.

Possibilities for electric power are illimitable.

Two years ago the central valley was uninhabited.

Now, more than one hundred buildings may be seen from one point.

The growth of this valley is without parallel in colonization.

Get a home there NOW, before the price of land advances.

## California Butte Valley Land Co.

14 Central Arcade, Flood Building

San Francisco, Cal.



# The Better Way

Each year thousands of people are having their eyes opened to the baneful effects of drugging the system by means of nerve deadening narcotics and mineral poisons. The legislatures of several States have even gone so far as to pass laws, placing restrictions on the sale and use of such remedies, when not altogether prohibiting them. The more intelligent classes, people who think and reason, and who do not blindly swallow any medicine offered them are strongly in favor of the safe and practical system of herb treatment for the cure of disease.

Old Dr. Peter Fahrney, the originator of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER was one of the early pioneers and exponents of the botanic system of medicine. His plain old herb remedy, known as DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, which has now been in constant use for over a century with such unqualified success, has probably, more than any other medicine, demonstrated the advantages of the botanic system of treatment. Thousands of ailing men and women have found it a boon to health.

## **CALLS IT A BLESSING.**

Rodney, Mich., March 7, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Your Blood Vitalizer does grand work. Through the help of God it saved a neighbor's child and restored the health of my wife. We would not like to be without the Blood Vitalizer. It is a blessing, especially for poor people who cannot afford to pay big doctor bills. We think a good deal of you and your work and hope your usefulness may stretch over many years for the benefit of sick people. With kindest regards,

Yours very truly,

R. S. Smith.



## **CURED SICK HEADACHE.**

Chicago, Ill., June 1, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I desire to send you my thanks for your good medicine, the Blood Vitalizer. I suffered nearly every day from sick headache, and at last I got so bad I had to take to my bed. But thanks to your Blood Vitalizer, it has cured me and I have had no further touch of it.

Yours truly,

Mrs. E. G. Dahlberg.

2362 Avondale Ave.

## **REGAINED HIS HEALTH.**

Athol Springs, N. Y., April 2, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I desire to inform you that since using the Blood Vitalizer I have regained my health. It is now all I could wish for. I was a sufferer from indigestion and stomach troubles. Next to God, I thank your Blood Vitalizer for my recovery. Whenever I have an opportunity I recommend your medicine.

Respectfully yours,

Henry F. Rolf.



## **THE SWELLING DISAPPEARED.**

Greenwood, Mo., April 24, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: The trial box of Blood Vitalizer arrived all O. K. I had a peculiar lump in my left side and a severe cough which bothered me a great deal before using the medicine. I had not taken more than one small bottle of the Blood Vitalizer when the lump in my side disappeared. I would not want to be without the Blood Vitalizer in the house. Your medicine has not been introduced here. I have given several bottles away. You may expect another order from me soon.

Yours truly,

R. R. No. 2.

Mrs. N. Dimmitt.

The sane, safe and practical way of treating disease by means of health-giving roots and herbs appeals to all thoughtful people. It accounts for the surprising popularity of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. The demand for this plain old herb remedy is today greater than at any time in its history. No one is so low with disease and no one is so well but what the BLOOD VITALIZER will do good.

Unlike other ready-prepared medicines, it is not to be had in drug stores. It is not an article of commercial traffic, but is supplied to the people direct through local agents—friends and neighbors whom you know and trust.

For further particulars address the sole proprietors,

**Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co.**

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue

**Chicago, Ill.**

## Ropp's New Commercial Calculator and Short Cut Arithmetic The Standard for Store, Farm, Bank or Factory,



5 1/4 x 2 1/4 in.

Is from beginning to end a greatly improved, enlarged and thoroughly revised publication.

It contains an entirely new system of unique Tables, Short-Cuts and up-to-date Methods.

It is unquestionably the most complete, useful and comprehensive Calculator ever published.

It has more than twice the matter, scope and capacity of Ropp's former editions, of which

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It is the most convenient and practical Labor-saving work ever used in the business world.

It will make every one independent, sure and self-reliant in all practical calculations.

It will prevent mistakes, relieve the mind, save time and labor, and often loss and trouble.

Its Tables are adapted to all the trades and occupations in the city and country, and

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It also explains and simplifies the principles of Arithmetic, Mechanics and Mensuration.

It will make the study and use of Figures easy and interesting for young and old.

It will enable every progressive mind to become an expert, sure and rapid calculator.

It will prove a boon to all whose education in arithmetic has been limited or neglected.

#### 48 Cuts Illustrate the Elements of Mechanics and Mensuration

It defines about 70 points in "Commercial Law" which every man and woman should know.

It is the result of devising, and improving system after system; of spending thousands of dollars in experimenting; of making millions of miscellaneous calculations, and of doing some vigorous thinking during 38 years, by an analytic, practical and persevering mind.

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All loans are first mortgage loans. No loan is made exceeding 50 per cent of the actual value of the property.

Title in all loans is passed on by reliable Attorney and no loan sent out unless title is perfect.

Interest is collected and remitted each year free of charge.

Write for reference as to my reliability. I will refer you to men that you know either personally or by reputation.

MICHAEL BLOCHER, Perth, N. Dak.

## CAP GOODS

Our business has almost doubled itself during the last year. We are sending goods by mail to thousands of permanent, satisfied customers throughout the United States. The reason is simple.

Our Goods are Reliable. Our Variety is Large. Our Prices are Low.

All orders filled promptly, post-paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Send us a sample order and be convinced. Write us for a booklet of unsolicited testimonials and new line of samples, which will be furnished free. Send at once to

R. E. ARNOLD, Elgin, ILL.

## Olive Branch of Peace

### Valuable Contribution.

Dear Brother Hays: I have ordered a copy of your book, "The Olive Branch," and have read it with exceeding interest. It is a valuable piece of contribution, not only to the history of the Valley of Virginia, but also to the history of the Brethren Church and other peace loving societies of God's people. Especially is it valuable as a clear and full statement to the world of what the world is coming more and more to recognize as just, reasonable, and desirable—Peace, and the spirit of Christian peace. I pray and believe that by means of this book, "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

Yours fraternally,

John W. Wayland.

University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., Oct. 29, 1907.

This book contains 232 pages, has a number of illustrations and is well bound in cloth.

Price prepaid, .....75 cents

### AGENTS WANTED.

We want an active agent in each congregation to push the sale of this valuable book. It should be in the hands of all of our people. If there is not an agent pushing the sale of this book in your congregation, and you could spare some time for this work, write us for terms. Do it now.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.



# THE SPRING OF 1908

will witness a new influx of thousands of settlers in the fertile valleys of **SOUTHERN IDAHO**. A great many have gone and a large number are making arrangements to go soon.

## 125,000 Acres

on the Salmon River project will be opened up for settlement in the near future.  
**WATCH FOR DATE OF OPENING.**

## Wonderful Possibilities

for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, Fruits, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

## Come and See

### "WE MADE NO MISTAKE"

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Twin Falls Land and Water Company.

Gentlemen: On the 6th of April, 1906, I landed on the Twin Falls Tract to stay. I had been here twice during the winter "to see" and thought I had seen the opportunity of a lifetime for a man of small means to make a profitable investment and establish a comfortable home. Our experience has convinced us that we made no mistake.

Respectfully,  
John R. Newton.

Pullman, Washington.

C. O. Merrell, Twin Falls, Idaho:

Professor Fulmer, Chemist, of Washington State University, has made his seventh test of soil from lands under the Twin Falls Canal system. He finds a small trace of alkali and thirty per cent more plant-producing qualities than in the Yakima Valley, and there is only one place on the Pacific coast where is equaled, and that is in the Pajaro Valley in California.

A. T. Farris.

Mr. E. F. Hurst, Fruit Inspector of Dist. No. 5, of Idaho, states: "The Southern part of Idaho is second to no other part of the known world as a fruit producer, both in variety and quality."

## HOMESEEKERS ROUND TRIP TICKETS

Are in effect each first and third Tuesday during 1908. Colonists' one-way rates in effect from March 1, to April 30, 1908

Write for information.

### D. E. BURLEY

S. BOCK,

Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

G. P. & T. A. O. S. L. R. R.,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

April 7, 1908

No. 14.

## Greatest of America's Reclamation Projects

Guy E. Mitchell

ROBERT B. MARSHALL, of U. S. Geological Survey, who has just been appointed Chief Geographer for the United States, in charge of the Topographic Branch of the Survey, has, like a good many young men in that bureau, practically grown up under it. He received his first appointment in the Survey in 1890 and has now risen to the top notch in his chosen line of work. In 1903 he was given charge of the California topographic surveys of the Geological Survey, and in the reorganization of the topographic work of the United States last year, he was appointed geographer in charge of the Pacific Coast division, embracing California, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Washington and Arizona. Mr. Marshall is a member of the Society of American Civil Engineers.

It is in connection with his special survey, during the past five years, of the swamp and overflow areas of the great Sacramento Valley that Mr. Marshall's



Mr. Marshall's Surveyors Leveling in Tule Brush Along Sacramento River.



An Actual Elevation, Not a Pose

work is best known. Here is located the most stupendous drainage and irrigation project in the United States if not in the world. The Sacramento, during its flood periods, comes boiling down out of the Sierra Nevada, its flow augmented by many torrential tributaries and not only passes uselessly by lands rich in fertility, but often carries in its wake great destruction. While there are some three million acres in its valley susceptible of irrigation from its waters, the average flow of the river would still provide water enough for the reclamation of three or four times

that amount of land in addition. After the great problems of reclaiming these three million acres in the Sacramento Valley shall have been solved, the still vaster one of carrying this surplus water over into the San Joaquin Valley and irrigating several million acres of its arid fertility will present itself.

The survey of the Sacramento Valley is a coöperative undertaking between the



State of California and the U. S. Geological Survey, the State bearing one-half of the expenses and the Survey doing the work. The part of it attracting the greatest attention is the mapping of the million acres of overflowed lands on both sides of the river. Back of these and at a higher elevation is an irrigable

before them for working out all the broad features of their plans. This is exactly what has been done, in fact, at one point by the Reclamation Service. At Orland this bureau is spending \$650,000 in construction work, the engineers following closely behind Marshall's topographic surveyors and utilizing his maps. This is what is known as a unit project; that is, it constitutes a complete project, but at the same time it may be extended almost indefinitely and become an harmonious part of a vast system.

The Sacramento Valley problem is not that of a mere field survey. It involves not only land reclamation on a gigantic scale but the prevention

of great flood destruction. In one small section alone—the delta region between the Sacramento and the San Joaquin rivers—Mr. Marshall says that the loss resulting from last year's rampage of the Sacramento amounts to many million dollars.

Much of this surveying has been extremely difficult, owing to the shortness of the season between floods, while the maps' usefulness is indicated by the great demand for them. Californians are particularly enthusiastic over them, as they see pointed out by them the vast possibilities which lie before the State, the feasibility of controlling the giant river and of projects of reclamation of great areas so productive that five acres will constitute a farm that will bring

area of about two million acres additional, also included in the survey.

"These overflowed lands," remarked Mr. Marshall, who is now in Washington, "are fruitful beyond all comprehension. They represent the accumulated silt and river debris of untold ages and no one knows their depth. We speak of the exhaustless resources of the Valley of the Nile and of the Po and others; but nothing can compare, I believe, with the conditions in the Sacramento Valley. Yields are fabulous where drainage reclamation has been achieved and a statement of land productions and values would not be credited in the east. If one wishes to dream of the conquest of an inland empire beyond all conception of richness, he needs but to visit the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys and view the possibilities of swamp and desert reclamation."

Mr. Marshall has supervised the survey of a large portion of these three million acres, including a proportionate share of the million acres of overflowed lands, known as the tule swamps, producing large, special maps showing every detail of topography and upon which projects for drainage and irrigation can be confidently based. The survey is so detailed that it becomes almost a construction survey; that is to say, the construction engineers in planning either drainage or irrigation works in the Valley will have all the data

wealth to its owner. The great need of these detailed surveys is emphasized since practically nothing of an engineering nature can be intelligently prosecuted without them. For centuries these lands have lain dormant and the great river has carried its annual message of unused wealth to the sea; even of late



Harvesting Sugar Beets with Plows near Bethany, San Joaquin County, Cal.



The Largest Asparagus Farm in the World, San Joaquin County, Cal.

years but slight toll has been taken from its treasure. Now a great awakening is at hand and a development promised for this section of the Golden State which will rival if not surpass that of any other section of the continent.

Mr. Marshall's new duties, while they take him away personally from his California work which he has come to consider as his own, still leave him in general charge of this branch of the service; but his successor in charge of the Pacific Division, Thomas G. Gerdine, is another young man of energy and ability, who has made a most enviable record for the Geological Survey in Alaska. Mr. Gerdine has for several years had charge of the topographic work in that territory, has made reconnaissance and topographic maps of nearly one-third of it and has carried on explorations stated to be of large economic value. His has been a field where necessity compelled the development of original methods owing to the most unusual conditions and where there were no precedents to follow. But he has not been found wanting in this respect and has placed the maps of the Survey in the hands of the prospector and the miner to the great benefit of the mining industry of Alaska. While the Alaskan survey may be the loser, it is confidently predicted that Mr. Gerdine will "make good" in the prosecution of the great work to which he falls heir in California.



### IVANHOE.

EMMA HORNING.

IVANHOE is Scott's first attempt at English romance, his former being *Scotch*. It met with great success. It reveals his scope of ability in dealing with more than one line of romance. His portrayal of the contrasts of the three nationalities is very vivid. The customs and conditions of early English life is graphic and true to history. The plot is very tactful, the interest sustained, the mysterious always solved in a reasonable way. His broad, charitable mind is distinctly shown by the way in which he treats his characters. He always finds some good in his worst characters. His characters are always equally enough matched to call forth the sympathy of the reader on both sides. This romance is chiefly narrative, with touches of personal character, and woodland and architectural descriptions enough to make the narrative vivid. The movement of the narrative is very rapid which heightens the effect, the whole plot being worked out in less than two weeks with perhaps the exception of a part of the last chapter.

Taken all together *Ivanhoe* is considered Scott's masterpiece in romance.

*Time and Occasion:* Richard I of England went with the Crusaders to the Holy Land, leaving the kingdom in the hands of his unprincipled brother,

Prince John. Richard being made a prisoner in Austria on his way home, Prince John did all in his power to keep him there and in the meantime endeavored to win nobles and peasants to his favor by every means which his unscrupulous nature could invent.

At this time the Normans have complete control of Government affairs. The conquered Saxons are chiefly serfs engaged in agriculture. The antagonistic spirit is shown chiefly by Cedric and his servants who still cherish some hope of Saxon supremacy. (The commercial relations of the age are governed by the Jews. They have command of the wealth and are very necessary to the movement of the romance.) He desires to accomplish this by the marriage of a niece of his friend to Athelstan, both of royal Saxon blood. But his son loves Rowena, his niece, and also is a great friend of Richard I. This angers Cedric. He disowns his son who goes to the Holy Land.

*Plot:* A thunder storm and the sudden fall of night cause a cavalcade including the Templar, Prior and others with an unknown Palmer and a despised Jew to stop at the home of Cedric the Saxon. Here they make the acquaintance of Rowena and she inquires about *Ivanhoe* from the Palmer. The Jew being in danger, the Palmer helps him escape and is rewarded by the Jew securing him equipment for the coming tournament to which they are all making their way.

At the tournament the Palmer, or Disinherited Knight, is successful in the first day's conflict. He chooses Rowena as queen of the day. On the next day the Disinherited Knight is successful again but Prince John awards the prize to the Black Knight who disappears and the Disinherited Knight is crowned by Rowena who is nearly overcome on recognizing *Ivanhoe*. He is wounded and faints, but is taken care of by Rebecca, the daughter of the Jew, Isaac, of York. During the tourney John receives a note saying Richard is in England. It is soon brought to a close and some of his followers hasten to York to crown him king. But De Bracy and the Templar have been charmed by Rowena and Rebecca and plan to seize them on their way home.

The capture is successful and they are taken to a neighboring castle where each pleads for his choice lady but to no effect, when a shout is heard outside the castle, which proves to be their deliverers, being a band of yeomen headed by the Black Knight.

The castle is taken as a fire breaks out in it. All are saved but the owner and the "old woman." But the Templar escapes with Rebecca to the house of the Templars which is entirely against the rules of the Order. The Master of the Order happens to be there and hears of his breaking the rules. To free him from disgrace Rebecca is denounced as a sorceress



and is condemned to be burned at the stake. The Templar secretly has her call for a champion, he himself desiring to be the champion, but he could not make it work and was forced to be against her. At the last moment Ivanhoe arrived as her champion. The conflict took place. The Templar died in the conflict and Rebecca was saved. Their admiration for each other was very deep in their hearts but unexpressed. Finally Ivanhoe married Rowena. Rebecca went to the Holy Land as a sister of mercy to all oppressed or needing her aid. De Bracy escaped to France. Prince John's followers left him, so Richard the Black Knight reigned supreme.

*Characters:* The hero, Ivanhoe, is as perfect a character as the times would permit. He is the connecting link, the peacemaker, between the three hostile nationalities characterized by Cedric, Isaac, and Richard. The heroine, Rebecca, is a model of womanly strength, devotion, purity and tenderness scarcely equaled elsewhere in romance. Scott's characterization of the clergy in their formality, baseness and worldliness was but a characteristic of the age. He shows the opposite characteristics in Rebecca and in part of the speeches of the Master of the Order.

*Fruita, Colo.*

#### SIGNS OF DETERIORATION OF CHARACTER.

1. WHEN you are satisfied with mediocrity.
2. When commonness doesn't trouble you.
3. When you begin to think your father and your mother are old fogies.
4. When you can listen without protest to indecent stories.
5. When you are satisfied to do a thing "just for now," expecting to do it better later.
6. When you do not make confidants of your father and your mother, as you once did, or are ill at ease with them.
7. When you do not feel troubled by a poor day's work, or when a slighted job does not haunt you as it once did.
8. When you can work untroubled in the midst of confused, systemless surroundings which you might remedy.
9. When your ambition begins to cool, and you no longer demand of yourself the same standard of excellence that you once did.
10. When you begin to intimately associate with people whom you would not think of taking to your home, and whom you would not want the other members of your family to know that you know.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

## 'Tis Victory

Richard Seidel

For the bereaved friends of H. M. Barwick, late editor of the Inglenook.

The power that yields to death and to defeat,  
Yields but the conquest to the nobler strife;  
The force repellant, mightier forces meet,  
As fast recedes the ebbing tide of life.  
But, vainly cowering 'neath the sway of doubt,  
We mark as death the power that sets us free,  
'Tis but transition unto joys more real,  
The triumph of immortal life to see.

O life! thou hero, haloed but with bliss,  
And laureate with emblems of thy grace,  
Thou'st smitten but the transient unto death,  
Entombed, the perishing receives its place.  
While, 'mid the tranquil hush, the calm serene,  
The spark that knoweth not decaying blight  
Thy snow-plumed pinions bear from earth away,  
To dwell amid unchanging scenes of light.

Why tread this vale as one of doubts and tears?  
The meed is sure, the recompense is just.  
O life! thy power calms turbulence and fear,  
Divines the mission of exalted trust.  
Thy thrilling touch the latest germs revived,  
And hope's white blossoms swayed in balmy air;  
Thy voice, a minstrel inspiration woke,  
As floats its echoes down the aisles of prayer.

Clothed in the majesty of thine alone,  
In dimless glory shines thy crown of light.  
The chill damps of the misty tomb, O life,  
Ne'er touched thy gleaming robes of spotless white.  
No shadows linger e'er to veil or mar  
Thy radiant form, in symmetry complete,  
Love, from grief, tears the sable pall of fear,  
And at thy bidding, casts it at her feet.

We view thee as an angel form of light,  
Enrobed in vestments of immortal bliss,  
And through the cloud-wreaths, view thee gleaming bright  
Transfigured in thy perfect loveliness.  
Conferring but the boon, perpetual youth,  
That knows no blight, no withering or decay;  
As fresh, as bright, in emerald unfold  
The buds of springtide to the west wind's play.

The conflict ceased, the victory is won,  
The struggling force with force is done,—'tis o'er.  
The spirit greets the cheerful morning light,  
And of earth's gloom and sorrow, knows no more.  
For, mounting upward from earth's din and strife,  
Disrobed but of its brief mortality,  
Its gladsome song through arched-dome portals rung,  
'Tis spirit life and breath,—'tis victory!

## In the Custom House

Grant Mahan

I HAD traveled a good many thousand miles before I knew that there was such an institution as a custom house, for I had had no occasion to go outside of our own country and knew nothing of the method of collecting import duties. But since then we have crossed several borders and submitted to an examination of our belongings. There is all the difference in the world between the examiners. Some are very courteous and others are exactly the opposite; and of course some are much more thorough in their work than others are. We have found those at the ports of entry to our own country as thorough as those of any country we have been in.

middle of September, but it was the close of October before they were released. Our second shipment reached the same port five weeks ago and as yet we have no idea when they will be released. By staying with his goods and paying men to shove them along without thorough examination one might make better time, report says, but that I should not like to do. We have done without the things for so long that we do not miss them so much.

There has been improvement, however. Those who were here under Spanish rule, and have remained, say there is a great change for the better. Formerly if a foreigner wanted to get his goods through in any-



Custom House at Santiago de Cuba.

Some of them seem to enjoy bothering people as much as possible, and their experience has taught them what persons are most easily confused. We remember one old gentleman who was made to take everything out of his large valise. His own nervousness was the cause. None have ever appeared to us to be discourteous or inclined to make more trouble for us than was necessary.

But going through the custom house with trunks and valises is something quite different from taking freight through. The latter experience we never had until we came to Cuba; and if it is the same everywhere we do not care to take many goods to any other foreign land. Here it takes so long. Some say the time can be shortened considerably by giving liberal tips, but as to that I can say nothing from personal experience. A brief account of how things have gone with us may not be out of place. Our first shipment of goods reached Santiago de Cuba a little after the

thing like reasonable time he had to come down liberally with tips. One large importer had a regular scale of prices for those through whose hands his goods passed, and the higher the position of the official the more had to be paid to him. And woe to the importer who had missed one man, for that one would block the whole business. When money was being passed around, no one who had any claim at all to it wanted to be missed. The tipping system is generally corrupting. It leads men to do dishonest things in order that they may get more liberal tips; and the man who, under such conditions, gives the tip is really worse than the one who receives it.

And sometimes the custom house officials are exceedingly stupid. An American in business imported some rubber tires. The bill of lading came, stating that the goods were coming by a certain ship. But across the face of it was written that there was no room for them on the ship, and they would follow on



the next one, which they did. Then the importer took his bill of lading and went to the custom house. There the bill of lading for the ship on which the goods came, or the goods on the ship named in the bill of lading, was demanded. It was, of course, impossible to do what was asked; and the statement on the bill of lading had no effect. The matter was taken up with the American consul, but even he was unable to make the officials see the reasonableness of the man's request for his rubber tires. It was dragged along for three weeks. Finally the consul went to the chief at the custom house and told him the goods must be delivered at once or the matter would be taken up with the authorities at Havana. And this threat had the desired effect, the goods being delivered the next day. Liberal tipping might have prevented the delay. We may have our opinions, but we cannot know as to that, though we do know that tips are gladly received.

Other instances might be given, but these will show pretty well how things have been and are so far as the custom house is concerned. There is still room for improvement, and we hope it will be made in the near future. Honesty and efficiency should be required of every man in the service, and the man who receives a tip should be dismissed immediately. These men are paid by the government and should be punished for showing favors for money or withholding justice from the man who refuses to try to corrupt them. But there is sure to be some crookedness in any considerable body of men, and the only thing to do is to be on the watch for it and inflict penalties on the guilty. There should also be a way to punish those who attempt to smuggle. It is strange what the consciences of some people will allow them to do when they are traveling from one country. They think it no sin to steal from the government. They are morally deficient even though their names are on the church book and they are held up as examples.

It would be much pleasanter if we could travel from one country to another and not be under obligation to unpack our belongings; but so long as a large part of the revenue of many countries is derived from import duties we can hardly expect to travel without these interruptions. And, moreover, it is possibly a good thing that there are some unpleasant things about traveling, for if there were not we might have too many people traveling all the time. We have no quarrel with the custom house except when goods are held an unreasonable time. A way should be found to make the officials examine goods in the order they are received.

*Omaja, Cuba.*



. The man who never smiles is a walking protest against the goodness of God.

### THE VIOLET.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

The April showers  
Awoke the flowers  
In nook and cranny sleeping,  
From many a plain  
In the fields of grain  
The flowers then were peeping.

The meadows were bright  
With the blossoms white  
Above the bright green showing.  
While the breezes fell  
On the little dell  
Where treasures rare were blowing

I found a flower  
In a little bower—  
In quiet nook so shady.  
The violet blue  
So modest and true,  
So like a little lady.

The blue from the sky  
In her gentle eye  
Among the green was hiding.  
With a gentle grace  
She sat in her place,  
So loving and confiding.

Then I left the spot,  
But never forgot  
That fondest, dearest treasure;  
But left her alone  
By a large red stone  
To give another pleasure.



### DRUNKENNESS COMPARED WITH OTHER EXPENSES.

THE following expense items give a fair idea of the necessary and unnecessary outlay of money per annum:

Births cost \$225,000,000.  
Marriages cost \$300,000,000.  
Burials cost \$600,000,000.  
Drunkenness costs \$1,744,447,000.

One and one-half times as much money is spent for rum as is spent for births, marriages and burials, all combined, and six times as much as is spent for our public schools and eight times as much as is spent for preaching the Gospel.

**A WISE MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.**

NICK, a thirty-year-old horse owned by Earl Thayer, of Billingham, Mass., performs his daily round of duties with an intelligence which indicates the possession of something very much like reasoning power, and more thoughtfulness than some boys, for he never forgets.

At six o'clock every week-day morning, Nick is harnessed to a buggy and, with the reins tied to the dash, he trots down the road without a driver, to a certain house where he stops, turns the wagon on the lock and waits. Presently, a young lady comes from the house, and as soon as she is seated Nick, without guidance, trots off to the railway station a half mile distant, where he brings the wagon to the platform, turns the wheel and stops. As soon as his passenger alights, Nick trots back to his own stable and waits for his master to free him from the wagon. When he needs new shoes he goes alone to the blacksmith for them. His fame has spread throughout the community.

**A STRANGE WILL.**

The following beautiful and pathetic lines, appearing in Lippincott's for March, were the only possessions of an insane lawyer who died some years ago in the ward for the insane at the Chicago poor-house, where, after his death, they were found in his ragged coat. Some members of the Chicago Bar Association came into possession of the paper, and the Association passed a resolution ordering the probate of the strange will, and it was probated in due form and spread upon the records of Cook County, Illinois. Mr. Jesse B. Roote, of the Butte, Montana, bar, while in Chicago, copied the record.

I, CHARLES LOUNSBERRY, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interests which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that

dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item: I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance or care.

Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively, I give all merry songs and grave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory; and bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without tithe or diminution.

Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

**THE FUGITING OF OLD TEMPUS.**

WE have reached another equinox, and from now for six months the day will have the long end of it. How fast speed the days, weeks, seasons, years—especially as we "grow older" and look back more and more, instead of ever to the future as the young are apt to do.

"Like a flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave."

Many people look upon this quick passage of time with dissatisfaction and regret, but in the well-ordered life no process of nature—not even death—need be



feared. If life seems to pass rapidly it is because we are busy, and let us be thankful that we are not of the unfortunate "leisure class," on whose hands time hangs so heavily that they have to invent the silliest and most inconsequential fads to occupy their poor little minds. If living is a burden and death a dread, be assured it is because the laws of life have been broken and Nature is taking her revenge.

If we fill our lives with the things that are worth while there will be no room for idle regrets or vain anticipations. There awaits our doing ten thousand times more than we could ever accomplish if we lived to the age of Methuselah. Our utmost is not much, but it is enough. And when the end comes and we are sent on we can rest easy in the consciousness that we did our part toward redeeming the world by honest work. If the years rush by so fast that we can scarcely keep account of them, so much the better, provided we are using those years to good purpose. But if we are working for the sake of money, or public notice, or to see how little we can give in return for what we receive, or are wasting our time on activities which do not minister to man's betterment, then woe to us indeed.

Life ought to be pleasant; if it is not pleasant the trouble is in ourselves and it is on us to readjust our manner of living without losing another hour. There is a right way for every one of us and we must find it. But as for clinging to life—that is morbid and wrong, and if we find ourselves running to seed along this line it is a sign that we need something more real to busy ourselves about. It is necessary to greatly overwork some people to keep them out of mischief.  
—*The Pathfinder.*



### THE COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

WHEN a new schoolhouse is to be built in a rural district, it is too often the case that it is located where the cheapest spot of ground can be had. A quarter of an acre of ground might raise four or five bushels of wheat a year, which might sell for three or four dollars. It appears to some a question whether such valuable property should be devoted to the use of the children. To such it seems much cheaper to plant the schoolhouse in a swamp, on a sandhill, or a treeless waste. But it should be remembered that an attractive schoolground will do much more than a wheat crop to keep the child on the farm. In many a country child there is born an antipathy to the farm life before he is old enough to reason the subject. The surroundings of the child are much more potent than is generally supposed in fixing his ideas of life.

Not only should the location of the schoolhouse be pleasant and inspiring, but the building itself should harmonize with the child's love of the beautiful. The

ordinary country schoolhouse in years gone by has been little more than a box.

Intelligent managers of the most progressive railway companies are more and more building truly beautiful stations and surrounding them with artistically laid out parks with flower beds, vines, shrubs, trees, etc., even though they may accommodate no more people than with ugly structures and unkept grounds. The great transportation companies would not make large expenditures for such purposes if they did not find it profitable to do so. Such being true, will it not pay the people of every school district to adopt a similar policy with reference to their school and its environs? Indeed, how much more should it be considered important to provide attractive conditions during that period in the lives of our children when they are the most impressible and responsive to the influence of environment.

When the sanitary, artistic, and moral possibilities of such an improvement can be once understood by the patrons of a school, the whole neighborhood can be enlisted to bring about the change.

The teacher must usually take the initiative in improving the surroundings of the school building. It may often be necessary to develop the sentiment of the community in favor of betterment before he can secure sufficient coöperation. But in every neighborhood there are a few persons whose influence may be effectively enlisted. When these few are sufficiently interested, a "bee" may be organized for improving the school grounds. One man will repair the fence, or remove it if not needed; another will plow the ground, if that is necessary; another will sow the seed for a new sod, and still others will bring trees and bushes for ornament and shade. The whole work may be done in a day, if properly planned. Most persons begin such work without a fundamental plan or picture of what is to be desired. They want to know about roses and lilacs, and how much space to leave between the shrubs and plots of flowers; and then put them in promiscuously or else with mathematical precision in any part of the school ground. The result of such aimless planting is stiff, artificial, and unpleasing.

First, then, have a definite plan. "Begin with the plan, not with the plants." And the plan should have reference to the proper uses of a school ground. The middle of the plot should be open, allowing room for the sports and exercises so necessary to good physical development in children. The side next to the highway should also be left open. The schoolhouse should be the center of a beautiful picture in landscape gardening.

Regard must be had not only to the picture which the house and grounds present to an observer from the outside, but also from the inside. "All schools should be located, as far as possible, where the eye will rest

upon the things of nature instead of clusters of houses." Leave openings in your foliage plan wherever distant views can be had of fine old trees, hills, a lake, or a handsome farm house. Such influences as these appeal not only to the child's sense of proportion and beauty but minister also to the right development of his moral character.

Blessed is the boy or girl who is born in the country, or at least has the opportunity of learning the lessons of youth in a pleasant country schoolhouse. Duty may call older persons to the city, and the trained, devoted mind may find God in the city, too; but the ideal place for children is in closest contact with Nature. Yet the average country boy or girl is not always inspired with the highest ideals; it requires refined tastes in parents and teacher and a love for the beautiful to make even natural advantages impressive and effective in character-making. These results do not come of themselves, but must be cultivated.

After the school ground has been properly platted and bordered with shade trees, attention should be given to ornamenting with shrubs and flowering plants; but nothing is more attractive than a strong-growing green sod on the areas not needed for playgrounds.

In the selection of shrubs and trees, only the most common should be planted, as they will be the most certain to live and thrive. The most ordinary shrubs and bushes when carefully placed in a school ground will give it a beauty that would delight the eye and heart of a city-bred boy or girl. Willows, witch-hazel, dogwood, sweetbriar, thorn-apple, elders, sumac, and many others may be found in almost any rural locality. Others can easily be added from the farmer's garden and orchard. Along the fences and the walls of outbuildings running vines may be used to excellent advantage.

The heart of child and man has been made responsive to the sweet influences of Nature and learns to look through Nature up to the great Author of all Nature. Surround our children with an environment that is beautifying and uplifting, and we have furnished them with the strongest support and incentive to the highest mental and moral development.—*Prof. Frank William Howe.*



#### THE NEW ARBITRATION TREATIES.

THE failure of The Hague Conference to agree upon a general treaty of obligatory arbitration has not seriously interfered with the steady progress of the movement for the general application, under treaty stipulation, of arbitration to the settlement of controversies between nations. Under the circumstances, of course, the movement is forced still to make its way in a fragmentary and irregular manner. But it goes forward, nevertheless, under the impulsion of its own previously acquired momentum, and there

is not the least reason to doubt that it will reach its consummation in due time. Indeed, it has already won its case, and any further question about it is one of detail only.

The new treaty with France, negotiated by Secretary Root, was ratified by the United States Senate, in secret session, on February 19. In an interview with the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, Mr. Root stated that the government with whom Secretary Hay had signed treaties—the treaties which failed to go into effect because of disagreement between the President and the Senate—had consented to change them so as to meet the views of the Senate. All these modified treaties will, then, shortly be sent to the Senate for ratification, and it is understood that Secretary Root will negotiate similar treaties with the other nations. The President has, of course, waived objection to the Senate's point of view, as otherwise no treaties could be concluded.

The substance of the treaty with France is contained in the following articles:

"Differences which may arise of a legal nature or relating to the interpretation of treaties existing between the two contracting parties, and which it may not have been possible to settle by diplomacy, shall be referred to the Permanent Court of Arbitration established at The Hague by the Convention of July 29, 1899, provided nevertheless, that they do not affect the vital interest, the independence or the honor of the two contracting States and do not concern the interest of third parties.

"In each individual case the high contracting parties, before appealing to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, shall conclude a special agreement defining clearly the matter in dispute, the scope of the powers of the arbitrators and the periods to be fixed for the formation of the arbitral tribunal and the several stages of the procedure. It is understood that on the part of the United States such special agreements will be made by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and on the part of France they will be subject to the procedure required by the constitutional laws of France."

At first thought it may appear that little is gained by such a treaty, which is only a general agreement to make a special agreement to submit to arbitration certain kinds of controversy that may arise. But in reality it has great moral force. It is a public pledge on the part of the whole nation, through the treaty-making power, to submit certain of its controversies with the other power to the International Court of Arbitration which it has assisted in creating. The fact that the submission will have to be passed upon by the Senate as well as the President is not likely to change the ultimate result, except in the remotest possible contingency.—*Advocate of Peace.*



## CURRENT COMMENTS



The three hundredth anniversary of the landing of Champlain at Quebec is to be celebrated by a week of pageantry and ceremony next July. The Prince of Wales is coming over with a fleet of sixteen warships. French and American vessels will be on hand, also, and representatives are expected from all the English colonies. Especial emphasis is to be laid on the idea of the empire; and not only the British government, but the colonies are asked to contribute to the \$2,000,000 expenses of the celebration.

The even hand of justice is scarcely apparent in the news from Toledo that three members of the Ice Trust convicted for their crime and sentenced to six months' imprisonment have been released after serving only thirty-seven days, because their business was suffering and their families needed their presence. Perhaps the release of the criminals was justifiable, but we do not remember hearing of burglars or pickpockets being released for such "sentimental" reasons. The men who raise the price of ice, thus depriving the poor of what is often a necessity, show very little consideration for the sufferings of the families of others.

In connection with the exhibition of the results of congestion in New York City, some very disagreeable stories of child labor have appeared in the papers. One settlement worker told of a child of four years, who had been required by her mother to sew buttons on trousers. She was hardly old enough to understand what was required of her before she was perched cross-legged on a chair to work. There she sat ten hours or more each day until she was eight years old. Then it was found that as a result of sitting so long in this cramped and unnatural position she could not walk, and an operation had to be performed before she could do so. A good many of our "bargin" stores make their profits out of such labor.

The idea of the old age pension is spreading from Europe to this country. At Albany the Ways and Means Committee are said to be favorable to reporting a bill which provides for a pension of \$144 a year for all persons over sixty years of age who are incapacitated and have no income. The conditions are that they have lived in the State twenty-five years, have not been convicted of a crime, have never deserted their wives and have supported their children up to the age of fourteen.

Reports continue to come in concerning the outrages of the "night riders" of Kentucky, who are fighting the "Tobacco" Trust and every tobacco raiser suspected of being willing to sell to it. The Society of Equity, which is suspected of complicity with the raiders, strenuously denies the charge and in some cases is offering rewards for the arrest and conviction of the night riders. Claude Williams, president of the Woodford County branch of the society, has offered rewards of \$250 for anyone burning tobacco barns, \$250 for anyone participating in night riding, \$125 for anyone scraping or salting tobacco beds, \$125 for anyone maiming or killing horses or cattle, and \$125 for posting or sending threatening letters.

Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, the other day was reported to have said that where women have the ballot very few of them vote. The College Equal Suffrage League of Massachusetts took up the matter and passed a resolution calling President Wilson's attention, "to the fact that the Colorado Secretary of State says eighty per cent of Colorado women register and about seventy-two per cent vote. The Wyoming Secretary of State says ninety per cent of the women in Wyoming vote, and the Chief Justice of Idaho and all the Justices of the State Supreme Court have signed a statement that "the large vote cast by the women establishes the fact that they take a lively interest." In Australia at the last Federal election 628,235 men voted and 431,033 women.

### Convictions in the Pennsylvania Capitol Case.

The whole country was glad to hear recently that four of the men accused of conspiracy to defraud the State in the Pennsylvania Capitol cases had been found guilty. That Pennsylvania had been to all practical intents robbed right and left in the furnishing of the Capitol there was, of course, no doubt. A contract which was to have cost the State \$800,000 cost \$5,487,899. John H. Sanderson, the contractor, is supposed to have cleared between four and five million dollars, though what became of all this sum is not known. The only question was whether the State could prove conspiracy. The particular case just concluded was connected with a bill of \$50,000 for tables, chairs, sofas, and clothes trees, on which fraud of \$19,000 was alleged. The men convicted were J. H. Sanderson, contractor; William P. Snyder, ex-Attorney General; W. L. Mathues, ex-State Treasurer, and James M. Shumaker, ex-Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds. The testimony produced during the trial was in good part technical, but was occasionally enlivened by accounts of the immense sums of money charged for chairs, tables, and so on. The fact that more than three million dollars was hurriedly paid to Sanderson before the installation of Berry, the reform treasurer, was again brought out. The way bills showed that furniture reached Harrisburg in some cases six months after it had been paid for as received. Former Governor Pennypacker testified for the defense. He is generally considered to be honest but deluded. The present is only the first of thirty-eight cases connected with the scandal. The next case is for alleged fraud on the part of Joseph M. Huston, the architect; Congressman H. Burd Cassel, of the Pennsylvania Construction Company; ex-Auditor General Snyder, ex-State Treasurer Mathues, ex-Superintendent Shumaker and Traveling Auditor Frank Irvine. The men just convicted have petitioned for a re-trial. The news from California that the Supreme Court of that State has affirmed the decision of the inferior court that the convictions of Ruef and Schmitz are not legal warns the country not to be too sure of the result of the appeal of the Pennsylvania grafters.

### The English Education Bill.

One of the principal elements in the great Liberal triumph in the English elections two years ago was the objection of the Nonconformists to the Education law passed by the Unionists in 1902, under which denominational schools giving denominational teaching were supported by the rates—that is, local taxation. That law was met by the passive resistance of many Nonconformists, Free churchmen, who suffered themselves to go to

jail and have their goods sold at auction rather than pay a tax contrary to their conscience. The first bill introduced by the present government to remedy the wrong in Mr. Balfour's school law was defeated in the House of Lords. Mr. McKenna who has succeeded Mr. Birrell as Minister of Education, last month introduced a new education bill. To explain the bill some history of English common school education is necessary. Elementary education has not been almost exclusively provided by the state in England as with us. A large proportion of the schools have been started by churches, a great many by the Anglicans, in smaller numbers by the Roman Catholics and the Wesleyans. Mr. Forster's education act of 1870 founded secular schools like those in our country, the so-called councils schools, but also gave grants to the so-called voluntary schools, which were generally denominational, and compelled parents, whatever their religious belief, to send their children to these schools in parishes where there was no other school. As we have said, Mr. Balfour's law of 1902 went much farther and compelled the tax-payers to support their denominational schools.

#### Mr. McKenna's Bill.

Mr. McKenna's new bill provides that only undenominational schools shall be supported by public taxation in single school parishes. The trustees of any school which is handed over to the local education authority may require that such religious instruction be given in the school as is provided for by the London County Council syllabus, and may have the use of the school free on Saturdays and Sundays. In the case of single school parishes they may have the use of the school for religious instructions before or after regular school hours. The bill abolishes religious tests in public schools. It provides that in parishes having more than one school parliamentary grants not to exceed forty-seven shillings per child may be given to denominational schools which have thirty or more pupils and come up to the standard required by the Board of Education. The parliamentary grant under the proposed law would be from four to six shillings greater per child than at present. The bill appears to be generally accepted by Nonconformists as fair. It will be opposed by Catholics and conservative Anglicans and is likely to run against a snag in the House of Lords.

#### Ashamed of His Record.

At least one Congressman on the Judiciary Committee of the House is now ashamed of the attitude that he took during the hearings on the proposed legislation relating to the interstate shipments of intoxicating liquors. The Congressman is DeAlva S. Alexander of New York. In his desire to have his attitude concealed he has even resorted to a mutilation of the record.

During one of the hearings on the proposed legislation, while Matthew E. O'Brien, of Bridgeport, Conn., Congressional representative of the National Prohibition committee, was making his argument, Mr. Alexander interrupted with a fusillade of questions which were promptly answered by Mr. O'Brien and in a way that did not suit the Congressman.

One of Mr. O'Brien's replies was, "I am sufficiently intelligent to know what is right." This nettled the Congressman and four whole pages of typewritten dialog ensued in which the Congressman who had started in with the determination of rattling the prohibition advocate came out second best. He finally gave up the at-

tempt to put the speaker in a false light and informed Mr. O'Brien that he could proceed with his argument.

After the stenographic notes had been transcribed Mr. Alexander went to the clerk of the committee and struck out the dialog from the record by crossing a pencil through it. Mr. O'Brien learned of this and entered a protest. He said he did not wish any one to write his argument or to edit it.

Chairman Jenkins of the committee ordered the matter stricken out by Congressman Alexander restored and this was supposed to end the incident, but Mr. Alexander and Mr. O'Brien met and the Congressman said that the questions he had asked were immaterial and he wished to withdraw them from the record. Mr. O'Brien replied that his answers were part of his argument and that he wished them printed in the record and would protest if they were not. Then Mr. Alexander said he would withdraw the questions and leave the answers.

At the next meeting of the full committee Mr. O'Brien appeared and said he wished to make a supplemental statement which he was allowed to do and he made it in this fashion. "The other day I appeared before the committee and during the argument made by me I was interrupted by Mr. Alexander of New York who asked numerous questions. He is now evidently ashamed of the questions that he asked and wants them withdrawn from the record, leaving my answers. This will make my statement read disconnectedly and I wish this statement to go into the record so that the reader will know why this disconnection occurred. Mr. Alexander now says that his questions were immaterial. If they were, why did he ask them? I think that the stenographic report should go in the record but if that is not to be I want something to go in to show why my remarks do not read smoothly."

Mr. Littlefield said, "Your statement now will make the matter clear in the record," and the incident was supposed by every one to be closed, but a week later Mr. O'Brien learned that the pages containing his dialog with Mr. Alexander had been torn from the record.

The prohibition advocate then made an appeal to his Connecticut Congressman to see that his remarks were printed as delivered and that the record give a verbatim report of the proceedings and not such report of them as the Congressman from New York desired. He secured from the stenographer a transcript of his remarks and supplied the missing pages and if they do not appear in the record several members will protest on the floor of the House.

#### A Murderous Weapon.

A new invention in the line of death-dealing instruments is to make its appearance soon at the Sandy Hook, N. J., proving grounds. The gun is mounted on an automobile having a speed of sixty miles per hour. It discharges two million bullets an hour. No powder nor other explosive nor compressed air is used. No shells are required. It makes no noise, no smoke, no flash, no report. There is no recoil. The gun never gets heated; it cannot explode. Two men can operate it. The velocity of projectiles is 3,000 feet per second. Ten guns firing 20,000,000 shots an hour would wipe out an army of 200,000 inside of sixty minutes, if one per cent of the missiles hit men. This may harmonize very well with twentieth century inventions, but how does it sound for twentieth century civilization? It is to be hoped that in the test the gun may fail to make good, for who could rejoice in the success of such an instrument of death?



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## IMPERFECT JUDGMENTS.

It seems to be common for the disqualified to want to judge and condemn their superiors. A man who labored all his life without accumulating any fortune, either money or intellect, was working for another man who had accumulated much and was continually increasing his wealth. The poor man was always criticising the rich man's poor judgment in making investments. It was common for him to tell the neighbors that the rich man had made another financial mistake altho year after year the rich man's calculations made a showing while the other man's judgment did not.

People with a smattering of medicine often condemn the treatment which some broad-minded doctor, ripened by experience, is giving some one. He has struck the substratum in his science, has correlated facts and knows the relations and interdependence of his drugs and the response which the human system will yield. One such case we saw. A doctor of this latter class said to a friend that in three weeks a certain one of his patients would die. On that very day she died. This doctor knew her system and the progress of the disease and acted accordingly altho some younger and less experienced doctors came in and laughed at the folly of the old man in giving up his patient. Their fun was great only while it lasted.

We used to notice some upstarts in language among teachers when we were teaching school. Some linguists among our institute lecturers made and unmade grammatical rules to fit the occasion. They knew that other men had first prescribed the present set of rules and that accepted usage was the only authority for continuing the use of certain rules of speech. They had mastered the grammar of several languages and knew the advantages and disadvantages of each language, and knew where our own could be benefited and strengthened. They composed sentences in such forms and with such words as expressed the concept

which the mind had at the time of utterance. To all of this the little fellow who had gone thru two or three English grammars turned up his nose in holy horror at the supposed blunders which the lecturer was making.

It is worth something to get over and forever past that dependent stage where you only know what some set of rules has decreed. Shakespeare made usage for the English world instead of accepting it. He gave little attention to rules. We have adopted his forms at present and most people think it a blunder to vary from such classical writers. Milton spelled words to please his own taste regardless of lexicographers. Poets have a license to omit letters and break the meter when they please. The phonetic spelling committee are being severely ridiculed by some editors for introducing phonetic spelling. These editors do not know that many of our silent letters are of recent birth and were mere affectations when introduced. It is another illustration of how narrow-minded people cry down and destroy if possible the work of their superiors.

The old saying,

"To be very wise and know it, is a pleasant thing no doubt,

But when young folks talk to old folks they should know what they're about,"

is true in morals as well as everywhere else. It was our privilege a few years back to trace back thru history the modern claims that the Christian world was all terrorized in the year 1,000 A. D., because they expected the world to come to an end at that date.

This has been taught prolifically for a few hundred years and we had a few combats with would-be scholars about the point named, but when the original source was found it warranted no such teaching. Indeed there is a painful absence of such teaching in the writings of scholars around the date 1,000 A. D. Later writers concocted the dramatic thot and others have swallowed it thotlessly and repeated it until modern literature is full of the error.

We want to urge the use of original sources as the basis for our belief and speech. Modern church conferences do not make the religion of Jesus Christ, and his religion will remain right when all the churches say it is wrong. We caution against quickly discounting another's ability and fitness or authority. Some people think Webster's dictionary is infallible, and, yet, when a man who knows the root and growth of English goes thru Webster, he finds errors and inconsistencies abounding, but Webster's dictionary is not invalid because of these errors. It only serves to show the variation among best authorities and the right which a scholar has to use some latitude in his choice of words.

To any one who has spent years in comparing Latin, Greek, German and French and knows the growth of

English forms, there are latitudes that the academic man knows nothing about, and cannot learn on the spur of the moment. The one thing he can do is to continue howling—but it is at his *own* weakness.



#### WORD FROM CARRIE A. NATION.

WE present our readers, this week, with a letter from Carrie Nation, accompanied with her photograph. She publishes a monthly paper at Washington, D. C., which is brimful of energy. It is called the *Hatchet*. Whatever people may say about her bold way of combating saloons, everybody admits her sincerity. When she began her notorious work of smashing saloons with a hatchet in Wichita, Kansas, a few years ago, many people abroad thot it was the result of a disordered mind, but such was not the case. The state laws of Kansas prohibited saloons, but no man, nor society, nor official would raise his finger to cleanse Wichita of her debauched saloon element and the social evil which was burning up the character and manhood of the rising generation. It was during such a moral fire as this, after others laughed and refused to act, that Carrie Nation went single-handed into the saloons of the city and smashed their belongings.

Such a course set people to thinking and they thot until the tide rose high enough that they cleansed Wichita by a vote of the people.

Passivity may be a virtue at times, but it is also a Christian duty to denounce wrong and evil. Carrie Nation is fearless in her denunciation of any wrong. Her list of evils which she combats includes the following: The license saloon, the social evil, divorce and remarriage, freemasonry and kindred lodges, tobacco and cigarets, heathenish dressing and infanticide by women.

She is a firm believer in the teachings of the Bible. She was recently arrested and imprisoned in the workhouse at Washington, D. C., for preaching on the steps of the postoffice in that city. The judge offered to recall his decision if she would promise to quit exposing the sins of the legislators at the national capital, but Mrs. Nation would give up her head quicker than give up the message which she claims the Bible has for this age. Friends soon contributed the money which bought her freedom and now she is traveling and writing continually in the interest of righteousness.

It is not often that such a woman comes before the public, and Carrie Nation will have more genuine friends after she is dead a few years than she has now. The history of old John Brown is likely to be repeated in her case.

Could everybody think and do right at all times—yes, if all the professing Christians would vote their convictions—then such upheavals and unpleasant

episodes as Carrie Nation's life represents would be unnecessary. Always stand for the right.



#### A CHANCE AT THE FOE.

SOME of our readers may wonder why we give so much space to temperance matter of various kinds since, perhaps without exception, those to whom the magazine goes are already fully converted to the cause. The reason is this: Since the passage of local option laws in a number of States the issue has been presented to the people freed from any of the features that heretofore may have made it objectionable. It is no longer a political question. Any one can throw himself into the thick of the fight without becoming besmirched in any way with the corruption of politics. The question stands alone. Will you have the saloon with all the evil which it brings to your neighbor and with which it threatens you and yours? For a long time you have been *thinking* on the right side of this question, now is the time to *act* on the right side. This is why we talk temperance to you, to get you to make use of the right vouchsafed to every citizen of this land of the free and home of the brave, that our freedom may no more be threatened by the rum curse, and that our bravery may no longer be in question.



#### ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS ARE WANTED FOR THE INGLENOOK.

A MODEL Farm Kitchen.

How to Keep the Young Folks on the Farm.

How to Grow Old in Good Health and Happiness.

How I solved the Hired Girl Problem.

A Woman's Pin-Money. (How to earn it.)

How to be Happy Though Unmarried.

How to be Popular.

Courtship.



#### HOW STRANGE.

ONE of our old and valuable contributors has asked us to publish an illustrated article on The Hague Tribunal as a counterpart to the article we published on the American Navy some time ago. We are glad to confess that quite a while before we published the article on the navy, we solicited parties who have outwardly professed to be adherents to peace principles for a few articles on peace. We received nothing from them and then solicited some peace adherents who attended The Hague Court, but up to date we have not received a line favoring peace.

We must confess our own disappointment in the matter, for we have longed for a brilliant write-up of this world-wide question. We hope this will answer all inquiries why we gave so much information about the navy and nothing in favor of peace. Perhaps the good news will be given yet. We, ourselves, are supplying a little matter in favor of peace as we go along.





## Reverence

Catharine Beery Van Dyke

Is corn to grow by method and character by caprice?—Henry Drummond.

WE have but to drop into church sometime, somewhere, take a back seat and use our observation to be convinced of the need of teaching to our children the virtue of reverence. It is the lamentable cry of so many congregations of religious worshipers that the young people lack reverence. The trouble with this matter, as with some others relating to the best interests of our children, is that we do not think much about it till we detect the lack of it. By that time the most propitious opportunities for teaching it have passed, for the virtues are not to be attached to us as ornaments but must be infused into our characters from very early life.

Froebel interprets religion to be the endeavor to get and ever hold fast *union with God*. Now it is a discoverable fact that when children are growing into a knowledge of their distinct selves and their surroundings this is the time—the easiest and best time—to put into their thoughts and actions the principles of righteous instruction. Improved, at this time, the weaknesses and backslidings which attend human experiences will be more readily overcome and it will be easier to “keep union.” Neglected at this point, it will be hard indeed to “get union with God.”

Froebel adds: “We do not even live up to our own professions. We profess to be the sons of God and are not yet true children of our own parents. God is said to be our Father and we are far from being true fathers to our own children. We aim to see the divine and we leave uncared for the human which leads to it.” I gather from this that in order to teach reverence for religion and religious things—reverence for God—we must also establish in our children, when they are very young, respect for human friends and for themselves. Two extremes are to be shunned here: The depreciation of human friendship; and the too confidential or sentimental or familiar relations with others. Children should not only be taught strict honesty and sincerity in their dealings with the “home folks,” but also to hold as sacred their engagements and dealings with their teachers, their school-

mates, their friends, and the parents of other children. Also they should be taught the *principle* of defending the aged, the very young, the poor and those afflicted in any visible way. They should be told in simple, sincere, earnest, everyday words the relation they bear to the church in all its departments of work.

Often children do *bad* things because they do not *know* any *good* things to do. If they are uninstructed by their parents, as so many children have been and are, they are left without rudder or guide except as their own undeveloped judgments guide or as their caprice governs them. These, in the very best-born children, are not adequate.

This state of moral disadvantage would be something like depriving each generation of all the discoveries, knowledge and improvements of past ages and requiring each generation or even individual to discover, learn and improve every thing and condition on his own responsibility. If he wanted salt, for instance, to season his food, let him discover the mine, dig it and use his own portion. If light or heat or electricity is needed, let him by personal experiments adapt these to his use according to the best methods he can work out. This seems ridiculous, but, soberly, is it not very like the hazardous condition we leave our children in when it regards their moral and spiritual education?

Oh, give the child a fair chance in these things, equal, at least, to the chance you are willing to give him in education, in social advancement or in a business career. Any parent that is worthy the name will see to it that the children learn to work; that they get an education; that they become fit to make a living in this world. Why not, with at least equal common sense, see to it that the children are prepared also in the higher branches, having acquired the equipment of a religious and spiritual life which not only illuminates the secular but is also a passport to the Life which evermore shall continue?

Many mothers are infatuated with motherhood, not because of the far-reaching and marvelous power that is given with it, but rather because of its being

the fruition of an instinct—the instinct that naturally accompanies every normal woman. A fruition that seems to call for some kind of expression or demonstration. So they *express* and *demonstrate* in ways, that to more thoughtful parents look quite foolish and silly.

To be clearer: I have heard some women say they would rather have girl babies than boys *because they can dress little girls so much nicer than boys and make them look so much prettier*. Some, looking a little deeper than the body, would make a preacher of this one, an artist of that, a musician of another and so on, while the greatest, grandest possibility of the state of motherhood is all uncomprehended. It is the possibility of motherhood, it is the power of motherhood, it is the responsibility of motherhood, in co-operation with fatherhood, to cultivate *souls* for the very highest that earth can give to them and, in return, receive from them, as *well* as to prepare them for heavenly citizenship!

With this momentous view of the case, what does it matter whether the baby wears a simple pink calico frock or a fine white silk mull with two or three edged ruffles and lace between? With this view of the case, should not all parents be aroused to a sense of dignity and concern, a sense of ambition and obligation sufficient to cause us to roll up our sleeves and go to work in real earnest on this problem of all problems, the proper rearing of our offspring?

Children are so constituted that they learn and form their habits more accurately from example than by precept. You do not need to say to the child: "I think more of your body than I do of your mind and soul," or "I think more of your body and mind than I do of your soul." You only need to act it out in neglecting the spiritual part and the child will know it,—know it better than if you told him so. On the other hand, if you sincerely strive for the highest spiritual development in your child, he will know that, too, and will in the depth of his heart feel little impulse to get away from the sweet power of such an atmosphere. The conclusion to be drawn from these statements is simply this: If our children show irreverence for sacred things the fault has been our own while the *loss* only is the children's. Do not think this statement harsh but *study* your own personal attitude toward your children. Is that attitude a communicative one? Are your relations mutually confidential and sympathetic? If you can answer these questions affirmatively your situation is not serious and you may with ease lead your child into a state of possessing at all times that sincere respect for all things respectable and that reverence for holy things that you desire him to have.

I cannot leave this subject without naming at least this one thing which I believe to be one of the strongest forces in generating or quickening this splendid

virtue if engaged in with special reference to this end. I also believe it to be incumbent upon every household, whether converted or unconverted. I refer to the duty of praying with and for our children and of teaching them the same exercise. Out of this the family altar is formed—a thing which every family has a right to have.

185 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.



#### HOW AN ANGEL LOOKS.

Robin, holding his mother's hand,  
Says "Good night" to the big folks all,  
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,  
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall,  
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,  
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother with fond caress  
Slips her hand through his soft, brown hair,  
Thinks of his fortune all unknown,  
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer:  
"Holy angels, keep watch and ward,  
God's good angels, my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"  
Asked the boy in a wondering tone;  
"How will they look if they come here,  
Watching me while I'm all alone?"  
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he;  
Answered the mother tenderly:

"Prettiest faces ever were known,  
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes;"  
Robin, waiting for nothing more,  
Cried with a look of pleased surprise,  
Love and trust in his eyes of blue.  
"I know, mamma they're just like you!"

—Household.



#### INVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION.

J. S. FLORY.

THE evolution of the "human form divine" from the earlier ages of the human race down to the present time is an interesting study. In the days of Samson and the days of the "giants" much attention was given to the animal and physical man. In the age of pyramid builders the brain casket was something like the pyramids in shape, strength below and less in build as we go up in our measurements. But now we have the heads of men and women more like the inverted pyramid, the largest part above—the upper story has widened out. Not so much now do we measure men from the pugilist's ring, as we do from the amount of intelligent grey matter in the head.

Yes, things have changed and from the "earthy" we have gotten up nearer the spiritual. We are glad to note this in the writers of the INGLENOOK and the kind of material our schools are turning out, showing the kind of work being done inside the walls of our institutions of learning. Before me lies a letter just received from one of the students of Mt. Morris Col-



lege. She says: "This is my fifth year and I enjoy my school work very much. It seems to me I am living in a different world since I have been in school. So many new things have opened up to me. Life means more to me than ever before. I don't get blue and discouraged so easily as I once did. The sun seems to shine brighter and the skies are clearer."

I knew her years ago when she did truly get the "blues." Why the change? Involution with her is all right and as a matter of fact evolution will be correct. There must be a high grade of involution before there can be an outward development along the higher ways of life. Intellect or knowledge is good, but the "principal thing" is wisdom, says Solomon. What a pity to posterity he did not sanctify that saying to his own personality. History repeats itself because mankind is human and the spiritual is not fully adhered to. "In the beginning God,"—yea, the infinite was first. Harmony prevailed and all was in accord with the universe. Happiness was the fruit of heaven and paradise bloomed in beauty.

"Eden's bliss when heaven was born  
The flaming sword where hell began."

We had a beginning. How was it? Did infinitude reign? Begotten of parents, were they begotten of God? Did they realize the sanctity of love, courtship, and marriage? Did they know what God's purpose was when he said, "The twain shall be one flesh"? Did they regard matrimony as a holy institution? Did they sanctify the home as a kingdom of heaven? A place to found a dominion and people it with the offspring of holy people to honor and glorify God? Did the involution of holy love become a factor in the prenatal existence of the begotten one? There are important questions to think about would we lay the foundation for an evolution of a great people, not great in stature, as great in perfection of health and high morality.

Can there be progress made where the involution is of a corrupt nature? Verily nay. Behold the great reservoirs of corrupt literature of the day, to say nothing of the contaminating nature of social intercourse. Environments of the rising generation are such that thinking people are often made to wonder "what shall the harvest be." Only quite recently I frequently passed an hour in one of those free library buildings built by that philanthropic millionaire, who is doing so much along these lines. At first glance it seems something magnanimous—and it may be—in many respects, but when I noticed as the schools were dismissed scores of students—mostly young girls—flocking in and carrying away—as a rule—trashy novels, I was made to wonder if there was not something to deplore in this line. The neglect of lessons and cultivation of a taste for questionable literature. I one time heard John B. Goff say in a lecture that when a certain pastor was called in to see a weeping mother

whose daughter had run away with a reprobate young man, in reply to her words, "I can't see why my daughter would do so. I was so careful in her bringing up," the pastor said as he glanced at the center table, "There, madam, is the answer to your remarks. It is true, there lies the Bible, but around it are enough novels to damn a thousand souls. She is simply carrying out what she learned from those books." Her life evolution was simply in harmony with what she had involved.

It is ever so. The Mormons know this, the Catholics know it. We should learn it anew if we want to keep our children in the line of true development. The time is about here when if our children of the Protestant faith are to be educated aright we must cut loose from the public school and have select schools or a different method of early education. The Bibles and all books having the name Christ in have been barred from the New York City schools and the same rule is obtaining favor in Chicago and all over the land:

Like begets like—as we sow we shall reap; therefore, the right thing must be involved into the heart of our children if we would have the right kind of an evolution in the life. To our brotherhood there comes a weighty responsibility in holding up for the higher life as taught by the great Master. The more of his spirit that pervades and works its way in, the higher our people will rise in the scale of moral and religious worth. Our worries, our "blue" days and our dark clouds will vanish just in proportion as we get to know that

"It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
We are the masters of our fate,  
And the Captain of our souls."

*Los Angeles, Cal.*



## THE MOTHER.

WALTER SWIHART.

Thy trembling feet, O little man, thy trembling little feet,  
Were guided in the way of light, when thou wast not thy own,

By one and only one;  
By one who never tired, my lad, by one, a watchful one,  
By one who never tired by day, who never slept at night,  
By one and only one.

That constant one, my little man, that constant careful one,

Is truly she that loves thee yet, has loved thee all the way,  
Loved more than others loved:

Oh, fondle close that careful look, that look subdued and kind,

That look that guided ever thee, that guides and shieldeth thee,

That guides till heaven calls.

Those peaceful eyes that brimmed with tears, that monitored thy path,

That looked with care upon thy course when tide ran high  
and tossed,

Are dimmed with constant care;

Then wayward child, whoe'er thou art, if yet thy mother  
live,

Go to her now while there is time and tell her all thy  
heart,

Ere angels whisper, "Peace."

How many times thy waywardness, thy careless, wilful  
heart

Has pierced that soul of purity, that soul which loved and  
loves,

That loved and loves thee yet!

Go quickly, go, while shadows fall across her wasted brow,  
And kiss her cheek, so thin and pale, with years of trial  
and care,

Go kiss her for her sake.

Oh, hear thy mother, thotless boy, thy mother, thotless  
child,

That asks her God, both day and night, in silent secret  
prayer

To save thee, truant boy;

So let not day set ere thou haste to make her prayer thy  
act,

For all her wishes, prayer on earth, she centers, boy, on  
thee,

That thou be saved of God.

Churubusco, Indiana.



#### PRUNE PUDDING.

WASH a half-pound of prunes and soak over night. Put over the fire in a double boiler, and cook very slowly until plump and tender. Add sugar to sweeten, then set aside until cold. Reserve half, selecting the best-looking prunes. Pit the remainder and cut or chop quite fine. Beat the whites of five eggs until frothy, then add a pinch of cream of tartar and whip until dry and stiff. Add a half-cupful of sifted powdered sugar and the chopped prunes. Mix lightly and turn into a buttered pudding-dish. Stand in a pan of hot water and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven, or steam for twenty-five minutes. Serve cold, heaping some whipt cream over the top and garnishing with the reserved prunes.



#### MY GARDEN.

MRS. D. C. MURPHY.

LAST year I had a bed in the garden ten feet wide by thirty long. On this I planted at the north end ten rows of onion sets eight inches apart and four inches apart in the row and sowed radish seed broadcast over the whole bed. Next I planted six rows of early peas twelve inches apart, then four rows of early beans, next two rows of early turnips, one of parsnips, two of sweet corn, two of onion seed for sets, one of carrots, then stuck beet seed all around the edge of bed except about four feet on one side where I planted shives for salads and sowed a strip two feet wide in lettuce.

Now my bed was about ten inches high and on this slanting edge I planted rose moss, also had some large

poppies here and there over the bed which looked very nice when in bloom as there were several colors.

In a tub with my lemon tree I raised some celery plants and as soon as the peas were gone I set celery there; the same with the beans and finally where the onions grew I had celery, and so on until I had over half of the bed in celery and it was fine, too. I put dirt in boxes and put it in the cellar to bleach and we are still having celery for the table (Feb. 11).

We had all the onions we needed, all the lettuce and radishes we wanted, yes, and I set some tomato plants along one side of the bed which had nice tomatoes on, and when the lettuce was gone I planted endive in that space, so I made all the ground bear two crops and everything did fine.

Montmorenci, Ind.



#### SPRAYING FRUIT TREES.

WM. MOHLER.

FOR more than a score of years spray pumps have been used in fighting the insects and the diseases that injure fruit and fruit trees. The greater attention has been given to the enemies of the apple, especially the codling moth, and the apple scab. The Chinese scale (San Jose scale) an introduction from China that was first noticed at San Jose, Cal., is a dangerous pest that is giving much trouble in places. It attacks all kinds of trees. This pest may be controlled by the use of the spray. What is known as the lime and sulphur mixture has given the best results so far in spraying for scale, but it is troublesome to make. From the first experiments until the past two or three years spraying was often followed by good results, but more often the results were not so good. That good results were sometimes obtained showed that they were on the right track, and that uniform success would be reached when they learned what brought the good results at the times they did succeed. One of the difficulties to overcome was to find a poison that would surely destroy the enemies and not injure the foliage of the trees. This has been accomplished in fighting the codling moth and the leaf-eating insects.

Much has been done in the way of getting something to prevent the apple scab, and to destroy the Chinese scale. Enough has been learned that if any one will follow the directions given below he can invariably have success with the codling moth, and fair success with the apple scab. I have not had any experience with the Chinese scale, so that if you are troubled with this insect I would refer you to your experiment station for information.

Arsenate of lead has been found to be the best substance for spraying for the codling moth. With the use of this material the Washington State Experiment Station has succeeded in getting nearly one hundred per cent (98.9) of apples free from worms. Arsenate of lead does not injure the foliage; it sticks well



to the leaves and the particles are so fine that it remains in suspension, requiring but little agitation, and it is very poisonous to the newly-hatched worms. The manufacturers of arsenate of lead recommend using three pounds to fifty gallons of water. One pound to fifty gallons of water if thoroughly applied, is strong enough, but I have been using two pounds to be sure that it is strong enough. Practically every codling moth worm enters the fruit at the blossom end. And to be sure of killing the worm the calyx cup must be coated with the poison before the cup closes. This closing usually occurs a week after the petals or flower leaves fall. It is not advisable to spray trees while in bloom, but I cannot emphasize too strongly that the spraying for codling must be done within a week after the petals fall, for it is almost useless to spray after the calyx closes. If the work is done thoroughly there will not be enough moths left to make a second brood large enough to do damage sufficient to justify a second spraying.

Two pounds of arsenate of lead thoroughly applied to the trees within a week after the petals fall will control the codling moth, by thorough work. I mean that every bloom cup should be coated with the spray mixture; to do this the spray should be applied with a pressure of not less than one hundred and twenty pounds to the square inch, even two hundred pounds of pressure is recommended. Fairly good results may be obtained by using the hand-pump sprayers, but with them the high pressure cannot be maintained.

Bordeaux mixture is the best substance to use for preventing apple scab. A stronger mixture than four pounds of sulphate of copper and four pounds of fresh lime to fifty gallons of water should not be used. This is known as the 4-4-50 strength. A 3-3-50 mixture is claimed to be strong enough to prevent the apple scab. A mixture even as weak as the latter will sometimes burn the foliage and russet the fruit, but the damage is not nearly so great as that which is done by the scab. Bordeaux should be applied just before the bloom opens to get the best results. Several applications during the season will have a tendency to keep the foliage free from diseases.

One application of strong soap suds will destroy nearly all kinds of plant life. The sap-sucking insects may be destroyed with coal oil emulsion. And the grape rot may be prevented with Bordeaux mixture for early spraying, the later with copper carbonate dissolved with ammonia and then diluted with water. Destructive insects are a blessing in disguise to the man that makes good use of the spray pump.

*Falls City, Nebr.*



#### SOME ANIMALS THAT WILL NOT WORK.

MALE ducks, and the sandpiper, leave their newly hatched young to the mother bird for protection from foes and for their food, while they, the males, sport

around at leisure. The mother birds of these species even have to build the nest alone while the gay mates have a good time all to themselves.

The male muskrat is another example of this shiftless kind of beings. They generally gather on the bank of the stream and frolic about while the female builds the home nearby.

Once in a while (yes, too often), another specie, called man, partakes of this unfairness and eats and sleeps in a home that is provided by a woman who lives over the washtub.

### For SUNDAY READING

#### FORGIVENESS.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

If a fellow-mortal hurts you  
By a wound too deep to heal,  
And your soul in deepest anguish,  
Keen resentment, seems to feel  
While desire for vengeance fills you,  
So the soul can find no peace,  
Try the plan of sweet forgiveness,  
Then will happiness increase.

For the soul will find it sweeter,  
While dark clouds will pass away,  
If you will not let revengeance,  
In your heart forever stay;  
Sunshine follows sweet forgiveness,  
And the soul finds peaceful rest,  
When it learns to live the lesson  
That for happiness is best.

Moorestown, New Jersey.



#### THE BIBLE IN PUBLIC PLACES.

WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

RECENTLY I heard a minister relate a story of how a woman was brought from darkness to light as far as she understood it, through the influence of only one verse from the sacred Word. She had always lived in London, and her life had been a continuation of self-indulgence in all kinds of worldly amusements, never giving a thought to anything more satisfying. One day she was on her way to a dance in the remote part of the city, and entering a waiting room, her attention was directed on this scripture, which was placed above the door: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16. She was interested and inquired of the agent where the words could be found. He said, "In the Bible." Then she asked where she could get a Bible, and was directed to a place across the street, where she went and bought one. After she entered the car she said to her companion, with whom she was living in sin: "Did you

know this?" pointing him to the verse. "Did you know that God so loved the world that he gave his beloved Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life?"

"Yes," he replied, "I know about the Bible. I learned that when I was a child in Sunday school, but what of it?"

"She replied, "If this is true, then why are we living the life we are, so cold, so heartless and unsatisfying?" And right then she commenced to think upon her way and looked into the past in the light of the Bible and discovered she was groping in the dark, and longings for something higher and nobler came into her mind. Step by step she was led into the light and she yielded to the rich influence which those words had awakened and the result was, a Christian home was built up, and lives which had been given over to sin and worldly pleasure only were now to be used for the good of others and much good was the result.—Only one verse.

The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and when it comes in contact with humble and sincere hearts its influence must be rich with fruitage. Then why not use the beautiful texts and place them where the traveler may see them? I remember during the year of 1881, in Northern Illinois, I found the Bible in the waiting room at Mt. Carroll, and a few other places on that road, but I never have seen a copy on any other road than the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, but at the time I was impressed with the importance of having a copy at all stations where people must spend time.

If God so loved the world—loved it to such an extent, that he could give his only and beloved Son as a ransom for a world lost in sin, what effort should we make that the good news may reach the unsaved? For even here in a Christian land there are many who are in darkness and need the influence of the Gospel to awaken them to a realization of their lost condition. Let us not forget that the "Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Newburg, Pa.



#### WORD FROM PRISONERS.

##### Appreciated Friendship.

FROM Dannemora Prison, N. Y.

"It is with great pleasure that I avail myself of this opportunity to thank you for your kindness and the interest you have manifested in my spiritual well-being. I may sincerely say the reading of your bright little paper and the knowledge that at least one good man honors me with his friendship has been of great moral value to me, ever urging me on toward a higher and purer life. I feel confident that with the Lord's

help I shall finally see the ever nearing brightness of the shining light of salvation."

##### Christian Work In Prisons.

Written by inmate of Michigan Reformatory to Mrs. Fred Nelson:

"As I am the vice-president and chairman of the Lookout Committee I felt that it was my duty to my Master as well as my duty to the Christian Endeavor Society to write you this letter to express our Christian thanks to you for the interest that you take in us poor sinful men who have broken the law of God as well as that of man.

"There are forty-six of us who claim to be followers of Jesus, and we send our Christian love and prayers. The society as a body, who are working for Jesus in here, offered up a special prayer last Sunday for you; and oh, you don't know how happy your letter made us all. We ask God's blessings on you for it.

"I have good people—mother, brother and sisters, but they don't know that I am here. I am praying that God will be with me always and that when I am released I can write to my dear mother. I hope to hear from you again and also ask you for your daily prayers for myself and all the members of the society."

##### Needs a Bible.

A prisoner writes from the penitentiary in Frankfort, Ky.:

"I appeal to you for help. I am in prison without friends. Christ is all the comforter I have. I haven't anyone to correspond with; would like some Christian friend to write to. I am twenty-six years of age, without any relations—unfortunate, got into trouble. I have only been in prison four months and have ten years to serve. I am in need of a Bible."

##### Who Will Send a Bible?

A prisoner in the Indiana State Prison makes the following request:

"I need a Bible and dictionary; I have a Bible but it does not belong to me. But don't you worry yourself about that for you have been too kind to me already. I wish the little *Life Boat* came out every week for it is a blessing to our hearts; it cheers me up when I get it. I always fall on my knees and thank God for it.

"Your letters encourage me; I read them over and over and they give joy to my heart. I wish I could receive one every day; but of course I could not answer it. I am very thankful for what I get, and may God in heaven bless you all. I would like to do some kind of work for Jesus; if I can't do it with my mouth I can do something for him with my hands. I can do a little and every little helps."—*Life Boat*.



EVERY prayer waits for the endorsement of daily practice.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE NEW MISSISSIPPI.

Twenty years ago the most important thing about the Rivers and Harbors Bill was the number of Congressional districts into which it divided the spoils. Ten years ago the members of Congress had begun to question this way of doing business. Today there is a tendency to concentrate the whole bill, or the major part of it, upon one desirable project each year and to carry that project through.

Since the close of the Civil War this evolution has been going on. At the end of the struggle, our army engineers were sent out into the field to survey the rivers of the western country and to find means of improving them for the purpose of navigation. Out of the millions piled up by the war tariffs, a generous part was set aside each year to be used in prosecuting some task recommended by these experts. As the Rivers and Harbors Bill was made up by districts, so was the river work. There was not then any man to consider the whole western river system and to plan for its use. Instead, each Congressman in whose district an obstruction occurred sought to get an appropriation to have it removed. Consequently, there was no systematic work. Dams were built and locks created, but on no river were all the locks of the same size—and it is the smallest dimension of the smallest lock that determines what sized boat shall use the channel. Some stretches of a river were deepened to ten feet, some to two, and in between others were left unimproved, which effectually blocked navigation.

Yet, in all this work engineers were learning how to do things that no engineers had ever attempted before. One of these was to control the Mississippi, the largest river that has ever been taken in hand by man. It was a long struggle. The Mississippi River Commission, which has charge of the stream below Cairo, tried many expedients, some of them of its design, some of them copied and enlarged from foreign works. Out of them all has been developed a special type of revetment, or bank protection, consisting of mattresses of willow brush, woven with galvanized wire cables, and sunk against the bank, where the current strikes it, by a facing of rubble-stone. By this means the engineers are able to hold the Mississippi rigidly in its channel, for the current is thus prevented from eroding the bank, which is the first step in shifting. And, by holding the current in a fixed channel, the same revetment, aided by narrowing dikes from the opposite shore, makes the river scour the channel deep and clear in its fixed position. No simpler and yet no more entirely successful apparatus has ever been devised. On the lower river these mats are of great size, 300 feet wide and often 1,000 feet long. When the river is completely revetted, they will cover every bend into which the current sets—600 miles in all—between Cairo and New Orleans. And not only will they themselves be covered with rock, but the bank above them, sloping back 120 feet, will also be rock-faced. And all this will represent an investment of about \$75,000,000 for the Mississippi below Cairo. But

when it is done, it will provide not only a clear, fourteen foot channel from Cairo down, but in addition a safe bank for the farmers back of the river, safe foundation for the levees—of which we lose annually a million dollars' worth—and it will make valley land that is now worth \$20 an acre worth \$150 or more. Further, it will recover hundreds of miles of land from the stream bed.—Everybody's for April.



### WHAT HAS BECOME OF SOME WELL-KNOWN BIRDS.

The great power which may be exerted by man in altering the balance of animal life finds an apt illustration in the fluctuations of some kinds of bird life. Fitted as they are for a fight against nature, most animals possess some vulnerable spot, and if man happens to attack them in that spot the result may be fatal. People who are not yet old can remember flocks of passenger pigeons, which swarmed over oak trees in such numbers that the boughs of the trees sometimes gave way under their weight. And today a single specimen is of the rarest occurrence. Time and altered conditions may change this balance of things. In England, a thickly populated country about the size of New York State, the wild pigeons are in some districts a pest to the farmers. If the few surviving passenger pigeons learn in their present seclusion to roam in pairs instead of in compact flocks, and develop a liking for grain—and birds sometimes transfer their preferences in food stuffs—they may again be common throughout the country. The passenger pigeon has so far avoided extinction, and there is hope for it.

Some birds, such as the eagle and the California vulture, decrease in numbers because they breed slowly—laying but one or two eggs at a time—and have the hand of the sportsman against them. Others may be introduced or exterminated locally by farming conditions. The irrigation of a tract of arid land drowns out the desert birds and introduces water birds; the reclaiming of a marsh wipes out the long-billed, long-legged birds of our swamps.

It has often been commented that bird life is more in evidence in England than in America, a thing which seems paradoxical, considering the respective sizes and population of the countries. There are two main causes for this. In England birds are effectively protected during the breeding season; and over there barbed wire is little used. This last fact may need a little explaining; the fields are divided by hedges of thickly-grown bushes, and these form an effective shelter for innumerable small birds.

One of the most fatal habits of birds is community breeding. Flamingoes—shyest of birds—breed largely on some secluded mud flats in the Bahamas. A party of egg hunters, or even a slighter disturbance, will drive the birds to abandon their nests and eggs. When this affects a whole colony, it is a considerable limitation of the season's supply of young birds. Fortunately, the British governor of the Bahamas, acting on the suggestion of Prof. Chap-

man, secured the passing of a law protecting these birds during the nesting season.

Among the most graceful of birds are the terns or sea swallows. Light and swift on the wing, they are not the easiest of marks for a gunner, and yet some species have been exterminated, it is believed. Commerce has had a hand in this; the graceful birds have been considered a fitting adornment for ladies' hats, and so the terns have been slaughtered. They breed on well-known spots on sandy shores, and here the hunters search them out at a time when their eggs or young should bring them immunity.

The heavy-flying sub-arctic birds, such as murrens and razor-bills, have suffered severely, and very wantonly. They perch on cliff ledges in compact masses and show little fear of man; consequently, they have proved an attraction to that class of hunters with no ambition beyond record slaughter. The graceful kittiwakes, that breed on the same rocks, fall victims to the fashion that has proved so fatal to the terns.

In some ways the birds of the desert, where man cannot hunt except with personal discomfort, have the advantage over their cousins of the shore.

It is fortunate that interest in things natural has been developed before it is too late. Some redwoods survive in California, immune from the axes of the lumbermen. The bison is not absolutely extinct, and will be kept alive. Even in Central Africa the British government has stepped in, and the large game there will be saved from actual extermination. Where buffaloes and giraffe survive, it seems to be assured that our bird life will continue with us.—Scientific American Supplement.



### THE UNEMPLOYED.

In the plight of the unemployed there are several considerations besides the mere fact of idleness. There is, for instance, a sharp distinction between the unemployed and the unemployable; some men won't work. There is always comparative lack of work in mid-winter, due to bad weather and the slack season in certain industries, and there are many workmen caught in the cogs of new machinery and new methods of production whose hard-bought trades are a drug in a market no longer bidding for handicraft where machinecraft is quicker and cheaper—men who must suffer as they adjust themselves to a new order. These things are not peculiar to this winter, but they add to its total of unemployment.

The number now out of employment is variously estimated. It has not been counted nor can it be compared exactly with the number of other years, for America has no substitute for the police registration of European cities. A committee in charge of the relief situation of Chicago gives 75,000 as a conservative guess for that city of many seasonal occupations. In New York estimates made by Frank Julian Warne from a few authoritative figures on typical trades indicate 90,000 idle members of trades unions in addition to non-union workers, and a minimum of 35,000 homeless men besides. The number of homeless men is based on the total number of beds in free and cheap lodging-houses, and as all of these are crowded, it is probably near right. The Commissioner of Public Charities has stated that there are normally 30,000 homeless men in New York at this time of year. Of other figures one may take his choice. Numbers count for little, for, as has recently been pointed out, it is not the number who are idle, but the ability of the idle to meet the situation, that counts.

One hundred thousand men temporarily idle but able to care for themselves and their families make a problem slight in comparison with a possible situation involving one-tenth as many both idle and dependent.

The demands on municipal lodging-houses, charitable societies, churches, and employment bureaus, the long bread-lines, the men walking the Bowery at night, the scramble for the snow-shovels in the street cleaning gangs, the falling off in deposits at the savings banks,—a score of bad-times barometers give evidence of unemployment greater than has been known since the winter of 1893-94.—From "The Man Out of Work To-day," by Arthur P. Kellogg, in the American Review of Reviews for March.



### FROM CARRIE NATION.

Sanford, Fla., Feb. 19.

Dear Editor Inglenook:

If people don't believe there is a God who works in the hearts of the people, let them try to explain the present temperance revolution. Truly, "the wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." So is the power of the Holy Ghost that is here convincing men of sin, of righteousness and of judgment. The devil's forces are crying war and building their ships and gathering their forces, but "Peace on earth, good will to men," is brooding over the horizon of human hearts and hopes. I do not speak in a doubtful or hopeless strain. "I know



whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto his care against that day." Those who are not ready for the Lord to descend, as he promised, with victory and vengeance, had better begin now. The only healthy condition for an individual or church is to be ready. Be ye always ready. I am publishing my *Hatchet* in Washington, D. C. Send for a sample. Am in the round-up now, but keep smashing at the top. We must cut off the head of this viper at Washington. On to Washington! Write your servants you send from your localities—representatives—that you demand of them to cancel the license in Washington this winter. This is the earliest, most reasonable and quickest way to do this.

Your loving Home Defender and servant  
For Jesus' sake,

Carrie A. Nation,

Editor of *The Hatchet*,

Washington, D. C.



# Look at Both Sides of the Ledger

## The Only Fair Way

### The Saloon People Contend:

1.—The saloons pay a part of our taxes.

2.—If the saloons were suppressed, an enormous number of people (now engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicants) would be thrown out of employment.

3.—The liquor traffic consumes large quantities of corn, etc. If the saloons were put out of business, the farmers' market for grain would be severely injured.

4.—Districts which have gone for local option are suffering from financial depression.

### The Anti-Saloon People Answer:

1.—Wherever a saloon pays one dollar of our taxes, it produces the necessity for the levying of a considerably larger amount. What causes the astounding expense of the most of our criminal trials? What is at the bottom of the majority of divorce suits? What produces physical and mental deterioration as nothing else does, filling poorhouses, reform schools, and insane asylums? The saloon. Do not these things cost money? Do they not increase our taxes much more than the revenue from saloons can possibly diminish them?

2.—The people who would be thrown out of employment as a result of the suppression of saloons, would soon be engaged in making and selling the furniture, the carpets, the clothing, the boots and shoes, the groceries of all sorts, the barns and the houses, and the thousand and one other useful and beneficial things that the families of drunkards (as well as some "moderate" drinkers) would then have the money to buy. Does anyone for a moment imagine that the millions of dollars spent annually for drink, would not be spent for something else if the saloons were put out of business? Would the owners of all this money destroy it just because they could no longer spend it in saloons? On the contrary, such a stimulation of trade in other lines would follow as one can scarcely conceive of; for a hundred dollars spent for drink gives far less employment to labor than does an equal sum when spent for furniture, clothing, groceries, etc.

Of \$100 spent for hardware, \$24.17 goes to labor.

Of \$100 spent for furniture, \$23.77 goes to labor.

Of \$100 spent for clothing, \$17.42 goes to labor.

Of \$100 spent for liquor, \$ 1.23 goes to labor.

3.—Only one bushel of corn in exactly 143 is used in the manufacture of spirits, anyway. If saloons were put down, much of this "liquor-corn" would still be used in making liquor for use in the manufactures and arts and for export purposes. The rest could easily be used up in the shape of more pork, more corn-bread, more beef, etc., by the families of drunkards, who would then have more money to buy pork, corn-bread, beef, etc., with. Similarly with other grains.

4.—There is now on hand in all parts of this country, and of other countries, one of those waves of financial depression which have struck the world periodically ever since money was made. This present wave began in New York City, and is still felt most severely there. Surely no one would say New York is without saloons, or ever has been. The truth is, local option districts are, as a rule, withstanding the depression better than the saloon districts.

The above arguments are made on a business basis purely. Should we consider the want and the woe, the suffering and the crime, the disgrace, the humiliation, the idleness, the inefficiency, the shame, the mental and physical deterioration and wreckage caused by intoxicants and of which each one of us has seen many instances, so much the stronger beyond the possibility of language to express it, would be the argument against saloons.



# Echoes from Everywhere

The President's special message which has been talked of and looked for for some time appeared in Congress March 25. A glance at the message shows the following as its important points:

Child labor should be prohibited throughout the nation.

Recommendation for employers' liability law is renewed.

Urges law to prohibit injunctions without first giving defendants due notice.

Renews recommendation for amendment of interstate commerce law so as to legalize traffic agreements between railroads.

Urges amendment to anti-trust law so as to legalize combinations of union labor and farmers when for self-protection and not in restraint of trade.

Urges financial legislation and the establishment of postal savings banks.

Urges the appointment of House committee to prepare plans for revision of tariff by next Congress.

Urges immediate change in tariff so as to admit wood pulp free of duty as a measure of protection to American forests.

Urges permanent water ways commission and suggests reasonable charges for power privileges.

March 27 the second chamber of the Netherlands Parliament approved a convention with the United States under which American meats are to enter Holland at a reduction of the present import duties.

The Legislature of Kentucky, before adjourning, passed a bill a good deal like the Percy-Gray law, which New York is now trying to get rid of. It forbids gambling in a poolroom, but allows it on a racetrack.

The arbitration treaties are making progress in the Senate. That body has recently ratified the one with Switzerland, and one with Mexico has been drawn up and will be signed in a week or so. These treaties are like the arbitration treaty with France.

A bill compelling municipalities to provide employment at union wages to every applicant professing himself unable to earn a living otherwise, was recently introduced in the House of Commons and voted down. It is said that a similar scheme of public workshops was adopted by France during the revolution.

The brownish spots which appear in old books are really due to bacteria. The tiny destroyer is especially fond of starchy material and its propagation is promoted by damp, says **Popular Mechanics**. It has been well understood that damp produces discoloration and decay, but the share of the microbe in the operation has not hitherto been suspected. Tiny fungus or mold is responsible for gray and black marks upon old papers. In spotting the surface the fungus helps to break down the fabric and hasten the process of its destruction.

Miss Julia St. Cyr, said to be the only Indian woman lawyer in the country, is a full blooded Winnebago. She recently defended herself before the Federal court in Omaha, Neb., on a charge of having accepted too large a fee as pension attorney for an Indian woman. So well did Miss St. Cyr conduct her defense that the jury acquitted her on the first ballot.

For Tolstoy's eightieth birthday, which occurs in September, it is said that Mr. Carnegie is to give a half million dollars for the buying of the copyright to all of Tolstoy's writings, so that the world may profit freely by them. Whether the report is true or not, a committee by one of Tolstoy's Russian friends, has already collected a million rubles for the establishment of permanent charitable foundations.

Many cities and towns in Mexico were visited by earthquake shocks March 26. The shocks seemed to be most severe at Chilapa, in the state of Guerrero, the town being almost totally destroyed. Many one story adobe houses, built to resist such disturbances were destroyed. The town had a population of 15,000. There was much loss of life and property in other places, the total of which has not yet been learned.

Some basis for the belief that the Congo Independent State will be actually annexed to Belgium this time was found in the acceptance by the Chamber of Deputies commission of seventeen sections of the annexation scheme, including the colonial charter, which provides for a government of the natives under Belgian rule. The debate in the chamber will begin early in April. Supporters of the treaty claim to have a majority of 35.

The University of Paris has superseded the University of Berlin as the biggest university of the world so far as members go. In last summer's semester there was a student body of 16,609 at Paris with 285 professors and instructors. The faculty of law had 7,182 students, medicine had 3,330, letters 2,649, science 2,147, and pharmacy 1,000. The growing popularity of Paris with the foreign student may be judged by the fact that 3,021 students, or nearly twenty per cent, were from abroad. The greater part of the foreigners, as in Switzerland and Germany, came from Russia.

Since last June the U. S. senate has lost seven of its members. Mr. Morgan of Ala., died June 11, 1907, aged 83; Mr. Pettus of the same state, died July 7, aged 86; Mr. Mallory of Fla., died Dec. 23, aged 60; Mr. Latimer of S. C., died Feb. 20, 1908, aged 56; Mr. Proctor of Vt., died March 4, aged 76; Mr. Whyte of Md., the oldest member at the time, died March 17, aged 83, and March 22, Mr. Bryan, the youngest senator, died, aged 31. Mr. Bryan had been a member of the senate but 73 days, 33 of which were spent in fighting typhoid fever which caused his death in Washington.



Secretary Cortelyou has issued a general circular announcing that the amount appropriated by Congress for the transportation of silver coin for the year 1908 having become exhausted, "no more standard silver dollars will be sent to applicants free of charge from the offices of the Treasurer or the several Assistant Treasurers of the United States." The policy of shipping to banks silver coin free of express charges was adopted about twenty-five years ago, when it was deemed desirable to stimulate the general circulation of silver.

A strange well exists at Riverside Park, Logansport, Ind. An eight inch pipe was first sunk about eighty feet and inside it a five inch pipe was carried down farther. Fresh water from a limestone stratum comes up between the two pipes, while water which tastes and smells strongly of hydrogen sulphide comes up through the five inch pipe. The sulphur water flows at the rate of a gallon a minute from the drinking fountain over the well, while the fresh water flows with a somewhat smaller volume from a pipe about twenty feet distant.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in its desire to see animals killed in as painless a manner as possible has offered a reward of \$500 for an apparatus, not now in use, which will best accomplish this end. The date by which all designs must be submitted is June 6, 1908. The requirements are that the apparatus shall accomplish the purpose with the least suffering to the animal; that it shall not cause any deterioration of its flesh, and that it shall not be so expensive as to preclude its general adoption. The headquarters of the society are in New York City.

Statements made by officers of the army are to the effect that it will cost much more to defend Manila, which is to be the naval base in the Philippines, instead of Subig Bay, than any place in the United States, for the reason that materials are more expensive, the channel to the bay is very wide; there are two channels, and the batteries will have to be built six hundred feet above the water surface. Colonel Abbott, assistant to the chief of engineers, has just returned from a trip of inspection to the Philippines and found that the difficulties attending the construction of the fortifications are increased by the fact that material will have to be brought long distances and that labor, especially white, is hard to control.

Eighteen hundred cities and villages of Illinois are voting prohibition today, April 7. It is the most widespread public movement in the State since the days of Abraham Lincoln. During the last few weeks many national leaders, including Seaborn Wright of Georgia, John H. Hector of Pennsylvania, Attorney General Trickett of Kansas, Governor Hoch of Kansas and Governor Hanly of Indiana have addressed enthusiastic rallies of the Prohibition forces in all parts of the State. State Chairman Wilson estimates that from three to five-thousand saloons will be voted out of existence, while the aggregate majority for Prohibition in the ninety counties where a poll is being taken may reach 150,000.

Following the hearing held March 25, the second class mailing privilege of *La Questione Sociale*, a socialist publication issued at Paterson, N. J., was annulled by the postoffice department March 26. Ludovico Caminita, editor of the paper, appeared before Third Assistant Postmaster General Lawshe at the hearing and admitted

his responsibility for the articles which caused Postmaster General Meyer to declare the publication unmailable.

Translations made by the postoffice department show that nearly every issue of the paper contained obscene and indecent matter and was almost entirely devoted to defending violence, riot, arson, murder, and assassination. Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, is styled "the hero of Buffalo."

The postoffice officials held that some of the matter printed in the Paterson publication is too vile for reproduction in English. Ministers, senators, congressmen and others are attacked.

North Atlantic ports especially are interested in the launching of the new derelict destroyer Seneca at Newport News, since the vessel will fill an important function in the protection of shipping. "It will be the duty of this vessel," says the Boston *Transcript*, "to patrol the coast to rid it of the floating dangers and to be in readiness at any moment to cruise wherever a derelict may be reported, either by vessels entering port, or by wireless messages. Each season there is a list of ships missing for unknown causes, and, as it is probable that these dangerous hulks have much to do with sending sound ships to the bottom, the activity of the Seneca may be expected to reduce this list. There will be other uses for the derelict destroyer, such as supplying sails and provisions for vessels in distress, or taking off crews from unseaworthy or sinking vessels, but its real value will be in ridding the sea of one of its greatest dangers."

The old wooden sloop-of-war Monongahela, which fought under Rear Admiral Schley and Admiral Dewey in the Civil War, and once served as Farragut's flagship, was totally destroyed by fire recently at Guantanamo, Cuba. Two years after the Civil War, on November 18, 1867, the Monongahela was struck by a great tidal wave at Saint Croix in the Danish West Indies and carried more than a mile inland. Naval Constructor Thomas Davidson, of the United States Navy, had charge of the task of getting her back to the water again. Ways were built from the ship to the shore and in a little more than three months the stranded hulk was moved sidewise to the water's edge and then over 2,500 feet of coral into deep water. Two years ago when the Monongahela was at Guantanamo she had another experience in some respects notable. She caught fire and to save her from total destruction she was scuttled and sunk. Then she was raised and fixed up for quarters for enlisted men at the training station, and she was serving in that capacity when the end came.

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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**WANTED**—To impress upon more of our farmers, fruit growers and gardeners that the compressed air sprayer I sell for \$7.50 is the easiest to operate and BEST for results. A woman can do the spraying. Let me tell you about it. W. G. Nyce, St. Peters, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—54 acres, 3½ miles south of Petoskey, Mich., 35 acres cleared; nice level land. 110 bearing fruit trees, house, barn, etc. School and church close. Price, \$1,600.—Adam Weimer, Executor, R. 1, Dunkirk, Ind.

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"I hereby enclose you an order for 13 of the new Revised Minutes. I have long wished that my members would get the book and become acquainted with what it requires of us. I believe it would be much easier to care for a church whose members are posted on Annual Meeting decisions, so I just took in hand and secured the order with scarcely any effort."—Eld. J. H. Baker, Astoria, Ill.

### EACH ELDER OR PASTOR

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### Easter Post Cards

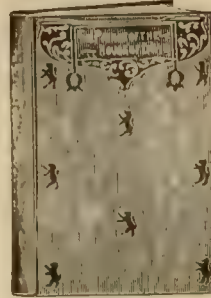
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Some people in trying to induce their friends to settle in the country where they themselves are located, frequently send them advertising matter that is gotten up by unscrupulous land agents that deviates from the truth. Their friends come and buy property and soon find out that the facts do not correspond with the advertisements sent them. The result is they soon become discouraged and sell out at a sacrifice, and go back where they came from, worsted financially and in some instances say worse things of the country than they should, and thus bring reproach on a good country (though not as good as the advertisement represented it to be). The undersigned has known this to happen more than once, and for this reason has decided to tell his friends about the Imperial Valley in his own words, so that he alone shall be responsible, and so that the wonderful Imperial Valley may never be made a reproach and a by-word.

Imperial Valley is situated in San Diego County, California, 183 miles east of Los Angeles on the Imperial branch of the Southern Pacific railroad. The soil is an alluvial deposit and all crops are grown by irrigation, with water from the Colorado River. The main irrigation canal is 80 feet wide on the bottom and 100 feet wide on the top, and 10 feet deep. The soil is adapted to the growth of wheat, barley, alfalfa and nearly all kinds of fruit. Alfalfa having plenty of water can be cut eight times per season, yielding as high as ten tons of nice hay per acre which sells at present from \$8.00 to \$11.00 per ton. Barley can be sown for winter pasture in alfalfa stubble after the last crop of hay is harvested. Alfalfa can be cut every three weeks if the hay is wanted for dairy cows, or every four or five weeks if wanted for horses. I have known of alfalfa yielding \$40.00 worth of seed per acre and my own yielded \$20.00 per acre with the first season's sowing. Dairying and hog raising are very profitable. Butter sells from 20 cents to 45 cents per pound; hogs, 7½ cents on foot; also beef, cattle and horses do excellently. One colt weighed 960 pounds at less than one year old. One acre of alfalfa will keep from 2 to 3 head of dairy cows or horses and from ten to fifteen head of hogs. Oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apricots, grapes and berries do well. A single grape vine has yielded 30 pounds of grapes 18 months from setting. Grapes, apricot and cantaloupe growing is very profitable as they will ripen here from three to four weeks earlier than other places, and be placed on the eastern market before they are ripe in other localities. One man at Coachella was offered \$600.00 cash for the grapes on a single acre of vines and refused the offer and sold at retail for \$1,400.00. Cantaloupes will net the growers from \$50.00 to \$300.00 per acre. I have lived in the valley as long as any one, being one of the first settlers, and my experience and observation has taught me that you can grow almost anything here you plant, including vegetables, if planted in the proper seasons and properly cared for. The selling price of land at present is from \$40.00 to \$100.00 per acre, owing to location. President Roosevelt says that when it is thoroughly developed it will be worth from \$500.00 to \$1500.00 per acre.

Reader, when you shiver around your fireside the coming winter, just think of the Imperial Valley where you can go in your shirt sleeves nearly every day in the year. And on the 10th day of this month (May, 1907), while there was a snow storm raging in many places in the eastern states, we were making hay and picking and eating fruit in the Imperial Valley.

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On the International

### Sunday School Lesson For 1908

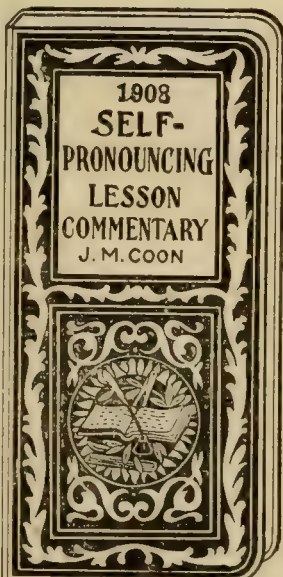
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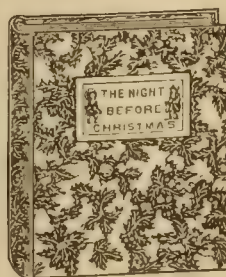
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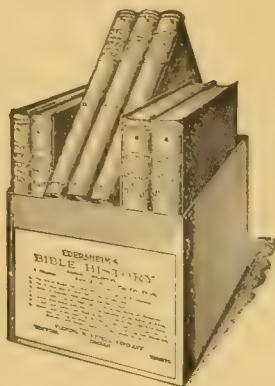
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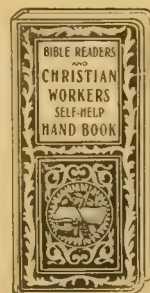
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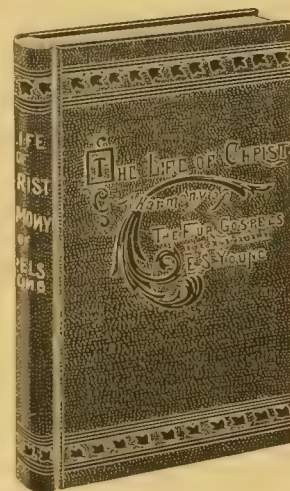
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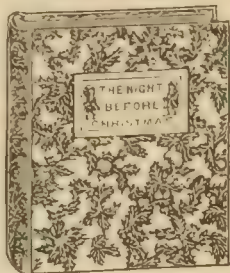
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many witnesses; and his spirit continues with us, blessing all who follow his glorious example and beautiful life acts.

And you and I—and all God's children—will also (after a little) leave these dull earthly habiliments of care and trouble for death's sleep of peace and rest, quickly to come forth from the slough of sorrow and gloom, to a glorious resurrection of the spirit, to dwell in the mansions of bliss and never-ending progress, as a reward for our life and deeds.

"Life is a journey! On we go  
Thro' many a scene of joy and woe;  
But, 'Dust thou art, to dust returneth,  
Was not spoken of the soul.'"



### EASTER.

ROSA MILLER.

"O Easter skies, be bright and fair!  
Lilies, your perfumed incense bear!  
Swing bells, and chimes exultant ring!  
Ye choirs, your glorious anthems sing!"

We all know that Easter is a festival, commemorating Christ's resurrection. Easter is the most ancient of Christian festivals, dating back, even before the celebration of Christmas. Yes, and we can go back even farther than that. *Easter is older than Christianity.*

The goddess Ostara or Eastre seems to have been the personification of the morning or East, and also of the opening year or spring. The Anglo-Saxon name of April is Estormonath, and is still known in Germany as Ostermonat, meaning Easter month. The worship of this goddess Ostara, struck deep root in Germany, and was brought to England by the Saxons. With the lighting of bonfires and numerous other rites it was celebrated in Germany till the beginning of the eighteenth century. Like the May observances of England it was specially a festival of joy. Many of the Easter customs are of pagan origin.

The reformers of the sixteenth century loudly and successfully raised their voices against the indecency of the popular sports, dances and farcical exhibitions in which even the clergy joined.

It was the usual policy of the ancient church, seeking to convert surrounding pagans, to endeavor to give a Christian significance to such of the rites as could not be rooted out; and in this case the conversion was very easy. Joy at the rising of the natural sun, and at the awakening of nature from the death of winter, became joy at the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, at the resurrection of Christ from the grave.

Easter was a favorite time for the rite of baptism, for the giving of alms and for the freeing of slaves. On Easter day the people saluted each other with the Easter kiss. Easter marks the transition from the austerities of Lent to more congenial, worldly vani-

ties, from sorrow and doubt to the assured hope of ever-lasting love.

Fairest of all flowers to lend its sweetness and purity to this festal occasion is the lily. To the Egyptians the lily was emblematic of joy immortal; to ancients it meant power and strength; and to us it is the emblem of purity. The lily is one of the oldest known flowers. It was in the gardens of Babylon 1200 B. C. The lily figures in the pictures of saints, who were famed for the purity of their lives.

The Candidum Lily is always spoken of as "the flower of the Virgin." Appropriate above all other lilies, are the Bermuda and Longiflorum, whose waxen trumpets have gained for them the name of Annunciation Lilies. The lily always has been a saint among flowers and around it innumerable legends have clustered, the most beautiful being that after the Savior rose from the tomb, his footprints, as he walked were marked by snow-white lilies which everywhere sprang up and blossomed where he stepped. This is given as the origin of their name "Easter Lily," and their use as a symbol of the resurrection.

The growth of the lily from the tiny germ entirely hidden by the brown bulb, to its final perfect beauty and loveliness, points out the story of the death of the body and the redemption of the soul, much more beautifully than tongue can express.

"Sweet Lilies, lift your heads  
From out your lowly beds;  
Arise from mold which long hath been your prison.  
Your blooms, like censers rare,  
Shed perfumes on the air,  
And tell again to earth  
'The Lord is risen.'"



### ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

#### XI. Dr. E. K. Kane.

DR. ELISHA KENT KANE was born in Philadelphia, February 3, 1820, and was the son of Hon. John K. Kane. He entered the University of Virginia in 1836, and afterward studied medicine in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. He was appointed surgeon in the United States Navy, and visited China, India, the East Indies, Arabia, Egypt, Greece, and Western Europe. On returning home he was ordered to the west coast of Africa in May, 1846, but on account of an attack of fever returned the next year, and was sent to Mexico for the war.

In 1850, as senior medical officer, he accompanied the first Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and published an account of the expedition in 1853. The same year he sailed as commander of the second Grinnell expedition. He published the account of this expedition in two large octavo volumes in 1856, the next year after his return. Honors were heaped upon him for his arduous work as physician,

naturalist and historian. He received gold medals from Queen Victoria, the Royal Geographical Society of London, the American Congress, and the New York Legislature.

His health had been failing since 1844, and the exposure and fatigue of the two expeditions told heavily upon him, and after a trip to London he sailed to Havana, Cuba, where he died February 16, 1857. His writings are not only brilliant specimens of English composition, but they are valuable contributions to science, and his accounts of the Grinnell expeditions are given with a simplicity and vividness that place them in the foremost rank of descriptive writings.

Worthy of mention: John P. Kennedy, novels; Francis S. Key, poetry; D. P. Kidder, theology; Coates Kinney, poetry; Mrs. E. C. Kinney, prose and verse; Mrs. Sue P. King, novels; Rev. Elijah Kellogg,

children's stories; John F. Kirk, history; Rudyard Kipling, poems and stories.

*Bryan, Ohio.*

✻ ✻ ✻

Tread not in paths worn smooth by other men;  
He is a slave who keeps the beaten groove—  
A slave to custom and his own weak self.

Strike out! Aim high!

And make your purpose felt from earth to sky.  
No vassal, you, to cringe and crawl for pelf,  
Creation's king with noble stride should move,  
Alone, but not apart; too small our ken.

We learn by touch

From all men something, and from some men much.  
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;  
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;  
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;  
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

—Exchange.



## A Rain Song

It isn't raining rain to me,  
It's raining daffodils!  
In ev'ry dimpling drop I see  
Wild flowers on the hills!  
A cloud of gray engulfs the day  
And overwhelms the town—  
It isn't raining rain to me—  
It's raining roses down!

It isn't raining rain to me,  
But fields of clover bloom,  
Where any buccaneering bee  
May find a bed and room.  
A health, then, to the happy.  
A fig to him who frets!  
It isn't raining rain to me—  
It's raining violets!

—Author Unknown.



# "THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL."

WILLIAM L. JUDY.

THE great honor of being the "high-water mark of American poetry" is usually given to James Russell Lowell's poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal." Justly may that prominence be ascribed to it, for its art, its sentiment, its descriptions, its lofty conceptions, its great moral lesson cannot be surpast. Without doubt, this is Lowell's masterpiece, fulfilling in every respect his own famous definition of a classic in literature: "Common without being vulgar; elevated without being distant: neither ancient nor modern: always new, and incapable of growing old."

The poem opens with a description of an ideal June day. Then comes the story. A young knight, Sir Launfal by name, prayed, as was the custom of knights before setting out on some mission, for a vision to guide him in his search for the Holy Grail. We are carried back to medieval times and traditions. Thus the zeal of a religious vow in the Middle Ages gives life and reality to the slight plot of the poem.

The Holy Grail was the cup from which the Savior drank on the occasion of the Last Supper. It was brought into England, so the tradition goes, by Joseph of Arimathea. Here his descendants kept it for many years as an object of pilgrimage and worship. Every lineal descendant had to be chaste in thought, word and deed. But one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. Many attempts to recover it were made but in vain. It was the burning desire of every ambitious knight to find the cup. In this poem we read of Sir Launfal about to set out on such an errand. Bear in mind that the poem describes the "vision" and not the real actions of Sir Launfal.

"Not only around our infancy'  
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;  
Daily with souls that cringe and plot,  
We Sinais climb and know it not."

These lines well express the central theme of the poem. We grumble because our short-sightedness cannot recognize opportunities until they have past beyond recall. Tho we hear the voices of nature, we give no response. DAILY EACH ONE MIGHT CLIMB SINAI, THERE TO MEET GOD FACE TO FACE AS DID MOSES OF OLD. "Each day" gives us opportunities to do some act of kindness, to make some one's life just a little happier.

"Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us." By the sweat of the brow alone can anything be obtained. All are doomed to partake of Adam's hard lot. Professing to strive towards an ideal, nevertheless, we spend our lives for mere pleasure.

"For a cap and bells our lives we pay;  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking.  
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,

'Tis only God may be had for the asking;  
No price is set on the lavish summer;  
June may be had by the poorest comer."

Everybody can enjoy June, lovely June. God gives it to king and beggar alike. Then, hopes revive; Nature encourages us, presenting her blossoming life as an emblem of promise. The old man lives again the days of youth; youth yearns to wear manhood's armor; manhood sets up higher ideals.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever come perfect days . . .  
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true  
As for the grass to be green, or skies to be blue."

What wonder then that Sir Launfal now thought of his solemn vow, whose purpose if attained would give him perpetual fame!

Sir Launfal was a young knight and lord of an earldom. On this June day, being adorned with his richest mail, he fell asleep, expecting a vision to guide him in his quest for the Holy Grail. "And into his soul the vision flew." He was earl of the proudest hall in the North Countree. The castle appeared gray and cold. Without Nature was decked in beautiful robes of green. The sun smiled; all was life. Sir Launfal, fully armed "to seek in all climes for the Holy Grail," now rode from the castle.

The young knight was enjoying the bright morn. He had not gone far from the castle when a leper accosted him for alms.

"And seemed the one blot on the summer's morn  
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn."

Let all mark well the words of the leper in reply.

"The leper raised not the gold from the dust;  
'Better to me the poor man's crust,  
Better the blessings of the poor,  
Tho I turn me empty from his door;  
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;  
He gives nothing but worthless gold  
Who gives from a sense of duty."

The scene has changed. For the time the story of the knight is dropped and the chill winds of winter greet the reader. All is cheerless and silent without.

"Within the hall are song and laughter,  
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly."

Such was the Yule-tide scene within the "proudest hall in the North Countree."

"But the wind without was eager and sharp,  
Of Sir Launfal's 'gray hair' it makes a harp."

Could this have been the "young knight" who in manhood's morn left his proud castle on a bright June day to seek for the Holy Grail? Is this "old man" the young Sir Launfal who scornfully tost a coin to the leper? Could he have been the once proud and wealthy young knight but now a friendless man feeble and forsaken in his old age? This was the same Sir Launfal. In many a clime he had sought in vain

for the lost cup. Now he was a poor man. He came home with no glittering armor but instead, with "raiment thin and spare." Not even was admittance given him to his own castle.

"Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,  
For another heir in his earldom sate."

No longer was he proud Sir Launfal. HE HAD LEARNED THROUGH BITTER EXPERIENCE THAT ONLY SORROW COULD TEACH THE VALUE OF TRUE SYMPATHY. Now his attitude was changed. As he went away from the castle, bitter pangs of the past came into his soul. Whom should he meet but the same leper as long ago. Immediately Sir Launfal gladly recognized him. He had no gold coin, only a little bread and water. Willingly he gave it all to the leper. But then, the leper, no longer crouching by his side, stood before him glorified. Verily, t'was the Master himself.

"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!  
In many climes, without avail,  
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;  
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou  
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now . . .  
Not what we give, but what we share,—  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

At last, poor, despised, and aged, he had unexpectedly found the Holy Grail. The one great dream of his youth was realized. His vow was fulfilled. The Master had been found not as a king in a palace but as a leper without raiment or food.

At this stage of the history we are content to leave the hero with his glory.

"But Sir Launfal awoke, as from a swoond.  
The Grail in my castle here is found . . ."

The real Sir Launfal, as young as ever, had seen all this in a vision. This is an almost dissatisfying reality. When he awoke, he stored away his needless armor. The Grail—to find which was the great object of his life—had been found in his castle. HE WAS CLIMBING A SINAI AND KNEW IT NOT. Opportunities were within his own walls. He did not need to seek for them in distant climes. The one great lesson of his life was learned.

"The castle-gate stands open now,  
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall, . . .  
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land  
Has hall and tower at his command;  
And there's no poor man in the North Countree  
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."

*Juniata College, Pa.*



"HAPPY is he who knows something, but happier still he who knows what to do with what he knows."

## GIVING HALF THE ROAD.

MARY E. CANODE.

CUSTOMS are unwritten laws that call for as strict obedience as the most rigidly enforced laws of the statutes. Their violations are generally looked upon as an outrage upon humanity, and properly so, because customs are the natural outgrowths of conditions and events of everyday life, hence violation of customs must necessarily throw society into confusion.

Giving half the road is a custom which in our own land means turning to the right and equally sharing the public highway with the other man who chances to be traveling in the opposite direction. This is done not only because each man recognizes the rights of the other, but also because both know that upon the observance of this custom depends their mutual safety. How strange then that a practice which every civilized being recognized as necessary and right on the public highway is so utterly ignored by thousands of those same human beings when it comes to the figurative application of this same expression to wayfarers on the public "Highway of Life."

Figuratively applied, what does it mean? It means permitting each and every human being the unqualified privilege of pursuing his own chosen way in life so long as that way is a right way.

A few years back we heard orators, lecturers and all kinds of speechmakers talk a great deal about "The Brotherhood of Man." Somehow we seldom hear those words repeated nowadays. Recent years have consummated the making of so many monsters of greed and selfishness who not only want and take all the road but also try to appropriate every thing that chances to be upon it, leaving the grand conception of the "Brotherhood of Man" to languish by the wayside together with the brothers whom they have robbed and trampled under foot. And the orator who would now impress the idea upon the younger generation is appalled at the enormity of his task.

In both the literal and figurative meaning of the expression it is always safest and best to give half the road, that the wheels of traffic and progress may not become entangled and that society's evolution from lower to higher conditions may not be retarded because its members stubbornly refuse to make room each for the other and thus bring confusion and disaster upon the whole body politic. Such are the results when Wall Street gamblers and their kind try to appropriate all the road to fortune or when gluttonous trusts precipitate strikes by refusing their workmen the privilege of pursuing even the by-path to a decent livelihood.

It seems that these violators believe that there will always be for them an escape from punishment. But the violation of any law, eventually brings punishment to its violator in one way or another. There is no such thing as immunity from any just law and he who



allows himself to fall into the dangerous habit of transgressing will in the end suffer the penalty, whether his dues be meted out to him in the form of a penitentiary cell, in losses, poverty and want in return for ill-gotten gain, hatred and scorn of men, or the retributive justice of God.

There is also the highway custom of the loaded wagon being given the entire good track that its load may not be made to draw heavier by moving to the rougher side track. This too is figuratively illustrated when one traveler with little or no load meets a heavily loaded one on the road of life and not only gives up his own share of the best road for the safer passage of the other but pauses in his course to help his brother traveler out of the rut into which he has chanced to slip. If this were always the case when man meets man on the rutty highway of life those rough side tracks would soon become worn down to like smoothness, thus forming one good broad road over which all could pass with safety. And the heavy burdens that are carried by the few would be lightened by the mutual sharing of the many. But too often we find that those who have no weighty cares of life to cumber their way and whose positions are such that it would require no great sacrifice on their part to ease up some of those burdens, not only ignore the idea of helping another but even throw their rightful share of life's responsibilities upon the already overburdened ones. To this kind of impostors the Divine Master said, "For ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers." To this belong the worthless parasites of wealth and fashion whose useless lives and extravagant demands prove them to be miserable failures as profitable members of society, a greater menace and disgrace to the land than the worthless tramp whose parasitical propensities lead him no farther in his impositions than to that of begging or stealing a mere sustenance of life.

"Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn."

is a sad fact that was recognized several ages back in the history of our boasted Anglo-Saxon civilization. How much more does it now stand forth as a startling truth in this age of Christian influences when man's better nature should be so far in advance of what it was in that age that the above couplet should long since have become obsolete in meaning.

The same inhumane conditions in as bad or worse form existed as far back as human history can be traced and in comparison the present age is far in advance of the age in which it was written but man's progress from brute to human or perhaps we had better say to Christlike nature has not been as rapid as it should and could have been. Love of gain and self instead of love for God and man is the weight that retards humanity's progress toward a higher nature. Man's unworthy

occupation too long has been that of studying how he can most effectively shove his brother off the road to success instead of how best to help him along the way to success, honor and righteousness.

Will it ever be thus? Possibly not. Promising signs of better things have already put in their appearance. In our own country, at least, the National conscience is at last arousing from its lethargic state. Those who have been giving half the road have learned that it takes more than precept and example to teach impostors that it is necessary for them to do the same. Men of broader influence backed by men and societies in the humbler walks of life are persuading, urging and compelling violators to stop infringing upon the rights of others.—to give half the road!

But that which is applied in general may as well be applied to the individual. It is not alone in the broader paths of life that violations of this rule are found. Individual cases of refusing to grant half the road are everyday events in our lives. How about political ideas? The nation is now on the verge of another great political campaign. Already may be heard the noise of clashing opinions. Are we going to give each other half the road? How about our differences in religious matters? Do we always accord our fellow Christian half the road? In all things of greater or minor importance, do we grant the other person half the road? There are diversities of opinions as there are divers minds to hold them. Each one has his own philosophy of life to follow and need find no hindrances to its following if each and every individual grants to every one else the rightful privilege of using half the road so long as he turns to the right.



#### SOME HEALTHFUL PURSUITS.

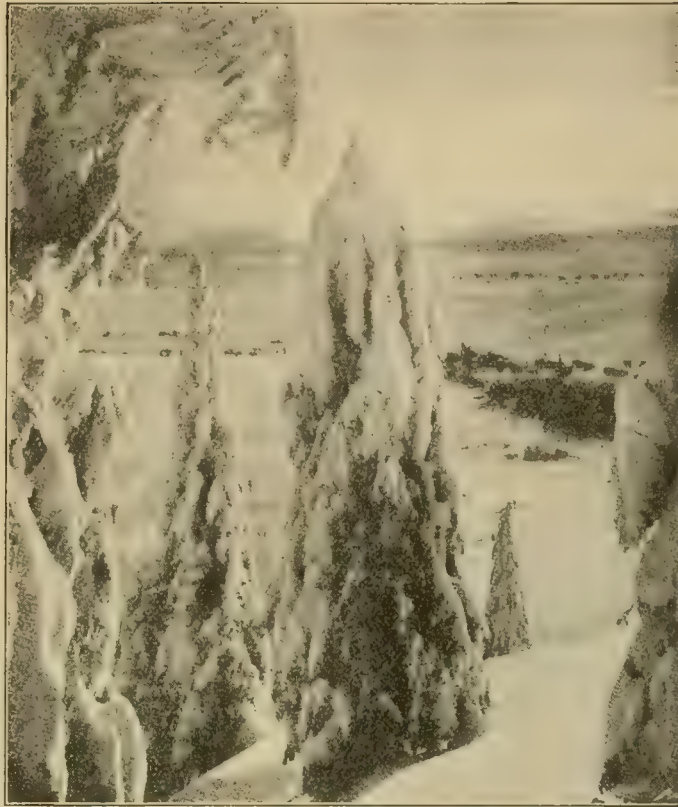
OIL workers are never bald. Visit oil regions such as those of Russia; examine the workmen's hair; it is soft and thick and glossy. For petroleum cures incipient baldness, and if your hair is thinning, rub some in. Shepherds enjoy remarkable health. The odd odor of a sheep seems to drive away disease. Sheep are especially good for whooping cough. In the sheep country, when a child takes whooping cough, it is the custom for the mother to put it to play among the sheep, and the next day it is well. The men and women who work among lavender, gathering or distilling it, never have neuralgia or nervous headache. Lavender, moreover, is as good as a sea voyage for giving tone to the system. Run-down persons often work for nothing among lavender plants in order to build themselves up. Salt miners can wear summer clothes in blizzard weather without fear of catching cold, for colds are unknown among salt workers. Breweries and tanneries and printing-ink factories bar out consumption. Turpentine works and rope works bar out rheumatism. Copper mines bar out typhoid.

## Fauna and Flora in Winter

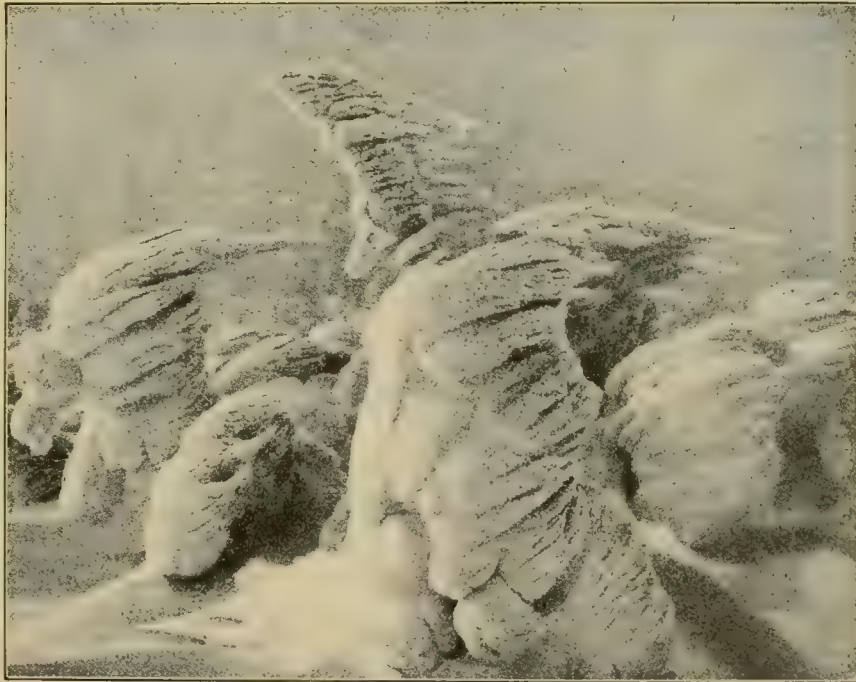
IN countries where the winters are accompanied by snow and frost, the inhabitants see sudden transformations in nature's form and color, such as is not granted to the people of warmer or more equable climates. To awake some morning and find the whole world out of doors, from tree or mountain top to the lowest dip of the valley, clad in one stretch of white, is to see a beauty which dwellers in the tropics cannot realize. There are many phases of snow landscape. The snow may look a dull flat gray under a leaden sky, or it may sparkle frostily under a clear sun. The trees

may stand up, gaunt and bleak, from ground deeply buried in snow, or the merest film of hoar frost may coat every tiniest twig and every blade of grass. Every bough may droop under a thick load of clinging white, or may be sheathed in a wrapper of clear transparent ice. Best of all the landscape looks when it may be traversed in a smoothly-gliding sleigh, with no sound in the frosty air except the tinkling of the horses' bells.

What mighty changes winter brings in the plant



The Beauty of the Early Sunlight.



Wind, Snow, Frost and Thaw Alternating Weave Some Weird Shapes.

and animal world! How entirely different are the demands the winter makes on them as compared with the remaining seasons, during which the sun not only shines, but diffuses energizing heat! In the plants these changes appeal directly to the eye. All have apparently suspended their vitality; of the trees, only the pines and a few shrubs have retained their green dress; in the case of the others, the leaves have all disappeared. The buds, to be seen everywhere on the branches, are carefully enveloped in tight coverings, which in spite of their slight thickness allow no

frost to touch the tender fabric they protect; all movement of the sap in trunk and twig is stopped, the tree is in a complete state of rest, in which the rigors of winter cannot affect it. The great array of annual plants has disappeared, withered and dried up; but under the soft snow lie the seeds, which owing to the fat they contain and their solid shells, are proof

against the cold; or, the entire life of the plant has withdrawn into the root corpuscles, which, buried deep in the earth, survive the hardest winter.



How is it, however, with the animal world? How do all its creatures with their thousandfold different vital requirements get through the severe winter? The numerous and varied army of the insect world, that in summer so often announces its presence to the human beings in the most emphatic manner, has disappeared from the face of the earth. If, however, we go into the forest and lift here and there the thick carpet of leaves lying under the snow, we shall be astonished to find all sorts of beetles, wasps, flies, and spiders, that have retired to this sheltered spot to winter. At the advent of cold weather they gradu-

ally become rigid, and remain in this condition until spring. The majority of the ephemeral insects, however, pass the winter in the larval or chrysalis state, in protected places, as in the earth, the wood of trees, etc.

Some common butterflies, for instance, always winter in the chrysalis form; numerous grasshoppers and many butterflies live through the winter in the egg state; other insects which require several years for their development—cicadas, stag beetles, etc.—are, of course, in the larval state.

Creeping things, of low organization for the most part, bury themselves in mud or earth, or seek sheltered caves and holes in which they pass the winter. Lizards creep into holes under stones and bushes and

lapse, soon after the advent of frost, into a condition of rigidity. Snakes do the same, often knotted together in a ball, lying motionless until the spring. That all these animals, the blood heat of which depends on the temperature of the surrounding air, should, when the latter falls below the freezing point, lapse into rigidity, and in this condition of apparent death pass the entire winter without any nourishment, is not surprising if we remember that when in a wakeful, perfectly lively condition, they can abstain from food for months without injury. It is peculiar and in every respect remarkable that this condition of rigidity, for

the purpose of winter protection, occurs also in the case of the warm-blooded animals, in other words, animals that lead a much more active life, animals whose consumption of oxygen is very much greater than that of the before-mentioned cold-blooded reptiles.

The faculty of thus protecting themselves is possessed by but a limited number of mammals; the best known among them include the bear, badger, woodchuck, hedgehog, and dormouse. All these animals betake themselves, with the commencement of winter, to more or less sheltered places. Bats assemble in caves, clefts in the rocks, in old deserted mines and tunnels; dormice and hedgehogs make nests in hollow trees, cracks, or in the thick layer of leaves under a brush; while the badger and the groundhog construct elaborate burrows, which they carefully close, from the inside, against the cold. No matter what the hiding place; in all of them, soon after the beginning of frost, the same conditions may be seen. The animals that have retreated, well nourished and quite fat, into their winter quarters, lie rolled up, with closed eyes, in a sound sleep. Gradually the activity of the lungs decreases, the breathing becomes slower and slower. The number of respirations falls off to 15 or 20 in a whole hour; in consequence, the blood heat of the body sensibly declines usually to about the temperature of the surrounding air, which as a rule is about 50 deg.

F. The stomach and intestines are empty and shrunk together, all organs cease to exercise their functions. The animal is consequently in a condition hardly to be distinguished from death. The reduction of the vital activity almost to zero alone makes it possible for warm-blooded animals to exist so long without nourishment.

In addition to these genuine hibernating animals there are a few that enjoy an interrupted winter sleep.

The squirrel sleeps for weeks in his nest but comes out on fine, clear days to look for food. It is the same with some kinds of bear, in whose case it must be noted that the female bear usually brings forth her cubs in the month of January, and after their birth remains with her helpless offspring in her "arms,"



Snow and Hoar Frost in Grotesque Combination.

ally become rigid, and remain in this condition until spring. The majority of the ephemeral insects, however, pass the winter in the larval or chrysalis state, in protected places, as in the earth, the wood of trees, etc.

Some common butterflies, for instance, always winter in the chrysalis form; numerous grasshoppers and many butterflies live through the winter in the egg state; other insects which require several years for their development—cicadas, stag beetles, etc.—are, of course, in the larval state.

Creeping things, of low organization for the most part, bury themselves in mud or earth, or seek sheltered caves and holes in which they pass the winter. Lizards creep into holes under stones and bushes and

uninterruptedly asleep, without taking any nourishment. By far the larger number of animals, however, do not possess the faculty of being able to pass the winter without nourishment; on the contrary, the cold weather materially stimulates their appetites, and only with the aid of substantial food are they able to withstand the winter, protected from the cold by the heavy winter coat provided for them. The putting on of a thick, warm coat is the ordinary protection, and is so recognized in the case of all land animals. We speak of a summer coat and a winter coat in connection with almost all mammals.

The summer coat consists for the most part of bristle hair. The winter coat is of dense wool, that toward the winter season begins to grow under the bristle hair, and speedily, with its thick substance, overlays the summer coat. With most animals, also, the hair changes color. It becomes much lighter, even quite white, and being of the same color as the snow, it insures its wearer the greatest protection against pursuit. I need only call attention to the ermine and the snow hare.

Protection against winter by change of coat, so universal among the animals, is less common among the birds. The birds that remain over winter acquire, it is true, a thicker covering; the soft, woolly down is more abundantly developed, the entire plumage becomes thicker and warmer.

By far the greater number of our domestic birds protect themselves against the inclemency of the winter by migrating to warmer countries. In autumn the migratory birds assemble and at a certain well-defined period they leave us and make their way south. Most of the wanderers travel only at night, though some, especially the large birds, fly by day, and we may occasionally see them, in regular order, moving southward at a considerable altitude. In consequence of this migration, northern bird life in winter is but poor compared with the numbers of the bird population in the summer time. —*Scientific American Supplement.*



#### NEW SIMPLIFIED WORDS.

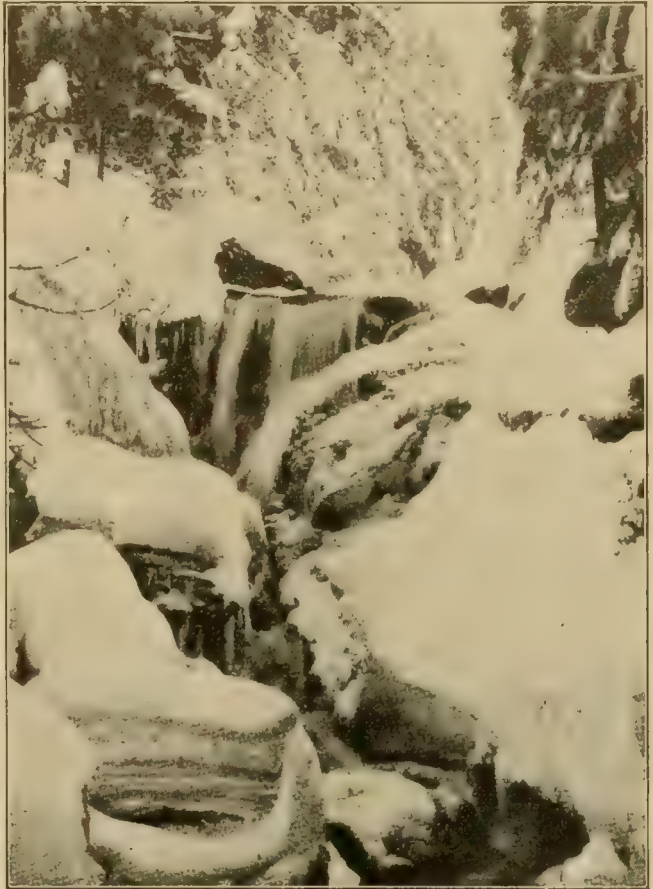
SOME time ago we named a half dozen words that could have a phonetic spelling to advantage—tho, thru, and thoro were some of them. We are not insisting that anybody shall adopt the simplified form of spelling, but we do say that senseless usage and affectation in the past has encumbered the English language with diphthongs, triphthongs and silent letters to an alarming degree.

Many of these usages crept in stealthily and slowly. Some silent letters were introduced by leading writers to distinguish them from the common herd of imitators. For example:

Ghost received its h from Caxton, who late in the

fifteenth century followed a Dutch fashion later abandoned and printed the Old English gost with the h inserted. This action paved the way for the insertion of the h in agast and gastly. Many later writers hesitated to adopt the innovation, and we find that Spenser, Milton, and Butler spelled aghast without the h.

Dr. Scott says, many people will probably balk at the substitution of f for ph in such words as alphabet, biography, pamphlet, paragraph, telegraph, photo-



An Ice-fringed Stream.

graph, and the like, but, according to the Spelling Board, the change ought ultimately to be made in all words containing ph in that value, altho at present changes are recommended only in a few of the familiar words. It is pointed out that all such words are spelled with an f in Spanish, Italian, Danish, Swedish, Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, etc., and that the same spelling was common in such of them as existed in Late or Middle Latin. Such words passed into Anglo-Saxon and Middle English with the f, but in most the classical Latin ph was restored. Other words in exactly the same class, such as fancy, frantic, frenzy, frieze, coffin, and coffer, did not return to the ph spelling, altho there is apparently no good reason why they should not also have reverted to the classical form. . . .

Autumn, solemn, and column the Board would de-



prive of their n's because, altho in the Latin originals the letter was pronounced, it is silent in the modern English and therefore is considered superfluous; bedstead is to lose its a for the same reason that led to the adoption of the spelling stedfast which was recommended in the Board's first list of three hundred words. The latter has the sanction not only of Spenser, Milton, Bunyan, and the Bible, but is accepted as an alternative spelling by the Webster and Century dictionaries. . . .

It is recommended that the g be dropt from campaign, foreign, sovereign, and diaphragm, as it is needless. Campaign is said to be a modern spelling. Diaphragm merely follows the recommendation made in the first list as to apothegm. The earlier spellings of foreign and soverign were forein or forain, and soverein or soverain.

Here are seventy-five words which the Board of Simplified Spelling recently recommended for adoption by writers and publishers:

|             |            |            |           |
|-------------|------------|------------|-----------|
| ake         | condit     | harang     | redouted  |
| aile        | counterfit | higt       | sent      |
| agast       | curteous   | indetted   | sion      |
| alfabet     | curtesy    | iland      | sissors   |
| autograf    | crum       | ile        | sithe     |
| autum       | det        | lam        | siv       |
| bedsted     | dettor     | leag       | slight    |
| bibliografy | diafram    | lim        | solem     |
| biografy    | dout       | num        | soveren   |
| boro        | dum        | pamflet    | succede   |
| bild        | eg         | paragraf   | surfit    |
| bilding     | excede     | fonetic    | telegraf  |
| campain     | foren      | fonograf   | telephone |
| camfor      | forfit     | fotograf   | thum      |
| quire       | furlo      | tisic      | tung      |
| cifer       | gastly     | tisis      | wier      |
| coco        | gost       | procede    | wierd     |
| colleag     | gard       | redout     | yoman     |
| colum       | gardian    | dedoutable |           |

It will be remembered that Andrew Carnegie has endowed this Reform Spelling Board so it can prosecute its work. We hope to see it improve our faulty English.

## CURRENT COMMENTS



### Christianity and Sanitation.

The spritual salvation of the masses is, I venture to urge, as closely connected with their social salvation as the mental health of the children receiving compulsory education is connected with their bodily well-being. It is therefore a good and wise thing that the churches seeking to establish the spritual well-being of the masses should recognize the importance of dealing with the social problems which affect the physical well-being of the masses. In this direction I believe the churches can go very far indeed. They can preach the great sanitary doctrines of the clean and wholesome life, and by their influence do

far more than the municipalities to safeguard the health of the people and raise the standard of home life and family life. The health of the people should be a solid plank in the platform of the churches. If the Christian faith is to endure, the Christian people must endure. The preservation of the race as a vigorous race is essential to preservation of its faith as a vigorous faith.

### The Pricks in the Big Navy Argument.

Our national vigilance is needed a thousand times as much against internal enemies of graft, homicide, and criminal recklessness as against external foes. Twice as many are annually murdered in our country as fell on the American side in three years of the Philippine war, though the Filipinos' loss was immense; eighty thousand more persons have been recently killed by accident in four years than were killed on both sides in the four years of the Civil War. The enemies we most need to fight are not to be conquered by bullets, but by ballots, education, and law. We have still six million illiterates, and are paying the average teacher less than a garbage collector, while a hysterical fear lest we have not enough costly steel constructions to annihilate an unknown, supposititious foe is making us blind to the dangers that are weakening and dishonoring the Republic, and are humbugging us into spending money precisely where it is least needed. President Prichett said, in his recent argument for a big navy: "Our international human nature is not likely to be made over again in a century." Justice between nations no more depends on a change of human nature than does justice between States. It is proper organization, not saintliness, that prevents New York and Pennsylvania, or Pisa and Florence, from fighting each other, as the latter used to. A navy's size bears no relation to its "dignity" any more than the number of fire-engines or jails is proportioned to the dignity of a city, or his pistols and burglar alarms to the dignity of a man. The sole just criterion for the size of a navy is the degree of national danger. Last April President Roosevelt wrote to the National Peace Congress: "We are no longer enlarging our navy. We are simply keeping up its strength. The addition of one battleship a year hardly enables us to make good the units which become obsolete." In November he asks for four new battleships. Will some one please explain why? No nation was safer and less frightened than we thirty years ago when our navy was small. Today we have no enemy in the world; we have had only two and one-half years of foreign war since 1812; we were not then invaded and the two wars were of our own making. No nation could so safely as we lead the world in a gradual reduction of armaments.

### An Englishman's Interpretation of the Cruise.

A condition of things under which America's heaviest liabilities were being incurred in one ocean while her fleet was stationed in another could not be permanent; and the sound view of the present distribution of American sea power is, in my judgment, that it is a somewhat tardy linking of policy with strategy, of responsibility with force, and of diplomacy with the material means that can alone make diplomacy effective. In restoring in this dramatic and convincing fashion the union between the instruments of American power and the course of American policy, the United States is not only absolutely within her rights, but is taking a step that the compulsion of circumstances had rendered, if anything overdue. The battleships do not precede a national change of front; they fol-

low and register it. They foreshadow, no doubt, the systematic assertion of American power in the Pacific, but American interests in that ocean, commercial, political, and territorial, have already been neglected too long; and the very fact that the transfer of the fleet from one American port to another should have started opinion both at home and abroad, should have piqued curiosity and aroused apprehensions, is in itself the strongest proof that it was imperatively needed. No nation could permanently allow itself to be hampered by the tradition that of its two coast lines one might be trusted to take care of itself while the other was to enjoy a virtual monopoly of the national means of defense. The dispatch of the American fleet is essentially the rectification of a lop-sided growth and of distorted focus. It is an adjustment of America's sea-power to the plain facts of her geographical position. The magnitude of the undertaking, its expense, the enormous distances to be covered and the riotous commentaries of the American press have somewhat blinded the world to its fundamental simplicity and its indefeasible propriety.

#### American Telegraph and Telephone Company.

The annual report of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company for the year 1907 includes a good deal of interesting information. It shows that every man, woman and child on the average talked through the telephone seventy-five times last year, at least six times more than he did the year before—facts which seem to indicate not only that we are great talkers, but that the habit is growing on us. The company uses more than eight and a half million miles of wire, enough to cover thirty-five times the distance of the moon. Last year alone it added 1,141,687 miles to its wire in use. The company has more than twenty-three thousand stockholders, whose average holding is sixty-five shares, and paid out nineteen million dollars odd in dividends. Thus the average stockholder received about \$817, which is a greater sum than the average earnings of a laboring man. The report gives full publicity to all matters, the sort of report that every great corporation should give out. It endorses Governor Hughes's policy of public control for telephone companies, believing that such control is better than competition, which it finds wasteful, and believes that physical valuation is a useful aid to the fixing of just rates. The company expresses its opinion on this matter of rates thus: "Fair rates, therefore, should be authorized or acquiesced in, for it is only by fair rates that good service to the public and permanent, healthy conditions can be created or maintained."

#### The Local Option Campaign in New Jersey.

In only five of the forty-six States in the Union, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Nevada and New Jersey, have the people no direct power of protest against the issuing of licenses to sell liquor in their particular community. That a State should have no such power speaks ill for the Christian citizenship in it. The licensing power in New Jersey resides in some places in a city council, in some places in an excise board, and in some cases in a county judge. What this means, so far as the power of a community to decide for itself in regard to the presence of a saloon, may be judged by two or three instances. In Greenwich, Cumberland County, a license was granted against the protests of all but three men living within the community. At Cranberry Station all the voters within a radius of a mile of the place signed a petition protesting against a saloon, but there was very great dubiety

whether the judge would refuse to renew the license. At Montclair, a place of eighteen thousand people, 1,250 citizens petitioned the Council against granting an additional license and renewing two old licenses for places where the law had been violated. The liquor dealers presented a counter petition signed by one hundred names. The Council granted the new license and renewed the other two. Under the guidance of the Anti-Saloon League the Christian citizens of New Jersey have been conducting a vigorous campaign for the passage of a local option bill. Governor Fort was elected last fall on his promise to enforce the Bishops law, which required Sunday closing and the removal of screens to enable bars to be visible from the street on that day, but he refused to favor local option, although great pressure was exerted on him. The Governor is a Methodist, and promised the Methodists that if he were let alone he would drive every saloon out of the State, but the Methodists and other anti-saloon voters want practical action, not indefinite promises. The local option bill was defeated, and the churches and the Anti-Saloon League hold the Governor responsible. The episode will tend to put a quietus to talk of Mr. Fort as Vice-Presidential candidate on the Republican ticket. The anti-saloon vote is so strong this year that the Republicans are not likely to antagonize it unnecessarily, as would be the case if Mr. Fort were a candidate.

#### New York Tenement House Troubles.

The strike of the tenants against the landlords in the tenement house district of New York City may possibly assume alarming proportions. It would seem that the protest of these people was not without reason, as they are being driven to desperation by the exorbitant demands of the landlords. In some of the lower East Side tenement districts the population is in many instances over one thousand people to the acre. Packed in miserable dark rooms like sardines in a box, these poor wretches are now forced to pay as much as \$6.50 each for rooms which several years ago rented for but \$4.00. This, together with the fact that many are now out of employment, has forced many of them to the limit of endurance. The main cause of this tremendous increase in rentals is the growing speculative tendency of New York landlords. The owner of a building leases it to another who in turn sublets it, each new lessee of the building figuring on making a profit on his lease by increased rentals. Thus a building is never sold for its actual value, but upon the basis of what it will rent for. For example: a six story house on Norfolk Street sold six years ago for \$28,000, while today \$43,000 is asked for the same building. This increase is not because of any improvements, but merely for the reason that the tenants are being gouged proportionately by increased rentals. Thousands of these tenants have organized under the auspices of a socialist committee, landlords have been interviewed, and in many cases the rents have already been reduced.

#### Nerve Stimulants.

Taking up the old question of the effects of nerve stimulants upon the capacity for work, Armand Gautier has shown that when kola is given to a horse fatigue seems to be lessened, and half a mile or more is added to the distance the animals can travel per hour. It was further proven, however, that the horse loses more weight than the one that has received no stimulant. This drug, like alcohol, can whip up the tissues, but the artificially produced energy is at the expense of the living machine.



# THE INGLENOOK

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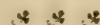
## THE STONE ROLLED AWAY.

AGAIN the season bids us refresh our minds on an event so important in the history of the world that by far the greater per cent of our present progress and activities may be traced directly to it. An event the significance of which appears to broaden and deepen with time, so that its several features not only retain their first striking clearness, but they have the added weight of authority which time and trial alone can give. The resurrection of our Lord is an assured fact and in its turn it assures us that the impulses of our being that reach out beyond all earth-bound limits shall find their completeness when we have shaken loose the fetters of this house of clay.

Unless in hopeless despair we have buried deep the dearest treasure of our heart we cannot understand the feelings of the disciples when they had laid away the Master. And unless we have received again that which we had despairingly surrendered, pulsating with new life and hope, we cannot fathom the joy that filled their hearts when they beheld the risen Lord. Nevertheless, our joy may be full, even with an increasing power to enjoy, if we will accept the sacrifice made for us which ended so gloriously in the resurrection. In reality the stone rolled away offers to us as much comfort and inspiration as it did to the disciples. The real value of its power to give comfort and hope is not affected by the passing of ages; it has no limits except such as our finite beings give it.

But the stone rolled away holds not only the fact of our Lord's resurrection. It is significant of God's part in all our work. The women were perplexed because the stone was in their way, but they went on preparing their spices and started for the tomb. They did all they could do and, lo, there was no cause for worry, God did the rest. The experience of these women may be our experience today, for the same condition prevails. If there is a task that needs to be done, however impossible it may appear, we have only to do what

we can and the rest will be done for us. Our strength need not be taken into consideration only as we connect it with a willingness to do our best. Then the difficulties will disappear, the stones will be rolled away.



## A GLIMPSE OF AN HONEST MAN.

SOME of us have grown sick and tired of the many exposures of corruption and of its unprincipled agents and authors. It is true that much good has resulted from these exposures and we are glad for the promise of better things which such a course brings. Nevertheless, the large number of these evidences of dishonesty makes us tired and the fact of their existence makes us sick at heart. For this reason, when a man is found apparently with a natural disposition to do the right and to stand by it at all costs, we are moved to accord him special reward for such strength of character, altho the possession of these qualities is no more than the world has a right to demand of every man and woman. The instance that has inspired us with renewed faith in mankind, because of a man's fight for the right, is that of Governor Hughes's crusade against gambling in his State. We give a brief account of it as it appeared in the *Independent*, with some of the magazine's comments.

In the days when Phillips Brooks was preaching in Boston it used to be said, and perhaps it is still said, that the local Unitarians found no difficulty in transferring their ecclesiastical allegiance to Trinity church, where they had to repeat the Apostles' Creed every Sunday and join vocally in worship of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. One thinks of this easy alliance when one reads how Bishop Potter and Dr. Slicer united their influence in the chorus which, before the Albany Legislature, defended the present permissive gambling law of that State.

It was plainly against them and their allies of the Hockey Club that Governor Hughes directed his telling speech recently in New York City. His argument was sharp and decisive. The State Constitution says:

"Nor shall any lottery, nor the sale of lottery tickets, poolselling, bookmaking, or any other kind of gambling hereafter be authorized or allowed within the State, and the Legislature shall pass appropriate laws to prevent offenses against any of the provisions of this section."

That covers gambling at the races, as well as in hidden poolrooms. But the present law allows and, with a license fee, protects the former while forbidding and punishing the latter. Its purpose seems to be to bring the gamblers all to the races, that all the gamblers' profits may be gathered there. Of course the racing associations wish to shut up the poolrooms that they may hold its whole wicked monopoly.

Members of the Legislature have sworn that they will obey the Constitution. Governor Hughes holds

them up to their oath. To fail is perjury. There is no escape, for in this matter there is no higher law. Gambling is by common consent immoral, vicious and mischievous. There is no proper excuse for breaking their oath and annulling the Constitution.

Governor Hughes risked the opposition of the bishop and the clergymen to his candidacy to the Presidential chair when he said:

"Our clergy pray in their churches that law and order may be upheld, and that among our people there may be genuine devotion to our institutions and sincere desire for the maintenance of just authority. Would any churchman, breathing that prayer, dare to give his counsel and support to open defiance of the Constitution of the State, a defiance, which in its cynical disregard of the expressed will of the people, breeds contempt for our laws?"

We are especially pleased with the lively way in which Governor Hughes hits back at ex-Governor Black, who had presented an argument for the racing associations to the effect that men will gamble, and they might as well be allowed to do so under due limits—that is, at the grand stand, but not in poolrooms. For, said he, women will wager gloves, and men will bet a cigar, and boys will play for marbles, and it can't be helped. What the Governor says is so fine, so strong, that we must quote it at length:

"But it is said that the Constitution prohibits all kinds of gambling, and that it is a humbug to deal with racetrack gambling and not to deal with betting of boxes of candy and the petty wagers of common experience.

"Is this sensible? Is any thoughtful man really impressed by such an argument? Suppose it be impossible to deal with petty private wagers, is that any reason why the constitutional provision should not be enforced where it can be enforced? If you cannot reach every bet of a cigar or every chance or grab-bag, is that a reason why we should repeal the law relating to lotteries and revert to the scandals of earlier days? Because every bet of a box of gloves cannot be reached would you repeal the laws as to gambling dens and poolrooms? But why should we make a favored class of poolsellers and bookmakers at race-tracks? Shall we erect a Monte Carlo and legalize gilded gambling saloons where the inherent failings of human nature may have free exhibition and not indulge in the humbug of attempting to prohibit them, because, forsooth, we cannot reach the wager of a box of candy? Talk about humbug? There is humbug for you, of the finest, rarest quality; but fortunately it deceives no one."

That is what it is, humbug, nothing less. But it is more than that; it is lawlessness, nullification. And it is even more than that; it is greed, and Governor Hughes says so:

"It happens because money wants the privilege. It is simply, so far, the victory of unscrupulous money power over the people of the State."



#### INGLENOOK WEEK.

IN order that our readers may have a special inducement to offer their friends who should belong to our INGLENOOK family, we are setting aside one week, May 4 to 9 inclusive, in which we are bringing together all the exceptional offers that we are able to make. Aside from those that will be mentioned in the advertising pages, there will be special features in the way of reading matter. A traveler who is able to describe his experiences in a spicy and versatile manner will contribute a series of articles under the heading, "Around the World without a Cent." These articles will be illustrated and we are sure they will be eagerly read by thousands of our readers. This series will begin with the first issue in May.

In the same number will begin the lessons in Esperanto, as promised by the late editor. As with other languages this language is much more easily acquired when taken in class. Any one wishing to follow these lessons as they appear in the INGLENOOK should endeavor to get a number of his friends to subscribe for the magazine so that they may form a class and take the lessons together.



#### WHY DO WOMEN DEPLORE THEIR SEX?

WOMAN discounts herself and all the world accepts her verdict. In heathen lands the girl baby is not wanted, and woman lives in an immortal state only thru and by connection with her earthly husband. Even in Christian lands women lament their inability to cope with their brothers.

All of this is a false calculation, for every normal man looks up to woman as his complement. He reverences her. He will follow her whom he loves to heaven or to hell. The social world is not complete without woman. Her work is more delicate and her influence oozes from a deeper soul depth than does that of man. Or if it does not come from deeper depths it strikes deeper in the recipient.

It is time for woman to see herself in the divine light, her real light, and appreciate her powers. Instead of self-pity and contempt for a weaker physical organism, for childbirth and for a few social and political distinctions, occupy the realm belonging to you. Woman leads man and to her belongs our future national ideas. A man admires a courageous woman and not a down-in-the-mouth companion. He does not like a spitfire, but he does gracefully succumb to the woman who battles for her right if she is consistent and considerate. Neither sex can claim advantage over the other for both are dependent. While the woman was made "for the man," she was made because he needed her to save him. Hence she is superior in some sense.





## Food and Dieting in their Relation to Health

O. G. Brubaker, M. D.

THE question of food and dieting is a very complex and important, as well as interesting one. Not only the health and strength of our bodies, but our moral and intellectual characters, are dependent upon the nature and quantity of the food supply. And as is readily admitted by all, improper food materials, as well as excessive and deficient amounts of food, have a vital influence upon the condition of our health.

A great many definitions of food have been given by as many authors, but the one given by Dr. Atwater especially appeals to me. "Food is that which, when taken into the body, builds up its tissues and keeps them in repair, or which is consumed in the body to yield energy in the form of heat to keep it warm and create strength for its work." A careful study of this definition will prove to us without the shadow of a doubt that most of us eat entirely too much. For how much of all the potatoes, bread, meat, cabbage, etc., that we eat goes to build tissue or yield energy in the form of heat? It has been said that if we knew how to solve the food question to the minutest detail each of us could carry enough food material for a day's rations in our vest pocket. While I doubt the exactness of the above statement, yet I am fully convinced that all of us, with here and there an exception, eat entirely too freely to enjoy the best of good health and happiness.

How to avoid eating too much is the question that naturally arises in many of your minds. And by the way, in many places, in the country as well as in the towns and cities, this is no little question. For in the first place God has given us appetites for food and to sit down to a table loaded with three or four kinds of meat, five or six kinds of vegetables, two or three styles of salads, from one to a half dozen desserts, not to mention the chocolate cake, the lemon cake, the layer cake, etc., angel's food cake, and one denominated his Santanic majesty,—and all of these seasoned and flavored just to suit the taste,—and not eat till one's stomach aches and groans with its load is more than you can expect of the average American citizen. So my appeal must be to the mothers, wives and sisters to serve not to

exceed one kind of meat, one or two vegetables, very little salad,—and honestly I am sure the pie and cake would be better in the garbage can. This is a little to the extreme on both sides of the question, but for the sake of our health and that of our posterity let's get back to the more simple diet of our forefathers. "Pork and beans," or better still, "beef and potatoes," is a simple diet, but oh, how good,—and what sturdy men have lived for eighty and ninety years upon it. God alone knows, mother, how many mental, moral and physical wrecks you are making out of your sons and daughters by feeding them from that table so heavily loaded with so many highly-seasoned and flavored, as well as lavishly furnished foods. It is my opinion that overeating has as much to do with the cause of nervous and mental diseases, of which there are so many today, as anything else.

Our bodies demand and need a variety of good substantial food material. We can not dispense with any of the three classes of foods,—proteids, carbohydrates and fats. A diet composed entirely of any one or any two of these to the exclusion of the other will soon manifest itself by ill health of some kind. Hence a strictly vegetable diet, or the diet of the strict "vegetarian," is not compatible with good strong health. This kind of diet is not only insufficient for the requirements of the body but it very often leads to grave digestive disturbances.

The amount and kind of food to be eaten depends very largely upon the age, the occupation, the climate and the season. The best food for the infant is its mother's milk, that for the adult a mixed diet of meats and vegetables and fruit, that of the old man should be largely milk, buttermilk, grains and fruit. The diet of the farmer and blacksmith should be richer than that of the office worker or schoolteacher. The natural diet of the African is vastly different from that of the Laplander. In the winter we need more fat and a heavier diet than we do in the hot days of July and August. Hence our custom of eating fresh meats in the winter and salt pork and fruit in the summer is strictly in accordance with the laws of health and hygiene.

I would like to speak at some length on the sub-

ject of the relation of food and water supply to the cause of health but space and time allow for only a brief mention of some diseases which are in a great many cases traceable to infected food or contaminated water. Among the diseases of cattle which render their flesh unfit for food are, Texas cattle fever, foot-and-mouth disease, anthrax, actinomycosis (lumpy-jaw) and tuberculosis. Among the diseases of the pig may be mentioned,—hog cholera, tuberculosis, anthrax and trichina spiralis. Of the diseases conveyed by milk, in addition to those derived from the cows themselves, may be mentioned,—typhoid fever, cholera, diphtheria and scarlet fever. These diseases are not produced by the cows being infected but by contamination of the milk with polluted water, or by means of flies, and by means of infected hands and clothing of the milkers or those employed in handling the milk. Butter and cheese, and most any kind of food, may give rise to disease in a similar way.

Allow me to conclude this article then by saying that a moderate diet selected from a variety of *clean* unadulterated and well preserved foods will go a long way in preserving the health of the inmates of any home.

*Mt. Morris Ill.*



#### CONCERNING CERTAIN DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

IF you think that you have a thousand and one things to do, drop the thousand and attend strictly to the one; then, at least one thing will be done in time and be done thoroughly, and all the others are likely to be, in turn.

There may be a few farmers' daughters who have had lodged in their brains the notion that doing housework is not ladylike. For their benefit let us quote the words of a Philadelphia woman, a leader of society: "I have trained my daughters as I was trained, to the performance of every detail of housework, not only that they may know how intelligently to direct servants, but also that they may be able to meet every domestic exigency that may arise." There's not a word in that about cooking or dish-washing or bed-making being degrading.

Good listeners are almost as rare as good talkers. Some people listen with an abstracted air which shows that their thoughts are elsewhere; or, they seem to listen, but their wide answers and irrelevant questions show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts, which they found more interesting than what you were saying. Some interrupt and will not hear you to the end; others, meaning to be polite, listen with such determined, lively, violent attention that it makes you uncomfortable and the charm of the conversation is at an end.



MEN often mistake their inclination for their convictions.

#### COWARDICE AND WASTEFULNESS.

A FEAR of seeming stingy keeps many persons from saving. Many a housewife is really afraid to say anything about economizing lest her servants characterize her as "close," small—in short, stingy, when they talk over their employer's shortcomings with their neighbors. Many a woman falls into extravagances because she feels that the eyes of her neighbors are upon her; she dreads criticism if she tries to do with little. Every housewife should be a law unto herself, and being sure she is doing for the best, worry not at all as to what others will say. She knows, or ought to know, better than anyone else what can be afforded, and economy should be practiced for economy's sake. This moral cowardice often leads one to buy needless things simply to satisfy the eyes of people who care not a rap of the finger what she does, or does not. Down deep in our heart we know we have enough, and what is good enough for all needs, but we do not dare say so. Moral cowardice impels waste in every department of the household. We indulge in extravagances merely because we wish to either equal or out-do our neighbors, and we do not stop to realize that such extravagance is sinful waste, with absolutely no satisfactory returns.—*Housewife.*



#### TED'S ARCHITECT.

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

"HERE's my design for manual training today, Grandpa," said Ted, holding up a small square of white tissue paper. "It's for a hall archway. Isn't it pretty?"

"Very pretty," his grandfather declared. "So that's the work they set you at! Are you going to be an architect?"

"I guess so," Ted laughed: "That is, if I get time after baseball hours."

He ran down the walk, whistling, and Grandpa went into the other room to look at the morning paper. He had not been in his seat by the window more than ten minutes, when Ted came tearing back, breathless and worried.

"I've lost my design! You didn't see it anywhere, did you, mother? I know I had it when I started, for I was showing it to Grandpa! I'll be late, sure!"

"Perhaps you dropped it on the lawn," she said, hurrying down the steps. "Did you look all the way?"

"Yes," Ted panted.

Grandpa had followed them, his *Daily* under his arm.

"You'll never find it by looking on the ground, Ted," he said, mischievously. "I saw a little white paper lying on the walk, after you went out, but before I realized what it was, an architect came along



and picked it up and carried it away. I dare say he is using it this very minute."

"An architect!" Ted gasped, his eyes wide with astonishment. "Who was he? What did he want of it?"

Grandpa laughed outright. "To use, of course. He did not introduce himself, but he wore a blue coat and a high peaked hat. He was very handsome, and I judged he was bright-witted enough to improve all the chances that came his way. If you want the design back, perhaps you can get it of him by calling at his office up in the branches of that elm just east of the drive."

A peal of laughter broke from Ted's lips, and a sparkle drove the anxious look out of his eyes.

"A blue-jay!" he shouted. "He wanted it for his nest, the little thief! Let him have it. Fellows in the same business ought to be obliging to each other. I can make another." He turned and ran off quickly, waving his cap. "Won't teacher laugh when I tell her! He had the nerve, hadn't he, though!"



#### AN EASY NAME PUZZLE.

A NUMBER of little girls in the fifth grade decided to give their teacher a patchwork quilt made by their own hands. They designed it so as to consist of sixteen blocks. On each block there was a letter and they so arranged the blocks that the teacher could find the



names of all the givers by starting with the proper letters and taking the letters next to them in any direction. For instance, "Mary" is indicated by the dotted line. See how many girls' names you can find in the same way, starting with any letter you please. Uncle Josh has found twenty—and maybe someone who is smart could find still more. Try this on your schoolmates.—*The Pathfinder*.



REMEMBER INGLENOOK week,—May 4 to 9 inclusive.

#### FRUIT AND FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN.

D. Z. ANGLE.

A FEW choice fruits may be grown to advantage, if not placed in the way of vegetable rows, or in a position so that the reflection of sunshine from trees on small plants does not prevent or dwarf the latter's growth. This may be prevented by having small fruits such as strawberries, raspberries and blackberries, grown between trees and vegetables, as berries do reasonably well there and taper off the effects of the sunshine and shade on smaller plants. Then it is a good thing to have some berries growing handy to the house in the garden which should be safely fenced against the intrusion of poultry and farm animals. It is also a suitable place to raise a few grapes, currants, and rhubarb. Some of these may be set around the edges along fences, but rhubarb should be set along north side of fence or where the sun does not have chance to burn plants, although rhubarb will probably do well enough out in the open, where the sunlight is not reflected, and air has equal access to plants.

If a garden is extra long and narrow, most of the fruit and trees may be planted at one end, but if about square in shape the fruit could be set at one side, which will leave room for vegetables to be set in long rows. The berries should also be set in rows five or six feet apart and cultivated a few times each season or mulched to keep down the weeds. The garden should be near the house. Then the vegetables can be cultivated quickly or at odd times, and the vegetables and fruits are close at hand for table use or canning.

Flowers and shrubs or nonedible plants, while not essential to highest usefulness of the home garden, are of decorative value, and as such are desirable to a limited extent and degree. Unless one desires to raise flowers for the market, too many of them in a garden would not prove profitable or even necessary as a beautifier, for many of the common fruits and plants furnish blossoms in rotation and later their ripe fruit, which is all very pleasing to our eyes, as well as to our appetites later. A few rose bushes, Easter lilies, hollyhocks, honeysuckles, etc., may be grown just inside the entrance along paths, or in other out of the way, but easily observable spots. For medical purposes a small section should be devoted to growing sage, hoarhound, etc., where such plants do not grow wild and have to be bought if needed from the tradesman.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*



Blow softly, winds, o'er garden beds,  
Where flowers are waking from their sleep,  
While drowsily they lift their heads,  
The skies of April laugh and weep;  
Blow softly while the wild birds sing,  
And rills exultant break their chains;  
Blow softly, heralds of the Spring,—  
Upon her throne fair April reigns.

—Ruth Raymond.

**THE TRUCK PATCH.**

Don't let the tomato plants crowd in the seed-bed. Take them up and reset them in rows 2 x 3 inches. Some kind of marker should be used to space the plants. A good one can be made out of a piece of 2 x 2 inch stuff as long as the bed is wide. Bore half-inch holes, and put in pegs as far apart as the plants are to be set. By using the marker the plants can be set in straight rows, and this will facilitate cultivation. Before the plants are reset, the bed should be worked over and raked down.

As soon as large enough, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, pepper, celery and the like should be transferred to the cold frame and gradually hardened off for the field. Get the frames ready for them at once.

Radishes and early turnips should be sown, and the first crop of early peas planted, just as soon as the ground can be worked. In some sections the extra early White Milan turnip is a profitable crop. It is usually sown broadcast, and the crop can be harvested in time for the land to be used for something else.

The first planting of early potatoes should be made as early as possible this month. If the potatoes are covered with the plow, and the harrow run over the field at intervals of ten days or so, the ridges will be worked down, and a good part of the cultivation will thus be done by the time the potatoes are well up. To catch the mother beetles and keep off the blight, spraying should begin as soon as the plants are through the ground.

If the soil for bedding melons and cucumbers was not hauled up last fall, the sooner it is done now the better. Lima beans can be started in dirt bands in the hotbed like melons, and several weeks gained in the time of ripening.

Manure that is to be used in the hill for melons, cucumbers and the like should be forked over, fined and ricked up so as to turn water. Unless this is done it may be too wet when the time comes to use it. Finish hauling and spreading manure that is to be worked in broadcast. It would be interesting to know how many truckers are using manure spreaders.

Keep the plow going whenever the soil is dry enough to work well. April may be too wet to admit of much plowing.

Cucumbers paid handsomely last year. A short crop kept prices up and enabled those who had them to ship the entire crop. A big crop will be planted this spring, and only the very early ones are likely to be profitable. However, with the right kind of soil and proper cultivation, cucumbers can be made to pay every year. A neighbor of the writer has a piece of creek bottom land containing less than three acres, on which cucumbers have been grown for the last five years, and the net returns have been \$1,000 a year. The land is in a se-

cluded valley well protected on the north and west by woods. By manuring heavily, and starting the plants in hotbeds, he gets early cucumbers and they bring top prices.

Don't forget to give the rhubarb and asparagus a thorough cultivation as soon as the soil is dry enough.

If March is warm, winter onions will be ready to ship by the end of the month. Get everything ready for them.

All planting that can be done now will help to relieve the pressure in April and May. For this and other reasons rhubarb and asparagus should be planted in March, if the weather will permit.

Success with asparagus and rhubarb will depend in a large measure upon the kind of plants set. With most other crops weak plants may be made to produce good crops by thorough tillage and fertilization; but this is not true of asparagus and rhubarb.—*Farm Journal*.

**TWO FLOWER BEDS.**

I WISHED for a flower bed on the lawn, and one by my dining room door, both of which should be in good form, all or nearly all summer, and not need a great deal of care. This is how I reached the desired result. The one on the east side of the house, circular and four feet in diameter, was sown to star petunias in the spring. In August, three *Lilium Candidum* were planted in the center, and in October thirty-six pink hyacinth bulbs were planted about them. That was four years ago and the only care since is to keep out weeds, and thin petunias. In full sunshine the other, a diamond shape, six feet on each side, was planted in October. One hundred and forty-four single scarlet tulips were planted five inches deep and two hundred scillas—between the rows—two inches deep. These were mulched about two inches with dry leaves, held in place by evergreen branches. Early in March, the leaves were worked into the ground and pinks, poppies, and scarlet verbenas were sown. This also is a success. The bed is scarlet with verbenas blossoms. This bed requires a little more attention than the other as the poppies must not be allowed to smother the small verbenas plants and must also be removed as soon as they are through blooming. I take the tulips up every second year.—*Floral Life*.

**BLACK LOCUST GROVES.**

THE question of future supply of fence posts is one which concerns every Western farmer. We already see the trend of lumber prices, and fence-post timber is sure to go the same way. Of course, much timber can be used for posts which is not suitable to be worked up any other way, but at the present annual rate of consumption it will be only a few years until oak, cedar, locust and catalpa posts will be selling at



50 cents each, and, unless new groves are started now, there is bound to be a great scarcity.

On most farms there are corners, or perhaps patches of several acres, growing nothing but weeds. These places should be put into black locust or catalpa plantations, so that some post material will be coming on in a few years. Plow up this ground and put it in crop condition, and tend and cultivate the young timber as you would a corn field. These timber plantations must have good care for the first five years, after which they will do nicely. Don't try to grow timber and pasture together, and don't let the stock in to eat off the tender sprouts or break down the young trees.

The division lines between fields or between farms could be planted to post timber to very good advantage. There is usually a strip of ten or twelve feet left between these fields, upon which nothing is grown. Plant them to timber, and I believe the best investment that any Western farmer can make would be to put five acres of his best land in black locust and catalpa.  
—Selected.



#### SPRING.

There's a song of birds on the morning air,  
There's a glint of green at your feet,  
There's violets blossoming everywhere,  
With perfume dainty and sweet.  
There's a brush of brooms at the back doorway,  
And the housecleaning path we clear,—  
And the ragman called again today,  
Sure, we know that spring is here.

—Nellie Fiske Hackett.

### For SUNDAY READING

#### THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

D. D. THOMAS.

The brightness of the vernal days  
Was sombered o'er with strangest things,  
As bound unto some cruel ways  
Right in the blossoming of Spring.

The earth seemed as a raging sea,  
Tumultuous rent the hill and dale,  
The rocks from off the mountain flee,  
The sun is hid beneath a veil.

No picture shows the gloom of it,  
No words describe the terror felt,  
Yet, here the robe of glory knit  
When God's own Son in darkness dwelt.

So o'er the land a gloom was cast  
With suddenness of summer cloud,  
When Jesus thro' the shadow passed  
To robing of the whited shroud.

And when the grave that early morn  
Lay tenantless, they sought him there,  
And Mary felt herself forlorn,  
The living Jesus heard her prayer.

So when the two that afternoon,  
To Emmaus were on the way,  
These tidings had not raised their gloom  
Their faces and their walk betray.

As gropingly each step they take,  
It seems they scarce can trust the ground,—  
How cautiously each news they break,  
And seem affrighted at the sound.

The rising hill they peer across  
And half expectant, half afraid,  
Imagine him a monster ghost  
In frightful equipage arrayed.

And thus there come before their eyes  
To further take their peace away.  
The wily tempter wrought his lies  
And let delusions fevered play.

Their Lord had taught in sorrow's hour  
That they should lift their hearts in prayer;  
'Twould bar away the tempter's power;  
'Twould welcome faith and angels there.

Alas, how great the task he bore,  
So faithless are the hearts of men,  
So sightless, shall we say, and more,  
So deadened in the ways of sin.

Tho' tempest cease at his command,  
For Lazarus ope the bars of death,  
Tho' all were great, the Master's hand  
Had none so great as quickening faith.

The day was bright, a cloudless sky,  
Or, slightly streaked with blush of white,  
Just as some uneventful day,  
The moments drove away the light.

They met no stranger in the way,  
Had left their friends, they walked alone,  
The stillest hour of the day,  
And light as any since the morn.

But somehow stepped another form  
Right out of somewhere near their side,  
As of a mystic mother born  
And meant to always there abide.

It seemed 'twas no surprise to them,  
They only did not see him come.  
And greeted as a common man,  
Continued calmly nearing home.

His question caused them no surprise,  
His second, seemed he did not know.  
They saw him by "withholden" eyes,  
And yet they felt the spirit's flow.

The glowing of a genial soul  
Has often kindled friendly fire,  
And made our yearnings fully whole,  
And fed the heart with its desire.

So this had nothing strange to them,  
They had before the angel kiss,  
Tho' with the Master they had been  
They did not see this hour of bliss.

And as they walked and talked with him,  
With fervency their hearts enthuse,  
One could but think their eyes were dim  
Or else they willed him to refuse.

The door was reached, he moved to go,  
But they constrained him to abide,  
And Mary welcomed, she whose flow  
Had touched the crimson where he died.

She smiled upon the sad-eyed face,  
And bade him sit at meat prepared,  
Her household duties were a grace,  
And ever with a stranger shared.

And with their guest at meal recline  
With eyes aloft, the morsels take,  
And broken by a hand divine,  
The curtain lifts, and they awake.  
Herring, Ohio.



### EASTER THOUGHTS.

AGNES NEFF.

WITH the Eastertide comes new hope, new joy. All over Christendom the children are singing and the burden of their song is joy and victory over death.

The wonders of spring are again repeated before our eyes and verify the message of Easter. The fields that were but a few weeks ago sleeping beneath the snow, nature now hastens to clothe with grass, and the trees with bud and bloom. The birds are flying back in countless numbers. The little wild flowers smile up at us from the cold ground, the streamlets, now free from ice and snow, go singing on their way. Thus the message of Easter comes to each of us bidding us take new courage, new heart and go on.

To the great household of the sorrowing it comes with its deepest meaning. To the bereaved and drooping soul pressed down by the heavy hand of sorrow, it comes with consolation. Life will perhaps never be the same again, but new joy shall spring up, where there is only darkness now, new hope where there is only bitterness and despair.

Thus the glorious Easter message brings joy to all the world. "Beyond the smiling and the weeping, there shall be for you and me love, rest, and home."



### NEARING LIFE'S SPRING.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

As the winter days hasten on, we are nearing the spring. How a sunshiny day in the cold season speaks of the springtime and summer beauty; how the blue sky reminds us that nature has better things in store for us.

The fringe of evergreens on our native hills, towering upward to the firmament, is a whole volume of unwritten poems on hope, as in the chilliest weather we dream of the time when the other trees will wear their green once more.

What do we care for dead leaves or snowflakes; there is the promise of spring in every green needle of the waving pine that silhouettes in blackness on winter's gray skies! Why should we mind withered daisies and thistles, when every now and then the

grass peeps up in greenness 'neath the snow? In the coldest day that comes we are nearing the spring.

Every gray hour, like the cloud with a silver lining, has a lining of sunbeams and flowers and gentle breezes. Turn winter's gray hour around, any hour of the season, even the stormiest, on the other side is first a springtime, sixty minutes' breathing of daffodil and crocus, of Mayflower and lilac. All is not as it seems, The desolation of winter means rest, and a preparation for the flowers and fruits of other seasons. Is it not so with life's winter? A seeming desolation has a heart of greenness, and the future bloom of heaven's summer. Much is in preparation in spite of grayness and bareness of ways. The little rifts of blue mean the unfading blue of eternity, when skies never change. We are really nearing life's spring and summer, though friends may look with commiseration on us. It is not all of life to live when bound to this earth. The stars shine so brightly for a world beyond; the sun's shining is a type of the indescribable radiance of the Sun of Righteousness. If every flower is a thought of God in its beauty and fineness of make, how beautiful must be the heavenly world that he has prepared for us. If each season has a loveliness of its own, when all seasons are resolved into one, the earthly seasons of this globe, and life's spring, summer, autumn and winter are transfigured by a heavenly touch above, what joy and gladness in his presence. O the flowers and fruits, the verdure; in short, the great happiness in heaven, the blessings that await us there! Nearing the spring of perfect love and faith, nearing the summer of hope fulfilled!

Every Bible promise will leaf out for us, will blossom out, in the world to come with a spring and summer glory. We are truly nearing the spring and summer of eternal life, and all the green ways that we know here in season and out of season, every flower that we pluck is a reminder of paradise regained.



### AN EASTER THOUGHT.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

A faint glow touched the darkened spot  
Where all the night my troubled thought  
Had centered, crying to Thee  
Deliverance from Gethsemane.

The radiance spread, and all the sky  
Gleamed o'er the earth to glorify.  
Ravished, my spirit, upward drawn,  
Beheld the majesty of Dawn.

Spring's wondrous miracle was wrought:  
A sweet white blossom sprang my thought,  
An Easter flower, uplift to Thee—  
Dear Lord, Thou shinest upon me.



It's all right to hope for the best, but it's better to work for it.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### OUR MISSION OF PEACE IN CUBA.

Our mission in Cuba ten years ago was one of peace. Revolutionary trouble had been chronic there for three-quarters of a century, and a devastating war had been in progress for three years. Spain had nearly 200,000 men in Cuba, and could neither conquer the insurgents nor withdraw from the islands without creating revolution at home. The Cubans could not drive the Spaniards from Havana or their other strongholds, yet could keep up their own kind of harassing warfare for an indefinite period. It was a deadlocked situation. The intervention of the United States was justified in principle, and doubly justified by its merciful results. It relieved Spain of an intolerable burden, and it gave Cuba the basis for a normal and hopeful future. Already the change in Cuba is wonderful. The recent difficulty that resulted in our sending Governor Magoon to act temporarily as chief magistrate has only served to illustrate the statesmanlike wisdom of the plan upon which the Cuban Government was established. There is no longer any oppression of the individual in Cuba. Everybody is secure in the personal and social rights that the Cubans have always wanted but never before possessed. So long as they can carry on the higher affairs of state in an orderly way their independence is absolute. But as against revolution and disorder, the United States, with its great navy and its adequate army, will intervene so promptly as to guarantee all legitimate interests as against loss or danger, just as it would in any part of this country. Such an arrangement is of incalculable value to a young republic like Cuba, with the long tradition of turbulence and insurrection. To have brought about such a situation as now exists in Cuba within a decade after the retirement of Spain is a brilliant triumph.—From "The Progress of the World" in the American Review of Reviews for March.



### HINDERING THE CHILDREN.

Do we educate or merely train our children? A monkey may be trained into a chimpanzee clown that knows how to take off its hat and beg, but is that educating the monkey? And we all know what pitiful wonders of the mind the obedient public school child is made to perform. That person is considered the best teacher who can make one of them learn how much four times nine is whether he can learn it or not, just as he is considered a good animal trainer who can make beasts do the things that are not natural for them to do, like jumping thru hoops of fire. And it is only a question of time when the public school child will be so highly trained mentally that he will be capable of inventing a flying machine or an aerial map of the universe. But is this education, or only the mechanical and simpler part of education? There is much knowledge that it is best not to know, in spite of those insolent ignoramuses of their own human nature who think they can afford to know everything. We talk grandly of making the world better, but we talk too late, after we have betrayed all its crimes and weaknesses to the children who shall come after us.

Education is not the knowing of things, but it is the fine moral selection of knowing the right things, particularly whatsoever things are of good report. If the grown people of this generation would form a trust not to betray so many of their own faults or the faults of the past to their children, either at home, or at school, or upon the stage, or even from the pulpit, until they are old enough and mature enough to endure the moral embarrassment of such revelations, we should begin to see more clearly what real education is. A child can be taught the dangers of alcoholism without having his father dramatize drunkenness. And it is positively malicious for his teachers to destroy at this early time his ideal of the father of his country by telling him that Washington was a land-grabber, given to profanity, and that Alexander Hamilton wrote his farewell speech for him. Children require heroes and convictions about guardian angels in order to develop the proper qualities of spirit and character. And the mind should not be trained at the expense of either. Also, young people are much more apt to remain pure, to marry, and to remain married who do not see the vulgarizing of sex and the degradation of love upon the modern stage, and who do not read about it in the best examples of modern fiction.

As a matter of fact, we outrage the divinity of childhood by destroying its illusions. The writer knows of poor little intellectual waifs, neither one of whom ever plays, because the boy cannot ever imagine he is Jack the Giant Killer, and the little girl known she is not and never can be the mother of her doll. We are conscientious about taking away their own peculiar happiness by teaching them what we know to the contrary, as if half of what we know is not a misfortune, and the other half merely colorless and scientific. It is what we do not know and what children believe which makes them such as are of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Now all this is what we call "training the child"; so it is, but it is not the proper way to educate one. It is the kindergarten method of rearing him for this world, and for this world as if it were a dollar-marked dirt ball, instead of one of Heaven's stars. And this is a convenient method if the child is merely a kind of human insect that matures, breeds and dies. But he is not.

By this protest it is not the writer's purpose to inveigh against the teaching of scientific truth to children in so far as they are able to comprehend it. The very great hope of the future is in the awful, invincible spirit of veracity in true science. But it is the way things are taught that matters; the partial, unbelieving, skeptical manner, whereas we know that great scientists are the greatest of all believers. They have imaginations that take in the coal mines on the planet Mars, and they are not averse to immortality. Probably no other class of men stand with fewer deceits of traditions and creeds between them and God. But the average child, youth, college man, university graduate, is taught science in such a way as to make him a materialist rather than to

imbue him with an indefatigable hope for the ultimate, divine solution of things.

The one important fact which neither teachers nor writers take into consideration is that children have delicate sensibilities mixed up with their truly barbaric faculties. In their best moods they are shy of the obvious, because they do not yet belong to our world of dull realities. And they are attracted by the incredible and illusive for the same reason. A training, whether of books or text-books, which destroys this eternal quality of childhood without replacing it with a high poetic ideality is not suitable to the exquisite nature of these little heaven-strangers.—The Independent.



#### WHY WE LIKE WHAT WE LIKE.

The "personal note" which has made journalism into the thing of abhorrence or of envy according to the taste and temperament of the judge, has also come to dominate our standards of criticism. It shows itself as a "spirit of rebellion against authority," we are told by Mr. R. A. Scott-James, in a recent English work called "Modernism and Romance." Modernism, it must be explained, is not to be taken here in the special theological meaning which it has lately acquired. It stands for the spirit that pervades the literature of the present day, and one of the strident notes of this spirit is the personal tone. So "exaggerated and fanatical" has the personal note shown itself in its rebellion against authority, the writer points out, that "critics of the old school declare that the British public has lost its capacity of appreciation, its standards, its sensitiveness to form." The modern critic, we are told, generally reminds himself that everything has been said about a given subject that can be said; that, if it be a man of letters, his life has been written and his books all edited, that "the principles of his art, his influence upon his contemporaries, to say nothing of his final place in literature, have all been determined with unerring precision." In fact, this supposed critic goes on to reflect, "there is nothing about him which remains unknown, excepting one thing—how he happens to affect me. But as that is something quite different from anything that any one has ever mentioned and to me it seems the one thing about him which matters, I propose to write a book about him." Mr. Scott-James speaks about this self-centering habit thus:

"The introspective habit of modern writers, the tendency to look upon their own emotions and to reveal them, has led to an intensely personal quality in criticism as well as in art, and sometimes to a contemptuous deviation from fixed artistic standards. There is no dogma about art from which some reputable critic does not dissent; there is probably no masterpiece in literature which does not bore and even irritate some person usually sensitive to literary charm. The author, the critic, and the general reader, confronted with an ever growing range of interests and accessible books, are thrown back upon themselves and the tastes which individual circumstances, and not general principles, have created in them. Literary values have altered. There was a time when a book would be weighed and precisely assessed in the formal, quasi-technical language of elegant literary circles—the only circles in which books were read. Fanny Burney would quote the formal approval or disapproval of Dr. Johnson; Mrs. Vesey would quote Mrs. Montague; all would quote some traditional phrases of Pope or Addison; and when once the little world of readers was supposed to have made up its mind, it was heresy or ignorance to disagree. At the present day, on the con-

trary, there is a flood of conflicting opinions, not as of old upon theology, but upon literature and all the arts. Quot homines tot sententiæ. The more unorthodox the opinion, the more 'original' and 'clever' it is held to be. There is no aspect of truth too one-sided, no paradox too startling, to win the applause of a proudly divided multitude. And the reason of this change is that literature has been democratized; it has been disseminated among widely differing classes of the community, the majority of which care for books just so far as they prove agreeable to the individual tastes of themselves, the readers. And this tendency, starting among uneducated, informal readers, has spread upward to the educated and even the learned. The literary values have altered, so that most people no longer ask whether this or that work conforms to the standards set up by the classics of the language, but whether it stimulates them as individuals, whether it finds a response in their own possibly misshapen emotional fabric—whether, in fact, it matters to them."

The writer appears to think that "we are passing through a period of transition which seems to promise compensations." He points out that probably "the Americans" were the first "to emphasize the importance of this personal, subjective quality in literature." Emerson and Walt Whitman are mentioned as the forerunners, while John Burroughs is quoted as saying that "the crying want always is for new, fresh power to break up the old verdicts and opinions, and set all afloat again."—Literary Digest.



#### ON OVER-EATING.

The insistent desire to have a certain degree and character of appetite not infrequently leads to consulting a physician. Still more common is the obsession that the appetite must be gratified, the supposition being that the desire for food is, in the growing child or in the adult, an infallible guide to the amount needed, though it is a matter of common knowledge that this is not true of infants or of domestic animals. If one leaves the table hungry, he soon forgets it, unless inordinately self-centred, and he has no more desire to return than to go back to bed and finish the nap so reluctantly discontinued in the morning.

I have heard the theory advanced by an anxious fore-caster of future ills that all unnecessary food, if packed away as adipose tissue, serves to nourish the body in periods of starvation. Assuming that the average individual need consider the stress of circumstance, I am strongly of the impression that the best preparation for enforced abstinence will prove, not a layer of fat, but the habit of abstinence.

The quantity of food proved by experiment to suffice for the best work, physical and mental, is surprisingly small. A feeling of emptiness, even, is better preparation for active exercise than one of satiety.

It is a national obsession with us that no meal is complete without meat. Order fruit, a cereal, rolls, and coffee at the hotel some morning, and the chances are ten to one that the waiter will ask you what you are going to have for breakfast, though you have already ordered more than is absolutely necessary for that meal, as demonstrated by the custom upon the Continent, where the sense of fitness is as much violated by the consumption of an enormous breakfast as it is with us by the omission of a single detail.—George Lincoln Walton, M. D., in April Lippincott's.





## Echoes from Everywhere

The city of New York is short by near four hundred public school teachers.

In eighty per cent of the public schools of Minnesota, text-books are free.

Iowa teachers' salaries for 1907 were \$400,000 larger than for 1906.

The government is calling for three hundred more school teachers for the Philippines.

For the first two months of 1908 as compared with the first two months of 1907 the Internal Revenue Department reports a total decrease in collections from spirituous and fermented liquors of \$1,824,272.11.

The sentence of Lieut. Gen. Stoessel, who was condemned to death for cowardice and treason in surrendering Port Arthur to the Japanese, has been lightened to ten years' imprisonment. He began serving his term March 20.

That the present copyright law does not protect the composer of music against its use by mechanical devices is the decision of the U. S. supreme court in two test cases brought by the White-Smith Music Publishing Co. of New York, to restrain the Apollo Co. from adapting two copyrighted pieces to use in mechanical pianos.

A bill is being prepared by the Department of Commerce and Labor which will require all sea-going American vessels to be equipped with a self-anchoring line carrying projectile and the means for projecting it. Equipped with such a device, similar to the breeches buoy of the life-saving stations, a stranded vessel can land its crew and passengers in safety.

In spite of much persecution the Standard Oil Company seems to be thriving nicely, thank you. A quarterly dividend of \$15 per share has just been declared and John D. Rockefeller has stowed away "rocks" to the amount of \$3,852,810 as his share of the plunder. It really is shameful, the way these poor corporations are persecuted.

While a man in Philadelphia has been trying to invent a varnish that will make a new cheap violin sound like a Stradivarius, a well-known violinist and maker of the instruments has been working along a different line to secure the same effect. He says that age has nothing to do directly with the tone of a violin; that the amount of "bowing" it receives is what makes the tone superior. He makes use of an electrical machine which sends vibrations through the instrument, and he claims that in 30 days as much "bowing" can be given the violin by this means as it would get in 50 years in the ordinary way.

So far as Manitoba is concerned government ownership of telephones is not much of a success. Before the telephones were taken over it was promised that telephone charges would be cut in two and eventually still further reduced. Just recently, however, instead of a reduction, an advance in rates has been ordered in certain classes.

According to statistics compiled by E. D. Cowles, the annual lumber cut in Michigan has dwindled to considerably less than half of what it was in 1888, which was the banner year. The total production in 1907 was 1,743,583,000 feet, a reduction of 10 per cent from the output of 1906. Unless reforestation is extensively adopted, it is said, Michigan lumber will be practically exhausted in thirty years.

The Illinois Republican platform adopted at Springfield the last week in March contains the following: "WE FAVOR THE ENACTMENT OF ALL LAWS WHICH GIVE TO EVERY CITIZEN THE GREATEST MEASURE OF PERSONAL LIBERTY." This was dictated by the liquor leaders and is taken directly from the platform of the "United Societies" of Chicago, the notorious defiers of the Sunday law in that city.

The "Vitascope" of English instrument makers is a novel telescope, about a foot long when closed, with lenses arranged to magnify twelve diameters at a distance of twenty inches and sixty diameters at five inches. It is designed for watching insects in flowers and other small living objects, at suitable distance, and adds greatly to the nature student's power to observe the minute life about us.

In a sensational speech, recently, Gov. Burke of N. Dak. said that the Attorney-General of the State had failed to prosecute liquor dealers in the State, whose prosecution he had directed. Gov. Burke expressed his desire to dismiss the officer, were it possible for him to do so. The governor was elected on a law-enforcement platform, and has made good as far as lay in his power. He will seek reflection on the same platform. He will have the liquor interests, as well as the railroads against him.

Minneapolis has been treated to a rare sight lately. The State law requiring saloons to close at 11 P. M. has been enforced against the licensed saloons for some time. It is asserted, however, that there are 4,000 "blind pigs" in the city, which have not been closing at the required time. The regular saloon men have undertaken to have the law enforced against the blind pigs and cafés. Delegations of men representing the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association have been patrolling the streets of the city for the purpose of securing evidence against the law-breakers. They realize that in the strict enforcement of the law against all alike lies their only hope.

New York brewers, frightened beyond all their previous experience at the onward march of Prohibition, have announced that they will combine to abolish the "low dives" in the metropolis and help make New York a "clean city" by May 1st! The rest of the country meanwhile will hold its breath and see what happens. In return for this, it is stated in the dispatches "the brewers want the legislature to stop several bills providing for further restrictions of the liquor business."

There will be more spring wheat sown this year than ever, according to present indications. Not only will there be a great deal of new land sown, but large tracts of land in the Red River Valley that have lain idle for several years will be sown to wheat. This land was bought up by large companies for speculation. For several years it has been hard to secure farmers for this land on account of the cheaper land further west. This year, however, new settlers are being placed on these farms.

It has been estimated that about one boy out of fifteen is left-handed when he reaches the age of ten. This is his mother's fault in not making him use his right hand more during his babyhood. In Germany there are schools where the boy is taught to be right-handed. Nearly all tools are made for right-handed men, and the boy who grows up left-handed will be awkward. If one can use both hands alike he has an advantage in some things; but it seems as if nature intended the right arm to do most of the work.

Without being materially amended, the fortifications appropriation bill was passed by the House of Representatives March 21. In the debate the War Department was criticised by several members regarding the money spent on fortifications at Subig Bay, which, it was charged, was wasted, in view of a later recommendation that the defenses of Cavité be strengthened. Criticism likewise was offered to the estimates of the department which recommended an appropriation of over \$30,000,000. This amount, it was stated, could not have been expended within ten years.

The first annual report it has ever made public was recently promulgated by the American Sugar Refining Co. It shows the earnings for 1907 to be more than \$8,700,000; a surplus for the year is something over \$2,400,000, after payment of 7 per cent dividends. The cash on hand was more than \$5,000,000 and the bonds and stocks held for use as a reserve were nearly \$7,000,000. In the company's assets there was included over \$17,000,000 of loans. So far as concerns a further statement of details of the company's affairs, the report says only information for which all stockholders at large may ask will be given. If, however, the agitation with regard to publicity should result in a law specifying what information shall be given to stockholders the directors declare they will comply with it promptly.

The Democrats of North Dakota are facing a very peculiar situation. The primary law of the State requires that to get its nominees on the official ballot of the State, a party must cast a vote at the primaries, equal to thirty per cent of the vote of that party at the last election. At the last State election, at least half of the Democratic vote was cast by men who are ordinarily Republicans but who united with the Democrats to elect Gov. Burke. To get upon the official ballot this year, the Democrats must

cast 8,000 ballots at the primary. Democrats are so few that it will be hard to get out so large a vote. In case they fail, the party will be practically destroyed.

Postal experts object to the statement that the expense incident to rural delivery has been the cause of the deficit in the postal revenues of recent years. The assertion is not confirmed by the records of the Postoffice Department. In 1897, when the expenditure on account of rural delivery was only \$14,840, the postal deficit was \$11,411,779, while in 1907 the expenditure for rural delivery had increased to \$26,755,524, and the deficit had decreased to \$6,653,282. These figures are cited to demonstrate that the increased expenditure on account of rural delivery service bears no ratio to the annual deficit. On the other hand, it is certain that the operation of the rural delivery service is responsible for a large percentage of the increase in the postal receipts.

An expert of the agriculture department who has been investigating the boll-weevil in the Southern states says that he found 54 varieties of birds which are now devouring the insect. This is an announcement that will be welcomed, as the varieties of birds that fed on the weevil when it first made its appearance in this country were very few, and even they did not seek it with any great avidity. It would seem that the birds have acquired the boll-weevil habit, as the government man says they devour them with great eagerness. According to other men who have made a study of the situation, not more than five per cent of the weevils survive the winters. The birds attack this surviving five per cent even more industriously in the winter than in the summer time, for their food is scarcer then. The weevils hibernate in the stalks of the plant, in cracks of the earth, in crevices of tree trunks, anywhere in fact, where they can slip out of sight. Many varieties of birds are now becoming expert at hunting the weevils.

It will be remembered that Attorney-General Young of Minnesota was fined for contempt of the federal court under very peculiar circumstances, last summer. Minnesota's last legislature passed a commodity rate law and a two-cent passenger rate law. Stockholders of the railroads interested secured a temporary injunction from the federal court, restraining the attorney-general from proceeding against the railroads interested until the courts should have passed on the lawfulness of the rates established. Mr. Young thought that as an officer of the State in the discharge of his duty, he could not be enjoined; and, in order to make a test case of it, disregarded the injunction and proceeded against the roads. Upon his conviction and sentence for contempt of court, he appealed to the Supreme Court. On account of the legal point involved—the ability of a federal court to enjoin a state officer to prevent him from enforcing a state law—this case has had a national interest. In its decision, recently handed down, the court holds, first that the Minnesota laws were unconstitutional on account of the excessive penalties attached. In regard to Young, it holds that in endeavoring to enforce an unconstitutional law, he was acting illegally, and was therefore liable to punishment. The right of a federal court to enjoin a state officer from enforcing a law whose constitutionality has not been established, is fully maintained.



Representatives of the city administration of Cleveland, Ohio, announced April 6 that in all probability the local street railway controversy would be settled the next day, and that the rate of fare would be three cents flat, with an extra cent for a transfer. The fight for a lower rate of fare than five cents has been waged by the city for seven years.

Satisfactory progress is being made by Secretary Root and Ambassador Bryce to settle by treaty all disputes between this country and Canada. There is reason to believe that several treaties will be transmitted to the Senate for its approval at the present session of Congress. The favorite method of adjustment in these cases is to provide by treaty for the appointment of joint commissions on each of the questions, the final recommendations of these commissions to form the basis of ultimate permanent regulations.

The statistical bureau of the Union Pacific has just issued a statement compiled from government reports, showing the value of products of the farm in seventeen states west of the Mississippi in 1907 to have been \$1,091,000,000. The report, compared with 1906, indicates an increase of 15 per cent in value of crops, which is credited to irrigation. Nearly 85,000,000 acres were under cultivation and the average value of crops per acre is given at \$12.86. Iowa ranks first in corn, oats, and potatoes; Kansas first in wheat, and Nebraska first in rye. The report also shows an increase in live stock of 250 per cent since 1870.

The Chicago Great Western road has been in court for some time on account of a change in its rates on live stock products. The road reduced the freight rate on meat products, but not on live stock. The effect was to favor St. Paul and Missouri River points at the expense of Chicago. The Inter-state Commerce Commission held that the change of rate on one article without a corresponding change on the other was unlawful, but the Supreme Court has decided that it is lawful. If the present rates continue, it will be cheaper to pack meats in the western cities than to ship live stock from the west to Chicago for packing.

In the opinion of President Finley, of the Southern Railway, who has just completed a tour of inquiry as to commercial and industrial conditions in the South, that section is ripe for an invasion of northern capital. "Throughout the South the banking institutions are in sound condition and, although their managers are generally pursuing careful and conservative policies, sound business enterprises are generally able to obtain all of the credit needed. From most localities come reports that Southern farmers are in a prosperous condition and have substantial bank accounts. The question of how soon a revival may be expected to begin is one which no man can answer with certainty, for the reason that some of the reasons for the continuance of the business depression are psychological. This being true, one of the most important results to be brought about is the creation of a constructive sentiment based on faith in ourselves and in the future."

**How To Do It.**—"Tell me," said the young woman with literary aspirations, "how you contrived to get your first story accepted by a magazine?"

The eminent author smiled. "I owned the magazine," he replied.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## BETWEEN WHILES.

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was happiness enough to get his work done.—Carlyle.

Two Irishmen, meeting one day, were discussing local news.

"Do you know Jim Skelly?" asked Pat.

"Faith," said Mike, "an' I do."

"Well," said Pat, "he has had his appendix taken away from him."

"Ye don't say so?" said Mike. "Well, it serves him right. He should have had it in his wife's name."—Everybody's Magazine.

Hyker: "Browning's wife must be an intellectual woman."

Pyker: "Why do you think so?"

Hyker: "I notice he seldom has any buttons on his clothes."

**A Puzzle.**—"Hello," cried young Mr. Newliwed, entering the kitchen, "making some bread, eh? Or is it cake?"

"I don't know," replied the dear little bride, with a despairing frown, "I haven't finished yet."—Philadelphia Press.

The statement of a French scientist, that the shock of immediate rising in the morning when one first awakes may produce insanity, sounds as if the scientist himself had been jumping right out of bed.—Pathfinder.

**Badly Needed.**—The professor had been quizzing his psychology class, and was evidently somewhat disappointed with the result.

"Gentlemen," said he, as the bell rang for dismissal, "it has been said that fish is good for brain food. If that statement is true, I advise some of the men in this class to try a whale."—The Herald and Presbyter.

Nature has given to me one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.—Epictetus.

If any little word of mine  
Can make one life the brighter;  
If any little song of mine  
Can make one heart the lighter;  
God help me speak that little word,  
And take my bit of singing,  
And drop it in some lonely vale,  
To set the echoes ringing.

## WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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**WANTED.**—To impress upon more of our farmers, fruit growers and gardeners that the compressed air sprayer I sell for \$7.50 is the easiest to operate and BEST for results. A woman can do the spraying. Let me tell you about it. W. G. Nyce, St. Peters, Pa.

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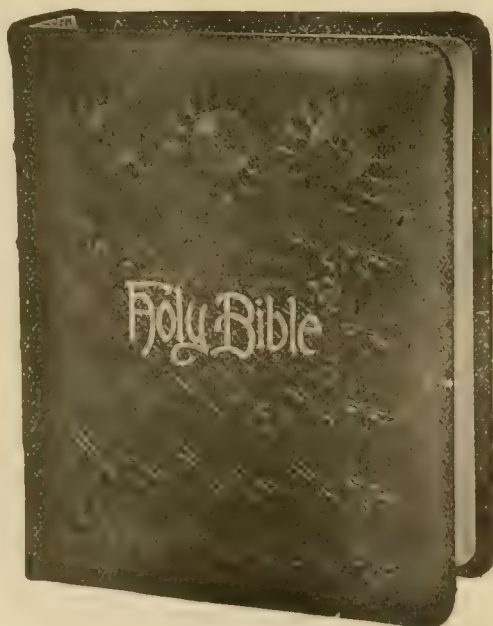
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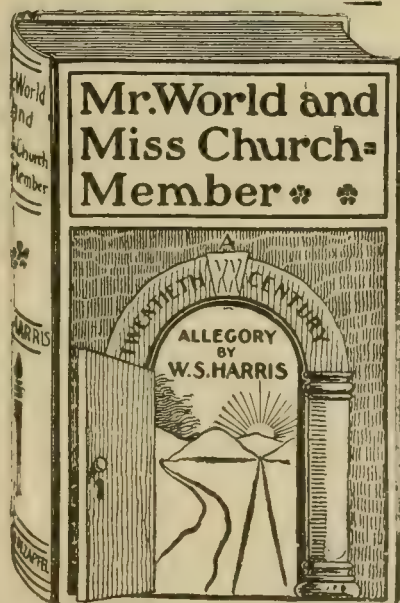
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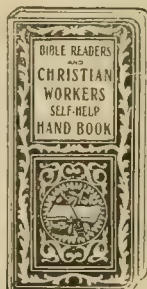
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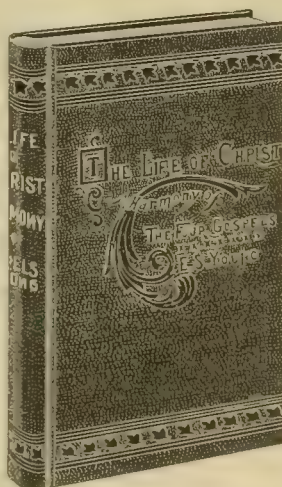
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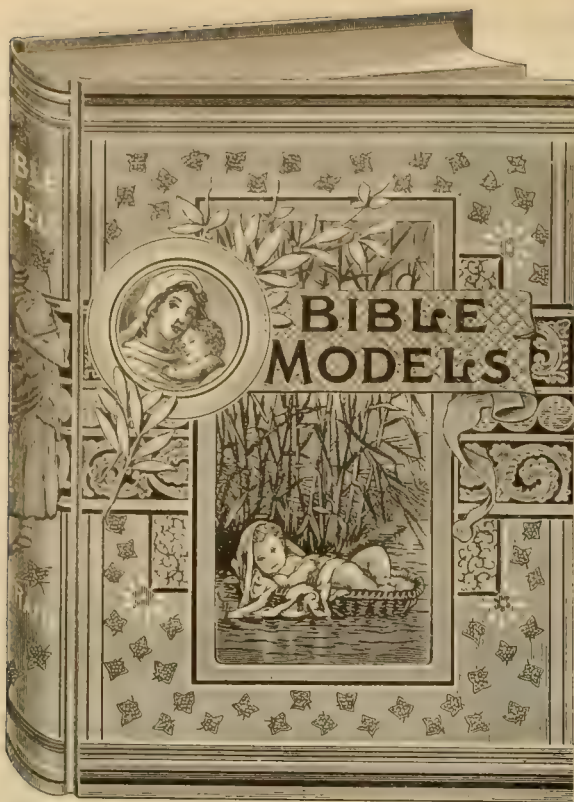
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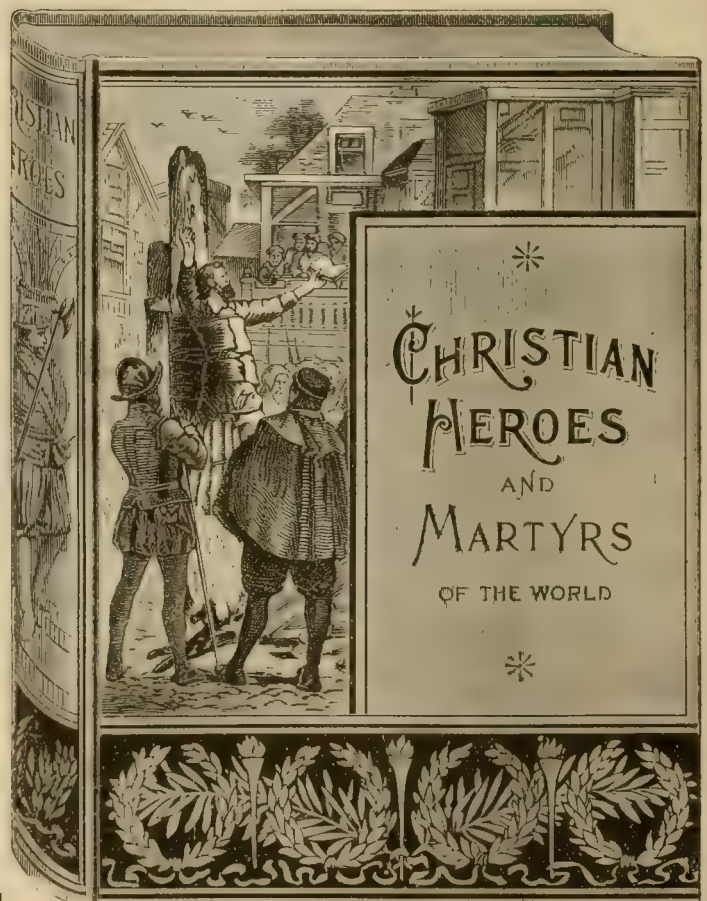
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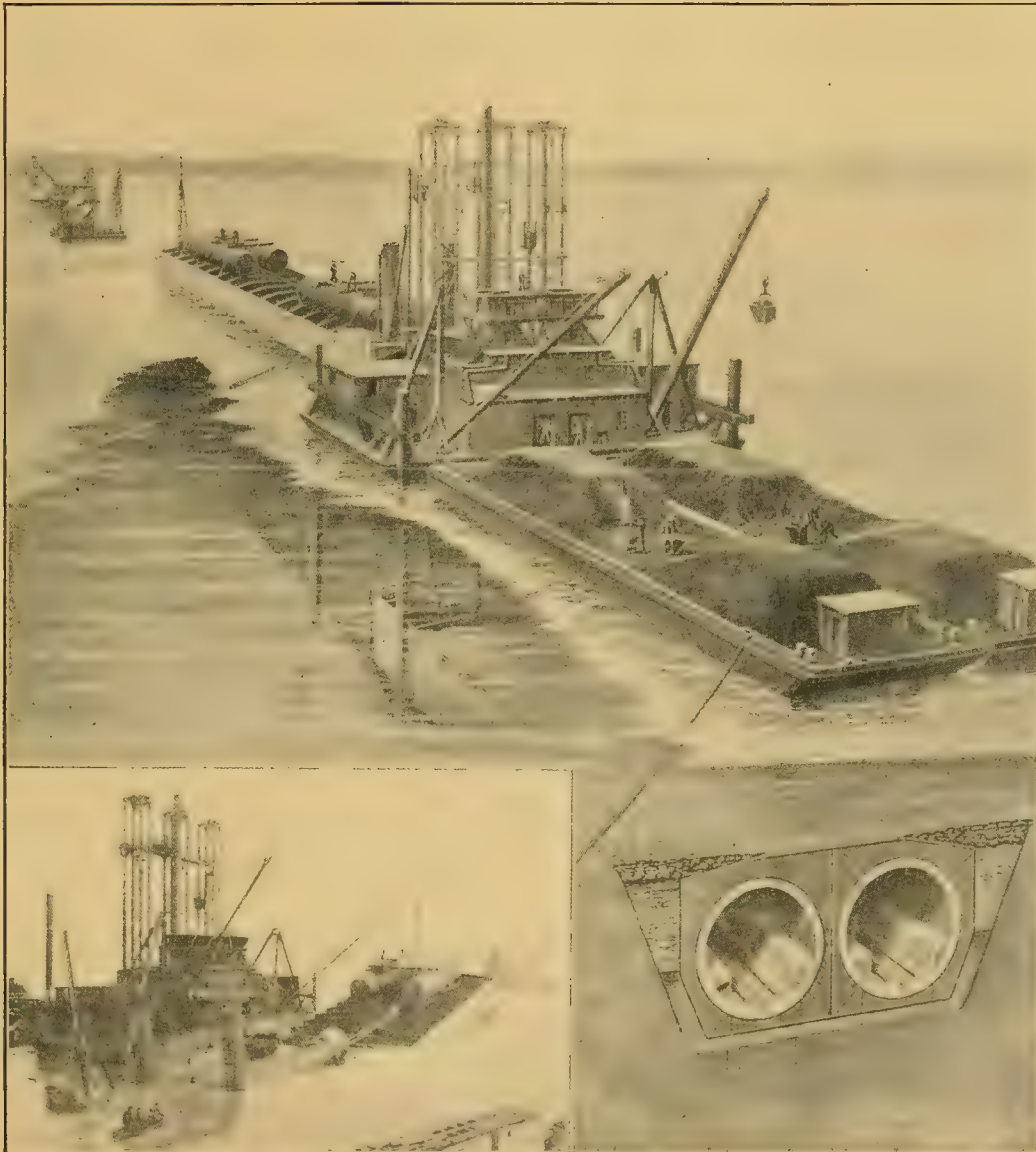
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W. H. McDoel, President  
H. R. Gallagher, Asst. Manager  
M. D. Early, Secretary

Macdoel, Cal., April 3, 1908.

D. C. Campbell, Esq.,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Charlie:--The railroad track has been laid into Macdoel. Montezuma Ave. was crossed at 11 A. M. today. The long-looked-for has at last come. The railroad people are sinking a well where the depot will stand. The inhabitants of Macdoel were out on dress parade today and it was a real gala day for the town. We took up a collection and bought four boxes of apples for the railroad men when they crossed Montezuma Avenue, which they seemed to appreciate very much. They came through Mt. Hebron without even laying a side track and will move their cooking establishment and sleeping cars down here at once or at least as soon as side track is ready to accommodate them. They would not make their headquarters at Mt. Hebron for it is a saloon town and if they stopped there, some of their men would be drunk most of the time. Macdoel will be the stopping place for some time and they will go back and put the road in good shape. I understand there will be an agent stationed at Macdoel by the first of May and steady trains will be running to this station soon. The stage barn will also be removed to this place. I have also learned that the mail will be carried through by Bray in a short time. You will please give this matter to all concerned as I do not have time to write to many.

Today was election day for school trustees. I have been appointed registrar by the county officials at Yreka; received the books yesterday and conducted the election today. Prospects are very bright for our school privileges in the future.

Please keep me posted from time to time as to the numbers arriving on different excursions.

We are very busy in the Valley and especially the farmers who are putting out their spring crops.

Fraternally yours,

M. D. Early



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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

April 21, 1908

No. 16.

## The East Wind

Adaline Hohf Beery

A Titan gem, to infinite brilliance cut,  
A spangle on Aurora's turquoise gown,  
Flashing across a drowsy hemisphere,  
Which, dreamily caressed by velvet light,  
With vigorous limb springs into wide-eyed day;  
The green leaves softly sifting brightness down,  
Filling each buttercup's expectant brim,  
And spilling sparkles thro' the cool, wet grass;  
At early matins in the cherry-bloom  
A crimson-vested choir in perfect voice,  
Their notes picked up by an obliging breeze  
And out and far away go billowing on;  
A bold hill-front, in dapper waistcoat green,  
Embroidered in the same old-fashioned print  
Of cowslips, golden-rod and violets;  
A bonny brook, which, always bickering by,  
Yet always stays, and always with the spell  
Of its own soft, inimitable song  
Bewitches men to Nature worshipers;  
The temper of the air a perfect balm,  
With odors from all flower-bowls distilled;  
The aspect of the earth, and sky, and sea,  
A mother smiling on her dimpled child.

Lo, what a change! with sudden frown the East  
Looms up out of the wet, and from her breath  
The cold drops drizzle; up the swart air blows  
Her streaming hair, like witch's locks unkempt;  
Her knit brows darken every laughing lake;  
With ashen brush she paints the sweet blue out,  
Mumbling the while, or screaming at her task,  
As if she hated such a landscape fair,  
Hiding it with her miserable daub;  
She blots the very voices from the score  
Of summer's symphony, and bobolink  
And bee put up their reeds in mood forlorn;  
The cricket stops his strident violin;  
A dismal croak comes from the rushy pond;  
The frightened harebells swing their delicate chimes,  
All muffled by the gaunt, distempered blast;  
The damp creeps to the forest's oaken heart,  
And, save the brooklet's sweet, persistent song,  
Nature, discrowned and broken-spirited,  
Puts on the sack cloth, and gives up to grief.

A fine, frank face that looks you in the eye,  
The bloom of health upon the rounded cheek,  
With springing foot and quick, athletic arm,

A carriage of mixed dignity and grace,  
A temper like a sunbeam, warm and bright,  
A mouth whose words are with young courage spelled,  
And hands full of enthusiastic help;  
A mind with bookish discipline prepared,  
Manners to finer social fitness rubbed,  
And habits governed to most temperate notch;  
With healthy spur of brisk, admiring friends,  
He mingles in the swarm of human life  
And pushes on, with uplift eye and prayer,  
To make his end, the crown of work, success.  
Speed the true soul! and may his wholesome toil  
Find recognition in his heaven's blue smile.

Lo, as he runs the gauntlet of the years,  
They mock and jostle him; the fine, rich bloom  
Of high-born spirit fades out from his cheek;  
His sturdy hopes and plans and prayers and deeds  
Are waylaid, wounded, crushed, and left for dead.  
The book he meant to write has not been born;  
The song with which to move the multitude  
To wonder and adore, refuses him;  
The height where leaders overlook the clans,  
And see a victory, to him is shut;  
The privilege to practice soulful arts—  
The palette of a summer eve transfer,  
The passion of "Messiah's" score unchain,—  
In blank unreason is denied; the keen,  
High-stepping roadster keeps unwilling stall;  
Which way he turns, or service undertakes,  
Sincerest effort is checkmated still,  
Until, aweary of life's badinage,  
He drops, a limp resemblance of despair.

But stay! One word yet; 'tis not truest life  
To sail in soft gondolas down the bay,  
Or pluck from eagle's crag the edelweiss;  
Sometimes 'tis rummaging in cobwebbed nooks,  
Sometimes a turn with grimy threshing hands,  
Or setting some refractory stitch in line,  
Or sweeping streets where rude plebeians walk,  
Or months upon a bed of restless pain;  
For life is durance, patient, cheerful, long,  
In that small corner of the Maker's plan  
Which He alone knows how to call success.  
Turn then where lie thy buried dreams, and rise  
New clothed with peace, and Easter life begin.

Huntingdon, Pa.



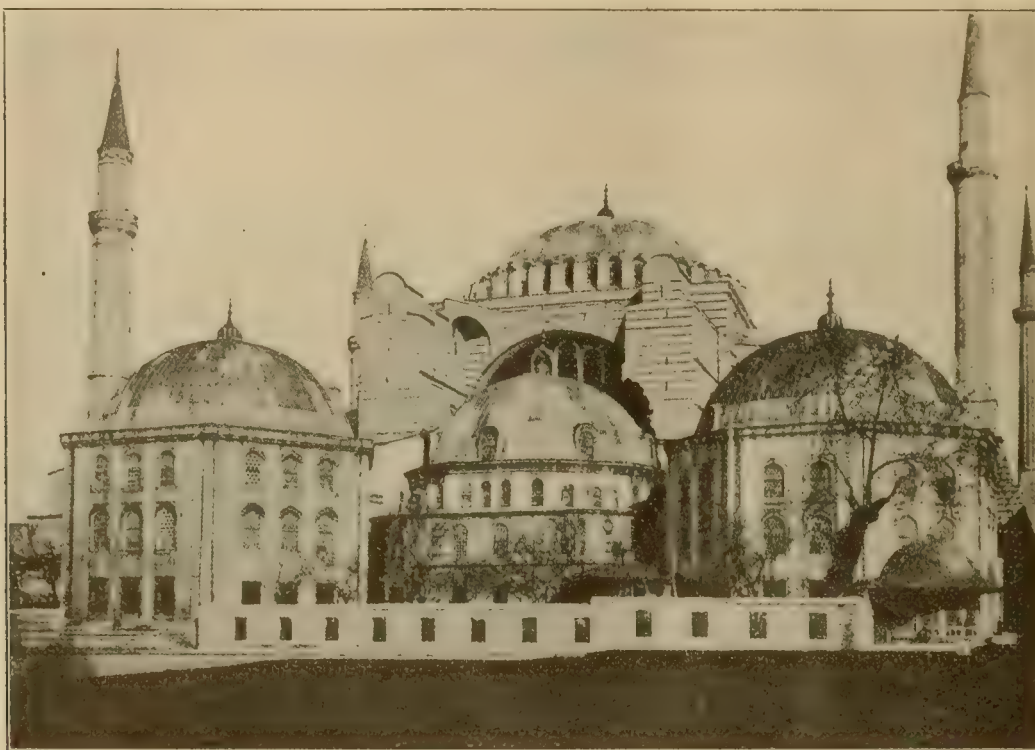
ment the results would be the same, only Russia would unite with the others in extricating the conquering power from Constantinople.

But why should the European Powers be so jealous of the power which shall take Constantinople? Let us see: If Russia should win the prize, she would soon transfer her power from St. Petersburg to Constantinople. Austria-Hungary and even Germany would be doomed. Despotism and autocracy would unite and these dark powers would control and censor the entire world. Thus we see that the other nations are jealously guarding the Bosphorus that Russia shall not have it.

If England should obtain the prize it would convert

its present administration, has no thoughts or intentions of being swept off the map. The German kaiser has worked up an apparently strong friendship between himself and the old sultan of Turkey. Many people are not sure of the sincerity of this friendship, for they intimate that selfish motives lie behind it all, yet nevertheless, it exists. And its existence enables the kaiser to use his diplomacy, which he is doing even though the old sultan is himself a shrewd diplomat. And so Germany, through this friendliness is extending her railroads and franchises and enterprises into Turkey, and Turkey is happy to get them.

And the kaiser probably reasons that—as the sultan is now old, and he is yet young, and the tottering con-



Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople.

her, by a single stroke, into the greatest power that the world has yet known. Constantine's dream would be realized in its fulness, and the Bosphorus would enlighten the world. But Russia and its church and state policy with its autocracy would be doomed to smoulder and to die away. Its great dragonish power would no longer keep people as subjects submissive to its awful power. Thus Russia aims, above all others, to keep England back.

If France should take possession of the Bosphorus, her old glory would return and her foreign possessions would multiply with utmost fleetness. Her majestic power would become supreme.

But Germany, most of all other powers, besides Russia, perhaps, is most tactfully watching the Bosphorus and keeping tab on Turkish events. Germany, under

dition of the Turkish empire can probably exist only a few years after the sultan dies—Germany will be in a splendid condition to send great detachments of her magnificent soldiery down into Turkey to protect her interests and franchises in the disintegrating country. This would admit Germany to Constantinople and once there,—thus reasons the kaiser,—Germany is in a fairly good shape to remain. Then German autocracy would be built up, Austria-Hungary would be swallowed up, and Germany's ambition to be the modern Constantine of the world would be realized.

In America we can hardly imagine the jealousies of the rival European powers. With the expansion of our nation from ocean to ocean even in its building, we have seen the need of forts decay and we deal with our neighbors on the north and on the south as we

deal with brothers. The Monroe Doctrine has kept our eyes off of European affairs so long that it is only since the years that have followed the War with Spain that we, as a nation, are permitted to look into European affairs, conditions and controversies.

As to internal conditions the nation consists of a downtrodden people. The power of the sultan is absolute, and his word to other nations is unreliable—made so by his unreliable government. He can put people to death at will, and by means of secret telephones and the telegraph can keep in minutest communication with his entire domain. We marvel that a nation would stand gasping and be thus led and battered by one man. But we need not marvel. In government alone, through its influences, this could not

work before they begin to pour on bucket after bucket of water. They usually get the pay before the fire fighting begins and consequently the fire usually burns itself away. The only scavengers in the city consist of its associate population, *i. e.*, the dogs. Constantinople is a city of dogs. Dogs everywhere. They belong to nobody, but live on the castaway food in the streets. They are seldom molested. If one is sleeping with his head across the street-car rail, the motorman or driver will stop his car, leisurely alight to the street, and drive the canine away. The bridge across the Golden Horn is an old trap, ready to fall to pieces, but the sultan will not permit the building of a new one for fear that some explosive would be hidden in the structure which might be used to separate his



Roberts College, Constantinople.—Rear View.

be done. But in Turkey there is complete unity in church and state and the sultan is the head of the state religion,—Mohammedanism,—and through the religion of his subjects he secures their submissiveness and their loyalty. Free speech is prohibited, and a word said against the sultan would mean death to the unfortunate one who gave expression to it. The press has no influence, for it is censored. Education is almost unknown, and enterprise is a matter entirely out of the question.

An American sociologist visiting in Constantinople found the people to be lazy and indolent. As giving alms is one of the cardinal principles of their religion, he found begging to be a reputable occupation. The city has no sewage to speak of and it is filthy beyond description. The fire department consists of a band of leisurely fellows who bargain for the price of their

shrunk soul from his majestic body. And such is the life in the sultan's capital city. Such as this the sultan sees as the result of his policy, and yet he goes on in his career, being, in the words of Gladstone, the "Great Assassin."

But, even in such censorship, and such despotic autocracy, some agencies within Turkey are working. These agencies at work are the smouldering fires that give the German Kaiser grounds for hopes in his ultimate success in reaching Constantinople. Following are some of the conditions:

The party known as the "Young Turkish Party," consisting of younger and educated Turks are struggling for a constitutional government;

The people of Albania are sincerely and earnestly striving for independence:



The Macedonian misery as a result of the sultan's disregard for the Treaty of Berlin in 1878:

The Armenian massacres of 1894-96, and the present outrages and massacres in Armenia. Also the cruelty of "The Great Assassin" in these massacres has been revealed to the world as they never have been before, and the world stands appalled, gasping for breath.

And growing out of these difficulties the Turks are appealing to Europe and to the world for intervention. They realize that from within they are powerless to strike effectually, for they are battling against a power, to them, irresistible; but they hope to keep the fires kindled until intervention by a foreign power may bring light.

Another influence for good, and which incidentally adds to the disturbing elements, which are continuously and constantly knocking away at this backward government is the American-English educational movement. Mr. Roberts, a philanthropic American of wealth, became interested in education in Turkey and succeeded in establishing a college, which is located in the eastern suburbs of Constantinople overlooking the Bosphorus, and is a great beacon light for humanity there. The American College for Girls is another great factor for good and its influence is already being felt.

These institutions, however, do not succeed, as yet, in attracting many Mohammedans, but are largely filled by Christians from England, France, Germany and America, as enough people from these countries always reside in Turkey to insure a student population in these school towns.

A few years ago Jerome Hall Raymond of Chicago was invited by the president of the American College for Girls to deliver an address to its first class of graduates. Before Dr. Raymond was permitted to take the platform, however, the president instructed him not to mention America, or allude in any way to the Turkish ruler, government, or any other ruler or government. He was also instructed not to use the words despot, or despotism, in his address, "As," explained the president who is an American, "the sultan strictly forbids such utterances from our platform." So Dr. Raymond proceeded along scientific lines and labored through a long address without permitting the eagle to scream a single time.

But for all this, the sultan cannot prohibit thought. And when thoughts are not uttered they become deep and long. They are collected in the reservoir of reserve, which some day will become filled and the banks will overflow. Thus the disturbances in Turkey are growing little by little as the years roll on. The other European powers are becoming more and more anxious to pick up this bone of contention, and each jealously desires its entire possession. Time is going on and the fuse of unrest is burning slowly down to the

bombshell of disintegration. Going on with this is Turkish cruelty unchecked and heedless of every sign. A cruelty in misrule, in robbery, in corruption and in assassination so great that—

"The panther of the desert, matched with these,  
Is pitiful; beside their lust and hate,  
Fire and plague-wind are compassionate."



#### COMMENT: CRITICAL AND OTHERWISE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

WE occasionally hear a man say that he "has very strong dislikes." His smug complacency suggests that he regards this characteristic of his make-up as something at least innocent, if not positively virtuous. But how unfortunate in reality is the condition which makes such a remark possible. A man whose mental structure is so sadly warped deserves our sincerest pity and our hearty sympathy.

"Dislike" is not a pleasant word. It falls harshly on the ear. But the worst word in any language is *hate*. It is a word for demons, not for clear-eyed, wholesome men and women. God forbid that we should ever hate anyone. For our own sake as much as for the sake of others, we cannot afford to harbor a thought of hatred. We should not do ourselves such an injustice, such an injury, for the wound of hate heals slowly, and the scar lasts long.

Let us try to think of the better qualities of the people we know, for everyone has in him something worthy of our admiration and our respect. Let us think kindly of those around us, or not at all. If we cannot have love for all, *we can have charity*, which is giving to every man and woman the benefit of the doubt. Charity builds up; hate tears down. Charity protects; hate destroys. Charity leads and soothes; hate poisons and torments. One thing only may we hate and that is the *wrong*, the *untrue*, the *unclean*. Hate evil then, but hate no man, not even the doer of it.

Through the gateway of the ideal we find our escape from all that is sordid and unlovely in our life upon the earth. It is that which comes to us in moments of utter bewilderment and discouragement and makes our existence once more an intelligent, desirable thing. It is that which transmutes our human values into terms of eternity, and glorifies our everyday cares and occupations with a light that never was on land or sea. If we have our ideal of perfection constantly before us, and can see that slowly but surely we are making our lives conform to it, the ordinary misfortunes and rebuffs which fall to our lot count for little or nothing. In our strong tower we find a refuge from every wind that blows and every storm that breaks upon our heads.

Your ideal and mine may not be the same; they do not need to be. You may call yours truth or beauty,

health, wisdom, virtue, kindness or something else—it matters little. These are but facets of one flawless gem. You see one and I, another, but we are looking at the same gem. We are both seeing life—perfection, and all of these ideals point the way to it, although from different directions. Follow the one which seems to attract you most strongly and commandingly. I will try to do the same, and if together we do our best to get our fellow-traveler to take up the quest, ultimately we shall find ourselves where the ways come happily together.

Just another seed-thought: In your efforts to bring about some worthy and unselfish end, have you ever been overcome by a poignant sense of loneliness? Have you ever, failing to receive the coöperation of even your best friends, been tempted to ask, "What is the good of all this endeavor? What is one among so many?" Have you ever felt like giving up the struggle, and resigning your life to the *carpediem* program which so many of your neighbors seem to be following?

If such thoughts as these come to you, comfort and cheer yourself with the memory of what has been accomplished for humanity by isolated,\* lonely, friendless men. Since the days of John the Baptist, many a voice has cried in the wilderness. Luther and Savonarola felt the bitterness of standing alone; Lincoln carried upon his unsupported shoulders the terrible burden of the Union's threatened disruption. And Christ, himself, was alone in Gethsemane, although his hearers at one sermon—where food was provided—numbered four thousand.

There is a Persian couplet which runs:

"A single human sigh may burn  
Till it the world shall overturn."

The solitary voice of a reformer may be heard only indistinctly by the men of his own generation. It may take years, or centuries, for its leaven to work. But *work* it will, for all the power of God's universe is back of the word of truth and of love, no matter how unassuming be the speaker of it.

Cairo, N. Y.



#### TUNNELING UNDER A RIVER WHILE FLOATING ON ITS WATERS.

THE natural way to tunnel beneath a river would seem to be to get beneath its bed and work. Indeed this has been the rule followed heretofore, but all things change a little and civil engineering changes a little more. In building a railroad from Detroit, Mich., to Windsor, Canada, under the Detroit River, all rules have been abandoned and the entire work is done from a barge idly floating on the bosom of the river as is shown in the illustration on the first cover page.

The method used has been to dig a great trench out

of the bottom of the river, in which are being sunk successive tubes of steel, 23 feet in diameter and 260 feet long, secured together by transverse stiffening diaphragms of steel at every eleven feet of their length. These tubes form the waterproofing of the tunnel proper, which consists of a solid ring of concrete, two feet in thickness, formed within the tubes. The width of the river between dock lines is about half a mile, and the subaqueous section of the tunnel, or part entirely under the river, will consist of ten of these twin tubes with a total length of 2,622 feet. Along the bottom of the trench, rows of piles have been driven and capped, to form a bearing for the tubes.

The tubes are built at the shipyard of the Great Lakes Engineering Company at St. Clair, forty-eight miles away. The ends of the tubes are "plugged" with stout wood bulkheads, to render them watertight. Then they are launched into the river sideways, very much as lake ships are launched. Floating lightly on the water, and drawing no more than six feet, the tubes are towed by a tug down the river to the place where they are to be sunk. On top of the tubes and near each end are two air cylinders, ten feet in diameter and sixty feet long, strapped securely to the tube diaphragms, and these serve to regulate the settling of the tubes, as they slowly fill with water, which is admitted at the will of the engineers through gate valves in the bulkheads.

After the tubes are sunk in the trench between the rows of piling the water which was used to settle them is pumped out. The concrete gang now begins operation within the tubes which are used only as a protection to the cement filling inside upon which the train service is built. The inner cement wall is from two to five feet thick and solid enough to withstand the severe strain of the heaviest trains. The cement tube is eighteen feet high in the clear which allows for the passage of the highest cars.

Cement is again used on the outside of the steel tubes in order to protect the metal from the water. The entire thickness of all three walls is about five feet on the sides and over six on top.

Out in the stream are the cement scows, fitted out with the latest concrete mixers and with huge cranes and other devices for the rapid handling of the material from the lighters alongside. The scows are anchored as immobile as is possible in the swift current of the river, which is constantly churned into choppy waves by hundreds of passing freighters and excursion and ferryboats plying the busy stream. By means of hoppers placed at the top of long vertical delivery pipes, the concrete as it is prepared, is deposited in the trench exactly where it is needed, and comes in contact with the water only when it is spread over the surface of the gravel bed which was prepared for it. As the work goes on, the concrete is held in



proper form about the tubes by three-inch oak plank-ing, firmly braced and backed up with clay and river slime from the dredges, working in the trench farther out in the river. Concrete is also chuted down between the tubes and continued up over them for five feet, thus encompassing them in a solid mass. The trench is then filled around the tunnel, and the top is covered with riprap.

Heretofore the through trains have crossed this river on ferryboats of immense size. This was a slow process and rather dangerous when the heavy ice floes filled the river. The five trunk lines—the Michigan Central, the Grand Trunk System, the Wabash, the Péré Marquette, and the Canadian Pacific—operate no less than ten of these car floats.

Instead of thirty minutes spent in crossing by the old way only seven minutes will be required to cross thru the tunnel. The saving in time and expense of operation in moving the heavy traffic across the river thru a double-tracked tunnel, over the slow and uncertain ferry system, is deemed by the Michigan Central officials, in view of the ever-increasing tonnage of the road, of sufficient moment for the expenditure of \$10,000,000 in the construction of the international tunnelway.



### PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

W. O. BECKNER.

JUST at the present time, the subject of Prohibition it attracting as much, if not more attention than almost any subject that is in the public mind. So much of the territory of the United States is under some form of prohibitory law that, though the old-time politicians and many of the larger metropolitan dailies ignore the whole subject, it is impossible to keep it from the people as a very live issue. Many parts of the country have Local Option, that is, the law allows that a municipality or a city or a county, may vote "no whiskey in this territory" and that is law for that part. Texas has Local Option, for example, and whole counties are "dry." Nebraska has the Slocum law, which is in effect the same thing as Local Option.

Kansas has state-wide Prohibition. About twenty-seven years ago, as the result of a campaign waged by the W. C. T. U. of the State, there was placed an amendment to the State constitution, forever prohibiting the sale or transfer of alcoholic liquors for any but medical or scientific purposes. There was also put upon the law books of the State a provision that every teacher in the public schools of the State, must pass an examination in Physiology and Hygiene including the bodily effects of alcohol and tobacco. Furthermore, the text-books in Physiology must contain instruction along that line. By these various means, there is anything but the densest of ignorance among the school children of Kansas about the evil effects of alcohol and tobacco.

At a time when there is so much agitation of the subject in other parts it is but natural that Kansas should be looked to as a fair example of what state-wide Prohibition does. Editors of Kansas newspapers, leading business men in nearly every city, preachers whose names have gone beyond the borders of the State and many of other professions are receiving almost daily, inquiries as to the working of the law. "Does it really work? Does it really prohibit?" And some there are who inquire as to how a city gets along without the revenue coming from license fees. From Illinois, this is especially true just now, due to the fight being waged there. But be it said to the credit of Kansas, that today, the editors of Kansas papers are ready almost to a man to champion a cause that twenty years ago would have sent them begging for bread, so far as their subscription lists were concerned.

To the present Attorney-General of Kansas, Hon. Fred S. Jackson, more than to any other man now active in Kansas, is due the credit for our present hopeful condition. As Assistant Attorney for the State under the previous official, he instituted a system of procedure that set city officials and county attorneys to listening. In many cities the officers of the law collected the fines imposed, regularly, which in effect was only a monthly license. These fines were turned into the city treasury and were a considerable source of revenue. Such practice was admitted by all concerned to be unlawful but it was claimed that to enforce the law as it stood on the books was an impossible task, because it would lack support from public opinion. But Mr. Jackson went to work. He held the theory that any law was to be enforced and obeyed so long as it was on the books. He knew no difference whether it was a law against selling liquor or against horse stealing or against safe blowing or against murder. It must be obeyed. He claims it to be his duty as a public officer to know no difference. His first move was to notify the mayors of certain cities where violation was so very open that they must cease to collect such fines or show reason why they should not be ousted from office. They laughed. He brought one to trial before the Supreme Court of the State, and that court sustained Mr. Jackson's point. The mayor went home and attempted to make a joke of the whole matter. He soon got word that he was wanted before the court again, and that august body assessed a fine against him in the neat sum of one thousand dollars, along with a disqualification to hold office for a certain length of time. The fine was paid. Other mayors took notice. They sat up, as politicians say. They began to get busy. The police force was called in and instructed that "something must be did." Joint raids became common and many has been the case of liquid fire that has found its way down the gutter since.

Political parties move slowly. Old institutions

know no speed. Like the horse of long years' service on the dray wagon, they take time and never get excited. But in January of the present year Mr. Jackson made a speech in a banquet of his political party, defending his policy of law enforcement, with emphasis on the prohibitory law, and he was loudly applauded. They see "the handwriting on the wall." They must support a policy that is so certain to be popular. 'Tis true, many may consider it only a seeming support, which really amounts to opposition in disguise, but Mr. Jackson takes them seriously. He is making it a principle of his party's platform.

Mr. Jackson is a Kansas product. He grew up in Kansas. He was educated in the public schools of Kansas where his text-books contained the information named above. He came to manhood in Kansas where he learned what it is to know no open saloons, where he caught the idea of the moral law being superior to every other. It is not a question with him whether we can enforce the law, but rather should we enforce the law. And Kansas is pleased with the answer he has sent ringing through the State. He goes backward not a step. Tomorrow's sunset must record greater achievements for right than it was possible for the sun of today to know. Onward ever is his watchword.

There have been those who clamored for a re-submission of the whole matter to a popular vote again, claiming that the law was a failure, and that the people of Kansas did not want it else it would not be so hard to enforce. In a number of the sessions of the State legislature the subject has been sprung, but it always lacked some one to back up the contention. Too many of the politicians of the State were of the opinion that it was better to keep hands off a thing that was so much agitated and so uncertain. They did not dare put themselves on record against it and did not care to get into the private light as favoring it. So it was let alone. But this clamor for re-submission has subsided wonderfully since the campaign of enforcement has been inaugurated. We do not hear of it any more. If there be any who still favor it, they are afraid to cheep; they hide their heads like ostriches, in the sand. Re-submission is as far away in Kansas today as the east is from the west. No call for it at all. It is all swallowed up in the larger notion of enforcement. More than that, if the question were to be submitted to the voters again, there is no question but that it would be affirmed by an overwhelming vote. While some people want their beer, and whiskey, they would not be willing for a saloon to be established next door to them. They think too much of their property value and too much of their neighborhood in general. Any man who thinks, knows that property values in the vicinity of the saloon are not so good as in a clean, saloonless neighborhood. The difference is too great to compensate for all the desire

that alcohol be easy of access. Kansas people are settled on the question of re-submission.

One of the things that makes the enforcement of the law in this State more difficult, is the fact that no State can, under the laws of the United States, prohibit the shipping into that State from another any article or product. It is by the provisions of the Inter-state commerce law that such is true. I may send to a man in Missouri or Illinois any article I wish to, and the officials of that State cannot interfere with the transaction so long as it is a transaction between us two of different States. That may seem to be a queer arrangement, but it is in accordance with the principle that the United States is *one* country and not *many*. It is all right in principle. The larger principle that will take in the situation for whiskey shipment is that the United States has no more right to allow the sale or transfer of alcohol from one individual than she has to allow some men to steal. Think of the Government licensing an official thief. No other man allowed to steal but him whom the authorities name. Such is against moral principles and therefore not done. The whiskey situation has just not yet come to that full realization in the public mind; that is all the difference. No man has a moral right to transfer to another that which will make the other less a man than he is. No man has a moral right to transfer whiskey just because the other fellow wants it any more than a father is bound to pass out his firearms and his razor on the demand of his two-year-old son. On the other hand, the moral law would bind him to keep them from him. Every man is bound morally to render all the help possible to his neighbor, that is to have concern for his character growth. Some have gone so far as to predict that the final solution of the whiskey problem will be in the form of a decision from our Nation's Supreme Court, embodying this moral principle.

Another thing that makes it hard to enforce the prohibitory law is that unscrupulous men will take advantage of the provision for "medical" purposes. Drug stores may secure from the County Court a permit to sell alcohol for purposes within the law. But men who will lie will generally swear to it. The permit books of these druggists are filled up with oaths that the applicant needs this half-pint of whiskey for a cold. No certificate from a physician is required. It should be. A better way possible would be to publish regularly the names and causes of those who have been sold to. That would work marvels in some people's excuses. Druggists are continually hounded with a lot of cheap hangers-on who come regularly for their pint. These permit books are the property of the public and must be kept in the store where the public can inspect them, but it is only once in a great while that any citizen comes around to look over them. They



lie there on the desk in full view, as safe as though behind a lock.

But after all, does it work any good? Ask the many young men in our proud prairie State, who have never been inside a saloon; who have never had a chance to sit down to the card table with a lot of ruffians and learn the tricks of the gambler from professionals; who have escaped the terrible seduction of having their minds filled up with a lot of rotten stories from the mouths of those whose tongues were set on fire by the flames of hell. Ask those whose faces radiate a something of positive goodness of character, who have few wild oats to reap because they have sowed sparsely, but whose mothers take infinite pride in the fact that their sons are strong, manly men, with a heart as pure as a lily and a purpose as strong as the forces that hold earth to the solar system. Ask the mothers whether it pays to live and raise up a family in a prohibition State. Ask the legitimate business man who has in his employ a number of fellows that were accustomed to report for work on Monday in an unfit condition, due to their "boozing" over Sunday. Ask him whether he would as soon run a business with men in his employ who "boozle" little or much. Ask the police judge who was accustomed to have a number of cases to hear on Monday morning, cases with men who should at the time have been at work, but who imbibed a little too much on Saturday night. Ask him whether it is any different under a *regime* of law enforcement. Ask the school-teachers who have in charge children from homes where alcohol was used, whether they notice any difference in the attendance of those children, and whether the children seem any better fed, better able to do their work. Ask them whether their daily records are so badly crossed up with absent marks, and whether the children are suffering less from colds, due to better clothing, now that the father maintains a higher standard of conduct. Ask the mothers of such children whether their husbands are any more companionable and whether they spend more time at home with the family than before the whiskey law was enforced. Ask whether food stuffs are more plentiful and fuel less hard to keep in stock. Then ask the men themselves who were in the habit of frequenting the joint, whether they honestly enjoy life better; whether they get as much from sober association with their families as they did from the old clan of the boys. You will be surprised at the answers you get if you press the question far enough and seriously enough.

Not all men are teetotalers now in Kansas. No, but not all men refrain from stealing nor from murder and we have strenuous laws against both. Those who point to the prohibitory law and claim it to be a failure, forget that neither does the law against these other offenses entirely prohibit them. Taking it on a whole, the prohibitory law is as well enforced

and prohibits as much crime as any law. We have a law that all children shall attend school; yet it is a fact that many do not secure a complete education; many are unlearned in the higher and broader things of life. No one would be ready to champion a proposition to abolish the public school because all do not get from it all that is possible for them to get. Kansas people are in the main satisfied with the present law against the transfer of alcoholic liquors and expect to keep it on the law books. It does prohibit a great deal of crime. It keeps the liquor away from the boys, out where they will not be tempted with it, and they grow up to the age where they have better sense of their own about its use.

It is true that the struggle is not done; the millennium is not come yet. But with every conflict there comes a weakening of the enemy's lines and a strengthening of the cause of Prohibition. Manhood is being priced and will win out in the end.

## CURRENT COMMENTS



Hon. E. F. Acheson, of Pennsylvania, (republican) is making a splendid record for prohibition. Within the last ninety days he has introduced five bills into the House favoring that movement; to wit, to prevent the shipment of liquors into prohibition states and communities; to forbid the transmission of all printed matter through the mails containing liquor advertisements; to forbid the sale of liquor in the Panama Canal Zone, also proposing a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquors in the United States; and a bill providing that total abstainers should be given the preference in the military service. This shows that the will of the people of the United States will not be passed by for the want of an interpreter. Wise is that statesman who can read the signs of the times and act accordingly.

### The Haytian Volcano.

Not long ago eleven Haytian revolutionists were summarily executed and President Nord Alexis demanded that the consulates surrender to him the revolutionists who had fled to them for refuge. This demand was particularly directed at the French Consulate, where General Firmin, the leader of the revolutionists, had taken refuge. There was apprehension of a general attack on the white residents of the island, and French, German, British and American warships in the West Indies were ordered to Port au Prince and Gonaives. The shots to announce her arrival, fired by the British cruiser "Indefatigable" as she anchored in Port au Prince harbor, Tuesday evening, provoked the greatest terror in the town. The presence of the foreign ships had the desired effect. The Haytian government changed its mind over night, President Alexis gave up his ambition to play a second Castro, and it was announced that the revolutionist refugees would be allowed to depart unscathed. So long as the ships are in Hayti harbors all will be quiet there. Native

Haytians in New York, who are opposed to the present administration, believe that trouble will break out again after the ships depart. The Haytian army is described as a joke by recent visitors there. Its uniform consists of a red hat. The soldiers wear, or neglect to wear, other garments to suit themselves. Fully one-third of the "army" were unprovided with guns, they say, and few had shoes. The present revolution will probably be like many others on the island—some bloodshed, lots of talk, and then a period of rest.

#### The Demands of Labor.

A convention representing 117 labor associations, including the American Society of Equity and other farmers' organizations, met last month in Washington and after conference presented a protest to Congress against "the indifference, if not actual hostility, which Congress has shown toward the reasonable and righteous measures proposed by the workers for the safeguarding of their rights and interests," and demanded the passage of these measures: A law restricting jurisdiction of the courts of equity so as to prevent the holding that property or property rights exist in the labor or labor power of any person or persons; a bill to regulate and limit the issuance of injunctions; employer's liability bill; a bill to extend the application of the eight hour law to all Government employees, and those employed upon work for the Government, whether by contractors or sub-contractors. The protest suggested, also, two amendments to the Sherman anti-trust law. The first is intended to remove the labor union and its members from the jurisdiction of the law, while the second provides that the law shall not apply in cases of combinations among agriculturalists or horticulturalists who combine with a view to enhancing the prices of their products. The protest is particularly bitter in its references to the judiciary, whose power, it says, is so extending that it is "invading the field of government by law and endangering individual liberty." The document continues: "We favor enactment of laws which shall restrict the jurisdiction of courts of equity to property and property rights, and shall so define property and property rights that neither directly nor indirectly shall there be held to be any property or property rights in the labor or labor power of any person or persons." Speaker Cannon, when the labor leaders presented the report to him, indicated that he expected the employer's liability law to be passed on favorably by Congress, but made it clear that in this he merely expressed his private opinion.

#### A Bomb in Union Square.

It is estimated that there are two hundred thousand unemployed in New York City. To bring the condition of these people before the public, the Conference of the Unemployed, a delegate body in which the Socialist party is represented along with many other labor organizations, called a mass meeting to be held in Union Square on Saturday afternoon, March 28. In response to this call some twenty-five thousand people gathered at the Square early in the afternoon. But the Police and Park Departments refused to allow the meeting to be held, cleared the Square twice and then dispersed the crowds in the side streets, pulling down men who attempted to speak from steps or vans, and brutally riding down upon the crowds on the streets and the sidewalks. After Union Square had been cleared for the second time, while part of the police reserves were waiting to be ordered back to

their station, a bomb exploded in a small group of men who stood in the square near the squad of police. The man who was about to throw the bomb was terribly injured and a bystander, who was apparently attempting to dissuade him from the deed, was killed. No one else was seriously hurt. Investigation showed that the young bomb-thrower was a Jew who had been in this country nine years. He had of late been reading anarchist literature, but so far it has not been discovered that he was connected with any anarchist group. His mad deed, with the crime in Colorado on the same day, and the other recent anarchist deeds, rouse the abhorrence of all America. Nevertheless, the New York police on Saturday seem to have exerted authority with unnecessary roughness. One spectator described their action thus:

"The sight was one which I think could not be duplicated outside of Russia. Not all of the police could be blamed. They were acting under orders, and some of them were as kind as possible under the circumstances. A few of them seemed as fanatical and fiendish as Cossacks. I do not know if any of the spectators were seriously injured, but it is a miracle if some were not." It may be that the police had information that the Paterson anarchists planned a demonstration during the afternoon. If so, it was eminently right to disperse the crowd. But the right of free speech is one that we must guard carefully for all men who do not advocate treason or crime.

#### A Longer Day.

An attempt to make the English day longer is being much discussed in England, where an inventive gentleman suggested some time ago that all the clocks in the United Kingdom should be simultaneously put forward one hour and twenty minutes. In this way a man who rises at nine would, unbeknownst to himself, as the Irishman said, be getting up at 7:40, and would lengthen his daylight almost an hour and a half. Later it was announced that a member of Parliament had drawn a bill to induce a less but still a great saving of time by advancing all the clocks eighty minutes during the summer months. Two hundred and ten additional hours of daylight would be secured for business and for pleasure during those months; and as the impression prevails that the early morning hours are most auspicious for creative work, it is to be hoped that the intellectual standard of the Empire may be perceptibly elevated. Some practical difficulties have, with vulgar persistence, obtruded themselves. The person who now dines at 7:30, for instance—which is perhaps the average dining hour of the Londoner—will then be dining at 6:10, which is preposterously early, and will be altogether unfashionable. Moreover there is one aspect of the change which would fill London with horror. If, for instance, a man were going to a seven o'clock dinner, under the new arrangement of daylight he would appear on the streets of London in evening dress at 5:40, which would shake the British Empire to its foundation. Sir William Henry Mahoney, the Astronomer Royal, has had the effrontery to declare that the scheme is futile; that it is simply special legislation for the benefit of late risers; and he goes so far as to declare that no act of Parliament will ever make people leave their beds earlier. This shows a skepticism with regard to the efficiency of legislation which is disheartening. The scheme is enticing, but it is to be feared that it belongs to the era of the millennium. Oliver Herford suggests the difficulty in one of his wisest and most popular aphorisms—"For many are called, but few get up!"



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## THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.

ONE cannot think of the amount of energy wasted annually in our country without a deep feeling of regret. We are a strong people. We enjoy good health and this develops strength and energy. We have the weak among us but these give place to the strong and active. Among some savage tribes the weak are left to die by the way or the end is hastened by cruel murder. Under Christian civilization the strong must and do bear with the infirmities of the weak both spiritually and physically. The weak are often the objects of our tenderest care and this is as it should be.

To conserve our energy for noble doing should be the purpose of all. It should never be wasted in useless endeavor. God-given strength used for the greatest good of all is not an ideal too high for attainment. No man has earned the right to waste his energy in idling it away or in spending it uselessly. Were the Bible injunction, those who do not work shall not eat, strictly enforced there would be a multitude of hungry, starving men and women in the land in the next ten days who might have work if they would. In the strenuous days when England was at its merriest the man who was found idling away his time without visible means of support was given the alternative of getting busy at once or having his ears slit. If that rule were enforced here who could count the divided ears?

Energy, however, is not only wasted in idleness but in misdirected effort as well. No one who has the good of his fellows at heart can contemplate, but with sadness, the misdirected, and worse than wasted strength and energy that is now taking place all over our fair land. Baseball, football, the so-called outdoor sports, racing and other forms of wasting strength are responsible for an immense amount of wasted energy, and what is really worse than all, the gambling spirit is being inculcated so that we are in danger of becoming a race of gamblers.

Says a noted writer in one of the leading periodicals referring to the opening of the baseball season, "Strong men and robust youths are gathering day by day to expend their energies, not in fruitful toil, but in the mere wantonness of tossing a leathern sphere and striking at it with a bat. Their number mounts actually into the thousands, yet is as nothing compared with the myriads who will desert bench, and desk next summer to watch them manipulate the ball, the while uttering barren cries and beating the air with unproductive arms.

"The labor power fritted away in baseball parks would dig the Panama Canal, grade a railroad, or break every strike in the country; and it is a portentous sign of our fall from the revered polity of our fathers that practically nobody objects to it."

At the close of the baseball season last year three games were played at which the gate receipts alone aggregated about a hundred thousand dollars. And thousands of those who paid from fifty cents to a dollar to see the games were young men who needed every penny of their salary to meet their necessary expenses for living, and not one of them was the better man for it. Indeed, if the gambling spirit that is always present at these games is taken into account, they were immeasurably the worse for it.

We are run mad on athletics and recreation. We are placing things in a wrong position. We are making athletics and recreation the first thing, forgetting the Divine Word which teaches that "Bodily exercise profiteth little: but godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."



## MAY 4 TO 9 INCLUSIVE.

ON another page of this issue we are making an exceptional offer in order to get our magazine into a number of homes where it is not now found. In order to reach those outside we must work through those already acquainted with us, and we therefore ask our present readers to call the attention of their neighbors and friends to this offer and to the matter that is to be found in the INGLENOOK pages. Beginning with the first issue in May the first lesson in Esperanto will appear. These lessons are to continue for a number of weeks. In the same issue will appear the first of the interesting articles, "Around the World without a Cent."



## SOLVING THE PROBLEM.

(Concluded from opposite page.)

itch for the other fellow's job and the other fellow's money. But we must expect this, for like the poor they seem to have an endless lease on this earth. Notwithstanding all this, the plan is a safe and sound one and seems to look millennial way.

## SOLVING THE PROBLEM.

THE conditions in the social world are coming to have more and more the appearance of a problem that must sooner or later have a solution. To be sure, many solutions have already been offered and some of them have been put to a test on a small scale, but even those offered by the loudest murmurers,—the ones most insistent on a radical readjustment—have not proved to be the panacea their authors are seeking.

In the first place this spirit of discontent is often born of desires that cannot in any light be considered right or lawful. It is a spirit of covetousness. If the readjustment were to be made in accordance with this spirit there would simply be a change of possessions; there would be no reform, no fundamental change of conditions, no solution of the problem. In every human being there is in some degree a spirit of selfishness. Any real solution of the social problem must steer clear of this element. To pander to it in any particular is bound to call forth the cry of injustice and inequality. The solution of the problem must, therefore, be of the nature to take a man out of himself. It must provide for him an occupation and interests so absorbing and so elevating in their nature that he will have no desire to compare himself with any of his fellow-men, seeing only the advantages on the opposite side.

There is a movement being agitated now in the land which would solve the social problem along this line. It is called the home-crofter movement. The idea is that every man shall own and cultivate the piece of land, large or small, on which he lives. If he desires to

give most of his time to some other pursuit then he would need only enough to afford him the recreation he should have. Whether the family's entire living is to come from the ground or not, there should be only as much of it as could be well cared for after the best methods of intense cultivation.

From my limited sphere of observation and experience I believe the plan is a better one than any yet offered. A hearty application of one's energies to the

cultivation of soil products is not surpassed by any other industrial pursuit in its power to produce contentment and real happiness. It presents the broadest field for the employment of the various tastes, and the greatest possibilities for progress in the sciences it embraces. The influence, on the nation, of a life lived after this plan is expressed in these words of Henry W. Grady: "The citizen standing in the doorway of his home contented on his threshold—his family gathered about his hearthstone—while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—he shall save the Republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted."

To be sure, this plan, even when carried out according to the highest ideals of its promoters, will not altogether solve the social problem. There are people who are so wedded to the artificial life that they would reject any plan that meant something different. There are even people who get their living from the soil today—not the best living, of course, and such as it is not by the best methods of cultivation—who have a very plainly developed case of

(Concluded on preceding page.)

## The Order of Peace and Good Will

We agree to deny ourselves, so far as possible, every expression of complaint, fault-finding, resentment, or bitterness. If we are fractious we will not show it. We will not complain at our circumstances, however meager, uncomfortable, or lonely they may be. We will not complain at the weather, or the state of our health. We will not answer back with anger, as much as by a look, even if we think ourselves treated with disrespect or injustice. We will bear it if we receive less of love, honor, or attention than we deserve. We will not stretch out our hands to demand more than we get.

We will deny ourselves the privilege to punish or censure others, though they deserve punishment. We will not denounce any one. We will give up the use of blame, even against the blameworthy. We will not combat other people's opinions or try to argue them down. If we can say nothing good of a neighbor, we will say nothing at all. We will make no one unhappy if we can help it. We will not try to detect evil, or to attack it, or to utter it. We will have the least possible to do with it. We will henceforth turn our forces in the direction of good. We will discover all the good there is in our conditions and our circumstances. We will count up the full value of the assets that belong to us, every item of good health that remains, all beautiful scenery, all memories of sunny days, all our comforts, every loyal friend.

We will find out and appreciate whatever good there is in our friends, our neighbors, and our attendants. We will try to understand their opinions, their politics, and their religion. We will say kind words to them whenever we can. We will tell them, if they care to hear, what our best thought is. We will be good-natured if they do not agree with us.

We must sometimes, doubtless, speak out and say what we think! We cannot let evil be confounded with good. We cannot stand by and see injustice done. We will speak then, if we must, to some purpose and do good when we speak. We will speak for the sake of others, and never because we are hurt. We will never say disagreeable things for the satisfaction of saying them.

We will assure ourselves that our temper is good, before we say what will pain our neighbor to hear; otherwise we will not dare to speak. We will use the voice and tone of sympathy, or if our voice is harsh, we will wait till we can recover its tone. We will approach our neighbor with good will, or we will let him alone. We will repeat to ourselves certain good words, "Thy kingdom come: Thy will (that is, the good will) be done;" and, if we cannot say these words in good faith, we will not dare to condemn any one else.

This is the Order of Peace and Good-Will. We aim to make the least possible trouble; we aim to give no one needless pain; we aim to stop strife; we aim to overcome evil with good. We see no other way to kill evil. We are here to make the world happy.—Selected.





## Why I Loved My Stepmother

Elizabeth B. Grannis

President National Christian League.

CHILDREN, do you know what a stepmother is? One little boy says she is a mother-in-law. You need not laugh at this little fellow's definition, for it is not so far from correct as you may imagine. A stepmother is a wife made a mother by law, and is not a mother by blood.

Own mothers are generally considered better mothers for children than stepmothers, and I think the Creator designed and fitted the relation of mother to the child to be the nearest and dearest relation save one. I was eight years old when my mother died, but I had a grandma and two aunts (my mother's sisters). I loved them dearly because they loved me, and were so thoroughly confident that my little brother and I were of the best blood in the land. I was not a wise little girl; I knew just enough to think I did not want a new mother, because I had been taught so.

When our new mother came to our home, my little brother was only three years old. Oh, how well I remember just how she looked, how she was dressed, and how kindly she treated me. Yet I thought I could see by her manner even then, that she loved little brother best, and I don't see how she could have helped it, for he loved her at first sight; he put out his little fat hands to be taken, when she kissed him the first time; he hugged her with his first good-night kiss, just as he did grandma. And don't I remember how I tried to be very old, and pretend to grandma I was ashamed of little brother's love for our new mother? Grandma put me to bed that night, and stayed with me longer than usual. She talked to me of my lovely own dear mother, who died when little brother was a baby. I could know her only through the stories of grandma's and Aunt Kate's and Emma's descriptions of my mamma's beauty and charming accomplishments. I believed that night, more than ever before, that my real, true mamma was nicer than any mamma ever had been, for grandma really cried right before me. I had seen the tears come before, or grandma go out of the room or to the window sometimes when my dead mamma was the subject of con-

versation; but I had never really seen her cry like me till this night, as she said it seemed as though her heart would break to see this strange woman in her dear Alice's place at the table, and worse than all, to see poor little brother go to her as a little dog would follow a new master.

I am going to tell you how my new mother and I grew toward each other. Of course, I never meant to love her, because I had been taught that no new mother was needed in our family—grandma was good enough for me. When I tried to be naughty or disrespectful, my new mother would fail to hear or notice me, or divert my attention by immediately becoming intensely interested in something that was especially attractive to me. She never punished me except by simply ignoring and not appearing to remember I was in existence, and as I was very fond of being noticed and constantly cared for, I soon decided that I must be loved by this new mother if I had to pay for it with my love for her. She was irresistible to me; my father loved her, and I loved my father dearly. She stimulated my childish ambition; she taught me that which pleased my father; I learned to wait in anticipation to see my father's sweetest smile and to receive his fondest caress, when I should tell him after supper what I had learned new that day, or present him with some little sketch of my handiwork, as I answered his question, "Who taught you that, Dolly?" "My new mamma." And I shall never forget the twinkle in his eye one night at the table when I placed under his plate a little picture I had sketched for him. When I replied as usual to the oft repeated question, "Who taught you, darling?" "My new mamma," that night the twinkle in papa's eyes caught all the eyes at table—even dear grandma's—when papa said, "Little daughter, is not mamma old enough yet to leave off that prefix, new?" I looked at grandma and my two aunts, and my new mamma, and just decided then and there, that I would say I love mamma dearly, just as well as I could love my own mamma, and I said it.

Since that night I have seen many a day and night, after the death of my dear father (many years in the past) that I have longed to sit in my dear old step-mother's lap, and receive her comfort and encouragement for the daily responsibilities of life: I can truly say that I owe more to her wise counsel and sympathy in after life than to all my earthly relations, except my father.



### AN EVENING REVERIE.

MARY C. STONER.

I sat and mused amid the gloaming,  
As shadows softly fell,  
And saw the tinted rays of splendor,  
Beyond the peaceful dell,  
Stretch forth their golden waves of glory,  
Unfold, and fade away  
Until the world in somber stillness,  
In peace and silence lay.

I heard the breezes softly murmur  
Their lullaby so blest,  
Till rocked in nature's calmest bosom  
The day had gone to rest.  
The day with all its song and shadow,  
The day of work and play,  
Came back upon the memory's vision  
As bright as flowers in May.

And sweet, sweet thots of blessed service  
Of those we aid in love,  
Upon the heart in sweetest music  
Were whispered from above.  
But sadness, for the deeds of kindness  
The night had found undone,  
Came stealing thru the gath'ring shadows  
And marred the joys begun.

Oh! could these lines but catch the meaning  
Of nature's finished work,  
And breathe within the soul its message  
And know its greatest worth!  
Could we but see the mighty planets  
Fulfil their destined way,  
Behold the little shining dewdrops  
Their mission small obey.

And know that into all their courses  
No soul from God was given,  
We'd make our lives, the sacred chalice  
Which holds our gift from Heav'n,  
Conform unto the precious likeness,  
And leave no task undone,  
Should bear within the faithful bosom  
God's likeness of his Son.

No cloud should mar life's brilliant sunset,  
No pain for all life's ills,  
No murmur on the gentle breezes,  
For all the Father wills.  
But as the ling'ring glories vanish  
Behind the somber gray,  
So ends the life in ripened fullness,  
So ends life's little day.  
North Manchester, Ind.



GET a number of your friends to subscribe for the INGLENOK and follow the Esperanto lessons with you.

### HOW I PRESERVED MY EYESIGHT.

S. Z. SHARP.

I HAVE passed the limit of three score and ten years, yet I never saw the day that I could not write my letters and read the INGLENOK, or MESSENGER through without the aid of spectacles. When I see the great disadvantage under which so many labor, who must resort to the use of eye-glasses, before the age of fifty years, and the still greater helplessness of those who have lost their eyesight entirely, I am led to state how my eyesight was preserved.

At the age of twelve years I began to prepare myself for the profession of teaching. In winter, I began to study early in the morning and late at night by candle light, literally. This was more than fifty years ago. Later came the lard lamp, then the kerosene lamp, all of them injurious to eyesight. Soon after starting out on a special course of study, a good friend in an impressive manner advised me never to study with the light shining directly upon the eyes, but to shade the lamp or sit so as to let the light shine over the left shoulder. I have followed this advice until this day and have never regretted the result. When the light shines directly upon the eyes, it will strain both the pupils and the retina and weaken them or cause some other disorder which young people should never allow to happen, by not allowing the light to shine directly upon the eyes while at study or at work. A shade or visor, worn over the eyes, will not fully answer the purpose, since the wearer will frequently look up and the sudden contraction and dilation of the pupils will be injurious.

The eyes of some young people are not always of equal strength or they do not focus properly. This is often the cause of headache and they should have glasses made by a regular graduate oculist, and not wear a cheap article which does not fit, bought on the market. The eyesight is too precious to have any one tamper with it or to neglect it in youth. At the age of fifty-one years, while teaching elocution and I had to read fine print, sometimes, at sight, I found the use of glasses of an advantage and have since worn them more or less, but I had my eyes tested a short time ago by a specialist and according to what they registered, he pronounced my age fifty-four years which is nearly twenty years from the mark. When he was told his mistake, he replied, "Well, I have for once found a young old man."

Fruita, Colo.



### A HANDY ARTICLE.

ETHEL L. BUSSEL.

An inexpensive piece of furniture for the kitchen, and one that lightens labor, is made as follows: As a lamp-filling device it is a treasure, but the filling of lamps is only a small part of its usefulness. Take a



box three feet tall and eighteen inches wide and make two compartments in it by having a shelf half way. In front of the upper compartment, fit a door hinged at the bottom. On the inside of the door fasten an oblong tin in which to set the lamps while filling. A five gallon tank placed on top brings the faucet in a correct position for use. In the lower open compartment lamps can be kept ready for use and the upper or closed compartment can be utilized as a receptacle for the various "impedimenta," such as chimneys, burners, wicks, with trimmers, chimney cleaners and clean cloths. Never leave oily rags about the case, but burn them up as soon as used.

*Buford, N. Dak.*



#### GARDEN VIOLETS.

THE violet is a blossom for all the year around, and there is not a month when one need be without fresh blooms of it from cold-frame, garden or window-boxes. Planted in a shady corner of the garden, where yet they have an airy, well-drained nook, violets will take care of themselves, with the kindness of a covering of dead leaves in the fall. But they last so long and give such richness that the borders are worth preparing well. What the garden violet dislikes most of all is standing with its feet in the wet; unlike the fragrant white wild violet, which we find in meadows and bogs.

My violet bordered is planned to give a succession of bloom the year round, the earth from the three-foot bed being dug out two feet deep, and the sides stoned up with rubble laid in mortar with which coal ashes have much to do. This keeps the violets roots from gadding, and from freezing. Nine inches of stone are filled in for drainage, with turf and some old pounded mortar above to keep the earth from washing down, and the other foot is violet soil—good strong loam for the basis, with liberal mixture of old, rich barn-yard stuff, and the top leaf-mold, garden earth and sand with plenty of bone-dust, which violets love. The border lies under the lee of a little wood which skirts the grounds, facing full south, but screened by tall plants on the other side of the walk. Here the roots will spread into great crowns nearly two feet across within the year. In this favored spot one may feel sure of finding violets in any month of the year.

In Autumn, a wooden frame or sash goes right over the border; plants that have been growing in the shady corners of the garden are brought under cover, the old ones well-encircled and half smothered in dead leaves which are heaped around the frames, and the violet season goes merrily into Christmas-tide. New plants are coming into bloom while the old ones are resting. They get their bone dust, their weak tea of old leaves, old wood and very old manure steeped in rain water when the soil is very dry, and they do nothing but grow and blossom. Only one thing they ask

—not to get too wet. You can hardly give violets little enough water in cold weather. Only till the earth is dry several inches deep need you water them, which will be once in two or three weeks. They will bear the sashes lifted on sunny noons, and warm winter rains for perhaps half a hour; but avoid letting them get drenched, or having any drip from the sashes. That brings yellow leaf and decay among the crowns.

Very few people know the varieties, even of sweet violets which enrich the border. The English, the Neapolitan, and the new Russian varieties are barely known by name; but you will hardly find one well-educated person, not a gardener by calling, who can tell the difference. As the sweet violet, *viola odorata*, is native in England, Russia, Italy and throughout Europe and part of Asia, we may look for differences of interest in all.

Neapolitan Violets are pale, long stemmed, and so fragrant that you think of Violet Attar in the room with a cluster of them.

Marie Louise is deeper purple and a rich bloomer, which with care, in the open garden, starting early in a sunny sheltered place, will give flowers in Spring and Autumn.

The English violet is deeper purple still, and the standard variety for ease of cultivation and sweetness. Roots of this should be planted in every sheltered spot, under shrubbery, on light wooded banks, the north side of houses and arbors, wherever one wants the winds to be laden with sweetness.

The true Russian violet is small; the Czar, large, deep purple, almost black by the side of others, and very sweet.

The Victoria Regina, a large, deep-hued, scented violet is not to be confounded with the Queen of Violets, which is white, double and large, vying with the Belle de Chatenay, inimitable for its tinged pale petals, which suit the snow-wreath heliotrope.

The winter cultivation of violets is easy and they are the most charming of house plants, bearing dry air, and neglect with more equanimity than many favorites, only dying of gas and overheating.—*Vick's Magazine*.



#### THE HERB BED.

It is a great pity that herbs are now seldom raised in the home garden. The use of them in medicine is perhaps not so great in these days when a doctor can be readily called, but in the old times no housewife was without a goodly show of them in the yard, and she dried them carefully for winter use. Nor are herbs used nowadays so much for flavoring in cooking; and, when they are desired, the pressed leaves are bought at the druggist's. The home-grown article is far better than money can buy. A home with even a small strip of land can find place for some of these plants which are so valuable.

Of the distinctly medicinal herbs there are some which are still prescribed and, if to be had fresh, they may well be used in the family; such are boneset, peppermint, pennyroyal, catnip, camomile, saffron and horehound.

The only herb now much used for cooking is sage; and a plant of the large-leaved variety should certainly find a place in some corner of the garden. But there are several other savory herbs which are worth attention. Good cooking does not rely on one flavor; in the mingling of savors, none distinct and strong, is often the secret of producing the best seasoning of all. Summer savory, sweet marjoram and thyme ought to be more used than they are. "The housekeeper who tries them once will find a place for them in her garden. Then caraway to furnish the seed-cakes beloved of the children, and dill for the pickles, may be raised.

Also, there are the sweet herbs, among which lavender is preëminent. But lavender is not entirely hardy, and is not readily grown in some parts of the country. There are other sweet herbs which respond better to ordinary culture. Sweet fennel is very fragrant, comes up year after year from the first sowing, and furnishes a foliage very beautiful for using in bouquets. Sweet basil also has an odor generally liked; while the lemon balm is almost as fragrant as the old-fashioned tender lemon verbena. Coriander and anise would also be valued if raised, both for their seeds and for their fragrance.—*Farm Journal*.



#### HOW TO HAVE HEALTHY FOWLS.

LIVING in town, I have been compelled to keep my fowls confined to a lot of about a quarter of an acre; yet they have been remarkably free from disease, and give us eggs the whole year around.

Fowls, even the tallest, live and breathe very near the surface of the ground; and when the earth becomes foul from having had poultry running on it for some time, they cannot help inhaling the malaria engendered by it. Fowls on filthy runs will sicken and die without any apparent cause; so if we wish to have healthy fowls we must take sanitary measures.

Many people clean their yards by paring them annually, then some fill them up with chalk and gravel. This is all very well; but I think I have a better method than this, one which gives me a double profit on the lot, and answers the purpose as well. Every year in the spring I plow the lot for potatoes, except that portion directly around the poultry house. After plowing, I let it stand for a day or two so that the chickens may scratch for worms to their satisfaction, then they will not bother it so much afterward. Plant the potatoes rather deep and there will be no danger of their being scratched out. The fowls have never bothered the growth of the plants any as I could see, and they will keep the worms off the plants. The guano-like

manure on the lot is a valuable fertilizer, and we usually get a fine potato crop off the lot, and the ground is completely purified by the turning up of the soil. Around the house where one can not plow easily, I empty my ashes all through the winter, and since I have been doing this, I have not had to feed my fowls shells and lime as I did previously. They seem to get enough out of the ashes to provide the eggs with good hard shells.

Overcrowded and ill-ventilated houses are another source of disease. If you cannot increase the size of the poultry-house, then decrease the number of fowls. Every six or eight fowls should have at least six or eight square feet of room, and more would be better. I keep my poultry-house well ventilated, but am careful to see that no drafts blow on the fowls, or cold and rheumatism is the result. If one gives the fowls clean runs and houses, plenty of feed in variety, but not an over abundance, and gives them plenty of good clean water, he will not be bothered with sickly fowls.

Be careful that the eggs intended for hatching do not get chilled during the cold days. They should be gathered frequently, and turned occasionally.

Don't, under any considerations, breed from immature, undersized, unhealthy, unthrifty birds. Be sure that every bird is in the pink of condition. And remember that the male is half the flock.

The extremely high prices of grain necessitate a study of cheaper feeds. Buckwheat middlings are excellent to add to the mash. They are high in protein, and usually not so high in price. A small portion of linseed-meal is excellent. The waste from the manufacture of shredded wheat is valuable balanced with corn and oats.—*M. M. Wright*.



#### BEES MAKING FRUIT GROW.

HONEY producing is only one of the missions of the bee. Indeed, for actual profit, the honey is but a minor item.

Some years ago I moved to a small place up the Hudson River. I wanted a bee farm and selected for that purpose a spot among apple, cherry, and plum trees, some of which had never borne fruit, others, none for years. My landlord told me I might cut down certain trees, as they were worthless and he intended putting out some fine nursery stock.

Being busy, I did not cut the trees down. They blossomed freely, and of course we paid no further heed to them than to break blooms by the armful when we wanted floral decorations.

The cherry trees were, much to the owner's astonishment, loaded with very large, perfect fruit. He could not understand it; such a thing had not happened for years.

Early in the autumn, while waiting for a swarm of bees to settle I noticed a number of fine apples upon



one of the smaller condemned trees. When the landlord's attention was called to them he was completely mystified and called in his neighbors to see the wonder. Later we gathered from this tree nearly a barrel of the finest Fall Pippins ever seen in that vicinity.

No argument would convince the man that "them pesky bees" had anything to do with the yield of fruit on the place. He insisted that some sort of fertilizer must have been used.

Since that time I have demonstrated by scores of experiments that trees which had for many seasons borne little good fruit, or possibly none at all, have been brought up to a high standard of productiveness by the presence of bees. They carried the pollen, fertilized the blossoms and a bountiful harvest was the result.

Regardless of the honey crop, every fruit grower should have a few colonies of bees.

If, when the bloom season is past, there is so little nectar in the midseason flowers that the bees must be fed, it is a decided economy to feed them, as in cases where a strict account has been kept, the cash value of orchard products alone has been doubled by their assistance.—*Suburban Life*.



#### SECRETARY WILSON ON FOREST RESERVES.

UPON his return to Washington from a seven weeks' trip to the Northwest, during which he made a special investigation of the federal government's forest reservations, Secretary Wilson made public a few observations on this important subject. He says:

"It has been two years since the forest reservations came under the department of Agriculture, and I have been anxious all that time to look them over myself, but the meat inspection and pure-food problems have kept me away until recently.

"The government has, roughly, about 150,000,000 acres of forest reserve. With regard to them I found two chief problems: First, to insure protection from fire, and, second, to reforest the land where continual fires have destroyed the young trees. There are millions of acres growing nothing except a little grass. The question of reforestation is pressing.

"The price of lumber indicates that we are up against a wood famine. Lumber is being shipped from the Northwest all over the world. A great deal of it is even coming here to the East. Common lumber costs thirty dollars a thousand when it gets to the Mississippi Valley.

"In the forest regions the homesteader, or the man who gets patent under the timber and stone act, often sells to private corporations, some of which have as many as 30,000,000 acres, and are still buying. Considerable pressure comes from persons who want to get title money to sell to such companies and put the money in their pockets."

#### NOTICE.

SOME time ago some one inquired about a vine suitable for the north side of the house. If the inquirer will write to Libbie Hollopeter, Pentz, Pa., inclosing stamps, she will send cuttings of such a vine.

### FOR SUNDAY READING

#### THE BOOK PRE-EMINENT.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

With Shakespeare to lead them in Drama's great field,  
And Literature's choicest of treasures to yield,  
With myriads of writers, some great and some small,  
You'll find that the Bible's ahead of them all.

In History's realm, reviewing the past—  
Herodotus first, even down to the last,  
Of whatever nation the story you've read,  
The Jews of the Bible you'll find at the head

In sentiments lofty, or solemn, or sweet,  
All ages of poets may vainly compete  
With those of the Bible who God's praises sing  
And have for their leader the Psalmist and King.

The buildings of Egypt, of Greece and of Rome,  
And modern St. Paul's, or new structures at home,  
We see the fair lines and proportions most grand  
Excelled by the Temple by Solomon planned.

Law-givers, and all who man's justice invoke,  
Regard as authorities Blackstone and Coke,  
With Webster and Marshall, wise jurists, there's none  
But builds upon Sinai's tablets of stone.

Hail woman! E'er faithful in present and past,  
The first at the grave, at the cross was the last—  
Stowe, Willard and Howe, faithful leaders for truth,  
Find patterns in Martha, the Marys and Ruth.

To say man's best efforts the Bible excels,  
Is stating it mildly; whoe'er the Word reads  
Finds all these great features excelled by this one,  
God's message of Life through Christ Jesus, his Son.



#### PEACE AND WAR.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

If all Christians clearly saw the lovely beauty of peace and the criminal horror of war, as they really are, they would all believe fully that peace is the blessing and the glory, and war the curse and the disgrace of nations and mankind. They would see that peace is always right, and war always wrong; they would see that any peace to avoid any war is always infinitely better and more glorious than any war can be, they would see that to stand up meekly and firmly for peace to loss of property, and even unto martyrdom, in the spirit that Jesus manifested all the way from Gethsemane to Calvary, is always a holy offering to God; and to die voluntarily in war, for any cause, is to die entirely outside of the requirements and spirit of Christianity.

It is vain to look for the day of millennial peace and love until the church, as one grand body, shall see that peace is always right and war is always wrong, and that it is the duty of the church, as a body and as individuals, to "follow peace with all men," be the temporal consequences what they may, ever keeping in mind that even defeat and suffering in peace is immeasurably better and more glorious than the grandest triumph in war. The Christian has nothing to do with murderous weapons in maintaining or defending, or overturning human governments. For such things let the unregenerate children of Adam fight and die, if they will. The Christian's mission on earth is like as was our Divine Master's: Peace and good will to all mankind. Blessed be God for the gift of a Savior so ineffably peaceful and lovely. Not a thread of military glory, so magnificent in the eyes of many who call themselves his followers, was woven into his seamless garment.

The more the Christian studies meekly the character of Christ, the more he will see the beauty of his sublime title: "The Prince of Peace." Christians, do you wish, in your endeavor to make war truly agreeable to the life and teachings of Christ, your Savior—do you wish that he would henceforth take the title: "The Prince of War"? No, you shudder at the thought. If such should be his character for the eternal future forever, vain would be all your hopes of Peace for time, of peace for immortality. Let all our bosoms bound with holy and eternal joy that Jesus is, and forever will be, "The Prince of Peace;" and let us all labor that he may be the Peace of all nations as well as individual souls. Let us move forward with the beautiful branch of Arbitration in the blessed name of philanthropy, praying that its precious "olive leaf" may be accepted gladly by all individuals, classes, and nations, as the healing for all the disagreements, contentions, and wars of fallen men, and to the "very God of Peace" be all the glory forever and ever. And when the banner of Arbitration shall wave in peaceful triumph over the world, then it may in truth be said the sun of millennial day is at its dawning.



#### SOMETHING TO LIVE UP TO.

ONE who repeated to a friend a word of praise that had been overheard—a high encomium of his work and character, was somewhat surprised by the sudden light that flashed into the strong face.

"Thank you." was the earnest reply. "I'm glad you told me that. It is something to live up to."

There was no vain acceptance of the commendation as fully merited; it was only like a bugle call to higher service. That is what such words must always prove to any true and earnest spirit. They flash a sharp contrast between the self that appears to others, and what the soul knows of its failures and shortcomings,

and humble as no blame could do; but also they inspire to fresh courage and effort; they are "something to live up to."

"A true friend will tell one his faults," is a saying we often hear, but a true friend, if he is wise in the knowledge of human nature, will tell us our virtues. The fact is that in this busy world of ours, with its keen struggle and sharp competition, we are apt to be told our faults by those who are not friends, and to be brought face to face with our mistakes and failures so often that we sometimes lose hope and courage. Whoever has a word of honest praise for another should feel that he holds something which is that other's due, and hasten to pay it. The word of blame may be a goad, but the word of hearty commendation will be "something to live up to" through many a trying hour."—*The Parish Visitor*.



#### WEAR YOUR TROUBLES INSIDE.

MANY a man gets into the habit of carrying his troubles in his face. The eyes tell it, the droop of the lip speaks it, the bowed head declares it, the very grip of the hand reveals it, and the foot-fall is full of it. He has run up the flag at half-mast, and he carries it everywhere, so that his whole little world is compelled to know his sorrow. Is this natural? Possibly. Is it wise? Probably not. Is it fair? Surely not. Is it a sign of weakness? Undoubtedly it is. Is there a better way? Surely there is. First, a man must make up his mind to expect his share of trouble, and perhaps a little more. Then he should make up his mind to bear his trouble manfully, that is, with patience, with courage, and with hope. The world has enough trouble of its own, let us not add to its burden. It should be the aim of every Christian man and woman to become strong, and when strength is won to use that strength in bearing the burdens of others. Every sorrow mastered, every burden borne inside instead of outside, makes us stronger, and leaves the world brighter. Learn to smile, get the habit of it; learn to sing, make it also a habit; and you will be surprised how much brighter it makes the world not only to others, but to yourself! The smile and the song lessen the burden and light up the way.

—*Christian Guardian*.



LET your life be a lighthouse for every man who comes your way. Do all your work so well that he will feel the thrill of aspiration to do better, just by passing your way. Keep a brave heart and know that by so doing you will light up the life of some brother.

—*Farm Journal*.



"AROUND the World without a Cent" recounts the real experiences of the writer of the articles who knows how to tell things.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### GOD'S CHILDREN, GIVE THEM A CHANCE.

A score of years ago the world was shocked by the declaration of an Italian, Lombroso, and his school of scientists, that criminals were born so; that their heredity was insurmountable; that they were helpless in the face of inexorable destiny. They brought their proofs: the brow, the brain, the ear—plain to see that the man was destined to be a thief. The years passed and a great congress of criminal anthropologists met in a European city. Before it the Italians owned that their inexorable fate was a bugbear, a scientist ghost which man had the power to lay. Given, that nothing stayed a man with the signs of a criminal in his career toward violence, when to the lack of training, of home, were added want and drink. Yes, he would become one without doubt. But with the social environment changed, with hope, with home, with education, physical, mental and moral, brought to bear, disposition might be modified—the “born” criminal turned into a useful citizen. Instead of a summons to stack arms, to give up the fight, the new science became a bugle-call for society to bring all its resources to bear on the work of rescue, even of the prisoner who had traveled a long stretch on his evil road.

If this be true of the man, what then of the child yet mentally and physically unformed? These things were done in the body which is liable to the laws of the physical world, of the world we touch. What then of the actual child whose house the body is, speaking literally? Shall it be downed by a heredity which, once launched, is irresistible, incurable? Which is stronger in the world—love or hate, good or evil, God or the devil? I was walking with the chaplain of the Massachusetts Reformatory, at Concord Junction, after a visit there, discussing the hope we both saw for his charges, and trying to frame in words what was on my mind, when he did it for me.

“The truth is,” he said, “we are children of God. That is our heredity. Backed by that, what is there of his work in his world that we can not do?”

Ever since, the vexed question that so perplexes many minds has had to me but one answer. Heredity is a factor, but not an invincible one. We can do with the soul what we did with the body. It is just a question of effort, and of the right remedy. The effort is worth making; for the civic death-rate, looking at it from that point of view, is even worse than the baby mortality. Every time a boy goes to jail a citizen dies. The remedy we know: it is the home where the law of love rules. Of all the forces in God's world it is the strongest, for it is his own law, his very being. Evil is conquered with good.

These are my personal beliefs and convictions in this matter of heredity, sometimes preached as a doctrine of despair. I cannot see where the despair comes in. For twenty-five years, as a police reporter in New York, I saw all the wickedness of depraved human nature. But behind it all I made out also what it was that had depraved this poor human nature, and that the responsibility lay with us who let it be, whose neglect of the neighbor that

had fallen among thieves was to blame for it all. The world is no worse than we make it. We also can make it good. For we must grow together, the whole human race, and every child whom we neglect is a drawback. I should not be afraid of taking a little child into my home, whatever its ancestry, if I felt able and ready to take the responsibility for bringing it up, and I should not be in doubt about the result if I did; for I should know that I was doing God's work with his child, and he would attend to the outcome.—The Delineator for May.



### JOURNALISM AND POLITICAL AMBITION.

Can an editor under any circumstances accept public office? Such is the question put by Col. George Harvey in his Bromley lecture at Yale University March 11. His answer is in the negative. If the editor does not free his mind from any thought or hope of such preferment, the speaker goes on to say, “his avowed purpose is not his true one, his policy is one of deceit in pursuance of an unannounced end; his guidance is untrustworthy, his calling that of a teacher false to his disciples for personal advantage, his conduct a gross betrayal not only of public confidence, but also of the faith of every true journalist jealous of a profession which should be of the noblest and farthest removed from base uses in the interest of selfish men.” The speaker adduces the following as the “one conceivable conclusion in logic or morals.”

“That true journalism and the politics that seeks personal advancement are not and cannot be made coöperative; from the radical difference in their very natures and the impossibility of reconciling what should be the idealism of the one with the practicalism of the other, they must be essentially antagonistic. That in fact they are is evident. The chief, if not indeed the sole, aim of the politician is to win the favor of the majority.

“To achieve this purpose he does not scruple; in the language of his craft, he ‘keeps his ear to the ground,’ and the magnitude of his success is measured by the shrewdness with which he divines popular tendencies sufficiently in advance of their general manifestation to appear to be the leader of a movement to establish newly discovered principles rather than as a skilful conjecturer of evanescent popular whims. It follows necessarily that the journal animated by any other than a like motive, that is, the desire to profit from pandering to mobilize selfishness, is so hateful to the aspiring politician that in his view it must be discredited. Hence the frequency and virulence of assaults upon newspapers which for one reason or another dissent from views exprest by politicians, sometime no doubt in sincerity, but always in hope of currying public favor. The reasoning of such a journal is seldom combated; a mere questioning of its motives is deemed and generally is found to be vastly more efficacious. So it often happens in even these enlightened days that a newspaper undergoing no change in control may today be pronounced patriotic and devoted to the cause of the people and tomorrow be denounced as a servant of

special interests and an enemy of the country, in precise accord with its defense or criticism of political measures and men.

"One of our most conspicuous statesmen—if the term, despite its apparent obsolescence, may still be applied to the holder of a high public office—recently declared that the sole mission of journalism is to detect and encourage popular tendencies. In truth, such a conception is the basest imaginable, but it is the politician's and probably always will be. Nor can we honestly deny that it is the easier and likely to prove more profitable and more comfortable."—Literary Digest.



#### NEW TYPE OF LIFEBELTS.

The ordinary type of lifebelt possesses the disadvantage that unless correctly donned, the wearer's equilibrium is in serious danger of being upset when in the water. Recently a series of demonstrations have been carried out in Europe with the lifebelt invented by Mr. Jack Focketyn of that city, which while of simple design is so arranged that the wearer's head must always be kept above the water. The device comprises two buoyant cushions, one resting on the chest, and the other across the upper part of the back, connected together by straps passing over either shoulder and a strap around the waist. The belt can be put on or taken off in three seconds. Its total weight is between 6½ and 7 pounds.

In connection with the lifebelt proper the inventor has devised a special helmet resembling a Russian cap, fixed to the head by a strap passing under the chin, and provided with a flap at the back to drop over the neck as a protection from the heat of the sun, etc. In the front of this cap is carried a small electric lamp fitted with a powerful reflector, charged from a small battery of from three to four hours' capacity. The light thus projected can be seen at sea for a distance of some 400 or 500 yards, and is of great utility in assisting the rescue of persons at night. Moreover, owing to the position of the lifebelt, both the arms and legs are left entirely free and unencumbered, so that the wearer can either keep himself afloat or assist himself by swimming if desired.

An interesting demonstration was recently carried out with the apparatus in the basin of the French Transatlantic Steam Navigation Company at Havre before numerous interested government and other officials, including representatives of the British Admiralty and Commander Gibbons, the United States naval attaché at Portsmouth. On this occasion the inventor demonstrated the ease and rapidity with which the belt can be assumed, and the impossibility of the wearer's vertical position in the water being in any way disturbed or threatened. Owing to the position of the belt across the chest and back, the wearer's head was kept several inches above the water. Even if one should become unconscious through exhaustion, it would be almost impossible to be drowned, for when floating on the back or face, either of the two cushions will keep the head well above the water.

The second belt is the invention of Mr. Schwab, of London, and is called by him the "Balloon waistcoat." In appearance the garment is an ordinary waistcoat, but it is lined with a bag of waterproof material, which surrounds the body and is inflated by blowing through a rubber tube. The bag can be inflated in about three minutes. Like the Focketyn belt, the balloon waistcoat has the great advantage, over the ordinary cork jacket, of lifting the upper part of the body out of water, so that the arms have perfect freedom of motion. Consequently,

the wearer can readily seize floating wreckage or a buoy or line that is thrown to him or swim toward safety.

Mr. Schwab has been successful in solving one great problem which confronts inventors—the attracting of publicity. He recently flung himself into the lake of a London park. When a rescue reached the supposed suicide, they found him reading and smoking a cigar.—Scientific American.



#### CAUSES OF THE ANTI-SALOON MOVEMENT.

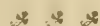
The present temperance upheaval is the revolt of the American conscience against what it considers to be wrong. The American saloon can blame itself largely for the present opposition to it; it is essentially bad. Aside from the inherent danger of the business under the wisest possible restraints, the liquor-dealers of the nation have set themselves to do their very worst to provoke alarm. The saloons are the breeding-place of all kinds of vice and crime. In them the thieves, the murderers, ballot-box stuffers, grafters, purchasers of law, and the debauched find their education and protection; and from them the lawless hordes go forth to prey upon society. The only wonder is that the people have stood this menace to our civilization as long as they have.

While it is not universally so, it is too often the case that the saloon fosters and promotes the social evil. The public sentiment is greatly outraged at the intimate relationship between the saloon and the disorderly house. The public is very angry because so many drinking-places are gambling hells.

Another thing that has stirred the public against the liquor traffic has been the relationship between the politician and the saloon. No feature of American public life is so abominable and discouraging as this open and notorious copartnership of the liquor traffic with politicians of all parties in the business of crime. It is an astounding fact that most of the great cities of the country are ruled by rum, and have been for a generation or more. Every privilege for every kind of crime is bought and sold for money. Fabulous corruption-funds and thousands of the criminal classes are organized to hold up the public and compel it to deliver. Three saloon-keepers of Chicago have absolute authority in Wards One and Eighteen, where the traffic in vice is maintained; and men of their stripe rule in some other wards; so that the political complexion of Chicago is determined by the saloon influence. In New York City a large proportion of the Tammany leaders who determine the policy of their party in the city and State are or have been saloon-keepers. In Philadelphia and in some other cities the connection between the saloons and the political leaders of the opposite party is just as marked as it is in Chicago or New York.—American Review of Reviews for April.



"THE proper place in which to measure a man is in his home. If he is a small man there, he is bound to be a small man everywhere, no matter how big he may appear to the world."



AN act of goodness is in itself an act of happiness. It is the flower of a loving inner life of joy and contentment; it tells of peaceful hours, and days on the summit heights of the soul.



REMEMBER INGLENOOK week!





# Echoes from Everywhere

The great Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York, the run on which was one of the first symptoms of the panic last fall, reopened for business the latter part of last month.

The largest steam locomotive in the world is about to be turned out at Schenectady for the Erie railroad. It will weigh 413,000 pounds and haul a loaded train a mile and a half long. That means power.

Express companies operating in Oklahoma will be less likely in the future to pay two hundred per cent stock dividends. The Oklahoma Corporation Commission has ordered a forty per cent reduction in all express rates.

A forward step toward merging the Indians into American citizens has recently been inaugurated by the appointment of Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a graduate of Boston University and a full-blooded Sioux Indian, empowering him to give a new name to each of the Indians of the Sioux nation. He has already named 15,000.

Gov. Folk declares the liquor question a dominant issue in America at present. Said he, "The question in the minds of the people of the United States today is the liquor business. Wherever you go throughout the whole country you will find the people talking not of the tariff, insurance or corporation matters, but of the liquor business."

Vessel owners will adhere to the "open shop" policy in the operation of boats upon the great lakes this season. A stand of this character in dealing with organized labor was unanimously agreed to at the annual meeting of the Lake Carriers' association at Cleveland, Ohio, April 9. The rule will be put into operation at once and will affect nearly 40,000 men.

Some small frogs of the species known as *Rhinoderma Darwini* have reached London from Chili, and have received much attention from naturalists. The tadpoles are developed in a very curious manner. The female lays about a dozen eggs and these are immediately swallowed by the male and deposited in a pouch in his throat, where they remain until hatched and sufficiently developed to emerge into the outer world. The lack of external gills is a remarkable characteristic of the tadpole.

Near Beloit, Wis., there is a roaring well which has again "made good." This well roared for several weeks before the great earthquake at San Francisco, and the curious sound of rumbling, together with wind from the mouth of the well ceased at the precise hour when the shock struck the California city. On the day recently that the well resumed its clamor, residents of Rock County predicted a calamity. It came in Chilapa, Mexico, where a disastrous earthquake occurred.

A vegetable caterpillar from the planting of a true caterpillar is among the marvels of the Pink Terrace region of New Zealand. Eating some tempting fungus spores on its way to its final burrow, the creature becomes transformed into a wood-like mass of fungus, with form and structure preserved. The caterpillar is now a veritable root, from which a stem shoots up eight or ten inches, dropping other fungus spores.

The heavy losses which the railroads of the country have sustained because of the falling off of traffic and the detention of cars by non-owning roads is forcibly illustrated by the great increase of empty cars on the Rock Island system, which may be regarded as representative of others. During February this system had an increase of 94 per cent over the same period in 1907, which increased operating expenses \$171,107.

Passenger officials have been notified of a decision of the interstate commerce commission regulating the checking of excess baggage. It appears that certain commercial travelers have been in the habit of borrowing tickets from fellow passengers and with them checking baggage on which otherwise excess charges would be levied. The commission holds this to be illegal, as it creates a preference in favor of the passenger who is thus able to borrow as compared with the one who cannot do so. The commission lays down the rule that borrowed tickets may not be used in any case to check baggage.

April 1 Lieut.-Gov. Eben S. Draper, the acting governor of Massachusetts, sent to the house of representatives his first veto message in returning without his signature a bill which authorized Essex County to pay \$1,350 to James M. Tremble, guardian for Edgar W. Meikle, the Lynn boy, who was **tried and acquitted** last year of the charge of murdering his father, Charles Meikle. In giving his reasons for refusing his signature to the bill the lieutenant-governor says that it is unconstitutional, special legislation, and would establish a dangerous precedent. This is the first suit in New England where remuneration has been asked for a person accused, tried and acquitted.

Of all the different electrical devices for the electrical transmission of sound, not the least wonderful and useful is that which greatly intensifies sound. We hear about the Acousticon transmitter and its wonderful results. A most important detail in the working of this is the Microphone, which seems to be the newest of the new inventions, and has the effect of greatly magnifying sound. An item in one of our late magazines says of this development in telephonic industry: "It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Dr. Parkhurst, speaking in his new and magnificent church, which has an Acousticon equipment, may preach to an audience of one hundred thousand people scattered from Maine to California."

A new wire of special advantage in electrical industries is obtained by a Parisian metallurgist through a perfected process of welding copper to steel wire. Great conductivity is combined with the tensile strength and elasticity, giving a wire stronger than copper and smaller and less exposed to wind and action than iron or steel of the same capacity.

The unemployed in Philadelphia at a meeting April 5 decided to ask the city to appropriate \$50,000 for the immediate relief of the thousands out of work and those dependent on them. The Mayor has called for a meeting of the Citizens' Permanent Relief Committee to consider the problem of relieving distress, but the leaders of the unemployed fear that the committee will not appropriate a large enough sum.

After reposing for 136 years in London, the vaults of the Swedish church, Prince's Square, St. George's in the East, the remains of Emanuel Swedenborg, the famous mystic and writer, will soon be on their way to Sweden for burial in their native soil. The Swedish government formally requested the exhumation and surrender of the body, and a Swedish frigate has been especially ordered to bring the body to Sweden.

Within twenty miles of New York's city hall there is a population of 1,000,000 Jews, more than in all America besides. It is the greatest aggregation of Jews in any one spot on earth, one-eleventh of the entire Jewish population of the globe. Here are one-fifth as many Jews as in Russia, one-half as many as in Austria-Hungary, four times as many as are in the British Isles, ten times as many as in the Holy Land, and twenty times as many as dwell in Jerusalem.

In Chicago the care of the unemployed during the winter, according to a Health Board bulletin, resulted in providing food, beds, warmth, bathing and medical supervision at a cost of nine cents a day for each man. The public was protected from contagion, the homeless were kept free from suffering and clean and healthy, some unworthy, idle and drifting criminals were forced out of the city, and some innately honest but weak men were shielded from crime.

The growth of cigaret smoking in the British army is beginning to disquiet the higher officers, whose reports indicate that the health of the men is being seriously impaired. Lieut.-Gen. Grenfell, commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland, is the first to take action. He has just issued an order to his troops, calling attention to the evils which must inevitably follow such excess and appealing for "earnest and early action to combat the habit, which is gradually but greatly affecting the efficiency of the men."

Late experiments have proven that heat is transmitted downward into the earth very slowly, and that a thin covering of soil is sufficient to protect even explosives and inflammable liquids from the highest temperatures of burning buildings. A heat of 2,500 degrees, maintained for several days, will scarcely be observed through a layer of earth three feet in thickness. It is estimated that the walls of the Safe Deposit Company in New York City, three feet in thickness, are sufficient to protect valuables from the heat, even if the entire city should go up in flames.

Queen Maria Pia, the poor grandmother of King Manuel, of Portugal, and mother of the late King Carlos, has broken down physically and mentally as a result of the tragedy of February.

The women's clubs of Bangor, Maine, are starting a crusade for medical inspection in the schools and also for the establishment of a fund for optical treatment of the children of the poor who attend school. At a recent club meeting the principal of one of the largest grammar schools made the alarming statement that he had reason to believe that there were several pupils in his school who were affected with tubercular diseases, but he had no authority to bar them out. It is understood that the matter will be taken up by the proper authorities.

Legislation in advance of anything existing in North America was undertaken by Nova Scotia, when Premier Murray introduced a bill in the house of assembly recently to provide pensions for aged colliery workers in accordance with the old age pension commission's report, previously presented to the house. The bill is entitled "An Act to Incorporate the Nova Scotia Colliery Workers Provident Society, and to Create an Old Age Pension Board." It also provides for an emergency fund in the case of grave mining disasters in the province.

The electric rat-killer of A. F. Riederheim, claimed to have been doing effective work in a factory at Trieste, is designed for lowering into drains or other infested places, and consists of a shallow tray with a bottom lined with closely-spaced metal points alternately connected to the positive and negative terminals of a high-tension electric circuit. The animals are promptly electrocuted as they step on the points in attempting to reach the bait. The apparatus destroys only rats and similar vermin, and it is affirmed that there is no risk to cats and other large domestic animals.

Fireless or self-cooking stoves, which have been so popular in Germany for a number of years, have been recently much improved. The early types were simply boxes made with double walls so as to retain the heat, and food to be boiled or stewed was first thoroughly heated and then enclosed in the box for a sufficient time to cook by the retained heat. The latest apparatus is stated by Deputy Consul General J. W. Dye, of Berlin, to be heated by a stone. This is made sufficiently hot in an oven or over any fire, then placed in the cooker with the steak or roast, and the box is sealed up and left for an hour or so until the food is thoroughly cooked and hot. With double boxes, boiling, frying, and roasting may all proceed at once without care.

Metchnikoff, one of the professors in the Pasteur Institute in Paris, is the greatest exponent in the world of the theories of Darwin. It is his business to hunt up diseases and their remedies. In a new book Metchnikoff points out that the reason men do not live to a great age is because under modern conditions the arteries harden with advancing age, due to deposits of calcareous substances. He says he has discovered that the antidote for this condition is sour milk. The sheaths of the arteries are softened by the milk. The principle, he says, is as sound as the virus theory in hydrophobia, and anti-toxin and vaccination for other ailments. Metchnikoff declares that sour milk or pure buttermilk should be drunk twice or three times a day. He declares that fifty years would be added to the lives of aged persons if they would do so.



China must be changing indeed. We read that the police department of Canton, China, has issued a proclamation forbidding the sale of the flesh of dogs and cats as food.

The suit of Japanese residents against the city and city council of San Francisco to recover damages for mob violence on May 20, 1907, has been compromised on the basis of a judgment against the city and council for \$450. Thus one small grain of sand in the international bearings is removed.

Royalty is an expensive luxury—at least German royalty is. Emperor William gets \$3,930,000 for his civil list as King of Prussia. As Emperor of Germany he serves for nothing. But the \$3,930,000 is not enough for the needs of his court. Living expenses have risen and the Prussian Diet is to be asked to increase the Emperor's pay.

When the country so generally feels that the way to stop conspiracies in restraint of trade is to send the men guilty of them to jail, that Judge Kumler, of the Common Pleas Court of Toledo, should merely fine the twenty wealthy lumbermen who had been found guilty of the crime instead of sending them to jail makes it possible for crime to become profitable.

Prof. Flinders Petrie, head of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt, is about to start in earnest the work of excavating the ancient city of Memphis on the Nile. He expects that the task will occupy him for the rest of his life. Memphis is buried now beneath ground which is cultivated by the villagers of Mitrachin which will have to be removed before the work can go far.

The hackmatack (also called "juniper" or "tamarack") sawfly has reappeared in Maine after more than thirty years' absence. Specimens have recently been received from several Washington County towns for identification by the entomologists in the state department of agriculture. Prof. Elmer F. Hitchings of the bureau of entomology states that there is no question about the insects being the destructive sawfly which killed nearly every hackmatack tree in Maine in the 70's. No means are known of suppressing the insect.

The steam consumption meter patented in Germany by P. Weller is a small electric alternator, with a magnet wheel built into the steam-pipe, and rotated by turbine blades fitted to its periphery. The current generated in the armature shows on a voltmeter the pounds of steam consumed per hour, or a train of wheels can be arranged to give a continuous record. Connection to the pressure gauge gives variations in the resistance of the voltmeter circuit, and thus automatically corrects for variations in steam pressure.

The Roumanian government is making use of the recent disturbances as a pretext to banish Jews from the rural districts. The new law requires that two-thirds of the artisans engaged in any one place shall be native Roumanians, and the Jews being regarded as "strangers" are often excluded by this enactment. The law gives an opening for the police to interfere with the make-up of the pay roll for any particular establishment, and employers for this reason refuse to employ Jewish labor. The economic condition of the Jews in Roumania which has been steadily growing worse, will necessarily deteriorate further under the new conditions.

## BETWEEN WHILES.

Boarder—This soup seems to be rather weak, what kind is it anyway?

Landlady—Chicken soup. I told the cook how to prepare it but she evidently failed to catch my idea.

Boarder—Yes, or else she failed to catch the chicken.

Mrs. Hicks (relating her burglar scare)—"Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed I saw a man's legs."

Mrs. Wicks—"Mercy! The burglar's?"

Mrs. Hicks—"No, my husband's—he had heard the noise too."

Wink at a wrong today, and you'll be taking its wages tomorrow.—Home Herald.

"My son," said his father solemnly, "when you see a boy always loafing about the street corners, what place in life do you suppose he is fitting himself for?"

"To be a policeman."

Muggins— I'm surprised that you believe the story Brown just told us. Why, I wouldn't believe it if I told it myself.

Huggins—Oh, well, in that case neither would I.

A health journal is telling people how to lie when asleep. If it could persuade them to tell the truth when awake it would be doing a real service.

A street car in charge of a newly appointed Irish conductor, had just left the car barn for the downtown run, says Harper's Weekly. Before it had proceeded many blocks it was boarded by an inspector. This official, after a glance at the register and the occupants of the car, asked, in surprise:

"Why, O'Flaherty, how's this? You have seven passengers and the register shows but six fares rung up."

"Begorra, is that so?" puzzled the green conductor. Then instantly a happy solution of the difficulty struck him. "Git out o' here, one o' yez!" he shouted. "There's wan too many o' yez on this car."

## A LESSER HALF.

"I want a man to do odd jobs about the house, run on errands, one that never answers back and is always ready to do my bidding."

"You're looking for a husband, ma'am, not a man."—The Jewish Ledger.

## WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED—To impress upon more of our farmers, fruit growers and gardeners that the compressed air sprayer I sell for \$7.50 is the easiest to operate and BEST for results. A woman can do the spraying. Let me tell you about it. W. G. Nyce, St. Peters, Pa.

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10. Sale of intoxicating liquor is forever prohibited upon the ranch.
11. **Miami Ranch** is peculiarly adapted to fruit culture and will produce abundantly all crops adapted to the temperate zone.
12. Our lands, which are now selling at from 35 to 70 dollars per acre, will double in value within one year.

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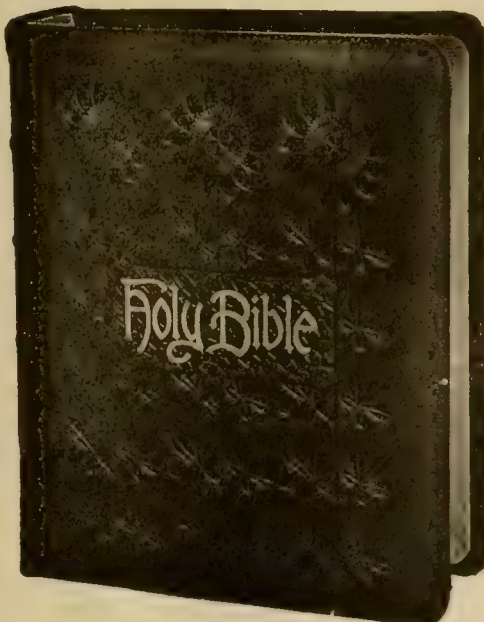
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# Facts Regarding Imperial Valley

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Imperial Valley is situated in San Diego County, California, 183 miles east of Los Angeles on the Imperial branch of the Southern Pacific railroad. The soil is an alluvial deposit and all crops are grown by irrigation, with water from the Colorado River. The main irrigation canal is 80 feet wide on the bottom and 100 feet wide on the top, and 10 feet deep. The soil is adapted to the growth of wheat, barley, alfalfa and nearly all kinds of fruit. Alfalfa having plenty of water can be cut eight times per season, yielding as high as ten tons of nice hay per acre which sells at present from \$8.00 to \$11.00 per ton. Barley can be sown for winter pasture in alfalfa stubble after the last crop of hay is harvested. Alfalfa can be cut every three weeks if the hay is wanted for dairy cows, or every four or five weeks if wanted for horses. I have known of alfalfa yielding \$40.00 worth of seed per acre and my own yielded \$20.00 per acre with the first season's sowing. Dairying and hog raising are very profitable. Butter sells from 20 cents to 45 cents per pound; hogs, 7½ cents on foot; also beef, cattle and horses do excellently. One colt weighed 960 pounds at less than one year old. One acre of alfalfa will keep from 2 to 3 head of dairy cows or horses and from ten to fifteen head of hogs. Oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apricots, grapes and berries do well. A single grape vine has yielded 30 pounds of grapes 18 months from setting. Grapes, apricot and cantaloupe growing is very profitable as they will ripen here from three to four weeks earlier than other places, and be placed on the eastern market before they are ripe in other localities. One man at Coachella was offered \$600.00 cash for the grapes on a single acre of vines and refused the offer and sold at retail for \$1,400.00. Cantaloupes will net the growers from \$50.00 to \$300.00 per acre. I have lived in the valley as long as any one, being one of the first settlers, and my experience and observation has taught me that you can grow almost anything here you plant, including vegetables, if planted in the proper seasons and properly cared for. The selling price of land at present is from \$40.00 to \$100.00 per acre, owing to location. President Roosevelt says that when it is thoroughly developed it will be worth from \$500.00 to \$1500.00 per acre.

Reader, when you shiver around your fireside the coming winter, just think of the Imperial Valley where you can go in your shirt sleeves nearly every day in the year. And on the 10th day of this month (May, 1907), while there was a snow storm raging in many places in the eastern states, we were making hay and picking and eating fruit in the Imperial Valley.

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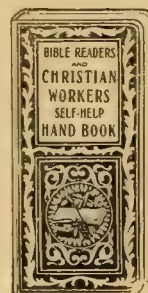
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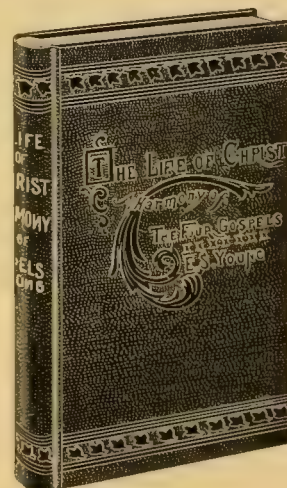
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- ¶ But the testimony of Scientific Men who are in the employ of the Department of Agriculture of the Government ought to be worth something to the man who is looking for a good place to invest his money in a fruit country.
- ¶ Here are a few paragraphs from a letter which might help you.

## UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Bureau of Soils, Washington D. C., March 30, 1908.

Utilization of Soil Resources.

Mr. J. H. Harris,

703 Palladio Building, Duluth, Minn.

Dear Sir: In reply to yours of March 17, in regard to fruit raising, in Butte Valley California, Siskiyou County, I send you the following memorandum digested from a recent report on the soils and fruit possibilities of that valley.

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Very sincerely,

J. A. Bonsteel,

In Charge.

¶ These are only clippings from the report as has been said. If you desire reliable information concerning grain, hay, vegetables, stock, or anything else, we will be glad to give you such as may be depended upon.

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Yours fraternally,

John W. Wayland.

University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., Oct. 29, 1907.

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W. H. Stephens,

Poona, India.

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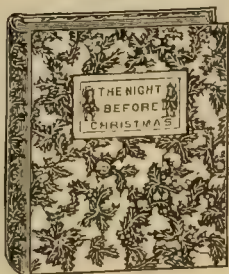
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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

April 28, 1908

No. 17.

## Socialism: What It Is

W. F. Gillett

MANY honest people think that socialism and anarchism are the same. This is a mistake. Webster's unabridged dictionary defines socialism as a theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed. Communism. And anarchism as, want of government; the state of society where there is no law or supreme power or where the laws are not efficient, and individuals do what they please with impunity. Political confusion. The anarchists are opposed to all law, or at least they believe the less law the better, while the socialist believes in the highest form of government possible.

The socialist does not propose to divide up the wealth of the land as many think, but proposes to concentrate in the hands of society the instruments of production that are now scattered in the hands of many owners, and instead of the individual dividing up his earnings, he will retain them for his own use. Every one of us is now dividing up with the Standard Oil Trust, the beef trust, the steel trust, and many other trusts, and the socialist proposes to stop it.

The socialists have been accused of wanting to confiscate the property of the capitalist class. This is a mistake. They only wish to recover the property that has been confiscated from them, by the capitalist class. They believe that labor produces all things, and that labor is entitled to what it creates. They believe that inasmuch as production is carried on coöperatively, the distribution of the products should be after the same manner.

The socialists do not wish to destroy the trust, for they recognize it as essentially a tool of production, in that it eliminates expense in production and adds inches to man's stature by increasing the productivity of his labor. But what they wish to do is to make the trust public property, as also all of the means of production and distribution. This can be done by laws, the same as they escaped out of our hands by laws. To illustrate, the land was at one time public property,

but through an act of Congress it became private property. Also through another act of Congress it could become public property, and the same with everything else. The socialist proposes to distribute the products of labor according to every one's needs. Therefore, if there should be any that would not work (unless they were physically unable to work), they would starve to death.

The doctrine of socialism had its origin in the following conditions: Up until one hundred years ago, the tools of production were simple and every man could own his own tools with which to work, but later, when inventions began to be made, and the tools of production became more complex, they gradually passed out of the worker's hands, into the hands of the capitalist, and because the man with the inferior tools of production could not compete with the man owning the improved tools of production, he had to stop producing for himself and work for the man with the improved tools, which has virtually placed him in wage slavery. How? or why? Because in this capitalistic system of production no employer of labor intends to pay in wages, as much as his workmen earn. According to the statistics of 1890, if I mistake not, the wage workers of the United States got in wages only one-fourth of the value of the products of their labor, and they get considerably less than one-fourth now. This is how it comes that such enormous fortunes have been acquired. This is what has given rise to the doctrine of modern socialism. The ladder upon which mankind has been climbing toward civilization, the ever more powerful tool of production, is the storm center around which the social storm rages. The capitalist seeks to keep it for his own use, the socialist seeks to preserve it and improve it and make it the property of all of the people.

In order to give us some idea of the inequality of the distribution of wealth, the reader is requested to note the following: Senator Jeff Davis, of Arkansas, in a speech in the United States Senate Dec. 11, 1907, declared that fifty-one men in the United States own



the enormous sum of \$3,295,000,000. He named the men, and John D. Rockefeller heads the list, with \$600,000,000. He took the list from statistics, so it must be somewhat correct.

This is only one side of the picture. Let us look at the other side. I read from the INGLENOOK, of Dec. 24, 1907, that 125,000 people in New York were out of employment. I ask, Why are they out of employment? The answer is simple. It is this. Because the wage-worker receives in wages only one-fourth of the value of the product of his labor, and with this one-fourth he cannot possibly buy from his employer any more than one-fourth of the product of his labor. So in case of a panic, the goods pile up in the factory faster than they can be sold, and the factory has to shut down. In other words, the working class has produced so much that they have to go destitute. Is it any wonder that people fall into the belief of the doctrine of socialism? I don't think it is!

With the seizure of the means of production and distribution by society, the production for sale and profit would cease, and anarchy would be supplanted by peaceful and deliberate organization. The struggle for individual existence would be at an end, and thereby man would in a certain sense step out of the animal kingdom, out of the brute creation of existence, into that which is truly human.

Socialism is inevitable. Every system of society that we know of so far, has contained within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and we believe that the capitalist system contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. To illustrate. First, we have individual ownership, next a partnership, next a corporation, next the trust which is a combination of companies. Combination is the direct outgrowth of competition, and combination means final control, for one combination or trust has to compete with other combinations or trusts and the weaker will go to the wall. And this process is going on all of the time, and it will continue to go on until we will have only a very few trusts, and there will be only one thing for the working class to do (whether they like or not) and that is to take possession of the trusts, and make it the property of all of the people, or starve.

Another thing that leads me to believe that the capitalist system will fall of its own weight is this. Capitalists, in order to sell the vast amount of goods the working class produces for them and keep their factories running as much of the time as they do, seek for foreign markets, and much of their surplus products are gotten rid of this way. But nearly all of the other countries are developing into industrial states that sooner or later will supply their own wants. In short, the time is drawing near when the market can no longer be extended in other countries, and will begin to contract. The moment this effect begins to be felt, it will be the signal for the wholesale bankruptcy

of capitalist society; there will be no market for their goods, and all of the factories will have to close their shops, and the whole working class will either have to take possession of the means of production and operate them in the interest of society, or starve to death.

This is not altogether a dream of our own, for the capitalists see it that way themselves. Secretary Taft in his Boston speech Dec. 30, 1907, said: "If the abuse of monopoly and discrimination cannot be restrained, if the concentration of power made possible by such abuses continues and increases, and it is made manifest that under the system of individualism and private property, the tyranny and oppression of an oligarchy of wealth cannot be avoided, then socialism will triumph and the institution of private property will perish." The working class and the capitalist class have nothing in common, there can be no peace, so long as hunger and want is found among millions of working men, and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

*Holtville, Cal.*



#### THE EARTH'S MAGNETISM.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

THE study of the earth's magnetism is an interesting study and our present knowledge of it is due to centuries of research. Many centuries before Christ writers referred to a stone having the power to "draw to it the all-conquering iron." Its earliest names were Hercules stone, magnet stone, Lydian stone, siderit (iron stone), and also simply "stone." Later they all gave way to the term "magnet."

The derivation of this now common term is hard to determine. Lucretius (99-55 B. C.) says it was so-called because it was found "in the native hills of the Magnesians." Pliny (23-79 A. D.) quotes from the poet Nicander who flourished in the second century B. C. that the shepherd, Magnes, while guarding his flocks on the slopes of Mt. Ida, suddenly found the iron ferrule of his staff and the nails of his shoes clinging to the rocks, which after him became known as the Magnus stone or magnet.

That the fundamental principle of the magnet of attracting iron was early known by the Greeks is proven by its being mentioned by Thales who lived between 640-546 B. C. It was known by various terms in the European languages during the middle ages, each suggestive of its attractive powers as "sailing stone," "loving stone" and "which attracts iron." Nearly all the European terms are said to have their significance repeated in the Asiatic tongues.

While its attractive powers were so well known, its popularity was not known to Europeans till about the twelfth century.

The Chinese with their usual aptitude for claiming everything in sight have a tradition that it was known

to them at least 2634 years before the Christian era. In that year the Emperor Ho-ang-ti attacked the rebel Kiang, on the plains of Tchou-lou. Kiang getting the worst of the battle raised a great fog to protect himself, but the Emperor made a chariot *which indicated the south* and was thus able to pursue and capture the enemy. This, however, savors too much of mythology to be of any force in this day.

The Japanese in the second half of the seventh century had south-pointing carts. A picture in the large Japanese encyclopedia shows one of these carts on the front of which is a figure on a pivot with right arm extended to indicate the south.

In the eighth century the Chinese learned that the compass did not point exactly north and south; and also anticipated the Europeans by several centuries in the most delicate method of suspension—by means of a fiber. However, they have no record of its use in navigation till near the close of the thirteenth century, at which time it had been in use in Europe for a century or more.

The evidence goes to prove that its properties were discouraged by Europeans and Asiatics independent of each other, with the weight of the evidence giving the Chinese the priority.

Many myths are associated with the magnet. Many no doubt have heard of the great lodestone island whose attractive power was so great that ships sailing too near were drawn to its shores and the nails pulled from the vessel. Sailors were not allowed to eat garlic or onions lest the odor deprive the stone of its virtue.

Until about the year 1600 it was thought that the polarity of the needle was due to the influence of the north star.

The first treatise on the compass was written by Petrus Peregrinus, a follower of Charles of Anjou. At the second siege of Lucera in Italy by his sovereign Peregrinus wrote his "epistola" beneath the walls of that town. His chief achievement was in the improvement of the compass. That used prior to his time was a magnetic needle supported in a vessel of water by reed or cork, and without an index or compass card. He first floated his compass but later introduced the double-pivoted compass. Some of the principles of his compass, as the azimuth bar, remained in use for a long time. Means of communication then were very poor and the few copies of his letter were hidden in the monasteries till the sixteenth century.

About 1302 A. D. Flavio Gioja invented the compass or at least made decided improvements on those in use. Some time prior to 1380 the compass card was divided into 32 points instead of 24.

The early charts of the Mediterranean were oriented by the compass, all bearings from port to port being

compass directions, hence these charts are known as "compass charts." At that time, as for a long time after, it was thought that the needle pointed true to the pole, the deviation noticeable being believed to be due to imperfections in the construction.

It remained for the sailors of Columbus to discover another fact—that the *amount* of deviation varied in different parts of the world. Not many days out from Gomera the pilot found that the compass varied to the northwest one point ( $11\frac{1}{4}$  deg.) Previous to this the observed variation had been to the northeast.

Later Cabot noticed the same variation. When at a point west of the Azores he found the needle to point to the true north, and to the west it was west of north.

Navigators thought that a very important discovery had been made—that a line, given by nature herself, had been found from which all longitudes could be reckoned. Later it was found not to be a true meridian and that it was not a right line.

Since then it has been learned that even its position is subject to change.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



#### SPRING POEMS.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

I always want to write spring poems  
When springtime comes around,  
When everywhere upon the earth  
Such beauty will be found;  
But of the birds and flowers, too,  
I've written oft before,  
Of frogs, green grass and apple blooms,  
And dozens of things more.

No theme it seems has been untouched  
By my e'er busy pen;  
But still each year the longing comes  
To write of spring again.  
I've told how love will creep in hearts,  
When springtime comes around.  
It seems to tell of all its joys,  
No new way can be found.

And editors will joke about  
The poems coming in,  
As if they thought it really was  
An oft-repeated sin;  
But why not have them every year,  
For all rejoice to sing  
Of sweet delights the heart will find  
With coming of the spring.

Moorestown, N. J.



OH, do not let us wait to be just, or pitiful, or demonstrative toward those we love until they or we are struck down by illness or threatened with death! Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love; make haste to be kind!—*Amiel*.



# Alphabet of American Authors

G. Fegley

## XII. H. W. Longfellow.

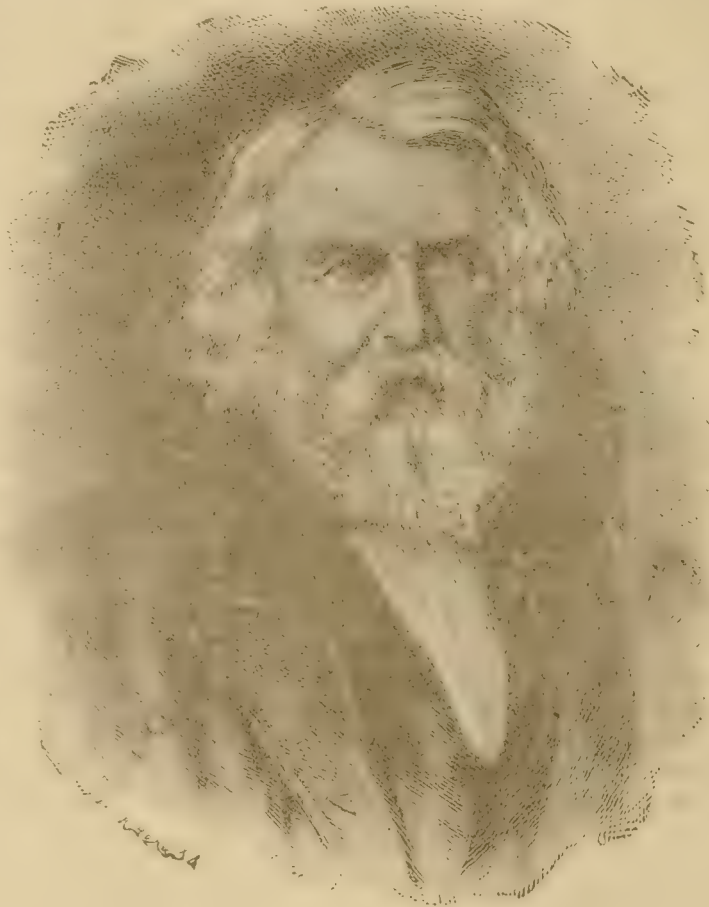
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was the son of Stephen Longfellow, son of Stephen Longfellow, son of Stephen Longfellow, son of William Longfellow of Horsforth, Yorkshire, England, who came to America about 1676, and married Anne, daughter of Samuel Sewall, first chief justice of Massachusetts. The father of the poet was a distinguished lawyer and politician. Through his mother, Zilpah, daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth, he traced his ancestry to John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, of *Mayflower* fame in the time of the mighty Miles Standish.

At three years of age he started to school to a hole called "Ma'am Fellows," wrote his first letter at six, and at seven was half way through his latin grammar. At nine years of age he wrote his first composition and poem, "Mr. Finney's Turnip." The first book to make any distinct impression on him, and which he read and re-read was Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book." His poem, "The Battle of Lovell's Pond," written when he was thirteen, was printed in the *Portland Gazette*. At fourteen he entered Bowdoin College at Brunswick, and during his four years there published three prose sketches and twenty-four poems, and with part of the money bought a "Life of Chatterton," the English boy-poet who committed suicide at seventeen. Chatterton evidently made considerable impression upon him, as he wanted to use him as subject for his graduation essay, but was persuaded by his father to take another, which was "Our Native Writers." It was not many years till he was one of them.

At his graduation he was offered the chair of Modern Languages in the college, and in 1826 went to

Europe where he staid three years, traveling and studying in France, Spain, Italy and Germany, fitting himself for the place. At a salary of \$800 per year he worked nearly six years, in which time he prepared a Spanish grammar, as the one in use did not suit him. He resigned to accept a similar chair in Harvard College, and in 1835, accompanied by his wife, Mary Storer Potter, whom he married in 1831, went to Europe. His wife died in Holland in the autumn. He visited Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Germany and Switzerland, and returned in December, 1836, to Cambridge, where in 1855 he resigned his chair to James Russell Lowell, and spent the rest of his life in literary work, making two other trips to Europe. He was married a second time in 1843 to a daughter of Nathan Appleton. She was burned to death in July, 1861, by her clothing catching fire in sealing a letter with wax, while using a lighted taper. "The Cross of Snow" pathetically tells the force of this blow. He died March 24, 1882.

His first published book was in 1833, "Coplas de Manrique," a translation from the Spanish, with an essay on Spanish poetry. In 1835 he printed "Outre Mer" (Beyond the Sea), a poetical prose work, not unlike Irving's "Sketch-Book." In 1839 came "Hyperion," a poetical romance, and the same year "Voices of the Night," which included "A Psalm of Life," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Beleagured City," and numerous translations from the Spanish, French, German, Italian, Danish and Anglo-Saxon, and a number of his earlier poems. Then came "Ballads and Other Poems," which included "The Skeleton in Armor," "Excelsior," "Blind Bartimeus," "To the River Charles." Then came "Poems on Slavery," and "The Spanish Student," a play.



Next he published a large octavo volume, "The Poets and Poetry of Europe." In 1846 appeared "The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems," including "The Old Clock on the Stairs" and "The Arsenal at Springfield."

His first long poem, "Evangeline," a tale of Acadia in 1755 at the English occupation, was written in hexameter verse, and published in 1847. In 1849 was issued "Kavanagh," a New England prose tale, and "Seaside and Fireside," short poems, including "The Building of the Ship," "Resignation," and "The Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass."

"The Golden Legend," his longest single poem, remarkable for its variety of style and versification, dealing with life in the Middle Ages, came next. Then came "The Song of Hiawatha," who is as grand as any of Cooper's Indians; the meter is odd, there is no rhyme, yet it is an Indian epic, moulded after "Kalevala," of Finland. Then came "The Courtship of Miles Standish," in hexameter verse, which concerned his ancestors, John and Priscilla Alden. A collection of poems, "Tales of a Wayside Inn," after the fashion of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," was published in 1863. "Paul Revere's Ride" is one of these. A continuation of these, "The Second Day," appeared in 1872. Another collection of poems was published, called "Birds of Passage" which included "The Children's Hour," and "Weariness." Then came "Flower-de-Luce and Other Poems." Next he published his translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy." "The New England Tragedies" published next completed the "trilogy," the others being "The Divine Comedy" and "The Golden Legend." Four or five other books came next, and two books were published after his death.

The style of Longfellow's poetry was very simple, expressing universal sentiment in the simplest and most melodious manner. People like to read his writings because he thought and felt as they thought and felt; it is not that he said anything so unusual, but it was the pleasant, graceful way he said it. Many of his poems are based on actual facts, circumstances and incidents coming under his observation. For instance, when "the spreading chestnut tree," that stood over the old blacksmith-shop of Mr. Pratt, was cut down in 1879, an arm-chair was made of it, and the school children made him a present of it. A workman, on the streets of London, stopped him and begged to be allowed to "shake hands with the man who wrote the 'Psalm of Life.'" Even in the interior of Asia it is said the poem is found in the language of those peoples.

In 1869, on his last trip to Europe, the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D. C. L., a noble honor, better understood because no other scholar or writer has done so much to give us the culture of Europe by putting into our language choice

selections from the foreign poets, which otherwise we might never have known, as well as valuable information about the poets themselves. He is in great contrast to Tennyson, in that his verse is always tender and delicate, and unobtrusively wins its way into the heart, and speaks for "the weary heart and aching brain of all humanity." In his memory his daughters have recently given \$10,000 to endow a fellowship in literature in Bowdoin College.

Worthy of mention: James R. Lowell, poetry, essays, criticism; Sidney Lanier, poems and novels; B. J. Lossing, history and biography; Lucy Larcom, poetry; Emma Lazarus, poetry; Charles G. Leland, the gypsies; A. B. Longstreet, "Georgia Scenes"; Eliza Leslie, stories and novels; Olive Logan, stories; Mary A. Livermore, lectures and autobiography.

*Bryan, Ohio.*



### HOW ABOUT THE BAIT?

JOHN H. NOLAN.

"There's just as good fish as ever was caught"

I heard a dreamer say,

Who had failed to gain the prize he sought

Because of his delay.

I pondered that idle dreamer's thought

Who yields himself to fate.

There's just as good fish as ever was caught,

But how about the bait?

O dreamer arise, you cannot obtain

The prize, unless you pay.

The day that is past you cannot regain—

That chance is gone for aye.

You dream of the future, yet strive for naught,

But idly, supinely wait.

The fish may be good as ever was caught,

But how about the bait?

*Mulberry Grove, Illinois.*



### THE CHEERY FAMILIAR ROBIN.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

"Out in the cheery breath of morn,

Up from the meadow winging,

Before the day is fairly born,

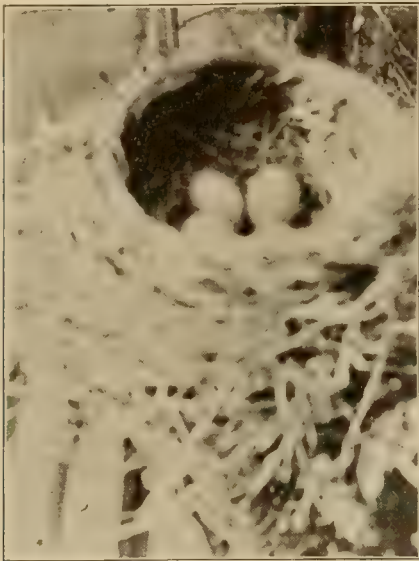
I hear my robin singing."

THE American robin belongs to the family of birds which consists of the bluebirds, thrushes, etc. This family includes most of our finest singers. Nearly all of them are birds of medium size. The robin is used by many ornithologists as the standard of measurement. It is one of our most common birds, and every one is supposed to be familiar with its size; it measures ten inches in length and is well proportioned. The head of the male is black, the breast is a bright reddish brown; the upper parts of the body, including the wings and tail, are slaty brown; the tail when widely spread shows a tip of white on each feather. The female is smaller than the male, and her plumage is much lighter in color. The young are inter-



mediate between the two, and conspicuously spotted and streaked with black and gray, which reveals their relationship to the thrushes.

The robin ranges from the highlands of Mexico to the Arctic regions. They winter largely in the forests of the lowlands of all the Gulf States, and especially in Florida. During the winter they live on the berries of different kinds of hollies, those of the Mexican mulberry, and particularly the mealy, nutri-



A Robin's Nest.

tious berries of the sparkleberry (*Vaccinium arboreum*). Besides, they eat all the insects they are able to find. While wintering in the south the robin is a very wild and timid bird, rarely leaving the forests.

In the region where the robin nests, it has become quite confiding and fearless and seems to enjoy the companionship of man. You can find it everywhere in field and forest, in meadow and marsh, on hills and in villages, and in parks and gardens. Its favorite haunts, however, are locations where woods, fields and orchards alternate. In the cultivated treeless western prairies the robin has become abundant since orchards were planted.

In the northern States nest building frequently begins as early as the middle of April. The nest may be found anywhere from two to thirty feet from the ground, in the most varied positions and situations; on trees, on the tops of high stumps, among the roots, matted together with soil, in the corners of rail fences, in old abandoned houses, in sheds and barns, on the window-caps of occupied houses and in all kinds of ornamental and fruit trees. The nest is built of weeds and grass, bits of paper or rags and rootlets; then a layer of mud is added which is moulded into a smooth cup-shaped cavity which is lined with dry grasses. The eggs, generally five in number, are of

a uniform rich greenish-blue color. After the young birds are hatched both parents share in the feeding and care of the nestlings until they are old enough to care for themselves.

The song of the robin, though simple and modest, is not without effect, and its manner of singing is significant. While many of our birds select a secluded spot while singing, the robin chooses an exposed position, usually the top of a tree, and pours forth its song for hours at a time from this lofty perch. It sings most persistently early in the morning, as soon as dawn begins to show in the far east, and in the evening, often long after the fading of the bright sunset. What makes the song of the robin especially valuable is the fact that it is uttered in the immediate neighborhood of our homes, where every lover of nature can delight in it during the pleasant season of the year. The loud, flute-like song involuntarily reminds one of the clear flowing notes of a sacred song. Whenever the bird sits high aloft and sends its voice to the distance, all the other male robins of the neighborhood feel duty bound to enter into competition. Soon three, four, and even more may be heard in loud chorus. This is usually the case during the evening twilight when each bird seems to be striving to outsing every other one, while they make the surroundings echo with the vibration of their jubilant, exultant melody.

Although the robin is a great eater of berries and soft fruits, such as strawberries, mulberries, cherries, etc., the damage done in this way is inconsiderable in comparison to the great benefit these birds render the farmer, gardener or horticulturist. Upon the arrival of the robins early in the spring, long before any fruit is ripe, they scatter over the newly-ploughed fields, meadows, lawns and parks, in eager search for the grubs and worms that, later in the season, would prove destructive to these same fruits were not their ravages stayed by the friendly army of robins.



### SPRING.

CARL NELSON.

Tell me, friend, whose heart is full of longing  
For the joy of springtime's balmy day,  
Have you not, when radiant days were dawning,  
Listened to a songbird's joyous lay?  
Came there not from palmy strand a swallow,  
With a message from its amber sky,  
Bidding us awake from winter's fallow,  
While it softly chirruped, "By and by"?

Aye, there echoes while the storm-winds tarry,  
In my heart a springtime melody,  
And I hear across the wind-swept prairie,  
Soul-enchancing songs of jubilee.  
Still the snows in Spring's lap fondly linger,  
Yet my dreams a flowery vision bring,  
And my Spirit, free and without hinder,  
Lights within my soul the fire of Spring.  
Cando, N. Dak.

# Elements of Success

D. Z. Angle

## Industry.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in writing to a youth who had obtained a situation and asked him for advice, said, "Beware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you from not being fully employed,—I mean what the women call 'dawdling.' Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, never before it." Probably no true success in life can be had without industry. First one should find work adapted to one's talents, abilities, and environments. It need not take an educated man to tell you or me what we should first do; simply do whatever honorable work we find to do, remembering that "time is money," as the business man says, and any time we lose is gone forever, and likewise its equivalent in wages unearned. A due appreciation of the value of time is necessary before one can see the need of being industrious. "A philosopher has said that time was his estate, an estate which constantly required cultivation to give its fruit in fullest measure. Allowed to lie waste the product will be noxious weeds and vicious growth of all kinds. One of the minor uses of steady employment is that it keeps one out of mischief, for truly an idle brain is the devil's workshop, and a lazy man the devil's bolster." It is observed at sea that men are never so much disposed to grumble as when least employed. Hence, an old captain, when there was nothing else to do, would issue the order to anchor. The path of success in business is usually the path of common sense, says Sam Smiles in his excellent book on "Self Help." He continues thus: "Patient labor and application are as necessary here as in the acquisition of knowledge, or the pursuit of science. The old Greeks said, to become an able man in any profession three things are necessary,—nature, study, practice."

Study along lines that nature's hand directs us, and practice of the useful things learned, is what tendeth to bring perfection and success to us. "Practical industry, wisely and vigorously applied, always produces its due effects. It carries a man onward, brings out his individual character and stimulates the actions of others. All men may, not rise equally, yet each on the whole very much according to his deserts. It is not good that human nature should have the road of life made too easy. Better to be under the necessity of working hard and faring meanly, than have everything done ready to our hand and a pillow of down to repose upon." A small start in life with only small means, seems necessary as a stimulus to work, and a condition essential to success. An eminent judge when asked what contributed to success at the

bar replied: "Some win success by great talents, some by high connections, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling." It seems that necessity has always been, is, and always will be the greatest incentive to work. After laboring steadily for years, work becomes habitual, a habit that, with many, increases in intensity with passing years, and the first element to a successful career is firmly established in our character. It is said that the Emperor Napoleon was continuously busy, and worked so hard that sometimes he would exhaust four secretaries at one time. His successful adversary at Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, was also a great worker, and upon the persistent energy and industry of these great men is to be based much of their great success.

## Honesty.

But no true commendable success can be had without honesty of character. Though the dishonest or wicked may flourish for a season, "like the green bay tree," shame and sorrow usually follow them so quickly and surely, that the treasures gained are but an elusive phantom, which really unpossessed, vanishes quickly from view, leaving disappointment more bitter than though nothing had been won. The man whose honesty is proven will be trusted, while the one who cheats or steals a little here and there, will soon be discovered, possibly by his own guilty conscience shown in his countenance. "Be sure a man's sin will find him out," is a saying which proves true with multitudes in daily life. The boy or girl may think it isn't stealing to take a dime or a dollar out of father's purse without his knowledge or permission, or the man or woman may think it not much harm to withhold or appropriate a few dollars from public or church funds, because, they reason, it will not be missed, or we're one family or people, and besides they'd do the same thing if they had my place or position! Such little thefts lay the foundation for much ill success, private and public dishonesty, and an ignoble home in a prison cell.

Many are probably familiar with a little incident illustrating Lincoln's honesty, who, when a young man keeping store, overcharged a customer six and one-fourth cents, and discovering the mistake walked two miles after closing shop that day, and repaid the small sum. That was a small incident, but it shows clearly the sterling honesty and great character of the true man and the absolute trustworthiness and promptitude of the noble Lincoln traits, which he carried with him throughout his career, and which doubtless won him the presidency of the United States. The people



felt they could trust him and so will they trust you, dear reader, with their treasures if you give equal evidence of your desire to live up to the Golden Rule.

#### Economy.

Unless one practices economy, it is difficult to be financially successful in life, difficult even to be honest unless one learns to save or live within his income. What matter if a man makes \$10 per day, if he or his family spend it all as fast as made in foolish extravagance? He cannot accumulate, and if thrown out of employment or old age approaches, he has no reserve to live upon, and must become in straits of want, suffering, temptation and crime, or suffer the humiliation of dependence upon public charity, or private benevolence. The writer once knew a wealthy farmer, who said that when a young man he worked for twenty-five cents per day. He gradually worked up to good wages, a portion of which was saved and invested in land or loaned to others at interest. He farmed part of his land and became wealthy, dying recently, worth about \$50,000. Industry, honesty and economy were the keys to his success. He commenced life without a dollar, worked hard, but if he had spent all he made, he never could have bought land when it was cheap, which later became the source of much of his income. Land is still low-priced in some localities, but of what inducement is that to the man who has no means? It takes some money to buy land, some work is required to make money, and some degree of wisdom and prudence to spend it judiciously.

As an excuse for not laying up for a rainy day many men say it takes all their wages or income to pay the cost of living, for though wages are high, living expenses are high in like proportion. However, we believe a saving account could be started by many of these, who spend sums for a quantity of unnecessary high-priced clothing, possibly a sum each year for useless whiskey or tobacco, for life insurance and the various lodges. Great quantities of hard-earned dollars are, we consider, thus practically thrown away yearly. The fine clothes are seldom worn or soon thrown away because "out of date." The tobacco is consumed without profit, probably much loss. The stimulant takes some of his money and usually unfits him for caring for what he has left. The insurance and lodge schemes are an uncertain means of making or saving him money, but are a certain means for getting rid of some of his cash, often with no value ever received therefor. If all these expenditures were saved and properly invested by himself in reliable property, they would finally give him much greater return (on the average) than all the momentary pleasures, endowments and payments for losses which he is likely ever to receive.

#### Punctuality.

Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, once said, "I owe

all of my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time." Another wise man said: "A proper consideration of the value of time will always inspire habits of punctuality." "Punctuality," said Louis XIV, "is the politeness of kings. It is also the duty of gentlemen, and the necessity of men of business. Nothing begets confidence in a man sooner than the practice of this virtue. And nothing shakes confidence sooner than the want of it." We show our respect to others and due regard for the value of their time by not keeping them waiting. When Washington's secretary excused himself for his lateness of attendance at a meeting by laying the blame upon his watch, Washington replied, "You must get a new watch, or I a new secretary." Can the doctor expect success in his calling if he has a habit of delaying for a day or two in answering urgent calls from his patients? Will the grocer increase his trade or income by opening his store one hour later each day than his competitors, or could the farmer delay planting his corn six weeks after the proper time, and secure equal rich return for his labor? "Strike while the iron is hot" applies to various tasks and callings beside blacksmithing, and the habit of being prompt and on time is one great essential to highest success in life.

#### Method and Accuracy.

Man's success depends much upon his method of doing things and then exactness of execution. "Knowledge is power," "labor is worship." We should learn to do correctly what we do, which will take no more labor often, than to do it incorrectly. By constant repetition of the same task, our work becomes to an extent mechanical or involuntary, and it is accomplished thoroughly and well, with the least possible expenditure of vital energy. In study, in work, and in play, plan to do each and all with the least cost of time and effort, consistent with first-class achievement. Let us learn the Golden Rule along with the multiplication table, and if I buy two dozen of eggs, at 19 cents per dozen, reason if I were the seller, whether I would be willing to take less than 38 cents for them before I require them for less. Or if I sell you 20 pounds of bacon for \$1 and 100 pounds of bran for \$1, and afterwards you weigh your purchases and find you received only 19 pounds of bacon and 95 pounds of bran, will you then believe me honest or accurate and a safe person to deal with? All are prone to mistakes, therefore accuracy needs constant cultivation; also will care and attention to details prove a safeguard to integrity of character. In conclusion we affirm that if we faithfully perform our duties, and live as becometh our station in life, abundant and lasting reward will be ours, and we will receive the active coöperation, respect and esteem of just men and women.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

## STORY OF A FOX.

S. N. M'CANN.

I REMEMBER well of hearing an old hunter in West Virginia tell the following story. (He was regarded as a very truthful man and I believe the story).

While out hunting one day he saw a red fox gathering wool off from the briers that the sheep had lost in being caught in the thorns. He decided to watch the fox and see what it would do with the wool. It gathered bunch after bunch until it had a good mouthful. It then ran down to a nearby stream of water, waded in where the water was still, and slowly dropped its tail into the water.

It then waded very slowly backward into deeper water, finally sitting down very slowly and sinking the hinder part of the body very slowly until only the head was above the water, still holding the big bunch of wool in its mouth. It then sank the head until only the black point of the nose could be seen with the bunch of wool. Then the fox disappeared and the wool floated out upon the water. The fox having dived under the water came up several feet away.

The old hunter said he waded in to get the wool to see what the fox meant. When he reached the wool it was full of fleas and he understood our fox's strange movements.



## TALK'S MARKET VALUE.

A man's word is generally taken for what it is worth. This implies that the value of men's words vary. It matters more what a man is than what he says, for it is his character which determines the nature of his speech.

In this respect men are divided into three classes: Men of the first class have their words taken at par. They mean precisely what they say. Of this type of man it has been said: "His word is as good as his bond." Men of the second class have their words taken at a premium. Such men are usually slow to speak. Their words are few. But when they promise one rests assured that ordinarily they will do more than has been asked. To such men might be applied the remark of Josh Billings: "I don't care how much a man says, so long as he says it in a few words." The words of men of the third class are always discounted. Twenty per cent off—often more—is the value that others give them. So it often happens that, exactly the same words, spoken by three different men, have three different values.

It is rather curious that while most of us flatter ourselves that we cannot be fooled by the other fellow, few of us seem to realize that we cannot fool others. It does not take men very long to form a proper estimate of our real value. Everybody soon knows whether our words are to be placed at par, at a premium or at a discount. Therefore let's quit trying to

fool one another. It doesn't pay. It is a waste of time and of energy.

Listen to the addresses of the men in your local organizations. Soon you will learn to know just whose words count for most. It will not be the man who speaks on every question. It will not be the fellow who is always cock-sure. It will not be he who always agrees with you. It will be the man who is quiet, thoughtful, conservative—not dull and stupid, but of unquestioned character. This is the type of man who is coming to the front in labor circles, and it prophesies better things for the workingman's cause.—*Bible Record*.



## THE WEAKENED WILL.

"I WANT to be locked up in jail." There was a positive accent on the last word and a definite and convincing ring in the tone of voice that made the sheriff of Atlanta, Ga., drop his pen and wheel around in his chair with more alacrity than usual.

"Why, what have you done to be locked up?" inquired the deputy sheriff with some amazement as he turned and faced a man of middle age whose appearance in every detail bore out the first conviction that he was a gentleman, says the *Atlanta Constitution*.

"I haven't done anything," was the response, "but I want to be locked up and that right now. I feel this accursed thirst for drink getting the upper hand of me. It's a habit I can't fight off, no matter how hard I try, and the only way to keep myself from yielding to it is to be locked up in jail. My wife is sick or she would have come down with me, for she knows what a slave I am to liquor when it gets a hold on me."

"We can't lock you up on the expense of the county when there is no charge against you," returned the deputy sheriff, at a loss to know what course to pursue.

"It needn't be any expense to the county," replied the visitor, and his strong frame visibly trembled as he stood his ground and fought back the demon that was gripping his soul. "I only want to get away from this thing for a while and I will pay the expense, whatever it is."

"All right, then," said the sheriff, and he telephoned the jail, and the man whose moral sense of right was stronger than his will was given protection from this unseen, but powerful, foe by the strong arm of the law.

How much better, however, to lock up the enemy than the victim.



INGLENOOK week doesn't come very often and the offers made during those six days are just as rare. See that your neighbors and friends have a chance to avail themselves of these offers. Remember, May 4 to 9 inclusive.



## CURRENT COMMENTS



### Saving of Fuel.

A new locomotive, saving 20 to 25 per cent of the fuel burned would seem to be a sufficient advance to fore-shadow quite a revolution. The Brotan locomotive boiler, the invention of an engineer of the Imperial Railway Ministry of Austria, was first put to work in Austria in January, 1901, and it is claimed that the two comparative tests made have established superiority over ordinary boilers of 27 and 20.7 per cent respectively in coal per locomotive-mile and 23.6 and 19.5 per cent per ton mile. Of these boilers twenty-one are now in operation and twenty-nine are building, fourteen of the former and seventeen of the latter being for Austrian roads. The water chambers or water legs around the firebox of the old locomotive are a source of much trouble, and the chief improvement consists in replacing these by a series of thin-walled upright tubes on each side of the fire, extending in an arch to form the roof of the firebox. A steam collector twenty-eight to thirty inches in diameter is placed over the entire length of the boiler, giving the appearance of a large boiler surmounted by a smaller one. The water-tube firebox can be fitted to any locomotive, and this greatly increases the efficiency of the old engines.

### Police and Gambling in New York.

Desiring to establish the connection of the police with gambling houses, the New York "World" a few weeks ago, through one of its reporters, opened a gambling house in the so-called "Tenderloin" district of New York. At the first opening Rose, the newspaper man and his two partners were arrested, and, for lack of bail, compelled to spend the night in the police station, where a liberal use of money gave them all the favors they could ask. In preparation for the second opening Rose went into partnership with a saloonkeeper, who, Rose found, had close connection with the police, and through whom police protection was purchased. Rose paid \$250 to one policeman to be unmolested by the inspector, \$150 to another policeman for protection from the local police captain, and \$50 to a policeman belonging to a special "vice" squad, with the understanding that these payments were to be renewed once a month. After running for the better part of a week under the police protection thus secured "The World" closed the gambling house and supplied the Police Commissioner and the District Attorney with the information secured. The cases will, of course, come before the grand jury, and Police Commissioner Bingham has done what he can to punish the men implicated, pending developments. "The World" is to be commended for its work.

### Campbell-Bannerman's Resignation.

The resignation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, now long expected on account of the Premier's sickness, has been sent to King Edward, who is at Biarritz, France, and the sovereign has summoned the Hon. Herbert H. Asquith, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to form a new cabinet. England was left for a day or two legally without a ministry, for Mr. Asquith could not become Premier until after he had seen the King. Never before in recent times

had the sovereign been out of the country when the Prime Minister resigned. Although the Liberal majority in the House of Commons has been somewhat reduced by the elections, it is still overwhelming. There are in the House at present 393 Ministerialists, 32 Laborites and Socialists, 159 Unionists and 83 Nationalists. The Laborites and Nationalists almost always supported Campbell-Bannerman. Mr. Asquith is not as thorough a believer in home-rule for Ireland as was his predecessor, and will probably not receive the same measure of support from the Nationalists as did Sir Henry. Sir Henry was loyal to his Liberal views during the Boer war and opposed the war spirit when such opposition was least popular. Mr. Asquith at that time temporized. Sir Henry was a Liberal first, last and all the time. Mr. Asquith is not so popular, but backed by such a majority in the House, he should be able to press on the Licensing Bill, the new Educational Bill, and the measures for social reform for which the Liberals stand, and make clear the issue against the House of Lords if they refuse to pass the bills. On the question of the limitation of the power of the Lords the Liberals will probably have to fight their next national campaign.

### The Venezuela Case Revived.

Following the renewed refusal of the Venezuelan government to submit to arbitration the various claims of United States citizens against that government, the whole dispute has been submitted to the Senate, which will decide what action the United States shall take. There are five matters in dispute. The first is a claim for \$25,000 damages, preferred by A. F. Jaurett, a naturalized American, who was notified after business hours one Saturday afternoon in November, 1904, that he would have to leave Venezuela inside of twenty-four hours. With no opportunity to arrange his business before his departure, Mr. Jaurett had a good claim for damages. The second is the claim for damages on the part of the Orinoco Corporation, whose exclusive rights in concessions in the Orinoco delta have been invaded by new and extra-legal concessions granted by the Venezuelan government. In the third case, the United States asks the resubmission to arbitration of the claim of the Orinoco Steamship Company, on the ground that the original decision abounded in error of law and of fact. The fourth case is that of the United States and Venezuela Company, which had a contract with Venezuela that only certain duties should be placed on its imports and exports. When Venezuela violated this contract, the company, ignoring the Venezuelan courts, appealed directly to our State Department. In this case the request for arbitration is justified on Secretary Fish's dictum: "It is useless to attempt to exhaust justice in a country where there is no justice to exhaust." The fifth case is the exceedingly intricate one of the New York and Bermudez Company. The Bermudez Company has apparently been guilty of irregular conduct. The Venezuelan courts recently fined it five million dollars for inciting revolution and have now confiscated its property. The Bermudez Company, however, may have been treated worse than it deserved. In regard to all these claims, the President and the Secretary of State feel that the resources of diplomacy have been exhausted and that if the United State is to retain its self-respect, some more vigorous action should be taken.

### British Affairs.

The illness of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the British premier, continues without much apparent hope of

his recovery, and it becomes increasingly probable that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Asquith, will soon have to succeed him in name. Sir Henry has been a man of great tact in his management of affairs. Mr. Asquith, however, although skillful in politics, is commonly regarded as a "cold" man, able but austere. The Liberal party's majority in the House, although still large, has been reduced somewhat by the results of recent by-elections, and by defection of the Irish Nationalist and Laborite vote in regard to some measures. The election at Peckham last week showed in an extreme way the change which is taking place elsewhere in the sentiment of the country. There a Liberal majority of more than two thousand at the last general election became one of more than two thousand for the Unionists. The Liberals explained the vote as due to the brewing interests, and greeted the exulting shout of the Unionists with the taunting cry, "Beer, beer, glorious beer!" The Liberals go so far as to question the election on the ground that the voters were corrupted by the liquor interests, which are fighting the Government on account of its proposal to reduce the number of liquor licenses.

#### Korean Unrest.

Recently Durham W. Stevens, adviser to the Korean Council of State was murderously attacked by two Koreans in San Francisco. Mr. Stevens, on his arrival in San Francisco a few days preceding, had given out an interview praising the policies of Japan in Korea and making much of the benefits growing out of Japanese occupation. When he was visited by a delegation of Koreans afterwards and stood by what he had said, his visitors attacked him in the hotel lobby, and the next day he was shot at the Ferry Building. Mr. Stevens, who for many years was in the employ of the Japanese State Department, for the last three years or so has served the Korean government as Diplomatic Adviser to the Department of Foreign Affairs. His influence has been always exerted in behalf of the Japanese policy. In fact, under the present Japanese régime no man is allowed who is not Japophile. While the outside world has been treated to many accounts of the good work Japan has been doing in Korea—and Korea was grievously in need of administration reform—the fact is that Koreans are not happy. Japanese have taken their lands, soldiers have overrun the country, and Koreans have found it impossible to get justice in the courts. Last summer Koreans opposed to Japan organized the Righteous Army to fight the Japanese in every way possible. Members of this organization have killed Japanese soldiers and civilians. The Japanese soldiers have burned villages in reprisal and conflicts between the two races are of constant occurrence. On the ship which brought Mr. Stevens was a manifesto from the General of the Righteous Army, running in part thus: "But alas. Grievous times have come upon Korea, our compatriots. We who have been educated by our five-hundred-year-old dynasty and raised up by our four-thousand-year-old ancestry, have come under the domination of the barbarous savage islanders—the Japanese. They have swooped upon our country and are indulging their barbarous appetites with a cruel heart. It is so much we could not say it with our tongues nor could we write it with our pens. . . . Compatriots, we must unite and consecrate ourselves to our land and restore our independence. We are sure our God will help us. We must all do our best to kill all Japanese, their spies, allies, and barbarous soldiers."

The Koreans are in despair. They feel that their country is without a friend in the world. They have always looked to America as their best friend, but America was the first country to withdraw its minister when the treaty of 1904 with Japan, to which the Korean emperor and his council never agreed, was foisted on the world. The murder of Mr. Stevens, terrible as it is, has none the less served to call the attention of America to the Korean side of the present situation in the Hermit Kingdom.

#### The Hepburn Amendment.

Congressman Hepburn has introduced into the House the bill to amend the Sherman Anti-Trust Law according to the idea worked out in conferences between the President and the National Civic Federation. The bill, carrying out the method of amendment advocated by the President in his recent message, provides that corporations and associations which supply the required information may be registered—common carriers with the Interstate Commerce Commission; all others, with the Bureau of Corporations. Registered corporations and associations will be allowed to make combinations and contracts which are in restraint of trade so long as such restraint is not unreasonable in the judgment of the government authorities. The bill would insure reasonable publicity in regard to the business of corporations and would enable men to do legally what is commonly done already in modern business contrary to a strict interpretation of the law. Particular interest centers on the clauses assuring labor organizations the right to strike and to make trade agreements. President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, at the hearing on the bill, demanded its passage in the name of labor and threatened that the unions would hold the party in power responsible if it did not pass. He declared further, that if the unions were "driven out of business" laboring men would form secret organizations. Said he: "If Congress does not pass laws legalizing unions, granting explicitly the right to strike, and in general a right to be active through organization in our own interests, there will spring up in this country as our successors secret organizations, bound by oath to the service of the cause of labor and to the fight we have already waged." The Democrats are expected to conduct a lively campaign in Congress to force the passage of the law asked for by the labor leaders.

#### The Making of Criminals.

Men will go to great lengths to produce fine stock, but little attention is paid to the generation of desirable human beings. President Roosevelt advocates large families, yet it is known in certain quarters of the world, that numerous families are already too large for the ability of fathers to support. It is noted that in the first week in December, no fewer than 11,947 children in Berlin attended school without breakfast, and with no prospect of obtaining a midday meal. The city authorities were obliged to feed them from the canteens. Concerning the making of criminals, a Chicago journal said recently: "Seventy-five per cent of the crimes committed in Chicago is the work of boys under twenty-five. If the history of these youthful criminals were traced, would it not be found that a large majority of them come from homes where utter poverty exists? The children of poor parents in many cases have risen to great positions in the world, but they were not of the class that provides the pauper children of Berlin or of Chicago."



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## CLOSING UP THE RANKS.

It is a common saying that each person in the world has his own work to do, and some would go so far as to interpret this to mean that each one has a particular work to do—one for which he is especially fitted and which will remain undone until he takes it up. It seems to us that this is carrying the idea a little too far and if literally adhered to must result in greater or less confusion in the prosecution of the world's activities. It is true that every man has a work to do, but the boundaries set have not so much reference to kind as to quantity. Every man's work is to do *all* that he *can* do.

While it is apparent that in our work most of us are more or less acquainted with the plan by which we work, we know little of the ultimate results and how this effort or that may be worked into the plans of the great Master Workman. And we need not know. It is enough to know that we have no desire except to lend our services toward the consummation of his plan. And so when our little plans are disarranged or come to naught we dare not stand idle, and when a fellow-worker leaves our ranks we dare not let the work go undone. That work is ours which must be done and which we can do, whether it is the carrying out of our own pet plans or the shouldering of the well-begun work of another. Sometimes we must seemingly put to the test all our powers of mind or body in order that no necessary work may remain undone, and the cry of mine or thine dare not be raised. The work is of primary importance. The workers are insignificant,—unless their brain or brawn give the work an added impetus and complexion that shall bring it to a more perfect end.

We are bound, therefore, not to do *our* work, but to do *the* work that is to be done. And if our number is at times lessened, it does not mean that there is by so much less work to be done, but more work for each one of us.

## THE SOUTH LEADING.

IN viewing the progress of the world, a great many people of the United States, particularly of the North, will have to readjust their views when they come to the South. For many years they have been accustomed to looking upon that section as far behind all others in the carrying forward of the country's industries. In fact they have become so established in this belief as to hold it to be true from the very nature of things. But, as already said, these people must look again. The South may have taken some years to adjust itself to a new order of affairs, but in these years it has laid the foundation for such a clean and sober march forward that the other sections will have to put forth special efforts if they do not find themselves behind in the real business of the world. In the New South which in the beginning of the race has throw off the shackles of the saloon curse we will have a chance to see what our own progress might have been if we had not these years been handicapped by its degrading influence.

The best we can do under the circumstances is to confess that we have been on the wrong track and face about and follow the South's leading. The *Review of Reviews* for April comments on an article in the *Southern Workman* which discusses the moral dignity of Prohibition in the South. We quote most of the article that our northern readers may get an idea how the question was looked upon in the South. "What man has done man can do." The right attitude and the moral courage are the prerequisites to victory.

"Southern prohibition is not ordinary State prohibition, but an impulse of civilization, the outflow of the religious, educational, economic, social, and political resolution of Southern society. 'What is behind prohibition in the South?' Religious interests and energies. A proposition to restore the liquor traffic would receive almost the same response from the churches as a proposition to restore a state church establishment.

"Educational forces are behind prohibition. An army of 20,000 teachers has been commissioned to teach that the liquor traffic is an enemy to the personal and public welfare. The introduction of text-books on physiology into the schools was the inauguration of the prohibition propaganda. To the thousands of public school teachers consecrated to truth and consistency prohibition is moral and mental freedom. It ends for them a compromised relation to the public good which was revolting to many a sensitive conscience.

"The economic conscience is behind prohibition. The truth has at last been recognized in the South that the whiskey traffic belongs to the category of economic wastes—floods, famines, wars, and disasters of nature. Industrial conditions forced this conviction upon the

people. The great need of the South is labor. It has everything else. Cotton it had, and, also, available cultivable land; but skilled labor was wanting. It learned that the real profit in cotton lay in its manufacture,—that a bale worth \$40, by the addition of labor and brains in the factory could sell for \$400. It lacked the brains, and suddenly realized that what-ever injured the sources of labor was an industrial enemy. Hence, industry's fiat against liquor.

"The social peace and progress of the South are behind prohibition. The presence of 8 000,000 negroes has operated as a tremendous incentive for prohibition of the liquor traffic. The Atlanta and Mississippi riots showed the danger of the saloon. It was an attractive social center for the dangerous elements of Southern population,—the lower levels of both races. Following the racial lines from top to bottom, they converged at the saloon, which is situated in the acute angle of this inverted social pyramid.

"When they had been closed for a week in Atlanta, the people asked: 'Why not a year and forever?' The liquor traffic fostered and encouraged the depraved and criminal negro and the vengeful and irresponsible white. Of both the South is tired. So, the negro alone was not the only or chief cause for prohibition, although, admittedly, a powerful incentive.

"Prohibition is not on the defensive. It is a great, broad, deep movement of the most commanding proportions and with an inspiration at its heart. It has laid hold upon the spirit of Southern solidarity, and is making an appeal to patriotic imagination, to sectional pride, which is having a recognized effect on the national conscience. It will be recorded as the most important and influential moral deed achieved in American civilization during the first quarter of the twentieth century.

"The spectacle of the South in making a demonstration of sufficient social moral courage to deal materially with the most powerful enemy of the human race is immensely significant to humanity at large. Between the liquor traffic and its antagonists the battle heretofore has been a draw. With 30,000,000 people placed solidly in the balance against the liquor traffic the moral equilibrium of the world will be disturbed and a world-awakening against the drink evil will follow.

"Prohibition in the South in the civic program as a final policy is an exhibition of rare moral courage,—an innovation in Anglo-Saxon human nature, in which the liquor traffic has always found a responsive chord. There is another aspect in the situation which is inspiring to those who take the South to heart. It is that at last the Southern people are coming into a position of moral leadership in the nation. The South has taken a distinct step toward regaining its prestige

in the national life, and is struggling once more for that which is good for everybody everywhere."



#### WHAT SHALL WE READ?

THERE seems to be no way of checking the great mass of corrupt literature that is being scattered broadcast through the land except by educating the people along the line of what constitutes real character-building food and what contributes to the undermining of all that is good. It is impossible to determine whether writers and publishers developed in the readers their present appetite for that which appeals to the baser nature, or whether the people first let it be understood that this was the sort of food they wanted. However, the appetite is here as is evidenced by a large per cent of the printed matter and the eagerness with which it is snatched up.

Sometimes it occurs to us that there will be no radical change till the people are suddenly brought to realize the awful consequence of feeding the mind on food the like of which if given to the body would soon make of one a physical wreck. But whether we shall have to wait for the change to come in this way or not, we shall not cease in our effort to give to the people that which will contribute to their higher development. Our readers may help in this good work by endeavoring to widen the circle of our influence.

It will be a favor to us if you will concentrate your efforts in this line next week, May 4 to 9.



#### A HOME FOR A BOY?

WORD comes to us that a bright, healthy boy eight years old is in need of a good home. We are making the call through the columns of the INGLENOOK because we feel that among our readers there are many such homes in need of such boys. A home in one of the west central States would be preferred. Address inquiries to the INGLENOOK office.



#### AN APRIL DAY.

Rays of sunshine, drops of rain,  
Fall upon the window-pane;  
What is this they seem to say,  
On this fitful April day?

"We together come to bring  
Joy and gladness in the spring;  
Soon our influence will be seen,  
Turning woods and meadows green.

"April sun and April showers,  
Swell the buds and open flowers;  
Men and birds and beasts rejoice  
When they hear our welcome voice."

Life is like an April day,  
Shadows mixed with sunbeams gay;  
Smiles for sunshine, tears for showers,  
Germinate life's rarest flowers.





## FOOD PRINCIPLES

LENNA FRANCES COOPER, Principal School of Hygiene and Cooking, Battle Creek Sanitarium

### Starches.

STARCH forms the largest part of our foods. About sixty per cent of our menu should be starch. Its purpose in the body is to furnish us with heat and energy which we sometimes call strength. It is due to this class of foods largely that we have the ability to move about and to work. In other words they are to our body as the fuel is to an engine. Before the body can use them as such, they must be oxidized or converted into heat, just as the fuel of the engine must be converted into steam before it is of real use to it. This process of oxidization or burning is a wonderful process. Some one has described it as the "eternal fires." It takes place within the tissues of the bodies and continues as long as life lasts. Before our food can be burned to produce heat, it must go through a series of changes which reduces it to a liquid, so it can be taken up by the body. These changes are brought about by certain chemical fluids of the body which we call digestive fluids. The first of these is the saliva, the fluid secreted by the glands of the mouth, the chief purpose of which is to digest cooked starch. It seems strange, but this fluid is not capable of digesting raw starch. It would seem from this, that nature never intended that we should eat such things as green apples, raw potatoes, and such raw foods as oatmeal, wheat, etc.

There are five distinct steps in the process of digestion. Three of these are analogous to three stages that may be accomplished by cooking. In fact it is possible to accomplish a large part of starch digestion by thorough cooking. Hence the cooking of these foods becomes a very important one.

All of the grains or cereals contain a large amount of starch. They also contain a large amount of a very firm cellulose which requires prolonged cooking to soften. Hence the cooking of cereals is for two purposes—to cook the starch and to soften the cellulose.

The best way to cook these grains is to bake them till of a rich golden brown such as thoroughly toasted bread which is best accomplished by baking slices of

stale bread in a slow oven for one-half—three-fourths of an hour or until the moisture is driven off and then toasted to a rich brown. Bread prepared in this way is crisp and tender and very delicious.

The toasted flaked foods are also good examples of a well-cooked cereal. Mushes as generally prepared are not wholesome. In the first place they are rarely cooked sufficiently and in the second place they are so moist that we do not chew them sufficiently to thoroughly mix the saliva with them. Dry foods take up saliva very much like a sponge takes up water, but foods that are already filled with moisture cannot take up much saliva, hence are digested with more difficulty. If these cereals are to be eaten as mushes, they should be served with some hard food requiring thorough mastication such as a cracker, or a thoroughly toasted piece of bread and they should be cooked for a long time, usually, three or four hours in a double boiler.

Rice forms a very important food for a large share of the world. The Chinese, Japanese and people of India depend almost wholly upon it, although they generally add to their dietary some one of another class of food which we call proteid, such as peas, beans, lentils, eggs and milk.

When properly prepared, rice is one of the most wholesome of foods. It should be cooked with just enough liquid so that each grain will stand out whole and distinct and yet perfectly tender. Mushy rice is both disgusting and unpalatable. There are a number of methods of cooking rice. Below are given some methods of cooking some of these starchy foods. Remember that all measurements are made level.

### Boiled Rice, Japanese Method.

1 cup rice. 5 cups boiling water. 1 teaspoon salt.

Wash the rice carefully by letting hot water run over it for a minute or so, then rinse in cold water. Have the water boiling, then add the salt and the rice. Cover and let boil slowly for 15 minutes, then set in a moderate oven covered for another 15 minutes. Do not stir while cooking.

**Creamed Rice.**

1 cup rice.                      1 cup water.                      1 cup milk.  
                                          2/3 cup cream.                      1 teaspoon salt.

Wash the rice as above directed, then cover with the water and cook in a double boiler for almost an hour. Then add the hot milk and cream and cook one hour or until the liquid is absorbed.

**Corn Flakes with Tomato Cream Gravy.**

Place the corn flakes in a shallow pan and place in the oven till thoroughly heated and crisp. Serve with the following tomato cream gravy:

1 pint milk (part cream).                      1/2 teaspoon salt.  
                                          1/4 cup flour.                      1/2 cup strained tomato.

Heat the milk to scalding, moisten the flour with a little cold milk and stir into the scalding milk. When thickened set in a double boiler and cook 15 or 20 minutes. Then add just before serving the salt and the strained tomato, prepared by putting canned tomatoes through a colander. This is a nice breakfast dish.

**Rollled Oats in Apples.**

1/2 cup rolled oats.                      1 1/2 cup boiling water.  
                                          1/2 teaspoon salt.

Heat the water to boiling in the inner portion of a double boiler and stir into it the rolled oats and the salt. Let boil rapidly until it begins to thicken. Then place in the outer portion of the double boiler filled about 1/3 full of boiling water and cook for three hours or longer. Pare and core, making large cavities in the center, six large apples and cook in a syrup made of 1 quart of water and 1 1/2 cups of sugar. Turn the apples frequently to insure their cooking evenly all around. When the apples are done lift out immediately upon a platter and fill the centers with the rolled oats. Boil the sugar and water down until of the consistency of syrup and pour over the apples. This makes a nice luncheon dish. Cold oatmeal left from breakfast may be used in this way. Oats served at breakfast is best prepared the day previous and reheated.

**Fruit Toast.**

1 pint canned fruit (not too sweet).  
 2 tablespoons corn starch.                      Nicely toasted bread.

Heat the canned fruit or fruit juice to boiling and thicken with the corn starch. Let boil until thickened, then cook in double boiler 15 or 20 minutes. Sugar may be added if desired. Pour this sauce over thoroughly toasted bread. This is an excellent breakfast dish.

**HOME TRAINING.**

SARAH A. WANTZ.

OUR earliest and best recollections are associated with home. There the first lessons of infancy are learned. The mother's heart is the child's first schoolroom. The parents' examples are first imitated by the child whose earliest impressions are gained from them. In no way are evil habits more effectually propagated than by example and therefore parents should be what they wish their children to be.

*Cedar, Ind.*



EAT at your own table as you would at the table of a king.

**THAT BOY IN BED.**

How strangely quiet all the house does seem!  
 The sober ticking clock's inclined to scream;  
 Uninterrupted, mother sews her seam.

That noisy boy's in bed.

Poor patient puss lies stretched upon the floor,  
 In safe abandonment of tail and paw,  
 And purrs with close-shut eyes and sheathed claw.  
 That naughty boy's in bed.

In prim array—a most unusual sight—  
 See drum and marbles, air gun, books and kite;  
 Indeed, his cap hangs on its nail aright.  
 That careless boy's in bed.

But oh, how slowly those old clock hands go!  
 His playthings standing up in solemn row,  
 Do make it seem so lonely here, you know,  
 Without that boy in bed!

—Florence Bronson Tucker.

**HANDLING THE BABY.**

"MEDICAL TALK" insists that mothers handle the baby too much, and says that the nervous mother makes a nervous baby, and deprives the baby of the pleasure and education to be gained only through entertaining its own self. A healthful baby will lie for hours, "learning things" by studying its own wonderful activities, and any one who has ever noticed the baby's absorption in the study of its own feet and hands will readily understand this. If the baby is comfortably dressed, and in a comfortable condition, it will go through more exercises and motions than anything that could be arranged for it, and will enjoy every one of them. If the baby gets to expecting some one to amuse it, it will be hard to break the habit, and the mother or some one of the family must always be ready to serve. Even a sick child is better off, generally, out of any one's arms, and many mothers are as ignorant of the kind of handling a baby requires as it is possible to be. Teach the baby from the first to depend upon itself for all amusement, even while giving it every necessary care.

**HOT WATER AS A REMEDY.**

If cold-blooded persons, who are seldom troubled with thirst, will make it a habit to drink daily, a certain amount of hot water during the winter season, they will find they are less apt to take cold, as it improves circulation and benefits coughs and insomnia.

If taken just before retiring, it will prove more beneficial as it warms up the system and prepares it for a good night's sleep.

The most severe case of sick headache succumbs to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

Indigestion and cold hands and feet may be cured in thirty minutes, by drinking slowly, one quart of hot water. Have it hot as possible to swallow without burning the throat.



A towel folded, dipped in hot water, wrung out quickly and applied over the stomach will relieve the most stubborn case of colic.

A hot salt bath, prepared by adding a teacupful of sea salt, purchased from your druggist, to the water, which must be warm as possible to stand, then rinsing off in clear water, followed by a good rubbing, will be found to be real strengthening for a child just recovering from the numerous diseases of children.

If bathed with hot water, in which potatoes have been boiled, one suffering with chilblains may be greatly relieved.

A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, wrung out and quickly applied over the seat of pain, will promptly relieve neuralgia or toothache.

For an acute attack of croup, fold a flannel, several times lengthwise, dip in hot water, wring quickly and apply. Continue this process for fifteen minutes and the sufferer will be relieved.

Invalids and persons suffering from poor circulation, should never be without the hot-water bag. In traveling, it occupies a small space, is easy to pack away and is always on hand in case of sudden illness—often when out of reach of a physician.

For a complexion beautifier no other is more popular or efficient than a pint of hot water drunk just before retiring, and another pint, in which may be added a pinch of salt, first thing in the morning before partaking of any food.—*Vick's Magazine*.



#### PAINT FOR FLOORS.

FOUR pounds of yellow ochre, two pounds of whitening, one-half pound sizing glue, four quarts of water—cost of all 35 cents.

Have water quite warm; dissolve glue in a little hot water and add, after you have mixed other articles together.

If above gets too thick while in use thin with warm water. Apply paint with good size brush. After painting floor and the latter is dry, which will be in about two hours, go over the floor with boiled linseed oil. Apply oil with brush. This paint and oil will wear like iron and is most serviceable in homes where there are children. We painted reception hall, parlor, library, four bedrooms, and long hall with above quantity.



#### PETUNIAS AND THEIR SEED.

THERE is such a prejudice against the petunia that I may not meet with favor when I say that, in my opinion, there is no more satisfactory flower to grow than great masses of it in a bed or border. The bother is that most people mix a few plants of the ugly magenta strains in with cannas or scarlet sage, or other equally impossible combination. Then, when

their teeth are set on edge thereby, they revile the petunia instead of their own poor judgment.

Petunias are bright, free flowering, and so wonderfully accommodating. Why, they'll grow anywhere, except on an asphalt pavement, or a sandy beach—and even there, if you only remember to plant them in boxes. The soil may be rich and moist, or light and dry, while the hotter and drier a summer is, the better these little flowers seem to thrive. Some people tell you that the petunia must be sown indoors in February or March; but I have never had any trouble, though I sow my seed in the open in April, or even May.

I avoid, as a rule, the magenta tones, and make my beds of the whites, pinks and shaded pinks. I use almost exclusively the fringed varieties, double and single. The former sometimes need staking, as they are rather heavy headed. Among the prettiest of the doubled varieties are the Endymion, a soft rose color; Superba, a deep pink; Lucielle and Sapho, pink and white, and snowball, a finely fringed white. Good single petunias are Giant of California, Fringed Ruffled Giant, Howard's Star and Rosy Morn.

In saving seed from petunias for next year's garden, not every one knows that it is better to save from the weaker seedlings, instead of the most luxuriant. It has been discovered that seed saved from the most carefully hybridized flowers produces a very small percentage of double flowers, the rest being a very fine quality of singles. From the weaker seedlings, however, almost invariably spring the finest blooms. Even in saving seed from the single varieties, the same holds good, in a measure.



#### MY TULIPS.

The tulips stand like sentinels,  
Alert in bright array,  
And hold their gorgeous petals up  
To greet the god of day.  
Their chalices of red and gold  
And white the raindrops fill,  
Or passing sunbeams pause to kiss,  
According to their will.

O little group of flower-cups brave!  
God's promises to you  
Mean sure return of summer suns,  
Of raindrops, and the dew.  
A soul may wrestle with defeat,  
May feel pain's clinging kiss,  
May e'en life's choicest favors meet,—  
Yet hold not faith like this.

—Helen M. Richardson.



HAVE you read the offer in the advertising pages telling you how the INGLENOOK may be secured at bargain rates? Please call the attention of your friends to it.

### DEVELOPING MY ALLOTMENT.

[Industrial talk by Thomas A. Eagleman, Sioux, at graduation exercises, Carlisle, Pa., 1908.]

My land comprises eighty acres of the Crow Creek Reservation in South Dakota. It is the east half of the southwest quarter of section thirty-four; township one hundred and nine; north of range seventy-two and west of the fifth principal meridian in South Dakota. This land has never been under cultivation and is therefore what is called virgin soil. The soil is composed of sand, clay and gravel in such proportions as to be classed as a sandy loam. It belongs to the formation known to the United States Soil Survey as the Iowa sheet and is very productive. A highway passes through the Crow Creek Reservation and terminates at the thriving little city of Highmore about eight miles away.

The state of South Dakota is subject to great extremes of temperature but the cold of winter and the heat of summer is far more endurable than in the more temperate states owing to the dryness of the atmosphere which makes the climate bracing and pleasant. The average annual rainfall is about twenty-five inches which is sufficient for the production of the staple farm crops.

My allotment being in the unbroken prairie would of course require at the very first to be enclosed by a fence. Then division fences crossing at right angles will divide the farm into four fields of twenty acres each. One field I will call the home twenty and upon this my buildings and orchard will be located.

The buildings will be located near the center of the farm. This will make it handy to each field and save the space for extra roadways. The first buildings to be erected are of course a dwelling and a barn. The dwelling does not have to be large and commodious but rather comfortable and convenient. The barn too must be a substantial structure in order to protect the stock from severe weather. A vegetable garden will be a requisite of the first season. All staple garden crops such as peas, beans, cabbage, radish, lettuce, onions, potatoes, tomatoes, etc., are well adapted to the soil and climate and are easily raised. The whole twenty will be broken this fall that it may be in better mechanical condition in the spring. One plot I will plant in potatoes which seldom yield less than one hundred bushels per acre and find ready sale. Another plot I will plant in corn. Corn in this section of the United States was at first a failure but by introducing and originating new varieties it has become acclimated so that good results are had from the land planted to corn. The rest of the twenty I will seed to oats which seldom yields less than forty bushels per acre in South Dakota. The remaining three fields will be in prairie hay which I will mow. This hay when properly handled is relished by stock and is quite nutritious.

In the fall the second twenty will be broken for growing millet, the second year. This crop flourishes in South Dakota and besides being an excellent feed it helps to rid the land of weeds and leaves the soil in a better mechanical condition. In the winter the lot which was planted to potatoes the first year will be fenced for a hog lot. The land which was cultivated in corn the first season will be set in orchard in the spring of the second year. All the hardy trees and small fruits are adapted to the natural conditions in South Dakota. The orchard and the remainder of the twenty I will cultivate in corn. This leaves two fields in prairie hay.

One of these I will plow in the fall and seed to millet in the spring. This year I will add some poultry buildings to my list of improvements. The second twenty I will cultivate in corn and oats. The remaining ten acres of the home twenty I will seed to alfalfa. This crop thrives in South Dakota and is the source of a large income to the farmers. Only one field is left in prairie hay.

This I will plow in the fall and seed to millet in the spring. The second twenty I will sow to wheat and the third will be cultivated in corn and oats. Thus at the beginning of the fourth year the whole of my allotment will be under cultivation.

You will notice that the plans for developing my allotment are gradual. This, in my judgment, is the best policy. Mistakes can be more easily corrected and are less costly when made on a small scale than on a large one. Then, too, considerable capital is necessary to mature my plans and the largest part of this I expect to earn as my land is improved. Labor, development and capital I expect to go side by side.

My allotment as I have said is of virgin soil. In order to maintain its fertility I will practice a system of crop rotations which will tend to keep the soil as near its original condition as possible. Corn followed by wheat, wheat by grass and clover, grass and clover by flax, and flax by oats and then to corn again will be the main rotation practiced. All these crops require different methods of culture, take their supply of plant food from different depths in the soil and give good returns for the labor and capital invested. Also by plowing under the sod of grass and clover organic matter will be regularly added to the soil and the clover will tend to maintain the supply of nitrogen in the soil. This rotation will if necessary be modified to suit existing conditions.

These plans for developing my allotment are not mere products of the imagination. All the crops which I have mentioned and others are profitably raised in the immediate vicinity of my land. What others are doing I can do. At Highmore which is only eight miles away, the State of South Dakota in connection with the United States Department of Agriculture has a large experimental farm upon which are grown



and tested all the leading varieties of farm, garden and orchard crops. The work upon this farm besides guiding me somewhat in my present undertaking will in the future enable me to keep in touch with the best methods of cultivating the land in my locality. These workers have abundantly demonstrated that South Dakota is one of the leading agricultural states in the union. All that is needed is well directed labor and capital. And it is with the aim of sharing in its present and future wealth and prosperity that my present plans have been developed.—*The Arrow*.



#### BUILDINGS MADE OF CEMENT.

AN interesting example of the use of concrete in building construction is given in several of the newer hotels in Atlantic City, N. J. This resort is on a flat, sandy island separated from the mainland by a marsh. The highest point is but a few feet above high tide and hard formation is at such a depth that most of the structures are supported on elaborate artificial foundations.

Trussed steel concrete has been successfully employed, and it is the method chosen in the erection of the Traymore which is illustrated here. Considering its dimensions, the building was erected in remarkably short time, the exterior being completed in three months and five days. It has a frontage of 76 feet, a depth of 122 feet, and is nine stories in height, not including the massive dome, which contains three stories.—*Scientific American*.



#### FENCE POSTS MADE DURABLE.

FENCE posts of many kinds of cheap woods which ordinarily would soon decay if set in the ground can be made to last for twenty years by a simple treatment with creosote. Most of the so-called "inferior" woods are well adapted to the treatment, and this is especially true of cottonwood, aspen, willow, sycamore, low-grade pines, and some of the gums. When properly treated, these woods outlast untreated cedar and oak, which are becoming too scarce and too much in demand for other uses to allow of their meeting the demand for fence posts.

A tank with a bottom 12 square feet in area will suffice for treating 40 to 50 6-inch posts a day, or double this number when two runs per day can be made.

The price of creosote is about 10 cents per gallon in the East and Middle West, 16 cents per gallon on the Pacific coast, and 27 cents per gallon in the Rocky Mountain States. The cost of treating a post will therefore vary from 4 to 15 cents. Properly treated, it should give service for at least twenty years.

Experiments of the Forest Service show that with preservative treatment the durability of lodgepole pine in Idaho is increased sixteen years. The cost of

creosote is there relatively high, yet by treating posts there is a saving, with interest at 6 per cent, of 2 cents per post yearly. More important than the saving, however, is the fact that through preservative treatment other woods are fitted to take the place of cedar, of which the supply is rapidly becoming exhausted. A detailed description of experiments in preserving fence posts, together with practical suggestions for treating



Building Made of Cement.

them on a commercial scale, is contained in Circular 117 of the Forest Service. This publication can be obtained upon application to the Forester at Washington.

### For SUNDAY READING

#### THE INEFFECTIVENESS OF ISOLATION.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

ONE cannot secure themselves by isolation from the common life of common men. Hours of solitude, occasional days of quiet, are needful to the development of the soul's deepest life. But monastic withdrawal from life has had its trial and proved its inefficiency. Nor can our end be achieved by isolation from the intellectual life of our day. No doubt a pious plowman or humble house servant may have a deeper and more joyous sense of the presence of God than some philosophers or men of science. No doubt

a little learning or a great deal may be dangerous and tend to the atrophy of the spiritual powers. Yet the problems of this day cannot be solved by ignoring science and philosophy, still less by a dogmatic obscurantism. Spiritual religion must prove its power to live in the atmosphere of intense intellectual life, as well as in the cobbler's shop and on the farm. If it is to come off victorious in this age, there must be men of deep spirituality who are, to say the least, not ignorant of what the men of intellectual power are thinking about and learning.



#### A FATHER'S PRAYERS.

THE emphasis of the hour is not upon the fact of religion as a system of theology. The emphasis is upon the fact that religion is not a theory of life, but a living process. My old father used to talk about experiencing religion. That was worth while, and there were investigations every morning. The old man would come from his chamber with a face shining like the sun. He had seen God. I ought to be a better man than I am. That father of mine lived to be ninety-two years of age, and lived with me for the last thirty years of his life. For fifty years that old man spent on an average of two hours a day in prayer before God, and he brought to us day by day blessed messages out of the heart of God.

Let us go back to family worship. Let us go back to the training of the home. My father was never so busy that he did not get us all down on the kitchen floor before he went out in the morning, and have prayers. He had the old-fashioned way of praying for each member of the family, beginning with the oldest boy. I was the little one of the family, and whatever I was doing, I would stop when he got to me. I felt that if he was interested enough to talk with God about me, I ought to listen, and I have never forgotten it.—*Charles L. Goodell.*



#### CONCERNING THE BIBLE.

"It is impossible to govern the world without God."—*George Washington.*

"The farther the ages advance in cultivation the more can the Bible be used."—*Goethe.*

"Christ proved that he was the Son of the Eternal by his disregard of time."—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

"A better knowledge of the Christian religion is to be acquired by reading the Bible than in any other way."—*Benjamin Rush.*

"As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals and his religion as he left them to us is the best the world ever saw or is likely to see."—*Benjamin Franklin.*

"All the good from the Savior of the world is com-

municated through this Book. But for this Book, we could not know right from wrong. All the things desirable to man are contained in it."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

"By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized? If Bible reading is not accompanied by constraint and solemnity, I do not believe there is anything in which children take more pleasure."—*Prof. Huxley.*

"So great is my veneration for the Bible that the earlier my children begin to read it, the more confident will be my hope that they will prove useful citizens to their country, and respectable members of society."—*John Quincy Adams.*

"Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor to our liberties. Write its precepts on your hearts and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in future."—*Ulysses S. Grant.*

"I deem the present occasion sufficiently important and solemn to justify me in expressing to my fellow citizens a profound reverence for the Christian religion, and a thorough conviction that sound moral, religious liberty and a just sense of religious responsibility are essentially connected with all true and lasting happiness."—*Benjamin Harrison's Inaugural Address.*



#### THE GLORY OF GROWING OLD.

GROWING old and getting old are very different things. There are many in the world who get old, but who never grow old at all. Growing old is a process, like growing wise or growing good.

As the years pass by some people, they bring gifts, they add continually to their lives. As they pass others they are forever taking away something, subtracting from their lives.

One man loses physical powers; he cannot eat as much, or sleep as well, or enjoy his bodily life as thoroughly, and it is all a loss and a burden.

Another man goes through the same experience, and he discerns it to be God's voice saying to him: "You cannot now live as much in the body as you have been doing; you cannot get your pleasure that way; you must look to the mind and the heart and the soul for pleasure and interest and power of living." The first of these gets old and it brings nothing to him. The second grows old, and it is an enlarging, enriching, beautifying experience. Aging is like every other way of life; if we take it from God, as God meant it to be taken, it is a blessing; if we miss the Divine Providence in it, it may be misery and even a curse.—*Exchange.*



THE loud prayers are not always the first heard.





# Echoes from Everywhere

In a sweeping decision handed down yesterday the Massachusetts Supreme Court declares that sympathetic strikes for the purpose of preventing an employer from conducting an "open shop" are illegal.

Boston, April 6.—A wage reduction averaging ten per cent became effective today in cotton mills in New England employing 30,000 operatives. Last week the wages of sixty thousand were reduced and on next Monday the pay of about 35,000 additional mill hands will be cut, bringing the total affected by the present movement to 125,000.

While the reduction in steerage rates to \$11 to Gibraltar and \$12 to Naples and Genoa has stimulated the outward flow toward the Mediterranean, the exodus to the north of Europe also continues. The cut in Mediterranean rates has added to the exodus of thousands of Italians and Greeks who otherwise would not have left America.

Correspondence on file at Prohibition National Headquarters last year showed eighty-two Prohibition cities in seventeen states having a population of from 5,000 to 150,000 each. Now the records show more than two hundred such Prohibition cities with an average population of 15,658 each, and having an aggregate urban population of 3,178,588.

The house of Hohenzollern requires that each prince shall be skilled in some trade, and the present crown prince, Frederick William, is becoming an adept at wood turning. He works at his lathe, which has been set up in his apartments, in his shirt sleeves and turns out chair legs. Emperor William is a cabinet-maker, his father was a book-binder, and his grandfather was a turner.

Liverpool, April 16.—The new 1,000-foot steamship, the construction of which is to be commenced later in the year for the White Star Line, will be named the Olympic. It is possible that two leviathans of this size will be built, and their speed probably will be twenty knots an hour. The vessels are destined for the Southampton-New York trade, and will be constructed by Harland & Wolff.

Scotland, according to statisticians does not, as England does, show any decline in the drink habit. Last year in Edinburgh there were nearly 7,000 convictions for drunkenness, an increase over the preceding year of 550. Among women especially has drunkenness increased, and Edinburgh convicted more than 3,000 last year. The blame is laid largely to grocers' licenses and the "jug-bar" business.

Seattle, April 17.—On the steamship Glenlogan the American and German cars in the New York to Paris automobile contest will leave Seattle for Vladivostok tomorrow afternoon at 5 o'clock. The American car arrived here from Alaska this morning on the steamship Bertha, having failed to make any progress whatever on Alaska's frozen trails. The German car arrived here tonight from Ogden.

The United States Forest Service announces that 150,000,000 acres of forest land in British Columbia have been placed in reserve by the Canadian government. This includes all the timber lands of the province except that which has been leased. The action was taken to check wasteful exploitation of timber resources, and to bring the care and cutting of timber more effectually under government control.

The president in a letter to the attorney general has directed proceedings by injunction to compel certain railroads of the South where "Jim Crow" cars are operated to furnish equal accommodations to white and colored passengers, as ordered by the interstate commerce commission. He refers particularly to the case of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railway, which has not complied with the order.

Here in Illinois, with unexampled recklessness, the rapidly growing Prohibition sentiment, which submerged over 1,000 saloons April 7, has apparently taught the enraged liquor men no atom of tact, strategy, or caution, but, on the contrary, has only provoked them to renewed raillery against "Sunday closing" and an audacious demand for the repeal of the new law, weak and defective as it is, by which the people of the State have been given their limited referendum privilege of the question.

The Eiffel tower, painted once every six years, claims an average of five victims every time the work is done. When, after five painters had met a terrible death by falling headlong from the structure, the directors proposed that ropes and belts should be provided for men at work on the tower the painters rebelled. It was a matter of professional honor and trade vanity with them. In the repainting carried out in 1895 seven men fell, their bodies crushing deep into the earth. In 1900 the directors endeavored to obtain the services of men who had previously painted the tower, deeming that their experience would diminish the danger of accidents. The men were obtained and agreed to work for the usual pay, provided only that they were not required to disgrace themselves with life saving belts and rigging.

The emigration from Germany via Hamburg for the quarter ending March 31 was 24,000, as against 103,589 the corresponding term of last year.

Without drawing to itself much public attention the good work of spinning the web of peace continues. In its intervals of killing time the Senate has lately ratified The Hague general arbitration treaty and special arbitration treaties with Mexico and Italy.

The startling discovery was made April 21 that the naval bill reported to the Senate by the committee on naval affairs fails to carry the necessary appropriation for the undertaking. How the appropriation of \$16,700,000 necessary to make the naval program effective could have been omitted from a naval appropriation bill is a matter that somebody will be called upon to explain. If it was an error it was one which would seem to be inexcusable.

After thirty years have elapsed several former and present employes of the Kittery navy yard have been notified that they are to receive money for overtime work at the yard done during the administration of President Hayes from 1877 to 1881. During President Hayes' term of office the then secretary of the navy, R. W. Thompson of Indiana, ordered that the men work ten hours instead of eight for which they received nothing extra. The amounts due the men vary from the sum of \$200 to nearly \$1,000.

Bills have been introduced into the house calling for the prohibition of the adulteration and mislabeling of paints in interstate commerce, and a few days ago Prof. E. L. Ladd of the North Dakota State Agricultural College appeared before the committee which is considering the bills and charged that the great bulk of paints sold in this country as genuine lead and oil compounds are heavily adulterated with water and other foreign substances. He told of the experiments he had made to determine the ingredients of the various paints and declared that the public needs a law for its protection.

President Roosevelt's action against anarchists is being followed here with the keenest attention because both the kaiser and Prince von Bulow are of the opinion that something drastic must be done in the near future to save the law-abiding section of humanity from the lawless. It can be stated with assurance that President Roosevelt has a golden opportunity open to him now of closing his term of office in a popular way by associating it with the initiative of calling together an international convention for the purpose of dealing with the acknowledged yet ever-growing scourge of anarchical socialism.

A Dutch inventor has recently taken out a patent for a lifeboat made of wicker which is said to possess unusual qualities for upholding weight and coping with the shock of pounding seas. The whole boat, except the ribs and

seats, is made up of watertight wicker. It simply will not sink and stands five times as much rough usage as steel or wooden lifeboats. It cannot be said that the wicker vessel is very elegant in appearance, nor will it matter much in time of peril as even the most fastidious will not cavil when life is at stake, but the boat will carry more passengers than other lifeboats and rides the seas with little trouble.

Money made of aluminum is now being used in some sections of the world. The British royal mint, for example, has struck off more than 31,000,000 coins of this metal. Each coin has a hole in the center, for the whole issue is intended for African countries over which Great Britain exercises a protectorate. To Uganda go the half-cent pieces and the one-tenth penny pieces are put into circulation in Nigeria. The natives like to string their money so as to keep it easily, hence the perforation in the center. As a very large number of coins had to be issued, all of a low value, a very light metal had to be used, such as aluminum.

The dead letter office during the month of March received more than 1,000,000 pieces of mail matter, of which number 600,000 were returned to the senders, this work breaking all records for this division. The experts employed in this division are selected from the city post-offices and the railway mail service. The average number of letters returned by each clerk in the division daily during March was 409, while for February the average was 308. Some of the clerks maintained a daily average of 800 letters during March, and one clerk deciphered the names and addresses of 916 letters and returned them to the writers in the course of one day's work.

Lakewood, N. J., April 22.—No information of an authoritative character was given out today concerning the condition of Grover Cleveland, whose medical advisers forbade his removal yesterday when the Lakewood Hotel, where he has been for more than a month, closed for the season. Watchmen guard the hotel on all sides and no one is permitted to approach the entrances. Mr. Cleveland occupies a suite on the second floor of the hotel and is constantly attended by Dr. Gaudenier, the physician attached to the house. It is understood that Dr. Joseph D. Bryant of New York, who has for many years been Mr. Cleveland's physician, has also been here for several days.

The Roumanian government has laid before the chamber of deputies a bill directed against the petroleum combine. This action is a result of the agitation against the Standard Oil Company which the Roumanian oil dealers have carried on for some time past. Several municipalities where the Standard company has attempted to establish oil tanks have made regulations, particularly in the matter of taxes, which have made it practically impossible for the Roumanians to conduct business. Minister of Finance Costinescu, speaking in the chamber in behalf of the proposed measure, said amid unanimous applause: "The Americans say America for the Americans; we will say Roumania for the Roumanians."



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

Giving round figures for the purposes of easy comparison, 340,000 people went back to Europe from Atlantic ports in the year 1906, while 560,000 went back in the year 1907. An even more significant comparison is to be found by taking the last three months of the two calendar years. In October, November and December of 1906, 121,000 steerage passengers returned to Europe, while 264,000 returned in the corresponding months of 1907. Still more interesting, perhaps, are the figures for the opening weeks of the present year as compared with those of last year. We have obtained statistics for the ten opening weeks, including January, February, and nearly half of March. During these weeks, to give the exact figures compiled by the steamship companies, the arrivals from Europe were 44,712, and the departures from America for Europe were 131,740. We are, of course, confining our comparison to third-class passengers. The figures for the opening ten weeks of 1907 were almost exactly reversed,—that is to say, 139,052 arrived from Europe, and 43,642 took the return voyage. The steamship companies thus carried about the same number of passengers, but last year three-fourths of the steerage travel was from Europe to America, while for the corresponding period this year three-fourths of the travel has been from America to Europe. There is today no great movement based so precisely upon accurate information as the movement in the labor market. European workmen do not come here unless there is a definite demand for their services, and millions of letters going back and forth stimulate or retard the movement, according to conditions. There is of course a normal return migration that has to do with the seasons of the year and certain kinds of employment. But beyond that normal movement, changes in the ratios are to be regarded as a sort of barometer indicating the condition of industry and trade in the United States.

Their long marches and voyages as members of the world's army of workers help to train and educate these people. In due time the energetic ones establish themselves with their families either on this side of the water or in Europe. If they settle down in their old homes they are the more progressive citizens for what they have learned in America. In the majority of cases, however, they prefer the United States, become useful citizens, send their children to our schools, and become part and parcel of our great English-speaking democratic community. In a general sense, this freedom of labor migration as between Europe and America is not a harmful thing, and ought not to be hampered by harsh or arbitrary restrictions. Its careful and intelligent regulation, on the other hand, is both possible and desirable. There is no reason why, under cloak of the freedom of the labor market, we should allow this country to be a dumping-ground for the dependent or the vicious classes. Since the steamship companies have the largest motive in the promotion of this kind of migration, it is a good

plan to throw heavy responsibilities upon them and to compel them to aid our government in every way by sifting the unfit from the fit in the provinces of their origin or at the ports where they take passage.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for April.



### THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

On a great moral issue like the abolition of war, the mind and conscience of the people must be aroused. All classes of men must be induced to take a stand for methods of justice. No systematic attempt has yet been made to induce bankers, men of industry, judges and leaders in education and the Church to do this. Probably the labor organizations of the United States are more keenly alive on the subject of international peace than any other class of citizens, and the recent socialistic congress at Stuttgart showed that in Europe the labor party may prove to be a powerful deterrent to rulers who, in speaking of international matters, invariably use the phrase "my government." It is evident that the energy of peace leaders is unwisely directed, for at the recent congress in Munich much was said against war but very little about methods of educating the people to the new internationalism. There was a conspicuous absence of journalists, clergymen, teachers, university professors and captains of industry. This fact, in the opinion of the writer, suggests the work for the immediate future, viz.: to enlist the active and enthusiastic endeavors of clergymen, editors and educators, to make sure that young and old are conscious of the claims of human brotherhood, and to persuade all people that the territorial limits of the nation are artificial when viewed in the light of the solidarity of the race and the high destiny of mankind. In other words, the world's point of view is to be the rallying cry until all questions like immigration, tariff, copyright, and the postal service are treated in the light of that illuminating idea. How small and mean we ought to feel when visiting the Old World, if we manage our affairs in absolute selfishness, without reference to our larger citizenship in the world at large. The practical question arises, How can this work be organized? Who is to direct it and see that it is made effective? My own belief is that peace societies have a work of their own in their own neighborhood, but that they cannot do the larger work required. A national organization in each country, representative and strong, composed of men and women of all faiths and vocational interests, would seem to be the most competent agency. This body should be selected with the greatest care, and, as far as possible, its members should be nominated, at least, by great organizations, such as boards of trade, universities, learned societies, religious, philanthropic and educational organizations. This would insure the services of leaders of thought in the several sections, and would make the central body highly representative.

The great dominating purpose of such a body should be educational. It should definitely and systematically seek to reach educators and teachers, the clergy, journalists, men of affairs, and wage earners. It should send out agents who are practical, sane men and women, who not only know how to talk to an audience but to address themselves to busy men who will listen if what is said is sane and practicable. They should be equipt with every known fact regarding the interrelation of peoples and nations. They should not appeal so much to prejudice and sentimentality as to practical sense and good judgment. Religious and educational bodies in all the States should be induced to adopt internationalism as a regular feature of every program.

Whatever is done in America becomes potential in Europe, where things are more static and less responsive to agitation, and where a powerful example is needed. A practical program of education, practically and efficiently carried out, would take away the suspicion left by some that pacifists regard themselves as members of a cult with peculiar and exclusive tendencies. There would soon be so many groups of practical people committed to the cause that peace leaders would find themselves keeping step with a vast army of serious and practical people.—The Independent.



### WAS JESUS A SOCIALIST?

Among Socialists, Jesus has frequently been claimed as one of themselves. "One would like to say that he was," observes a writer in *The Interior* (Chicago), for he was "social in the largest sense because he sacrificed himself for the welfare of other men." But since "socialist," in the modern world has come to mean (the writer interprets) "the adherent of an economic cult that would reorganize society on the public ownership of property," he does not allow the ranking of Jesus among them. Against what he calls the "rash assertions of agitators," he places this "proposition" as capable of being established from the gospels:

"Neither socialism nor any other economic doctrine ever entered into the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth.

"He simply paid no attention to the economic phases of life. He treated industrial questions exactly as he treated political questions; he let them alone.

"There were doubtless two reasons for this. Jesus didn't come into the world to meddle with the clock of human progress. Some day the world would learn that democracy is better government than despotism, and free labor a better industrial system than slavery, and would get hold of the facts all the stronger for having had to dig them out. Jesus had no time to stop to teach the world what it would eventually come at on its own account.

"The second and positive reason why he did not concern himself with social questions was because it was part of his mission to throw temporal considerations into the background.

"His principal teaching business was to spread a doctrine of life that made a man's economic condition a secondary matter.

"Here Jesus differs from socialism the whole length of the diameter. The thoroughgoing socialist thinks poverty the worst thing that can happen to a man. His great plea is to abolish poverty. Jesus didn't think being poor mattered much—not at all if the man was the right sort. He was poor himself, and didn't care in the least.

"The overmastering principle that decides how Jesus looks at any or all human circumstances on this earth is this:

"If a man does the will of the Father in heaven, nothing in his earthly circumstances can be wrong.

"This confidence is half a faith that the Father will compel circumstances to turn out favorably; half a faith that a man who lives for the Father can be happy in any circumstances."

The nearest Jesus ever came to an economic question, the writer points out, was "when he saw that some certain man's economic condition was hindering his development in unselfish God-loving and man-loving character." He goes on:

"Modern social philosophers say it is the poor who don't have a fair chance at fine character, but Jesus thought different—he considered the rich the most handicapped.

"When with his marvelous inlook into the heart the Master understood that the rich young ruler thought so much about his wealth that he couldn't think much about his neighbors, the prescription for cure was instantaneous and unsparing: 'Sell that which thou hast and give to the poor.'

"Jesus didn't speak so out of hate for the property, but out of yearning for the man. If he could in this way give the youth a big heart full of spontaneous impulse to help people, he knew it would be worth the price.

"But where he didn't find worldly possessions hindering the growth of a man's nobler character, he simply ignored them. Giving half delivered Zaccheus from the bondage of avarice, and Jesus asked no more. He was equally at home with the poor and with the rich. He loved both for common qualities which are counted in no coin of earth.

"Jesus taught neighbor-love absolutely, not as an incident, but as an essential of religion, but he never so much as hinted at a social program for demonstrating that aspect of religion.

"Jesus was no program-builder. This is one of the very hardest things for the modern age to comprehend in the Master. The latter day must have an organization at work or it thinks it has nothing. But Jesus had an unbounded faith in the power of a spirit at work in and through the lives of individual men. He did not organize even his church; he simply put the motive of it in a few lives, and trusted that motive to make an organism.

"Likewise, when he said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' he did not deposit the dynamic of that love in some artificial social body, either then existent or afterward to be created, but he imparted it by contact to the affections and wills of his friends, and left them to extend it in the same manner.

"Their first expression of it—the communism of the Jerusalem church—was economically faulty; it wouldn't work. Taught by their experience, the early church leaders did not attempt the same system elsewhere. But the spirit which their initial communism crudely manifested did not disappear with that experiment. In that generation and in all generations after, adjusting itself more and more to the laws of society as they are continually better known, the manward-love of Jesus Christ has found, and is yet to find, an ever larger and more adequate demonstration."—Literary Digest.



## PLAYGROUND HAPPENINGS.

ALAMEDA, Cal., is preparing a bond issue, one of the items of which is \$125,000 for parks and playgrounds.—The special committee of school principals, appointed by the city superintendent, are organizing athletics for schoolboys in Buffalo, N. Y. The playground work of that city is also taking a fresh start, due chiefly to the satisfactory manner in which they are at present being conducted in connection with the public schools. The commissioner of public works in Albany, N. Y., has notified the board of education that the vacant lot in the rear of public school No. 8 will be turned over to the board of education for playground purposes.—The mayor of Allentown, Pa., in his annual message, recommended "playgrounds for the city's children" as one of the necessities for the coming year.—During 1907, Boston added 12½ acres to its list of playgrounds. This addition they made by filling in "Salt Meadows." The total area at present is reported to be 196.97 acres. Fifteen playgrounds are flooded during the winter for skating, making a total of about 144 acres of skating surface. The Municipal Journal and Engineer reports expenditures on Boston playgrounds during the year 1907 as follows: Walks, \$618.30; roads, \$146.12; new grounds, \$2,150.24; buildings, \$10,495.36; drainage, \$232.45; skating and other sports, \$4,220.29; women's and children's gymnasiums, \$1,841.02. Total, \$39,712.78. This does not include the expense of care and maintenance, which is reported to have amounted to about \$50,000.—The playground committee of Berkeley, Cal., has recommended a bond issue of \$450,000 for playgrounds. This action of the committee received public endorsement at a meeting held on January 9th.—The committee on appropriations for Greater Pittsburg, Pa., has allowed for playground maintenance \$15,000 to the Alleghany playground association, \$33,000 to the Pittsburg association. It has been the plan of the board of education of Pittsburg to turn over annually \$5,000 to the playground association for maintenance of vacation playgrounds.—A public meeting was held in St. Joseph, Mo., on January 24th, to consider the matter of public playgrounds. Professor R. L. Melendy, of the University of Missouri, addressed the meeting. A tentative plan was presented and unanimously endorsed.—The Woman's club of Boise City, Idaho, are making a campaign for public playgrounds. They are recommending them from the standpoint of "social insurance." They argue that the city can well afford to establish playgrounds for their recreative, educational and social benefits. *The Playground.*

## BETWEEN WHILES.

Commercial travelers in a railway carriage entered into conversation.

One of them tried very hard to make the other under-

stand something, but he was either very hard of hearing or slow in believing.

At last his friend lost his temper and exclaimed "Why, don't you see? It's as plain as A B C!"

"That may be," said the other; "but, you see, I am D E F."

**The Flatterer.**—"So he praised my singing, did he?" "Yes, he said it was heavenly." "Did he really say that?" "Well, not exactly; but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."

## Changing the Signs.

The lettering on the plate-glass window of a store recently acquired as the site for a new saloon read "ALBUM MANUFACTURER."

A painter was sent for to change it at as reasonable a price as possible, when he informed the successful license applicant that the cheapest and quickest method would be to obliterate the first two letters.—The Catholic Abstainer.

Ten mills make one trust;  
Ten trusts make one combine;  
Ten combines make one merger;  
Ten mergers make one magnate;  
One magnate makes all the money  
Wall St. Arithmetic.

"Yes," said the suffragist on the platform, "women have been wronged for ages. They have suffered in a thousand ways."

"There is one way in which they never suffered," said a meek-looking man, standing up in the rear of the hall.

"What way is that?" demanded the suffragist.

"They have never suffered in silence." *The Bits.*

"This is your little sister, Tommy," said the father, showing him the baby. "You will love her dearly, will you not?"

"Yes, of course," replied Tommy, inspecting the latest arrival; "but it'll cost a great deal to keep her, won't it?"

"I presume so."

"Yes," said Tommy, with a long drawn breath; "and when I asked you the other day to buy me a white rabbit you said you couldn't afford it."

## WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

**WANTED**—To impress upon more of our farmers, fruit growers and gardeners that the compressed air sprayer I sell for \$7.50 is the easiest to operate and BEST for results. A woman can do the spraying. Let me tell you about it. W. G. Nyce, St. Peters, Pa.

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25 Cent-tube for 15 cts., if not Sold in Your Community.

AGENTS WANTED. NO CASH NECESSARY.

**THE ANGEMA LABORATORY**  
GARRETT, PA.

### PASTOR'S POCKET RECORD

Arranged by Rev. Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

This record affords space for the recording of 63 church officers; 714 members, over 6,000 pastoral calls; 42 communion services; 126 baptisms, 84 marriages, 105 funerals, 273 sermons; 63 addresses; 168 new members, besides ten other departments.

#### Ministers.

You will find this an excellent little volume to carry with you at all times. It contains nearly 200 blank pages and is bound in black leather, size 3 3/8 x 5 1/2 inches. Very convenient to carry in pocket.

Price prepaid only 50 cents.

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,**  
Elgin, Illinois.

### CRADLE ROLL SUPPLIES

There is a demand for Cradle Roll Supplies coming from some of our wide-awake Sunday schools, and we are now ready to meet the demand.

Every Superintendent and Teacher ought to be enough interested in this new department to ask for particulars. Drop us a postal asking for our illustrated descriptive circular of these supplies. DO IT NOW.

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,**  
Elgin, Ill.



# Facts Regarding Imperial Valley

Some people in trying to induce their friends to settle in the country where they themselves are located, frequently send them advertising matter that is gotten up by unscrupulous land agents that deviates from the truth. Their friends come and buy property and soon find out that the facts do not correspond with the advertisements sent them. The result is they soon become discouraged and sell out at a sacrifice, and go back where they came from, worsted financially and in some instances say worse things of the country than they should, and thus bring reproach on a good country (though not as good as the advertisement represented it to be). The undersigned has known this to happen more than once, and for this reason has decided to tell his friends about the Imperial Valley in his own words, so that he alone shall be responsible, and so that the wonderful Imperial Valley may never be made a reproach and a by-word.

Imperial Valley is situated in San Diego County, California, 183 miles east of Los Angeles on the Imperial branch of the Southern Pacific railroad. The soil is an alluvial deposit and all crops are grown by irrigation, with water from the Colorado River. The main irrigation canal is 80 feet wide on the bottom and 100 feet wide on the top, and 10 feet deep. The soil is adapted to the growth of wheat, barley, alfalfa and nearly all kinds of fruit. Alfalfa having plenty of water can be cut eight times per season, yielding as high as ten tons of nice hay per acre which sells at present from \$8.00 to \$11.00 per ton. Barley can be sown for winter pasture in alfalfa stubble after the last crop of hay is harvested. Alfalfa can be cut every three weeks if the hay is wanted for dairy cows, or every four or five weeks if wanted for horses. I have known of alfalfa yielding \$40.00 worth of seed per acre and my own yielded \$20.00 per acre with the first season's sowing. Dairying and hog raising are very profitable. Butter sells from 20 cents to 45 cents per pound; hogs, 7½ cents on foot; also beef, cattle and horses do excellently. One colt weighed 960 pounds at less than one year old. One acre of alfalfa will keep from 2 to 3 head of dairy cows or horses and from ten to fifteen head of hogs. Oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apricots, grapes and berries do well. A single grape vine has yielded 30 pounds of grapes 18 months from setting. Grapes, apricot and cantaloupe growing is very profitable as they will ripen here from three to four weeks earlier than other places, and be placed on the eastern market before they are ripe in other localities. One man at Coachella was offered \$600.00 cash for the grapes on a single acre of vines and refused the offer and sold at retail for \$1,400.00. Cantaloupes will net the growers from \$50.00 to \$300.00 per acre. I have lived in the valley as long as any one, being one of the first settlers, and my experience and observation has taught me that you can grow almost anything here you plant, including vegetables, if planted in the proper seasons and properly cared for. The selling price of land at present is from \$40.00 to \$100.00 per acre, owing to location. President Roosevelt says that when it is thoroughly developed it will be worth from \$500.00 to \$1500.00 per acre.

Reader, when you shiver around your fireside the coming winter, just think of the Imperial Valley where you can go in your shirt sleeves nearly every day in the year. And on the 10th day of this month (May, 1907), while there was a snow storm raging in many places in the eastern states, we were making hay and picking and eating fruit in the Imperial Valley.

For further information, address

**W. F. GILLET, - Holtville, California**

As to the reliability of the above, inquire of W. E. Trostle, San Gabriel, Cal., enclosing stamp.

## New Colony in Thomas County, Kansas

The best people on earth; the best county in Kansas; level; rich, deep soil; no sand, no stone; pure water; good schools and neighbors; close to railroad market town, eighteen full sections all in one township; steam plows now breaking out 2,000 acres for the newcomers; splendid church proposition in connection. Low prices, easy terms. Don't believe it all, eh? As Thomas said to Nathaniel, "Come and see." For full information, prices, terms, plat, and famous Thomas County poster, address

The Grain Belt Realty Co., Colby, Kansas



## PEERLESS WEBSTER SELF-PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY FOR THE VEST POCKET

A Strictly Up-to-date Book for Everyday Use.

Read what it contains: 51,200 Words and Meanings, Key to Pronunciation, Parliamentary Rules, Postal Information, Table of Weights and Measures, Rules of Pronunciation and Punctuation, The National Bankruptcy Law, Legal Holidays.

A most valuable pocket companion. This is a book everybody needs and is sold at a price which gives man, woman and child an opportunity to get one. Size 5½x2½ inches.

Bound in Full Leather, Gilt Edges, Indexed, Price .27 cents  
Bound in Flexible Cloth, Red Edges, Indexed, Price .18 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

## Send for our new Sunday-school Supply Catalog

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

## ESPERANTO

is rapidly gaining ground as an international language and now has thousands of enthusiastic supporters in almost every nation on both Hemispheres. We have therefore arranged a clubbing proposition with "Amerika Esperantisto" which is the most popular Monthly Magazine devoted to the propagation of the language.

Here is Our Offer

The Inglenook one year, .....\$1.00  
"Amerika Esperantisto" one year  
and paper-bound copy of Es-  
peranto Grammar, ..... 1.50

\$2.50

If you order both, at once, only \$1.25

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Ill.

## Several Thousand

Sunday-school Teachers and Officers are now using the BRETHREN TEACHERS' MONTHLY, and as it enters upon its second year many words of commendation and appreciation are being received.

Miss Lizzie Enos, Rockwood, Pa., says: "It helps one to see the lesson more clearly. I feel that I cannot do without it."

If YOU did not use the

## BRETHREN TEACHERS' MONTHLY

last year, send us your subscription for 1908, and we feel sure that you will like it.

No Pastor, Superintendent, Teacher or Sunday-school Scholar can afford to be without it.

Among its regular contributors are Bertha M. Neher, Ida C. Shumaker, Elders I. B. Trout, P. B. Fitzwater, Edward Frantz, E. B. Hoff and A. C. Wieand.

Sample copy for the asking.

Price, per single copy, .....5 cents.  
Price, per quarter, .....16 cents.  
Price, per year, .....50 cents.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Ill.

## Bible Pictures

A select list of 100 subjects illustrating the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1908.

100 Pictures in black and white, no two alike, neatly boxed. Size 6x8 inches.

Price, 25 pictures, no two alike, 30 cents.

50 pictures, no two alike, 50 cents.  
Per box of 100, no two alike, 90 cents.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.



# **INGLENOOK WEEK**

¶ In the INGLENOOK for the first week of May will be found several features that should make it the most popular Weekly Magazine published.

¶ A traveler and lecturer of world-wide reputation will begin the story of his trip "Around the World without a Cent." These articles are to be illustrated and will doubtless be read with great profit.

¶ Lessons in Esperanto will also appear in the INGLENOOK beginning with the same issue.

¶ If you have not already subscribed, take advantage of "INGLENOOK Week" offer. Ask your friends to subscribe. Telephone, write or see them personally, but whatever you do, act today.

¶ Do not mail your order before May 4 or after May 9. The offers mentioned below are good for five days only.

¶ Your subscription will begin with the issue of May 5, provided the order reaches us during "INGLENOOK Week."

## **Three Great Offers**

that are good during "INGLENOOK Week" only.

### **OFFER No. 1**

INGLENOOK, May 1, 1908, to Jan. 1, 1909, 8 months, .....69 cents

**"Inglenook Week" Offer 40 Cents**

### **OFFER No. 2**

INGLENOOK, May 1, 1908, to Jan. 1, 1910, 20 months, .....\$1.69

Northwestern Agriculturist, 1 year, ..... 1.00

**Total Value \$2.69**

**"Inglenook Week" Offer \$1.25**

### **OFFER No. 3**

INGLENOOK, May 1, 1908 to Jan. 1, 1910, 20 months.....\$1.69

World Today, 1 year, ..... 1.50

Northwestern Agriculturist, 1 year, ..... 1.00

**Total Value \$4.19**

**"Inglenook Week" Offer \$1.90**

**Remember the Date, May 4-9, 1908**

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## **BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE**

**Elgin, Illinois**

# ALBERTA

¶ Of Alberta a distinguished writer has said:

"North of the International boundary line and immediately east of the Rocky Mountains lies the Province of Alberta—a land blessed with all that is necessary to happiness and prosperity. Between the 49th and 60th parallels and between the 110th and 120th meridians lie 281,000 square miles of possibility. Here are mountains and plains, foothills and valleys, rolling prairies with wooded stretches between, dense forests and grassy meadows, clean, timber-girded lakes and winding brooks, cold mountain streams and navigable rivers, and a soil rich in the alluvial and vegetable accumulations of centuries. And as if not content with these outward signs of her favor, nature has hidden beneath the surface vast deposits of coal and other minerals; she has filled the subterranean reservoirs with gas and oil, and sprinkled the sands of the mountain streams with gold. That no living thing should go athirst, she gathered together the waters of the mountains and brought them to the plains, to be directed by the ingenuity of man to the use of the grazing herds and the planted fields. Then, to crown her efforts and leave nothing incomplete, she brought the chinook wind, warm with the breath of May, to temper the north wind."

¶ In the Medicine Hat District we have a gently undulating prairie. The soil is capable of producing generous yields of all small grains and vegetables in abundance.

¶ The city of Medicine Hat, situated on the Saskatchewan river and underlaid with gas and coal, is destined to be a great manufacturing center.

¶ Why not join the colonies already there and enjoy some of the material benefits as well as help build up one of the largest and best colonies in the Canadian West.

¶ We have excursions every first and third Tuesday of the month.

¶ For particulars and cheap rates apply to

**THE R. R. STONER LAND CO., LTD.,**

440 Temple Court

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Or DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio



# POOR DIGESTION

These words mean more than what many men and women realize.

Study mankind. He derives his strength from what he eats—if it is properly digested. If this is true then how can he gain strength if he does not have an appetite or what he eats does not digest?—Weak? Yes he is weak and grows weaker by degrees. You say he needs a tonic,—this is what he needs: **BRAWNTAWNS, THE VICTOR TONIC.**

Brawntawns builds up run-down systems,  
Restores appetites, strengthens and  
Aids the digestive organs by  
Working in harmony with Nature.  
Nervous, weak men and women who need a  
Tonic and will try it, especially  
All nursing Mothers and convalescents,  
Will find it a great blessing as a  
Nerve renewer, Health restorer and a  
System builder. 50 cents postpaid.

Mr. Wm. E. Gannon, the express driver of Frederick, Md., says: From personal experience I am made to say I firmly believe **Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic**, is the best Tonic and System Builder, in fact it has proven to be in my case.

I was so weak and run down that it was very difficult for me to ascend a pair of stairs, but after using **Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic**. I became much stronger and could go about my work with much more ease.

I wish further to say that I have been using the **Victor Remedies** in my home for 29 years during which time I have given all a fair trial and have never known any one of them to fail to do what is claimed for them. **Victor Remedies** compose my medicine chest.

**BRAWNTAWNS, THE VICTOR TONIC**, can be sent by mail upon receipt of price 50 cents.

*F, VICTOR REMEDIES COMPANY  
Frederick, - Maryland, - U. S. A.*

---

## Victor Tea

*(The Old Fahrney Blood Purge)*

**The Blood Purifier,                      The Liver Renovator,  
The System Cleanser**

**VICTOR TEA** is a purely vegetable compound just as pure as if you were to go into your garden, along the bank of a stream or on the mountain heights to select your own herbs, roots, barks or berries, and the proportion of roots, herbs barks and berries contained in Victor Tea are unequalled for all Blood and Liver Diseases, Colds, Headaches, Constipation, Over-loaded Stomachs, Etc.

Do you have a tired, dull, sluggish feeling, cannot rest, work drags? All this is caused from an inactive, torpid liver, which is clogged by the impurities of the system and if not carried off will cause a more serious trouble.

**VICTOR TEA**, The Blood and Liver Purge, purifies the Blood, renovates the Liver and acts upon the bowels thereby thoroughly cleansing the entire system. **VICTOR TEA** can be sent by mail or purchased through the Dealers. Price 50 cents postpaid. Try a package now.

*F, VICTOR REMEDIES COMPANY  
Frederick, - Maryland, - U. S. A.*

# THE INGLENOOK



Eugene Field and His Little Friends.

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

May 5, 1908.

Price \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol. X. No. 18.



## GOVERNMENT LAND

**350,000  
Acres  
Reclaimed  
By  
Irrigation**

This land offers an unequalled opportunity to secure irrigated farms, in a rich and fertile country.

Under the Truckee-Carson Irrigation Project water is now ready for delivery to about 50,000 acres, 30,000 acres of which are Public Lands which have been thrown open to homestead entry and may now be filed upon by settlers. The

**Union  
Pacific**

Hand Book relating to the operation of the Reclamation Act and the Truckee-Carson Project sent free on request.

**Buy ROUND TRIP  
Ticket to  
CALIFORNIA  
and  
Stop Off in Nevada**

For Further Particulars Address  
**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**  
COLONIZATION AGENT

**Union Pacific Railroad**  
OMAHA, NEBR.

Which is known as

**"The Overland Route"**

and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

**E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.,**  
Omaha, Nebraska.

# EXCURSION RATES TO BUTTE VALLEY CALIFORNIA

and return

**EVERY DAY**

**June 1 to September 15  
1908**

Leaving Chicago, 10:45 P. M.

Leaving Omaha at 3:50 P. M.

Leaving Cheyenne at 10:45 A. M.

**For Low Rates and Other  
Information, Write to**

**ISAIAH WHEELER,**  
Cerro Gordo, Ill.

OR

**D. C. CAMPBELL**  
Colfax, Ind.

**Who will accompany the Excur-  
sion through to  
BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA**

**Geo. L. McDonald**

Colonization Agent

**Union Pacific Railroad**  
OMAHA, NEBR

**Round Trip Rates  
to  
California  
Washington, Oregon**

June 1 to September 15  
only

**\$72.50 From Chicago**

**\$60.00 From Missouri River**

From

**Des Moines, Iowa**

to CALIFORNIA and Return

**\$65.70**

to PORTLAND, ORE. and Return

**\$65.40**

over the

**Union Pacific Railroad**

Write for Particulars as to Limit of  
Tickets and Routes Returning

### TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.

A striking feature of the Union Pacific passenger trains is the tourist service. The tourist sleepers are identical with the standard sleepers, with the exception that their furnishings are not on so grand a scale, but the accommodations are equally good and are sold at HALF THE PRICE of the standard. The seats are upholstered, and at night the berths are hung with heavy curtains. Each car is accompanied by a uniformed porter whose duties are the same as those upon the Pullman Palace Sleepers.

### DINING CARS.

Union Pacific dining cars are operated on all through trains. These cars are all new in style and models of beauty and elegance.

### DINING ROOMS AND LUNCH COUNTERS.

Dining Rooms and Lunch Counters are located at convenient points along the line, and all through trains which do not carry dining cars are scheduled to stop at these points. Well prepared meals of the best quality are properly served at popular prices. Full time is allowed for meals.

Be sure to buy your ticket over

**The Union Pacific Railroad**

known as the Overland Route, and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

**Farming Lands in California Can  
Be Bought from \$30.00 to  
\$40.00 per Acre**

Printed Matter FREE.

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**  
Colonization Agt. Union Pacific R. R.  
Omaha, Nebraska.

Who Said There Was Nothing Doing in

# BUTTE VALLEY?

April 18, 1908.

GEORGE L. McDONAUGH, ESQ.,  
Colonization Agent  
Union Pacific Railroad Company,  
Omaha, Nebraska.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your favor of the 15th, I enclose a list of purchasers of land in Section 4-46-1 Butte Valley, California, who are having their land cleared of sage brush and planted in oats this Spring. After the oats have been harvested, a large part, if not all of this land, will be planted in orchards.

Yours very truly,  
Lewis W. Parker.

## LIST OF PURCHASERS OF LAND IN SECTION 4-46-1 BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, WHO ARE HAVING LAND CLEARED AND PLANTED IN OATS.

| Acres                                                                                          | Acres                                                                                                |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| W. H. McDOEL,<br>President Chicago, Indianapolis & Louis-<br>ville Railway, (Monon Route)..... | E. L. LOMAX,<br>General Passenger & Ticket Agent Union<br>Pacific Railway, .....                     |
| 160                                                                                            | 20                                                                                                   |
| E. O. McCORMICK,<br>Assistant Traffic Director Union Pacific,<br>Southern Pacific, etc.,.....  | S. A. HUTCHISON,<br>Manager Tourist Department Chicago &<br>Northwestern & Union Pacific Line, ..... |
| 48                                                                                             | 20                                                                                                   |
| W. B. KNISKERN,<br>Passenger Traffic Manager Chicago & North-<br>western Railway, .....        | E. E. MacLEOD,<br>Chairman Western Passenger Association..                                           |
| 25½                                                                                            | 20                                                                                                   |
| S. G. HATCH,<br>General Passenger & Ticket Agent, Illinois<br>Central Railroad, .....          | L. H. PARKER,<br>President Consolidated Stone Company, ..                                            |
| 20                                                                                             | 27                                                                                                   |
| C. A. CAIRNS,<br>General Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chi-<br>cago & Northwestern Railway, .....  | MORRISON HUNTER,<br>General Agent Monon Route, .....                                                 |
| 20                                                                                             | 40                                                                                                   |
| J. H. R. PARSONS,<br>Traffic Department Union Pacific, Southern<br>Pacific, .....              | JOHN S. BLAKENEY,<br>Manufacturer, .....                                                             |
| 20                                                                                             | 40                                                                                                   |
| J. LaBARRE,<br>Traffic Department Chicago & Northwest-<br>ern Railway Company, .....           | S. GLEN ANDRUS,<br>Railroad Editor Chicago Record-Herald,...                                         |
| 20                                                                                             | 30                                                                                                   |
|                                                                                                | DR. CLARK W. HAWLEY,<br>Physician, .....                                                             |
|                                                                                                | 30                                                                                                   |
|                                                                                                | LEWIS W. PARKER,<br>Attorney at Law, .....                                                           |
|                                                                                                | 27                                                                                                   |
|                                                                                                | Total in Section 4, 567.5                                                                            |

¶ Of course, these are just the ones in Section 4. In Section 8 Mr. R. A. Smith of the Passenger Department, Union Pacific Railroad, and others, are doing the same thing. This is not all. The above are the non-residents that are doing things. You ought to see what the people are doing who live there. In another letter we will try and furnish you a list of those who are living in the valley, who are planting orchards. Did you read our advertisement last week? Better see what the Government expert says about it.

## California Butte Valley Land Co.

14 Central Arcade, Flood Building

San Francisco, Cal.



# The Better Way

Each year thousands of people are having their eyes opened to the baneful effects of drugging the system by means of nerve deadening narcotics and mineral poisons. The legislatures of several States have even gone so far as to pass laws, placing restrictions on the sale and use of such remedies, when not altogether prohibiting them. The more intelligent classes, people who think and reason, and who do not blindly swallow any medicine offered them are strongly in favor of the safe and practical system of herb treatment for the cure of disease.

Old Dr. Peter Fahrney, the originator of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER was one of the early pioneers and exponents of the botanic system of medicine. His plain old herb remedy, known as DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, which has now been in constant use for over a century with such unqualified success, has probably, more than any other medicine, demonstrated the advantages of the botanic system of treatment. Thousands of ailing men and women have found it a boon to health.

## **CALLS IT A BLESSING.**

Rodney, Mich., March 7, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Your Blood Vitalizer does grand work. Through the help of God it saved a neighbor's child and restored the health of my wife. We would not like to be without the Blood Vitalizer. It is a blessing, especially for poor people who cannot afford to pay big doctor bills. We think a good deal of you and your work and hope your usefulness may stretch over many years for the benefit of sick people. With kindest regards,

Yours very truly,

R. S. Smith.



## **CURED SICK HEADACHE.**

Chicago, Ill., June 1, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I desire to send you my thanks for your good medicine, the Blood Vitalizer. I suffered nearly every day from sick headache, and at last I got so bad I had to take to my bed. But thanks to your Blood Vitalizer, it has cured me and I have had no further touch of it.

Yours truly,

Mrs. E. G. Dahlberg.

2362 Avondale Ave.

## **REGAINED HIS HEALTH.**

Athol Springs, N. Y., April 2, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I desire to inform you that since using the Blood Vitalizer I have regained my health. It is now all I could wish for. I was a sufferer from indigestion and stomach troubles. Next to God, I thank your Blood Vitalizer for my recovery. Whenever I have an opportunity I recommend your medicine.

Respectfully yours.

Henry F. Rolf.



## **THE SWELLING DISAPPEARED.**

Greenwood, Mo., April 24, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: The trial box of Blood Vitalizer arrived all O. K. I had a peculiar lump in my left side and a severe cough which bothered me a great deal before using the medicine. I had not taken more than one small bottle of the Blood Vitalizer when the lump in my side disappeared. I would not want to be without the Blood Vitalizer in the house. Your medicine has not been introduced here. I have given several bottles away. You may expect another order from me soon.

Yours truly,

R. R. No. 2.

Mrs. N. Dimmitt.

The sane, safe and practical way of treating disease by means of health-giving roots and herbs appeals to all thoughtful people. It accounts for the surprising popularity of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. The demand for this plain old herb remedy is today greater than at any time in its history. No one is so low with disease and no one is so well but what the BLOOD VITALIZER will do good.

Unlike other ready-prepared medicines, it is not to be had in drug stores. It is not an article of commercial traffic, but is supplied to the people direct through local agents—friends and neighbors whom you know and trust.

For further particulars address the sole proprietors,

**Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co.**

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue

Chicago, Ill.

## **BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM**

is Offering Two Special Summer Courses in Domestic Science Based Upon the Principles of Health and Hygiene.

Course A is a practical course especially designed for housekeepers or those interested in home economics. It includes the following studies:

Cookery, Serving, Physical Culture, Home Nursing, Laundering, Sanitation.

Course B is a scientific course and includes the following studies:

Cookery, Anatomy and Physiology, Microscopy and Bacteriology, Biology.



Summer term, June 22 to August 28, 1908.

Students wishing to meet a part of their expenses in work can do so.

One year and two year courses are also given. Applicants for the summer course should write as soon as possible to

### **The Battle Creek Sanitarium**

School of Health and Household Economics

LENNA F. COOPER, Prin.

Battle Creek,

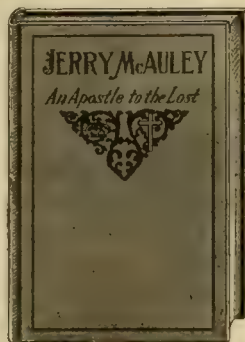
Michigan



## **JERRY McAULEY An Apostle to the Lost**

Edited by R. M. Offord

The new and largely revised edition of the book just published is neither biography nor autobiography but the happy blending of both. The editor gathered together the fragmentary accounts of the man's own life and with suitable explanations wove the entire into a most complete story of one of God's humblest servants and yet earth's greatest men. Jerry's own account of his sinful life is put in that language which shows he was keenly sensible of his awful guilt. And while the reader gets a clear insight into his life, it is in such a manner as not to feed the baser of human nature, but rather to rejoice that one should be saved from such lower and devilish depths.



To read his "testimonies" and to stop and ponder on them is to find the clew to his power. Here is one of them. "I have nothing to be proud of; I am proud of my Savior and not of myself. I was a notorious drunkard and gambler. Even my wife does not know of some of the sins I committed, and she never will till the Day of Judgment. I don't know what to say to express my feelings of thankfulness. I know I have been converted, that is, if conversion is ceasing to love that which is evil and loving that which is good. I know that divine grace saved me from a drunkard's grave."

### **Kindle the Flame in Other Hearts**

It is a good thing to write and print and spread the life of such a man as the hero of this volume. It may kindle the flame in many other hearts. Christians in other walks of life than he trod may be stirred to better living. And some poor, sinning soul, some wretched and sinking soul, some poor sinner, almost as bad as Jerry was, may read it in his extremity, and cry out with this ransomed prisoner, "Lord, save me, I perish."

### **Every Church Worker**

Should read this book, to get more inspiration and encouragement in Christian duty and privilege. Well bound in good cloth and stamped in gold. It contains over 300 pages. Price prepaid, \$1.00.

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.**



# **THE SPRING OF 1908**

will witness a new influx of thousands of settlers in the fertile valleys of **SOUTHERN IDAHO**. A great many have gone and a large number are making arrangements to go soon.

## **80,000 ACRES Open For Settlement**

**Last Week in May at Twin Falls, Idaho**

Under the Cary Act, filings on 40 to 160 acres may be made by power of attorney. Price \$40.50 per acre, payable \$3.25 down, balance in nine annual payments. Easy way to get a valuable farm.

### **EXCURSION FOR THIS OPENING**

**Tuesday, May 19, 1908**

**ROUND TRIP** rates from Chicago to Twin Falls, Idaho, \$50.80. Corresponding rates from Peoria, Kansas City, Omaha and all principal points.

## **Wonderful Possibilities**

for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, Fruits, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

### **An Opportunity of Your Life**

This is an opportunity of your life. Grasp it before it passes. Be sure to make arrangements now to go on this excursion with scores of others that are now planning for the trip.

**WRITE AT ONCE FOR BULLETIN**, giving particulars concerning this wonderful opening, to

**S. BOCK**

**DAYTON, OHIO.**

**D. E. BURLEY,  
G. P. & T. A., O. S. L. R. R.  
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## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter I.

THE fine large ship of the Atlantic Transport Line, the Minnehaha, carries only first-class passengers. But she is also a cattle-ship and on our voyage there were also six hundred cattle, some horses, sheep and poultry and about twenty cattlemen to care for the cattle. As the cheapest berth on this boat was about one hundred dollars I was fortunate to get passage as a cattleman on so large, safe and swift a ship. The work lasted but four hours a day in watering and feeding the cattle. The water was carried to the troughs in big iron pipes, and the hay and corn were brought up from the lower decks by means of steam elevators. If the rougher men had not used so much profanity this work might have been charming. Among the cattlemen thus securing passage were two Princeton students, a preacher's son from Kansas, a doctor and dentist, two Jews and a Japanese Missionary returning to his native land.

The work was heavy enough and long enough to give us a good appetite, while the sea-breeze and rollicking fun

between times wonderfully improved our spirits. Three pounds of good beef were allowed each man every day, with all the potatoes, bread and tea he cared for. Our beds were down below in what would be the steerage on any other vessel. But we seldom slept in them. Instead, we brought up the heavy woolen blankets and with the aid of the big blocks of baled hay, made our beds on the deck, with the cows. We piled these bales of hay exactly like an Esquimaux piles the blocks of ice to make his hut in the polar regions, leaving only a small door on one side. Some of the best dreams of my youth were dreamed here, in this snug, warm, safe self-made house. Several of the boys

were in the habit of selecting their locations in the most favorable parts of the deck, to the detriment of the others. One night a big rain at sea came up and completely drenched them, their block-houses having been previously torn down by the others. The next night they were eager to share, with the others, the good positions. We were never quite safe, however, in



One of the Jolly Cattlemen Dressed Ready to Carry Water to the Cattle.



these improvised berths. The sleeper inside was never quite sure whether his fellow cattlemen were going to climb up on his house, take off the roof, and drop one or two of the heavy bales of hay down upon him. This very uncertainty, amid the security, added still more zest to the trip,



Companions of the Ocean Voyage.

and we were a right jolly crowd, living on the great boat as though we owned it, chasing one another down the long feed-ways, throwing sea-water in the face, playing hide-and-seek, and catching in full the rough but happy life of the sailor at sea.

Some of the men fell seasick, which increased the work for those who were immune. The cows likewise grew seasick and some of them lay and groaned, day and night, arising, however, contrary to all the rules of seasickness among human passengers, to eat four meals a day. One big, black cow near my berth groaned all night long, at every breath she took. We were all sure she would die. But no. She ate and drank with the rest. But her pitiful bellowings were pathetic indeed. It seemed as if we must have the ship stopped and turned sideways so as to avoid the hardest blows of the waves that made our boat roll heedless of the suffering passengers and cattle aboard.

These prime fat cattle were good companions. One of them a big, red ox, took a liking to me, and every time I passed near his trough he would reach over and lick my neck or cheek with his big, wet tongue, knocking off my cap, and uttering a little bawl of affection when I passed out of his reach. He would look so tenderly at me, with his big, soft eyes, and although he was the biggest on board, he was the

gentlest. At London we took our sad leave of one another, he to grace London tables with thirty-cent porterhouse and I to go on around the world!

Queer as it may seem, this big, floating barn, with its six hundred cows, was heated by steam, the temperature kept at about seventy degrees, with a thermometer hanging in the middle of the boat, among the beasts, to show the foreman just how to regulate the temperature. Sometimes it was a little too warm for us at work, but as a rule the sea air made it rather too cool. If the janitors of churches and opera houses would exercise as much kind care over the animals they are expected to care for during an hour's sitting only, as this foreman took for these dumb animals, the results of our public meetings would be improved forty per cent. How often is the air in a church so stifling as to put the listener into a semi-unconscious condition of sleep. Many a time I have fought, as for my life, to keep my head from nodding, when what I wanted was not sleep, but a whisk of fresh air. More than half of the time it is not the preacher, but the janitor or lack of one, who puts the people to sleep. If these New York shippers, trading only in

flesh at so much a pound, understood the value of a thermometer, and the honoring of that thermometer by obedience to its markings, how much more should the officials of a church or school or public meeting place see that the air to be breathed by hundreds of human souls should be fresh and invigorating and of a right temperature. The lives of those cattle ended



Passing Inland.

in London. The lives of those of us who find ourselves entrapped for an hour or two in an environment filled with deadly microbes,

where we must sit and breathe it out, dead or alive, unless we are humane enough to leave the house and publish abroad the reason of our going, live on and on, but the inspiration God meant us to catch at the meeting is smothered by tight windows and overheated or unheated stoves.

On the tenth day out from New York we caught our first glimpse of land,—the historic Dover chalk-cliffs, that rose higher and higher out of the sea, as we approached them. A little later our big vessel was being towed down the Thames, where the passengers and cattle disembarked, each for their *destined* destination.

I was glad I was not a cow. My joy was only beginning. The English isles lay like trophies at my feet. Beneath my shining wheel their wondrous landscape was to glide as I rolled along, with light heart, strong muscles, smiling face, on the easy-running, ball-bearing wheel.

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### INDUSTRIAL EQUILIBRIUM.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

THE problem of industrial equation, however simple, has been so muddled by the public press and intentionally mystified by contributors, both from the labor and capital sides of the house, that it is difficult for the average mind to unravel the tangle of conflicting arguments, or even to interpret its terminology correctly. I will endeavor to give my views upon the subject in plain language, and by means of the most simple illustrations show the root of the whole trouble. By pointing out the cause, the remedy for the difficulty will become self-evident.

All of the wealth in existence is derived from the earth. If the earth were thrown out from the sun, as claimed by scientific men, all wealth came from the sun originally. But we have not been able to accumulate very great riches from that source directly, even in this day of great inventions, so we will have to depend upon Mother Earth for all material supplies. In order to get it, however, we must either dig it out of the ground, fish it out of the water, or allow it to grow up, and gather the crop, and all this requires muscle. Earth and muscle, therefore, constitute the parents of all the wealth in existence; and the child rightfully belongs to both parents,—as much to the one as to the other. The names of these parents appear in the newspapers as labor and capital, when notice is given regarding the family quarrels they are having over their children.

Now, right here, when it comes to dividing the combined product of capital and labor, we arrive at a

point of vital importance which is often overlooked. We find the wealth produced to be of two kinds, one, taking after the father, being of a perishable nature, the other, like Mother Earth herself, being permanent in character. To illustrate this difference, we will suppose a man to be spending a week in fishing and hunting. He succeeds in salting down enough meat to



They Take Us from Our Big Liner on a Smaller Boat to the Dock, for the Tide Was Out.

last his family for two or more weeks, at the end of which time the wealth is gone; it was perishable property. Another man spends a week in the construction of a fish-dam, which will not only supply fish during his lifetime, but will go on doing the same for his children, generation after generation. Justice demands that this man be protected in the ownership of this improvement, and that the benefits from his investment of labor in permanent wealth be assured to him and his heirs forever.

Now let us suppose that two men had coöperated in building the fish-dam. While the one was putting in all his time in creating the permanent improvements the other was employed in securing the necessary perishable property,—catching fish to feed them both while the building was in progress. Now we come to the vital point; and right here is the whole labor question in a nutshell. Should the fisherman have half interest in the permanent wealth resulting from their combined efforts, or is he only entitled to have his perishable property returned fish for fish? Wherever labor is applied to land, a permanent deposit of wealth necessarily remains; and if the laboring man should be properly protected in his rightful ownership of the real estate of his own creation, his children would be richly provided for, for all future time. The trouble is in taking fish as wages, accepting the same as final payment, and relinquishing all claims to the



permanent wealth that keeps on working for somebody after the builders thereof are dead and gone.

It is not a question of how many fish the laborer should have, the wrong is in the wage system, and I hope this simple illustration will clearly show just where the injustice creeps in. There must be a coöperation of capital and labor, just as sure as land and muscle united produce wealth. By the correct system of coöperation, both may contribute what they have to invest; the immediate returns will be divided

between them, and the permanent interests that remain behind will be proportioned to their credit according to the value of their investment, either of labor, land, or material. The usual way of dividing wealth is like the Irishman dividing a crow and a partridge. Capital takes the improvements, leaving to labor the perishable part; or labor takes a little of the perishable part, leaving all the rest for capital. Wake up, ye that labor with muscle! Come and get a deed to your rightful property.

## Eugene Field

O. H. Kimmel

EVERY boy and girl in the land has read some of Eugene Field's poems. From the early youth when the child begins to understand things, we picture the youth at his mother's knee listening, in breathless silence, as the mother recites: "Little Boy Blue," "The Duel," "The Sugar Plum Tree," etc. Such classics as these will soothe the fevered child into rest and sleep, will calm the little fellow with the ruffled temper, will quiet the most boisterous into sleep at evening, or will awaken the most drowsy at morning tide.

Eugene Field was a friend to children. Not only was this friendship shown in his writings, but it was exhibited to the world in the circle in which he lived. It was just as natural for the children in Eugene Field's community to seek his lap and listen to his fascinating stories as it was for these children to live. And it was just as natural for Field to seek the children. One writer has said that it was just as natural for Field on going into a strange household to seek out the children as it is for a cat to seek and inspect the garret. I wish to reinforce the statement that this was his natural way.

Field's desire to be natural was almost an impulse. He never compared himself with others, and, in his regular walks in life, lost sight of the unfriendly side of the world. In manner he was simple and childlike and took no more delight in singularity than a nine-year-old boy. He had abundant ambition, but ambition did not rule his life, and he made no pretense at living the intense life. He made no show at living only the simple and pure life, but the person who thought he saw the tinge of waywardness in his life realized how badly he was mistaken when his alluring temptation was vigorously and firmly spurned. This show of waywardness but concealed firmness of purpose and was his natural way, and he dared to live this way every day of his life. In this way a force of character such that few men possess was shown and with a vigor to which ostentation would have to pay tribute.

This continuous living the natural life frequently caused a stranger to associate this great man with in-

ferior walks in life than those which he pursued. One story is related which vividly illustrates this mistaken identity. A guest at a certain hotel table in a large inland city, called the colored head waiter to him and asked him if the man pointed out at another table in the dining room was not Eugene Field.

The porter replied, "I dunno, sah; but I reckon 'tis: who is dis Mr. 'Gene Fiel'?"

"Why, he is the famous author," replied the man.

"Oh! yas, sah; yas sah; sho' nuf! yas sah, I reckon dat is Mr. Fiel'; sho' he is, fir I been a thinkin' all de time evah since he been heah dat he looked lak a book agent," replied the flustered porter.

Mr. Field was always perfectly happy to be mistaken for some other person, or a representative of some business quite beneath him, and he never left a place reluctantly if he could leave a "laugh on him" behind.

Besides being the unassuming, true, natural self, he was kind-hearted and affectionate. In his autobiography he said:

"If I could have *my* way, I should make the abuse of horses, dogs, and cattle a penal offense; I should abolish all dog laws and dog catchers, and I would punish severely all persons who caught and caged birds."

The poet's wife said of him: "Mr. Field was fond of birds and they seemed to know and love him. Even the sparrows would cease their chattering when he tried to hush them, and would go ahead again when he encouraged them to do so.

"He was kind-hearted to a fault. When he was fourteen years old he accidentally stepped on a little chicken one day and killed it. He carried it home tenderly and hours afterward his aunt found him still holding the chicken and sobbing as if his heart would break."

As he lived the natural life his dress was often quite neglected. He disregarded his own personal appearance almost entirely, yet he liked to be in company with well-dressed people. His speech was usually as sim-

ple as his dress, but the simplicity and kindliness of the voice caught and held the auditor. He regarded dialect quite highly and had the greatest respect and compassion for the backwoods slogans, words and phrases. He recognized dialect as the only means of giving the local coloring to his writings, that would cause them to seek out the remotest hovel. The child dialect so often seen in his writings certainly does add to the vividness of the picture. In his "Jest 'Fore Christmas," "Seein' Things at Night," and "Fiddle-dee-dee" the childlike simplicity is expressed at the outset, so that rare attention is attracted before we begin to read the poems. And before we have finished reading, we are unconsciously living the boy's life again, with the same real joy and pleasure that enchanted us in our real boyhood days.

While Field lived, not a day passed by that he did not mingle his thoughts with child life. Strange though it may seem, yet nevertheless it is true, that every succeeding year added newer charms to his fascination for child life; not only did he love the children, but he loved their joys and pastimes. He admired all kinds of toys, especially, dolls. A friend went with him shopping one day and noted that after the other purchases were made he bought in addition a dozen dolls. This aroused the friend's curiosity and he inquired of Mr. Field why this purchase was made. Mr. Field replied: "Oh, I like to have them, and when little girls come to see me I can give them a dolly to take home."

Mr. Field was a journalist by profession and in 1873 was reporting for the St. Louis *Evening Journal*. The same year he married Miss Julia Sutherland Comstock and to this union three daughters and five sons were born. In 1889 he visited Europe, as his health was broken, and while there spent most of his time in England, Germany, Holland and Belgium. After a fourteen months' sojourn in Europe he returned to America and the family took up their residence in North Chicago. Mr. Field was born in St. Louis in 1850, and comes of good old New England stock. He was left an orphan at an early age, but kind relatives took him in and educated him. He attended school at Williams College, Knox College and Columbia University, but he left school at the age of twenty-one, an undergraduate, and traveled abroad.

He held various editorial positions, but the one of greatest importance was his connection with the Chicago *Morning News*, now the *Record-Herald*, in which he conducted a column called "Sharps and Flats," and in which he had absolute freedom of expression. It was while he was editor in charge of this department that the world began to realize what a great factor in the literary world Field really was, and he very soon became prominent on the lecture platform, where he delivered readings of his own composition.

Field came close to the people because he kept his works within the bounds of the appreciation of the masses, and his child poems and stories are simple enough for the youngest accountable mind.

In "Little Boy Blue," he sings:

"The little toy dog is covered with dust  
But sturdy and stanch he stands;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new  
And the soldier was passing fair,  
And there was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there."

And in the next stanza he explains:

"'Now, don't you go till I come,' he said,  
'And don't you make any noise!  
So toddling off to his trundle-bed  
He dreamt of the pretty toys.  
And as he was dreaming, an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—  
O, the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true."

But in the last stanza the full explanation, the full understanding, falls darkly and tenderly upon you as the sad story which has attached itself to the whole world is revealed. He says:

"Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place,  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face.  
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,  
Since he kissed them and put them there."

The story is sad, it is true. Parents have been fortunate indeed, if the truth of these words has not fallen in their own fold, and to how many a little brother and sister throughout the wide world is "the vanished hand" a reality! What tender sentiments are inspired! What noble feelings! What a wonderful place in life such a story fills!

But, not only does this poet feel the sad side of life as does a little child, he feels and expresses the joyous side. In fact, in "Jest 'Fore Christmas" the joyous anticipation with which a young boy awaits Christmas is as real as life itself.

He exclaims:

"Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;  
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she is  
at!  
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide  
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!  
But sometimes the grocery man is worried an' cross,  
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss,  
An' then I laff and holler, 'Oh, ye never teched mel'  
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

\* \* \* \* \*  
"An' then old Sport he hangs around, so solemnly an'  
still,  
His eyes they seem a-sayin': 'What's the matter, little  
Bill?'



The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders  
 what's become  
 Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things  
 hum!  
 But I am so perlite an' 'tend so earnestly to biz,  
 That mother says to father: 'How improved our Willie  
 is!'

But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me  
 When jest 'fore I'm as Christmas as good as I kin be!"

No one can mistake the author's intent in writing  
 the above, for certainly it pictures the real live boy as  
 we meet him at Christmas time.

Friendship and love show throughout his works.  
 While the family were abroad Mr. and Mrs. Field  
 desired to put their children in school, but they found  
 it more and more difficult to part with them, as both  
 parents idolized their children. At last they decided  
 that, on the following morning, the children should  
 go, and the parents were to leave the city to be gone  
 some days, perhaps weeks. When the little cots were  
 clustered about the bed and the children were asleep  
 Mr. Field arose and wrote the poem, "Sometime."  
 In it he sung:

"Last night, my darling, as you slept,  
 I thought I heard you sigh,  
 And to your little crib I crept,  
 And watched a space thereby;  
 And then I stooped and kissed your brow,  
 For oh! I love you so—  
 You are too young to know it now,  
 But sometime you shall know!"

\* \* \* \*

"Look backward, then, into the years  
 And see me here tonight—  
 See, O my darling! how my tears  
 Are falling as I write;  
 And feel once more upon your brow  
 The kiss of long ago—  
 You are too young to know it now,  
 But sometime you will know."

How strangely inspiring he found children to be!  
 Greatest thoughts in verse that have come from the  
 language for children are inspired in this man by the  
 children.

While visiting a friend at Louisville, Mr. Field  
 heard the little boy of the house talking in his sleep.  
 The next day he had a long heart to heart talk with  
 the boy, in which the little fellow unfolded to the poet  
 all his natural little fears and superstitions,—just the  
 same fears and superstitions that every boy has had at  
 that age. Immediately the poet wrote "Seein'  
 Things," and it is said, dedicated the poem to this  
 Louisville boy.

In "Seein' Things" he sings:

I ain't afeared uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms,  
 or mice,  
 An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!  
 I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,  
 For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my  
 prayers are said,

Mother tells me, 'Happy dreams!' and takes away the  
 light,

An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

"Seein' Things" pictures the true condition of a  
 little boy's mind. It pictures the things that are real  
 to him and the things that result from his actual con-  
 tact with life. In the same selection a passage which  
 will more fully explain this truth is:

"Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our  
 street,

An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,  
 I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,  
 A lookin' at me crosseyed an' p'intin' at me—so!  
 O, my ! I wuz so skeered that time I never slep' a  
 mite—

It's almust alluz when I'm bad I see things at night!"

In his later years the poet became very popular  
 and the demands for lectures made serious intrusions  
 on his time and health. It was while he was making  
 preparations for an extended lecture tour in 1895 that  
 he sickened and died, thus ending his career on earth  
 when he was only forty-five years old. He often ex-  
 pressed the hope that he might be permitted to live  
 to a good old age, for the reason that he felt that his  
 writings in his old days would be mellowed and  
 sweetened with age, but this was decreed not to be.  
 He always idolized his wife and children, and when  
 he died they were veiled in deepest sorrow, but this  
 was comforted, to some extent, by the loving words  
 of a compassionate and sorrowing public.

Again it is seen that a man has lived and died just  
 past middle age leaving treasures to the world that  
 shall live and grow forever. In this man a new world  
 has been opened to childhood which can but make the  
 world better and brighter, and if we cannot understand  
 why he was so early plucked "from the flowers that  
 grow between," perhaps, in expressing his own words,  
 our own understanding may come:

"Sometime when, in a darkened place  
 Where others come to weep,  
 Your eyes shall look upon a face  
 Calm in eternal sleep,  
 The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,  
 The patient smile shall show—  
 You are too young to know it now,  
 But sometime you may know!"

✻ ✻ ✻

### BRONZED GRACKLES.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

THE bronzed grackles, or as they are more com-  
 monly called, blackbirds, come to us very early in the  
 spring in suits of glossy black. They are very familiar  
 objects in all of the States east of the Rocky Moun-  
 tains.

In the Central States four species of blackbirds are  
 quite common. The crow blackbird, the red-winged  
 blackbird, the rusty blackbird, and the yellow-headed  
 blackbird. The most common one is the crow black-

bird, to which this article will be confined mainly. It has a number of names as, bronzed grackle, purple grackle, keel-tailed grackle, and maize thief. The first two of these names seems to be most appropriate and descriptive. When they arrive from the South, all bedecked in holiday attire, the rich bronze and purple colorings of their heads and necks scintillate in the sunshine, making them objects of great beauty. It is only the male that is thus gorgeously dressed; the female being much less brilliant. The iris of the eye is bright yellow and conspicuous, and the tail is longer than the wings.

The bronzed grackles will often follow the plowman all day long, keeping well in the fresh furrows, destroying grubworms and cutworms which are so destructive to the growing corn. They will become very gentle and manifest no fear of being harmed.

In the matter of food this bird is almost omnivorous. Its partiality for corn, wheat, rice, oats and other grains is well known, and is the cause of nearly all the complaints about its depredations. This diet is supplemented by various fruits, berries, nuts, seeds and insects, the latter in large proportions. But the character of the food varies with the season. In the fall and winter they eat weed seeds and grains; as spring approaches they begin to hunt for worms and insects; in the summer they take to small fruits, and in autumn as soon as the corn ripens they eat considerable quantities.

L. S. Keyes mentions two feats of these birds in getting food which are a little out of the ordinary. "How great was my surprise, one summer day, to see a purple grackle stalking about in his regal manner on the flat rocks of a shallow woodland stream, and then suddenly wheel about, pull a crab out of the water, and fly off with it to a log, where he beat it to pieces and devoured it. I doubt if many persons are aware that this bird dines on crab. On the same day another grackle, striding pompously about in the shallow water, suddenly sprang up in the air, some six or eight feet, and caught an insect on the wing. This was a performance on the part of a crow blackbird never before witnessed by me." This spring I have been throwing out bread crumbs to the robins, and often the grackles are the first to reach the food.

Blackbirds are very sociable and migrate in immense flocks, and usually breed in colonies. Their nests of sticks, twigs, and mud, are lined with grass and feathers, and are generally built in pines in the North and in bushes in the South.

"Soon they fix by sign or token,  
On a snug and sheltered nook;  
What though ne'er a word is spoken,  
Birds can talk by loving look."

Young blackbirds present a very unusual appearance. The back part of the head of the baby birds remains bare a week or two after other parts of their

bodies are fully feathered. This is true of the bronzed grackle and the red-winged blackbird, and I presume it is also true of the other species, although I have never seen the young of the dusky blackbird or the yellow-headed blackbird. The bald portion includes the forehead, part of the crown, the chin, and throat, and extends behind and below the ears, which are covered with a tiny tuft of fuzz. "If this unfeathered portion



The Blackbird.

were red instead of black, the youngsters would look quite like diminutive turkey buzzards." One may be pardoned for being somewhat puzzled over the conundrum, why young blackbirds, of all the birds in the circle of one's acquaintance, must go bareheaded during the first few weeks of life. By and by, however, the feathers grow out on this space as thickly as on the remainder of their bodies.

Much has been said of the grackle's unmusical voice. John Burroughs writing of their spring appearance says: "There is evidently some music in the soul of this bird at this season, though he makes a sad failure in getting it out. His voice always sounds as if he were laboring under a severe attack of influenza, though a large flock of them, heard at a distance on a bright afternoon of early spring, produces an effect not unpleasing."



#### THE WHISKEY VENDORS' WANTS.

C. D. HYLTON.

INASMUCH as the temperance and prohibition people are putting forth a desperate effort to take men's liberties and enjoyable privileges from them, it behooves us, the liquor vendors of the world, to set forth our wants to the public.

We want our liberties. We want to live without so much toil. We want a lucrative business by which our families can live at ease. We want to educate and prepare our children for society. We want to be numbered with the wealthy.

In order to supply our wants we must look to our patrons. They are drunkards and dissipated fellows who are short-lived and we cannot depend on the pres-



ent number but a very short while because they are dying daily at the hands of the murderer, suicide and disease. Their places must be filled or our business will suffer. Therefore we, the liberty-loving whiskey vendors, make this urgent call for ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND BOYS annually. Don't conclude the call is too great, for we assure you that you will not live to be in each other's way. We want nice boys, good looking boys, refined boys, intelligent boys, boys of much influence, boys of wealthy parents and a special inducement to preachers' boys. However, we will take any kind of boys from any family or any circle of life, provided they have money. Those without money or the means of obtaining it need not apply. It makes no difference with us how you obtain the money.

If you have no experience in the drink habit, don't be discouraged, we can give you some simple directions so that you can soon grow into the habit. To begin, we recommend that you acquire the habit of using tobacco. All drunkards use it in some form. Next begin on soft drinks, kept in some country stores and groceries. These vendors belong to our craft. By this time you have acquired a taste for something stronger. If there is no saloon near you, consult your county or city newspapers as to where to get good whiskey. We have a number of editors working for us. If yours is not one of them consult your family physician, we have a number of them working with us and some of them are among our most liberal customers, and they can prescribe for you to get it of your druggist. Or you can have it shipped right to your railroad station.

Now, boys, come on, don't be afraid. We can make use of any number and our future prosperity depends upon you.

Now, parents, don't be too particular with your boys. You were once young and you know how sweet to gratify "youthful lusts." Let us have some of your boys, at least, and we'll do the training.



#### JUST WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Just stand and watch yourself go by;  
Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I."  
Note, closely as in other men you note,  
The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat.  
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you,  
And strive to make your estimate ring true.  
Comfort yourself and look you in the eye—  
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though  
You looked on one whose aims you did not know,  
Let undisguised contempt surge through you when  
You see you shirk, O commonest of men;  
Despise your cowardice; condemn whatever  
You note of falseness in you anywhere.  
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—  
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what you loathe—  
To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe—  
Back to your self-walled tenement you'd go  
With tolerance for all who dwell below.  
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,  
Love chain grow stronger by one mighty link—  
When you, with "he" as substitute for "I"  
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

—Unidentified.



#### THE FLOWER DOCTOR.

THE discovery of the commercial value of flowers is one of the most remarkable developments of our times. Even the advanced gardeners of a century ago had not the faintest idea that one day huge industries would spring into being, having for their sole object the culture and marketing of blossoms. As one would expect, the appearance of this floral enterprise has led to the creation of many positions for those who specialize, which otherwise would never have seen the light of day. Quite the most remarkable of these novel vocations is that of the flower doctor—a man, or not infrequently a woman, who gives his or her whole time to the handling of blossoms with a view to making good any imperfections which they may possess.

Nature is quite perfect in her ways as a general rule, the flower doctor readily admits, but even she will sometimes make mistakes, and quite often will be all the better for a few touches from his skillful hand. Of course the very first principle of this curious art is concealment; the work must be done so well that no one can discern that it has been done at all. Flower doctoring is very much more widely practised than might be supposed, and it speaks well for the skill of the operator that so few people are even aware of the existence of his strange profession. In the present article it will be the endeavor of the writer to give the reader a little peep behind the scenes in a modern flower-growing establishment.

To begin with, the flower doctor, no less than his namesake in the medical profession, must have his case of instruments. These are much like a portion of a surgeon's stock in trade; delicate pairs of dissecting scissors, forceps of all shapes and grades, cutting pliers, in addition to the host of brushes in all sizes. There are also a number of accessories the use of which will become apparent when the flower doctor is seen at his work. The whole paraphernalia, which makes quite a formidable array, includes spray producers, and bottles containing gums and scent essences.

The most ordinary duties of the flower doctor consist in simply correcting imperfections in the flowers which are placed in his hands. A great box full of freshly-gathered rose buds is brought in to him. Many of these are not quite as they should be. A withered, or perhaps a badly developed petal spoils what would

otherwise be a perfect flower. With a pair of forceps in his deft hand the doctor rapidly goes over each bloom. This petal, which is out of its place, is put into a right position; that ill-shaped one is torn away altogether. In the end the flower is placed aside without the least blemish to detract from its market value. If the roses are wanted for some purpose where it is important that the buds should not open, such as for use in a bouquet for instance, each bud must be separately treated. As near to the base of the bloom as is possible, thin wires are cunningly inserted right through the center of the bud, so that all the petals are held in such a way that they can never fall apart. All other kinds of flowers are examined in the same manner as has been described above, faulty petals removed and displaced ones put into the correct position. It is not at all an unusual thing in the case of chrysanthemums, to go over the flower with an instrument much resembling a pair of curling tongs, and with delicate twists bring the petals over in an elegant curling fashion.

Some of the most desirable flowers, from the florist's point of view at any rate, have been provided with only very weak stems, and sometimes with scarcely any stem at all. The beautiful Marechal Neil rose can scarcely hold up its head, while the fragrant white tuberoses bloom by the time they have been gathered from the central stalk have not more than a fraction of an inch of stem. Such flowers could never take their place in decorative schemes in the condition in which Nature has given them to us. But your flower doctor can easily get over such trifling difficulties as these. With metal thread the weak stems are strengthened, often in such a way that it is impossible to detect the supports, and the blossoms without stems are provided with ones made of stout wire. All this is done so cleverly that by the time the flower takes its place on the dinner table, or in the bridal bouquet, no one can say that the bloom has received any attention from the hands of man at all.

It has been held that to attempt to give scent to the rose is an undertaking which is altogether ridiculous. Nevertheless the flower doctor does not view the matter at all in this light. It is a sad fact that many of our modern strains of one-time fragrant flowers are more and more woefully lacking in sweetness. Some of the most lovely varieties of roses, the finest kinds of violets, are almost scentless. This will never do for the florist; buyers expect their roses and violets to smell pleasantly, and if Nature does not provide the wherewithal, well, the deficiency must be made up somehow. And it is just here where the spray-producer comes in so usefully, hissing out its sweet vapor in response to the ball pressure over the fresh blossoms. It is only fair to say that the doctor is very careful to use only the finest scent, which, of course, has had its origin in flowers, and is a natural product. He is

also most particular in selecting the right kind of fragrance for each bloom, so that the fair lady who buries her nose in this bunch of violets has not the least conception that the purple blossoms have been tampered with in any way. Of course good scent is so permanent that its odor will remain quite as long as the flowers last, and often much longer, making folk wonder at the delightful fragrance of the modern blooms even when they are dead.

It seems a strange thing to talk about sticking flowers with gum, and yet this is a very common practice in the florist's workshop. All the lovely azaleas in pots which delight our eyes during the spring months have been doctored with a vengeance. Azalea blooms drop very quickly, some time before the petals of the flower really begin to fade, and were it not possible to fix the blossoms in some style or other the plants could hardly be marketed at all. In order to prevent the flowers from falling too quickly, at the joint of each stalk with the stem, a wee drop of gum is placed by means of a brush, which when dry holds the flower firmly in position. As may be imagined, the sticking on of azalea blooms is a process which is tedious in the extreme. Many fine plants will bear hundreds of flowers, and as each of these will require attention individually, it will be seen that the matter is no small one. In the case of other flowers where it is known the petals are apt to be shed somewhat hastily, a touch of pure gum here and there will often very much lengthen the life of the blossoms. If this has been done with proper skill no one need ever detect that the flower has been attended to in any way.

In most big flower stores a person with some knowledge of flower doctoring is usually retained. Those flowers which look so fresh were really not picked today at all, nor is it necessary that they should have been; but they have been stimulated to hold up their heads a while longer by clever treatment. Although methods vary slightly, they mostly consist in placing the stems of the flowers in very hot water for five minutes, and then putting them in a cool, dark cupboard for an hour or so. Just before the blossoms are placed on the display counter it is not an unusual practice to spray them over with clear spring water. This produces a delightful effect of glistening dew-drops on petal and leaf, which is bound to make the show pleasant and attractive in the eyes of the would-be buyers. After all, it must be admitted that the flower doctor does very much to assist in the meeting of the greater demand for blossoms, which it is safe to say, is one of the best desires which the public has evidenced for a long time.—*Scientific American Supplement*.



"NOBLER far than the victories of the sword are the triumphs and the trophies of the plowshare."



### CRIPPLING THE CRIPPLES.

IN September, 1902, a railroad employé in Michigan had both legs mangled while coupling cars. In February of the next year his attorneys commenced suit for damages.

The case was tried in October, a little over a year after the injury. The jury awarded \$15,000 damages. The railroad appealed to the Supreme Court, which tribunal, in March, 1904, remanded the case for new trial. This new trial was had in February, 1905, and the jury gave a verdict of \$20,000. Again the railroad appealed to the Supreme Court, which in May, 1906, again ordered a new trial. But on rehearing the Supreme Court changed its mind and affirmed the judgment of the lower court. Meanwhile, the railroad had been reorganized. So, in January, 1907, it was necessary to begin suit against its bondsmen to collect the judgment. In April, 1907, the trial jury gave judgment against the bondsmen, and the defendants promptly appealed to the Supreme Court.

Five years and one month after the injury this judgment was affirmed by the court of last resort, and the injured man sees some ground for hoping that, after the usual argument for a rehearing and appeal to the United States Supreme Court, he may receive enough money to pay his law expenses and have a little left.

The court records of every State in the union are actually loaded with cases just like this. No more monstrous abuse of the forms of justice can be found in the world. The cynical brutality with which railroads and mills habitually exhaust every resource of legal jugglery to thwart the man who establishes a claim against them for personal injury would disgust an honest pirate.—*Saturday Evening Post*.



"It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them holy."

### CURRENT COMMENTS



It is worth a people's while to note the history thus far of the "Yukon Gold" stock sold thru Mr. Thomas Lawson's advertising a few weeks ago. He told the public on March 27 the stock could be sold for \$10 per share, but he had sternly ordered the brokers to sell "at not less than \$5 nor more than \$7.50." The public took the stock. On Monday, the 30th, Mr. Lawson announced that he would "stay with it for a week longer" to show how he could "keep the stock in great demand at, say, \$10." It sold at \$6 that day, at \$5 the next, and since then has declined to \$4.50. "The orange was squeezed."

The exposure and conviction of grafters still continues. Now it is St. Louis that is cleaning house. Recently a councilman was found guilty of taking a bribe of \$500 and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. The case of another member, indicted at the same time, will come up for trial next. The assistant clerk of the council, convicted on a charge of accessory, has resigned his position. Such measures to establish the principles of right must surely bring about some good results. Those entrusted with the affairs of others will serve the people better than in the past, whether from fear or principle. At the same time the people will exercise greater care in selecting those who are to look after their interests. Let the house-cleaning go on.

The Chinese are treating Japan to the same medicine which they administered a while ago to America. The Chinese are boycotting Japanese goods and ships on account of the Tatsu Maru affair, when the Japanese objected to the seizure by the Chinese of a Japanese steamer, which was importing arms supposedly for Chinese revolutionists. The cable dispatches show the spread of the boycott. One of the latest recruits was the Chinese Merchants' Guild, of Hong Kong, which decided to cable its agents at Japanese ports not to place any more orders for Japanese goods and to ship goods already ordered in vessels other than Japanese. At Canton, according to reports, the merchants met in public assembly and listened to a dirge recited by a twelve-year-old boy describing China's wrongs, and thereupon tore their garments and wept and vowed relentless warfare against Japanese manufacturers.

The Jews are not at all pleased with the attitude of the Christian church toward their religion in belittling the influence upon Christianity of the Jewish church. Rabbi Schanfarber recently gave expression to the feelings of the Jews in this matter. He said: "It is to be deplored that the Christian church has not risen to the height of judging the mother faith fairly. . . . It seems that the Christian church, in its ardent endeavor to show the superiority of its faith, feels that the only way it can do this is by detracting from other faiths. None would deny the great factor and force that Christianity has been in developing the civilization of mankind, but that should not lead it to deny the influence that the mother faith has exerted in the upbuilding of the spiritual treasures of humanity." The Jews in general may not be aware of it, but many Christians have deplored that tendency in the Christian world to expend strength in the tearing down of other religions which should be spent in making more attractive its own. Arguments by the latter method are always more effective and do no violence to the golden rule.

It is amazing to see the many wisps that float on a day's news, showing how fast the world is drawing together, and the feeling that "my fatherland is the world's" is spreading. The same paper, which announces that Great Britain has invited the governments participating in the last conference at The Hague to send experts to London to formulate a code of procedure for the proposed international prize court, announces a new plan for the exchange of American and Prussian secondary schoolteachers. The idea is for the Prussian ministry of education to send to the United States teachers in the German gymnasiums who later are to teach En-

glish, and leave them there for six months or a year to teach German in the American high schools. This sojourn will give them an opportunity to perfect their English. American teachers will come to Prussia for the same purpose and under the same conditions. The exchanges are to begin next October. This system of exchange is already in operation between Germany and France and Germany and England; but in the latter case the results have not been wholly satisfactory because the English appear rather indifferent in the matter, and there are few pupils in England who are disposed to learn German. Better results are to be expected in the United States.

### The Song Cure.

That the exercise given to the lungs in singing is valuable in the prevention and cure of diseases of those organs is asserted by two English physicians, Dr. Leslie and Dr. Horsford: "They consider that song treatment would be useful to (1) persons in whom, either from family predisposition or from individual weakness or abnormality of the chest, the onset of pulmonary consumption is to be feared; (2) early cases of consumption as soon as the disease becomes quiescent; (3) certain more advanced cases where no active disease or ulceration is in progress. To secure the desired end they suggest that some public institution should be founded, either independently or as a special department of our already existing colleges of singing, and that such institution should be open to suitable cases referred from the hospitals."

### Unemployment in New York.

It is not possible to tell how many men are unemployed at present in this country. A conservative estimate based on figures supplied by the labor unions puts the number at two hundred thousand in New York city alone, of whom 30,000 are probably homeless vagrants. At its second meeting the Ethical Social League took up the great problem presented by the unemployed and urged four measures in particular in view of conditions. First, that the State and city immediately undertake public works involving an expenditure of \$195,000,000, which have been already authorized in order to relieve the distress of the unemployed. Second, that there be established by the Legislature State farms in one or more localities to which vagrants from our cities can be committed. Third, to request the Governor and the Legislature to institute such a thorough inquiry into the causes of unemployment as shall lead to remedial legislation of a permanent character. Fourth, to suggest to corporations and individuals employing others that in order to ameliorate the present situation they extend employment as much as possible, pro-rating work and reducing time rather than discharging employes or closing business.

### Imitations of Gold.

It is worth noting that metallurgy has succeeded in producing a composition that not only resembles gold very much in appearance, but also has unusual durability. The best imitation is the mixture of copper, gold and aluminum, as the price is very low, and it therefore is possible to manufacture ornaments and jewelry much cheaper than double-plated articles. The color of this combination very much resembles that of gold in its various alloys. The composition is extremely ductile and malleable, and, when polished, is very brilliant. "This

gold metal is composed of 978 parts of copper, 2 parts of gold, and 20 parts of aluminum. The first step in its production is the melting of the copper and the gold in a melting-pot of fire-clay or some other fireproof material. The mixture is kept in a molten condition about half an hour, after which 50 parts of borax are added as flux. The mass can then be poured out into bars. This alloy can be wrought into plate or wire, thus allowing of the manufacture of manifold varieties of ornaments and trinkets." The time can be altered by changing the proportion of the three metals. To produce red, less gold and less aluminum are needed; for yellow, a little less gold, and for green, less gold and more aluminum.

### The New British Cabinet.

Mr. Asquith, having returned from kissing the King's hand at Biarritz, has announced his new Cabinet as follows: Lord President of the Council, Lord Tweedmouth; Secretary for the Colonies, the Earl of Creive; Chancellor of the Exchequer, David Lloyd George; First Lord of the Admiralty, Reginald McKenna; President of the Board of Trade, Winston Spencer Churchill; President of the Board of Education, Walter Runciman. John Morley, Secretary of State for India, and Sir Henry H. Fowler, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, have been created Viscounts, and to take seats in the House of Lords, but retain their present offices. Mr. Asquith, the new Premier, was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet; David Lloyd George was President of the Board of Trade; Lord Tweedmouth was First Lord of the Admiralty; the Earl of Creive was President of the Council; Reginald McKenna was President of the Board of Education; Winston Spencer Churchill was Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Walter Runciman was Financial Secretary to the Treasury. The shifting about of the Cabinet has involved only the loss of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the Earl of Elgin, who was Secretary of State for the Colonies. Winston Spencer Churchill and Walter Runciman are the two new members. The consensus of English opinion is that the Cabinet has been strengthened by the change. Lord Tweedmouth's removal from the post of First Lord of the Admiralty to a less important and less paid office is generally attributed, in part, at least, to his indiscretion in connection with the Kaiser's letter, but his policy at the Admiralty was also unacceptable to some of his colleagues. Mr. McKenna's promotion to the Admiralty is much criticised even in Liberal circles. He is supposed to be a "little navy man." His promotion is partly due to Mr. Asquith's personal friendship for him. Under British law, a newly appointed Cabinet minister who is in the Commons must receive a new election before he can serve. Accordingly, four by-elections will be necessary. The principal interest in these elections is centered on the contest Mr. Churchill will have to make in Oldham, Manchester. For a decade before his election from that district in 1906, it had been a conservative stronghold, and it will take a hard fight for the Liberals to retain it. But Mr. Churchill is a fighter. He has already issued a vigorous fighting address to his constituents, defending the policy of his party. After speaking of the fact that it is not customary to oppose for re-election a Minister already once elected a member of the Government, he declares for free trade and upholds the Government's licensing bill, and challenges the liquor trade to show the strength of its vaunted organization. The suffragettes have already started an enthusiastic campaign against Mr. Churchill.



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## OUR REPRESENTATIVES.

IN defining our form of government these oft-repeated words strike most of us as being as comprehensive as any that could be used: "A government of the people, for the people, and by the people." For many reasons it has not seemed practicable for all of us to convene and enact the laws that should govern us in our relations with each other and with others, as they do in several of the cantons of Switzerland. Instead, we elect men to represent us, to carry out our wills for us in the making of laws.

Evidently there is a difference of opinions as to the real nature of the positions of these lawmakers, or else some of them at times defiantly repudiate the title of representative. Sometimes the will of the people is not carried out and they have the mortification of seeming to bring about their own undoing. To be sure, a legislator should be more than a mere machine. He should be able to understand the questions that come up for settlement and judge of their final influence, however settled. He should have the expressed will of the people ever before him, and yet he should be able to interpret it in the light of conditions and events unrecognized by them. However, in an issue which the people have studied carefully and where much is at stake, the right course would be to uphold the will of the people, whatever the representative's private beliefs. The people had better learn of their mistakes through their own actions than to learn that their representative has not been such in truth. A man who cannot conscientiously give himself over to bring about the will of the people, after he has made himself thoroughly acquainted with them and knows what that will might be, has no right to pose as their representative.

While it may be true that in most cases the people may safely rest their interests in the hands of their representative, it is the part of wisdom to be so well acquainted with the progress of affairs that any turn

of events may be provided for and the representative be under no necessity of moving in ignorance of his people's will. In the event of a servant proving unfaithful to his trust, considering first his own or others' interests, his constituents will be in a position to call him to account. For, after all, the people have the last word.

An illustration of the power of the people in holding the lawmakers to their duty as representatives is found in the recent fight in the State of New York against race-track betting. While the bills were being discussed in the legislature it was learned that a number of the lawmakers who "voted for the bills really desired to oppose them and had been restrained from doing so only by the pressure of public opinion in their districts."

There is really no reason why the people should spend any time in bemoaning the fact that they have been betrayed by the men who pledged themselves to stand by their interests. They have at command that which will give expression to their wishes in no uncertain terms and they need fear no legislator, however subject to corruption he may be. If for a time the people seem to be deprived of their inalienable rights, they may put it down that they themselves have not been as zealous as they should in asserting and maintaining them. In this instance we must put in practice the generally selfish principle that if we do not look out for ourselves no one will do it for us.



## AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY.

ELSEWHERE in these pages the attention of the reader is called to the offer of the Battle Creek Sanitarium of a short course in Domestic Science. This is especially suitable for those desiring to take the work who for most of the year are otherwise engaged. And it would be difficult to find an institution better fitted to give the training desired.



## AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

"HONOR to whom honor is due" is a principle we have endeavored to observe in the making of the INGLENOOK. Sometimes we desire to make use of material when we are not acquainted with its origin. In such cases it is our aim to have it appear in such a way that the reader is not likely to attribute it to the pen of the Editor. Sometimes it is not advisable that the name of the author should appear, in each separate case, with his writings. As an instance of this kind we call the readers' attention to the Current Comments that appear in each issue of the INGLENOOK. Many of our readers find these comments very interesting. With few exceptions these are furnished by Richard Seidel, of Fort Hancock, N. J., and we hereby give him the credit that belongs to him with our grateful thanks and appreciation of his help.

## NOTICE!

Now is the time when we particularly desire the help of our friends in extending the INGLENOOK's circle of influence. There are only a few days during which one may avail himself of the offers elsewhere described in these pages. Get to work now and use them as an argument with your friends who are not now on our subscription list; or hand them this issue to read and let them get started on H. M. Spickler's series of articles and the lessons in Esperanto.



## LESSONS IN ESPERANTO.—No. 1.

## WHY LEARN ESPERANTO?

Because it brings all nations together on the basis of one common language. It does not claim to displace any existing language but to furnish a common basis of communication between people of all tongues. It may be of commercial value to you, as thousands in all parts of the world are now learning Esperanto. Why not be up to date? It does not require a lifetime to acquire a practical knowledge of Esperanto.

## HOW TO STUDY ESPERANTO.

Any individual can take up the work alone, but it is better to form a class, if of only 2 or 3, as you will need help that you can only receive in conversing in Esperanto. If classes are formed with one of your number as leader, or if you are studying alone, send us the names or name with the address on a postal to the INGLENOOK office, % Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill. We do not invite correspondence, but if you desire will print names for a post card exchange, as this will be good practice in reading the style and also the composition of the postals of your friends.

## WHEN STUDYING

Always speak the letters aloud, as it is very important to give the letters the correct sound. Esperanto is strictly phonetic. A letter has but one sound and there are no SILENT letters. Be sure you have the proper pronunciation.

## ACCENT.

The principal accent is on the syllable next to the last, no matter how many syllables the word may contain. Do not get into the habit of slighting the remaining syllables. Pronounce every letter distinctly. In talking Esperanto, speak about two shades louder than you generally speak.

A syllable is necessary for every vowel, no matter how many come together. There are NO DOUBLE VOWELS in Esperanto. Compound words are formed the same as in English.

## ALPHABET.

1. The alphabet consists of 28 letters, viz,—

A B C Ĉ D E F G Ĝ H Ĥ I J Ĵ

K L M N O P R S Ŝ T U Ŭ V Z  
a b c ĉ d e f g ĝ h ĥ i j ĵ  
k l m n o p r s ŝ t u ŭ v z

With the following EXCEPTIONS THE LETTERS ARE PRONOUNCED as in English:

A is always pronounced as "a" in ASK.

E is always pronounced as "e" in THERE.

I is always pronounced as "i" in BIG.

O is always pronounced as "o" in FOR.

U is always pronounced "u" in PUSH.

C is always pronounced as "ts" in hats.

Ĉ is always pronounced as "ch" in chop.

G is always pronounced as "g" in gold.

Ĝ is always pronounced as "g" in gentle.

Ĥ is always pronounced as "ch" in loch.

J is always pronounced as "y" in yes.

Ĵ is always pronounced as "s" in vision.

S is always pronounced as "s" in so.

Ŝ is always pronounced as "sh" in show.

AŬ is always pronounced as "ow" in cow.

AĴ is always pronounced as "i" nigh.

OĴ is always pronounced as "oy" in toy.

EĴ is always pronounced as "ayi" in saying.

UĴ is always pronounced as "ui" ruin.

EŬ has a sound similar to a quick pronunciation of "choo" or "ayoo," eliminating most of the "oo" sound.

"A" should have the short Italian sound; be careful not to give it the flat sound.

H is never silent. Every letter must be sounded separately, even in double letters, and the sound is always the same whether at the beginning or in the middle or at the end of a word.

"W" and "th," so difficult to foreigners, are omitted as well as Q, X and Y.

Practice pronouncing the following until you have thoroughly mastered them:

Al as in ahl, Eĉ as in ehts, Eĥ as in ehch, Bir-do as if beer'do. The letter "R" should be sounded more as we do when in singing, it should be trilled.

## EXERCISE 1.

A-be'-lo, A-ce'-ro, A-ĉe'-ti, A-di'-aŭ, A-e'-ro, Aĵ, Ak-cen'-to, Aŭdi, Aveno, Arĉo, Baldaŭ, Bapti, Aĵ, Bedaŭri, Beni, Branĉo, Buŝo, Cifero, Cigno, Ĉar, Citrono, Ĉapo, Ĉevalo, Dangĉero, Detruĵi, Deziri, Ĉie, Dimanĉo, Dolĉa, Enviĵi, Eraro, Eterna, Falĉi, Dio, Familio, Faŭko, Foiro, Ftizo, Fiziko, Suferi, Ec, Eks.

## EXERCISE 2.

Gaja, Glito, Gorĝo, Hajlo, Haŭto, Hejmo, Hieraŭ, Horloĝo, Ie, Ig, Iĝ, Infuĵi, Io, Iri, Ja, Jen, Juĝi, Ĵaluza, Ĵaŭdo, Kaĝo, Kaŭzi, Laŭbo, Lupolo, Maĉi, Muzeo, Naskiĝi, Oceano, Oleo, Pajlo, Paŝti, Piedo, Reĝo, Skarabo, Ŝveli, Tio, Zuzi, Veŝto, Voĉo, Zinko, Zizelo, Zorgi, Zuavo.

ALLAN EISENBISE.





## The Family Altar

Catharine Beery Van Dyke

"If you would bind your little one to you,  
Bind your own soul to all that's high and true  
And let its light shine clear thru all you do.

"Think not that he is all too young to teach,  
His little heart will like a magnet reach  
And touch the truth for which you find no speech."

MUCH of the power both of our physical and our moral efforts expended in child training is ineffective because it is not definitely directed to a particular end. We get our babies and we think they are pretty, or sweet, or precious and some of us even have tremors of awe as to their future; but so few of us take the matter of baby getting and baby keeping as a business. It is a business of limitless magnitude—a business that has certain real, distinguishing characteristics.

We watch the growth of our child and instinctively desire to see it evolve into symmetry of character as well as of body, and yet we overlook the fact that it is incumbent upon us to provide for it the conditions of mental and spiritual development with as much care and judgment and regularity and constancy as we provide for the sustenance and upbuilding of its body. It is time that Christian parents should be wide awake to the needs of the situation if they expect or desire their children to stay or become rooted and grounded in the religion of Jesus Christ. The matter of conversion lies close along the line of continued influence that bears upon a human being during the early years of life.

Froebel, in speaking of the things a child should learn on entering school, puts for the first—not language, nor art, nor mathematics, nor even forms and nature—but—what do you think? Instruction in religion. He defines school as an endeavor, and religion as an effort. "School," he says, "is the endeavoring to bring to the pupil's knowledge and consciousness the being or inner life of objects and himself; the intimate relation of objects one with another; with man the boy himself, and with the living basis and conscious unity of all things, God.

"The effort to lift into clear sight our presentiment that our soul, the human spirit, is in its origin one

with God; the effort founded on this sight, to be, and live, in union with God, undisturbed in every lot, unweakened by any event of existence; this is religion. Religion is not something fixed, but an eternally advancing endeavor, and therefore something eternally subsisting."

These words are not at first easy to understand, but the many questions asked and unasked, which arise in the mind of the child might well be satisfied by teaching him his unity with God and that all nature and all things have their origin in God and belong to him as working parts of him. When we once recognize ourselves what these mean then we can and will without need of apology or excuse establish in our homes a time each day for purposeful communicating with him who is

"The life of all life  
The light of all light  
The love of all love  
The good of all good—  
God."

Now there is not so much need for saying how family worship should be observed after the decision to establish it is once made. "Love finds the way." "Where there's a will there's a way," but anything that savors of an excuse for the service is unworthy of the slightest consideration.

I am often reminded of the story of the Christian shoemaker who, when asked what his business was, replied with pride: "My business is serving the Lord and I make shoes to clear expenses."

We should weave it into our business as wise parents, to have family worship every morning and allow the subsequent work and happenings of the day to follow as secondary in importance as well as in place. The parts of ideal family worship are these: 1. The Word. 2. The Praise. 3. The Prayer.

Oh, the value of these few minutes daily set apart—sanctified—with husband or wife and children in school with God! Who can express or estimate the good that comes through this channel that would be wholly missed by us were the channel clogged or unused?

I pity the child who has never heard his father's voice reading from the Holy Bible, or, who has never heard his mother's voice raised in prayer for him. Talk about incorrigibility in the home! Until we ourselves have learned to obey the law of God and are submissive to that law we have no right to expect our children to yield an honest obedience to us and have in us even a workable faith or confidence.

Once the children know that we, too, are governed by law (and they can best appreciate that situation through the influence of the family altar) they will in sympathy and sincerity yield the more readily to our commands and suggestions.

The Bible is too much an unknown piece of literature in the home and all without reasonable excuse. We all know that a mow full of hay is not going to make a stable full of horses fat and strong unless the hay and other feed enter the mouths of the horses. And our shelves and tables filled with Bibles, pictorial or plain, will never make us spiritual unless we eat the Word of God—unless we know, accept and obey its teaching. If one-fifth of the time spent on daily papers and magazines and light books were spent in the careful perusal of the Word before our children and with our children, the book itself would subserve us better while, at the same time, our children would be growing in the knowledge of God and in reverence for all things pertaining to him, and to their own higher selves.

Then the songs, what a good chance we have here to keep up the favorite old hymns—adding to them the new favorites! And let me suggest that some childhood hymns be used for the real little children so that all may have some part in the devotions. "Rock of Ages," "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah," "Children of the Heavenly King," "Direct me Through this Day," "I'll be a Sunbeam," "Face to Face," "Glory Song," "Break Thou the Bread of Life," "He is so Precious to Me," and the dear little kindergarten thank you hymn that the babies love so well and that goes like this:

"Father, we thank thee for the night  
And for the pleasant morning light;  
For rest and food and loving care  
And all that makes the world so fair.

"Help us to do the things we should;  
To be to others kind and good;  
In all we do, at work or play,  
To grow more loving day by day."

Any other hymns that have endeared themselves by association or choice to any of the children or to yourselves may be kept hold of by often singing them at the family altar.

And then the prayer part! When any member of the family is especially burdened, or afflicted, or tempt-

ed, or in prosperity, or joy, or just any how, how the prayers of papa or mamma, or brother or sister are appreciated, and oh, how they help! This is not fiction nor poetry. Then when a birthday is at hand it is better than a gift to hear good wishes for us voiced at a throne of grace. When a trip is contemplated or a death mourned for, oh, how our hearts are softened and strengthened to hear the words of our friends spoken to him in our behalf!

A long time ago, when almost a child yet, I was kneeling as a guest with relatives around my aunt's family altar. She was a devout minister of the Gospel and as she earnestly entreated the dear heavenly Father in my behalf, who had but lately put on the armor of God to serve him, my heart was lifted to desires for a higher and better life of usefulness and of love. She has long since gone to her reward, but her prayer has been a blessing to me all these years.

There is some wonderful power, almost a magical power, felt over us when we hear people even speak a kind word of praise of us. One of my friends makes me really think I am of some account when she exalts some suspected virtue in me. That power is increased when we hear some one bear our names to a throne of grace in loving desire for our good.

It would not be appropriate for us to pray for our children by name nor each other—husband and wife—in the public service; in secret prayer they could not hear us and might not know it; but at the family altar such supplications are at home, and it is right that we should see to it that every day we go out from each other with the best wishes and prayers of all the members of our households. Here, too, is the place to discipline the children. They ought early to be encouraged to express themselves in thanksgiving, in confession and in petition to their heavenly Father. It is so much easier for any of us to pray in public when we have been brought up to pray around the home altar, and surely I think it would be hardest of all for a child after conversion—especially if his parents were church members—to pray in the presence of his father or his mother if he had never heard them pray before he was converted. It would be a very selfish, indifferent Christian at best, it seems to me, who would sit down and eat his meals without first expressing thanks in some way to the Giver of his food; but even if he does with thankful heart ask the blessing at the table I cannot quite see how that devotion could take the place of family worship and answer for it.

But there is no need of apology for establishing, with a direct and unwavering purpose, the family altar, and no adequate excuse for not establishing it when we learn to think of these things in their right relationships and according to their bearings upon future Christian character and citizenship.

Oh, let's just come out heroically and bravely and



say as we enter upon the erection of this altar dedicated to his honor and for our own great benefit:  
 "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord or to defend his cause."

185 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.



### THE MOTHER'S DECALOGUE.

THE following commandments, typifying the domestic ideals of the Germans, will be of interest to American women:

1. Be healthy.
2. Be joyful.
3. Be beautiful.
4. Be gentle and placid.
5. Be firm without severity.
6. Do not stint with your mother love. Tenderness is not effeminacy.
7. Discipline as life disciplines. It does not scold, it does not plead, it does not fly into a passion. It simply teaches that every deed has its adequate effect.
8. Do not laugh at the little sorrows of children.
9. In illness and danger protect, nurse, cherish and cheer as much as in your power. And do not weaken your vitality by giving way to anguish and sorrowing. What can be done must be done as well as possible.
10. Do not forget; the happiness of having a child includes the duty of smoothing his way in the world—of endowing him with health, gladness, courage, victory.

### Ten Commandments for the Home-Maker.

1. Make your household one harmonious whole, no matter how small the scale.
2. Use only what you can comfortably afford in good quality and ample quantity.
3. Let your home appear bright and sunny. It is not easy to be unpleasant in a cheerful room.
4. Treat your servants wisely and kindly, and it will be impossible for them to either impose or oppose.
5. Have time for everything, and be never in a hurry.
6. A certain formality is necessary to save everyday life from frivolity and freedom from looseness.
7. Don't forget that "society" is the death of home life; hospitality its flower.
8. Know how to talk and how to listen; how to entertain and how to amuse.
9. Have many interests and no studies.
10. Do not forget—your home should not only be a well-conducted dormitory and boarding place, but truly a home, the center and focus of all interest, pleasure, and happiness for everybody connected with it.



REMEMBER, this is INGLENOOK week.

### A LITTLE CHILD LAUGHED.

A little child laughed—and the sun came out,  
 A little child laughed—glory echoed his shout,  
 The birds caught the wonder and carried it far  
 In the song that they sang to the clouds and the star.

A little child laughed—and the shadows and mist  
 By the beams of love's beautiful sunshine were kissed.  
 A little child laughed—and our burden and care  
 Fell away as our sorrows fall away after prayer.

—Baltimore Sun.



### THE WANE OF POLITENESS.

VALUATIONS in business are being got down to a fine point in the commercial world these days, and if a point of politeness comes into conflict with earning capacity, the politeness must go. In Philadelphia, the Keystone telephone company has ordered its 450 girl operators to cease saying "please" to the patrons, and the patrons are requested to leave off the "please" in speaking to the operators. In the course of a day, it has been computed, a great deal of time is consumed in saying "please" over the telephone, and as "please" does not seem to be of any commercial value, the Philadelphia company has decided to drop it. According to calculations made the 450 Philadelphia telephone girls say "please" 900,000 times every 24 hours, and allowing half a second for a word it turns out that 125 hours a day are spent in this courtesy that has no money equivalent. This is but one of the many little courtesies that the commercial spirit is driving away. Ours is the most commercial age the world has ever known and in it have passed many of the little comities that made public and private life a pleasure and a culture. Now if the business world would get to calculating and see just how much time is lost each day in beginning a letter "Dear Sir" and closing with the lengthy "Yours truly" or "Very truly," it might see that a great deal of time can be saved by leaving out these terms which have no monetary value, and perhaps some day a shorthand method for all letters will be agreed on so that time can be saved in the writing of the words of the letter. Knowing the value of time has been called the secret of success, and the man who wastes time had better waste money instead; but politeness, too, has its place in the world and has its indubitable value. We cannot afford to dispense with true courtesy, and while men may today be wealthier than they were in former times, one cannot but look with regret upon the passing of the old school of polite address—the school that taught the son a reverence for and politeness toward parents, that prompted the husband to raise his hat a little higher and bow a little lower to his wife than any other woman, because he honored her more than any other. We may gain time by leaving out some of the acts of politeness handed down to us from a few generations ago, but we lose in other ways.—*The Pathfinder*.

**DANGER IN DARK CLOSETS.**

PEOPLE would wonder far less why sickness is so common in their households if they would inspect their back yards and turn to light the contents of some closet underneath the stairs. In many homes, for instance, the clothes closet is a danger spot unnoticed, of which there are two kinds, in most homes at least; those large enough to be entered, and those built in small recesses accessible only from a door occupying a part of one side. Both kinds are usually arranged to fill the spaces not available for other purposes, and are dark and unventilated, so that, with other conditions supplied, they form excellent breeding-places for germs as well as moths and other undesirable tenants which are so common.

The original purpose of most closets is the keeping of wearing apparel and the storage of articles not in constant demand. In many instances, however, their use far exceeds their legitimate end, resulting in a picture of general confusion—shelves piled with boxes, bundles, bottles, papers, and all sorts of odds and ends; while on the floor, boots, shoes, slippers, and rubbers lie about promiscuously, the place seemingly having become a "catch-all" for anything and everything found lying loose in other rooms.

If only things clean and wholesome were stored in the closet one would need to be less concerned; but too often soiled aprons, dresses, and other garments mixed among the mass of clothing hanging upon hooks or accumulated in a heap upon the floor in corner, waiting for the weekly washing. All garments during wear necessarily absorb more or less effete matter constantly given off by the body; they retain in a greater or less degree, according to fabric and its texture, until cleansed by washing or by some other method. In this soiled condition they would be a source of pollution to the air of the closet in which they might be kept; particularly in a small, unventilated closet.

Thus, the closet in which such garments are stored is likely to be a veritable nest of germs, from which the dust atoms to be sent whirling about in the air of adjoining rooms every time the door is opened, or a movement of any sort takes place. The large rooms of the dwelling are thus free from every appearance of dirt, but are nevertheless "bottled-up" dust and germs in the ever-present, possible source of disease in the household.—*Mrs. E. E. Kellogg*

**FARMERS AND HO**

IN his recent trip through the West, President Roosevelt made many remarks regarding farming and government, worth noting. In pointing out the need for the transportation of f-

"Nothing is more important to this country than the perpetuation of our system of medium sized farms worked by their owners. We do not want to see our farmers sink to the condition of the peasants of the old world, barely able to live on their small holdings, nor do we want to see their places taken by wealthy men owning enormous estates which they work purely by tenants and hired servants.

"At present the ordinary farmer holds his own in the land as against any possible representative of the landlord class of farmer—that is, of the men who would own vast estates—because the ordinary farmer unites his capital, his labor and his brains with the making of a permanent family home, and thus can afford to hold his land at a value at which it cannot be held by the capitalist, who would have to run it by leasing it or by cultivating it at arm's length with hired labor.

"In other words, the typical American farmer of today gets his remuneration in part in the shape of an independent home for his family, and this gives him an advantage over an absentee landlord. Now, from the standpoint of the nation as a whole it is preëminently desirable to keep as one of our chief American types the farmer, the farm home maker, of the medium sized farm. This type of farm home is one of our strongest political and social bulwarks. Such a farm has proved by experience the best for the nation's leaders alike for economic



The enemy against which the declaration of hostility has gone forth is the rat, that pestiferous creature that carries infection and destroys property and life, that plague of shippers and grain handlers, and of those who prefer cleanliness to filth.

Science has lately discovered that rats carry disease, particularly the bubonic plague and even the typhoid fever. Swarming in cellars and sewers and in other places where filth accumulates, the rats emerge on their food-hunting rounds and spread the germs of disease broadcast. If they could be exterminated to the last individual the health of the world would be improved by a large percentage, and the problems now confronting the sanitarians would be simplified to the point of solution.

Just at present San Francisco is the seat of war in this country, the rat plague having reached such proportions there that the Government has appropriated several hundred thousand dollars to exterminate the rodents. The campaign has been carefully organized, and is being intelligently and vigorously prosecuted. As an evidence of the keen interest which business men are taking in this crusade, comes a dispatch from San Francisco that the Santa Fe Railroad Company has sent a check for \$15,000 to the plague fund, which a committee of citizens is raising, to exterminate rats, and also that E. H. Harriman has authorized a contribution of \$30,000 from the Southern Pacific for the same purpose.

When the corporations spend their money at this rate the rat war must be regarded as a serious enterprise. It is likely that during the current fiscal year, what with Government funds and privately-raised means, over a million dollars will have been spent in San Francisco in this work.

Poisons that drive the rats out of their holes to die and thus prevent the festering of their bodies in their deep-hidden nests are to be used in large quantities. Other means are being adopted. The whole range of human knowledge on the subject of rat killing is to be exhausted. Systematically, scientifically the war will be carried on until San Francisco will be cleansed of its filth and ridged of its rats, and will no longer have reason to fear the plague or any other disease that may be carried about by these creatures. Such an accomplishment will be well worth the money.—*Washington Star*.

#### BACK TO THE SOIL.

The city of Berlin erected last year more buildings than did Chicago. This comes not as a startling bit of news, but as a reminder of the mania which seems to be driving the peoples of all countries in a mad rush from the farm to the city. The proportion of our own urban population to the whole number of our people, which was only three per cent in 1790 and twenty-

two per cent in 1880, is now thirty-three per cent, and is growing by leaps and bounds.

The discouraging thing is that this movement is taking place now when labor on the farm is needed so much and when farm life was never so wholesome or attended with so many conveniences. Boys are leaving a comfortable living in the country to work for starvation wages and live under unsanitary conditions in the cities. Instead of returning to their homes in the small towns where they might almost immediately come to positions of trust and influence, the graduates of our colleges are settling down in the cities where many years of labor in subordinate positions must precede distinction. The situation is not at all a wholesome one and needs to be met with a vigorous campaign of education in which the pulpit, the college and the newspaper stand shoulder to shoulder.—*Home Herald*.

### For SUNDAY READING

#### IF.

MARY C. STONER.

There's sweetness in the deepest sorrow,  
There's joy in every woe,  
If trustful hearts can find the meaning  
The Lord would have them know.

There's blessed joy in humble service,  
There's balm for every need,  
If patient hands perform the labor,  
If love controls the deed.

There's sunshine o'er the hills of darkness,  
There's rest for weary feet,  
If earnest toil will struggle bravely  
Till all the task's complete.

There're countless visions filled with glory,  
There're stores of wondrous worth,  
If human eyes could lose their blindness  
And look above the earth.

There's boundless love to fill the longings,  
There're showers from above,  
If hearts would ope their doors to heaven,  
If hearts would know the love.

There's wond'rous life within the Spirit,  
There's joy beyond compare,  
If only self would yield its idol,  
If self would yield its care.

There's satisfaction in his fullness,  
There's grace for ev'ry hour,  
If hearts would cease to care for sinning  
And trust his saving power.

There's mercy free in Christ the Savior,  
There's pardon sweet for all,  
If men would know the need of cleansing,  
If men would heed God's call.  
North Manchester, Ind.

**"I AM DIFFERENT."**

SOMETIMES children may find things wrong in the home, and not think for a moment that to make them right they themselves must change. It is very easy to put the task of improving things on other people. I once heard of a little girl who was much dissatisfied with her home-life, and always telling her grievances, and showing her discontent in voice, look and manner. One day a friend who knew all about her complaining, was greatly surprised when she met her to see her quick step and bright smile, and to hear her sweet and happy voice. She was so different in her disposition that the friend was moved to ask how things were at her home, thinking that some good news had been received, or some happy home event had happened. The little girl exclaimed, "Oh, everything is just the same at home, but I am different." Many a home would be much more pleasant if those in the home who find fault would pursue this little girl's course, and be different.—*Exchange*.

**THE VALUE OF HOME TRAINING.**

SOME things we learn from our parents will stay by us in later years, however much the world may encroach upon our hearts and minds. The fact is, truth has a mighty force of its own when taught in love. The child's mind is in a plastic state and the impressions made by the truth spoken by father and mother are likely to endure, when love seals every word. This fact has a pleasant illustration in the following simple event:

A Christian family highly esteemed in a western New York village, removed to Michigan. Guy, an industrious, conscientious lad of this family, wishing to become helpful to his parents, was employed by the publishers of a leading paper to sell the daily issues in that town. After the bargain had been made, he was told that he would be expected to sell on Sundays as well as on week days. This he had not taken into the account, and it troubled him exceedingly. He was very anxious to have the situation, but could not see how he could spend his Sabbaths in that way. He appealed to his parents who very wisely told him "to think the matter over," knowing that the principles which they had inculcated would lead him to a correct decision.

At first he thought of employing another boy to do the Sunday work, but after a little thought concluded this would not be right. Finally he determined to give up the position altogether, and so informed the editor of the paper.

"I can't work on Sunday," said Guy.

"Oh," replied the editor, "I used to feel so too; but now we all work on Sunday, and you had better continue with this."

"No," he firmly answered; "if I must sell papers on Sunday, I'll stop altogether."

This noble stand taken by the young lad must have caused his employer to think of earlier days, and perhaps of his own mother, for he soon responded:

"You need not give up your position. Keep it and I promise you I will stop printing a Sunday edition of my paper."

Guy went away delighted, of course, and the editor has kept his word although his paper had a large circulation. That is what a boy can accomplish.—*The Mennonite*.

**WHY CHURCH IS A FAILURE.**

CHURCHES are failures in doing what they are supposed to do because they depend upon charity, and in depending upon charity they look to those who are best able to give charity. Because they must depend upon the voluntary contributions of the wealthier class of people they fear to offend these people, and because they fear to offend they fail to tell the truth either in pulpit or in Sunday school.

As a matter of fact, congregations are largely made up of people other than the workers and they do not care to hear of any reform that will rob them in any way of the right or power to tax other people. The only people who ever did take kindly to the religion of Jesus Christ, as taught by him, were the poor. Churches and preachers have tried to construe his teachings to fit all kinds of conditions, but when Christ said that it was as hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, he meant that the rich man must cast aside his riches before he could enter the kingdom, but instead of doing that the rich man fixes his possessions so that he can keep them forever if possible. He considers his family as part of himself and by continuing his wealth in his family he virtually keeps it, and it keeps him from heaven. He also helps to make laws that allow his children and his grandchildren to tax the public perpetually, and much of this legislation is bought and paid for. These are millstones about the necks of the rich members of the congregation and the preacher fears to talk real reform for fear of its effect on his salary.

There is no compromise between right and wrong, and the preacher who is trying to preach the religion of Christ so as to satisfy the speculators and gamblers of the world may as well make up his mind to be satisfied with the pay he gets on earth and let go the idea of a crown and harp in heaven.



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER once said: "To teach a child how to read and not what to read is to put a dangerous weapon into his hand."





# Echoes from Everywhere

Conditions for a good crop of spring wheat in N. Dak. were never better at this time of year. Nearly all the wheat has been sown, and at the time of this writing a rain is falling which will insure an even stand of grain.

The mine operators of Montana have bought a smelter, and will smelt their own ores. They have been at the mercy of the smelter trust for some time, and refuse to submit to its excessive charges any longer.

The Minneapolis Journal, which opened up the question as to why the women follow the fashions, has taken quite a dislike to the Merry Widow hats. Hardly a day passes without an editorial comment on these monstrosities.

The postmarking of postal cards at the office of the address has been discontinued because of complaints that the practice disfigured the picture postcards, or obliterated the message, even when the mark was made on the address side.

"I VIEW THE UNCONTROLLED CONDITION of the liquor traffic as a serious danger . . . if the State does not soon control the liquor traffic, the liquor traffic will control the State."—Lord Roseberry, former Premier of England.

The new Catholic church laws, published last August, went into effect at Easter. Engagements now, to be binding, must be in writing and the marriage must be performed by the priest of the parish in which one of the parties lives.

Both the House and the Senate have passed an anti-betting bill which prevents gambling on horse-races in all parts of the District of Columbia. The bill passed the senate just 24 hours after the spring meeting at the Benning race track in the District had closed.

Joseph H. Patterson, the wealthy president of the National Cash Register Co., has decided to remove his factory from Dayton Ohio, on account of what he terms the "petty annoyances" of the people. He admits that his "welfare" work with employees is a failure.

It is well known that in experimenting with the Roentgen light many a scientist has lost his hand or even his life as a result of the burns and cancers which set in. A Cornell professor, A. C. Geyser, now announces that he has invented an appliance which will obviate this danger so that patients need no longer fear the painful burns which have hitherto attended its employment. He makes use of a tube, called the Cornell tube, in connection with the X-ray machine and in using it 5,000 times not a single lesion resulted. The use of the tube was recently demonstrated before a meeting of radio-therapeutic experts and a number of patients who had been cured without suffering injury were exhibited.

The construction of a huge new waterway across Siberia, nearly parallel with the course of the Trans-Siberian Railway, is projected in Russia. It is proposed to connect five great Siberian rivers—the Tobol, Ishin, Irlish, Ob, and Yeniesse—and other less important streams, by canals or light railways.

About 35 years ago Hon. W. W. Thomas, U. S. Minister to Sweden, brought over a colony of farmers and they established the town of New Sweden, in Northern Maine, now one of the most prosperous towns in the State. The Swedes are to be found all over New England and stand in the forefront for honesty, industry, sobriety and general good citizenship. F.

The latest electrical lighting apparatus makes use of quartz. Mercury vapor is used and a quartz tube is placed inside a glass tube, the whole contrivance resembling an arc lamp in general appearance. The device will give light for 1,000 hours, and an advantage that is claimed for it is that it is unnecessary to replace any electrodes.

The speed of submarine telegraphy is illustrated by the fact that five minutes are usually sufficient to cover a complete buying and selling operation between the London Stock Exchange and Wall Street. The distance between these two points is about four thousand miles, and it takes the message less than a minute for the journey.

The American Society of Equity claims that it has kept up the price of spring wheat in the face of the financial panic. At a meeting held in Fargo, N. Dak., this claim was made, and it is proposed to make a strong campaign to extend the influence of the society in Minnesota and the Dakotas. A movement is on foot to have the society erect terminal elevators in Duluth and Minneapolis.

The town of Wishert in Kankakee County, Ill., has sixty-three votes. The voters are nearly all Hollanders, most of whom are truck gardeners. The liquor people said: "Oh, those Hollanders will all vote for saloons." There were only two anti-saloon speeches made during the campaign, as it was considered a hopeless case. Forty-three of the sixty-three votes were against the saloon. You can't always tell about these foreigners.

The North Dakota Durum Wheat League was in session in Grand Forks recently. The purpose of this league is to secure a better rating and better prices for Durum (macaroni) wheat. Prof. Ladd, of the North Dakota Agricultural College, reports that analyses show that there is a large proportion of Durum in the flour from various milling centers, yet Durum sells at from ten to twenty-five cents less per bushel than other wheat. The league protests against this discrimination.

MILFORD, Mass., April 14.—Large quantities of granite are being shipped from local quarries to Washington, D. C., for the material in the United States Treasury building. The blocks are mammoth ones, weighing some fifty tons, measuring 32 feet in length and tapering from four feet at the base to three at the top. Thirty blocks were included in the first shipment and it will take about two years for the required amount to be quarried.

According to the "Scientific American Supplement," the production of denatured alcohol for the first six months of 1907, under the new law covering its manufacture, amounted to 1,774,272 gallons. The supplemental new alcohol law will, it is estimated, lead to a production of 4,000,000 gallons for the calendar year. The operation of the law has already reduced the cost of wood alcohol from prices varying between 60 and 75 cents to 30 cents a gallon, a fact which plainly indicates that a fairly efficient monopoly has been established in the wood alcohol business.

Indianapolis, April 23.—Attorney-General Bingham will file suits against all brewing companies in the State on the charge that they have been operating saloons and transacting a retail liquor business. There are more than twenty brewing companies in the State, and it is declared that practically all have been controlling saloons. The State will contend that conducting a retail liquor business by brewing companies is illegal. The suits will ask injunctions restraining further violation of the law, revocation of charters, appointment of receivers, and practically means the elimination of such breweries from the State, if the suits are successful. This action, also if successful, will put out of business more than 3,500 saloons.

Hongkong, April 24.—The Chinese are strenuously fostering the boycott. It is now clinched for continuance by the signing of a document in which the Chinese pledge their adherence under the penalty of a fine of \$200 for each offense of having their own fathers and grandfathers' names posted in public thoroughfares among China's traitors and of having their names expunged from the guilds. The document is ingeniously worded to avoid mention of the boycott of Japan. It is signed by 190 leading firms having branches in Hongkong, Canton, Singapore, Shanghai, America and Australia, and representing the entire community of South and Central China. They bind themselves under a solemn pledge to buy no Japanese goods, to accept no Japanese insurance policies, to send no remittances through Japanese banks and to ship no cargoes in Japanese bottoms.

The development of the big scandal in connection with land frauds that have taken place under the very nose of Congress and the rest of the government at Washington is likely as a result of a provision inserted in the public building bill reported to the House. It is shown that peculiar methods in the land grab game have not been confined to the public land States of the far West. Information has reached the authorities that titles have been obtained illegally to sections of land in the district which afterward have become suddenly of great value. Attention was attracted to the matter originally by the case of Sidney Bieber, formerly a protégé of Speaker Cannon. Bieber had secured tracts in the district in a manner which called from Senator Carter of Montana the severest grilling of an individual heard on the floors of Congress in years.

Wilson D. Wing of Bangor, Maine, has recently been in the South making investigations in regard to the use of rice straw in the paper manufacturing business and his work along this line is being watched with interest by the prominent pulp and paper men of Maine as well as other sections of the country. According to a well-known paper manufacturer of Bangor the project is entirely feasible, altho, according to this manufacturer, paper of a quality fine enough for writing purposes could hardly be made of rice straw.

Believing that the boys and girls of New England can learn, through occasional visits to Boston, a great deal that is really essential to their regular studies, the city of Boston publicity bureau is sending a circular letter to the heads and teachers of the various schools, academies and colleges, outlining the value of educational pilgrimages to the "Modern Athens." This idea has been already tried by a number of the New England schools especially in connection with class trips to Washington, and the teachers and principals in charge of these excursions, as well as the pupils themselves, have invariably been delighted with their experiences. Several parties of bright boys and girls have visited Boston on the way to the national capital this spring.

Cando, N. Dak., is highly gratified by an unusual honor paid one of her citizens by the President and Gov. Burke. Mr. F. L. Thompson, who has had a prominent part in the development of this section of the State, having first proposed the Brethren as colonists for the government lands near Cando, and having done much to make the movement a success, has been invited to attend the conference of governors and other notables at Washington, May 13 and 14.

Mr. Thompson came to the State in the early days from southern Illinois, where he knew the Brethren well. He was a very successful farmer, and prospered in spite of early discouragements. When the Brethren came, he was able to give them good advice as to methods of work, and was always generous with his assistance. He is now the head of the Thompson Realty Co., one of the soundest institutions in the Northwest. His friends among the Brethren will be especially glad to hear of the honor conferred upon him.

#### Farm Help Wanted.

Commissioner of Labor Lyons this year is investigating the farming opportunities thruout Maine. Blanks have been sent all over the State asking information along these lines: Opportunities for securing farms and cost, opportunity to secure labor, permanent or temporary and also the class of labor, that is, the nationalities preferred.

While he is laying particular stress on the farming proposition, Commissioner Lyons also is asking for information concerning the chances laborers, other than those of the farm, have of employment in the State.

Up to this time, the returns show that demand for farm labor is far in excess of the supply. From all portions of the State the reply is, that "we cannot get men to work on the farms; we want farm help and there is ample work for it."

The immigrants from Sweden are most wanted. The experience all over Maine, in the farming sections, indicate that the Swedes make very desirable citizens. They are good workers, thrifty and are a valuable acquisition to the community.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### PEACE DAY IN THE SCHOOLS.

The following letter, says the Advocate of Peace, has been sent by the secretary of the American Peace Society, under instructions from the board of directors, to all the state superintendents of public instruction in the United States, and to the superintendents of schools in all cities of 25,000 population and over:

Dear Sir: Permit me to call your attention again this year to the observance of the 18th of May, the anniversary of the opening of the first Hague Conference, as general Peace Day in the public schools.

The importance of this observance can hardly fail to impress itself upon educational leaders who give the subject careful attention. The international peace movement, which is expressing itself through The Hague conferences and the great national and international peace congresses, is now confessedly the most important philanthropic movement before the world.

Such a Peace Day affords opportunity in the schools to bring before the minds of the children and young people in a simple way the newer ideals of the relation of races and nations which are rapidly coming to the front. It is self-evident that the boys and girls who are going to be the workers and leaders in the world's progress the coming generation should early have instilled into them right notions of the relations of nations and peoples to each other, and some elementary knowledge of the movements which are rapidly bringing about the unity and ultimate peace of the world.

Where exercises of this kind have taken place in the schools the past two or three years, the boys and girls have responded eagerly to the appeals made in behalf of humanity and peace, and, where asked to do so, have themselves taken part enthusiastically in the exercises.

It is not proposed that the 18th of May be made a holiday, or that any large amount of time should be taken from the regular school duties, but that only half an hour, or at most an hour, should be devoted to this subject. The freshness of spirit aroused by such exercises compensates many times over for the time devoted to them.

During the past three years the state superintendents in no less than twelve states—Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Ohio, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Montana, Colorado, California, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Idaho—have recommended the observance of the day in the schools under their supervision, and in a considerable number of other states local superintendents have taken the matter up and secured most satisfactory results in the schools under their charge.

It is to be hoped that this year the Superintendents of Public Instruction in all the states and the superintendents in all the important cities of the nation, to whom this letter is addressed, will coöperate in securing the general observance of the day throughout the country in the way proposed.

The American Peace Society will be glad to place its

literature, at a merely nominal price, at the service of superintendents and teachers who may desire to use it in making preparation for the day.

Asking your favorable consideration of the suggestion here made, I am, on behalf of the Board of Directors of the American Peace Society. Yours very sincerely,  
Benjamin F. Trueblood.

Boston, March 2, 1908.



### RECENT WORK OF LUTHER BURBANK.

One of the most important examples of the work to which Luther Burbank has devoted himself is the development of a plant-friend of his earliest years—the opuntia; for, as he expresses it, a thornless cactus was one of the first pets he had. There are hundreds of varieties of the opuntia, or prickly pear—so many that it has been a difficult matter to classify them; and they grow in almost as many different portions of the globe. Commonly supposed to be naturally thorny, in reality the opuntia was originally spineless and in addition possessed leaves. Lack of rain in the wild regions in which it spread caused it gradually to discard its leaves and substitute its stems (enlarged) as moisture-gatherers. And in time thorns developed as the ravages of hungry animals increased, for nature usually gives her offspring some means of defense. Some varieties of wild thornless cacti are still to be found in Hawaii and other countries, growing in crevices of rocks or other spots inaccessible as feeding grounds. But in the places where forage is most needed, upon millions of arid acres all over the world, the opuntia's spines are most huge and fierce, its fine, sharp needles most deadly. In periods of drought and famine hundreds of thousands of animals have perished on Texas tracts and other wide stretches for lack of food and water. At its best the prickly pear means both, but even where ranchmen singe the cactus for their cattle the spines cannot be entirely destroyed, so that in such instances animals suffer and die as well as when driven desperate, to the unsinged plants.

Our own government and scientific men of other countries have taken this work of Mr. Burbank's very seriously, since it has been found that the cultivated, spineless opuntias he has bred will withstand adverse conditions of climate or soil quite as well as those native to desert regions and at the same time produce ten times more food than the average type of wild opuntias. But it is not only in desert regions that the thornless cactus is practicable and useful. The usual farm-crop of forage is about twenty tons per acre; the new varieties, Mr. Burbank says, will produce 200 tons per acre, that is, under favorable conditions on good cultivated soil; and upon gravelly or rocky stretches where nothing now brings returns to the farmer this easily grown fodder-crop will assure excellent results.

Although in one sense the thornless opuntias have virtually been brought to perfection, Mr. Burbank is still at

work upon them, developing another phase of their usefulness, and one of the very latest things he has accomplished is to prove that the seeds may be made to go the way of the thorns. He has now two kinds of prickly pear whose fruits are practically seedless. The few still in evidence are almost as small as tomato seeds now, he says, and growing fewer all the time. The fruit is of value to stock from its juiciness and from the amount of sugar it contains (14 per cent, more or less). Also, the best cactus contains  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of fat, while others contain only a small fraction of 1 per cent. He reckons that on the poor types of soil the average crop of fruit alone is 18,000 pounds per acre. As food for man the fruit is not new, but the type oftenest found hitherto has been rather insipid—not unpleasant, yet distinctly peculiar in its flavor and of mucilaginous consistency. The wild specimens have chiefly been valued to quench thirst, yet in a number of the warmer countries they are eaten to some slight extent as a dessert-fruit, in marmalades, and are used for coloring ices, jellies, and other concoctions, the usual color being crimson. Mr. Burbank, however, has bred both crimson and yellow opuntias which he considers superior to the banana in flavor and they are delicious, variously prepared. One novel use to which both fruit and leaf-juice are put is as an addition to whitewash, since it acts as a preservative against exposure to inclement weather.



#### FACTS ABOUT OUR TREES.

"All our standing timber is estimated to be somewhere between fourteen hundred and two thousand billion feet," says Emerson Hough in "The Slaughter of the Trees," in the May Everybody's. "If we use forty billions per annum, we can run thirty-five to fifty years at the present rate, provided we do not have any waste. If we use one hundred billions per annum, our timber will last fourteen to twenty years, on the same basis. If we use one hundred and fifty billions per annum, in nine to thirteen years our timber will all be gone! We have now about 165,000,000 acres in our national reserves. If we had three times that much, we should not have enough.

"If it costs twenty acres a Sunday, or forty acres a week, or 2,080 acres a year to print one daily newspaper, what does it cost in acreage to print all the newspapers in all the cities and towns of America? Add to this the enormous editions of our magazines. Add to this the paper used in books. The total staggers the imagination, and yet the amount of timber cut for pulp in the United States annually is less than five per cent of what is cut for lumber. Last year we made more than 315,000,000 lead pencils. A lead pencil is not very large, but the total number of lead pencils required 7,300,000 cubic feet of cedar. We have cedar enough to last us just twelve years.

"More than 100,000 acres of timber, in the whole United States, are cut over every working day. We use many times more timber per capita than any other nation. We have left not over 450,000,000 acres bearing commercial timber. Cast up in your mind some of the small demands of industry upon this supply. Our railroads are said to use one-third of the industrial timber cut for ties. Suppose we could cut one hundred ties to the acre; we should require a million acres a year for ties. We annually reap for telegraph and telephone poles somewhere between three and four million acres of land. Our tanneries two years ago required 1,370,000 cords of bark. In the same year we cut 11,858,260 shingles and 3,812,807 laths. Then we had to timber our mines, and for that we used 165,-

000,000 cubic feet, not board measure, much of which was the best of hardwood."



#### THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE.

The Commission on the Indeterminate Sentence of Maryland appointed under a law of 1906 has just made its report. The commission was composed of five citizens all interested in questions relating to the care of prisoners. One member had served for twenty years as the warden of the Maryland Penitentiary, and another member had served for several years as president of the Board of Visitors of the Baltimore City Jail. The commission has given earnest attention to the subject. The report gives a brief account of what the indeterminate sentence is and what is claimed for it by its friends and states that "the main question at issue between the indeterminate sentence and the definite sentence is whether it is for the best interest of the State that the trial judge or a board of managers acting as a board of parole should determine the length of sentence." A very slight study of the definite sentence and its application by the courts shows that it is one of the worst legal instruments ever devised for the perpetuation of crime. It is not surprising, therefore, that some of our most eminent judges and jurists who have given attention to the subject feel that the definite sentence is not fitted to the requirements of modern life. It is a relic of an archaic system and belongs to the period of candles, whale-oil lamps and tinderboxes. It is a part of our legal machinery which ought to go to the junkshop. What a modern judge with the help of the jury should be asked to decide is whether an accused person has actually committed a certain act or acts and whether his offense, taken in connection with a study of his character, is such as to make it important to remove him from society instead of placing him on probation. The question whether a man should be removed from society for discipline and correction is totally different from the question as to the day when he may or should be released. The judge and jury may well decide the first question, but they are incompetent to decide the second. Any doctor who, when a patient was committed to a hospital or asylum, should attempt to fix the precise day of his discharge as cured or convalescent would be considered a quack. Legal quackery is no better than medical quackery. Our criminal codes are full of it and our judges are unfortunately obliged to practice it because they have no other resource.

It seems not a little curious that the ancient and mediæval method of inflicting a certain amount of suffering as the supposed equivalent for a certain offense should retain its hold so tenaciously in our legal system. It is one illustration of the conservatism of the law. It is a method which does not furnish protection to society. In these days of electric lights we need to turn the searchlight upon our legal system and its consequences.

Evidently an important reason and perhaps the most influential, in deterring the Indeterminate Sentence Commission of Maryland from applying this principle to the penitentiary of that State was the fear of disturbing or reducing the large profits made in that institution from the labor of prisoners. The penitentiary, which cost the State \$1,500,000, has an average prison population of about 950. Prisoners are largely employed in the shirt industry, about one-fourth of them in the boot and shoe factory and about one-fifth in the hollow-ware foundry. In 1906, a surplus of \$44,000 was returned to the State of Maryland over and above expenses, and during the year the prison-



ers earned for themselves \$41,682 in addition to receipts mentioned above.

It is a matter of some surprise that the Maryland commission, while declining to convert the penitentiary into a reformatory on the Elmira plan, did not at least in a qualified form apply the indeterminate sentence as it has been applied with excellent effect to state prisons not classed as reformatories. Without disturbing to any serious extent the productive features of the penitentiary, unless to reduce the surplus turned over to the State, it would not be difficult to classify the prisoners and establish a system of marking and grading and a board of parole such as has been created in many States. That would be a great improvement over the present commutation system now applied in the penitentiary. The experience of a great number of the States of the Union and a great number of the countries of Europe in the direction of the conditional release of prisoners after serving a term of imprisonment, has been so convincing that it is not to be overborne by the timidity of any single State, or by the experience of any governor. In scientific penology, facts and experience are worth any amount of theory and these all sustain the wisdom of good parole laws.—Charities and the Commons.



#### MOTHER EARTH.

Old Mother Earth woke up from sleep  
And found she was cold and bare;  
The winter was over, the spring was near,  
And she had not a dress to wear!

"Alas!" she sighed with great dismay,  
"Oh, where shall I get my clothes?  
There's not a place to buy a suit,  
And a dressmaker no one knows."

"I'll make you a dress," said the springing grass,  
Just looking above the ground,  
"A dress of green, of the loveliest sheen  
To cover you all around."

"And we," said the dandelions gay,  
"Will dot it with yellow bright."  
"I'll make it a fringe," said forget-me-not,  
"Of blue, very soft and light."

"We'll embroider the front," said the violets,  
"With a lovely purple hue,"

"And we," said the roses, "will make you a crown  
Of red, jeweled over with dew."

"And we'll be your gems," said a voice from the shade.  
Where the ladies' eardrops live—  
"Orange is a color for any queen,  
And the best that we have to give."

Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,  
As she put on her dress so gay;  
And that is the reason, my little ones,  
She is looking so lovely today.



#### THE RULE OF THREE.

THREE things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to admire—power, gracefulness and dignity.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flip-pant jesting.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and affectation.

Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.

Three things to love—purity, truthfulness and honor.

Three things to be—brave, gentle and kind.—*The Pilgrim.*



#### BETWEEN WHILES.

"How do your people here stand on internal improvements?" asked the congressman, who was around feeling the pulse of his constituents. "Well," replied the influential grocer of the village, scratching his chin, "I guess they're in favor of 'em. I'm sellin' more of these new-fangled breakfast foods this year than I ever did before."



Mr. Justcott—"Why, what are you crying about, dear?"

Mrs. Justcott—"O, George, the mice have got into the pantry and eaten up a beautiful custard pie I made myself!"

Mr. Justcott—"There, there! Don't cry over a few little mice!"—*Western Christian Advocate.*



#### The Fact.

"I see that the Supreme Court of Nebraska has decided that a woman has a right to get off a street car backwards."

"Yes, but that's because it was useless to say that she shouldn't get off backwards."—*The Commoner.*



Reluctant—"Your wife likes the last word, doesn't she?"

"I don't think so," answered Mr. Meekton. "Any way, she's mighty reluctant about reaching it."—*Washington Star.*



"If I knew you and you knew me,  
If both of us could clearly see,  
And with an inner sight divine  
The meaning of your heart and mine,  
I'm sure that we should differ less,  
And clasp our hands in friendliness,  
Our thought would pleasantly agree,  
If I knew you and you knew me."

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#### WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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"How would you prove the existence of God to an inquirer?"

"What is the Scriptural means of raising money for church or other Christian uses?"

"Kindly explain Acts 13: 48; 'And as many as were ordained to eternal life believed.' Are some born to be lost?"

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It is expected that **THE TIE** will report the addresses of several Bible conferences during the coming summer.

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# Facts Regarding Imperial Valley

Some people in trying to induce their friends to settle in the country where they themselves are located, frequently send them advertising matter that is gotten up by unscrupulous land agents that deviates from the truth. Their friends come and buy property and soon find out that the facts do not correspond with the advertisements sent them. The result is they soon become discouraged and sell out at a sacrifice, and go back where they came from, worsted financially and in some instances say worse things of the country than they should, and thus bring reproach on a good country (though not as good as the advertisement represented it to be). The undersigned has known this to happen more than once, and for this reason has decided to tell his friends about the Imperial Valley in his own words, so that he alone shall be responsible, and so that the wonderful Imperial Valley may never be made a reproach and a by-word.

Imperial Valley is situated in San Diego County, California, 183 miles east of Los Angeles on the Imperial branch of the Southern Pacific railroad. The soil is an alluvial deposit and all crops are grown by irrigation, with water from the Colorado River. The main irrigation canal is 80 feet wide on the bottom and 100 feet wide on the top, and 10 feet deep. The soil is adapted to the growth of wheat, barley, alfalfa and nearly all kinds of fruit. Alfalfa having plenty of water can be cut eight times per season, yielding as high as ten tons of nice hay per acre which sells at present from \$8.00 to \$11.00 per ton. Barley can be sown for winter pasture in alfalfa stubble after the last crop of hay is harvested. Alfalfa can be cut every three weeks if the hay is wanted for dairy cows, or every four or five weeks if wanted for horses. I have known of alfalfa yielding \$40.00 worth of seed per acre and my own yielded \$20.00 per acre with the first season's sowing. Dairying and hog raising are very profitable. Butter sells from 20 cents to 45 cents per pound; hogs, 7½ cents on foot; also beef, cattle and horses do excellently. One colt weighed 960 pounds at less than one year old. One acre of alfalfa will keep from 2 to 3 head of dairy cows or horses and from ten to fifteen head of hogs. Oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apricots, grapes and berries do well. A single grape vine has yielded 30 pounds of grapes 18 months from setting. Grapes, apricot and cantaloupe growing is very profitable as they will ripen here from three to four weeks earlier than other places, and be placed on the eastern market before they are ripe in other localities. One man at Coachella was offered \$600.00 cash for the grapes on a single acre of vines and refused the offer and sold at retail for \$1,400.00. Cantaloupes will net the growers from \$50.00 to \$300.00 per acre. I have lived in the valley as long as any one, being one of the first settlers, and my experience and observation has taught me that you can grow almost anything here you plant, including vegetables, if planted in the proper seasons and properly cared for. The selling price of land at present is from \$40.00 to \$100.00 per acre, owing to location. President Roosevelt says that when it is thoroughly developed it will be worth from \$500.00 to \$1500.00 per acre.

Reader, when you shiver around your fireside the coming winter, just think of the Imperial Valley where you can go in your shirt sleeves nearly every day in the year. And on the 10th day of this month (May, 1907), while there was a snow storm raging in many places in the eastern states, we were making hay and picking and eating fruit in the Imperial Valley.

For further information, address

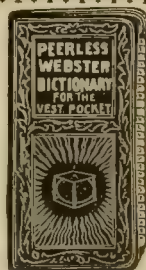
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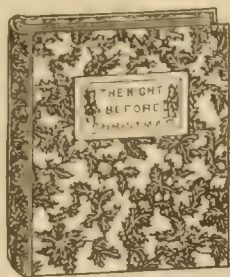
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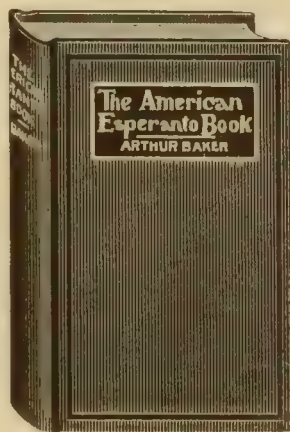
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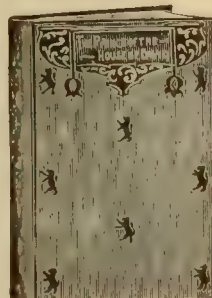
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¶ Do not mail your order before May 4 or after May 9. The offers mentioned below are good for five days only.

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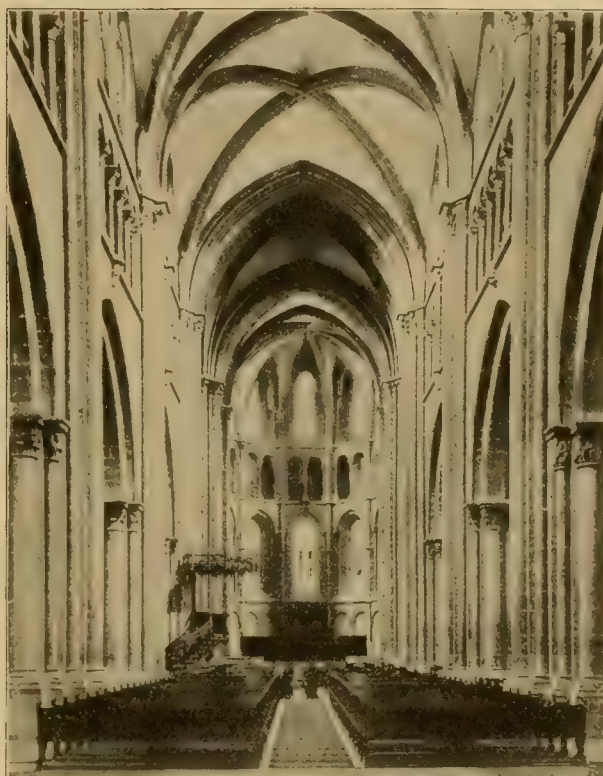
**Remember the Date, May 4-9, 1908**

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# THE INGLENOOK



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27 yt hd 10 dh

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF 4-30-8

E.M.Cobb, 3 Edison Ave. Elgin, Ill.

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Geo.L.Mc Donough

7:10 P.M.

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¶ We feel sorry for you people back East in the midst of May snows and frosts. Too bad your gardens and flowers are all frozen. Come West. Don't wait till next year. It's not likely to be any better then. Don't stay where it is nine months winter and three months late in the fall.

¶ You ought to see the buildings going up here this Spring. The farmers have cleared thousands of acres of sagebrush land and sowed it to oats and other grain. Many large orchards will be planted this fall. "Something doing" then. People north of us who have had time to grow fruit received \$1000. an acre for their apples on the trees last Fall. We can produce the evidence for this.

¶ Shake the snow off your hat, put your overcoat in the trunk, get out your summer clothes and buy a ticket for Macdoel. Sell your tank heaters, soapstone footwarmers, and bobsleds to the neighbors; they'll need 'em. Tell them not to let the fire in the furnace go out for a few weeks yet, or the water pipes will burst.

¶ By the way, do you want a lot in Macdoel? The railroad is here now and there will be a sale on the lots soon. Don't wait till you have to buy a half-mile back from the center of town, and then blame us for it. Write us now.

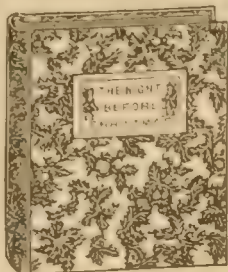
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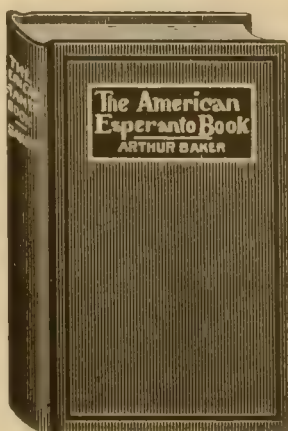
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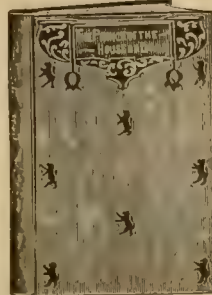
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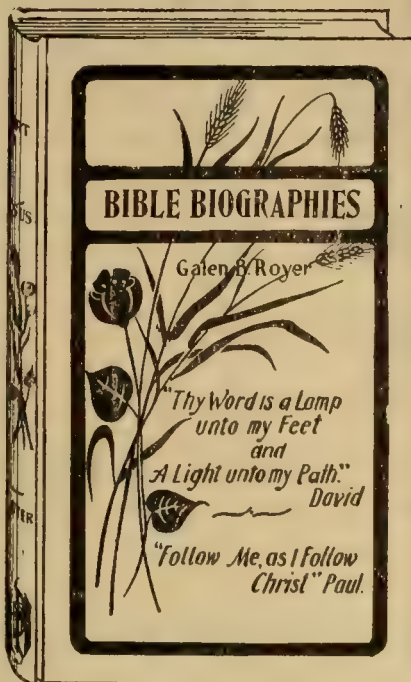
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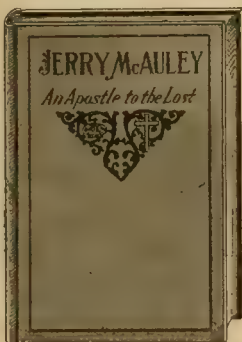
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Edited by R. M. Offord

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To read his "testimonies" and to stop and ponder on them is to find the clew to his power. Here is one of them. "I have nothing to be proud of; I am proud of my Savior and not of myself. I was a notorious drunkard and gambler. Even my wife does not know of some of the sins I committed, and she never will till the Day of Judgment. I don't know what to say to express my feelings of thankfulness. I know I have been converted, that is, if conversion is ceasing to love that which is evil and loving that which is good. I know that divine grace saved me from a drunkard's grave."

## Kindle the Flame in Other Hearts

It is a good thing to write and print and spread the life of such a man as the hero of this volume. It may kindle the flame in many other hearts. Christians in other walks of life than he trod may be stirred to better living. And some poor, sinning soul, some wretched and sinking soul, some poor sinner, almost as bad as Jerry was, may read it in his extremity, and cry out with this ransomed prisoner, "Lord, save me, I perish."

## Every Church Worker

Should read this book, to get more inspiration and encouragement in Christian duty and privilege. Well bound in good cloth and stamped in gold. It contains over 300 pages. Price prepaid, \$1.00.

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This is an opportunity of your life. Grasp it before it passes. Be sure to make arrangements now to go on this excursion with scores of others that are now planning for the trip.

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SALT LAKE CITY,  
UTAH.**

**DAYTON, OHIO.**

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

May 12, 1908

No. 19.

## Their "Big Brothers"

Samuel B. Heckman

THE special Children's Court of New York City tells a pathetic story. Between nine and ten thousand children are brought before the tribunal of this court each year to answer for misdemeanors of various kinds. The story of these children and their crimes is usually the story of the lack of proper home surroundings. Often it is the story of indifferent or vicious parents whose lives teach the child all kinds of wrong. Often boys have got the upper hand of mothers who have to spend the entire day washing or cleaning office buildings. In many cases there is no father, or if there is he is worse than none and the boy learns his morals from the street. Pernicious influences of many kinds hedge the child about, dwarf his right development and rob him of the sunny side of life which should be his by heritage. The fault is rarely the child's that he is found in a course which, if unchecked, will lead to the reformatory or to prison. The officers of the court give as their conviction that out of fifty thousand cases tried, nine-tenths of them are traceable to the environment in which the child grew up, and not to the fact that he was "born bad," the old theory of crime.

About three years ago Mr. Ernest K. Coulter, who is Deputy Clerk of the Children's Court of New York, addressed the Men's Club of the Central Presbyterian church one evening telling of the work of the court. He gave a very vivid description of the living conditions in the overcrowded tenement districts from which most of the boys come who appear before the court. He gave as his belief that most of these boys who are arrested for various crimes could be saved to useful lives and made good citizens if only someone would be willing to show himself a friend to the boy, take a personal interest in him, advise him, help him out of his environment, and be a sort of big brother to him. A remarkable movement was born then and there, known ever since as the Big Brother Movement. Forty men pledged themselves at that meeting, each to look after one boy. These were busy professional and business men. They were men who had

comfortable places in which to live, plenty to eat and to wear, and in many ways enjoyed the good things of life. They were now to come in touch with boys many of whom knew scarcely any other home than the streets, who never had regular meals and often went a whole day without anything to eat, and who were acquainted only with the gray side of life. These men felt, however, as all philanthropic and charity workers are coming to realize, that genuine human sympathy and righteous personal contact are wonderful powers in reforming and uplifting society, and it is better to help our needy fellows to help themselves than it is to bestow charity outright, except for temporary relief. The movement thus begun soon spread to other clubs and to the Young Men's Christian Association, there being at present six hundred men in this city who are devoting themselves to helping their less fortunate Little Brothers.

There is no fixed way of being a Big Brother. Each man must express his friendliness in his own way. The main object is for the Big Brother to take a kindly interest in the boy and to have for his aim to see that he has a fair chance to become a good citizen. When a man decides he wants to become a Big Brother he is given the name of a boy and such information as is known about him by the court. He then calls at the boy's home and tries to make his acquaintance and that of the parents. This is not always an easy matter and requires much tact. Such an attempt is often viewed with much suspicion at first because the purpose is not understood. One Big Brother received a pail of dirty water in his face when he made his first call. Various means are used to win the boy's friendship and confidence. The Big Brother invites the boy to his own home, takes him to a ball game or to some good entertainment, has him attend some meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association, and gradually a new life opens up to him who was headed for the reformatory or a career of crime.

The Little Brothers have been organized into a club and the West Side Branch of the Y. M. C. A. has



arranged special classes of physical training for them. The workers do not lose sight of the fact that they are responsible for the moral and religious training of the boys as well as their mental and physical. They live their religion in manly fashion and the boys are quick to see that religion is something honored by manly men.

The work is naturally not always crowned with success. There are some failures. The secretary of the movement, who keeps a record of all the boys and of the Big Brothers in charge of them, reports that less than a dozen of the six hundred whose names are on the file have never come back to the Children's Court. Two of these have been reclaimed and are doing well.

The Little Brothers are not alone in receiving the benefit. The Big Brothers share the blessing. They learn what it means to give a little of self to another who is in need. They get a new outlook on life. They learn what practical Christianity is.

The platform of the movement is simple and practical. It says: "If you believe that a boy in the open is better than a boy in jail you are in sympathy with the Big Brother movement. If you believe that a boy unaided can not always overcome the tendency of unfortunate environment or be happy and of use without any of the things which make for happiness and usefulness, you concur in the platform."

The efforts of the Big Brothers have been confined thus far to the helping of boys who have come into conflict with the law. There are thousands of others who are in just as great need as these who have been arrested, but the beginning had to be made somewhere and some of them who happened to be caught are now receiving attention. The work is furthermore confined to children of Protestant parentage. The children of Roman Catholic and Hebrew parentage are cared for by charitable organizations of their own denominations.

The movement is spreading, not only in New York City, but is now organized in other cities, such as Portland, Oregon; Dayton, Ohio; and several cities in Maine.

*New York City.*



#### COMMENT: PRACTICAL AND OTHERWISE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE chief fact to be considered in our onward struggle is *a call to order*. To assert that order is heaven's first law is to put the case rather strongly, but thinking men seem to agree that there is an element of truth in the familiar saying. "Good order," said Burke, "is the foundation of all good things." And among the maxims for young men engraved upon the tomb of John Donough the New Orleans merchant, is this: "Let the greatest order rule the actions of your life."

The advantage of proceeding with your daily work methodically and according to system whose value has been proved by time is beyond calculation. System is the modern keynote of modern business methods. Our largest employers of labor are giving much of their time to the study of it, and not only our captains, but our generals of industry are striving to develop it in the Titanic enterprises they are directing.

This, that is so valuable in a big business, is no less so in the smaller sphere of our daily affairs. "Let all your things have their places," said Ben Franklin in his "Code of Morals." "Let each part of your business have its time." If we keep this idea constantly in mind and practice we shall learn that order is not only "the beauty of the house" but the beauty of the life as well.

A wide range of interests is, for men and women of leisure, the best antidote for ennui. For hard workers, it is the very *elixir of life*. Whoever strives to look continually beyond the narrow confines of his daily routine, and to keep himself in sympathetic touch with varying phases of human activity is young, be his years eighteen or eighty. Life is rich for us if our horizon is broad; it is meagre and not satisfying if we never glance up from the particular row we are hoeing, to enjoy the beauty of the more distant view.

By all means, then, let us not get into a rut, but rather train ourselves to manifest a healthy curiosity in regard to the efforts our fellow-mortals are making to bring about ideal conditions upon the earth. Nothing short of the whole of human experience should be the limit of our interest. "I am a man," said Terence, "and nothing that relates to man is a matter of indifference to me." Business, politics, religion, art, literature, and wholesome sport,—all these should we deem worthy of our attention at the proper time and place. *There is good in everything if we are looking for it. Let us unite in soul-expansion.*



#### THE TREES.

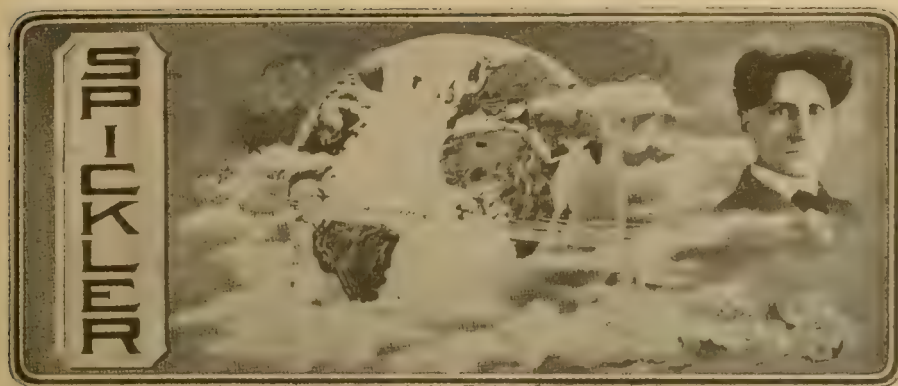
Time is never wasted listening to the trees;  
If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,  
Holding toward each other half their kindly grace,  
Happily we were worthier of our human place.

Bending down to meet you on the hillside path,  
Birch and oak and maple each his welcome hath;  
Each his own fine cadence, his familiar word,  
By the ear accustomed, always plainly heard.

Every tree gives answer to some different mood;  
This one helps you, climbing; that for rest is good;  
Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels they are;  
Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.

O ye glorious creatures, heirs with us of earth!  
Might we win the secret of our loftier birth,  
From our depths of being grow like you and climb  
To our heights of blessing,—life would be sublime!

—Lucy Larcom.



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter II.

AN Irishman once carried a brick around under his arm as a sample of a house he had to sell. I will have to content myself with but a little dust of the brick as I sit in Gladstone's chair in Parliament, hang my hat where Rosebery and Chamberlain hung theirs, become madly confused in the British Museum as I pick up a tablet on which was inscribed a bill for a suit of clothes that were made in Egypt two thousand years before Abraham was born, wrinkle my face at a mummy of one of the Pharaohs and leave for the Art-gallery, Spurgeon's tabernacle and the Tower of London.

You never get lost in London. No, you always come back to the place where you started—whether you want to, or not, for the streets are like *Chinese puzzles*. Their names would make you blush. One day I rode through Thread-needle street into Petticoat Lane, along Helen's Place, past the Boar's Head saloon, to Blackfriars, Whitefriars, Shoe Lane, Charing Cross, King's Cross, Marblebone, Mincing Lane, Paddington, Eastcheap, Cheapside, Piccadilly, Cripplegate, to Billingsgate and Puddin' Lane. Here I fell off!

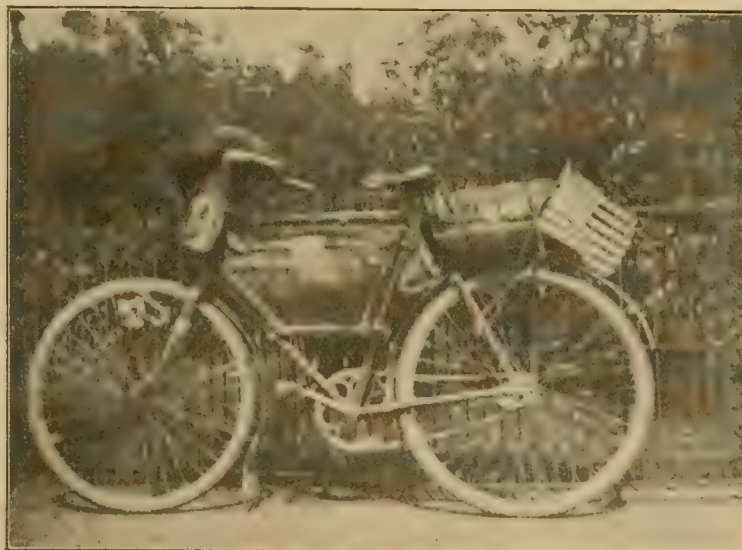
The streets are very smooth in most parts of the city and as there were no street-cars and no ugly rails to ride over I found London one of the most interesting of great cities through which to ride. But where the streets are very narrow and the traffic is usually very heavy in the narrow lanes, it was almost impossible for me to ride.

When I could leave my wheel at the hotel I took a ride on the penny-bus, where everybody tries to get

a seat on the roof, during good weather. There is little to be desired to the tourist who has a good seat on the top of one of these swinging busses, where among the fluttering ribbons of gay passengers, and fragrant flowers carried by the children, he can see the city at the very best advantage.

The bus is drawn by two medium-sized horses that trot away with it as though it were a light load of provisions for market. There is always some one getting on or off, some one going up or down the fragile, winding stairway at the rear.

If you are walking you enjoy the sight of one of these busses as much from the pavement as you do the scenes around you when you ride upon it. And to get the best impression you must see it come toward you, with the driver, squat tight in his seat on top, among a lot of passengers, who pull on the lines as though he would throw the horses back on their haunches. Then, as it passes, you catch



Bicycle and Outfit Used by Mr. Spickler on His Trip "Around the World Without a Cent."

a good glimpse of the people on top, as they look down into your eyes, their faces beaming with good humor, but with an air as if they owned that part of London over which they rode. With fluttering parasol, a slender woman scales the stairway and seeks a seat on top. Below her, clinging dangerously to the almost perpendicularly curved railing, climbs a woman of fifty, just as eager to ride on top as any American boy. The short English conductor stands in the rear doorway,—there is no front one,—his whistle in his mouth, his hand seeking the railing by which to mount and collect the penny fares of those



above. The immense London traffic in passengers has been conducted in this way for generations. Yet all the while, below us, under the ground, the new tube railway carries another big multitude of folks.

In an old graveyard in the center of London town I stood by the grave of Daniel De Foe, and I remembered that it was he who wrote the immortal Robinson Crusoe. In another spot I stood by the homely tomb of Mrs. Wesley, on the plain slab of which I read these words: "Here lies the body of Mrs. Wesley, the mother of *seventeen* children, of whom the most famous were John and Charles." I thought that any woman who gave birth to seventeen children, or even to two children like John and Charles Wesley, ought to have a better monument. And while I stood in reverent meditation on the great life of that mother there arose before me a monument that reached straight up to heaven and pierced the very throne of God with its pure white shaft of noble motherhood. She had done what she could. She raised that family with the hand of discipline, governed by the best light she had in that day of coarse customs and spiritually blind leaders in the church.

London, if not all of England, is historic. Everywhere the soil is sacred by the countless steps of events long since passed down the corridor of sad-eyed Time into history that reads as fresh as the morning air. Nowhere can I go but I feel the impress of ages of conflict over these Isles. Here a bishop, following his Savior closely, was burned at the stake. There a king, hating the common people that made him great, trampling their rights into the soil with their heart's blood, was utterly defeated. Yonder a skinny witch, her good deeds all forgotten in the mad blaze of wrath to take her life, was beheaded. On that knoll Prince Hal posed in gallant attitude before the belles of his day. Here Shakespeare held the horses before the play-house; there his great tragedies were played, Mrs. Quickly came too slowly, and Falstaff bluffed about his bravery.

Here in London is the typical slum of the world. He is clad in an old overcoat in the summertime, a cast-off garment of some more favored or industrious Cockney. His walk is taken with wee steps—just enough energy to get along and no more. He stands a little stooped, sagging down all over, gaunt in face and blear of eye, unwashed, unshaven, uncombed, *unsaved*, so hungry he smiles every time he talks to you, so utterly irresolute and so lacking in ambition, you feel as you talk with him that God himself could not, by any ordinary miracle of grace, transform him into a real man.

God pity London's poor. God pity those two little children I found on a dark street at midnight. God pity those two girls, each eleven years of age, living in the street, with no idea of a home ever being theirs, who looked startled when I asked them what

their father worked at. "Father!" cried one, wide-eyed in intense agony of loneliness and poverty, "what's that?" "Father!" said the other, "do you mean a policeman?"

As I turned aside, half afraid to be found in such company, I sought my comfortable hotel, hearing the queer laugh of the girls as they ran along, looking for a place to sleep in the great city of London, with sixteen hundred churches! And a million people who never go into them.

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## HOW TO WRITE A POEM IN SIXTY MINUTES.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

FIRST be born with a love for poetry and music and increase those characteristics by constant practice.

Read, but above all things made by man, read the book of Nature, for

"There isn't a flower under our feet  
But teaches some lesson short and sweet."

Secure one or more volumes of poems by standard authors and make a close study of them. Avoid light trashy literature but read as many good prose selections as possible.

Make a close study of English literature. Two invaluable books are the Bible and Shakespeare. The latter furnishes a vast number of words, and the former supplies noble sentiment along with intense feeling.

The poetical part of the Bible is not confined to portions of the Old Testament as some think. What is more pathetically poetic than the words of Jesus—"O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem," etc.?

Memorize passages here and there.

Take a subject and run all the references.

When studying grammar give close attention to that division called Versification. Pay particular attention to the poetic feet, noting the most agreeable combinations.

The course in phonics as outlined in some of the school readers will be found valuable.

Rhyme is not essential to poetry, but is commonly used to embellish it, hence a careful study of a good dictionary of rhymes gives good results.

The figures of speech should be noted, as they embellish poetry more than rhyme, or rather are almost essential.

Having attended to these preliminary trifles, especially the first, select your subject. Ponder over it all your spare waking hours so earnestly that you dream of it when asleep. Look at it from every possible viewpoint.

Don't write—school yourself to think. If you forget select another subject and begin again.

Find the central thought in the subject and make everything else subservient to it.

You are now ready to secure a notebook. (The back of an old envelope or any other blank paper may be used in the absence of a book.)

When you feel an almost irresistible desire to write do so. It is not necessary to write the first stanza first. Word the main idea first and around that weave your poem, letting the idea appear where it suits best.

Don't attempt to write poetry at all unless you feel an almost irresistible, indefinable longing for something elevating, and be sure it is not just a case of biliousness.

By following these directions you may produce a creditable poem of five stanzas or less in the allotted time.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*

## Life of Frances Willard

Mollie Wine

THE name of Frances Willard is known wherever the English language is spoken. Miss Willard was a worthy representative of her sex, known to the world for her devotion to the cause of temperance and for her efforts in the interest of the human race. She had a wonderful career. Beginning in poverty, struggling with adverse conditions, with courage and faith in the right she overcame all obstacles in her pathway and became one of the foremost women of her time.

The story of her life is inspiring to her sex and uplifting to humanity. She was born in Churchville, New York, September 28, 1839, being a descendant of the well-known Willard family of Massachusetts, the first of whom settled in the new world in 1634 and was one of the founders of Concord, which was later the home of many famous literary men.

Her parents were brave, honest, intellectual, strong-minded, patriotic, Christian people. They were among the pioneers who left New England about 1840 to seek their fortunes in the west. In 1846 the Willard family located near Janesville, Wisconsin, on the banks of Rock River. Here on her father's farm her early life was spent.

As a child she seemed to like to grapple with great truths and she also felt that she was destined to perform an important work in the world. This we have in her own words in after life when speaking of her childhood. She says it was a beautiful childhood. "I do not know how it could have been more beautiful, or how there could have been a truer beginning of many things. To me it has often seemed as if those earlier years were seed to all my after good. Long years have left their writing on my brow, but yet the freshness and the dew-fed beam of those young mornings are about me now. Wherever I may dwell no place can be so dear, so completely embalmed in my heart, so truly the best beloved to me, as Forest Home."

The wide, free fields were the playgrounds of her childhood. The primeval woods impressed her unfolding soul with their vast and vital calmness. Home meant to her all that the poets have sung of it

and more. It was a refuge, a dwelling place of joy, a place where peace, love, safety and all unselfishness reigned with a sovereignty unchallenged.

Miss Willard attended the Northwestern College at Evanston, Illinois, a woman's college of high grade, from which she was graduated with honor. After teaching at several institutions of learning she completed her education by two years' travel and study abroad.

In 1871 she became president of the Evanston College for ladies, which was entirely under the control and direction of women; the president and trustees all being women. Later, when this college was made the women's department of the Northwestern University, she became dean and professor of *Æsthetics*.

In 1874 she resigned her position in the Northwestern University. Some years afterwards, when the famous evangelist, Moody, invited her to become associated with him in his work, and inquired why she left the Northwestern University she gave this characteristic answer: "Dr. Fowler, the president of the institution, has the will of Napoleon. I have the will of Queen Elizabeth. When an immovable meets an indestructible object, something has to give way."

On her resignation she had many flattering offers to continue in the educational world, where she would have become, in a few years, the foremost woman educator in the United States, but she declined them all, and as the apostle of universal womanhood, her whole life was dedicated. Her object was to make the homes of the millions pure, to render sweet and strong those human relations which constitute the family. This was her mission and there cannot be a wiser method of uplifting mankind; no better way to make a nation noble and enduring; for the home is the foundation on which the State is built.

Miss Willard did not have a philosopher's creed, but received her inspiration from a higher source than human thinking. She knew no questioning. The Master's message was her command. The Bible was to her in very truth divine, and it was the Bible that gave Miss Willard her mission, her strength and her argument.



Thus prepared she went out into the world and to her work. Nothing can measure what she did. The half million of women whom she brought into organized coöperation in the Women's Christian Temperance Union is but a suggestion of the real results of her activities. She made purer the moral atmosphere of a continent and almost a world. She rendered the life of a nation cleaner, the mind of its people saner and millions of homes today are happier for her; millions of mothers and wives bless her. Yet with the praise of a nation she did not escape those who were always ready to criticise.

In 1873 a great woman's Christian crusade arose in Ohio on temperance. Miss Willard was early attracted toward the temperance movement. She saw in it an opportunity to perform a great service to the human race. She accepted the invitation to become president of the Illinois Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and abandoning a brilliant educational career, in 1874 she entered on what was to be her last work. From that time until her death, for more than a quarter of a century, she devoted her splendid energies to the temperance cause and other reforms.

The Illinois Temperance Union, when Miss Willard was elected president, was a small band of women, the outgrowth of the women's crusade. She received no salary, gave her whole time to the work, addressing large noonday meetings daily in the worst districts of Chicago, practically living on the charity of her friends.

In 1879 she was elected president of the National Temperance Union, and in that position her splendid executive ability and faculty for organization had full sway. She traveled over the country constantly, talking in behalf of her white ribbon cause in every town and city in the United States, having a population of ten thousand or more. In 1883 she projected the Union of which she later became president, all over the world. Under her leading the temperance cause spread as if by magic thruout the United States.

Not content with what she had accomplished here at home, on several occasions she visited England and assisted the temperance movement, where she addressed immense audiences in different parts of that country.

Miss Willard was not only an advocate of temperance, but of all other beneficial, progressive reforms, purity in politics, equal rights for women, and woman's suffrage as a means to secure political reform. She believed that there is such a power in the influence of woman, if exerted right, to shake the foundations of the base and selfish human thinking. She was recognized as an able public speaker and a rare gift of eloquence and magnetism which drew thousands into the temperance ranks.

During her years of active life she probably addressed a larger number of public audiences than any man or woman of her time.

She established temperance instruction for the children in the schools and tens of thousands of men were induced to sign the total abstinence pledge.

Notwithstanding her busy life and her varied duties as a leader of this world-wide organization, she



Frances Willard.

found time to write many books. She was a woman of rare literary attainments. Some of her books have been circulated throughout the world, translated into several languages.

In her autobiography she tells us of her ambition in these words: "I have been called ambitious and so I am, if to have from childhood the sense of being born to a fate is an element of ambition. For I never knew what it was to aspire and not to believe myself capable of heroism. I always wanted to react upon the world about me to my utmost power, to be widely known, loved and believed in, the more widely the better. Every life has its master passion; this has been mine."

Her ambition was gratified, for at the time of her death, Feb. 17, 1898, she was one of the most beloved women of America.

Frances Willard sacrificed her life to the happiness of her sisters. She thought that the only way to achieve the service of unselfishness was to sacrifice herself. So she gave up her life and all her riches and glories, that all her sisters might have fuller, purer and sweeter lives themselves. It meant to her all that she had and she gave it to her sisters.

## WILL THEY TELL?

JENNIE TAYLOR.

There's a pleasant air of mystery  
About the world today;  
Some fairy toilers are at work  
To make the brown earth gay.  
But what the secret really is  
That they should keep so well—  
With all their tiny whisperings,  
I wonder if they'll tell?

The winds are singing to the trees,  
The leaves are waking up,  
There is a hint of summer things—  
Primrose and buttercup.  
The birds are flitting to and fro,  
I hear the bees' low hum,  
I think the secret of it all  
Is that the Spring has come.

Anemones and violets, soon  
Will dot the turf-grown way  
With purpling reds and bits of blue.  
On willows, catkins sway.  
The hyacinth and crocus, too,  
Now each a message bring,  
And if we listen close, may hear  
Them saying, "It is Spring."

Tipton, Iowa.



## ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

## XIII.—J. L. Motley.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY was born April 15, 1814, at Dorchester, Mass., and was the son of a prosperous Boston merchant, Thomas Motley, who had married Anna, daughter of Rev. John Lothrop. His great-grandfather, John Motley, early in the eighteenth century came to Falmouth (Portland), Maine from Belfast, Ireland.

He appears to have been a bright boy, since at ten he spoke of a novel he was reading as "better than any new novel I have read for two or three years, except Scott's," and said of a Turkish history that it was very interesting, "much more so by its being in French." He went to the Round Hill School at Northampton, conducted by Bancroft and Cogswell. Then he went to Harvard College and graduated when he was barely seventeen years old.

After he graduated he went to Germany and staid two years, and became at home in the modern languages. He met Bismarck at Göttingen, and was a fellow-student of his the next year at Berlin, "sharing meals and outdoor exercise," with each other. After traveling in Italy and Southern Europe, he returned home and studied law in Boston and was admitted to practice. He was married in 1837 to Miss Mary Benjamin, an accomplished and clever young lady. His first work in literature was a novel, "Morton's Hope, or, The Memoirs of a Provincial," published in 1839, which was a failure.

In 1840 he was appointed secretary to legation of

the American Embassy to Russia, but soon resigned on account of homesickness and the rigors of a Russian winter. He published an essay in the *North American Review*, "Peter, the Great," in 1845, which was favorably received, and thus encouraged, prepared another on Balzac (1847), and a third "The Policy of the Puritans," in 1849. This year he served a term in the Massachusetts legislature and became acquainted with practical politics.

Neither law, politics nor diplomacy suited him as a field of labor, and as he had failed in another romance, "Merry-Mount, a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony," he found more solid literary work to be the best for his pen, and for himself in a financial way as well. He had become so interested in the history of Holland that he decided to write a book on the subject, but found it impossible to do so without the proper material which could be found only in that country. He found that his friend Prescott was working on a life of Philip, the Second, and went to see him to find if their work would conflict. On finding Prescott willing to give him any aid in his power, he went in 1857 with his family to Europe, where he poked about among the old musty archives and documents for five years, in Dresden, The Hague, Brussels and Paris, and published the result at his own expense in three large volumes of which "not a page or a line is tedious." This stupendous work, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," met with such astonishing success that it was translated into French, Dutch and German, and caused him to be elected to the French Institute and many learned societies in Europe, and he also received the degrees of LL. D. from Harvard, and D. C. L. from Oxford. "He used to say that he did not know the living people of Holland, but if he could wake up in the sixteenth century he would be on intimate terms with every prominent Dutchman he would meet."

He was appointed United States minister to Austria in 1861, which office he filled seven years, resigning on account of an uncalled-for offensive letter from the American Secretary of State. By this time he had completed and published "The History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent, to the Synod of Dort," in two volumes.

He returned to the United States in 1868, and delivered an address in Boston on "Four Questions for the People at the Presidential Election," and as orator of the sixty-first anniversary of the New York Historical Society, delivered an able address on "Historical Progress and American Democracy." In 1869 he was appointed Ambassador to England and served one year when for some reason, never clearly or properly explained, he was recalled. In 1874 he published "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld." and afterwards began preparing for a "History of the Thirty Years' War," which he was unable to do much



work on. He lived two and a half years after his wife died, passing on at Kingston Russel, near Dorchester, England, May 29, 1877.

"Motley was not a fine writer in the sense of being visibly scrupulous about the choice of words and the balance of sentences. He impresses one as of the opinion that a man can ill afford to give too much time to the problem of expression. The prevailing characteristics of his style are a natural dignity and a manly negligence. It may be said that if Motley's work is not at every point cloth of gold, it has at least a metallic dignity."

Worthy of mention: D. G. Mitchell, essays connected; D. L. Miller, travels; J. B. McMaster, history; James Madison, political; John Marshall, biography; Cotton Mather, theology; Matthew Maury, sea geography; Joaquin Miller, poetry; C. C. Moore, poetry; Louise C. Moulton, stories and poems.

*Bryan, Ohio.*



### 'FORE THE SNOW'LL FLY AGAIN.

Ain't it fine to think how many splendid days are stored away

To be taken out and sorted 'twixt this time and Christmas? Say.

Think of June, July and August, with the good things they're to fetch,

And September and October comin' in there on the stretch,

With their loads of juicy gladness for the benefit of men! Think of all the joy that's comin' 'fore the snow'll fly again!

Can you wonder that the robins are so glad they nearly bust

And wake up and go to singin' just as though they thought they must?

Is it strange that every little timid sprout is peepin' out, Seemin' anxious to discover what the cheerin's all about? Ain't it queer that anybody should be feelin' grumpish when

There's so many good things comin' 'fore the snow'll fly again?

Why I feel the way I used to, when I'd hear on Saturdays

We were goin' to grandpa's—my, the whoops that I would raise

Thinkin' of the fun a-comin' and the splendid things to eat!

Them were times, I want to tell you, 'twould be mighty hard to beat!

But, returnin' to the present, ain't this old world heaven when

There's to be a whole glad summer 'fore the snow'll fly again?



### "MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME."

(Story of the origin of the famous song.)

THE song was written by Stephen Collins Foster, a resident of Pennsylvania, while he and his sister were on a visit to Judge John Rowan, a short distance east of Bardstown. One beautiful morning, while the

slaves were at work in the cornfield, and the sun was shining with a mighty splendor on the waving grass—first giving it the color of a light red, then changing it to a golden hue—there were seated upon a bench in front of the Rowan homestead, two young people—a brother and a sister. High up in the top of a tree was a mocking-bird warbling its sweet notes. Over in the hidden recesses of a small bush the thrush's mellow song could be heard. A number of small negro children were playing not far away. When Foster had finished the first verse of the song, his sister took it from his hand, and sang in a sweet, mellow voice:

"The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;

The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day.

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,

All merry, all happy and bright;

By-'n'-by hard times comes a-knockin' at the door—  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night."

On her finishing the first verse the mocking-bird descended to a lower branch. The feathery songster drew his head to one side, and appeared to be completely enraptured at the wonderful voice of the young singer. When the last sweet note died away upon the air, her fond brother sang in a deep, bass voice:

"Weep no more, my lady;

Oh, weep no more today;

We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For the old Kentucky home far away."

The negroes had laid down their hoes and rakes, the little tots had placed themselves behind the large sheltering trees, while the old black women were peeping around the corner of the house. The faithful old house-dog never took his eyes off the young singers. Everything was still; not even the stirring of the leaves seemed to break the wonderful silence. Again the brother and sister took hold of the remaining notes, and sang in sweet accents:

"They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon

On the meadow, the hill and the shore;

They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the old cabin door.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight;

The time has come when the darkies have to part—  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.

"The head must bow and the back will have to bend  
Wherever the darky may go;

A few more days and the trouble all will end  
In the field where the sugar-canes grow;

A few more days for to tote the weary load,  
No matter, 'twill never be light,

A few more days till we totter on the road—  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night."

As the song was finished tears flowed down the old people's cheeks; the children crept from their hiding-places behind the trees, their faces wreathed in smiles;

the mocking-bird and the thrush sought their homes in the thicket, while the old dog still lay basking in the sun.—*Bardstown (Ky.) Record*.



#### WHY LATIN IS USED BY PHYSICIANS.

"I DON'T see," said the man who was leaning against the drug store counter, "why a doctor can't write his prescription in English instead of Latin."

The druggist said, "You think, I suppose, that the doctor writes his prescription in Latin so it can't be read so easily—so the layman can't steal his trade and learn what he is giving him. But that's all wrong. In the first place, Latin is a more exact and concise language than English, and, being a dead language, does not change, as all living languages do.

"Then, again, since a very large part of all the drugs in use are botanical, they have in the pharmacopœia the same names that they have in botany—the scientific names. Two-thirds of such drugs haven't any English names, and so couldn't be written in English.

"But suppose a doctor did write a prescription in English for an uneducated patient. The patient reads it, thinks he remembers it, and so tries to get it filled from memory the second time. Suppose, for instance, it calls for iodide of potassium and he gets it confused with cyanide of potassium. He could safely take ten grains of the first, but one grain of the second would kill him as dead as a mackerel. That's an exaggerated case, but it will serve for an illustration. Don't you see how the Latin is a protection and a safeguard to the patient? Prescriptions in Latin he can't read, and consequently doesn't try to remember.

"Now for a final reason. Latin is a language that is used by scientific men the world over, and no other language is. You can get Latin prescriptions filled in any country on the face of the earth where there is a drug store. We had a prescription come in here the other day which we had put up originally, and which had since been stamped by druggists in London, Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, Cairo and Calcutta. What good would an English prescription be in St. Petersburg?"—*New York Herald*.



#### MAKING ICE IN INDIA.

THE following method is adopted by the Ganges wallas (native coolies) for making ice in the region of the Hugli, near Kalikata, in fields composed of a black loam soil upon the stratum of sand.

The ice plot is a rectangular piece of ground, say 130 feet long by 30 broad, running in an easterly and westerly direction. The soil is removed to a depth of a couple of feet. This excavation, when made, is smoothed, and then allowed to remain exposed to the torrid rays of the sun to dry. Then rice straw in small

sheaves is laid in oblique direction in the hollow (with loose straw upon the top) to the depth of a foot and a half, leaving its surface half a foot below that of the ground.

Numerous beds of this kind are formed (the ensemble constituting the "ice farms"), with narrow sidewalks between them, in which here and there large covered earthen water jars are sunk in the ground for the convenience of having water near by to fill the shallow unglazed earthen vessels in which it is to be frozen. These dishes are 9 inches in diameter at the top, diminishing to 5 inches at the bottom, 1½ inches deep, and ¼ inch thick, and are so porous as to soon become moist throughout when water is placed in them.

During the day, the loose straw in the beds above the sheaves is occasionally turned over, in order that the lot may be maintained in a desiccated state; and the water receptacles between the beds are replenished with soft pure water from the nearby springs. When evening comes, the shallow earthen-ware pans are placed in rows upon the litter; and, by means of little burnt-tile pots secured to the ends of lengthy bambusa canes, each pan is half filled with water. The quantity, nevertheless, varies according to the expectation of ice; the natives can forecast that by the aspect of the heavens, and the evenness with which the air currents come from the northwest. When favorable, about half a pound of water is put into each little dish or plate; but when less ice is expected, about a quarter pound of water is the usual amount; but, in any case, more water is put into the dishes nearest the west end of the beds, as the yield there is always a trifle bigger.

There are about 5,000 plates in each of the beds, and the ice yield will average, say, ¼ pound from each dish.

In the cool season, when the temperature of the air at the ice fields is under 50 deg. F., and there are gentle breezes from the north and west directions, ice appears in a night in all of the shallow pans. Native watchers are on the lookout to note when a thin film appears on the water in the pans, when the contents of several are mixed together, and sprinkled over the other dishes. This method augments the freezing action. Stagnation has been discovered by the natives to diminish the quantity of ice produced. When the firmament is entirely clear, with zephyr currents from the northwest, the congelation begins before or about midnight, and continues to advance till morning, when the thickest ice is formed. It is often an inch thick, and sometimes the whole contents of the dish are frozen compact.

The ice dishes present a large moist external surface to the air currents, producing rapid evaporation and a lowering of the temperature. The water which percolates through the porous trays exposes so large a



surface to the breeze that it is promptly frozen. In addition to the evaporative effect we also have the influence of heat insulation to fall back upon in explaining the phenomenon.

The thick layer of dry straw in the ice beds forms a large surface, which is a poor conductor of heat. The heat can penetrate but a little way into it during the day. So soon as the sun sets, this large and powerfully radiating surface is brought into action, and affects the water in the thin, porous pans, themselves strong radiators.

Some of the natural-ice "farms" of Bengal produce in a single night over ten tons of ice, employing 300 persons of all sizes and ages; and the early morning harvesting of the ice by these lithe gentry darting about, is one of the few animated scenes worth noting in the Ganges region.—*Scientific American*.



#### A TRICK OF THE WHISKY GANG.

VERY few people know the amount of trickery there is used by the lawless and immoral factors in society. It is very unwise and unsafe to accept as truth much of the news service as given in many prominent papers, as we will proceed to show.

Down at Washington the Brewers' Association keeps a very strong delegation of men whose duty it is to fight all temperance legislation and at the same time secure more liberal laws for the saloon. Not only this, but this saloon gang that lounges around in the halls of Congress all the time, often send dispatches to newspapers in various parts of the country telling of some failure of prohibitive law.

A recent dispatch sent out from this Washington delegation was that one thousand licenses had been taken out in Oklahoma to sell liquors in that State since it became prohibition. They send out reports like this in order to make the unwary think that prohibitive laws are a failure and that more whisky is used in temperance territory than in open saloon territory. Some of these reports have been looked into and found to be utterly false, just a made-up lie to deceive people.

It takes a while to run down and disprove such reports, but when it is done the temperance cause not only holds the ground it has already gained, but has also opened the way for a further advance. The cause that must resort to such deception is digging its own pit when it resorts to such means of keeping on its feet.



"It takes so little to make a child happy, and the dividends are so great, the wonder is that more men do not make the investment."



"ALL the earnestness, enthusiasm, and industry imaginable cannot make a bad business good."

## CURRENT COMMENTS



### Marshalling their Forces.

Without doubt, the great cause of prohibition of the liquor traffic is assuming gigantic proportions. It is said that more than 40,000,000 people now live under some form of laws either restraining or prohibiting the sale and use of intoxicants. Strenuous effort is being made to abolish the sale of liquors in the District of Columbia. Fitting, indeed, would be success attending such effort. It would doubtless do more to assist the cause of prohibition than the various movements now under way in the States; for it would be the result of the exercise of direct Federal power, though in territory much restricted. While the prohibitionists are marshalling their forces, the whisky element is doubly active. A gigantic whisky trust or organization of distilleries, breweries, and saloonkeepers is in process of formation. It will control several millions of voters, and the effort is to utilize every vote in the direction of thwarting the prohibition movement. It is desired to defeat every legislative measure looking to the restraint of the whisky traffic, whether taking the form of provision for local option, or sweeping prohibition. Before the American civil war, the various States endeavored to deal with the problems of Negro Slavery; and while in some instances measures were adopted whereby the spread of slavery was forestalled, it was not abolished in the slave States until the Federal power was exercised. The States are not large enough nor powerful enough to successfully cope with the combined forces of the liquor traffic. It is a national curse, and must be made a national issue, fought out in national campaigns to a finish, and the liquor business banished from the nation as a whole.

### Labor's Protest.

Recently trades-unionists throughout the country met to pass resolutions pledging themselves to active political work for the election of representatives, senators, and president, and other executive, legislative, or judicial candidates who will "safeguard and protect the common interests of the wage-workers, as well as the people of our common country." The resolutions call upon Congress to enact the amendment to the Sherman anti-trust law, which will allow combinations acceptable to the proper Federal authority; also to enact the Pearre bill, which aims to define the injunction power and restrain its abuse, the Employer's Liability law, and an eight-hour day law for Government employés or all employés engaged in Government work whether in the employ of a contractor or subcontractor. The resolutions also declare that the trades-unionists will hold Representatives and Senators strictly accountable upon their records upon those measures during the present session of the present Congress, and close with this statement: "In this movement for our common protection we are moved by a high sense of duty and a profoundly conscientious purpose to serve not only the workers of our time, but all the people of our great country for their industrial, political, social, and moral progress and uplift." In not aligning themselves with any particular party, but promising their votes to those candidates who will favor them, the unionists probably take the most effective course open to them. In

New Zealand through such a course the comparatively small number of trade-unionists have had an immense influence on legislation. 'Employers' associations are exciting themselves to offset the labor agitation and have sent to Congress a petition in which the amendment to the Sherman anti-trust law is particularly opposed on the ground that it would legalize the boycott.

#### Italy and Turkey.

Mail sent through Turkish postoffices is likely to be opened. Especially is this the case with papers and printed matter which frequently never reach their proper destination. Accordingly certain of the great powers, Great Britain, Austria, and one or two others, maintain postoffices at certain cities in Turkey in order that their mail may be inviolate. The Turkish government has refused to allow Italy to conduct postoffices at places where other nations enjoy that privilege, and recently has gone so far as to put troops about Italian postoffices in order to prevent their transacting business. The ordinary peaceful representatives of the Italian government have failed to make the Porte yield on the matter and Italy is now preparing to make a naval demonstration in Turkish waters. A fleet of eleven warships and eight destroyers carrying seven thousand men was prepared to sail for Asia Minor. Unless the Porte gives way, the fleet will take possession of some island on the Asia Minor coast. The Italians, however, have no thought of occupying territory permanently. According to the Turkish Ambassador in Rome, Turkey has never granted to any power the right to establish a postoffice in Turkish territory. It has simply "tolerated" the offices which other powers established. France also has a grievance against Turkey just at present. The Turkish Government wants to regain control of coal mines at Ereğli in Asia Minor, which had been granted to a French company. The French company backed by the French Government, refuses to resell the mine until it is sure of the purchase money. The Turkish treasury is so empty that the precaution is a wise one. In the meanwhile France has refused to take up any Turkish loan, and her embassy has announced to the Sultan that the French government will demand an indemnity of \$2,500 for every day that settlement is delayed.

#### Competition and Poverty.

Saloons take a portion of the earnings of thousands of workingmen, after wages are paid to them. But corporations keep back a large portion of their earnings. Mere pittance are doled out to men, women and children in the great factories; these pittance are termed wages. They are small sums which the white slaves are compelled to accept for their services. No amount of attention to household economy could enable such to rise above want while made the subjects of the greed of their employers. There are phases of poverty which the most temperate habits alter but little; and they are phases which will persist until the end of the competitive system.

When the Japanese journalists visiting in this country called on Speaker Cannon, he inquired of them whether Japanese newspaper men pressed the method of Americans in the same business of picking up stories when there was no actual news and so having the opportunity to make news the next day by denying the report of the day before. The spokesman of the Japanese media-

correct for the honorable great gentleman; Japan newspaper men study news hard so he shall understand excellently; then write those things very intelligent, very honest, thank you." Japanese newspapers are evidently models of their kind, thank you.

The Virginia "license elections" this month have resulted in two notable victories for the "Drys," Danville and Winchester voting that all saloons within their borders shall close their doors May 1. These contests have been attended by the scenic features which have become almost conventional in connection with Southern prohibition campaigns. In both cities great processions of women and children bearing banners covered with temperance inscriptions paraded the streets while the voting was in progress. During the recent election in Texas, thousands of white-clad women and children tramped the dusty roads, stopping at each voting place to sing hymns and to put in a little personal effort. In a few places this method has been rudely discountenanced, but in most the Southern chivalric regard for women and children has been the all-sufficient protection for the agitators.

#### The President and Congress.

The defeat of the bill asking for four new battleships has brought about another flourish of the "big stick" in the form of another special message. The President was already armed for the event and the same day the bill was voted down in the Senate, congressmen were in possession of a copy of the special message, although it was not given a hearing in either house that day. The President has lost all patience with the way Congress has put in the time without accomplishing any real work, and now that reasonable appeals have failed to arouse them he is trying other means. He says: "It is unwise stubbornly to refuse to provide against a repetition of the abuses which have caused the present unrest. In a democracy like ours it is idle to expect permanently to thwart the determination of a great body of our citizens." and it would seem that this has had the desired effect. At any rate Congress is stirred up. Whether this will result in the President securing the legislation asked for remains to be seen. It appears that the defeat of the four-battleship bill in the Senate was due largely to the desire of the oligarchy in that body to make the President feel their power. We are glad, it is true, that the bill was defeated by some means, but at the same time one cannot help being disgusted with the childishness displayed at times by these lawmakers who would risk the welfare of the nation for the sake of "getting even" with the President. Some of the measures repeatedly urged for passage and mentioned in this last message are: Restriction of federal injunctions; Strengthening of anti-trust laws; Child-labor law for the District of Columbia; Financial legislation including a commission to study the situation here and in Europe and providing for postal savings banks; Appropriations to permit the Interstate Commission to take actual control over the accounting systems of railroads; Forest reserves in the Appalachian Mountains. Many of these measures would have no bearing in the presidential campaign and would be a credit to this session. It is to be doubted whether the people will stand for the adoption of any of these measures. The plan is not worked out in the President's choice. This plan is not worked out in the President's choice.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## WEAKNESS IN OUR PRESENT SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

IN view of the present disregard for law and authority of whatsoever kind, in view of the consequent corruption and increase of crime, out of proportion to the increase of population, and considering the alarming condition in the social world due to the lax views of marriage and the family tie, many of our able thinkers are beginning to cast about for a reason for these conditions. Nothing comes by chance. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The question is, what sowing or what combination of sowings, has brought us this harvest? Is it the harvest of seed we have sown with good intentions, or has an enemy sown "while we slept"? Whatever the causes, the seriousness of the results warrants a thorough looking into them and the casting out of everything pointing toward these conditions.

Some who have made a study of the question have laid a part of the blame at the door of our present system of education. A writer in the current number of *The Educator-Journal* holds this view and in defending it says, in part:

"There is a widespread feeling—growing into conviction—among educators and other thoughtful people that however efficient our schools may be in knowledge, they are not made as effective as they might be and are not doing as much as they ought to do for the moral training of the young—training in the art of living. The leaders of religious thought who have the nation's interests at heart are projecting plans whereby they may assist the schools in this matter, one of the most notable movements being that of the inter-denominational ministerial association of New York, participated in by men from every Protestant denomination, as well as Roman Catholics and Jews. They are trying to secure for every child one-half day each week for instruction in the church of his parents' choice. This plan is not worked out yet in

detail, but promises well, for religion is the cornerstone of morals. And I would place the banishment of the Bible from our public schools as the first cause of our fall.

"Dean Delany, of Wisconsin, says: 'We have already in this country seen at least one generation that is the product of a purely secular education. That is the generation now in its prime—the dominating element in the life of the nation. Previous generations had at least some knowledge of the Bible instilled into them in childhood, and were for the most part brought up under the old regime of Puritan strictness in the home. The present generation is the fruit of an education with religion left out and of a reaction from the extremes of Puritan severity. What are the results as seen in the moral character of the men and women of this ruling generation? Do they prove the wisdom of an education without religion, or at least, with only an indirect moral influence from certain teachers and from certain studies? Since the new century began we have witnessed the uncovering of scandals in business, and government, and social life, such as have never before been dreamed of in American history. We have seen an unprecedented increase of crime in proportion to the population. We have had to chronicle an alarming growth in the frequency of divorce. We are forced to admit a deepening animosity of class against class. These are a few of the data from which we must form our judgment of the moral character of the men and women of this generation, according to the Divine principle, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

"It would be foolish to assert that these disturbing phenomena are all directly traceable to the policy of leaving religion out of the public school education; nevertheless, in the presence of these facts, we are surely justified in drawing the inference that the vague and indirect moral training that now obtains in the public schools is too weak to be vital and enduring in its results. Only a serious and well-grounded morality can withstand the allurements of greed, and lust, and luxury, and power, which are daily becoming stronger in their appeal. Indeed, something far more reaching and thorough is needed than the teaching of mere morality, even though it be taught in the most systematic fashion as ethics or moral philosophy. The foundation of morality is to be found only in the facts and revealed truths of the Christian religion. Unless religion be taught along with morality, the resulting morality will be most unsubstantial, and likely to vanish with the dreams and fancies of childhood."

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## TO ESPERANTISTS.

LET all who are following the Esperanto lessons feel free to write the author of them concerning any point related to the subject. We would like to have

the names of all who are taking up the work, as given in these pages.



### LESSONS IN ESPERANTO.—No. 2.

**NOUNS.** All nouns end in "o." The plurals are formed by the addition of the letter "j,"—domo—house; domoj—houses; virino—woman; virinoj—women. When a noun is used in the objective case (sometimes named the accusative), "n" is added to the singular or plural as domon—house; domojn—houses; the plural sign always precedes the objective sign.

Form plurals to the following words, also learn the meaning:

|                |                 |                  |
|----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| tapiŝo—carpet  | seĝo—chair      | horologio—clock  |
| tapiŝeto—rug   | libro—book      | forno—stove      |
| speĝulo—mirror | familio—family  | fenestro—window  |
| kuŝejo—couch   | kurteno—curtain | kuseno—cushion   |
| pordo—door     | lampo—lamp      | vestiblo—porch   |
| ĉambro—room    | tablo—table     | pentraĵo—picture |

The feminine of nouns is formed by adding the suffix "in" to the root word as in patr-o meaning father; patr-"in"-o meaning mother; frat-o meaning brother; frat-"in"-o meaning sister.

|              |              |                 |
|--------------|--------------|-----------------|
| knabo—boy    | viro—man     | leono—lion      |
| knabino—girl | virino—woman | leonino—lioness |
| edzo—husband | onklo—uncle  | reĝo—king       |
| edzino—wife  | onklino—aunt | reĝino—queen    |

**Adjectives:** All adjectives end in "a." Cases and numbers are the same as with the noun. When used with plural nouns they end in "j" the same as the plural noun.

Granda—large, granda domo—a large house. grandaj domoj—large houses.

If an adjective qualifies or refers to a noun in the objective case such adjective must take the objective sign ending in "n."

Knabo batis la grandan leonon. A boy beat the large lion.

Comparison of adjectives is effected by means of various words.

|                                                     |  |
|-----------------------------------------------------|--|
| pli . . . ol—more . . . than.                       |  |
| malpli . . . ol—less . . . than.                    |  |
| tiel . . . kiel—as . . . as.                        |  |
| tia . . . kia—such . . . as.                        |  |
| tia sama . . . kia—the same . . . as.               |  |
| ju pli . . . des pli—the more . . . the more.       |  |
| ju malpli . . . des malpli—the less . . . the less. |  |

Degree may be expressed by the suffixes "eg" and "et," "eg" referring to an increased degree and "et" to a less degree.

Varm-et-a—lukewarm, varm-a—warm, varm-eg-a—hot.

The superlatives are expressed by "plej" and "mal plej"; La plej granda—the largest; La malplej granda—the smallest; "Pli" meaning more; "plej"—most; "mal" denotes the opposite.

Learn the following adjectives:

### EXERCISE 3.

|                 |                      |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| alta—high       | granda—large         |
| forta—strong    | longa—long           |
| sana—healthy    | klara—clear          |
| hela—bright     | pala—pale            |
| nigra—black     | pura—pure, clean     |
| brila—brilliant | verda—green          |
| blua—blue       | ruĝa—red             |
| flava—yellow    | griza—gray           |
| blanka—white    | bona—good            |
| riĉa—rich       | bela—fine, beautiful |
| ligna—wooden    | ora—golden           |
| ŝenta—silent    | mola—soft            |
| malmola—hard    | facila—easy          |
| nova—new        | malfacila—difficult  |
| malnova—old     | juna—young           |
| multaj—many     | maljuna—old          |
| malmultaj—few   | malriĉa—poor         |

### ARTICLES.

No indefinite article such as "a" is used, it is implied in the noun: tablo—a table; benko—a bench. The definite article is "la," it is used the same as in English.

"Kaj" (a conjunction) means "and." There are a few other words used as conjunctions which will be given in a later lesson.

"De" (a preposition) showing possession, meaning of, by and from.

"Estas" (a verb) is the present form of "to be, is."

La familio estas granda. The family is large.

### EXERCISE 4.

Translate the following into English:

La ruĝa tapiŝeto. Blua libro. Blankaj libroj. La patro estas sana. La domo estas malgranda. La tablo estas nova kaj la seĝo estas malnova. La riĉa frato estas maljuna. La familio de la patro estas granda. Multaj pentraĵoj. Flava kaj verda kurteno. La patrino kaj frato estas sanaj. La patro kaj fratino estas malsanaj. La tapiŝeto estas ruĝa kaj la tapiŝo estas verda. La nova speĝuloj estas brilaj.

### EXERCISE 5.

Translate English into Esperanto.

The wooden clock is new. The family of the sister is well. The boy is good and the girl is bad. The cushion is soft. The chair is old and the couch is new. The man is silent. The good sister is sick. The yellow curtain is dirty. The stove is warm. The white door is large. The old man is sick. The boy is young and the girl is old. The father of the girl is sick.

ALLAN EISENBISE.

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## FOOD PRINCIPLES

LENNA FRANCES COOPER, Principal School of Hygiene and Cooking, Battle Creek Sanitarium

### Sugars.

SUGAR in Nature is a highly sweet liquid substance circulating in plant life. We have a good example of this in the sap of the Maple which begins circulating in the tree in the early spring months. It is food for the tree. But man is not content with it in this form, so gathers the sap, evaporates the liquid, reducing it to a state of crystallization, its highest point of concentration. In this form, when taken in any but very small quantities, it proves irritating both to the intestinal tract and to the lining of the stomach, often producing intestinal catarrh and digestive disorders.

Starch and sugar together form the class of food principles known as carbohydrates. Their use in the body is about the same. They are both fuel foods, being used to keep up the bodily temperature and as a source of muscular energy. Their relation as a food may be better understood when their relation in nature is defined. Sugar is the form in which this plant food circulates in the plant and starch is the form in which it is stored up.

When the plant is growing and using the food for the upbuilding of its own self it is in the soluble form, but a little later when it reaches its maturity it begins to provide for the young plant of next year's growth which is imbedded in the seed of the plant. The seed consists of the tiny plant surrounded by food sufficient to nourish it when planted the next year until it is able to send down roots and gather its nourishment from the soil. To protect this stored up food from being washed away by the rains, Nature renders it insoluble.

Try to dissolve some cornstarch in cold water and note that no matter how long the starch remains in it, it is still starch and can be reclaimed from the water in the same form as it was before putting it into the water. The cornstarch and sugar are both different forms of plant food and are both found in the seed. The cornstarch is the form in which the food is stored up and the sugar is the form in which it is circulating. The most familiar to us is the cane sugar which is derived from the juice of the sugar cane.

the sugar beet and the sap of the maple tree, the name of this class of sugars being derived from the sugar cane which formerly was almost the only commercial source of this sugar. The cane sugars all have the same chemical formula: C, 12 parts; H, 22 parts; O, 11 parts. They also have the same physiological effects. On account of the great degree of concentration, when taken except in very small quantities they are irritating to the intestinal tract and are productive of intestinal catarrh as well as indigestive disturbances.

There are other and more wholesome sugars. The fruit and the grape sugars are probably the most wholesome and the most easily digested. But there are different kinds of sugars; they are,

- Cane,
- Milk or lactose,
- Fruit or levulose,
- Grape or glucose,
- Maltose.

Indeed the fruit sugar is already digested and ready for assimilation. It is found in ripe fruit and hence is the result of the digestion that takes place in the fruit during the ripening process. For this reason, fruit juices and fresh fruit are so refreshing.

Grape sugar or glucose so-called, because it is found so abundantly in grapes, is very similar to the fruit sugar or levulose. They are both found abundantly in most fruits. The grape sugar or glucose is also the end product of the digestion of starch.

It is much better to provide children with plenty of fruit, than to give them so much candy as most parents are prone to do. The sweet fruit, such as dates, figs, bananas, etc., are especially good substitutes for the ordinary sweetmeats, but these should all be taken at mealtime.

Housewives should also guard against the use of too much sugar in the cooking. Lactose, or sugar of milk, is the sugar found in milk. It is only slightly sweet, hence does not give a sweet taste to the milk.

Maltose is one of the sugars formed in the diges-

tion of starches. It is further converted into glucose or grape sugar. This does not have reference to the commercial product known as glucose, which may contain many serious impurities.

#### Prune Whip.

2 cups prune marmalade  
2 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar  
4 egg whites  
1 dozen pecan or walnut meats

Prepare the marmalade by pressing stewed prunes from which the liquid has been drained through a colander. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and fold into the marmalade. This is done not by stirring but by putting the egg whip down at the side of the dish and bringing it up through the material. This is repeated until the ingredients are thoroughly blended. The mixture is then put into a baking dish and baked in a moderate oven for from 20 to 30 minutes or until set. Then a meringue is made by beating the remaining 2 egg whites to a stiff froth and folding in the powdered sugar. Spread this lightly over the top, arrange the nuts symmetrically over the top and replace in the oven until the meringue is of a golden color. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

#### Lemon Apple.

Select a few tart apples of the same degree of hardness and remove the cores. Unless the skins are very tender pare them. Fill the centers with a mixture of grated lemon rind and sugar. Squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over each apple, place in a covered pan with one or two tablespoonfuls of water in the pan and bake. When almost done, remove the cover and finish baking. Serve with or without whipped cream.

#### Date Cream Pie.

3 cups milk                      2 eggs                      ¾ pounds dates

Seed the dates and put to cook in sufficient water to cover. When perfectly tender and quite dry, rub through the colander, then add the beaten eggs and lastly the milk heated to the scalding point. Mix thoroughly, then turn into a pan lined with a single crust. Bake in a moderate oven until "set." Be careful not to bake too long.



#### TO WASH A BLACK DRESS.

LILLIE E. BOWSER.

HERE is a little hint that may be of some use to some of the ladies who read the INGLENOOK:

If you haven't a better way for washing a nice black dress, you will be glad for this one. Wash the dress through the one suds of rainwater, if one has it; rinse, dip in sweet milk; hang out to dry, but before it gets entirely dry, press it without dampening and the dress will be as stiff and pretty as when new.

#### CHILDLESS WOMEN SHOULD ADOPT A LITTLE ONE.

THE woman who has no children never knows the greater joy of devotion. Her sympathies, instead of extending themselves, will narrow more and more, and tend to concentrate themselves upon the merely pleasurable experiences and sensations which only lead souls about in their own labyrinthine domain. She may win personal distinction and high fame. She may surely deserve them, but she will be in danger of following the false way which begins and ends in self. If the fates deny her marriage, or leave it bare of offspring, let her win to her arms some motherless child, and study the lesson taught by the dear Christ when he placed a child before his disciples and bade them learn from him the great science of life.

The beauty of childhood is not easily over-appreciated,—the mobile countenance, the flexible muscles, the fair, smooth forehead, the unconscious grace of movement. What a lovely presence is this! It illuminates your whole house, be it a hovel or a palace. The babe newly born, so fine, so soft, so tender! By degrees, it enters into possession of its bodily powers. Soon he follows her about, walks beside her, begins to question her regarding the meaning of all that he sees. He learns to pray at her knee. He goes to school. All the way from infancy to adolescence is strewn with flowers. It has no doubt an offset of anxieties and cares, but would any of us dream of giving up the rose because of its thorns?—*Delineator for May.*



#### FUSSING.

QUIT fussing! It spoils your temper. It spoils the temper of those about you. It will spoil the beauty of your countenance, for the habitudes of the soul will register themselves in the lines of the face. A face with the corners of the mouth drawn down and with a sneer gathered about the nose and the upper lip is not a lovely face.

Do not fuss at the children; do not fuss at them for what they have done, or what they are doing, or what they seem about to do. Call them to you and quietly tell them what they may do and what they may not do, and have no fuss about it. Quarreling with children! is not that a sight! It will make them quarrelsome and fussy also. It will drive all the beauty out of the home.

Do not fuss with your associates in business. It looks childish. Put up with small irregularities, remembering that people must put up with something from you. Be generous in your attitude toward your fellows, for you need their generosity.

Fussing. It is a remedy for nothing. It is a wrong to all about you.—*Arkansas Methodist.*



## BANDAGING.

[Industrial talk by Elizabeth Band, Oneida, at graduation exercises, Carlisle, Pa., 1908.]

THERE is an art in bandaging of which every woman should have some knowledge as one never knows when an emergency may call it into service. Accidents occur so frequently, especially among children, that she should so thoroughly acquaint herself with the nature and use of at least all simple remedies that she will not lose her presence of mind at the most trying moment. There is an old saying, that "necessity is the mother of invention." This is true in some cases but it does not hold good in the work of surgery where skill and dexterity are needed in order to relieve suffering and in some cases save life.

The object of bandaging is to retain dressings and splints in position and to supply pressure. Almost any kind of household muslin or cheese-cloth may be used, though cheese-cloth or gauze is best on account of its elasticity. This may be applied to any irregular surface without reversing it. Shaker flannel cut on the bias is used where greater strength and firmness are needed.

There are many kinds of bandages, some named from their applications, as the circular, spiral, spica, figure of eight and recurrent bandages, while some are named after persons who devised them, as Barton, Gibson, Dassault and Valpeau.

In applying the bandage the roll should be held in one hand while the loose end is held in the other. The outer part of the bandage should be against the part to be bandaged and it must be applied smoothly, all pressure being uniform. Care must be taken to make the bandage snug, but not too tight, as there is danger of gangrene setting in on account of the circulation being interfered with. The ends of the fingers or toes in most cases should be left exposed in order that the circulation may be watched. They should feel warm to the touch and the color should disappear on pressure and reappear when pressure is removed; if they feel cold or numb, swollen or have a livid appearance the bandage should be loosened.

The spica bandage is used to cover shoulder, thumb, foot or groin and the turns take the form of the Greek letter (A) lambda, and when completed resemble the leaves of an ear of corn.

The circular bandage consists of several simple turns about a part as the wrist, but the turns neither go up or down and each turn exactly overlies the previous one.

Two of the simplest kinds of bandages are the spiral and figure of eight. The spiral consists in covering the limb by a series of spiral turns, each overlapping the one below for about one-third of its width. In most limbs the enlargement of the upper part prevents the application of a spiral bandage without making

a reverse turn. Without this turn only one edge of the bandage would come in contact with the part. The other would stand away from it. The reverses are made by placing the thumb on the lower edge of the bandage to hold it firmly in position while the bandage is folded down upon itself. The turns should not be made over the prominent part of a bone. When possible they should be made on the outer side of a line; on making the turn the bandage should be held loosely. Then, after the turn is made it can be drawn as tight as is necessary. The hand should be held a little above the limbs in making the turns and care should be taken not to unroll more bandage than is needed.

The figure of eight bandage is most frequently used in bandaging joints as the elbow, or knee, because it is easy to apply and fits the part better. It can also be used instead of the spiral reverse. This is applied above and below the joint, each succeeding turn overlapping the previous one by one-third its width. This kind of bandage needs very few reverses, yet they must be employed should occasion require them.

The recurrent bandage is used to retain dressings about the head and amputation stumps. The part is covered by a series of turns each one of which recurs to its point of origin.

Fixed dressings are used in the treatment of fractures, injuries and diseases of joints, after an operation upon bones and in treatment of certain deformities. In order to make such dressings some material which will give firmness is incorporated into the meshes of the fabric.

Such dressing may be solid, be used of plaster of Paris, starch, silicate of soda, glue, zinc oxide, paraffin gum, chalk or celluloid.

The material most generally used is plaster of Paris, which differs from the other materials used, in the fact that it does not contract as it hardens but expands a little. The bandage becomes very hard and unyielding, but it can be cut down through the middle with a knife in order to remove it.—*The Arrow*.



## DANDELIONS.

Good-morning, Miss Madcap, with curls tossing free,  
Perhaps you despise such plain people as we;  
But though we are lowly enough, we are fair;  
Pray, what would the rose be unless it was rare?

The bees love us dearly, as no doubt you've seen,  
And find us at once in our coverts so green,  
And tell us that crocuses die when they do,  
From envy alone of our halcyon hue!

But then bees are flattering rogues, it is clear;  
They buzz pretty compliments into your ear,  
And make you believe half the nonsense they say,  
While cleverly stealing your honey away.

So we prize the soft dew, the dear sunny breeze,  
And give scarce a thought to those wicked young bees

With whom, as no sensible flower but knows,  
Today it's the lilly, tomorrow the rose!

We greet the dawn's freshness; we droop not at noon,  
We dampen our blossoms below the white moon;  
And plain as we are, we would rather dwell here,  
Than queen it in hot-houses half the long year.

But still we have troubles enough, little child,  
For yonder brown cattle whose looks are so mild,  
Some morning, as sure as the heavens are blue,  
Will eat us for breakfast—and relish us, too!

—Edgar Fawcett.



### THE DISADVANTAGE OF BEING SMART.

PAUL MOHLER.

It is considered so desirable nowadays, to be intelligent, that the child that has a hard time learning, is pitied: he seems to have so little chance with the others. Enough has been said for him. I wish to call attention to the fact that the unusually smart child has just as many disadvantages, and as hard to overcome.

In the first place, an unusually bright child is often a victim of some nervous weakness, and perhaps a physical weakness that makes all mental work an injury to his health. How many very bright children have we known, who could not even attend school on account of their health.

If the child is bright and strong, he has an easy time doing the work of his class—too easy. For, when he has his work done, he finds some time on his hands, which he must fill with play. There are some pupils in school so much quicker than the other pupils; that they will do all the work required of the class in school hours with little or nothing to do outside. The bright boy will find something to do. It will generally be play. If this condition continues, the boy will soon be an idler. Some such boys and girls actually succeed in finishing the grammar grades without ever having learned to study.

No matter how smart a boy may be, if he pursues his education, he will sometime come to the place where he must study. The longer he has escaped that condition, the harder it will be for him when he does strike it. When it comes to solving the hardest problems, there is nothing that equals hard close application. "Smartness" will not answer. There are very few "smart" boys that ever learn to apply themselves well to any problem. Consequently they fail. Many times have I seen the boys that were at the head of their classes in the lower grades drop out of the school entirely when the hard work was reached. Verily the last shall become the first, and the first last.

But not only in school is he at a disadvantage. All through life it clings to him and holds him back. Knowing that he is naturally smarter than other men, he considers that he is superior to hard work. If he must make a living he will make it by his wits. Lack-

ing the industry to do any really valuable mental work, he soon becomes a mere trickster, by fraud, or by stealth, or by hypocrisy securing the fruits of other men's toils. I can think of no failure in life more pathetic than that of the talented man who has wasted his powers.

It may be said, and truly too, that this is not near always true; but it is so often true, that I have almost as much hope for an exceedingly dull boy as for an exceedingly smart one. No teacher can spend many years in the schoolroom without being impressed with the fact that that pupil is most fortunate who can get his lessons only by an effort that really costs him something.



### OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE.

SELECTED BY SNOW MAHORNEY.

So you are twenty-one? And you stand up clear-eyed, clean-minded to look all the world squarely in the eye. You are a man! Did you ever think, son, how much it has cost to make a man out of you?

Some one has figured up the cost in money of rearing a child. He says to bring up a young man to legal age, care for him and educate him, costs a lot of money. But that isn't all. You have cost your father many hard knocks and short dinners and worry and grey streaks in his hair, and your mother—ah, boy, you will never know! You have cost her days and nights of anxiety, and wrinkles in her dear face, and heartaches and sacrifice. It has been expensive to grow you. But—if you are what we think you are, you are worth all you cost and much more. Be sure of this: while father doesn't say much but "Hello, son," away down deep in his tough, staunch heart he thinks you are the finest ever. And as for the little mother, she simply cannot keep her love and pride for you out of her eyes. Do you know, sonny, if you were to do anything low or mean it would just about kill your mother?

You are a man now. And sometime you must step into your father's shoes. He wouldn't like you to call him old, but just the same he isn't as young as he used to be. You see, young man, he has been working pretty hard for more than twenty-five years to help you up! And already your mother is beginning to lean on you. Doesn't that sober you, twenty-one?

Your father has done fairly well, but you can do better. You may not think so, but he does. He has given you a better chance than he had. In many ways you can begin where he left off. He expects a good deal from you, and that is why he has tried to make a man of you.

Don't flinch, boy. The world will try you out. It will put to the test every fibre in you. But you are made of good stuff. Once the load is fairly strapped on your young shoulders you will carry it, and scarcely feel it—if only there be the willing and cheerful mind.



All hail, YOU, on the threshold! It's high time you were beginning to pay the freight, and your back debts to father and mother. You will pay them, won't you, boys! How shall you pay them? By being always and everywhere a man!



#### PHILOSOPHY FOR FARMERS—AND OTHERS.

TEMPER is a good thing in a tool, but a bad thing in a fool.

The horse has too much pull to be supplanted by the auto.

Not every nail needs hitting on the head. Some need pulling out.

The man who talks against the farm talks against his best friend.

Somebody, once describing a miserly neighbor, said that he kept his bonds and mortgages under his pillow at night so that he might hear them drawing interest.

Anybody can turn the handle of a separator, but it takes a smart man to get the milk to put in it.

A man who is not trusted by his horse is one to be avoided on general principles.

If you have any grudge to pay, put it off until tomorrow—and then settle some other way.

It doesn't matter how much a man calls a spade a spade, the question is, Does he know how to work with it?

Grafting is a very good thing on a tree, but a mighty poor thing in a town board.

The boy who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth usually swallows the spoon before he learns how to use it.

Fail once, and it is an education. Fail twice, and it is a warning. Fail three times, and it becomes a hoodoo.

Listen to any man who knows more than you do, or knows better than you do the thing you already know.

Don't expect to find shade trees, easy chairs and rippling brooks in thick profusion along the road to success.

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.

No man is hopelessly down who does not lose heart.

Success doesn't make a fool out of a man unless he has other weak spots.

The man who blows his own horn too vigorously is more than apt to be the first to get winded.

A little less time than we need, and a little less money than we desire, come nearer constituting happiness than many of us are willing to admit.

If all the money now being spent in search of the North Pole could be invested in bean poles, the country would be just that much better off.

Your horse may not be religious, but he can tell pretty well when Sunday comes.

Some bad corporations are like the good farmer in one respect at least—they water their stock well.

Let something less important wait,  
And go and mend that broken gate!

Where there is a will there is, a good road.

The most discomforted-looking man to be found is the one lying flat on his back under an automobile trying to find out why the wolly-wobble won't go round.

Many a man would not be married to his work if he could live by getting a divorce.

Follow the advice of a man who is busy following it himself.

Some men make their mark in the world by marking what they make.

You cannot keep your happiness by building a fence around it. The more you let it scatter over your neighborhood, the more you will have.

Be stingy in melancholy matters and a pauper in pessimism.

If the government compelled everyone to denature his alcohol, there would be an end of denatured men staggering homes from the grogshops.

Those who stick to patent medicines long enough will presently find that they need a patent stomach.

The farmer would do well to remember that while the weather may be often vexatiously uncertain, it is nothing like as uncertain as the stock market in town.  
—*Farm Journal*.

### For SUNDAY READING

#### SEEK TO PLEASE JESUS.

JEANNE BERENICE MOE.

Seek to please Jesus in bright days of youth.  
Seek to please Jesus, the Light and the Truth;  
Seek for the favor of his love and grace,  
If thou, in heaven, would see his dear face.

Seek to please Jesus as older you grow,  
And unto others his wondrous truth show.  
In all temptation, his spirit draws near,  
Faithfully guards us while we journey here.

Jesus will draw near and pardon our sin,  
Open his great heart for us to come in;  
Cleanse us, deliver, redeem us from dross,  
Tenderly show us the way to the Cross.

Seek to please Jesus, you'll find every day  
Flowers of gladness will brighten your way.  
Sunbeams reflecting his presence so bright,  
Will truly watch us and guard through the night.

Seek to please Jesus and Satan will flee.  
Seek to please Jesus and happy you'll be.  
Seek first the kingdom of God and his love  
And gain a home in the mansions above.  
North Manchester, Ind.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

to be a more general, more attractive and blind kind of  
look upon in the first forms, betwixt, corporal,  
or of the spirit  
generally, makes self of him, low, and so,  
that you prefer another, and postpone yourself, even

ARTHUR T. PIERSON says: "There is enough jewelry, gold and silver plate, buried in Christian homes to build a fleet of fifty thousand vessels, ballast them with Bibles, crowd them with missionaries, build a church in every destitute hamlet and supply every living soul with the Gospel in a score of years. Only let God's fire come down and take possession of our hearts and tongues and the Gospel will wing its way like the beams of the morning." What an exchange! Earth's jewels for heaven's treasures.—*Scl.*

United States. A church is no evidence of great





## Echoes from Everywhere

Twelve hundred of Ohio's 1,371 townships and 500 of its 800 towns are "dry"; 100,000 of Cleveland's population live in "dry" territory.

The Japanese tourists visiting in Boston send \$100 for the relief of the sufferers from the great Chelsea fire, one of the deeds that help to make war impossible.

Russia is much interested in the great tuberculosis convention which is to be held in Washington this summer, and plans to send a large representation to it. The White Plague is one of the greatest scourges of Russian life.

Dr. Flores Ontaneda, a noted Ecuadorean chemist, died at Guayaquil recently from bubonic plague, which he contracted at the municipal laboratory while preparing Haffkin's prophylactic, for treating the epidemic.

Chinese students continue to take honors in competition with our own boys in our colleges. V. Kejuin Kee, son of the secretary of foreign affairs of China, has been chosen editor of the Columbia Spectator, the daily paper issued at Columbia University, New York.

An exact statement made to Congress by the secretary of the navy shows that the cost of building the battleship Connecticut in a government yard was \$6,387,260, while that of her sister ship, the Louisiana, was only \$6,057,647, the latter being built by private contract.

The Western Drawing and Manual Training Association which recently held its 15th annual meeting at Indianapolis, will have its next year's convention in St. Louis. It is announced that the North Central Association of Colleges will hereafter recognize manual training and domestic science as college-entrance subjects.

The temperance movement has begun to reach Rhode Island. The State House of Representatives last week passed a bill to limit the number of licenses to one for every five hundred inhabitants. Should the measure become a law it would reduce the number of licenses in the State by 447. It would wipe out nearly two hundred in Providence alone, and almost cut in two the number of places in Pawtucket and Woonsocket.

The new Greek census shows that in spite of the large emigration the population of Greece is increasing at a comparatively rapid rate. The growth was nearly two hundred thousand in a single year. Greece has now 2,631,952 people. Since the establishment of the kingdom, in 1830, the population has more than quadrupled, and yet one and two-thirds times as many Greeks live outside Greece as in it. These Greeks are scattered thru Crete, Cyprus, Southern Italy, Turkey, Southern Russia, and the United States.

For several days during the latter part of April the South and Southwest were visited by a terrific wind storm. About four hundred lives were lost and the property loss will reach the millions. Special appeals for aid were issued in Mississippi, and the governor was asked to provide tents for the homeless in the storm-swept regions.

Guthrie, Okla., May 1.—The House today passed the nepotism bill previously passed by the senate. The bill is very stringent and provides that no one shall be employed in any judicial, executive or legislative department where a relative, even in the third degree, is an officer. The penalty is \$150 to \$1,000 fine and works a forfeiture of office.

The Government, in other words, we in our corporate capacity of the State, needs to economize. The excess of expenditures over receipts since July 1 has been about \$43,000,000 where last year at the same time we had a surplus of \$52,000,000. In April alone, the Government expenditures exceeded the income by nearly \$16,000,000 as noted elsewhere—a very good argument against battleships.

Cecil Rhodes' dream of a railway from Cape Town to Cairo will probably be realized within the next six years, when the line from Lobito Bay to the Katanga district will be opened. The railway from Cairo southward has already reached Khartoum, while the line northward from Cape Town stretches to Broken Hill, four hundred miles north of Zambezi and 2,000 miles from Cape Town.

U. S. Judge Goff, at Grafton, W. Va., has issued orders which forbid the United States Express Co. to deliver "C. O. D." shipments of liquor in the State. It is a common ruse to seek to evade prohibition laws by sending liquor in from outside States in this way, as the State laws are not supposed to interfere with interstate commerce. Gradually these schemes are being headed off, however.

With the 2-cent fare law in operation for the greater part of the period, the eight representative railroads of Iowa show a net gain of \$383,057 in passenger earnings for the year ending Jan. 1, 1908. Notwithstanding a decrease of \$386,000 in the gross earnings for the same period, the conclusion is drawn that the reduction in the price of mileage has benefited the railroads as well as the people.

The legislature of North Carolina at a recent special session passed a compulsory school attendance law for the blind children of the State, similar to the one passed for deaf children last year. The law requires the several counties to bear the traveling expenses of indigent deaf and blind children to the schools and return, in addition to the \$20 already required for the clothing. The State meets other expenses.

England had a big taste of winter in April. In the three days ending April 25, more snow fell in London than in the entire winter.

"Uncle Dan" Whipple, aged 109 years, died recently at Traverse City, Mich. Mr. Whipple was born in Cattaraugus County, New York, March 1, 1799. He was a member of Gen. Fremont's exploring party on the historic trip across the Rockies. He was a companion of Kit Carson, and later served through the Civil War in an Iowa regiment. Mr. Whipple's grandmother lived to be 133, and his father died at the age of 113.

Before the Civil War, the statue of Andrew Jackson that stood in Court Square, Memphis, Tenn., bore the historic words of the former president, "The Union must be preserved." But during the conflict a local confederate took a chisel and removed the motto. It has now been decided by the Memphis park commission that the motto shall be replaced. "Now that the Civil War is long past," said one of the commissioners, "and we are all so proud of the Union, it seems that it would be only proper to put the language back."

The President has approved the new employers' liability law, which was passed with the express view to overcoming the objections of the Supreme Court to the last one. This new law applies only to railroads, and it makes them liable for injuries received by employes, even though the road may not be at fault. It is the plan to have an amendment passed next Congress extending the law so as to include other employers besides railroads. Every prominent nation is in advance of this country in having provided legislation of this character, while among us men have been killed or injured by the thousands and there has been no regular provision for any recompense.

London, May 1.—Negotiations for a settlement of the shipbuilding dispute have failed again, and the lockout notices issued a week ago will go into effect tomorrow at all yards in the United Kingdom. Fully a quarter of a million workmen will be directly involved. The trouble began early in January with a strike of shipbuilders on the Tyne. By the middle of February the strikers had been joined by the allied engineers, who voted by an overwhelming majority against a reduction of wages. On April 24 the Employers' Federation refused arbitration and decided on a lockout, effective tomorrow unless the men resume work.

Washington, April 24.—Secretary Wilson says we ought to have a "bumper" crop throughout the country this fall. All the conditions are favorable for record-breaking yields of all sorts, and unless something happens to head off Mother Nature's industry between now and the time the grains and fruits and vegetables are ripe the farmers from Maine to California ought to be rolling in plenty before the snow flies. "Will the prices of edibles continue to be high?" the secretary was asked. "Of course they will; they are bound to be high," replied Secretary Wilson. "The reason is easy to find. The population of the country has increased faster than the crop acreage. The number of men that have gone into business and manufacturing pursuits is far greater than the number that have taken up farming. But there need be no general alarm on that account. The problem will adjust itself in time, and we will always raise enough wheat to feed all the mouths in this country."

Plans have been inaugurated for a general revival campaign in New York City by the combined forces of the evangelical churches. At a meeting held in the Metropolitan Opera House 5,000 people enthusiastically dedicated themselves to the cause, and an unprecedented effort will be made to reach the classes of the population, high and low, who never go into a church. Twelve tents will be put up, in various parts of the city, and these will be made headquarters for revival work. Even Wall Street will be invaded, though the denizens of this "human canyon" are considered to be the most hard-shelled reprobates within the scope of the crusade.

Washington, May 1.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business April 30, 1908, the debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to \$925,167,236, an increase as compared with March 30, 1908, of \$15,445,899. This amount, however, does not include \$1,315,840,869 in certificates and treasury notes outstanding which are offset by an equal amount of cash held in the treasury for their redemption. The statement of the government receipts and expenditures for the month shows the total receipts to have been \$43,919,321 and the expenditures \$59,888,784, leaving a deficit for the month of nearly \$16,000,000, a deficit for the ten months of the present fiscal year of \$51,644,615, as against a surplus for the corresponding period last year of \$56,475,751.

Boston, April 15.—Acting Gov. Draper yesterday signed the bill appropriating \$10,000 to begin the work of exterminating the dogfish, which has for several years played havoc with the shore fisheries. Altho the money is now ready, it will be some time before the commissioners of fisheries and game perfect a program of extermination. Several schemes have been considered. All of these provide for experiments, the most comprehensive of which has been submitted by Representative McIntire of Gloucester. His plan provides for an effort on the part of the State to discover a market for the fish. The first desire of the commission, Secretary Field said, is to protect the fishing grounds, and restore the industry to the same efficiency that characterized it before the appearance of the dogfish off the coast in such large numbers some years ago.

The century-old custom of holding a child labor market each year has again taken place at Friedrichshafen, Germany, and has aroused a storm of indignation in the frontier provinces of Austria, Switzerland, and Germany. Each year in the market place between 300 and 400 boys and girls of from 11 to 14 years are contracted out for seven months to farmers of Southern Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden. The children, generally in charge of their parents, are drawn up on the market-place for inspection by a crowd of farmers who look them over and feel and poke their limbs, while discussing their physical merits and demerits. Gradually all are disposed of, and those in charge of the children then sign with the farmers agreements for the seven months bondage, and the sums decided upon are handed over. This usually amounts for the entire period of seven months to \$12.50, but sometimes it attains to \$20. The terms of the contracts are harsh, providing that the children, regardless of sex, may be utilized for "cattle herding, housework, stable and stall cleaning, nursing children, feeding cattle, running errands, and whatever else the master may require them to do."



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE HUMAN BRAIN.

Briefly, the two brain hemispheres in our head are analogous to two phonographs, because phonographs can no more themselves cover their wax leaves with words expressing ideas than they can make wax think. The phonographs are wonderful instruments, but they are never anything but instruments; and so the brain hemispheres are the instruments of the thinker, and nothing more, for if they could themselves think, then both hemispheres would think as a matter of course, when, as a matter of fact, only one of them has a single imprint of the human mind in it.

What is it, therefore, that thinks? Unquestionably the human personality, which is itself independent of the brain that it uses. So far as the brain is concerned, it is simply physical in its structure and chemical in its composition. But in one of its halves we are face to face with the tremendous exception to everything earthly. The evolutionist can make a good showing that in structure man's brain differs but little from the chimpanzee's, just as it ought to in the ascending series of animals. But when it comes to the human mind, the evolutionist has to quit. What but a mind worked by a man could both weigh and accurately locate in the heavens a great planet, which neither he nor any one else had yet seen? And so the human world abounds with innumerable utter impossibilities for mere animals to achieve. Every article in an ordinary city house, be it a thermometer or a book, or anything else in it, is equally an impossibility for animals, by any process of evolution, to attain the power of producing.

Mentally, therefore, man is as much out of keeping with the entire succession and development of evolution as any being from another world would be, and those who would still say that because the human brain so closely resembles that of the ape, these two cannot be far apart, are themselves their only good arguments. Meanwhile, for this human thinker one instrument for thinking is enough, and he does not need two hemispheres any more than a violinist needs two violins. The second hemisphere is then only to provide against accidental damage to the first, when, if he be yet young, the thinker can in time teach it to become human also in mental powers, but not if its chords have become too stiffened with age.—Dr. William Hanna Thomson, in the *May Everybody's*.

### DISCIPLINE AND THE BOY.

Between the ages of fifteen and twenty, as has already been pointed out, the boy needs the closest attention. While budding into a man he becomes abnormal in mind and body. Egotism becomes his dominating characteristic. He resents advice, and chafes under parental discipline. He is like a caged tiger, ever seeking to burst his bonds. He has no perspective of life, none of its bitter and wholesome educational experiences, and cannot believe them essential. It is a time when the wisest parents, in spite of their own experiences, which they

generally seem to have forgotten—are perplexed. Noting that the boy is often more susceptible to outside influences than to those of the home, he is sent away to school, if such a thing is possible.

Sometimes this act of the parent is the result of mere laziness or a confession of weakness to cope with a difficult situation. The father, engrossed in business, is apt to be tyrannical in the discipline of his son, or else let him go his own way unmolested. The mother, whose affections are so curiously set on sons, is apt to interfere with the father's ideas. It may be that both have the same love for and the same pride in their son, the same desire to develop him into a good man, but they are apt to take radically different and independent measures. It is no uncommon event for a mother secretly to side with the son against the father, simply because she thinks she understands the boy better. And often that is exactly the case. Her sympathies are broader and her resentment over foolish conduct much less. This psychological problem of adolescence is the most important in the history of any family. It is a subject to which Dr. G. Stanley Hall has devoted two large volumes which form one of the most valuable scientific works in recent years.

But the boy is often sent to school simply because, all other remedies having been exhausted with poor results, a career beyond the hearthstone seems on all grounds to be the last resort. This is apt to be the very best policy, no matter what the social or financial status of the parents. It is good for all concerned. The boy gets a new chance, and the parents, experiencing a powerful sense of relief from the necessity of constant discipline, have time to expend their affections on the absent son without restraint.

A boy will generally take discipline more patiently from strangers than from his parents, since an assumption of inherited rights leads him to assume that he is master of the home, or at least free from its fretting discipline. He does not see the reasons for restrictions imposed upon him, and jumps to the conclusion that they are unjust and not based on real love for him. On the contrary, he more readily accepts discipline at school as just or merited, no matter how disagreeable it may be to him.—Joseph M. Rogers, in *May Lippincott's*.



### THE CHURCHES AND THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

"It is refreshing," says the *Boston Advertiser*, commenting on the protests of ministers sent to Congress against the appropriation for four battleships, "to see the American churches waking up at last to the fact that the world's inordinate naval program presents a great moral issue. This protest of the clergymen of New York and Boston, with similar ones from other cities, is a memorable act. Our churches have too long abdicated their proper leadership in this imperative matter. This solemn protest by so great and eminent a body cannot be dismissed as careless or inconsiderable. The protest is itself a condensed and intense argument, which should startle

the country into soberness. It is to be hoped that it is the forerunner of a hundred such, with sermons everywhere to match, rousing the American churches to a more worthy part in the most urgent service of our time.

"For the war against war is the commanding cause of today; as the war against slavery was the commanding cause of the period before us. Mr. Carnegie put it rightly the other day when he said that the great duty of our generation is to put a stop to man-killing, as the great work of Lincoln's generation was to put a stop to man-selling. It would hardly seem as if this needed to be said to disciples of the Prince of Peace. Yet there was never a war so bad that the clergy in plenty have not been found ready to bless it; and so many of them today are found ready to apologize for the world's crushing armaments and to boom the big navies, that it is little wonder that the plain people are moved to ask, as they have had to do in the face of the same men's attitude often toward lawless and corrupt wealth and other gross wrongs and public menaces, what the Christian church is for.

"We see all the melancholy old phenomena of the anti-slavery struggle repeated. Indeed, one of the leading religious journals of the country gave conspicuous place and apparent endorsement the other day to an article by an eminent college president in which, by way of plea for a stronger navy, he condemned as un-Christlike the effort to abolish militarism, linking it distinctly with the old struggle against slavery, which he also pronounced un-Christlike. Christ would have taught us, he urged, not to war against the institution of slavery itself, but simply to try to make the slaves and their masters more honorable and faithful slaves and masters! It was a grewsome reminder of a record of shame. If there be one thing for which religious men should strive, it is that in the war against war, into the thick of which we have now come, the American churches may be saved from the mournful part into which so largely they were betrayed in the war against slavery.

"It is a capital misfortune that our religious journals are so often in this matter the organs of compromise and timidity, plausible apologists for what now is or worse, and ingenious discouragers of reform, yet failing again and again to give just expression to what is really prophetic and courageous in their own religious bodies. At a time when the military and pension expenses of this republic are two-thirds of its entire revenue, with a bare third of our national resources left for constructive purposes, and when the world's most awful present problem is that of its burdensome armaments, we find certain religious newspapers declaring that the citizens of the republic, even the trained minds of the pulpit, men eminently charged with the shaping of public opinion, ought not in propriety to petition or protest upon this great matter, but should simply leave it to 'the government'! They are not called upon or are not competent to exercise judgment! Paralysis and anæmia in a democracy could not well go farther. These teachers must needs, of course, give the same counsel to the people and pulpit of England and Germany, whose governments are now engineering naval increases greater than our own, and of Russia, on the eve of building its new billion-dollar navy. Whether their logic would quail if the present demand at Washington were for fourteen or forty new \$10,000,000 battleships instead of four, it would be interesting to know. Is there perhaps some stage at which the plain people of the republic, or their bishops and other clergy, might properly in the eyes of these mentors do some

thinking of their own on this subject, and respectfully open their mouths?

"There is no such folly or pusillanimity as for men to indulge in pious declamation about the madness of the rivalry of the nations in their great armaments, which have now become vastly more a provocation than a defense, and then refuse to coöperate in any positive effort to check the extravagance. The only way to begin the limitation of armaments is to begin."



#### TAGGING THE DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

With all our getting we do not get understanding. We mistake words for truth and qualities for qualifications. And in matters of judgment we make primitive, rather than intelligent distinctions. For example, we still regard the person who breaks another's head in a momentary fit of anger as a worse man than the one who persecutes his wife for forty years with a disagreeable disposition. The one is tried and sentenced as a criminal, while the other may be honored in the community as being of an extraordinary righteousness. In our efforts to discipline the crude, honest, outbreking sinners we have neglected to chasten a certain class of perverse people who are no less at fault because they possess so many virtues. All the virtues do not make some people virtuous, just as all the wealth would not make a miser rich. And we have failed in this duty because more courage is required to deal with one mean, good man than with many bad men. There is something prickly about him which forbids a firm, right-hand grapple with his particular fault. For one thing, his most exasperating qualities are invariably based upon his virtues, and his chief gift is the power to discover every other person's weakness, real or potential, which gives him the advantage of an offensive and accusing relation to them. And being in no need of a conscience himself, he exercises it vicariously, constantly and scrupulously for others. Nothing is more difficult than to indict a person for a fault who has already fixed his eye victoriously upon our own failing.

However, it is time to tag some of these people with the reputations they deserve. What they need is to contribute less to public opinion and to have more of it contributed to them.

Persons who bully public servants in public places are rarely punished for their viciousness. The instinct to persecute where there is no danger of retaliation is so strong in them that they will brave the silent contempt of the crowd about them for the pleasure of humiliating a clerk. Men who are brave enough to their equals show this kind of cowardice to their subordinates; and women distinguished for good breeding in their own social circles display virago qualities in dealing with their social inferiors. Women who hector shop girls and grocermen on the ground that they pay their bills also belong to this class; so does the man who becomes obviously angry when a baby cries in a railway coach or other public conveyance where he happens to ride. Such persons should be reminded of the fact that the world, including the railways, all real estate and the future, belongs more particularly to the baby. The rest of us are only regents of property, rights and government. He is the one person among us who has a natural imperative advantage of the situation by reason of his extreme youth, inexperience and magnificent unconcern. It is not possible, therefore, to punish such an offender for his yells, because he has not arrived at an age to be affected by outside opinions, and it is the meanness of mortifying the



infant's mother which indicates the peculiar quality of the disagreeable man's spirit.

The person in whom truth is a sort of niggardly trait for apprehending the honest, but more elastic and figurative, truths of other people as lies, is very objectionable and injurious to society, because he sets up a narrow, false and foolish standard of veracity, and is ever ready to fling his little fact like a stone in your face by way of contradiction. This person is the same who, being in the minority, contrives to make more noise with his outcries of defeat than the majority can with acclamations of victory. And this is because he lacks the honorable veteran quality which enables one to bear defeat no less sedately than conquest. His only element of strength consists in placing the other person, and as many other persons as possible, at a disadvantage; and being in that predicament himself, he is to be recognized by his impotent bellowings.

Religious people who love darkness rather than light belong to this order and are to be known by their paucity of ideas, by the narrowness of a critical spirit, and, above all, by their fear of knowing anything beyond the creed circle of their own catechism. Others also are to be mentioned here in whom righteousness is more a missionary instinct than a personal quality. They have a kind of peripatetic piety which urges them into a nagging relation to other people's souls, when really they are less likely than almost any of us to have souls of their own.

Many more might be mentioned, of course—the man who wants to argue till he proves the other person wrong; the other who imagines that he is a brilliant conversationalist because he can sustain a monolog longest at the expense of the rest of the company; and the woman in whom talking has become a sort of high treble hysteria. It will be observed that the two last-mentioned individuals never marry each other! No one ever saw a bullying, brilliant, egotistical man with a vivacious, talkative wife, nor an intellectually vain woman with a noisy husband. He is always her soft pedal.

And last, but by no means the least disagreeable, are the men or women who have an almost audible sense of their own nerves and a pessimistic vocabulary with which to interpret them. If euthanasia is ever admissible, it should be practiced upon women who are perfectly willing to die, but who cling faintly to life; who have neurasthenia and prize it; whose disease is a selfish, physical obsession of the mind which exhausts the body—and it might also be practiced with mutual relief upon men who are more interested in their vitals or their victuals than their business.—The Independent.



## Between Whiles

### POETRY AND REALITY.

Country Editor—I'm glad you brought these spring poems in early.

Spring Poet—Yes, sir!.

Country Editor (putting them in the stove)—Yes, sir! Most spring poets wait till the weather gets too warm to use them. Judge.



There's something kind of pitiful about a man that growls Because the sun beats down too hot, because the wild wind howls,

Who never eats a meal but that the cream ain't thick enough,

The coffee ain't been settled right, or else the meat's too tough.

Poor chap! He's just the victim of Fate's oldest, meanest trick:

You'll see by watching mules and men—they don't need brains to kick.  
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.



### RIGHT.

"It costs more to live than it did years ago," said the man who complains. "Yes," answered the man who enjoys modern conveniences, "but it's worth more."—Washington Star.



### BURIED.

A merchant of a certain town in Illinois one day entered the office of the editor of the only newspaper in the place. He was in a state of mingled excitement and indignation. "I'll not pay a cent for advertising this week!" he exclaimed. "You told me you would put the notice of my spring sale in with the reading-matter."

"And didn't I do it?" asked the editor, with reassuring suavity.

"No, you didn't!" came from the irate merchant. "You put it in the column with a lot of poetry, that's where you put it!"—Northwestern Christian Advocate.



### MORE IMPORTANT.

"Can't I go out in the backyard and play in the garden, mama?"

"Certainly not, child. You must stay in and study your nature books."—Life.



### A MODEL.

Mrs. Scott—You used to point Tom out to us as a model husband, and now you say he's lazy.

Mrs. Mott—Well, he's a model all right; only he isn't a working model.—Boston Transcript.



### THE RUB.

"You can't imagine," said the musical young woman, "how distressing it is when a singer realizes that she has lost her voice."

"Perhaps not," replied the plain man, "but I've got a fair idea how distressing it is when she doesn't realize it."—Catholic Standard and Times.



### DON'T ABBREVIATE.

Pupil (reading)—And his body was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral with er—er Pompey the Great.

Teacher—With what? Are you mad?

Pupil—Well, it ses here "with great pomp," but you told me last week that I wasn't to 'breviate when I was readin', so I read it out full.—London Opinion.



### A SPENDTHRIFT.

Publican—And how do you like being married, John?

John—Don't like it at all.

Publican—Why, what's the matter wi' she, John?

John—Well, first thing in the morning it's money; when I goes 'ome to my dinner it's money again, and at supper it's the same. Nothing but money, money, money!

Publican—Well, I never! What do she do wi' all that money?

John—I dunno. I ain't given her any yet.—Punch.

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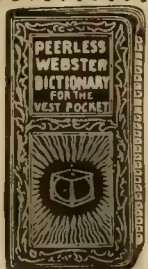
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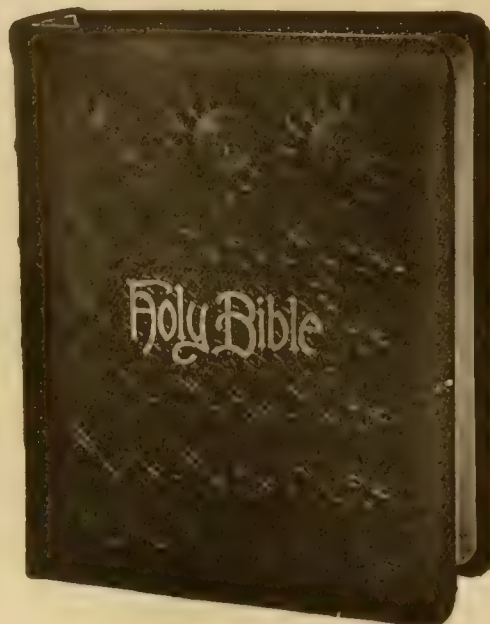
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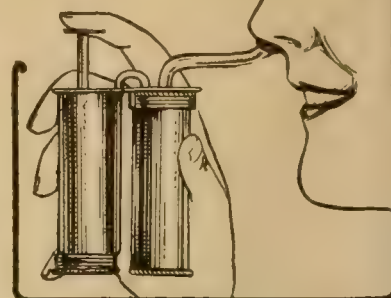
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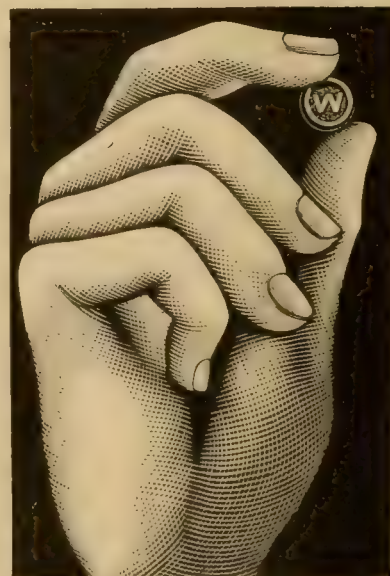
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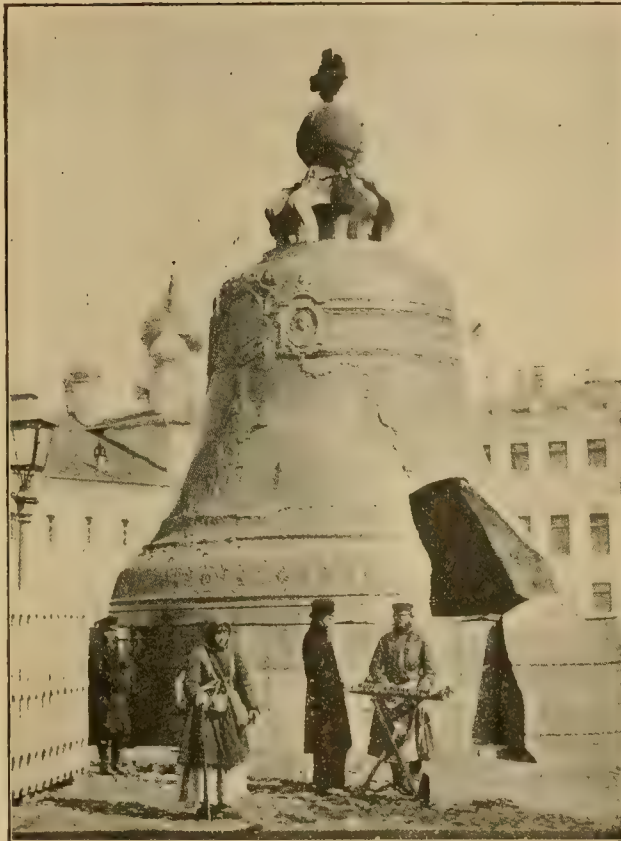
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# It's Your Move Next!

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OME people may think that it makes no difference where you live, but it does. There are lots of places to live—that is, exist, not live. To live, is to really enjoy life and its pleasures. Some people like to live in ice huts in the frigid zone and eat whale blubber. They like it. It would be wrong to take them away from such environment, for they would be homesick elsewhere.

Some folks love the mountains, some the prairie, while others like to roam the woodlands. People are differently constituted. Their tastes are not the same. Man is only happy when his environment is congenial to his nature. After all, happiness is the most valuable thing of this life. So, if you are happy, contented and prosperous where you are—you stay there. That's good sense, and it's good business.

But say, if you are tired of shivering around in a fur overcoat, in the first week of May, in a damp, dismal, gloomy, catarrhal, rheumatic climate, when you feel that you ought to be cultivating the summer crop, and eating the fresh, crisp garden vegetables—then it's time to think. It's your move. What else did we have this spring, from the Mississippi to the Ohio, and to the Hudson Bay? It costs something to shovel fuel from Hallowe'en to Decoration Day, but it costs more to feel all the time like you were in the wrong place. Why, this discontent is enough to drive a fellow crazy. It's your conscience, man, that's after you. You KNOW you ought not to STAY in such a CLIMATE as is not CONDUCTIVE to HEALTH, HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY.

Go West, to the land of sunshine, man. Turn the children out among the flowers. Get you a little farm that is all your own, plant you an orchard, eat lots of good fruit, make a barrel of honest money, thank God for his goodness to you, and be happy.

Remember we are not talking to the people who are satisfied, but those who really want to better their condition. For climate, health, opportunities for wealth, scenery, in fact real life, we have one of the best propositions on earth.

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It has been said that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Situated, as we are, in the midst of civilization, within the reach of friends and neighbors, accustomed to the convenience of modern transportation, even though we live in sparsely-settled communities, it is hard for us to fully realize the severe hardships and rigors experienced by some of the settlers of the far north and west. Hundreds of miles from doctors and drug stores, sickness becomes the direst calamity, and the possession of a reliable household remedy, at such a time, a veritable godsend. Mr. John R. Peterson is one of that body of hardy pioneers which forms the opening wedge for civilization in the distant west. He is located near Sawyer's Bar, Upper California. In speaking of his experience, he related, with evident satisfaction, his success in obtaining a supply of **DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER** this winter in spite of blinding storms and heavy snows which had almost cut him off from the rest of the world. The medicine which he said was prepared by Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, of Chicago, Ill., had, with considerable trouble and expense, reached Etna Mills, via San Francisco, but the most difficult part of the trip yet remained, to get it across the mountains in the heavy snow, a distance of nearly thirty miles. This seemed to be an almost insurmountable task, but it was finally accomplished by means of snow shoes. Judging by the confidence which Mr. Peterson places in the medicine, it must, indeed, be a remedy above the ordinary and such "faith" in itself ought to be able to ward off almost any form of sickness.

## A LETTER FROM THE HOLY LAND.

Mr. Conrad Weiss, of Saron, Palestine, Syria, writes: "Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill. Dear Doctor: The medicine which you shipped me was received in due time and good condition and is all sold and used. The fact that I am again placing an order for five dozen bottles of Blood Vitalizer is sufficient proof that the demand here in Palestine is continually increasing. I have even received orders from Jerusalem and Jaffa. We find that the worst forms of malaria yield to your remedy. Chronic cases of disease have been cured by your Blood Vitalizer. A woman, who has suffered for years with a terrible stomach trouble, has been cured from her frightful sufferings by means of your remedy.

kindest greetings,

## FROM THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Mr. Nicolai Johansen, Stenkjaer, Norway, writes: "Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill. You will no doubt recall that I sent for a box of your Blood Vitalizer some time ago. My wife had been suffering for many years with what the doctors call chronic intestinal catarrh and impoverished blood. The physicians also declared that her nervous system was completely ruined. She had not taken more than two bottles of your Blood Vitalizer when she experienced relief and an improvement in her condition was noticeable. After taking nine bottles she is able to be up and attend to her household duties. Physicians had failed to help her. We cannot be otherwise than thankful to God for the grand results it has brought about.

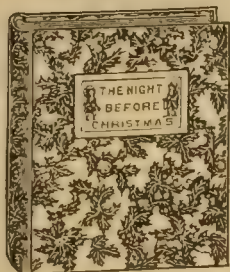
The merits of **DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER**, the old, time-tried herb-remedy, has become known the world over, so that it finds its way into almost inaccessible regions and even the remotest parts of the earth. Shipments of **BLOOD VITALIZER** for such distant lands as Africa, China, Finland, South America, Palestine, Australia, etc., are almost of daily occurrence at the laboratory of

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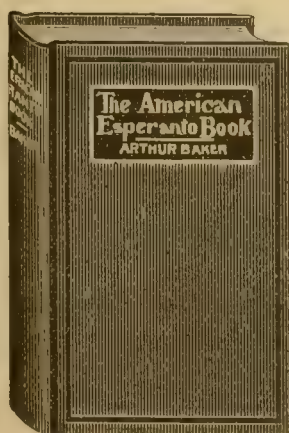
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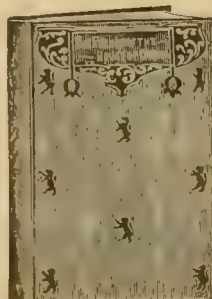
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small, population is beginning to realize that Russia is so awfully centralized that it even owns its people as it owns its enterprises, and these fairly intelligent people are asking that the evils of such a condition be lessened.

They are demanding, first of all, a constitutional government. This light seems to come from the United States. Our own Constitution which has preserved us a nation, seems to have enraptured the eyes and minds of the Russian students. Beyond this they demand freedom from arbitrary arrest; freedom of the press; freedom of organization, meeting and speech, and last of all a right to educate and freedom of education.

Thinking over these questions as Americans, we wonder why it is that Russia, a great, powerful, resourceful, wealthy nation, lies helpless at the mercy of one autocratic man. Why do they not rise up and hurl forever from him, his power, and why do they not govern their own affairs? Why, we in America could not submit for a day to such an awful *hæverno* on earth without arising, and in our might stamp it out!

But we Americans cannot measure Russian deficiencies by American standards. We have our own great problems and Russia has hers. One of her great problems to solve in throwing off this autocratic yoke is the utter state of apathy of the greater number of Russian subjects. The reasons for these conditions and this apathetic mind are fully apparent. If the great mind of America could imagine itself censured to the extreme, if it could imagine its thoughts and utterances all given out in secret, for fear of the wrath of the ever-present spy to the Czar; if it could but imagine all of the conditions which, rigidly enforced, would prohibit thought, education, social and intellectual intercourse, and all knowledge that pertains to the condition of the Russian subject in relation to the greater peoples of the earth, we could gain just a slight and insignificant insight into the Russian condition as it really is. For the press is subject to strictest censorship, all kinds of gatherings for the discussion of government are prohibited; all things and institutions pointing toward free speech, free thought, free action and free being are strictly prohibited. Under these conditions—with a death penalty, or a Siberian banishment threatening one for the petty offense of speaking one's thoughts or some like offense,—thoughts are usually left unspoken. And when no condition exists to promote action, thought itself, in the minds of the masses, cannot exist. For this reason the masses do not think, or if they do, they very rarely speak their thoughts. Under these conditions the one who *will* think is classed as a non-conformist, and, measuring from the standpoint of autocratic government, justly so, for the inborn thought

is not permitted utterance and it dwells pent up in the individual until at last it can be contained no longer, but is given out rashly in the assassination of some tyrannical government official, the only result that could be expected, and the result which has always followed a strict autocratic policy throughout the annals of history.

The great empire, with all its domain, with its great national wealth, with resources that all the world might envy, and with everything within reach that would tend to make a people happy, is called by the world the home of autocracy, of ignorance, of superstition, and even anarchy. Thus it seems that if this nation continues to grow, in the future, as it has in the past, the evil influence of autocracy must be spread to all lands where the Russian autocrat may plant his foot. But, if this rising power of Nihilism should ultimately prevail, it might be that light would come out of darkness and spread itself with the public domain. Or, if this new power should rise in some parts and not in others, it might arrest the nation's growth, and in the reign of terror which it would produce, might stay the autocratic hand of Nicholas until the lands he craves might fall into other hands.

Let us now think of Russia, with its great wealth of resources and its dearth of human honor, with its browbeaten subjects, still pushing outward to secure more subjects to enslave, for this is really what her political policies are pulling to. Our great American diplomatist, John Hay, once said of St. Petersburg: "It is a capital where men have arranged things and consequently bungled them. The great Tsar Peter slapped his Imperial Court down on the marshy shore of the Neva, where he could look westward into civilization and watch with the jealous eye of an intelligent barbarian the doings of his betters." Peter the Great early conceived the idea that Moscow, great Moscow, with its great population, great wealth, great mosques, statuary, gardens, fairs, courts, and its wealth of landscape beauty, was too far inland to ever become the capital of the great world power. He craved all the advantages that would be derived from a seaport capital. Constantinople was to his liking, but he could not take Constantinople. The only opening that lay before him was the shore of the Neva in northern Europe. This region was wrung from its people and on the marshy banks of the river Neva he built his city St. Petersburg a "window looking out into Europe."

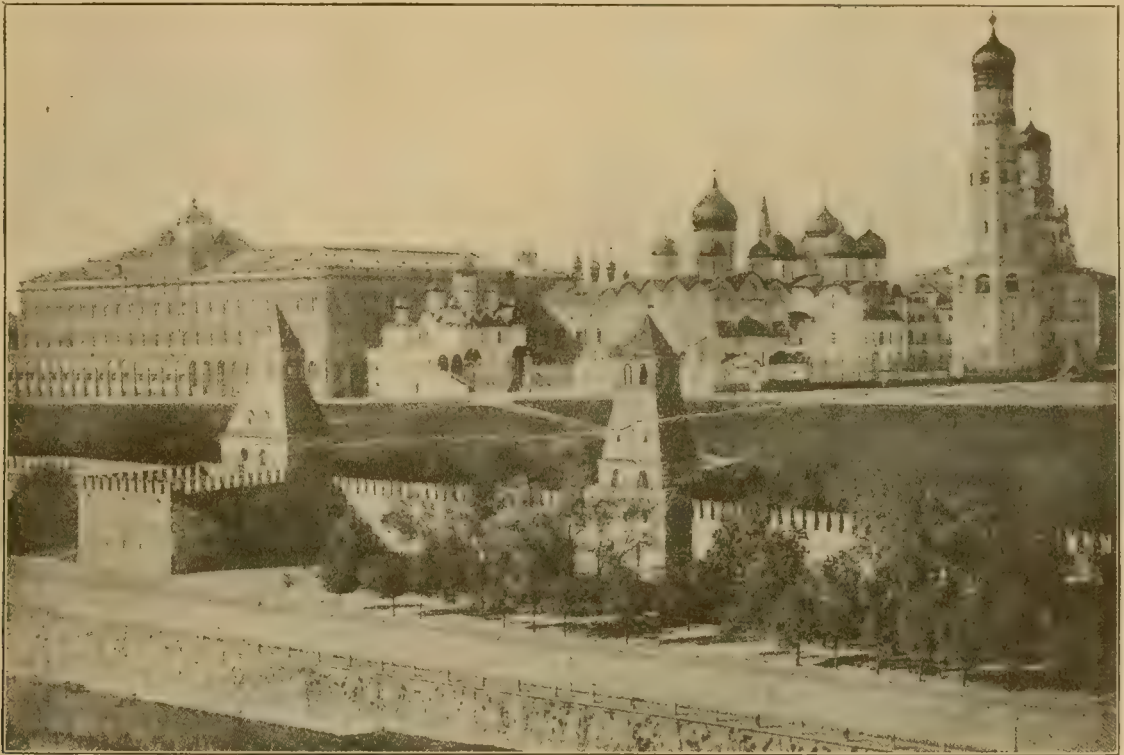
The site is low, marshy and swampy and unfit for a city, but Peter did not stop for this. It is built on stolen land, but even this did not affect his conscience. In fact it seems to have been a sort of impetus, or excuse for Peter and all his successors to desire to continue in the land-grabbing business. St. Petersburg stands looking into the west, but Russia has

ever been dissatisfied with her capital city. It is so far north, so out of the way, frozen in for half the year, and not at all the city that Russia would see grow into the capital of the greatest empire, to be, on the face of the globe. The present Czar looks longingly toward the beautiful and commanding site of Constantinople and contrasts it with the marshy flat in which out-of-the-way St. Petersburg is located. If only Constantinople can fall into his hands. Then Russia stands on preëminent heights above every other nation, above all other nations in the world.

The Russian court is one of the finest in the world. Its extravagant display of wealth in all its phases is a direct contrast to the abject poverty of the lower classes, and majority of the people, which is a direct result of this lavish expense of maintaining so

gain permit from the Sultan ere she can move her Black Sea fleet. She feels the humiliation of bowing to the tottering, unrespected, unstable government of Turkey in any cause whatsoever, but yet she must do so, so long as the other powers of Europe keep their eyes upon the Turkish Empire.

The Czar is only hoping that some turn of events may open the way for him to cross over into the Balkan territory, but the other powers of Europe are watching as relentlessly as he. Some think the Czar's call for a peace convention was an insincere movement on his part, instituted for the purpose of withdrawing the attention of the powers from the secret desires of his heart, *i. e.*, the desire to take Constantinople. Whether this opinion is well founded or not, we are not prepared to say, but it is both meet and proper



Palace and Cathedral, Kremlin, Russia.

great a court. But the classes feel that if Constantinople could only be Russia's capital, then, and not until then, would Russia really know a real fine court.

Russia, as a political power, actually feels the need of Constantinople more than any nation and, since the Russia-Japanese War, she feels it more keenly than ever before. If she could have won out in the war with Japan, a more southernly port on the Pacific might have been made; and all-year-round capital might have been built, and St. Petersburg could have been deserted. But with all going against her in this struggle, the idea of a Pacific capital had to be given up, and now, more than ever before, she has turned her eyes toward Constantinople. She grieves because she must

to suggest here that International Peace Congresses have shown, as yet, no attitude toward disarmament and toward the desired end of which the white dove would stand in approval. It more resembles the thrusting of peace upon all nations because of a sort of international fear that each other nation is too strongly armed to justify a nation declaring diplomacy at an end. It is perhaps safe to say in prediction, that so long as all of the great nations of earth are outwitting one another in building the mightiest engines of destruction that have ever existed on earth, that the dawn of the reign of the white dove is still a thing for the future to bring us, and that, some day, these mighty engines will clash with all their pent-up fury.



So while nations are talking peace they are preparing for war. They desire to be ready to be in the ring when the anticipated time shall come.

When we remember the present condition of the Turkish empire, and when we think of the fact that all the eyes of Europe are turned toward Constantinople, and when we remember that this tottering old government has about run its course, we can but picture the downfall of this government as the flickering of the spark that shall start the political unconformity.



Cathedral of St. Basil the Beatiſied, Moscow.

If Russia continues in the future as she has in the past she will reap the richest harvest in this great field, and shall gain the supremacy that the Czar hopes she may reach. But if her domestic trouble should continue to grow,—as it has given promise to do in recent years,—this government may be deprived of her desire to be a dominant figure in the scuffle.

And Russian affairs are all but satisfactory to the Czar. He lives in constant peril of his own life. He, of recent years, keeps himself hidden most of the time in fear of assassination. "Nihilism," says Leroy-Beaulieu, "though it shows only at the surface, and affects, so to speak, only the nation's epidermis, is not a transient accident, a trifling ailment which the Russian constitution is strong enough to throw off if left to itself. Unless it is treated, the disease threatens to become incurable, to eat its way into the nation's vitals and marrow."

The Czar's consent to permit a national legislature was finally given in response to an irresponsible clamor, but the fact that two successive doumas were dissem-

bled by the Czar shows that he is dealing in bad faith with his subjects.

The third douma is now in session but its powers are chained to the Czar. Prof. Paul Milyoukoff, leader of the last douma's democrats, in his recent visit to this country said: "The third douma may not be able to do much for the cause of Russian freedom, because it is out of touch and out of sympathy with the people. This does not mean that the cause of Russian freedom is losing ground, however. On the contrary, the struggle of the douma for the past two years has had a tremendous effect upon the masses of the people. It has made them think, and thinking has prepared them for any struggle which will lead to greater liberty." He said also: "Emperor Nicholas is a man of weak character, and accordingly he is easily influenced by his advisers. Russia is practically in a state of civil war."

And the march of events of very recent years seem to bear out what Prof. Milyoukoff has said, and, if the great heart of the Russian people should awaken from its apathy, Russia has within its boundaries enough reforms needed to keep her busy at home for a hundred years. And if this comes to a real national issue, if democracy makes its just demands felt, Russia's Czar must take his eyes off of Constantinople and seek to clean up and build up his own domain. He shall have to separate church and state, espouse the cause of education, maintain an equilibrium of court and people, and give the new Russian the civil rights that he may demand. If he cannot thus join hands with democracy, and promote a peaceful revolution, the nations will have the right to say that in the desire for perpetual peace Czar Nicholas is insincere. And while the nations are saying this, Russia without the help of the Czar will be at the work that shall establish her, as she should be, a free and great people.



THE object of education is not to improve your food or your clothes or your material surroundings, though these things are very apt to be added unto you as a secondary result of increased culture; but its real object is to develop your heart and brain and soul, so that you may be able to appreciate the great discoveries that are being made now in science, the splendid work of the past in literature and art, to sympathize with human struggle and effort as revealed in history, to perceive with a seeing eye the beauty and order of Nature, to take a worthy part in the life around you and to participate in the highest aspirations of man.—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*



"EXPERIENCE is a great teacher, but by the time it hands a man his diploma he is too old to make much use of his knowledge."



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter III.

LONDON is always perennial. It is interesting in its vivacious freshness. I met many Americans on the street and at the hotels. How glad we are to see one another in distant lands. I can always tell an American crowd of tourists. Anybody can. Their dress, their walk, their expression, all speak of Yankee-land. But the loudest and best tongue of the American abroad is his spirit of democracy. He is the uncrowned king wherever he goes.

Every one loves to look at a beautiful face. I do not turn my head another way myself. The English girls, when beautiful at all, are very beautiful. Their voice is charming,—their accent is just as fascinating as can be, if at all cultured. Cultured! What does that mean? It means the difference between the sour crab and the sweet apple. Why, the way these pretty girls pronounce their

syllables is captivating to an American. "Apples of gold in pictures of silver." I talked with a seventeen-year-old English girl about the various customs of her land. She had other charms than those of voice, but the way she says, "Yes," throws the magnetic spell of love over you. The Chicago girl is the "I will" of civilization and progress. The girl of London is the "I would if I could, but I can't," for the loss of so many men in the English wars of conquest has left an over-abundance of women, and, like everything in commodity bargaining, she suffers a glut in the market.

There are at least three types of woman here. One is that type which for coarseness and wickedness,—

masculine in her make-up,—outdoes the worst in American coarseness and wickedness. There is another type of the very poor, whose blankness of stare and ambitionless movements make you feel ill at ease.

In the third type I will describe,—as well as a boy may,—the beauty and dress of a real beauty. Though many of the girls wear more flounces, ruffles, tucks, puckers, gewgaws and gingersnaps than our own American girls wear, the more modest and sensible

ones adorn their well-formed bodies with Gospel plainness. It seems to be a fact that the most cultured and religious women here wear the plainest, most becoming and sensible style of dress. The English beauty that is most admired for her dress usually wears pure white, with little or no trimming or curleygews. The skirt is not gathered about the waist in a thousand and one plaits or folds, or at



Mr. Spickler Preaching to an Audience of 3,000 Englishmen near the Royal Arsenal, London.

the bottom. It is just simply plain. She attracts more admiring eyes than a dozen fussily-robed girls, and her face is a thousand times more charming. In her glance is sweet modesty, quiet reserve, calm thought, purity of soul, depth of vision. Any man who can look full into the face of such an angel of light without believing in God and honorably loving such a face is "fit for treason."

Some of the girls have wonderful hair,—the natural gift of the island. The hair is allowed to flow over the shoulders in a spreading mantle. It is very light in color and yet has the power, at certain angles, of showing darker hues. There is a decided tinge of flame in it that pervades the head as the orange in the



rainbow softens the other colors. It is always carefully brushed and a silken finish is the effect. Of course the girls with loose hair are very young, and most of them when at that age that prompts dreams of St. Agnes, have a remarkably clear and beautiful complexion. The pink cheeks are surmounted by a color not at all red, but which by some strange mixing of colors produces that effect that is as unsurpassed as it is indescribable.

In laughter and when at play, this color is supremely beautiful, and it tells of good health, good motives and a good disposition. The eye is mild, soft and inclined to be blue,—blue sometimes as the sea is blue, or the sky is blue, and just as wonderful in its mystery. The forehead is well proportioned, the chin small, rather retreating, round and delicately set. The nose is straight or slightly beaked. The mouth has the full, rich curve of the Venus bow and from it baby Cupid shoots his flaming arrows. Armed with this grace she goes forth to battle—break men's hearts.

With all of her noble armament, she lacks the proud independence, that, rightly trained, proportioned and exercised in deeds of loving mercy, makes our American girl, in sensible, becoming and modest attire, the Queen of the whole world.

Of all enjoyments purely pleasurable the first trip to a foreign land is the most perfect. Up hill and down, winding around dreamy hawthorne hedges, and over old stone bridges, and through deep, fragrant woods, skirting the meadows where the yeomanry are pitching the hay on queer old wagons, and the children play in the grass, pictures never seen in our own country except on Christmas cards or in story books, with history hanging like the London fog over every bit of ground you look upon or ride over, where some hero died for human rights, a king was defeated, an army was routed.

In Canterbury Cathedral town I stood by the cathedral and, as in my imagination, with Stoddard, saw Charles the Fifth, Henry the Eighth and Cardinal Wolsey pass through, arm in arm, an historic fact. In the cathedral I stood where Thomas A'Becket was murdered by the misadventured knights because of a mis-

understood king. In another spot I stood by the tomb of the Black Prince and saw his fading, rotting armor. I addressed two big audiences almost under the shadow of the cathedral one Sunday evening, heard the solemn curfew that has always rung at eight o'clock, when everybody had to be in doors, lights out and abed. Leaving the city I pumped over the path taken by the Chaucer pilgrims, and up Gad's famous hill where Falstaff played the mighty coward, at the very top of which I entered the beautiful but modest home of Charles Dickens and laid my hand on the desk on which he wrote out his immortal humor,—on through gnarled old oaks looked upon and climbed into by the author of *Oliver Twist*, past the Leathern Bottle Inn where Dickens took his gin, on through the gardens and berry patches into London, again.

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Oaks and Lindens Grow in the pretty fields. Note Farmhouse and Barn Adjoining It.

I WOULD rather plant a single acorn that will make an oak of a century and a forest of a thousand years, than sow a thousand morning glories that give joy for a day and are gone tomorrow. For the same reason I would rather plant one living truth in the heart of a child that will multiply through the ages, than scatter a thousand brilliant conceits before a great

audience that will flash like sparks for an instant and then like sparks disappear forever.—Ed. Leigh Pell.



#### THE LANGUAGE OF THE WORLD.

THE Berlin board of education has made the study of English compulsory in all the higher schools of that city. The Kaiser speaks English better than he does French, although he is said to be an expert in the use of the French language. The English language is gaining rapidly over all other tongues among a billion and a half of people in the world.

Charles V., of Spain, used to say he spoke French on matters of business, Italian to women, German to his horses and Spanish to God. The English language had no place in his thoughts or in his immense domains. Bacon wrote in Latin, because he was afraid the English tongue would not survive the sieges of time. Even the language of diplomacy is rapidly changing from French to English.

By far the largest single force in giving the English language world vogue has been our own country. We are the greatest travelers on earth, and in the past quarter of a century have made a deeper impression on the world's history than any other nation. The collective force, will and potential power of the two great English nations has now become so large that the language used by them has become of vital interest to the rest of the world.



## VARIATIONS OF THE EARTH'S MAGNETISM.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

How are lines run on the earth's surface?

The principal instrument of the surveyor is his compass, hence a knowledge of the laws of magnetism are essential to accurate work.

In 1576 Norman had discovered that a compass needle which was balanced in one locality would not be in another, but when suspended so that it could move freely the north end would point downward more or less. In making compasses he first balanced the needle, then after it had been magnetized he would add a weight to the south part to restore the equipoise.

Compasses now have a sliding brass ring on the south part by which they can be balanced. This downward motion is called the dip and further investigation proves that the dip also undergoes secular change.

That the needle pointed other than north was long an established fact, but it remained for Gellibrand in the 17th century to discover that the magnetic declination undergoes a slow change, called the secular change. In 1580 the declination at Deptford, England, was 11 deg. 15 min. E. while in 1634 Gellibrand found it to be 4 deg. 6 min. E. In retracing lines this required the consideration of this new fact.

Referring to the Magnetic Declination Tablets as published by the United States government we learn that in 1580 the compass was 11 deg. E. at London; about 1658, the year of Cromwell's death it was on the meridian; while in 1812 it was 24 deg. W., in all a variation of 35 deg. "The direction of a street a mile long laid out in London in 1580 in the direction pointed out by the compass would be seven-tenths of a mile too far to the east at the north terminus according to the compass direction of 1812. At Paris the declination was 9 deg. 36 min. in 1580; due north in 1664; and 22 deg. 36 min. W. in 1809. At Rome it was 11 deg. E. in 1570; due north in 1660; and 17 deg. 06 min. W. in about 1810.

This change of direction is especially interesting to the original States of the Union, as land in them was described by metes and bounds, and not by meridians as in the west. To be able to retrace these lines the surveyor must first ascertain due north and then know the amount of allowance to be made for the change. At Baltimore the change was from 6 deg. 6 min. W.

in 1670 to 39 min. W. in 1802, so that a street one mile long laid out by the compass in 1670 would be 504 feet too far to the west at the north end in 1802.

One more fact. In 132 years the change at Baltimore was 327 min. or an average of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per year, hence surveyors often assume that at the same station the rate of change has been uniform, which is not the case.

At this station the change varies from 0 to 4 deg. The motion is like the swing of a pendulum. When it has reached the greatest west deviation it remains stationary for about five years then increases in speed till it reaches the due north point then the motion decreases till the extreme east point is reached and then the motion is the same as from the west—stationary for a period and then accelerated till the north point is reached. At no place in the world has a record been kept of one complete swing—that is the motion from east to west and back again from west to east. At some stations a half swing or more has been observed, and from a comparison of the time intervals we have another interesting fact—that "the intervals between the extreme positions of the needle are of different lengths at different parts of the world. The average of the cities of London, Paris, and Rome being about 240 years and for the Eastern States about 150 years.

This is not all. The needle has also a diurnal variation—the direction changing from hour to hour. Observations taken at Baldwin, Kansas, show this to amount to as much as 3 min. in winter and more than 8 min. in summer. Two lines each one mile long, one run in the morning and one in the afternoon, starting from the same point and surveyed in the direction indicated by the compass, diverge 10 to 15 feet at their extremities in summer and one-third that in winter. It will thus be seen that it is of sufficient importance to be taken into account in accurate surveys.

As we approach the magnetic pole the range of diurnal variation increases. At Ft. Conger Grinnell Land, it is 98.8 min., while at Key West, Fla., it is but 4.7 min. The variation is east in the morning and west in the evening—being toward the sun.

It has also been noted that the range increases during the months when the sun is north of the equator and as the range is also greater for the same month during years of sun-spot activity we infer that there is some connection between the sun and terrestrial magnetism. Those who use telephones or telegraphs are acquainted with electro-magnets.

The most commonly accepted theory is that the diurnal variation is due to electrical currents in the upper air acting somewhat like the current in the electro-magnet, but the precise manner of action is not clear.



How may we know the true north if the compass changes so constantly?

A method that will be near enough correct for all ordinary purposes is to hang a plumb line in such a manner that its shadow falls on a level surface. About noon place a peg, nail, or any similar object on a moderately level surface and note the shortening of its shadow by careful marking. At the time when the shadow seems to be neither shortening nor lengthening place two tacks in the shadow cast by the string. This gives a north and south which may be extended at pleasure. One advantage of this method is no tools but the commonest are needed. This method is an easy one for a class in school to use to orient their schoolhouse.

Another way is to place two sticks in line with the north star. This is only approximate. If you want a more exact method hang a plumb line from the limb of a tree, or any support allowing north and south view. A brick or stone will do as well as a turned and finished metal. Place a light so that it will strongly illuminate the line just below the point of support, but place an opaque screen between it and the observer. Make a peep sight by sawing a narrow slit in a board and nail to a square block so arranged that it will stand vertical when placed on a smooth horizontal rest placed south of the line in such a position that Polaris will appear about a foot below the support of the line.

"Select that one of the two stars which at the time of the year when the observation is made passes *below* Polaris. Delta (D) Cassiopeiae is on the meridian below Polaris and the pole about midnight about April 10, and is, therefore, the proper star to use at that date and some two or three months before and after. Six months later the star Zeta (Z) Ursae Majoris will supply the place. Place the peep sight in the line with the plumb line and Polaris, and move it to the west as Polaris moves east, until Cassiopeia, for example, appear on the plumb line together, and carefully note the time by a clock or watch; then by moving the peep sight preserve the alignment with Polaris and the plumb line (paying no further attention to the other star); at the expiration of the small interval of time given below, the peep sight and the plumb line will define the true meridian, which may be permanently marked for future use."

For Zeta in 1908 wait 5.4. minutes. Annual increase, 0.35 minutes.

For Delta in 1908 wait 5.04 minutes. Annual increase, 0.33 minutes.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



#### NORTH DAKOTA'S FIRST IRRIGATION PROJECT.

ETHA EVANS BEISEL.

THE actual pumping of water from the Missouri River into the canal system of the Williston Irrigation

project in western North Dakota was begun in October and until the cold weather prevented, test of apparatus and the gradual filling and priming of the main canals and pressure pipes was continued in order that the system might be in good condition to deliver water for the next season's crops.

A great deal of interest attaches to this project by reason of the fact that it is the first to be undertaken in North Dakota, and also because of the unique engineering features in connection with it.

The Missouri River has a habit of constantly cutting its banks and changing its channel, so that it was found impossible to locate any structure for the diversion of water by gravity without incurring enormous expense to protect it from the scour of the stream. Moreover, its grade was so flat that any gravity canal would be of prohibitive length. Fortunately, large beds of lignite coal were discovered in the vicinity, affording cheap fuel, and the engineers conceived the plan of building a power house at the coal mines and conveying it electrically to the river. The pumps are placed on floating barges which will accommodate themselves to changes in the river channel and at the water level. The water is delivered thru pipes with flexible joints into several basins located at sufficient distance from the shore to be safe from encroachment by the shifting river. From these basins the water will be pumped into canals to cover the irrigable lands. The basins also serve for the purpose of settling silt, large quantities of which are carried in solution by the Missouri River. This winter the barges have been drawn out of the water to points where they will be safe from ice gorges and sudden freshets.

On Sept. 25, 1907, the steam turbine generating machinery was started for the first time and on the following day the electric power at 22,000 volts was sent over the transmission line to the intake pumping station. On Sept 27 the two pumping units located on the barge were started. During October the pumping system was operated at various times, raising the water gradually in the settling basin so that the banks could be puddled wherever there was any indication of weakness.

A semi-gas-producing furnace designed for burning lignite coal is used. As the mine is carried farther into the vein, the quality of the coal improves and the little difficulties experienced in starting the plant to operating satisfactorily are being overcome. It is expected that 5,000 acres will be irrigated during 1908.

The Williston power house will also supply power for the Buford-Trenton project, transmitting it by wire twenty-two miles. The installation of the electrical apparatus and the pumping units in the station which receives the power from Williston have been completed at Buford, and the pumping machinery mounted. Some obstacles have been encountered in securing the right of way for the transmission line, but the wires

will be manufactured this winter and it is hoped to have them placed on the poles early in the spring, so that power may be transmitted in time for supply-water as anticipated. It is expected that more than 3,500 acres can be supplied with water under the Buford-Trenton project during this year.

*Buford, N. Dak.*



### HAY FROM THE SEA.

SELECTED BY C. C. ROOT.

HAY-MAKING on the tide-water lands is one of the interesting occupations of the natives of New Jersey around Barnegat Bay, and hundreds of dollars' worth of the stuff are literally snatched from the water each year. Late summer resorters along this coast enjoy the busy scenes. Bordering Barnegat Bay are meadows miles wide, intersected by salt water channels, often divided into many islands. At high tide the tall grass often stands deep in water, and sometimes at low water, and always after rains the grass is several inches in water.

Forked River, the largest, richest and most popular resort on the bay, with agricultural machinery, stout motor boats and barges, presents the most picturesque spectacle in haying on the bay. The town and river have the same name, but the latter has three navigable forks which come together, forming the estuary of the same name. Anchored anywhere in the estuary, or passing through it, one may see mowing machines, the horses, knives and wheels splashing through the layer of water on the meadows, cutting down the tall grass. At the same moment, other men are spreading the cut grass to dry, carefully elevating it on little hillocks, while the wheelrakes are busy with the dried grass elsewhere. On another stretch, men with wagons are gathering the hay and removing it to be put in stacks, either on the river's edge on platforms above the high tide, whence it can be taken away on barges when needed, or well back on the high ground adjoining the evergreen forests. Frequently there pass the observer huge barge loads of hay, towed by motor boats or catboats, removing the product to the railway stations for transportation to the cities. Holland in all its glory can present no more picturesque views, contributing to which are the innumerable clam and oyster craft, catboats, motor boats, schooners, sloops, dories, sneak boxes and sharpies under sail, loaded with anglers and visitors out for fishing, clambaking and bathing.

The Barnegat flats ship annually some 50,000 tons of hay to the markets, retaining perhaps half as much for local consumption. The producer gets an average of eight dollars a ton at the railway stations and the dealer \$13, in the cities. Salt water hay has several uses in addition to its value for bedding stock. Manufacturers pack bottles with it and nurserymen find

it useful in packing young trees and shrubs for shipment. It is also used in stuffing mattresses.



### AN APPEAL TO LOGIC.

A CROWD stood closely packed around a dark, ragged-looking object in the Burlington Railway yards in a Missouri town one morning in May. The "thing" was hacked and jagged and bloody beyond language to describe.

"Drunk and lay down on the track last night."

Those nine words told the whole pitiful and too common tragedy. Even the newspaper reporters spent scant time over the matter, because it would not yield over five lines at the most.

The coroner came and smelled of the empty whiskey flask, which by some curious chance was unbroken. Four or five deaths of the sort had occurred in the railway yards there the past twelve months, and in every instance the whiskey bottle had been unharmed, while the man who carried it was ground to pieces. It might have been the mute lesson of providence.

When a man gets drunk he will hunt the railway track. This man was only thirty-five. He had a wife and several children in the mining town of New Cardiff, and they were left penniless. They had done no wrong, but they were the sufferers.

"The man was drunk; there's no liability," said the railroad attorney, as he turned away. The prosecuting attorney advised the coroner not to put the county to the expense of an inquest. "It's too clear a case," he said; "the man was drinking. There's nobody but himself to blame, and the county board would object to a bill for taking evidence."

The crowd turned away. The show was over. An undertaker picked up the bunch of clothes and bones and blood and put them into a cheap box. The railroad furnished free transportation to the destination. Next day the little tragedy was completed, and the widow and her children walked sorrowfully away from the hillside cemetery where the bread-winner lay. In the morning the woman consulted the lawyer. He listened sympathetically but not hopefully.

"I fear there's no liability," he said. "Your husband was intoxicated."

The woman went home with her little ones huddled about her. She had no bread for them, but told them she would get some. She went to a saloon-keeper. He was so indignant that she should call on him that he refused to give a cent. "My husband spent most of his money with you," she said.

"Well, he got what he paid for, didn't he?" retorted the man of the white apron.

There was one friend left—her preacher. She had not been to church much of late, because women dislike to appear in public in tattered garments. This minister was a Western character. He stood high in the community because he was absolutely fearless and



devoted to the cause of man. Big, brawny, clear-headed, true as the road to the cross, he never hesitated.

He went over to the county-seat and got the names of men and women who had signed the petition for the saloon where the dead man got most of his whiskey. Then he took the woman and her children along. Arriving at the store of the first merchant, he said:

"Mr. —, I see your name here on the Crystal Palace petition. That's where this woman's husband got the whiskey that killed him. The law has let the railroad company and the saloonkeeper out, and the woman is penniless. Now, it's up to you. Shall she and her little brood go to the poorhouse, or will you do your duty? You see, she's driven to the source for redress. Legally she can't collect a cent from you. But that man's blood—"

"That's enough," said the merchant; "here's twenty-five dollars."

Some got mad at the parson for "butting in," but the majority saw the terrible logic of his argument and paid what he asked. It was the first time the issue had been brought squarely before their eyes, and, being good men for the most part, it was a startling realization. The "chickens had come home to roost," and they didn't look good.

The preacher wasn't rough and peremptory about it; he was just very grave and earnest. He was pleading at the court of last resort, and every man knew in his heart of hearts that the woman's friend was operating in the proper jurisdiction. There was no escape from it. The woman got enough to tide over the trouble until she could obtain employment.

When the time came to renew his license, the saloonkeeper started around with his petition and a box of cigars. He was smiling genially, because it was only a matter of form.

"Excuse me, Bill," said Smith, the big merchant, handing the paper back, "I'd rather not."

"W-h-a-t?"

"I'm not going to sign any more saloon petitions."

"You're joking."

"Well, have it your way. I don't sign."

"After all the goods I have bought of you?"

"I appreciate your patronage," said the merchant.

"I won't buy another nickel's worth from you."

"All right."

The saloonkeeper went out noisily. He was less sanguine when he approached the next man, but more diplomatic. But his luck was the same. The man didn't sign. When he returned to his saloon he had three names on his paper, and those were of men to whom he rented houses. Next month there was a sign on the saloon door:

*This Building for Rent. Will be Refitted for Drug, Grocery or General Merchandise Store.*

—Home Herald.

## CURRENT COMMENTS

### The Italian-Turkish Difficulty Settled.

In announcing that it intended to make a demonstration in Turkish waters in order to receive the rights it held itself entitled to, Italy pursued the very most effective course. Scarcely had the demonstration been decided on before the Turkish Ambassador at Rome communicated to the Italian Government, not only that Italy could establish postoffices at the five cities in Turkey where other powers have such offices, but that Italians would be allowed to purchase property on Turkish territory, and that certain restriction on coast navigation would be withdrawn. The Italian Government thereupon withdrew the order for demonstration. The precipitancy with which the Sultan yielded suggests that Italy's desire for Tripoli may not be wholly vain in the future. Now that France has dropped her role of protector of the Catholic church in the East, Italy is taking it up. It remains to be seen how she will fulfill her greater role.

### Still in the Fight.

The anti-saloon forces of Illinois are not resting on the victories gained in the recent elections. These victories have only given them renewed strength and courage. Despite the fact that fifteen hundred saloons were closed as a result of the April elections, Illinois still has more saloons than any other State in the Union,—a fact that ought to arouse to action every lover of home and country within its borders. May 6 the Prohibitionists held their convention in Springfield. One of the needs at present is that of officials who will enforce the laws already passed and another is that of lawmakers to secure further legislation against the liquor business. The Lincoln temperance Chautauquas which are believed to have had a great influence for good, are to be continued, it being arranged to visit 125 towns in 25 weeks.

### Will Congress be Good?

If present indications are to be relied upon, the recent flourish of the "big stick" is likely to bring about some of the results so earnestly desired by the President. Members of Congress are becoming aware of the fact that the people not only know what they, as lawmakers, are supposed to do, but also know what they have done, or failed to do in this session. And if they do not do some effective work on the measures before them because of their importance to the welfare of the country, they will do it for their own self-preservation. Recently there was a conference between the President and the Speaker of the House who represents, almost in toto, the hindrance to the desired legislation. It is understood the President told the Speaker some plain truths as to whom the country would hold accountable for the skipping of matters upon which action might be had. One must feel ashamed that such things must be resorted to in order to secure needed legislation, but since higher motives have been wanting it is to be hoped that these threats may bring the results.

### "Save the Trees."

All honor to the men who have fought for the preservation of the forests and for the protection of the same by state superintendence. That the Appalachian forests may

be protected in this way is the fervent hope of the friends of the movement, and the Adirondack forests, also, before it is too late. Every hamadryad spirit of the woods will rejoice that their tree homes are not to be ruthlessly destroyed, that they are to be kept from the vandalism of the improvident person, as well as from the expediency of the utility fiend. The sentiment of the country is, "Preserve the trees," and when the whole world is beginning to recognize that it is the deep-down interlacing of the gnarled roots which tends to the conservation of the water supply, it would be strange enough if certain small communities should hold stubbornly to a different opinion. Why, all the schools are teaching the necessity of renewing the forests, and lamenting that so many of the century-old trees have been destroyed, and are assuring us that, if this is continued, this earth will soon become an arid desert, a moonless waste (for they say there is water in the moon). In the great economies of nature they serve a deeper purpose than we know. There is healing and conservation of force, both in root and branch, which people are just beginning to realize. Would that they had paid more heed to this thought in the past history of our country. In that case whole avenues of beautiful trees might have been preserved which cannot be restored in the lifetime of the youngest among us, and yet not one protesting voice was lifted in their behalf. Who that has spent an hour in the depths of a real forest has not felt a sense of uplifting in the presence of trees of a century's growth? It is something more than delight in their protecting shade. To every tree lover it is companionship, help, soothing—something which the tree-hater cannot understand, but which will be more and more brought within the limits of his comprehension as the years go on, for both scientist and sentimentalist will unite in the cry, "Let the trees live!"

#### An Arbitration Treaty With England.

The United States Senate has now ratified arbitration treaties with Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, France and Great Britain. An arbitration treaty with Germany is now being drafted. We hope that one with Japan will be prepared in the near future. The treaties with countries other than Great Britain are like the treaty with France. The Senate's ratification of the treaty with Great Britain is particularly gratifying. Two such treaties have failed in the past, one in 1897 and one in 1905, owing in good part to Irish opposition and the taste for "twisting the British lion's tail" which appears still to be latent in a portion of our population. Even in the case of the present treaty Irish opposition appeared, but melted away when it was made clear to the objectors that the treaty was not a treaty of alliance, and bound us no more to Great Britain than the arbitration treaty with France, for instance, bound us to that country. The present treaty guards against an inequity which has existed in former treaties with Great Britain by the provisions that the treaty shall not be binding until the two governments have exchanged notes to that effect. In the past treaties have been held binding on Great Britain as soon as they were signed, but not on the United States until they were confirmed by the Senate. But the most notable innovation is the provision in regard to the right of the British government to obtain the concurrence of any self-governing dominion of the British Empire whose interest is affected by the treaty. This principle has never before appeared in any British treaty which was purely diplomatic. It puts the colonies one step nearer to absolute federation with the mother country as equal powers in the Empire.

#### Mr. Bryan on Negro Disfranchisement.

At the close of a speech on "Brotherhood" at Cooper Union, during his recent visit to New York City, one of the questions which was asked Mr. Bryan was to this effect: "Is the disfranchisement of the Negro in the South consistent with the principles of brotherhood of which you have been talking?" Here was a splendid chance for Mr. Bryan to have said a word for justice to all men. To have done so might have cost him the support of all the Southern delegates at the Democratic convention in Denver, but it would have made him a moral hero. And moral heroism has a very practical value in vote getting. However, instead of giving a direct answer to the question, Mr. Bryan began by inquiring with some heat whether it was a Republican or a Negro who asked the question. The questioner turned out to be a young white man not yet old enough to vote. Defrauded of part of his thunder, Mr. Bryan explained that if the questioner had been a Republican he would have asked him how he could talk about the disfranchisement of the Negro in the South while he was not allowing the Filipinos to vote at all. If it had been a Negro, he wanted to ask him how he could support a party which refused the Filipinos the franchise. Mr. Bryan went on: "As I have said before, under the laws disfranchising the Negro by demanding educational requirements in the South the Negro has an opportunity to get within the law by coming within the qualification . . . The white man in the South has disfranchised the Negro in self-protection; and there is not a Republican in the North who would not have done the same thing under the same circumstances. Those Republicans in the North who dispute this or say that they are different from the South, either are not frank with themselves or are assuming what is not true. The white men in the South will not allow a few men to use the solid black vote to further their own financial and political interests. And that is what was being done. I want to say right now that the white men in the South are giving the Negroes better laws than the Negroes would give to the white men if they were making the laws. Why, right in Washington they disfranchised every Negro, even if they had to disfranchise some white man to do it. The white men of the South are determined that the Negro will and shall be disfranchised everywhere; it is necessary to prevent the recurrence of the horrors of carpet-bag rule."

This is darkening counsel. We have very great respect for the real ethical feeling which Mr. Bryan possesses. We believe heartily in his foundation idea that government should be so ordered in this country that the people should really rule. How far they come from that at present is shown by such occurrences as the defeat of the anti-race-track gambling law in New York and the weakening of the initiative and referendum law in Ohio, two of many recent instances. We sincerely lament that Mr. Bryan did not come out strongly on this question of disfranchisement and assert the American principle of equality of rights. It is right to require an educational qualification for the franchise. Perhaps it is right to require a property qualification. It is not right that the qualification for a black man should be different from that required for a white man, whether that difference is secured through a clause giving a man a vote if his grandfather voted, or through the practice of election boards discriminating against one race and in favor of the other.



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## AN EDUCATION, OR WHAT?

THE present age is preëminently one of material progress, and most things are valued in proportion to their influence upon this progress. Business is claiming and getting the ablest young men. If at first they sought an education which did not look directly toward the dollar, as time passed their views changed and they came to look at success in business as the highest success to be attained. Whether the present tendency is to continue is for the future to reveal.

And yet, in spite of the spirit of the age, there are young men and women who have not entirely given themselves up to it. They have ideals, and are striving with all their might to make them real. One of the desires of many of them is to become well educated; and the desire is a good one for some of them, but we think not for all. School men sometimes make the mistake of urging all young persons to attend school and seek a thorough education. We believe in education, but we do not believe in the same kind of an education for all. Indeed, there are some who can get the knowledge that will be most useful to them, the kind they can use to the best advantage for themselves and others, without spending much time in the study of books. Of course we cannot always tell who will be benefited by an education, and who will not. And no doubt that is why all are urged to develop their minds.

Whether he is to go to school or not, depends on the young man himself. He needs training in some line; he needs some education in any work he may take up. But to tell how much and what kind is not a problem easy of solution; and yet it is one of very great importance. Many a young man has spent restless days and night in trying to decide what he needed. He does not know his powers; he does not have a special inclination toward any one thing. He hesitates, and sometimes is over-persuaded and enters a trade or profession for which he has no real aptitude. And

thus he becomes a failure, disappointing those who believed in his ability to do something worth while.

In most cases, perhaps, there is no decided preference for one thing over another; in some cases there is within an impelling force which makes it almost impossible to enter but one course. Those belonging to the latter class may be considered the more fortunate; they are not likely to take up a work for which they are not fitted. The former class need wise counsel; not so much the telling them what they shall do as the trying to make them study themselves in order to learn what they should plan to do. This is the better way. It is a great responsibility to say what we shall do ourselves; it is a much greater one to undertake to decide for another. We do not, we cannot, know all about him. He needs help to find himself.

Often the young man or young woman asks, Shall I go to school and secure, or endeavor to secure, a thorough education? And if the one asked has a good education he is nearly certain to answer in the affirmative. It would be an ideal condition to have every one well educated; but it is an impossible condition. Not every one is capable of securing it, and for the majority it would be a hindrance instead of a help, making them dissatisfied; for the majority must always be hewers of wood and drawers of water.

So whether the young man or woman is to endeavor to secure a higher education depends on several things, but most of all on the capacity and probable future work. Of course the plans of many are changed; but still the fact remains that the great majority are better off without the higher education. What are you planning to do in life? What goal have you set before you? What can you do? Answer these questions honestly and you will come very near knowing what you should do, whether seek to continue in school or to develop along other and not less important lines.

We like to see men and women fitted for the work in which they engage, and we like to see them well developed mentally. We have no fault to find with education; we simply wish to call attention to the fact that an education is not everything and is not always a blessing.



CORRECTIONS: Our attention is called to a news item appearing several weeks ago in which was noted the suppression of the anarchist paper at Patterson, N. J. In the item it was mistakenly called a socialist paper. —In the article on Socialism in INGLENOOK of April 28 on first page, near top of second column read "according to every one's deeds," instead of "needs."



## GOOD HOMES NOT WANTING.

WE are much pleased with the results that have come from the notice which appeared in these pages several weeks ago of a little boy needing a home. We

felt then that there were many homes among our readers that might open to such a child and we were not disappointed. The actual demonstration strengthens one's faith in the real goodness in humanity.



### LESSONS IN ESPERANTO.—No. 3.

**Pronouns.** The personal pronouns are *Mi*, I. *Vi*, you. *Li*, he. *Ŝi*, she. *Ĝi*, it. *Ni*, we. *Ili*, they. *Ĝi* (it), is used, as in English, to represent things and also persons and animals where the name does not reveal the sex. *Oni*, they, we, people, it. *Si* is a reflexive pronoun of all genders and numbers. The objective is formed in the same way as in nouns: *Min*, me. *Vin*, you. *Lin*, him. *Sin*, her. *Ĝin*, it. *Nin*, us. *Ilin*, them.

Possessive pronouns are formed by adding the adjective ending "a" to the corresponding personal pronouns. *Mia*, my, mine. *Lia*, his. *Ŝia*, her, hers. *Ĝia*, its. *Via*, your, yours. *Nia*, our, ours. *Ilia*, their, theirs.

*Mia frato kaj via patro estas en la domo.*

My brother and your father are in the house.

The objective case is formed the same as in nouns and adjectives, by adding "n."

*Ili batis vian hundon.*

They beat your dog.

Plurals are formed as in nouns and adjectives, by adding "j" to the singular.

*Ŝi perdis siajn librojn en la arbaro.*

She lost her books in the forest.

The reflexive pronoun is always in the third person and can only refer to the subject of the clause in which it is used.

*Li amas min, sed mi lin ne amas.*

He loves me, but I do not love him.

### NUMERALS.

**Cardinals.** Unu (1), du (2), tri (3), kvar (4), kvin (5), ses (6), sep (7), ok (8), naŭ (9), dek (10), dek-unu (11), dek-du (12), dek-tri (13), dek-sep (17), du-dek (20), du-dek-du (22), du-dek-kvin (25), tri-dek (30), ses-dek (60), cent (100), kvar-cent (400), sep-cent-okdek-du (782), mil (1,000), mil-naŭcent-ok (1908).

The use of a hyphen is not obligatory.

**Ordinals.** "A" is added to the cardinals to form the ordinals. Unua (first), sesa (sixth), oka (eighth), dek-tria (thirteenth), kvardek-kvina (forty-fifth), tricent-sesdek-sepa (three hundred and sixty seventh).

Adjectival ordinals take the same case as nouns and adjectives.

Adverbial ordinals end in "e" unue (firstly), trie (thirdly).

Adjectival fractions are formed by adding "ono" as in kvarono, one fourth.

Adverbial fractions are formed by adding "one" as in sesone, one sixthly.

**Multiples** are formed by adding "obl" with the adjective or adverbial ending: duobla, double, trioble, triply.

Collectives are made by adding "op" to the cardinals with either the adjective or adverbial endings: duope, two together; kvinope, by fives. Once, twice, thrice are formed by adding the word "foje" to the cardinals. Unufoje, (once). Dufoje, (twice).

### THE VERB. ACTIVE VOICE.

There are no irregular verbs in Esperanto. When you learn the conjugation of one you have them all.

Verbs in the infinitive mood end in "i," as: Brili, to shine; Legi, to read; Doni, to give.

*As*, final, denotes present tense of verbs. *Mi legas*, I read, *Li legas*, he reads.

*Is*, final, denotes past tense of verbs. *Vi donis*, you gave, *Ili amis*, they loved.

*Os*, final, denotes future tense of verbs. *Ŝi legos*, she will read, *Li donos*, he will give.

The conditional, imperative and subjunctive moods will be given in a later lesson.

### VOCABULARY.

*kuŝi*, to lie down.

*resti*, to stay.

*trovi*, to find.

*rajdi*, to ride.

*plori*, to weep, mourn.

*paroli*, to speak.

*vidi*, to see.

*koni*, to know.

*doni*, to give.

*manĝi*, to eat.

*diri*, to say.

*trinki*, to drink.

*veni*, to come.

*aŭdi*, to hear.

*stari*, to stand.

*teo*, tea.

*kanti*, to sing.

*akvo*, water.

*lerni*, to learn.

*en*, in, into.

*legi*, to read.

*sur*, on, upon.

*ami*, to love.

*pomo*, apple.

*brili*, to shine.

*havi*, to have.

### EXERCISE 6.

Translate: *Mia frato legas la bluan libron. Mi konas vin. La knabino kantis. La pordo estas alta. La fratinoj trovas iliajn librojn. Li spegulo brilas. Ŝi trinkas teon. Mi vidas vian seĝon en la ĉambro. La virino restis sur la kuŝejo. Li staras sur la tapiŝeto. La patrino amas bonan knabinon. Mi vidas kaj aŭdas lin. Ni manĝis kvar pomojn. Li parolos. Tri viroj ploris.*

### EXERCISE 7.

Translate the following into Esperanto:

The red rug. The house is small. Blue book. White books. The father is well. The table is new and the chair is old. The rich brother is old. The family of the father is large. Many pictures. Yellow and green curtain. The mother and brother are well. The father and sister are sick. The rug is red and the carpet is green. The new mirrors are brilliant.

ALLAN EISENBISE.

16 S. State St., Elgin, Ill.





## Stories

Catherine Beery Van Dyke

WHAT lullabies are to infants, stories are to older children. We now enter a field of resource in gathering material to aid in the training of the child which is practically limitless.

Do you want to teach your child truth, honesty, unselfishness, thrift, helpfulness, punctuality, patience, obedience, these and all other child virtues? The thoughtful, resourceful mother has but to keep her eyes open to the childish stories that come in her way or better still be wise enough to weave your own stories, make them as you go, as occasion calls for them, make them a vehicle and in a short time, with more enduring effect these principles may thus be taught, perhaps, than any other way. So important is this method of instructing children recognized to be that it is the chief one in the kindergarten and is used largely by Sunday-school teachers of the young people.

As a matter of entertainment or instruction of the mind, as a matter of pastime to the convalescent person or child out of his normal "setting" such as when traveling or visiting or waiting for the train, or in an abnormally wakeful condition, or in a pout, or disappointment, or in sorrow, this method of dealing with the child is invaluable.

Many mothers say: "I cannot tell a story." Well, it is a blessing we have so many duplicates of little George Washington, but making up stories is not lying and to aptly reproduce a good story made up by another is a mental acquisition any mother could be proud of.

I used to belong to that class of timid creatures who thought it beyond their power either to make up or to reproduce a story for their children.

Some years ago I visited a friend who was the mother of six vivacious youngsters. In the evenings we gathered on the porch "between the dark and the daylight," some in the swing, some standing, some sitting, while that little mother with all the interest that age has evinced (and we all had eyes, ears and mouths open) we veined from her own experience and elsewhere, the most fascinating and wonderful stories. My babies were few and small then, but I

determined that her gift should also be mine. I have been practicing since then and though I am not yet a scientific story-teller as are the kindergartners and others, the power has developed in me to the extent that I am able to please my own and sometimes other people's children in that line. I am sure many others will be able to do this well and some far better than this.

When can stories be used? Sometimes on Sunday; sometimes in the evening, sometimes when there is a little hitch or halt in the locomotion of the family machinery; sometimes on special occasions, such as birthdays, holidays, the different school vacation days; sometimes all alone with your child and God and at such other times as will suggest themselves.

As to kinds of stories, their variety is like that of a bed of tulips or phlox in early summer, bright, sober, seldom sad, funny, poetical, soothing, heroic, instructive or just stories. More specifically considered they may be classified something like this:

1. Bible stories.
2. Stories of travel.
3. Descriptions of places and things.
4. Family history.
5. Personal reminiscences.

Bible stories should be made up of a true reproduction of facts, so arranged as to meet the comprehension of the auditors. There is such a rich store of these, both in character, number and circumstance, and they become such an important aid to the "bringing up 'of the child' in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," that no parent can afford to pass by this opportunity. Not only are the biographies interesting to the children, but the stories of families, tribes, nations, cities and lands; and the descriptions of places, occasions and events also hold their attention and command their reverence.

Stories of travel may be either true or "made up" and can be constructed so elaborately as to detail that the children will, in imagination, see and enjoy the trip and the country.

For instance, one of our children's favorite kinds of story is taking trips. We have all traveled enough

from place to place, visiting friends, spending summers and keeping house in different parts of the country to appreciate something of the amount of planning and preparation it takes. So sometimes when we lie down to rest, a "trip" is called for. At times we go from one part of the city to another. Here a chance is given to describe some museum, a big store or some scene on the street. Sometimes we go a hundred miles or so when street car or carriage must convey us to the station.

Last spring when so many of our friends were taking that magnificent trip across our continent, we went to see some of them at the different depots. We got an idea of their plans of travel, saw the sleeping cars and such things so we concluded to go, too,—not on the Santa Fe nor the Northern Pacific, but resting upon our cots we went by the way of five or six vivid imaginations. Our wardrobes were carefully selected, providing for day and night, cool or warm weather. The lunches were prepared in separate boxes for each meal, those for breakfasts being tied with red ribbons, the dinners with white and the suppers with blue. At last all hands and faces were finally washed, wraps put on and we started for the street car. The first one passed us by and in waiting for the next we divided our baggage among the different children to care for. The car came, transfers were made and we reached the station. Then came the purchasing of tickets and the selection of apartments in the tourist train and we settled for the long journey. Preparations for the night were gone through, even our prayers said, and away sped the train toward the setting sun. Morning came and instead of the crowded, noisy, busy city we were speeding through broad prairies with here and there flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. Breakfast time came, then supper and breakfast again. On opening the second breakfast box which was planned to have in it, hard boiled eggs, bread and butter, sandwiches and dates, we received quite a shock to find the bread and butter all right, the dates and package of salt, but the eggs had been forgotten. And so on the long trip was made with many an interesting incident and scene.

The trouble with this story of mine, it grew so long and eventful that by the time we got to the Pacific coast it was time for me to go to my housework. Then for about a week it was: "Mamma when are you going to bring us home from California?" Much may be learned by the mother and taught to the children by stories of this kind.

The descriptive story may be used to develop accuracy of speech and judgment, both in mother and child. It is a benefit to the child to have him describe things that have come to his view and for the mother to correct and supplement his impressions.

Now comes the fairy story. Shall we use it? Yes, but whether fairy story or any other story, be sure

you leave your child under the right impression as to its being a true story or a make-believe one.

Fairy stories and stories of mythology need to be intelligently selected and used, also with care and good judgment, that the highest good may be drawn from them.

Family history is always interesting to the children. Where stories from the lives of grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins are given for the information and benefit of the children, their stock of knowledge of persons is greatly enhanced.

Lastly, Reminiscences. The children like no stories better than those that begin with: "When mamma was a little girl," or, "When papa was a little boy." In our mothers' meeting some time ago we developed this simple outline for story telling.

1. A good beginning.
  1. Arrest attention.
  2. Introduce the scene
2. Body.
  1. Facts.
  2. Incidents.
3. Conclusion.
  1. Avoid ending with sinfulness or death.
  2. Leave a tranquil impression upon the mind.



### MY BABY SLEEPS.

CARL NELSON.

My baby sleeps, and where the dim light falls,  
I see reflected from his pearly face  
The light of pure and glorified love,  
Which makes a conquest by its peace and grace;  
And while he sleeps, within his dreamy smile  
A hope is veiled that only half was mine—  
Such hope as, imaged by the pure white ray,  
Now links his cradle to the stars that shine.

My baby sleeps, and on my heartstrings rapt  
A spirit hand has found a melody.  
Oh, rapturous music of this evening hour,  
That lifts me in its cadence full and free.  
Sleep thou and let me dream my dream—I know  
The time is fleet that holds this charm for me;  
The years that deck the troubled past with flowers  
Arrive too soon with fortune's fateful key.  
Cando. N. Dak.



### HOW TO BE POPULAR.

LULU C. MOHLER.

"WHY, hello, Dick! I was thinking of you and I am glad you drove over this afternoon. What a pretty new gingham dress! Did you get your suit finished—blue, is it?"

"Blues, you got 'em. I really thought you never did."

"Yes, we young people do have pleasant times, and the memory will last us always. We will recall at memory's shrine—Frank, Forrest, Florence, Emma, Bessie and the rest."

"It is true, as you say, to be agreeable in every as—"



sociation does tax our ingenuity and I fancy you feel your limitations is why you are 'blue.'

"How to be popular, though human? Well, that is an issue worthy *profound research*—seriously.

"I have found one good help in being popular—well-beloved (I don't like to think of a popular person), is to be very much alive. Living fully, living cleanly, living *independently*. Oh, just full of bounding life and the good joy of it!

"I adore your queenly way of standing upright. Some lean on another and collapse if they have no support. You are self-sufficient and free and never expect homage, and you get it, because of the subtle independence of you.

"Yes indeed, that idea of yours is good, that we forget our dear little selves, and look out for any one who is not having things pleasant.

"I like, too, a fine reserve, and a frank, warm, cordial, kindly soul.

"Will we never learn that the secret of being well loved and happy, is to be continually busy at some worth-while vocations of mind and hands?

"Good-bye dearie. I shall remember, when we're old, your youth and fair young girlhood, for you are sweet to me."

*Leeton, Missouri.*



#### HOW TWO GIRLS FOUND GOOD HEALTH.

ACHES and pains are all too common. Sometimes they are due to carelessness and thoughtlessness, but many times to ignorance. The *Ladies' Home Journal* tells how thousands of girls have recovered their health. Of these we mention only two experiences of the many which may help some of our readers to solve their problems. The first is a young housekeeper who writes to the *Journal*: "I am a young mother 24 years old, and have three little boys. For a while I suffered from severe headaches. As I could not give up the care of either my family or household duties, I tried my own remedy, which has cured me. After putting my boys to bed for a nap about noon, I take a quick sponge bath with cool, salt water. I take simple head exercises. Then I put on fresh clothes and lie flat on the bed without a pillow, sometimes taking a short nap. I get up feeling fresh for my work and cheerful for the rest of the day."

Another one writes: "My mother died of consumption, leaving me with the housework, a seven-year-old brother, and a three-year-old sister to care for. In two years I was a nervous wreck. I cried nearly all the time. The doctor told me I would die as my mother had. I could not stop work, but I determined to live. My kitchen was dark and small, so I moved my work table out on the back porch, which was large and shaded all day. The pump and drain were here also, I washed all dishes here, putting them through a window when clean to another table to be put away.

I washed vegetables and did everything else on the porch. I moved my sewing machine out and sewed whole afternoons, and every time I thought of it I breathed deeply. I washed and ironed, sewed and darned and did everything but cook on that porch. And I straightened up and took a long breath every few minutes. After each meal I took a teaspoonful of olive oil and a raw egg with a bit of milk to make it go down. Whenever I felt faint or like crying, another egg went down. I took my bedroom window out completely, simply shutting my blinds if it stormed too hard. When autumn came I was well and strong, but I work there yet."

How these girls with their brave overcoming of difficulties bring home to us the fact that good health is for each and every one of us and that we may find it by making faithful use of those remedies with which Nature has blessed us.



#### SELECTED HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

ONIONS should not be eaten after they have lain about peeled and cut, as they absorb any bad odor or infectious condition that may exist.



NEXT time you have a rust spot to deal with try this: Wet the spot in cold water, cover thickly with cream of tartar, and hold over the steam of a boiling tea kettle. The rust will disappear in a few moments.



A NEW and easy method of making a mustard plaster is to take a thin slice of light bread, trim off the crust and then sprinkle the bread thickly with ground mustard. Spread a very thin cloth over the mustard and dampen with vinegar or water, and apply. A piece of bread dampened is also a very good substitute for either a flaxseed or a slippery elm poultice.



GRATED Irish potato scattered freely, then well swept off, is recommended as a fine carpet cleaner, reviving the colors without injury to delicate shades. Or use coarse cornmeal, mixed with fine dry salt, for the same purpose. Sweep it first into the carpet—against the nap—then out of it by sweeping with the nap. The salt freshens the colors and kills the larvae of moth and buffalo bugs. Clean rugs in like manner.



DON'T fail to care properly for your furnace after you have ceased to use it in the spring and the first part of summer. Take one-half bushel of unslacked lime and place in box that will go in the ash pit of your furnace, but before placing be sure to clean furnace thoroughly. Have all ashes cleaned from grate and soot and dirt from radiator; leave lime in furnace until you build fire in the fall. The lime neutralizes all the sediment and preserves the smoke pipe

and sheet iron parts. Twenty-five cents' worth of lime may save a dollar smoke pipe. The smoke pipe will not sweat during the month of August.



#### HOW TO KEEP THE BOYS ON THE FARM.

CYRUS Y. STAUFFER.

IN the first place teach them that they are needed on the farm. Then encourage them by making them partners on the farm or in the business, for farming is a business. Teach them to be content,—not to get



One Way to Keep the Boy on the Farm.

the greed for gold, for that is another reason so many leave the farm. Start to train them young by giving them a patch of ground to raise truck or flowers. If they do waste a little seed or spoil a little at first it will pay in the end. Let the boys have some pigeons to raise squabs or some bantams and chickens for themselves. Give them a chance to beautify the farm and improve it and especially the lawn. Make the farm a place of beauty so that it looks real home-like. Educate the children to be farmers and not doctors, lawyers, teachers, etc. I believe one reason why so many leave the farm is because they are educated in the wrong direction. If there is one course the Brethren schools are lacking in it is an Agricultural course.



#### IF THERE WERE NO BIRDS!

"MABEL has taken the bird's nest off her hat, because she has joined the Audubon Society," said Laura Winn as the children stood talking at recess.

"What's the Audubon Society?" asked Arthur Keene.

"A society to protect the birds, and keep people from killing them off," said Mabel. "It was named for John James Audubon. He was born, May 4, 1780, in Louisiana, near New Orleans. When he was almost a baby he used to lie under the orange trees and watch and listen to the beautiful mocking birds. He was sent to France to be educated; his father was French. But he was always studying birds, and their nests and their eggs and their songs and their ways; and at last he returned to America and became a great naturalist. Nobody in this country knew birds as he did. He went east, west, north and south to study them, and drew hundreds and hundreds of pictures of them. He made people understand better how important birds are to man. The first State Audubon Society was organized in Massachusetts in 1896. It has over six thousand members. In the whole country, there are now forty State Audubon Societies; and there is a national Audubon Society. People are trying to look after the birds."

"Birds are pretty. I like to see them, and hear them sing," said Will Arnold. "But I guess we could get on very well without them, if we had to."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Mabel White and Ned Longley and Jimmy Reid. And Jimmy added, "If it wasn't for birds, we couldn't live on the earth; we would be entirely eaten up with caterpillars and worms of all kinds and grubs and flies—my father read it to me. If we want to live and have any comfort and anything to eat, we must take care of the birds."

"But I don't want to do it just for ourselves," said Grace Longley. "I want to do it for the birds; they are lovely, and we are grateful for their beautiful songs; they make me full of joy when I hear them in the spring."

"That's so. Everybody watches for the first robin and the first bluebird. But I don't think little creatures like birds can help us get rid of so very many caterpillars and things," said Arthur Keene.

"Birds don't have to chew their food as we do, Arthur," answered Ned. "They don't have teeth. They have a grinder in their stomach; they give a snap and down things go and get ground up there. They eat enormously. What do you think of forty-three caterpillars that a cuckoo had eaten by six o'clock in the morning? He'd have eaten hundreds by night. Birds eat moths of the canker worm when they're crawling up the trees to lay their eggs, so we get rid of thousands and thousands of canker worm eggs. Birds eat all the flies and bugs they can get; and night-hawks and whip-poor-wills and other night birds eat the moths and insects that fly about in the night."

"I was reading," said Charley Stevens, "that in this country people lose about two million dollars every year from insects destroying fruit and grain. At one



time Pennsylvania offered a bounty on hawks and owls, so the people killed more than one hundred thousand of them—and the next year and a half the State lost four million dollars through mice and bugs and things eating up the grains and fruits."

"Whew!" said Arthur. "Then birds are of some use."

"And they eat up lots of weed seeds, and harmful seeds, like the poison sumach and other berries we want to get rid of. And my uncle says," said Mabel White, "that some kinds are scavengers, too; they clear up decayed things that would injure people by lying about. Once the people of Yucatan killed off thousands of herons and other birds that live on or near the shore; and just after that a great many people on the coast died because there were no birds to keep the beaches clear of dead fish and other decayed things which cause disease."

"But birds eat strawberries and cherries and other kinds of fruit," said Arthur. "That's naughty of them."

"Why?" returned Laura Winn. "They do so much for us, why shouldn't we give them a taste of something good of ours? Somebody says it is like paying taxes and insurance on our houses and lands; and it's not half as much as the protection the birds give us back."

"But see how we treat them!" cried Mabel. "Just think of killing dear little mother birds sitting on their eggs and waiting to hear the little ones chirp, so we can have their breasts to wear on our hats—isn't it dreadful?"

"Yes, it is cruel and wicked!" cried the children.

"But we don't kill them ourselves," added Dora.

"We buy them," said Grace; "and so people kill them to make money. The Audubon Societies are getting laws made to protect birds, and punish people for killing them against the law."

"We don't have to kill the ostriches, do we?" asked Laura.

"No, indeed!" said Jimmy. "But all wings and breasts and egrets cost the lives of the poor birds. I wish we all belonged to the Audubon Society."

"Why not?" cried Charley Stevens. "I'll ask my father to let me join it."

"A naturalist was telling me," said Will Arnold, "that they have found out about thirteen thousand kinds of birds. He said birds are like people in many ways; they love and hate; some are brave, and some cowards; some are dear modest little things, others vain as a peacock, as we say; some are generous, some selfish; and they are curious, and show memory and reason."

"I know that the birds are divided into great groups or families," said Mabel. "We have families of thrushes and warblers, of wrens and swallows, of

tanagers, finches, buntings and sparrows, of black-birds and orioles, of crows, fly catchers, swifts, humming-birds and woodpeckers. Some birds stay all the year round, living in the woods in winter; others go south every fall and come back in the spring; and some birds come down to us from the cold north, and go back again. I can't remember all the families."

"I can't remember any," said Dora. "But I know the song-sparrow sings, '*Maids, maids, maids, put your kettle-ttle on*'; and the bluebird sings softly, '*Dear, dear, think of it! Think of it!*' and the Phoebe says, '*Pewit, phæbe-a*'; and the wood-pewee says, '*Pewee, pewee peer*'; and the meadow-lark sings, '*Spring o' the year! Spring o' the year!*' and the vireo sings, '*Sweet, sweet, sweeter*'—that's all I've learned."

"You've done best of all," said Grace. "And now, if we can't all join the Audubon Society, we can have a society of our own, to protect the birds and learn more about them."

"My father says May is the best month of the year to begin to study the birds," said Ned. "And do let us each learn at least one bird's note before the bird-topic day comes in school!"—*Frances Campbell Sparhawk, in Little Folks.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### PEACE—A PRAYER.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Peace—O for that which cometh from above,  
That owns no fellowship with naught on earth!  
Brighter than sunshine—subtler than air—  
More graceful, more deep, more grateful than the  
forest shade—

Purer and milder than the bending sky!  
The peace ineffable—that passeth thought!  
My soul doth sigh for it. Life's pageants vain,  
The phantom joys that float on starry wings  
Around youth's path, and strew their many flowers—  
She has beheld—and scorned their tributes all:—  
The multitudinous voices, wild and loud  
As chafing ocean wherewith Folly calls  
She would not hear. My spirit craveth peace.  
The shrouded day on earth is waning fast—  
She casts her earthly help and hope away!  
Father of life! bestow that better life!  
Thou who didst with woe purchase joy for man.  
Oh, write thy law of meekness on my heart!  
Thou, from whose brooding wings shot living life  
Into the mass of chaos on my soul,  
Let shine the light it needs, but will not see!  
Then—o'er the path where now I weeping walk,  
Shall beam the glory of its distant goal!  
Then from the desert into pastures green  
By the good Shepherd led, the weary soul  
Shall drink of fountains by the tree of life,  
Where peace hath planted her immortal grove.

## GIFTS OF FLOWERS.

GRACE LONGANECKER.

FLOWERS, one of the wonderful parts of God's creation, are very significant.

Who can look upon the lily-of-the-valley without thinking of its Creator, called the same?

Flowers are beneficial to all, in that they promote pure and lofty thoughts. But it is only in life that a person is made better by being presented with a wreath of fragrant carnations.

We all love to see flowers at all times, and try to unfold their mystery, but when showered upon the dead so lavishly, we sometimes wonder if the dead at all realize it or if they had not been wonderfully benefited in life, had they only received a bunch of roses. Saved from so early a death, perhaps. Who knows?

It all depends, then, upon the motive in giving flowers, as to when they should be given, whether in life or after death. If they are to benefit those to whom given or show love or respect, we should not wait until life here is ended and the dead know nothing of it.

Better a single gem to cheer us on our pathway, than all the lilies, roses, carnations and ferns, after we have reached our journey's end.

Hartville, Ohio.



## BREAD ON THE WATERS.

A LADY in Scotland, whose husband had left her a competence, had two profligate sons who wasted her substance with riotous living. When she saw that her property was being squandered, she determined to make an offering to the Lord. She took twenty pounds and gave it to the London Missionary Society. Her sons were very angry at this and told her she might as well cast the money into the sea. "I will cast it into the sea," she replied, "and it shall be my bread upon the waters."

The sons having spent all they could obtain, enlisted in a regiment and were sent to India. Their positions were far apart, but God so ordered in His providence that both were stationed near good missionaries. The elder one was led to repent of his sins, and embrace Christ. He died shortly afterward.

Meanwhile the widowed mother was praying for her boys. One evening as she was taking down the family Bible to read, the door softly opened and the younger son appeared to greet his aged mother. He told her he had turned to God and Christ had blotted out all his sins.

Then he narrated his past history in connection with the influence the missionaries of the cross had had on his own mind, while his mother, with tears of overflowing gratitude, exclaimed "Oh, my twenty pounds! I have cast my bread upon the waters and now I have found it after many days."—*Gospel in All Lands.*

## CHURCH GAINS IN THE PAST YEAR.

ACCORDING to a table of statistics made out by Dr. H. K. Carroll in the *New York Christian Advocate* during 1907 the net gain of all the religious denominations in the United States in the way of ministers was 2,301, and in the way of churches was 4,214, while the gain in communicants was 627,546. These figures make the gain in the churches more than double what it was in 1906 but is about 2,000 less than the gain in 1905, and the gain in communicants is 300,000 less than it was in that year.

According to the figures given in the paper referred to above the Roman Catholic is far and away the largest denomination, having, according to Dr. Carroll's report, more than 11,000,000 members, but according to Sadlier's Catholic Directory the number is even greater than that, rising to more than 13,800,000 members, 15,000 priests, 8,000 churches, and 4,000 missions. In order that more accurate statistics may be secured of this denomination a careful census is now in progress, directed by the bishop of St. Louis.

The Methodist Episcopal church stands second with something over 6,600,000 communicants, the gain for the year in all branches being more than 101,000. The Baptists of all bodies are given about 5,200,000 with a gain of 103,000 during the past year. The Presbyterians are rated as having over 1,800,000 communicants, an increase of 49,000. The Lutherans number more than 2,000,000 having gained 65,000 while the Disciples of Christ have 1,200,000 a gain of 20,000 having been made. These figures are approximates only, and hold possibilities for errors. An interesting development during the past year in the Greek-Catholic church is a negro priest consecrated by the Greek patriarch of Constantinople. His work is done among his own people in Philadelphia. The number of Jews in the United States is estimated at 1,700,000. There are 314 Chinese Buddhist temples in this country, and 9 Japanese Buddhist and Shintoist temples. The Chinese temples have more than 6,000 communicants.—*Selected.*

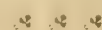


## BIBLE STUDY.

THE Bible will richly repay study; but only if the conditions are observed which common sense dictates. It has no power of working like a charm, so that a chapter read in a couple of minutes by a preoccupied mind cannot do any good. The mind must rest on it and give itself time to receive impressions. It requires the whole force of our thinking and the whole force of our feeling.—*Dr. Stalker.*



RUNNING in old ruts may be more risky than blazing new trails.



Good cheer puts love's gifts into caskets of gold.





# Echoes from Everywhere

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the great arctic explorer, has resigned his post as Norwegian Minister to Great Britain, the resignation not to take effect until after King Edward's forthcoming visit to Christiania.

With a surprising lack of tact, William Waldorf Astor, one-time American, now would-be Englishman, has presented to an English museum the flag of Lawrence's ship, the Chesapeake. The flag was sold recently at auction in Great Britain.

The Russian government has not only thus far refused to grant the petition for the release of Nicholas Tschai-kosky, the great Russian liberal, but refuses to allow him to give bail. It keeps him immured in the fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul.

The Brazilian state of Sao Paulo is suffering from an over production of coffe, and a bureau has been organized to work up a larger market abroad. Efforts will be made especially to get the English people to drinking more coffe, in place of their traditional tea.

Shanghai, May 10.—The Shanghai municipal council, which has control of the settlements in Shanghai in which the foreigners reside, has decided "that the number of licensed opium-houses be reduced by one-quarter from July 1, 1908, or from such earlier date and in such manner as may appear advisable in the council."

The aggregate Internal Revenue Receipts of the United States Government from the liquor traffic during the month of March shows 500 per cent decrease as compared with the shrinkage for January of this year and more than double the decrease registered for the preceding month of February.

M. Armengand, a French engineer and scientist, prophesies that before many years, men will be able to see across the Atlantic. For many years he has been experimenting with the telepectroscope or telephote, an apparatus similar to that used for the telegraphic transmission of photographs. His method was inspired by the development of the cinematograph.

Three Austrian Jews, admitted to the Easter service in the Sistine chapel, thru the influence of the Austrian Ambassador, went to the altar rail when the Host was administered by the Pope. When the consecrated wafer was unexpectedly placed in their mouths the Jews spat it out. Thus to spit out what Catholics believe to be the very body of Christ was the worst sort of sacrilege. If an Italian had committed such a deed in an ordinary church he could have been imprisoned for it. The Vatican, however, is considered to have extra territorial rights and not to be within the Italian law. The Jews hastily left Rome.

The visit of the American fleet to China has been practically given up. Instead of the sixteen vessels stopping at Chefoo, as had been planned, eight vessels only will call at Amoy for twenty-four hours. The change in plan is regarded as connected with the Manchurian situation. The Chinese would have been likely to interpret the visit as meaning that America gave her support in controversy with Japan over Manchurian matters.

It is stated that on the lists of stockholders of breweries in England are to be found the names of 1,154 clergymen, 940 of whom belong to the Episcopal church. A minister in this country known to be a brewery stockholder would be a very suspicious character, with little standing in any evangelical church. The relatively slow progress of prohibition in the mother country is explained, in part, by the above statement. But even there progress must and will be made.

Paris, May 10.—Jacob H. Schiff in an interview recently declared that the prosperity of European markets is not likely to progress until the American market becomes normal. The prediction of the American financier has been realized more quickly than could have been expected, for at the first sign of improvement in New York, and even though it is asserted that that improvement is purely fictitious, the Paris bourse has shown indications of greater firmness and activity.

One of Vienna's municipal possessions is an undertaking establishment. Nor is Vienna quite unique in this respect. In Switzerland there are four public crematories. At Basle or Zurich a citizen of the town can be cremated with no charge, at St. Gall for \$5, and at Geneva for \$10. For citizens of other cantons from \$12 to \$20 is charged. Cremation is a sensible way of disposing of the body, and in this case municipal ownership works well in improving the customs of the country.

The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives has decided that the bills for the purchase of the Appalachian and White Mountain forests are unconstitutional on the ground that the Federal Government has no power to acquire lands within a State solely for forest reserves. But the Committee go on to say that under its constitutional power over navigation Congress may purchase lands and forest reserves in a State, provided it is clear that such reserves have a "direct and substantial connection with the conservation and improvement of the navigability of a river, actually navigable either in whole or in part, and any appropriation made therefor is limited to that purpose." The present bills are accordingly thrown out, but new bills will be introduced presently which will be made constitutional. We hope before this session is over the Appalachian and White Mountain reserves may be actual facts.

Washington, May 12.—The Senate committee on finance today voted unanimously to report the bill already passed by the House providing for the permanent restoration of the words "In God We Trust" to gold and silver coins of the United States. The motto was taken off the coins by order of the President.

Officials of the Chicago Juvenile Court have figured that with a continued decrease in the number of cases presented at the rate of decrease in the last three years the court will have worked itself out of existence within the next six years. The average decrease has been 465 cases annually. The maximum heard was 4,050, in 1905. There was a decrease of 256 in 1906, and further decrease of 528 last year. In 1908 to April 1 the number heard has been 885, and if that rate continues the total for the year will be 2,655, a further decrease of 611 from last year. Chief Probation Officer Thurston said he would be glad to know that the institution had worked itself out of existence if assured that it was the result of the efficiency of its officers.

If Governor Haskell and the law can enforce it, Oklahoma certainly will be a prohibition State. The Attorney-General of the State has brought suit against certain St. Louis, Dallas, Guthrie and Fort Worth newspapers, together with numerous Chicago, Dallas and other wholesale liquor houses, brewing companies and distilling companies and local news agents to restrain the newspapers from publishing advertisements for the sale of intoxicating liquors in the State, the liquor houses from soliciting business in the State, and restraining the news dealers from selling or placing of newspapers or magazines containing these advertisements in view of the public. The Oklahomans will be able to forget there is such a thing as whiskey in the world.

San Francisco, May 12.—The Pacific Union Club of San Francisco was given judgment today against the Norwich Union for \$10,000, the Alliance Assurance for \$7,500 and the Commercial Union Assurance for \$7,250 on claims growing out of the great fire. The companies refused to pay on the ground that the earthquake caused the destruction of the water mains. The court held that the breaking of the water mains was not a defense where there is an earthquake clause in the policy. Fourteen suits aggregating \$21,000 were decided today against Rhine and Moselle. The San Francisco Breweries, Limited, has attached the property on California street belonging to the Alliance Assurance to satisfy a judgment of \$21,000 obtained against the company.

The great Singer Building, some 610 feet high, was formally opened in New York recently. The building is really and truly fireproof. In all its forty-two stories there is not used, as building material, so much as a cubic inch of wood. The doors, though they look and actually feel like well-dressed mahogany, are really hollow pressed steel on which a finishing surface is baked, colored, grained and baked again, then rubbed until the deception to the senses of sight and touch is remarkable. The dividing partitions,—even the window frames, are of steel. The floors throughout are cement covered with what is called "crown flooring," a preparation laid on in liquid form, which becomes as hard as cement, but feels like linoleum.

The American Bible Society has received from Mrs. Russell Sage an offer to contribute \$500,000 toward a permanent endowment for the society on condition that an additional \$500,000 shall be contributed for the same purpose before the end of the present year. The reports of the organization for the year 1907 show that during the year the society distributed 1,800,000 Bibles, Testaments and Scripture portions. These were printed in about one hundred different languages and were circulated in all parts of the globe.

Lisbon, Portugal, May 4.—The Government has finished its inquiry into the plot that culminated in the assassination last February of King Carlos and the Crown Prince, but so many persons of position are either suspected or implicated that it has decided not to prosecute anybody. To keep up appearances King Manuel will proclaim general political amnesty when he takes his oath of office, covering offense up to January 30. Though the King has expressed willingness to repay to the Treasury the money advanced to his father, the Cabinet has decided to ask the Cortes to cancel these debts.

Preservation of the thoroughfares in the Yellowstone National Park is a subject to which the army engineers in charge are giving a good deal of attention. It is a considerable problem, for the reason that the work of sprinkling in order to prevent disintegration is an expensive task, the cost now being about \$200,000 for sprinkling perhaps not more than 100 miles of road. There has been some talk of using oil, but this necessarily is expensive, and there is considerable doubt of this method of treating the roads because of their peculiar character, and also because of the long duration of freezing weather, the effect of which on oil has not been determined.

On April 7 the Swiss Congress by a vote of 82 to 53 in the lower house and 24 to 12 in the upper house accepted the initiative of the Swiss people which calls for a national referendum on the question of the complete prohibition of the manufacture, sale, transportation, exportation and importation of the liquor called absinthe or any imitations of the same. The initiative was signed by 167,814 voters, which is the greatest number ever obtained on a petition since the adoption of the initiative and referendum in Switzerland. A lively campaign has immediately been launched by both friends and enemies of the measure. The prohibitory movement is getting a foothold in Europe.

John Arbuckle, the New York coffee and sugar king who maintains a boat for the poor in New York harbor, has announced a plan whereby crippled women may earn a living on it. In a large room on one of the upper decks he had specially constructed sewing machines, adapted to the use of cripples, so that even those who have lost the use of one or both legs may earn from \$7 to \$9 a week sewing the bags used in the coffee and sugar business. Tests show that with these machines a cripple can earn as much as any one, so that they need not feel this is a charity. All the comforts of a hospital, baths fitted up under the eye of a doctor, so as to be suited to a cripple's needs, can be enjoyed on the boat and trained nurses will be in charge. Mr. Arbuckle believes he shall be able to show cripples that even those with no legs and but one stump of an arm, can yet support themselves.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE GREAT KINSHIP.

We make too much of our human relations and not enough of our others. Every man is really more nearly related to the heavens and the earth than he is to any other man, but very few of them know it. We have not discovered the world, but only ourselves in it. We are the poor pioneers of love and life who have missed the right frontier. We are lost out of the great tribe of nature where the trees were our elder brothers and the flowers were little sisters of the soul. This accounts for our morbid craving for human companionship. We have lost the peace of mind that comes from another sort of communion—the easy, silent fellowship of green pastures and still waters. No man is lonely who can think and love his way into a forest or a field. It is only the foolish, with but a partial sense of life and its relations, who find the solitudes less friendly than the friendliest friend. Blood and mortality are not the only marks of life and kinship. The Power which made some of us trees and some of us men never intended that the soul of the man should be so far divorced from the heart of the oak—not that the tree is immortal, or sentient, but it is there, so much alive, so beneficent and so intelligible, which is more than can be said of a human comrade. No man knows his friend, but the poorest and meanest can be sure of his forest brothers.

Little children have this tribal telepathy with nature. Give a child his will and way from the first, into the greater world beyond the house-door of the family kinship, and he will easily forget them. He will take up instinctively with the bees and flowers. He will form tender intimacies with little things in the grass. He will be a lover of the winds, a son of the skies. He will become silent, awkward, reserved to human beings, and ingeniously open hearted with the hills. His silence there will be frankness; his reserve sympathy. And he will become what we call "wild." But really he is not wild, merely right with nature, and far more intelligent concerning it than if he had been brought up to it from the wisest books ever written about it.

A man is more easily misled by his mind than by his instinct, because, over and above all his other instincts there is another, a higher one, that warns him against them. But the mind has no such fortification. Let reason get the start of us and it can lead us farther in the wrong direction than any faculty we have. So we are misled this way and that about how to live by bad reasons as well as by bad instincts.

Recently a young, restless fever-brained man from the city remarked with disgust the longevity of the inhabitants of a remote neighborhood in the country where he was spending his vacation. The sight of old, soil-nurtured, sun-ripened octogenarians sitting outside their cottage doors along the green roadsides annoyed him as it annoys some men to see so much water-power lost at Niagara. "The reason they live so long," he exclaimed, petulantly, "is because they do not live, they merely exist.

They do no business, they only work. They have no enterprise, and they do not think!"

This is a common fallacy of the modern mind, to believe that much experience, ferocious energy and restless wits make a full life. These things really sterilize life of its best elements. To live best is to escape much experience, to have a peaceful, living energy, and to be in harmony with one's surroundings. This is impossible, except where nature predominates, where there is at least one field, a hill and a forest between the man and his city. Within the city itself he cannot have peace, but he must have fear and ambition, and energy over and above his forced humanitarian duties. For these are the qualities men develop in one another.

There are other imperative reasons for our return to the bosom of the great family. We have associated with one another so exclusively that the time has come when we are more or less unbearable to each other. We worry our mankind, priests, doctors, philanthropists, too much with troubles that would dissolve if we lived more in the fields and less in society. It is as foolish to be too much with men as it is to be too much alone in the desert. The hermit is the other extreme from the worldly man. And both have made the same failure of life.—The Independent.



### SCIENCE IN FARMING.

Scientific agriculture is young. It has had to wait until machinery prepared the way, by giving the farmers time to think and money to spend. The first scientist who took notice of farming was the Frenchman Lavoisier. He found out the composition of water, in 1783, and was in the midst of many discoveries, when a Paris mob hustled him to the guillotine. The famous Liebig next appeared and founded the first agricultural experiment station. Then came Berthelot, the father of synthetic chemistry, with his sensational announcement, "The soil is alive."

Today the new farmer finds himself touched by science on all sides. He knows that there are more living things in one pinch of rich soil than there are people on the whole globe. He knows that he can take a half-dozen handfuls of earth from different parts of his farm, mix them together, send one thimbleful to a chemist, and find out exactly the kind of crop that will give him the best harvest. And more, now that science has given him a peep into nature's factory, he can even feel a sense of kinship between himself and his acres, because he knows that the same elements that redden his blood are painting the green hues on his fields and forests.

There are now 15,000 new farmers who have graduated from agricultural colleges; and since the late Prof. W. O. Atwater opened the first American experiment station in 1875, fifty others have sprung into vigorous life. There is also at Washington an Agricultural Department, which has become the greatest aggregation of farm-scientists in the world. To main-

tain this department Uncle Sam pays grudgingly \$11,000,000 a year. He pays much more than this to give food and blankets to a horde of lazy Indians, or for the building of two or three warships. But it is at least more than is being spent on the new farmer in any other country.

Step by step farming is becoming a sure and scientific profession. The risks and uncertainties that formerly tossed the farmer back and forth between hope and despair are being mastered. The Weather Bureau, which sent half a million warnings last year to the farmers, has already become so skillful that six-sevenths of its predictions come true. In Kansas wheat-growing has become so sure that there has been no failure for thirteen years. And in the vast Southwest the trick of irrigation is changing the man-killing desert into a farmers' paradise, where there is nothing so punctual as the crops.—From "The New American Farmer," by Herbert N. Casson, in the American Review of Reviews for May.



#### STATE'S EVIDENCE OF A YELLOW JOURNALIST.

The way many present-day newspapers are made has been set forth by a recent writer with a cynical disregard of consequences affecting public faith in the newspaper or the publisher's feeling in the face of detection. The book, entitled, "The Career of a Journalist," by William Salisbury, is described by the New York Evening Post as "a vulgarly written account of vulgar experiences." Yet this journal is forced to admit, to the disadvantage of its genus, that the book provokes "disquieting reflections on those who look upon our newspapers as an important influence in shaping the tastes and opinions of American citizens." The veraciousness of the writer's confessions is substantiated, observes The Post, "by the tone of the newspapers to which he says he contributed." But in reading his specific charges it should be borne in mind that the writer confesses that he is perfectly capable of distorting the truth to make a good story. The Post thus takes up the writer's story of newspaper traits:

"The first is an indifference to accuracy—not merely an indifference, but a positive preference for inaccuracy when that will make a 'story' more sensational. No observer of our 'yellow' papers (and of many others which would angrily resent that name) can suppose that the consistent and continuous distortions of simple facts, the 'corroborative detail, intended to give verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative,' are due to casual caprice or the misdirected zeal of individual reporters. They are part of a settled policy. On this subject a city editor or managing editor does not need to issue explicit orders; it is enough to commend and promote the reporter who shows a talent for ornamentation and to discharge the man who sticks to the bare truth. For example, Mr. Salisbury has this to say about his labors in Omaha:

"I resorted to making news. I had an anticigaret ordinance introduced, as I had done in Kansas City, and before it became a law I wrote a story about an imaginary mass-meeting of newsboys to protest against it as an invasion of their rights. At another time I described the visit to the Mayor's office of a woman and a little girl, who sought the Mayor's aid for something. The child, I said, sang pathetic songs until Mayor Moore shed a tear and granted their request. The Mayor must have been surprised when he read this, as the whole thing was news to him. But the next day his mulatto secretary told me the story had been pasted in the official scrap-book. "It's

good stuff for the voters," said the secretary. "It'll make 'em think the Mayor's a kindhearted man." Strokes of genius like this brought a promotion."

Such embellishments of commonplace facts were nothing, however, to the methods of presentation obtaining on the Chicago American. Here, observes The Post, "Mr. Salisbury really learned the trade." We quote with the New York paper's comment the account of the writer's first assignment, which was the sinking of a tug-boat. Thus:

"I didn't recognize my story at first, in that evening's paper, it had so many features undreamed of by me. I was told that one of the 'prize dope-slingers' in the office had rewritten it. The rescue of a cat, the boat's mascot, at the risk of all the sailors' lives, was described with much convincing detail. This made me feel small. I had thought I possessed a pretty fair imagination, but I realized that I had much to learn if I were to succeed in yellow journalism."

"He learned it and was himself made a 'prize dope-slinger.'"

There is yet a more "menacing" feature of yellow journalism than mere sensationalism revealed by the present confession. It is "the suppression of matters of public moment out of deference to advertisers or other important 'interests.'" The Post goes on with quotation and comment:

"In Kansas City, Mr. Salisbury tells us:

"There were things that I couldn't write about at all, and other things that I had to write as the city editor told me. . . . These included street-railway and gas and paving and telephone, and other corporation measures, and antidepartment-store bills."

"In Council Bluffs the papers dared not 'agitate against this gambling. . . . It might kill the town. The gambling-dens pay such a big share of the revenues that the leading citizens are willing to let them run.' On the Omaha Bee Mr. Salisbury 'had always to be careful not to offend . . . the street-car, gas, telephone, and other corporations which 'Mr. Rosewater didn't dislike.' In the office of the Chicago Chronicle there was 'a list of sixteen corporations on the desk of the city editor. These were all Mr. Walsh's corporations . . . about which nothing unfavorable was ever to appear in The Chronicle.' Another reporter says bitterly: 'Not one of us could hold a place a minute after declining to write what the sordid business policy of our papers might dictate.' And Mr. Salisbury himself concludes:

"And so it was the advertiser, spending his tens of millions annually, who was my real head-master all the time. It is the big advertiser (and there is more than one kind of advertising) who is the golden-sceptered king of American journalism, the king who can do no wrong."

"To dismiss these charges because they come from a 'yellow' reporter who has turned state's evidence is impossible. Every one of experience in journalism, every newspaper man who has felt the pressure of the advertiser, knows that the vast majority of papers in this country are not and cannot be made independent of the counting-room. They represent a huge investment, on which dividends must be paid; and the only sure way to pay dividends is to truckle to both subscriber and advertiser. Nor will any other way be possible so long as people prefer, and advertisers find their chief profit in patronizing, the press that is dirty and disreputable. We shall be cursed with sensational and venal journalism until advertisers and subscribers unite in destroying it."—The Literary Digest.



## AN ISLAND IN THE AIR.

THREE miles south of the Mesa Encantada, in Mexico, is a splendid specimen of fantastic erosion—an "island" in the air, a rock with overhanging sides nearly 400 feet high, seventy acres in area on the fairly level top, indented with countless great bays, notched with dizzy chasms. The greater part of the island overhangs the sea like a huge mushroom, and on the top stands a town which for artistic charm, ethnological interest and romantic history has no peer.

This little town of Ancoma is one of the most perfect types of the prehistoric Pueblo architecture. Most of the houses remain of the type invented when every house must be a fort. One climbed a ladder to his first roof and pulled up the ladder at night, living on the second and third floors and using the ground floor as a cellar. Against enemies armed only with bows and arrows this was a fair defense. Comfort had to be sacrificed to safety. Nothing except the eagle sought such inaccessible eyries as these victims of their own civilization.

Because they were farmers instead of freebooters, because they had homes instead of being vagrants, they were easy to find, and they were the prey of a hundred nomad tribes. With inconceivable labor this island town in the air was built and fortified. It was reached only by a mere trail of toe holes up the stem of the "mushroom." The age of the island is not known, except that it was already old in 1540, when the first explorer visited it and wrote an account of its wonders.



## OUR LOVE OF TITLES.

As a nation, there is no doubt but that we are democratic in our instincts and republican in our institutions. Yet it must seem strange to foreigners who come to our shores to marry our title-loving heiresses to see the amount of attention and open-mouthed admiration which is literally poured upon them by the descendants of men and women who fought to free themselves from the tyranny of crowns and titles.

At a recent wedding in New York, between a noted heiress and the possessor of an unimportant title in a fourth-rate European country, a mob of fifty thousand persons disputed the ground with an army of policemen in the effort to see this "real, live nobleman." And this crowd was composed largely of women, many of them very smartly dressed. Let us not be too hasty in condemning the heiresses of our country in seeking titles, when the middle classes, the veritable backbone of our nation, show such an eagerness to view people whom, but for unimportant titles, they would not cross the street to meet.



"OUR own lives are robbed of sweetness by bitter thoughts of others."

## BETWEEN WHILES.

"It's no wonder he has money," said a banker. "He is the most suspicious fellow I ever heard of. He reminds me of a farmer I used to know. This farmer, whenever he bought a flock of sheep, examined each sheep closely to make sure that its fleece was all wool."



If some men would act at the lunch counter like they act when eating at home, they would be fired bodily by an enraged restaurant keeper.



## He Understood.

"I have often marveled at your brilliancy, your aptness at repartee, your"—

"If it's more than five dollars, old man, I can't do a thing for you. I'm nearly broke myself."—Houston Post.



"What is that nickname you have given your boy?"

"'Flyin' Machine,'" answered Farmer Corning. "You see, he's very interesting an' promising, but he won't work."



"You are a chemist and druggist, are you?"

"I am."

"Been in business a number of years?"

"I have."

"Understand your trade thoroughly?"

"I do."

"Registered?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is your certificate hanging over there?"

"It is."

"Well, give me twopennyworth of tooth powder."



A certain young preacher went down from Princeton to Philadelphia to preach. He was one of those extremely flowery preachers who sometimes dazzle rhetorically the congregation, and the elders of the church were besieged to have him down again. They at length consented; but the secretary had forgotten his name, and he wrote to one of the seminary professors, saying, "Please send us that floweret, streamlet, rivulet, starlight man, to preach for us next Sabbath. We have forgotten his name, but we have no doubt you will be able to recognize him." He was recognized. He was sent. He became minister of the church.—Home Herald.



Conductor—How old are you, little girl?

Little Girl—You will have to ask ma. She always takes charge of my age on the railway!

## WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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"How would you prove the existence of God to an inquirer?"

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"Kindly explain Acts 13: 48; 'And as many as were ordained to eternal life believed.' Are some born to be lost?"

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It is expected that **THE TIE** will report the addresses of several Bible conferences during the coming summer.

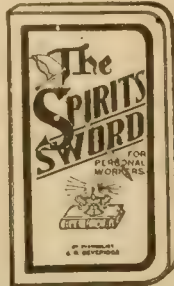
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Some people in trying to induce their friends to settle in the country where they themselves are located, frequently send them advertising matter that is gotten up by unscrupulous land agents that deviates from the truth. Their friends come and buy property and soon find out that the facts do not correspond with the advertisements sent them. The result is they soon become discouraged and sell out at a sacrifice, and go back where they came from, worsted financially and in some instances say worse things of the country than they should, and thus bring reproach on a good country (though not as good as the advertisement represented it to be). The undersigned has known this to happen more than once, and for this reason has decided to tell his friends about the Imperial Valley in his own words, so that he alone shall be responsible, and so that the wonderful Imperial Valley may never be made a reproach and a by-word.

Imperial Valley is situated in San Diego County, California, 183 miles east of Los Angeles on the Imperial branch of the Southern Pacific railroad. The soil is an alluvial deposit and all crops are grown by irrigation, with water from the Colorado River. The main irrigation canal is 80 feet wide on the bottom and 100 feet wide on the top, and 10 feet deep. The soil is adapted to the growth of wheat, barley, alfalfa and nearly all kinds of fruit. Alfalfa having plenty of water can be cut eight times per season, yielding as high as ten tons of nice hay per acre which sells at present from \$8.00 to \$11.00 per ton. Barley can be sown for winter pasture in alfalfa stubble after the last crop of hay is harvested. Alfalfa can be cut every three weeks if the hay is wanted for dairy cows, or every four or five weeks if wanted for horses. I have known of alfalfa yielding \$40.00 worth of seed per acre and my own yielded \$20.00 per acre with the first season's sowing. Dairying and hog raising are very profitable. Butter sells from 20 cents to 45 cents per pound; hogs, 7½ cents on foot; also beef, cattle and horses do excellently. One colt weighed 960 pounds at less than one year old. One acre of alfalfa will keep from 2 to 3 head of dairy cows or horses and from ten to fifteen head of hogs. Oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apricots, grapes and berries do well. A single grape vine has yielded 30 pounds of grapes 18 months from setting. Grapes, apricot and cantaloupe growing is very profitable as they will ripen here from three to four weeks earlier than other places, and be placed on the eastern market before they are ripe in other localities. One man at Coachella was offered \$600.00 cash for the grapes on a single acre of vines and refused the offer and sold at retail for \$1,400.00. Cantaloupes will net the growers from \$50.00 to \$300.00 per acre. I have lived in the valley as long as any one, being one of the first settlers, and my experience and observation has taught me that you can grow almost anything here you plant, including vegetables, if planted in the proper seasons and properly cared for. The selling price of land at present is from \$40.00 to \$100.00 per acre, owing to location. President Roosevelt says that when it is thoroughly developed it will be worth from \$500.00 to \$1500.00 per acre.

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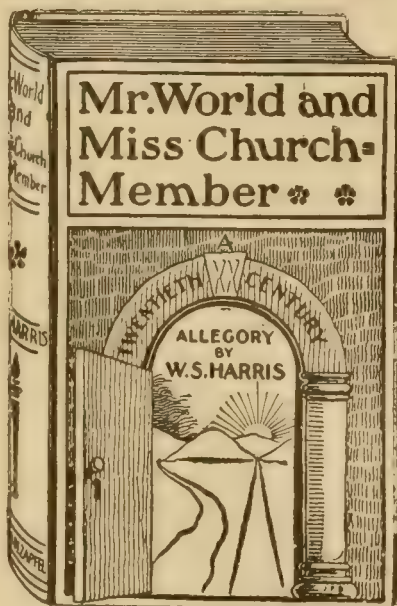
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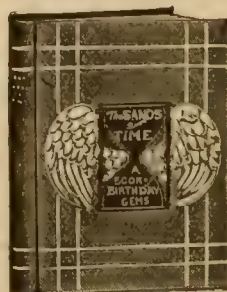


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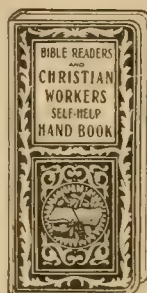
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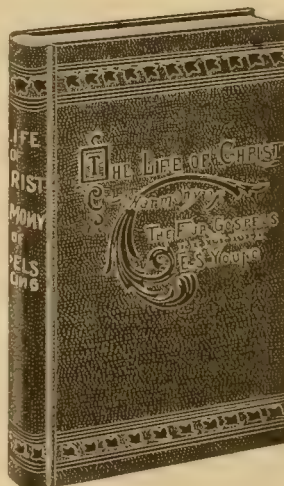
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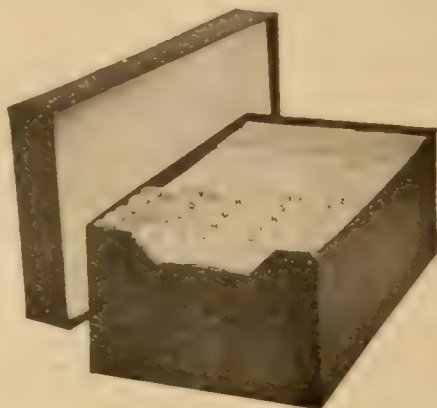
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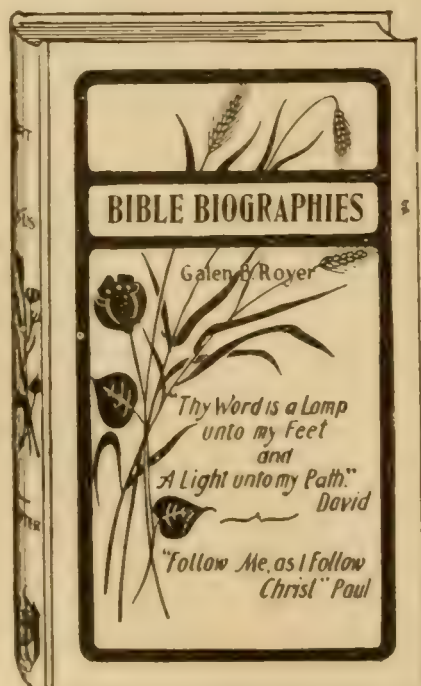
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Vol. X. No. 21.



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# Here's What We Promised a Couple of Weeks Ago

Macdoel, Calif., May 4, 1908.

Mr. E. M. Cobb, Elgin, Ill.,

Dear Bro:—

According to your request, I am furnishing you herewith a PARTIAL LIST of the names of the settlers in Butte Valley who have made some remarkable improvements on their property in the short time they have been there. Under separate cover I am sending you 46 photographs showing these improvements. Bro. Isaiah Wheeler and myself drove to the homes of these happy and contented settlers and took these photographs with our own camera, and the pictures speak for themselves.

Please note that I say a partial list, for there are many who have cleared quite large tracts whom we did not get to visit in the short time we were there. Here are the autographic signatures of these people with their own statements in their own handwriting as to the acres cleared and as to the improvements they have placed on their land outside of the clearing. Please make a copy of this and send the original copy to my files for reference.

Fraternally yours,

Geo. L. McDonaugh.

---

| Name.                                           | Date Settled.  | Acres Cleared. | Improvements. |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|
| Aaron Bechtel                                   | Aug. 1, 1907   | ...            | \$ 600.00     |
| Chas. Bigham                                    | Aug. 1, 1907   | ...            | 1,000.00      |
| H. F. Maust                                     | Oct. 29, 1906  | 300            | 2,000.00      |
| Mrs. E. M. Wolfe                                | Oct. 29, 1906  | 70             | 1,850.00      |
| Mrs. B. I. Harter                               | Sept. 19, 1907 | 60             | 2,070.00      |
| A. B. Campbell                                  | Apr. 15, 1907  | 65             | 2,400.00      |
| W. C. Heisel                                    | Sept. 8, 1907  | 36             | 500.00        |
| M. M. Beekley                                   | Oct. 6, 1907   | 28             | 500.00        |
| J. G. Cook                                      | Oct. 1, 1907   | 65             | 1,000.00      |
| Roy E. Swigart                                  | March 15, 1908 | 80             | 1,000.00      |
| M. D. Early                                     | March 15, 1907 | 80             | 800.00        |
| D. J. Root                                      | Nov. 28, 1907  | 20             | 250.00        |
| Jno. W. Campbell                                | Jan. 1, 1907   | 90             | 500.00        |
| Smith & Maust                                   | Oct. 1, 1907   | 160            | 1,000.00      |
| Smith & Maust, buildings in the town of Macdoel |                |                | 2,500.00      |

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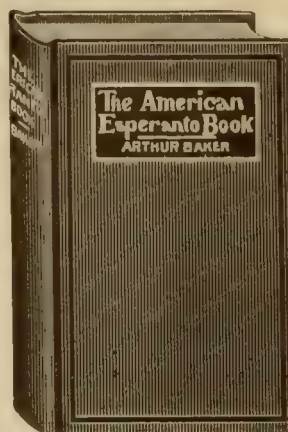
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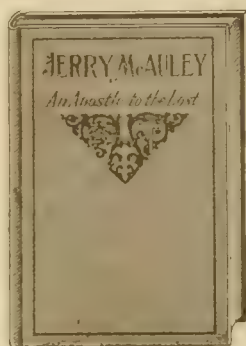
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Edited by R. M. Offord

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To read his "testimonies" and to stop and ponder on them, is to find the clew to his power. Here is one of them. "I have nothing to be proud of; I am proud of my Savior and not of myself. I was a notorious drunkard and gambler. Even my wife does not know of some of the sins I committed, and she never will till the Day of Judgment. I don't know what to say to express my feelings of thankfulness. I know I have been converted, that is, if conversion is ceasing to love that which is evil and loving that which is good. I know that divine grace saved me from a drunkard's grave."

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It is a good thing to write and print and spread the life of such a man as the hero of this volume. It may kindle the flame in many other hearts. Christians in other walks of life than he trod may be stirred to better living. And some poor, sinning soul, some wretched and sinking soul, some poor sinner, almost as bad as Jerry was, may read it in his extremity, and cry out with this ransomed prisoner, "Lord, save me, I perish."

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Yours sincerely,  
W. H. Stephens,  
Poona, India.

Sept. 20, 1907.

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for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, Fruits, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

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This is an opportunity of your life. Grasp it before it passes. Be sure to make arrangements now to go on this excursion with scores of others that are now planning for the trip.

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UTAH.

DAYTON, OHIO.

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

May 26, 1908

No. 21.

## How the Healing Art Developed

J. F. Studebaker M. D.

### In Five Parts.—Part One.

BEFORE the time of written history, when man was in a primitive and rude state, when there was nothing to engage his mind but the awe-inspiring and twinkling heavens above and the multiplicity of Nature's treasures beneath—the immense wealth of beautiful foliage, the myriads of sunbeam-kissed flowers, the amazingly strange and various species of animals, the tinkling and fresh-toned brooks never heard before, the rich, green and majestic hillsides, the great and massive palisade of mountains fortified against the sky beyond the foot-hills—he, enveloped by pure, invigorating, buoyant air and delighted with the flowing measures of music of unfamiliar songsters, was perfect in physique, and free from the debilitating influences of disease.

His life was simple. He had no books to read and to guide him. His guide was in what he saw about him. Being a farmer or shepherd, he intuitively watched the movements of the most conspicuous stars and planets, the mysterious and partly shadowed ball of fire at night, and noticed the sun appearing and disappearing at regular intervals. All things about him were new and concealed truths. They were wonderful because of their strangeness. He knew no philosophy. He delved into no science. Spontaneously he fashioned his affairs according to the order of creation. The day with its brilliant dawn, the glittering diamond dewdrops, the responsive awakening of plant life, the instinctive activity of the animal kingdom—these all inspired him to partake of the movable energy about him, to be directed by his own limited intelligence. The night with its inactivity and quietude suggested rest. Through his acute senses of sight and taste he selected the proper plants and animals for his sustenance and prepared them in a plain and original way, free from all the fancies of the modern culinary art.

Man in the aboriginal condition of existence, and the lower animals, when attacked by disease from dis-

obedience of the well-defined laws of nature or afflicted with some wound from an accident or an assault, impulsively sought a place of solitude and rest, refrained from or modified the character and amount of food taken, and in certain cases instinctively selected an herb possessing healing properties. Their treatment was almost entirely hygienic.

The earliest records of hygiene are in the Bible, in the book of Leviticus, which is mostly occupied in giving an exposition of rules governing the safety of public health, many of which are observed today by the most highly civilized nations. The exigencies of those times required only simple measures of healing. Plain diet, good water, moderate exercise in pure air and bright sunlight, and regular sleep were the only protection necessary against the ravages of disease until there were changes in the habits of life and the methods of thought of the people. Then more complex means of treatment were sought. Experiences and superstitions led savage tribes into certain customs. The Persians, unlike all other peoples, had unrelenting faith in charms, spells, amulets, which, they believed, under the influence of certain planets possessed great medical powers and were capable of controlling men's fortunes in the future. They observed the flight of birds. It was said that the water in which the talisman, a pebble set in coin, was dipped, acted as a means to control local bleeding and as an agent to combat fever, as in the case of the Talisman of Scott's famous novel curing Richard III during his renowned crusade to the Holy Land.

Being stimulated to thought by the demands of the peculiar conditions of the country for a greater development of its resources, the rich and fertile valleys of the Nile, the Egyptians crudely studied science, including mathematics and the arts. They were the first to study "the art of ingenuity and politeness." Luxury followed in orderly sequence; this was such a great change from the simplicity of life of the Adamic period that measures of health as then known



and if recognized were not sufficient to abate the progress of the new disturbances of the body, originating in consequence of laziness and free indulgence in frivolity and gratification of unhealthy pleasures. The constantly new demands for more extensive treatment brought the science of medicine to some degree of perfection, comparatively high for that time. In the earliest era of medicine of the Egyptians, the patient was placed in a public place where all might view the afflicted one, as was also the custom among the Babylonians, and those who had previously suffered with a similar disease told what relieving measures were employed. All this was recorded on papyrus. As some were persistent in the study of these records and the patients they represented, there came to be specialists as early as 1400 B. C., the eye and ear doctors, the physician and the surgeon, the bone-setters of that period (and probably many bones were broken during the erection of the pyramids).

They were all considered priests and were under the supervision of the temple. Most of them lived on the east side of the Nile in Thebes, each one with his family, on his own land. When some one was taken ill, a messenger was sent to the priestly college and not to the doctor's home, to give a description of the condition of the sick one. After the summary of the patient was made up, the principal priest of the sanctuary selected the suitable man, a master of the particular knowledge which pertained to his specialty, to go to the bedside to study the patient and the disease and to outline a course of treatment. He then returned to the temple where all was recorded, what he found and what had been done.



#### ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

##### XIV. John Neal.

JOHN NEAL was born October 25, 1793, at Falmouth (Portland), Maine, and was of Scotch descent. He was a member of the Society of Friends till he was disfellowshipped in 1818, for being unable to live up to the rule of "living peaceably with all men." At twelve years of age he was a shop-boy. Afterwards he taught drawing and penmanship in several Maine towns. Then he was a drygoods jobber in Boston, New York and Baltimore, but was unsuccessful. In the latter place he was in partnership with another future literary celebrity, John Pierpont. In 1816 he began the study of law and crowded the usual seven-years' course into one. In 1817 he decided to enter the literary field as a more direct means of support, and published a novel called "Keep Cool." He was nick-named "Jehu O'Cataraht," from the name affixed to the poem, "The Battle of Niagara," from his incessant literary activity.

He published a book of poems in 1818 and a five-

act tragedy, "Otho," in 1819. In 1822 he published four novels, written in from twenty-seven to thirty-nine days each. "Seventy-Six," "Logan," "Randolph," and "Errata." In 1824 he went to England and contributed to *Blackwood's* and other magazines and reviews and secured the friendship of Jeremy Bentham, the critical poetical reform writer.

After his return from England he settled in his native town and practiced law, wrote novels, poems, plays, edited newspapers, lectured, and in leisure hours taught boxing, fencing, and gymnastics. He wrote enormously, yet it is doubtful if anything in particular will be lasting. Among his poems may be mentioned "Goldan, the Maniac Harper," and of his novels, "Brother Jonathan," "The Down-Easters," "Rachel Dyer," "True Womanhood." In 1870 he published a sort of autobiography, "Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life." He died June 20, 1876.

He wrote too hastily and at times rather incoherently, caring nothing, seemingly, for the "classical English" style, and did not prune and tone anything after it was written it seems, and for that reason, in spite of the fire, genius and intense nationality that show through all his works, and particularly in his poetry, he did not achieve permanent renown.

Worthy of mention: Simon Newcomb, science; J. C. Neal, humorous; M. A. Newell, education; Mrs. R. S. Nichols, poems; M. M. Noah, travels and translations; Sidney Norton, science; J. O. Noyes, Roumania and Gypsies; Eliphalet Nott, temperance.

Bryan, Ohio.



#### GERMANY'S FOOD SUPPLY.

THE food supply of the rural districts of Germany is steadily deteriorating in comparison with that of cities. The change is attributed in large part to the increasing tendency to send grain, cattle, and dairy products to the city for sale, instead of consuming them on the farm. The production of grain has increased little in several decades, during which the cities have grown rapidly. Between 1890 and 1900 the number of milch cows increased less than 7 per cent, while the consumption of milk in cities increased 78 per cent. The average annual consumption of milk per capita in a number of cities increased from 102 quarts in 1896 to 126 quarts in 1903, but in the country the average annual consumption per capita decreased from 126 quarts in 1890 to 59 quarts in 1900! As with milk so it is with other farm products. The German peasant lives no longer on grain, milk, cheese, butter, eggs, fruit, and vegetables, but subsists chiefly on potatoes, coffee, and beer. This change in the rural dietary necessarily produces evil consequences, which are but too plainly evident in the statistics of infant mortality and the records of the recruiting officers.—*Scientific American*.



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter IV.

My money ran down to eighteen cents. That was less than I could get supper, and bed and breakfast on. Things looked desperate. A little before noon I mounted and rode towards the country,—rode in any direction the wheel wanted to go.

Ten miles from London Bridge I passed along a most beautiful farm where the road wound about over the hills and gave me glimpses of groups of men, here and there, over the farm. On my right was a hay field of five or more acres where a dozen big men lazily tumbled about the heavy grass that it might dry more easily in what little sun this part of England can well expect.

I rode into the farmyard. The foreman told me he had plenty of men, and although he was turning off a good many every day, he would try me. The farm was of three hundred acres, every acre worth a thousand dollars, and on this farm some two hundred men and women were working,—in the busy berry season.

Expecting to be invited into one of the houses standing about, I stood around,—just stood around, and waited. But no one asked me to come and eat. At one o'clock the whistle of the brickyard near by blew the hour for going to work again. The men began to file down the road from their rented homes and some of these entered the hay field. I was told to follow them, with not even a toothpick to make believe I had eaten. Thinking I would need prodding up, the leaders went ahead, turning the grass over, I following, doing the same, while behind me came several others, who now and then said, "Hurry up,

there!" All I could do was to keep up to those ahead of me, and this I did with little or no effort, even on an empty stomach. Soon they found that an American is made of different stuff from the average farm hand near London. I was put in the lead. But now they called to me to go slower. I was working faster than there was any need of, they declared.

Several times during the afternoon the farmer came out to see us work. How he watched me. I half expected he would discharge me, he looked so long and straight at me. I was doing my best, and I had made

up my mind that if any one held the job, it would not be the American who would have to go.

No sooner did the boss leave the field, or get a few rods away, than the men began to slow up; some of them leaned on their forks, and when he passed out of sight, they all threw themselves down upon the sweet English, half-cured hay, told yarns and smoked their pipes.

My objections were

ill received, and prudence warned me to be careful, for I was a new man in a new country.

At five thirty when the whistle blew for laborers to leave off, the men were all lying down in the far corner of the field, some of them reading, others smoking, several sound asleep. One of the older men whom I had mistaken for the farmer when I came to hire out, was lying in a depression that must have been once a cellar. Here he had thrown himself upon a swath of hay, and not hearing the loud whistle, he slept on, unheeding and unheeded.

To quit at five thirty was strangely amusing to me, especially after having loafed along like those men



Group of the Merry Berry-pickers.



made me loaf. I passed into the yard and began to look for signs of my dinner and supper in one meal. I learned that every farm hand boarded and lodged himself. I asked the farmer if I could not get board and lodging with him. He failed to grasp my meaning. He thought I was only joking. I showed him my introduction letters, thinking that when he knew I had studied for the ministry and that I was a gold-medal graduate of a college, his comfortable home would open wide its doors to such a guest!

The most he did was to invite me to take a seat on his *doorstep* where he had brought me by the servant girl a plate of strawberries, some bread and a glass of good milk. So that was about all I had to eat that day. I felt sure that he would open his heart and home to me for lodging that night. But night came, and the men had all gone home,—all except the man who locked the stables and granaries and looked after such things as needed close attention, new farm hands, etc. From him I learned that I could sleep in the horse-stable,—that the farmer had told him to *allow* me to sleep there, if I liked. For the first time in my life I slept that night in the horse-stable, in an empty stall, between two big English draft horses.

Toward morning I awoke at the call of the foreman who said he would get me up at three o'clock so I might join the merry strawberry pickers and earn some extra money before the farm hands were required to be in their places on the farm.

I had slept in my clothing without even loosening a shoe-lace or my collar. But I felt splendid,—sleeping in an old English horse-stable, and waking at three in the morning to pick strawberries!

Down the dark roadway I followed some men and women and little children who led me almost a mile along the winding lanes and in through the fragrant fields, the dew on the grass being like a river. As the dawn came I perceived that the women carried two to four gallon baskets and had their heads wrapped with calico.

By the time we reached the forty acres of strawberries I was fully awake, and then the glory of England's country life came bursting into my soul by an overpowering revelation of freshness, beauty and health. A gray mist hung over the fields. It was a June morning, such as I had never seen before. An army of birds sang everywhere,—strange singing birds that proved to be skylarks.

Of course I was hungry for the berries. If I ate one, I ate a gallon! They were the largest and juiciest and sweetest berries I ever saw, and I ate only the largest ones, and without injury to the farmer. For as most of them were large, and as many of them could not be marketed, it was quite right to help oneself to that which while benefiting himself would not impoverish another.

For all that we picked before five o'clock we were

paid several pennies extra per peck. The first morning I could not keep up with the pickers, for each of us had a row. But I was not minding that very much, with the skylarks, so famed in story and in song, singing all about me. I noticed that the bird has a peculiar, attractive flight. At first you see it hovering a little distance from the bushes, singing rapidly, then, with wings whirring faster and faster, it rises and rises, straight toward the zenith, passing often entirely out of sight, singing as it goes. The air was filled with these birds and their morning song, so strangely new to my senses, filled my soul with wild melody that knew no weariness.

I was in England, turned loose in forty acres of most luscious strawberries, with winding roads about me, and English skylarks to praise my Maker, with me. It was like paradise after a flounder through hades.

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### CANVASSING EXPERIENCES.

EMMA HORNING.

A GROUP of college boys and girls decided to attempt making their next year's expenses by canvassing stereoscopic views during the summer. As soon as school was out in the spring we started for the "Rockies"—six boys and five girls. We had a jolly time like only college boys and girls know how to have. The most exciting occurrence was when we took the sleeper one night. We left our bonnets and some of our views in the next car where we had spent the day. When we awoke the next morning, to our great surprise the car was gone and we were without wraps and views. At the next stop the boys telegraphed to Salt Lake City to hold the car till we arrived. Of course we had to leave the train with nothing on our heads and it was not the fashion then, but in a little while the boys found the lost articles.

Our enthusiasm was great, our plans good and our hopes high. We hoped to make all the money we needed before school opened, then all meet at Yellowstone Park and spend a week there before returning. Our fervor was dampened somewhat when we arrived at Pocatella, Idaho, for here we were all to separate, two by two, and go to our different fields of work. We had a picture taken of the group, promised to write to each other often to keep the blues away, then took the trains, some going to eastern Idaho, others to western Idaho and Washington and the rest to Montana. My chum (now Mrs. F. H. Crumpacker) and I had eastern Idaho, in the Snake River Valley for our territory to work. Here we spent three months of experience, worth more than any year we spent in school. This valley is surrounded by great mountains except where it opens on the west. The east end finds its limits in Yellowstone Park, where the river rises. In the south range of mountains are

the famous Teton Peaks, the most imposing peaks of the Rockies, where the snow always rests. They consist of three peaks, the center one rising the highest. They are composed of one mass of solid granite. So precipitous are the sides that but two persons have ever reached the summit. They were college boys from the East who were eager to do some famous deed. This is how the summit was gained. Holes were bored in the rock in which spikes were placed and ropes fastened to these to form a ladder. This was ascended and a steel flag placed on the top.

The bed of the valley is black lava rock through which the Snake River cuts its way. The current is swift and the many whirlpools make it dangerous. Its water is used to irrigate this fertile valley.

Most of the people here are Mormons who moved in from Utah. Many of them are new settlers and most of their houses were built of logs or adobe. They were very kind to us and we could not have been treated better by any class of people than we were by these Mormons. We visited their churches and Sunday schools and enjoyed them very much. They take the communion every Sunday but use water instead of wine.

Among new settlers we could not expect large orders and many times they did not have the money when we returned but they were much delighted with the views. There not being many towns, we had to spend much of our time in the country. We hired a horse and buggy at from \$1.25 to \$2.00 per day, and board was \$5.00 per week. We visited nearly every home from one end of the valley to the other, having many interesting experiences. Once we came to a large irrigation ditch and seeing others had gone through we attempted the same. In an instant the horse went out of sight and the next moment appeared on the other side. We were still in the buggy for it floated but we were pretty wet and our views also. We stopped at the next house and dried our clothing, but we were more careful next time we came to a large ditch.

Another time my chum was crossing a ditch on a plank. When she reached the middle it broke and she went into the water above her waist. We were ten miles from town where we boarded and it was a cold day (it snowed a little July 3), but she wrapped up as best she could in a laprobe and buggy curtain and drove back to town and the next day she was no worse for it.

We finished this point and begged the company to let us have a good town to work. At last they said we might have Idaho Falls. We came there in high spirits but to our dismay two agents had just been there ahead of us and taken the town, so we hired a horse and buggy and went to the country again but, experience was worth all we endured.

*Fruita, Colo.*

alas, they had been there also. Only one direction did we find they had not been and there we did well. During this time I had lost my pocketbook and we had sent most of our money to the company. What few orders we did get brought us no money until we could deliver. If any girls were blue we were; no money, everybody strangers and nothing to do. We lived on one meal a day and crackers between. We were about ready to look for a place to work in a hotel.

At last we decided to try Teton Basin about sixty miles away, up in the mountains at the foot of Teton Peaks. In this little basin, surrounded by lofty mountains, is a couple little towns and a number of settlers. Having saved enough money to get back to the place we left where we were well known, we returned, borrowed ten dollars and a horse of a livery man and started on our trip to the mountains. The first day we hoped to reach the half-way house or little log hotel in a deep gulch, the only house for many miles across the desert. Towards evening our horse began to give out. Nothing could induce him to move faster than a very slow walk. Night came on, once we lost the road, once the wheel got in a rut which the horse could not pull it out of. We lifted the wheel out and went on. The road seemed so long that we felt sure we must have taken the wrong road, the one which led up to the pineries. The night was cold and we were quite chilled. We had walked a good deal but were now tired, so we wrapped ourselves up as best we could and decided to sit still and let the horse plod along and see what he would come to. At last we saw a light but could not imagine what it could be. To our delight we found that it was a camp fire just above the gulch where the hotel was. We wakened the people, for it was late at night, and soon found comfortable places to sleep. After the horse was properly rested we continued our trip and put our horse in the pasture, and hired another horse for our work up there. We did well there for no agent had ventured that far before, and it was grand to be in the shadow of those mighty peaks.

On the way back to the valley the horse became tired again and fell down and broke the shaft. After tying them up as best we could with the halter rope we continued, but the dust was so deep on the desert and the wind so strong we had to keep our eyes shut most of the time. You would have had a hard time to recognize us, I am sure, when we reached our destination.

These were but a few of our experiences from which we learned many good lessons. One lesson was forced upon us, it was that of being pleasant under the most trying circumstances, and accommodating ourselves to all kinds of dispositions.

Although we did not get our trip through Yellowstone Park and some did not get back to school till late and still others did not come back that fall, our



## The Cuban Ox-Cart

Grant Mahan

It is an unwieldy vehicle. The wheels are from six to eight feet high and are very strong. From one to half a dozen yoke of oxen are fastened to each one when in use, depending on the load to be drawn and the road to be gone over. And the Cuban way of yoking oxen is quite different from the American. Here the yokes are fastened to the head just back

the load seems almost to crush the one yoke to the earth, and again almost to lift their front feet from the earth. And then when the logs are unloaded, frequently a yoke of oxen is hitched to the back end of the log and it is dragged off. When the end reaches the back part of the cart it bears down heavily. We have seen the oxen lifted up by the yoke which is

fastened to their horns. If it were by a bow around the neck there might be serious results.

The ox-carts are used for hauling the sugar cane from the fields to the mills or to the railroad. It looks as if the latter might soon be the



Hauling Timber.

of the horns. The animals cannot pull as much when yoked this way, but there is a reason for not placing the bow under the neck as we are accustomed to see it.

One very common use of the ox-teams is for hauling logs from the woods to the mill. The high wheels can be used to good advantage in the roads through the timber, for the Cubans do not cut their stumps low, not even when you tell them to and pay them by the day for doing it. The ordinary wagon gets hung up every once in a while when traveling over a road made for an ox-cart, and the man with his team of mules finds it expedient to go over the road ahead of his team, using his ax very frequently. Usually the logs are loaded on the cart, as shown in the illustration, but sometimes they are swung underneath the axle, the one end dragging. And it is surprising how large a load can be placed on the two-wheeled vehicle. It is these carts that cut such deep ruts in the roads that a wagon cannot get through.

A short piece of timber dangles from the front end of the cart and another from the rear. These are supposed to keep the load from pressing down too heavily or lifting up too much on the yoke of oxen at the tongue as the load pitches up and down. But the timbers are not always hanging straight down, and often

main use for them. Yet we doubt whether they will long hold their own against more modern and convenient vehicles. However, that is for the future to decide, and we may be much mistaken in thinking that the days of the ox-cart are numbered; for the Cubans are in some ways very conservative, though the things conserved are not always such as com-



Sugar Plantation, the Ox-carts Loaded with Cane.

mend themselves to us.

The driver of the oxen is at times very cruel, and one cannot help wishing that the oxen could in some way give him a taste of the goad with which he beats and prods them so unmercifully. He probably thinks he has a good reason, though it is seldom opponent.

Generally he has put on a load that is much too heavy, and then he beats the animals because they cannot move along with it as he thinks they should. Most of the time the oxen are fed nothing, but are turned out to eat grass. It would not be strange if they sometimes rebelled. But we would not have any one think that all of the ox-drivers are cruel. Some seem to take a real interest in their oxen, caring for them and talking to them instead of beating them.

The ox-carts are one of the institutions of this island. We don't know how long they have been here, and it does not matter. They have been and still are of great service to those using them, and that is a sufficient excuse for their existence. Perhaps it is more than can be said of some people. To be of service in one's day is the main thing; the rest is of no importance; for when all is said that can be said, there is nothing else that counts for as much as service.

*Omaja, Cuba.*



#### IN MEMORIAM.

Let us remember our dead; but not with the weakness of weeping,

Lest the courage and cheer that were theirs put our grieving to shame.

Were they the victors or vanquished? No matter, they ever were keeping

Face forward, keen eye on the foe, in their hearts a clear flame.

Only all-dominant Death gave pause to these spirits of daring;

At his signal they halted, ground arms, and lay down to their rest.

Here are wreaths for your graves, O beloved. For us, we must onward be faring,

Must strive as you strove, and must give, as you gave, of our best.

—Geraldine Meyrick in May Lippincott's.



#### THE BELTED KINGFISHER.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

My acquaintance with the Belted Kingfisher began while I was a small child. A bluff followed the course of a small stream, and in one of the most inaccessible places a pair of Kingfishers built their nest and reared their young. When they first came in the spring, without any drill or auger except their large ungainly bills, they burrowed back three or four feet into the side of the bluff. At the end of the tunnel the opening was somewhat enlarged. There, without any nesting material aside from the bare ground, the mother bird laid her six or seven pure white eggs, while the father assisted in the incubation.

At another time a Kingfisher's nest was found in a high bank, where the water had washed out deep gullies. After a spring freshet it was noticed that there had been a landslide on a small scale. Half way to the top on a narrow ledge, lay the eggs exposed and

some of them broken by the caving in of the bank. The birds, however, did not appear discouraged but soon set about excavating for a second nest in another part of the bank. In the first nest there were many fish bones showing that they had used the nest for a diningroom as well as a prospective nursery.

Chapman says that of the one hundred and eighty known Kingfishers, only eight are inhabitants of the western hemisphere, and these species are mostly tropical, and but one of the eight reaches this part of the United States. The headquarters of the family seems to be in the East Indies. The Kingfisher is familiar by voice and appearance to every one who lives near a river or pond, altho he is only a summer resident with us.

He comes in April when the ice no longer covers his hunting grounds, and remains until November; or, if the season be exceedingly mild, he sometimes stays for the winter fishing. One has been reported in this vicinity the past winter.

When the fisherman shoulders his rod and makes for the nearest body of water to try his luck, he usually finds this other fisher who is branded a fish thief because his food consists almost entirely of fish. He is accounted a fair mark for every man with a gun, and, were it not for his discretion in judging distances and knowing just when to fly, he would long have disappeared from the haunts of man. "We might now be a few fish richer but would they repay us for the loss of this genius of the wooded shores?"

The male Kingfisher is slate-blue above and white below, with a slaty-blue band on the breast which gives it the name of Belted Kingfisher. The female has chestnut-colored sides and breast band, the latter sometimes in addition to the slate-blue band. The bill is straight, deeply cleft and with smooth edges. The tail is commonly much shorter than the wings. To assist them in holding their prey when caught, nature has provided them with peculiar feet, called syndactylous feet, that is, having the digits somewhat united.

These birds are usually seen in pairs, and altho but one pair is seen at a time, persons not acquainted with their habits are frequently led to believe that quite a number exist in a particular locality when this is not the case.

When they first arrive in the spring they preëempt a stretch of some five or six miles along a water course and never allow others to encroach on their domain. Let the fisherman make himself comfortable in some shady place, and he no more than has had time to cast his line when he finds his partner, the Kingfisher, perched away up on some overhanging branch, from which he darts down into the water with the rapidity of lightning after a fish, uttering his harsh, rattling notes.

His mode of catching fish so near the man soon drives the larger fish away. Disgusted with his bad



luck, the fisherman changes his location. A new place is soon found. There is the same experience, and this makes many believe there must be quite a number of the birds, when in reality it is the same bird he started with. This habit of following a person for miles is very annoying to the man with the rod, and he is frequently compelled to leave the stream to the birds, who are better versed than he in the art of catching fish.

The Kingfisher has the whole of North America for his feeding grounds. He spends the winters from southern United States southward, and we ought to be glad that he gives us a chance to make his acquaintance as he migrates from one part of the country to another.



### THE TRUE PATRIOT.

ROBERT CLARK.

THE love of country that we call patriotism springs from a desire for life, liberty and happiness. In the lower stages of thought, patriotism embodies merely the love of country, but in its deepest significance it embraces a universal love of humanity. A man narrows his mind when he looks upon patriotism as something less than universal. The greatest and noblest men of the world rise into regions where national differences are forgotten. The true patriot looks to higher laws and deeper truths which when pursued make the whole world his fellow-citizens and kinsmen. In searching after truth and virtue all national differences disappear, and that patriotism which belongs to all countries and to all ages may stand forth in its proper light. He alone is a true patriot who is willing to suffer obscurity and the loss of money and friends rather than to betray the cause of true justice for humanity.

Patriotism as understood by the ancients was but a partial virtue, and though intense, it was narrow. In Jerusalem, in Athens, and in Rome the city was the fatherland. It was the temple, the Acropolis or the Tiber's tawny waves that caused the exiles to long for their homes. Their passionate desire for their country was inseparable from a hatred of foreign countries. Thus the captive was treated with pitiless cruelty and the slave was degraded.

We are separated from those ancients not only by a long lapse of time but a different spirit with which we regard patriotism. To us the man is more than the citizen and humanity is more sacred than nationality. They regarded the state as being the highest circle in which man could move. Thus their sympathies were narrowed and partial. It seemed impossible for them to realize that all men are of one blood and that when one suffers, wrong is done to all. Nationality has ceased to limit us and the oppression and misfortune of a people far remote affect us as a misfortune of ourselves and the cry of distress is quickly

relieved by our means and assistance. Noble thoughts and heroic deeds, wherever and by whoever, spoken or done, fill us with enthusiasm and gratitude.

Many causes of which Christianity is the most important have led us to believe and appreciate these wider views. For in looking to one heavenly Father we are drawn closer in bonds of fellowship and love for all mankind. Science which deals with laws that are universal helps us to promote this feeling for universality. Our modern machinery, such as the telegraph and the printing press, brings the ends of the world together, facilitating international intercourse, thus weakening prejudice and hatred. The commercial interdependence of nations has a like dependence. No great movement can long remain in the nation where it originates; for so closely are the nations bound together and so closely are their interests allied that the great questions of labor, politics and education are discussed in every civilized country. The study of literature and history are great factors in promulgating this sense of wider and higher patriotism. In studying the works of great artists, philosophers, or historians, the question is seldom asked, "Of what country is he a citizen?" It is enough to know that he has a truth to reveal. And in our search for the true and beautiful, national differences disappear and we see ourselves in the true light as citizens of the world. Thus we are drawn closer in one common purpose and we regard foreign neighbors as our kinsmen.

A good patriot is above all a good man; true to himself and true to his fellow-men. If false to himself he is false to all. If he does not love his parents, his children or his neighbors, how can he love his country? If he degrades humanity by drunkenness and dishonesty, how can he be a factor in correcting evils and abuses that threaten the national life and prosperity? He may be influential, well educated or a party leader, but if he is not a true man he adds nothing to the nation's welfare or cannot be a true lover of his country. The man who tills the soil or mines the coal is as true a patriot as he who holds the highest office of the land. One could not exist without the other. Poverty and wealth do not determine the patriot. It lies in the true worth of the man himself. He who strives to better humanity and uphold justice is the man who adds strength to the nation's foundation. Thus speaking of noble and patriotic men, we might cite the names of Lincoln, McKinley, Roosevelt and others but on the other hand can we not say in this connection as the poet,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air?"

So many a man is the true patriot though he does not rise to positions of honor and fame.

Could we then say that the American is not a true patriot? At the present moment, if simple truth could

be uttered without the suspicion of conceit, the American more nearly represents this sentiment than any other people. Here the national feeling is more; here all nationalities mingle more than in any other country; no other is so attractive; no other affords such opportunities for industry in every line of endeavor; no other insures such civil and religious liberties. Here more than elsewhere a man feels a higher love than the love of country. He looks deeper and believes he serves his country rightly when he adds strength to the eternal principles upon which it is based. The American's loyalty to his country is above all his loyalty to truth, justice and humanity. He feels that its institutions cannot long endure unless they are supported by the moral principles which it represents. Life is more than circumstance and man more than his environment. The American patriot more than others seeks ground for his love of country in a higher sphere. For him virtue, justice and humanity are more essential. His country is a democracy, yet it is not an end in itself but a means by which he attains a nobler, broader and wiser manhood.

He looks back upon the brave history of a little more than a century and sees a national development unparalleled in the history of the world. He beholds it stretching from ocean to ocean, over the frozen seas of the north to the balmy waters of the south. He beholds a united and prosperous nation with a consciousness of its power and prosperity. He is bound to her history and the traditions of her people. He honors the sacred grounds where lie the nation's martyrs, patriots and sages. Yet in this short time evils have crept into our national life that are endangering its sacred institutions and testing the highest skill and integrity of its greatest men. The church and society are facing problems as difficult as those of Rome and Athens. Dishonesty and graft have fastened themselves on our commercial institutions.

Up to the present time the patriot has been the man who was willing to give his life that our national existence might endure, but now as our nation is planted upon the strong foundation, the true patriot is he who is willing to strive to add strength to that foundation by honest living, by upholding the principles of right and justice, by spreading peace and happiness to those about him. While we have a country which is the envy and pride of the world, the American patriot is willing to share his opportunities with his less fortunate brother across the sea. They are waiting and praying when American authority and American principles shall rule the world. It is these problems that will tax the highest skill of our statesmen and thinkers.

We have done a noble work; we have formed a mighty nation. The next steps should be cautious lest in our desire to help our brother we weaken our own foundation. In extending a helping hand to

those unfortunate isles, we are weakening our strength by extending our possessions over vast areas. To hold them is to construct a powerful navy, which is contrary to the sacred principles of American liberty. England was driven into imperialism because of the narrow confines of her own country, but our country is broad, compact and capable of supporting a population many times that of the present. Here at our own door is the task God has given us. It is the developing of our life, the ennobling of our minds, the educating of ourselves in liberty and truth.

Though environment, nationality and morality are all worthy ends, the highest and most noble is the individual himself. He is a man only when he has been a protector in all that is highest and noblest and best in life, thus placing himself above nature and the laws that govern him. A patriot will strengthen and uphold those institutions that make noble citizens—the home, the church and society. He who loves not the life of the home cannot uphold the sacred principles of nationality. The child who breathes the impure atmosphere of a degraded home will never breathe the true atmosphere of freedom. We might say that patriotism like charity begins at home. For that which slumbers in the breast of fathers and mothers will burst forth in the hearts of their children. It is sound philosophy to say that the mothers and the home make the patriot. They are the pillars of the nation's foundation. Burns utters a moral truth in his "Cotter's Saturday Night" when he says, "It is from such homes as these our nation's heroes rise."

The end of all worthy struggles is to establish morality as the basis of individual life. Morality is founded only in the true religion. It is in vain that we build our churches and schools if our lives are impure and our religion is insincere. Only where truth, justice and love are the motives can any undertaking result in permanent good.

The scroll of the nineteenth century is rolled and sealed. As the scroll of the twentieth century begins, America's prospects were never brighter. Around us are the graves of the noble dead. History records the deeds of our heroes, patriots and sages. Before us is a nation waiting our contribution to its welfare. Are we equal to that sacred trust? Let us answer this question by striving to better our nation by bettering our lives, by helping to correct its evils, by educating our children to a wider concept, and by a unity of purpose. With this end in view, the star that rose so brightly over the new-born nation, that rose to greet the dawn of a nobler and better era, will not throw its parting rays on the ruins of a nation stained with blood.

*Mt. Morris, Ill.*



"A MAN often finds himself when he looks misfortune in the face."



### THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling  
In the crowded hives of men;  
Heart weary of building and spoiling,  
And spoiling and building again.  
And I long for the dear old river,  
Where I dreamed my youth away,  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming  
Of a life that is half a lie,  
Of the faces lined with scheming  
In the throng that hurries by;  
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor  
I would go where the children play,  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity  
For the burdens the rich endure;  
There is nothing sweet in the city  
But the patient lives of the poor,  
Oh, the little hands too skillful  
And the child-mind choked with weeds,  
The daughter's heart grown willful  
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! From the street's rude bustle,  
From trophies of mart and stage,  
I would fly to the woods' low rustle  
And the meadow's kindly page.  
Let me dream as of old by the river  
And be loved for the dream away,  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

## CURRENT COMMENTS



The newspapers announce that President Roosevelt has settled the bothersome question as to what we shall do with him after March 4, 1909, by deciding to take himself out of the country for two years. A good part of the two years he is likely to spend in hunting big game, very possibly going to Africa first. If the President carries out this plan it would prevent all possibility of the talk that Taft—if Taft is our next President—was merely Roosevelt's functionary. It has the further advantage that Roosevelt likes to hunt.

A man named Charles Coster, member of a New York Stock Exchange firm, committed suicide the other day in New York. Following his death it transpired that he had lost some \$1,500,000 by stock exchange speculation. He had been selling "short"; that is, he had been selling stock he did not own, expecting later to buy it at a lower price than the one for which he sold it. Last October he was said to be \$1,000,000 to the good through his policy. In other words he had secured \$1,000,000 in payment for what service to the community? Why do we quietly accept the continuance of methods which make it possible for men to get something for nothing? Do we think it is better so than that men should do something useful for the living they obtain from the community?

Philadelphia is planning a great historical pageant for October 9, to commemorate the 225 anniversary of the founding by William Penn of the government of the city. The first of the floats will show the Indians, the Swedes, and the Dutch, who occupied the present site of Philadelphia prior to the arrival of Penn in 1682. Then following will come floats representing the landing of Penn, his famous treaty with the Indians, the early life, customs, and manners of the colonists, the beginning of the Revolutionary period, the city during the Revolutionary times, Thomas Jefferson writing the Declaration of Independence and the proclaiming of liberty throughout the land by the Liberty Bell at the State House in 1776. In a similar way the rest of the forty floats will show the later history of the city. The cost of the pageant is estimated at \$50,000. If Philadelphians are correct, this will be the first pageant of the sort in this country.

### Preserving Eggs.

A comparative test of the American plan of freezing eggs to preserve them with the method of treating with lime has been made by a scientific French experimenter. The refrigeration process is pronounced hygienically superior. At low temperature, even when continued several months, there is no perceptible change in the taste or properties of the egg, the yolk retains its position instead of falling to the lower end as in lime preservation, and the only change in appearance is a little greater wateriness. It is necessary, however, to keep the temperature about two degrees F. below freezing point, with the hygrometer as near 78 degrees as possible.

### An Important Meeting.

May 13 witnessed the opening of a convention the good influence of which is bound to be felt throughout the country for many years to come. The convention was composed of the President, Cabinet, and other leading officials of the government, the governors of the States and a number of men prominent in business. It was the first convention of the kind, or rather, of its make-up. The idea of such a convention was first suggested by Gifford Pinchot, the man who has done so much for the preservation of our forests, the object being not only the discussion of ways and means looking to the preservation of our forests, but the conservation of all our natural resources. "The dominant note of the assemblage was vigorous, constructive, achieving Americanism. The spirit which rides over all party lines and disregards all petty prejudices. The spirit which shows how close together, shoulder to shoulder, stand the men of all sections. The spirit which recognizes there are difficulties in the way, such as property rights and state rights, but which is determined these shall be overcome to the end that forests and streams and soils and all other resources shall receive all the protection which the aroused scientific foresight and energy of the people can provide." It is planned to make the organization a permanent one, and other questions, such as those on which mere uniform laws among the States would bring about better results, may receive attention.

### The Naval Building Program.

After a very hot debate in which Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, was the leading advocate of following the President's wish that Congress authorize four battleships this year, the Senate followed the example of the House by authorizing only two. Senator Allison, chairman of

the Appropriation Committee, and Senator Hale, chairman of, the Naval Committee, committed the Senate, so far as they could, to the policy of building two battleships a year for the next ten years. Senator Allison's remark ran: "I think, under the present conditions, we should appropriate for two battleships a year until the Navy is sufficient for our needs. I want it known to the nation and to the world that we have now entered upon a program of steady and comprehensive naval construction. But the present question is not momentous. It resolves itself into a problem of whether we shall vote for four ships now or two now and two more seven months hence." The new battleships are to cost \$6,000,000 apiece, and to be of the Delaware (the so-called Dreadnought) type, of twenty thousand tons displacement. The Senate appropriated \$7,000,000 toward the ships, so that work on them can be begun very soon, since the plans of the Delaware can be used for them with a few changes. A building program of two battleships a year means that the United States in all probability will maintain its place as the second naval power. We have, at present, twenty-five battleships, with four well under way. Consequently at the end of ten years we should have forty-nine, the oldest built in 1895. Germany now has twenty-three effective battleships with five under construction. The German building program contemplates the construction of seventeen battleships in the next ten years, but enough battleships will be retired in the meantime to make the effective fleet consist of only thirty-eight battleships in 1918.

#### Awakening of Mohammedan Women.

A parliament in Persia still seems an anomaly. But bits of evidence crop up every now and then among Mohammedan countries going to show that even the followers of the Prophet are imbibing new ideas. The Mohammedan women of Orenburg, in Eastern Russia, have drawn up the following remarkable appeal to the Mussulman Deputies in the Duma: Although our holy religion made us free, we are oppressed by our ignorant despots of husbands and like slaves we are compelled to submit to their caprices. The Chariat prescribes that women have the right to study, to travel, to pray in the mosques, to make pilgrimages to Mecca, to engage in all branches of trade, to sign bills of exchange and to be sisters of charity. Mussulman women exercise this right in Arabia and other countries, where they have founded various societies, built mosques and organized charitable institutions. Many have written books, and among them are several famous authors and poets. Our Prophet's wife accompanied him to the wars and studied science and foreign writers. Now our husbands prevent us even from studying our own religion. We are not allowed to read religious books. Our Imam savants, who are proud of their designation, are conniving with Black Hundred journalists against our emancipation. They wish us to remain forever in ignorance. Our husbands deprive us of liberty and keep us confined within four walls. They take unto themselves women who please them and have many wives. As for us, we are condemned to live in a state of continual oppression and in the majority of cases to die a premature death from pulmonary or other causes. The Chariat gives us many rights, and husbands may not look upon strange women with eyes of covetousness. Yet the majority of them lead a dissolute life and amuse themselves in restaurants, hotels, and other places of entertainment. We realize that we, although Mussulman women, are also human beings. Mussulman deputies, it is your

duty to demand all rights for Mussulman women. You must obtain laws which will safeguard us from the arbitrariness of our husband despots, from oppression and martyrdom—yes, martyrdom. We are the mothers of the people, the companions of men; the education and progress of the people lies in our hands. If men do not change their attitude toward us, let them know that the day will come when they, too, will be slaves, and the whole Mussulman race will perish.

#### Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

The funeral of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in Westminster Abbey last week testified to the universal love the late Premier had won in Great Britain. Sir Henry was the son of Sir James Campbell, a Tory Scotch merchant. From his father and his uncle, in accordance with whose will he added Bannerman to his name, he had inherited ample means, so that he had been enabled to devote all his life to public service since he was elected to Parliament nearly forty years ago. His first Cabinet service was as Secretary of State for War in Wm. Gladstone's short-lived administration of 1886. He served again in the Gladstone-Rosebery Government of 1892-95. Lord Rosebery resigned the leadership of the Liberal party in 1896, and his successor in that post, Sir William Harcourt, resigned in 1898. "C. B.," as he was called, was made leader by the Liberals in February, 1899. It was at this time that Sir Henry showed what was in him. Few leaders have been confronted with such difficulties as he encountered. Faced by brilliant debaters, he was embarrassed by discordant colleagues at a time when popular opinion ran strongly against him. Differences among the leading Liberals with reference to the Sudan were followed by more acute and dangerous differences as to the war in South Africa. Sir Henry, while supporting the Government in all proper measures for carrying on the war, denounced the policy which led to it, and stigmatized some of the methods by which it was conducted as "methods of barbarism." He was called Separatist, Pro-Boer, Little Englander, traitor. A Liberal League of Imperialists, in which several of his colleagues were conspicuous, weakened his authority. Yet he clung to his opinions, he maintained his post, he preached the old Gladstone doctrines, and he never quailed before the powerful statesmen whom he faced. He was described by Lord Courtney as "one of that class of men who are said to excite the pity of God—a good man struggling with adversity." But at last adversity vanished and in its place came prosperity, full and glowing. He became Prime Minister in 1905. The immense majority which he secured at the General Election in January, 1906, firmly settled him in his seat, but did not render him in the least arrogant or dictatorial. He accepted his success with a sort of gratified surprise. The Liberals followed him more faithfully than they did Mr. Gladstone. Love may seem out of place in the political vocabulary, but if any party ever loved a leader, the Liberals loved Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Even his opponents liked him personally. Sir Henry showed what common sense can do for a man. He was not brilliant, nor original, nor commanding. But he was straightforward and honest, hating humbug. One of his most precious qualities was tact. He saved his party from disruption in opposition, and he preserved it in power.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## MEMORIAL DAY.

AGAIN we are approaching the day which in most of our States has been set aside as a legal holiday to be marked by exercises in memory of the many lives that have been laid down to establish and perpetuate this nation. While the day has lost none of its original significance, the memorial idea has broadened and now we take it as a fitting time to remember all our dead with some tribute of love.

The idea is a beautiful one. It is true, it has been abused, as many good things have, but it does not follow that it should be abandoned altogether because of such abuse. Many sensible and reasonable things have been said against the extravagant display of flowers at funerals, which in lavishness are often out of all proportion to the giver's interest in the deceased. But because of this inconsistency it is not necessary that we should go to the other extreme of depriving ourselves of the good that may be derived from an even-minded observance of the custom.

For this is the idea after all. It is for our own good that we remember our friends with these beautiful tokens. The argument that we should give our flowers to our friends while they are living does not cover the question altogether. Giving flowers under the one circumstance does not argue that they are to be, or will be, withheld under the other. And no one expects the resulting influences to be the same. Giving flowers to the living brings a blessing to both the giver and recipient, if given in the right way. Laying a flower on the grave of the dead, brings a blessing to the giver only, but it is of such a nature that it would be difficult to find a substitute.

Two thoughts should have a large place in our hearts on Memorial Day. First, the inestimable cost of many of the national blessings of this glorious land. Second, the certainty of death,—the need of working, while we have the opportunity. We may honor those

who stood for the right in the past, but we cannot rest on their honors. Brave men and women are needed still to combat the forces of evil.



## AN ALARM CRY.

YES, the whiskey interests are becoming alarmed. But it is such a very inconsistent sort of alarm, though one need not wonder so much at the inconsistency, since that is a characteristic of the business, however one may look at it.

Recently we received a marked copy of the *Globe-Democrat*, calling our attention to a long list of the signatures of St. Louis business men to an appeal in behalf of the liquor interests. Their plea is for regulation,—the plan which we have been trying, lo, these many years, and which in every case has proved such a miserable failure.

They dwell mainly on that threadbare argument of the increase of taxes resulting from the loss of license money. They say, "As tax-payers we are mindful of the tremendous contribution, running into many millions, that is made by this industry to the support of our State. We know what it would mean to have this contribution drawn from other sources." But how do they know? Surely not from experience, neither from any logical course of reasoning. Where will be the need of a "tremendous contribution" when almshouses, jails, penitentiaries, orphanages and asylums cease to be filled by the products of the liquor business?

In the event of Prohibition winning, the appeal further calls our attention to the confiscation of tangible property which would not fall below a certain sum, and adds that the destruction of good will would reach even a larger figure. *Who talks about good will?* And whose good will is thus so highly estimated? Have they not all these years neglected to estimate the value of the good will of little children, and wives, and mothers, and all good, peace-loving, law-abiding people? Oh, consistency, where art thou!

And what is the conclusive argument of this appeal? The reader has heard it before,—Prohibition is a failure, it doesn't prohibit. Some have added that more liquor is used in prohibition territory than where the saloon is recognized. Now what is to be said of such a statement? Evidently the brewers are on the wrong side of the question. To be reasonable, they should be working with the anti-saloon people. Really, the liquor interests have not advanced an argument on this question that could not be turned, with twice the effect, against them. Why? Because the business is bad from beginning to end.



## OUR FAMILY.

OUR family has grown considerably since the first of the month. We are glad to welcome those who

have lately come among us, and we trust that they will have no cause to regret their decision to join us. In some families, the advantages and favors for each one decrease with the family's growth, but the opposite is true in the INGLENOOK family. The benefits to which the earlier members have been accustomed are theirs still, no matter how many come in later. And besides, they are likely to receive even greater benefits because of the additions. So it is to the advantage of each member to endeavor to add to our number.

A clean, uplifting, instructive magazine is our aim, and any one who lends a hand in the disseminating of such literature, may be classed among humanity's benefactors.



#### ANSWERS REQUESTED.

1. UPON what occasion did William M. Evarts, the great lawyer, receive \$250,000 for saying "Yes"?
2. Name some famous statesmen and preachers who were very rapid speakers, giving a few facts about their speaking.
3. What European countries have abolished capital punishment? The civil oath?
4. Was Lincoln the only total abstainer among our presidents?
5. Were Franklin and Jefferson Free-Thinkers?



#### LESSON IN ESPERANTO.—No. 4.

HAVE you mastered each lesson? If not, we hope that you will soon. Much depends on the first few lessons. Save each lesson given in the NOOK as you will need them for reference. As the lessons progress, with each lesson will be given new words. In this lesson will be given the names of articles in and around the house. A partial list was given in Lesson II.

#### EXERCISE 8.

|                     |                          |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| Lito,—bed.          | Frukto,—fruit.           |
| Kapo,—head.         | Kandelo,—candle.         |
| Kapkuseño,—pillow.  | Biblio,—bible.           |
| Tranĉilo,—knife.    | Kuko,—cake.              |
| Forko,—fork.        | Muso,—mouse.             |
| Kulero,—spoon.      | Salo,—salt.              |
| Floro,—flower.      | Pipro,—pepper.           |
| Rozo,—rose.         | Mangŝambro,—dining room. |
| Terpomo,—potato.    | Plado,—dish.             |
| Sukero,—sugar.      | Viŝilo,—towel.           |
| Kremo,—cream.       | Matraco,—mattress.       |
| Papero,—paper.      | Dormejo,—sleeping room.  |
| Kafo,—coffee.       | Planko,—floor.           |
| Akvo,—water.        | Plafano,—ceiling.        |
| Kombilo,—comb.      | Slosilo,—key.            |
| Ĵurnalo,—newspaper. | Parolejo,—parlor.        |
| Vespero,—evening.   | Kuirejo,—kitchen.        |
| Plumo,—pen.         |                          |

A good drill on the above vocabulary is to have some one call out the words to you as they are in English, and you write them in Esperanto.

*Interrogation.* Ĉu denotes an interrogation, as: Ĉu li legas? Does he read?

It is also used in indirect questions, when it means "whether." Ĉu vi kantas? Will you sing?

There are nine interrogatory words beginning with "k": kia, kial, kiam, kie, kiel, kies, kio, kiom, kiu. —meaning respectively what kind of, why, when, where, how, whose, what (thing), how much, who or which. They are used the same as their English equivalents.

*Direction.* In answers to questions beginning with "Kien," "where" (meaning direction), the word or words must have the termination of the accusative or objective, as Kien li iras? Where does he go? (Where is he going?) Li iras ĝardenon—Londonon. He goes (or is going) to a garden—to London.

*Negation.* Double negatives must not be used. Li nenion vidis. He saw nothing. Ŝi nenium vidis en la ĝardeno. She saw no one in the garden.

#### VOCABULARY FOR EXERCISE 9.

|                  |                              |
|------------------|------------------------------|
| Bona,—good.      | Dolaro,—dollar.              |
| Mateno,—morning. | Bezoni,—to want.             |
| Mono,—money.     | Lampo,—lamp.                 |
| Cendo,—cent.     | Senviva,—without life, dead. |
| Pomo,—apple.     | Amiko,—friend.               |
| Kampo,—field.    | Aĉeti,—to buy.               |

#### EXERCISE 9.

Kie vi estas. Mi estas en la domo. Bonan matenon. Ĉu vi estas sana? Mi estas sana. Ĉu vi havas monon? Mi havas kvar cendojn. Ĉu vi volas pomo? Jes, mi volas ses pomojn. Kiu estas en la domo? Mia fratino estas en la domo kaj mia frato estas en la kampo. Kiom kostas tiu ĉi tapiŝeto? Ĝi kostas dudek-kvar dolarojn. Kion vi bezonas? Mi bezonas du lampojn.

Cu vi havas patrinon? Mi ne havas patrinon. Mia patrino estas sen viva. Cu vi havas patron? Jes, mi havas patron. Mi havas unu fratino kaj kvin fratojn. Mia familio estas malsana. La onklo estas malriĉa. Bonaj libroj estas bonajn amikojn. Mi aĉetos teon, kafon, kremon, kaj sukeron. Kion vi volas?

#### EXERCISE 10. COMPOSITION.

My brother reads the blue book. I know you. The girl sang. The door is high. The sisters will find their books. The mirror shines. She drinks tea. I see your chair in the room. The woman rested (waited) on the couch. He stands on the rug. The mother loves a good girl. I see and hear him. We ate four apples. He will speak. Three men wept. I hear you. She will drink coffee.

ALLAN EISENBISE.

16 S. State St., Elgin, Ill.





### THE POWER OF A LOOK.

The morning was drear, the air was chill,  
The sky was gray and clouded—  
The darkness which seemed the world to fill  
My very soul enshrouded,  
While heavier grew the weight of dread  
At thought of the song, hard day ahead.

'Twas only a look from true, brave eyes,  
Not e'en a word was spoken;  
But oh, in a look what power there lies!—  
The dreary spell was broken;  
The sky was still dark, the day was long,  
But light was my heart, and filled with song.

No more than a look! You think 'twas vain,  
Too small a thing for giving?  
Ah, no! for it made hope rise again  
And life more worth the living;  
While even the mem'ry lingers still  
And oft doth my heart with courage fill.

A look!—yet, before that deep soul-light  
My spirit ceased complaining;  
It told me that all that is, is right,  
Since God o'er all is reigning;  
And so, although ne'er a word was said,  
It lightened with hope the days ahead.

Not need of word sermons, good and wise,  
The world today is feeling,  
So much as of true and loving eyes,  
God's heaven-born light revealing—  
For oh! just a look that's kind, that's brave,  
A soul from despair may oft times save.

—Pearl Waggoner.



### AMUSING THE CHILDREN.

MRS. ETHA E. BEISEL.

WITH the children pleasantly entertained on a stormy day, there is a minimum amount of work for mother and a minimum amount of quarreling among the children, and the mischief done by idle childish fingers is considerably lessened.

But do not give the children material with the injunction to make something without a suggestion as to what they shall make. First, suggest something and later on you will see the child working out his own ideas. When he has accomplished something, unstinted praise will show him that his efforts have been appreciated and create more enthusiasm for the play.

As to the materials:

Fill an ordinary baking pan full of sand and suggest that they make miniature farms for themselves.

Toothpicks, or burned matches will represent the even and straight fence. Then let them plot out their gardens, stake out their houses and add whatever improvements they choose, but insist that they do the work neatly and not in a haphazard, careless manner.

Or give the children a scrapbook and some paste. (an old book with a few leaves cut out at intervals will answer the purpose.) Then give them the old catalogues and a pair of scissors and let them furnish a house in this manner. First let them cut out a house and paste it in the book. Then have them cut out the various articles of furniture and rugs from the catalogue and proceed to furnish the rooms to suit their individual tastes, each room occupying a separate page. Much enjoyment can be derived from this.

Another absorbing occupation is the making of paper chairs. Bright colored paper can be used and many different colors effectively joined together. Cut the strips about four inches long and one-half inch wide. Use a piece of stick to apply the paste and then carefully lap the end of one over the end of another and so on. The children will enjoy cutting paper for this. Little cotton rags should be supplied with which to wipe off any excess of paste.

With peanuts and chewing gum cunning little dolls can be made. This generally creates much hilarity among the little ones on account of the ludicrous appearance of the dolls after their noses, eyes, ears and mouths have been marked off with a pencil.

Again peas are an attractive material. Soak a handful or so of peas in water for a day, then drain and dry by wrapping them into a cotton cloth and leaving a few minutes. Have them take a needle and thread and see what a nice long necklace or watch-chain they can make. Or with toothpicks, furniture can be constructed, by pushing them into the peas and laying them aside to harden.

These are simple suggestions which are likely to appeal to the average busy mother with no time for the elaborate. When the children are thru playing, teach them to clean up all the scraps and leave things in a tidy condition. Use unrestricted praise as it stimulates their desire to accomplish something; if an object be but poorly done do not criticise and destroy it, as it has meant real effort to them and later on when they have learned to do better they will of their own accord destroy their crude and worthless articles.

### SINGING IN THE HOME.

THERE is perhaps no more pleasant occupation in the family circle than sacred song. Many a home where there is little of beauty, of ease, or luxury, is made pleasant by "thanksgiving and the voice of melody." If there be joy in the heart and music on the tongue, many rough places in life are smoothed and made plain, many dark spots are brightened and made cheerful.

Those families who know nothing of sacred song miss one of the purest pleasures that fall to the lot of mortals. Family prayer is a duty and privilege, but family praise is none the less so, and there is nothing that binds hearts more closely to the home than those "songs which mother sang," and old tunes in which the voices of parents and brothers and sisters join, form a bond of union which unites hearts when mountains rise and oceans roll between them. Sometimes the wayward son, wandering in a far-off land, hears the song his mother sang and is charmed by its music to know and serve his mother's God.

Careful and melodious singing in the home fits persons for singing elsewhere, especially if persons are taught to sing correctly, gently and tenderly, and without instrumental accompaniment. Then the hymns learned by the young linger long in memory, a precious heritage against the days of darkness and of sorrow.

Let parents set the example of song, and children will be sure to follow. Take time now and then, and enjoy an evening of sacred song. Let the voice of rejoicing be heard in the tabernacle of the righteous, and prayer and praise ascend to the throne of God. Let each child have his hymn-book, and he will learn to prize it next to the Bible, and will from it gather many precious truths which will go with him to life's latest hour. Whoso offereth praise glorifieth God. Let us have more praising and less murmuring, more song and fewer complaints. Instead of fretting because of evildoers, let us pray; instead of repining at our lot, let us leave our burden at the cross, "and bear a song away."—*Exchange*.



### THE BADGE OF CRUELTY.

Is it not possible to persuade the women of Boston—the city we are proud to consider a centre of refinement, reason and intelligence—to take a decided stand in the matter of the slaughter of birds, and protect them by refusing to wear them? We are fostering a grievous wrong out of pure thoughtlessness. A bit of ribbon, or a bunch of flowers, or any of the endless variety of materials used by the milliner would answer every purpose of decoration, without involving the sacrifice of bright and beautiful lives.

But women do not know what they are doing when they buy and wear birds and feathers, or they never

would do it. How should people brought up in cities know anything of the sacred lives of birds? What woman, whose head is bristling with their feathers, knows, for instance, the hymn of the song sparrow, the sweet jargon of the blackbirds, the fairy fluting of the oriole, the lonely, lovely wooing call of the sand-piper, the cheerful challenge of the chickadee, the wild, clear whistle of the curlew, the twittering of the swallows as they go careening in wide curves through summer air, filling earth and heaven with tones of pure gladness, each bird a marvel of grace, beauty and joy? God gave us these exquisite creatures for delight and solace, and we suffer them to be slain by thousands for our "adornment."

When I take note of the headgear of my sex a kind of despair overwhelms me. I go mourning at heart in an endless funeral procession of slaughtered birds, many of whom are like dear friends to me. From infancy I have lived among them, have watched them with the most profound reverence and love, respected their rights, adored their beauty and their song, and I could no more injure a bird than I could hurt a child. No woman would if she knew it. The family life of most birds is a lesson to men and women. But how few people have had the privilege of watching that sweet life, of knowing how precious and sacred it is, how the little beings guard their nests with almost human wisdom, and cherish their young with faithful, careful, self-sacrificing love. If women only knew these things, there is not one in the length and breadth of the land, I am happy to believe, who would be cruel enough to encourage this massacre of the innocents by wearing any precious rifled plume of theirs upon her person.—*Celia Thaxter, in Our Dumb Animals*.



### WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.

BREAD made of whole wheat may look as nice and be as light and soft as the white bread, if made and baked properly, and it has a much sweeter, better flavor. If the following directions are carefully followed, it will insure success: Proportion your yeast and water as for any light bread; place in a suitable sized vessel to stir, add salt and a small piece of fresh lard or butter; have sifted and ready a pan of whole wheat flour, also a pan of white flour. Now add to your mixture two double handfuls of the whole wheat and one of the white flour, and stir the batter; continue adding flour so and stirring, until your dough is stiff enough to finish kneading with the hands. The proportion of flour is two-thirds whole wheat and one-third white. The use of the white flour makes the bread lighter than all whole wheat. Do not mix too stiff or the bread will be dry. Let rise over night, work down early next morning, let get light again, then mold into loaves, place in pans, and when light, bake in a rather hot oven until well done. The loaves



should not be very large, and should be baked in separate pans. Do not cut the bread while hot.—*Good Housekeeping*.



#### WHEN THINGS GO WRONG.

I do not plead for special gifts  
Wherewith to gain the ends I seek;  
I ask not for the luck that lifts  
The proud above the humble weak;  
But one great attribute I crave  
To aid me as I press along;  
It is that I may still be brave  
When things go wrong

I do not plead for favors which  
My fellow toiler may not share;  
Let him who wishes to be rich  
Make wealth the burden of his prayer;  
Whatever comes, however ill  
The winds may blow, I'll get along  
If I may keep my courage still  
When things go wrong.

S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.



#### A WISE RESOLVE.

It was a wise mother who said, "I mean to keep young with my children." She gave the recipe by which this can be done: Live in the present, not in the past; be always interested in whatever the children are interested in, so that they are always sure of finding a proper understanding when they come to mother with their perplexities. Living too continually in the past, comparing things done today with the way they were done yesterday, and insisting that former days were better than the present, will inevitably make it difficult to feel in full sympathy with the youth of today. The resolve to keep young with the children may mean at first some self-denial; but the reward that will come in a sweeter, more sympathetic intimacy with the children will repay many times the self-denial.—*Selected*.



#### THE NEED OF FRESH AIR.

BACK of ventilation in the home is the source of half the ills that beset the average American family. Deprived of the necessary amount of oxygen to supply the demands of the circulatory system, brain fag, weakened nerves, and impoverished tissues make the human body susceptible to disease of body and soul.

See that a current of fresh air enters an occupied room, and when it is to be unoccupied for a time, see that occasion has been taken to change the air more completely by raising the windows, if only for a few moments. Raising the lower sash alone does not cause a quick change in the atmosphere. A window must at the same time be lowered from the top to allow the escape of the impure air which has become warm and lighter during its imprisonment and is forced to the top of the room and out by the inrush below of the colder, heavier air.—*Exchange*.

#### AGRICULTURE IN THE COMMON SCHOOLS ABROAD.

AGRICULTURAL education in our schools is gaining in favor; but the United States is no pioneer in the movement. The idea has been put into practical operation by many of the most progressive foreign governments, and to its influence is attributed, in a large measure, the excellent farming and gardening ability of many of the immigrants who come to our shores.

In France, a feature of all the normal schools is the school-gardens and nurseries of fruit trees. There is a course of agriculture in the normal school for men, and of horticulture for women, and the instruction received by teachers in the normal school is applied in the school-gardens, especially throughout the country. The system was begun in 1882.

In Russia, small farms and gardens are being attached to the people's or elementary schools in many villages. As a rule, the community gives the land free. In one province in southern Russia, over three hundred of the five hundred odd schools possess small model gardens, divided into sections of grain, vegetables, fruits, and trees important in silk culture. In 1905, these schools collectively cultivated four hundred and five acres, including vineyards, and possessed over twenty thousand fruit trees and over fifteen hundred bee hives.

In Switzerland, there have been school-gardens for twenty-five years, both in connection with normal and elementary schools. The Swiss government encourages them by awarding prizes for the best results.

In little Belgium, the study of horticulture in the schools is compulsory. A royal decree of 1897, lays especial stress on the cultivation of vegetables; the consequence is that almost every young Belgian is a gardener. All public elementary schools in Belgium have gardens, and the government grants annually six thousand francs as prizes among the pupils who have excelled in this department of study.

Sweden takes the lead in the matter of school-gardens abroad, having established them in 1869. In 1900, there were over five thousand in existence. At the present time great attention is also being given to instruction in manual training.

In Austria there is a widely extended system of school-gardens, which has greatly stimulated fruit culture, especially in Bohemia, through their influence.

In Germany, while the matter has not been regulated by law, for nearly thirty years certain portions of the empire have had school-gardens, and the German teachers give practical lessons to their pupils in horticulture and plant growing. Many German cities have gardens connected with their elementary schools, while they are a common feature of the high schools throughout the empire.

Even little Nova Scotia has a farm set apart for school-gardens.—*The American Cultivator*.

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## The Children's Corner

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GERARD.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

DECORATION Day dawned clear and bright. The grass wet with morning dew, shone with the pearly drops as though the tears of a nation lay trembling there. The warm breeze was laden with the odor of flowers. Every bush and tree and shrub had so readily responded to sunshine and shower that great masses of fresh May blossoms were waiting to be gathered and sent on their sad sweet mission.

Early that day the work of decorating began and by the hour of noon all the village was ready for the afternoon program.

Flags everywhere. The beautiful stars and stripes, from the rows of tiny ones adorning the fronts of buildings to the great ensign above the main thoroughfare, there were flags of all sizes. Some were old and worn, some bright and new, but all were loved and honored as the emblem of freedom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Davy and Madge moved along in the procession with their hands full of peonies and snowballs.

"How far is it Davy?" asked Madge.

"O just a little way. Perhaps we can get to ride, too," replied the boy.

"Will they let us do this ourselves, Davy?" asked Madge, glancing at the flowers.

"O I think so."

Now, the one thing that Davy and his sister had hoped to do was to place their floral tributes upon the mounds in the village cemetery, themselves. When they reached the end of the march they heard a voice close to them. Davy looked around to see who was talking. It proved to be a man whom they both knew.

"I wonder if any one would like to ride out with us?" Davy heard him say.

"We want to go, don't we, Madge?"

"Yes."

"Please Mr. Martin, may we go with you?" ventured Davy.

"Why, David, is that you? Just climb up in that empty seat, both of you. That will be all right. I wonder if we cannot get some one to take care of those flowers for you?"

Davy looked at Madge and Madge looked at Davy. Just then some ladies came and took places in the carriage.

"Oh, what pretty flowers! Don't you want us to put them with ours in that basket yonder, and send them over on the wagon?" asked one of the ladies.

Madge nodded her consent. Davy answered, "If you please," and the peonies and snowballs were sent away in the basket. The gentleman then drove on and

the boy and girl forgot their errand in the enjoyment of the ride till they came to the big iron gate beyond which the great, dark evergreens seemed ever to sing or sigh.

There they saw the people going about with baskets, scattering the buds and blossoms over the graves. Here and there fluttered a small flag that marked the spot where a soldier had been buried.

"Here, dearies, are your offerings," said one of the ladies, as she handed to the children their pink and white treasures.

Soon Davy and Madge had finished their work and were walking about watching the work of others, when suddenly Madge pulled at her brother's sleeve. "Davy, oh, Davy!"

"What?" asked Davy in surprise.

"Who is that?"

"Where?"

"Down there."

Davy looked in the direction indicated. There near a clump of rough grass and brambles was a boy no larger than Davy. He was poorly clothed and his face showed traces of tears.

"Who is it, Davy?"

"Oh, that is Jed."

"And who is Jed, Davy? Do you know him and is he a good boy?" asked Madge, thinking Davy must surely know.

"Oh, his right name is Gerard, but the boys all call him Jed. He's a pretty good sort. I guess he has no flowers for his father's grave. He's too poor to afford any, I guess."

"Hush, Davy," said Madge softly. "He must not hear us. Let's go over and ask him."

"Hello, Jed."

"Hello," said the boy looking up and seeing Davy.

"Was your father a soldier, Jed?"

"No."

"Where are your decorations, boy?"

"I haven't any," said Jed, glancing toward the neglected grave and beginning to cry again.

Davy and Madge saw there were neither flowers nor flag. Through the rough grass they could see a small block of white marble.

"Mother and I have to work hard all the time and we could not raise any flowers."

"I know where there are some," whispered Madge to Davy.

"So do I," answered Davy.

Madge was thinking of some pale-tinted tea-roses in a corner of the lawn at home and Davy remembered the flaming tulips in the garden.

"Let's go home and get some for Jed, Davy. Mamma won't care."

"Well, let's ask Jed to go along."

"All right," said Madge.



Turning to Gerard, Davy said, "If you will go with us we can get some for you."

The boy was almost afraid to go, but without saying anything more he arose and went with them.

They knew a short way across to the village and were soon trudging back with the pale tea-roses and the crimson tulips. Other kind people came and helped, and in a short time Gerard's father, too, was well remembered. The grass and brambles were torn away and the grave was wreathed with beautiful blossoms.

"Where is your mother, Jed?" somebody asked.

"She's home. She's sick," answered the boy.

The people were beginning to go away then as the afternoon was drawing to its close; but a few remained in groups talking. And some lingered about the grounds, reading the words carved upon the stones.

At last the big iron gate was closed and even the most leisurely were wending their homeward way.

When the sun was going down behind the western slope, the tired children were strolling toward the town. Among them was Gerard from whose troubled heart much of the sadness had gone.

*Tipton, Iowa.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### "THERE IS PARDON FOR ALL WHO BELIEVE."

JACOB D. REISH.

There is pardon for all who believe  
On their crucified Savior and Friend,  
And who all his commandments receive  
And obey; all such he'll defend.

There is pardon for all who believe,  
For their sins tho' they're many and great;  
Christ will them of their burdens relieve,  
And give them an eternal estate.

There is pardon for all who believe,  
On the Blessed Redeemer of man.  
He has promised he never will leave  
Those accepting his salvation plan.

There is pardon for all who believe  
And are washed in the blood of their king;  
Great reward in the end they achieve,  
Who thro' life to their Savior do cling.

There is pardon for all who believe;  
Sinner, come and accept him today.  
The old Satan still tries to deceive,  
Cast him off and your Savior obey.

Denbigh, N. Dak.



No man can walk straight by watching his neighbors.

## THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us Go into the house of the Lord."

THE psalmist David was a man of praise and prayer. In his troubles as well as in the days of prosperity and sunshine he was ready and willing to look to God as a source of great strength and to acknowledge him as his shield, protection and help. He loved the companionship of those who frequented the house of worship—those who worshiped in God's own appointed way.

When speaking of the sweet communion of saints he breaks forth in this beautiful language, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

While he was a man who was ready and willing to praise God, he was at times cast down and despondent, and speaks of his enemies who hindered him in his work. In one place he says, "When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path." The thought is, when the way was too dark for human minds to fathom. When he was groping in darkness, then he looked upward to his God, and trusted in his wisdom and knowledge to lead him into the light of joy and peace. "I poured out my complaint before him, I showed before him my trouble."

We sometimes sing,

"I must tell Jesus all of my trials,  
I cannot bear these burdens alone;  
In my distress he kindly will help me,  
He ever loves and cares for his own."

This is just what the Psalmist did in the long ago and yet after ages have rolled by we find that the children of God have the same privilege today, and he is just as willing and anxious to hear our complaints as he was in that day. "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee."

The house of the Lord was dear unto the sweet singer of Israel, and it should be a hallowed place to those who profess to love the Lord. One of the common sin of the times is the disregard to the command of the Lord, "Neglect not the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is." It is so much neglected, and by those, too, who have no lawful excuse—have strength and conveyance to get to the house of worship. On account of this there is not the interest and power that there should be in our services.

*Newburg, Pa.*



## A SERMON FROM A KING.

A PROCLAMATION issued a few weeks ago by King Olathe of Sweden, in which His Majesty calls on the Swedish people to unite for the advancement of their faith, has excited wide comment in Europe. One

journal in Germany pronounces it the best sermon that has been preached to Protestant Europe since the days of Luther. A short excerpt will serve to show the tone and substance of the document.

"In spite of much enmity shown toward the Gospel of Christ, we see it, even in our times, bring about blessed effects, both in Christendom and in the heathen world. As living seeds are borne over the sea and germinate on foreign shores, so does the Gospel of Christ come to the heathen lands. Since we also assist in this work, may it be done with such truth and love as will show that we deeply desire to present to our fellow-men in far-off countries a gift which has for ourselves a priceless value. The zeal of many to make the Fatherland precious to the Swedish people is rich in promise; but still more promising will it be if we as well, and before all else, have one and the same precious faith, one hope, one Savior, and one God who is the Father of us all."

It is one of the good signs of the times that men in authority in our own country, no less than in others, are becoming more and more anxious to let it be known that they are Christians. The consistent faith of a great man as shown in his life and public utterances is a greater force for righteousness than many sermons.—*Home Herald*.



#### THE "POOR WHITES" OF THE SOUTH.

THE "poor white" problem is a neighbor to the negro problem. In some sections they are more than neighbors; they overlap and get tangled and he who would untangle the snarls of either must deal with both.

There are different classes of "poor whites." The mountainous districts of the Virginias, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama furnish one type.

In the cotton mill districts of the South we find a class of "poor whites" whose surroundings are different from those of the mountainous regions. Many of them are a helpless, shiftless, ignorant sort. Their slavery is almost as degrading as was that of their black neighbors a half century ago.

It is not, however, a slavery of bondage or involuntary servitude, but rather a slavery to ignorance, vice and sin. Their faces give evidence of the submerged condition of their minds. They chew, smoke and drink anything they can get. The homes they live in, the clothes they wear and the vehicles they ride in are, to use a southern expression, "sad" or "sorry." Their poverty is hereditary, the hopelessness of it is appalling. What would they think if they would perchance read this article? I am not afraid of that, as the class I am describing can't read. Some of those who can read, however, would come under the same head in most particulars. Long years of service in cotton mills and the lack of opportunities for attend-

ing any school of any sort have crushed the life and ambition out of the boys and girls that come from these homes, cancelled their hopes with despair and started them on their journey through life with awful odds against them.

As I study this problem alongside of the negro problem, I am forced to the conclusion that the better class of white people in the South have the right idea when they insist that much of the northern philanthropy directed toward the education of the negro could be used to better advantage in looking after the welfare of their white brethren.

We must admit the need of the latter, no matter what position we take on the former. Every morning, here in the city of Anniston, hundreds of white boys and girls who ought to be in school, go to work in the cotton mills early in the morning and stay there all day. An hour or two later hundreds of negro children come along the same streets with their books, on their way to the public school. That looks to me like solving the race question backwards. Of course, the better class of white children all go to school, but it is the "poor whites" who are under consideration. The whites have the (dis)advantage over the negro when seeking employment in cotton mills or factories, which explains why so few of the poorer classes go to school.

The New South is grappling with these conditions and a compulsory education law may be passed in the near future, which will help to straighten out some of these inequalities. I talked with a father who had two boys under fourteen years of age working in a factory. I said to him, his boys ought to be in school. He said, "I know it, but it seems we just could not get along if they did not help to earn a living for the family." This man has a large family and has had much sickness and expense and I have no doubt that what he said was true, but what a handicap it puts on the boys! This condition applies to many homes.

It would be hard to suggest a remedy for some of the conditions that exist, such as widows, who are dependent upon their children for support, or cases where one or both parents have poor health, and where it seems that there is no alternative but that the children must toil in the cotton mills and factories and be the breadwinners for the family. This toil alone is no disgrace and no doubt many of the young toilers will later in life be able to take care of themselves better than the children of some of the wealthier classes who are spoiled by over-indulgence. The sad part of the picture is that the moral, intellectual and spiritual sides of their lives are neglected and the One who could save has no abiding-place in their hearts and homes.—*Gospel Herald*.



ETERNAL vigilance is the price of liberty





# Echoes from Everywhere

Gov. J. Y. Sanders, of Louisiana, in his recent inaugural message to the legislature, recommends the absolute suppression of race-track gambling, and local option, combined with high license, to regulate the liquor traffic.

St. Louis, May 18.—A decision of Justice Day in the United States Supreme Court today favorable to the city of St. Louis in the suit by the United Railways Company, to prevent the collection of a tax of one-tenth of a cent on each passenger carried, will bring \$1,000,000 into the city treasury in back taxes and \$250,000 a year hereafter.

The Railway Age states that 5,730 miles of new track was laid in the United States in 1907, being 8 per cent less than in the previous year. The States in which largest mileage was laid were, Louisiana, 422 miles; South Dakota, 385 miles; Florida, 341 miles; Texas, 314 miles; and Washington, 311 miles.

Another destructive tornado visited parts of the South May 13. Louisiana was the greatest sufferer, thirty persons being killed and many more injured in the district swept by it which was a mile wide and fifty miles long. The towns of Gilliam, Bolinger and Elmore were were in the path of the tornado and all suffered in loss of life and property.

London, May 13.—Addressing a trade conference in London tonight, John Henniker Heaton, M. P., "The Father of the Imperial Penny Postage," in advocating a penny telegraphic rate between Great Britain and the continent of Europe, said that it was common knowledge that penny postage with the United States would shortly be adopted.

At Vienna the 60th anniversary of the reign of Emperor Francis Joseph was celebrated with splendid ceremony in which Emperor William of Germany and many rulers of German states took part, together with great throngs of the people. Congratulations from the pope and from rulers of nations were received. The German and Austrian monarchs exchanged cordial greetings.

Effects of the industrial depression have been disclosed in the bureau of self-help of Yale university by the considerably decreased number of applications from persons seeking the work of students during the summer vacation. There has also been an increase in the number of applications from the senior class of the scientific school for places as teachers.

The steamer Kron Prinz Wilhelm, which sailed for Cherbourg and Bremen May 19, carried \$8,350,000 in gold. Of this amount \$4,500,000 will go to Germany and the remainder to France. The shipment is made by New York banks, and is about as large a shipment of gold as the marine underwriters care to insure by a single vessel. All this gold goes out in the form of bars.

A remarkable phosphorescent larva seemingly that of some beetle, exists in British Guiana, where it is known as the "macadoub." Exhibiting a dead specimen at a recent meeting of the Linnæan Society of London, C. W. Anderson stated that the live animal has a ruby light in its head, with a double row of phosphorescent spots along the body, two on each segment. The lights instead of being intermittent, shine continuously.

Portraits will have no place in the decorations of the Coliseum during the Republican national convention in Chicago next month, and for the first time in the history of the party the delegates will transact their business within walls unadorned by lithographs and paintings of presidential candidates and other Republican notables. The second rule on the list is that no liquors shall be sold, served or brought into the hall, either at the committee meetings or during convention week.

Washington, May 15.—The passage by Congress of an act restoring to United States coins the words, "In God We Trust," has been anticipated to some extent by the Treasury Department, and although the act does not go into effect for thirty days the mint at Philadelphia already has made the necessary changes in the dies so that if required, it could at once begin to turn out the new coins. It is stated that within thirty days' limitation, the mints at San Francisco, Denver and New Orleans will be similarly equipped.

Composers and authors whose works are now being reproduced by the phonographs, pianolas, and other devices are still demanding that Congress come to their aid and protect them by means of a copyright law. The house of representatives committee on patents a few days ago had another lively discussion of this subject, but so far all efforts to gain protection have failed. The indications are that the authors and composers who are asking for relief through the passage of an amended copyright law will have to wait until the next session of Congress.

Lake Mohonk, N. Y., May 17.—The fourteenth annual meeting of the Lake Mohonk conference on international arbitration will begin here on Wednesday next, continuing throughout Thursday and Friday. One of the principal features of the conference will be discussions of the work of the second Hague conference. The presiding officer at this year's conference is again to be John W. Foster, former secretary of state. The discussions are expected to emphasize the view of the leaders of the conference that the second Hague conference was of most substantial service to the world and to humanity. It is announced that Charles De Witt Pugsley, a son of ex-Congressman C. N. Pugsley of New York, has offered a prize of \$50 for the best essay by a college student on "International Arbitration."

The bill to check the random slaughter of birds in Great Britain, introduced in the house of lords May 10 by Lord Averburg (Sir John Lubbock), passed its second reading today. It was then referred to a select committee, which is to recommend the best method of carrying out the objects desired and to consider whether or not representations can be made to foreign countries to secure their coöperation to prevent the exporting of plumage to Great Britain.

Secretary of State Root and Kogoro Takahira, ambassador from Japan, have signed at Washington the first arbitration agreement between the United States and Japan, it being similar to those which have been negotiated with other nations as a result of The Hague conference. It provides for a settlement by arbitration of all disputes of a legal nature or as to the interpretation of existing treaties, but leaving questions affecting the independence or honor of the parties to be settled otherwise. The treaty is to run five years.

North Carolina is now the target for National Liquor Dealers' Association literature with which the state is being flooded from Chicago, New York, Milwaukee and other cities. The notorious "Farm Herald," the fake agricultural "Journal," which, gotten up in clever form, has been used in a thousand cases during the last fifteen years to confuse and mislead the voters, is again being used in carload quantities to delude the honest citizens of the "Old North" State. But the Prohibition forces are making a magnificent canvass and expect to carry the State overwhelmingly against the liquor traffic.

As a result of investigations made by the United States Forest Service as to the relation existing between moisture and the strength of wood, it has been found that the relation follows a definite law. The strength of all kinds of wood increases rapidly with proper drying. Air-dried wood protected from the weather, and containing 12 per cent of moisture is, according to species, 1.7 to 2.4 times stronger than when green. It has been found that under normal conditions wood fiber will absorb a definite amount of moisture. Additional water only fills the pores, and this addition has no effect on the strength.

Fort Wayne, Ind., May 13.—The triennial conference of the Missouri synod of the German Lutheran church began here today with a sermon in St. Paul's church by Rev. P. Brand of Pittsburg, before 700 delegates and hundreds of visitors. This afternoon the first business session was held at Concordia College, when Rev. Franz Pieper, president of the synod, made his report on three years' growth of the church. The question of chief importance before the synod is whether instruction in parochial schools and preaching in churches are to be in the German language, as at present, or in English.

Wisconsin print paper manufacturers say that we may come to the using of black paper printed with white ink. The chief points advanced in favor of this proposition are the preservation of forests, the saving of millions of dollars annually in pulp wood, and the reduction in prices of print paper to perhaps one-half the present price. Black paper can be made of old and used newspapers, and in fact, almost any fibrous stock, while white paper requires spruce or hemlock. The proposition may be brought to the attention of Eastern print paper manufacturers and the publishers at the close of the congressional investigation in Washington.

Doubling of the license fees on all saloons where absinthe is sold is planned by the government, and is expected to make up \$2,000,000 of the estimated deficit of \$8,800,000 apparent in the budget for 1909. May 19 M. Calliaux, minister of finance, announced a revenue estimate of \$785,800,000 and expenditure of \$794,600,000. The government also contemplates the collection of a percentage of their industrial profits from the holders of monopolies of water power and a more strict enforcement of the laws on stock transfer taxes and customs duties.

The recently issued annual report of the board of education in New York points out that neurasthenia, or nervous break-down, is the most common disease among the teachers of that city. Since the board of retirement came into existence, nearly three years ago, 345 persons have applied for the benefits of the retirement fund on the plea of service. In most of these cases the length of service was considerably more than 30 years, in many instances more than 40 years, and in several more than half a century. "The principal reason," says the report "was given as 'neurasthenia,' which claimed 124 applicants; then followed heart disease, 31; rheumatism, 30; indigestion, 15, and deafness, 13."

London, May 19.—The half-concealed fizzle of the Franco-English exhibition has excited the king's wrath. Up to date it is an exhibition with practically no exhibits. It opened in rain and furs and feathers that got wet. Many distinguished people from all over the world came here only to be uncomfortable and disappointed. King Edward today sent one of his personal friends down to the exhibition grounds with a message to the manager that was more forcible than polite. Had it come from Mr. Roosevelt instead of the King of England and the Emperor of India, the message would probably have been couched in some such words as "I would like to kick your head off for making us such a laughing stock."

Minneapolis, May 13.—Bishop Anton Christian Bang, primate of the Established Church of Norway, arrived in Minneapolis today, where next Sunday, in an address at the Auditorium, he will deliver to Norwegians in America a personal message from Haakon VII. The bishop does not speak English, but through an interpreter he gave an interview in which he said: "There can be no question that Norwegians have done splendidly in the United States. The Norwegian government views with apprehension the large tide of emigration from the fatherland. But there is a movement to induce Norwegians to return to Norway after they have resided in this country for some time."

The official announcement of the scheme to pension the aged poor in the United Kingdom out of the national treasury, while not unexpected, came from the lips of Premier Asquith in the commons with something of a shock to the public mind, and to forestall criticism he quietly remarked that if this was socialism, it was socialism of a kind that both parties accept. The plan is to allow \$1.25 a week to persons over 70 years old and possessing incomes under \$130 a year. This would not go to those dependent classes already under the public care. Asquith estimates that on this plan the pensioners will not exceed 500,000, and that the total cost will not exceed \$30,000,000. Stringent conditions would be imposed for forfeiture and suspension. It will not go into effect until January 1 next.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### FAILURE OF UNIVERSITIES IN MORAL LEADERSHIP.

The failure of the universities in moral leadership is pointed out by a vigorous writer whose words have frequently been quoted in these pages. He charges that "they have furnished the leaders of the great predatory enterprises, they have furnished the stock-gamblers and market-manipulators, and they have not denied to these social pests academic recognition and fellowship." The writer of these words, the Rev. A. A. Berle, D.D., of Salem, Mass., recalls a recent address of Prof. William James, in which he deplored the possibility that the future historian would be obliged to record that "by the middle of the twentieth century the higher institutions of learning had lost all influence over public opinion in the United States," and that the people at large resorted to "the guidance of certain private literary adventures, commonly designated in the market by the affectionate name of ten-cent magazines." The historian of today, Dr. Berle asserts, in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" (Oberlin, April), "is able to affirm that the premier influence in the American mind is no longer that which springs from the universities and colleges, in spite of the enormous increase of their endowments and students. He is able to say that in the last fifteen years no single cherished American institution has lost much more in the public esteem than the university." The reason for this, it is pointed out, is to be found in "the increasing natural alliance between the malefactors of great wealth so-called and their criminal associates and the universities of almost every name and kind throughout the land, except those under public direction and control." He goes on:

"The almost continuous story of crime among the very wealthy men of the great corporate and other organizations of the country discloses also that these names are also those which figure largely and most frequently in some form of endowment and giving to the great colleges of the land. In this way Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and others, are at this moment using money which is known to have been amassed by thieves robbing in some instances the widows and the orphans. Some of these foundations actually bear the names of the thieves who thus sought to divide the proceeds with alma mater, and who, till they were discovered, were persona grata in all that was loveliest and best in the official university life. These are names we used to see at the official and social assemblages as among the men the university delighted to honor and put forth as the representative product of the college—'sons of the college who had done well,' as a professor of Christian morals felicitously put it on one occasion. Since these 'sons of the college who have done well' have been discovered to be among the most expert and abandoned criminals in the land, has the college hastened to disown her sons who had not only not done well, but ill? No, indeed; she has serenely kept close to her other sons of great wealth who have not yet been discovered, and has deplored 'savage attacks upon

capital' and other frightful depredations against society. To this, however, one very notable and striking exception must be recorded. President Hyde, of Bowdoin, did bring to the attention of the undergraduates at that college the fact that a great criminal and exploiter had been a student there, and warned his young men against a similar career. A wonderful and marvelous exception to the rule."

The alliance of the criminal rich with the universities is not accidental, declares Dr. Berle. "The university itself has become a financial institution with a huge capital and with a huge fund which must be made and kept productive." It is easy to see, he thinks, "how the paramount influence in the university readily becomes a financial influence, and that the habit of deference to expert financial opinion . . . soon becomes the university habit."

When competition becomes stronger, "and the universities enter, as they have entered, upon one of the fiercest contests ever known, namely, for size and endowment and equipment, and millions are needed, to whom shall they go but to the millionaire exponents of high finance?" Such a course has led, as Dr. Berle shows, to such bedfellows as these:

"We have seen that men honored in church and university and academic council have exhibited a character status which differs in no way, except in degree, from that of the common thieves and burglars who fill the common jails. Some of them have had the strength of mind to get themselves out of the world, to the world's betterment. But their beneficiaries—the men who feted and dined and wine and honored them, and ate their dinners, and honored them with degrees—they are still in the universities and they still stand as sponsors for the intellectual leadership of American youth. Can this continue? Obviously not. Nothing but the most absurd discrediting of the simplest abilities of the average man can hope that such an institution can have much influence with the public mind; while, as for 'raising the tone of democracy,' such a suggestion simply fills the air with laughter. Who shall it be that shall raise the tone of democracy—the Harvard Hydes, the Yale Depews, or the Princeton Alexanders?

"The apologist may come forward at this point, and say that the universities have no supernatural means of knowing who is honest and who is dishonest. Certainly not. But it seems they have no better powers of observation and judgment than the common mass of men, either. It is their very specialty which is impeached, namely, to discern the tendencies and influences which are at work among men, and to guide the less illuminated multitude in the pathway of sound discrimination. Professor James says that 'the best claim which a college education can possibly make on your respect, the best thing it can aspire to accomplish for you, is this: that it should help you to know a good man when you see him.' But have the universities shown any particular prescience in this respect? Have they known the good men of high finance

from the bad men? Why then are so many of the most discredited names linked to university foundations and lectureships and other university functions and privileges? If Professor James is right, the universities have failed at the very heart to do the thing which he thinks is the one thing they should enable men to do. But they have not only failed in this, but they have given the high seats of honor to the corruptors and thieves who happened to be rich."—Literary Digest.



#### SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S LIFE WAS DRAMATIC.

Few lives so lend themselves to dramatic narration as Susan B. Anthony's, says the June Delineator. It ranged from tragedy to comedy, with scattered bits of melodrama, she ever in the center of the stage. With her everything was always intensely realistic—not acting.

Miss Anthony had a peculiar faculty of condensing a whole speech into a single sentence. For instance, when she heard men lamenting that the profession of teacher was not respected as much as the other professions: "Do you not see that so long as society says woman has not brains enough to be a doctor, lawyer or minister, but has plenty to be a teacher, every man of you who condescends to teach tacitly admits before all Israel and the sun that he has no more brains than a woman?" And when Horace Greeley said to her at Albany: "You know the ballot and bullet go together; if you vote are you ready to fight?" Instantly she retorted: "Yes, Mr. Greeley, just as you fought in the late war—at the point of a goose quill!" Again, when she was talking on divorce, and the Rev. A. D. Mayo, thinking to annihilate her, said: "You are not married, you have no business to be discussing marriage." "Well, Mr. Mayo," she answered, "you are not a slave; suppose you quit lecturing on slavery!"



#### SENATOR HALE'S PLAIN TALK.

Senator Hale is sane; and when he tells us that 70 per cent of the revenues of our Government are expended on preparation for war he tells what the people should apprehend. The military establishment is being enormously increased, to the prejudice of all other claims and appropriations. The revenues, he tells us, are waning, and we are likely to be confronted with a deficit. The Appropriation Bill covers thousands of items that ought to be paid, but the Appropriation Bill cannot be passed. The River and Harbor Improvement Bill does not happen to be a war measure, and so it cannot have a hearing. Military expenses are increasing so rapidly that the very vital matters involved in running the Government must be put off. Said the Senator:

"When you begin to build a navy you only begin to spend money. You commit the country to repairs and maintenance, making necessary an increasing appropriation, and if you go on at the present rate we shall have, in the course of three or four years, an annual appropriation for the navy of one hundred and fifty millions."

He added that he hoped this enormous, unreasonable and wicked program would not be carried out. He did not believe that we must be saddled with any such expense, in order to make our nation safe in carrying on its peaceful avocations.

"To double the army would require an annual appropriation of two hundred millions, and nothing short of that will satisfy the army."

In other words, the army and the navy have become immensely aggressive and determinative forces at Washing-

ton. We have talked peace at The Hague, but at home we are spending our national revenues on war—imaginary war. Senator Hale voices the will of the whole people that this program of enormous expenditure for brute force display shall not be carried out. We are facing a deficit in our revenues at the same time that the demand for a reduction of the tariff is imperative. Where shall the money come from—indirectly from the people or directly? For from the people it must come sooner or later, in one way or another. Meanwhile, what are we going to do with our postoffice enlargement, postal savings banks and parcels post service? Are they to be cried down because of a possible deficit in postoffice revenues? It will be a startling fact to bring home to the people that this year we have to face a deficit of thirty-eight millions, while last year we had receipts in excess of expenditures to the amount of fifty-two millions. There are now before the Senate bills calling for one hundred millions; what is to be done with them? Some of them may be wisely thrown out of the account, but we know that this amount does not begin to cover the demands that are calling for settlement. No man can safely present himself to the American people for election to the Presidency who advocates doubling our army or navy. We have gone too far already in this direction. It is far more likely that the American navy and the American army will very soon be placed on the peace footing, and be kept there.

The American people are not being drawn away permanently from their moorings; at least, we hope not. We are spending a great deal too much on war taxes and on war pensions—the latter have climbed for the first time to a figure over one hundred and fifty millions. The Civil War debt is not yet paid. Gallatin laid down the principles of sound business when he told us that a national debt was exactly like a private debt—invariably a source of weakness and a menace. The energies of the people should be bent toward measures that constitute a peace footing, the development of industries, and the payment of debts. If we cannot have our national waterways and a doubled army and navy, then by all means let us have the waterways. It is vital to our prosperity and progress. If we cannot find means for carrying on a great forestry movement and a naval display in the Pacific, by all means let us give up the naval display.

Meanwhile, our neighbors are drawing in their forces, and colonial wars are less and less popular. France is trying in every possible way to bring its national budget within the bounds of economy, while Germany refuses to build more cruisers for the Kaiser. Italy is already swamped by its struggle to be a world power, and it is suspected that Japan is playing a good deal of its game with Quaker guns. The whole civilized world is buried under a debris of deficits and war debts. Sanity demands that the temple of Janus be closed, and that the talk of peace for all the world be something more than talk. Fortunately there is not the slightest probability of any great war. Our navies are likely to rot twice over before a ship of war will be needed. We must develop our resources, create an industrial temper, get ready to meet a severe social struggle, and lead the world in establishing a permanent régime of peace. A determinative step in this direction would be worth a good deal more than another Hague Conference—conducted as these conferences have been conducted, without the faiths of the governments behind them.

It is time to find out whether our policy is fundamentally industrial and peaceful, or whether our whole financial



and constructive system bends to a traditional fear of our neighbors. Our foes, at present, are at the worst imaginary. A war with any industrial people is forbidden by the instincts of civilization. Our safety is in not being burdened in peace time with war preparation. Nothing is so expensive as standing armies and floating navies. As President Eliot suggests, we are now spending on naval display alone enough to equip every university in the United States with all the requirements to meet the highest demands of education. Let us study Thomas Jefferson.—The Independent.



### THE FARMER'S PROSPERITY.

If the American farmer went out of business this year he could clean up thirty thousand million dollars. And he would have to sell his farm on credit; for there is not enough money in the whole world to pay him half his price.

Talk of the money-mad trusts! They might have reason to be mad if they owned the farms, instead of their watered stock. When we remember that the American farmer earns enough in seventeen days to buy out Standard Oil, and enough in fifty days to wipe Carnegie and the Steel Trust off the industrial map, the story of the trusts seems like "the short and simple annals of the poor."

One American harvest would buy the Kingdom of Belgium, King and all; two would buy Italy; three would buy Austria-Hungary, and five, at a spot-cash price, would take Russia from the Czar.

Talk of swollen fortunes! With the setting of every sun the money-box of the American farmer bulges with the weight of twenty-four new millions. Only the most athletic imagination can conceive of such a torrent of wealth.

Place your finger on the pulse of your wrist, and count the heartbeats,—one,—two,—three,—four. With every four of those quick throbs, day and night, a thousand dollars clatters into the gold-bin of the American farmer.

How incomprehensible it would seem to Pericles, who saw Greece in her Golden Age, if he could know that the yearly revenue of his country is now no more than one day's pay for the men who till the soil of this infant Republic!

Or, how it would amaze a resurrected Christopher Columbus if he were told that the revenues of Spain and Portugal are not nearly as much as the earnings of the American farmer's hen!

Merely the crumbs that drop from the farmer's table (otherwise known as agricultural exports) have brought him in enough of foreign money since 1892 to enable him, if he wished, to settle the railway problem once for all, by buying every foot of railroad in the United States.

Such is our New Farmer,—a man for whom there is no name in any language. He is as far above the farmer of the story-books as a 1908 touring-car is above a jinrikisha. Instead of being an ignorant hoeman in a barnyard world, he gets the news by daily mail and telephone; and incidentally publishes 700 trade journals of his own. Instead of being a moneyless peasant, he pays the interest on the mortgage with the earnings of a week. Even this is less of an expense than it seems, for he borrows the money from himself, out of his own banks, and spends the bulk of the tax-money around his own properties.

Farming for a business, not for a living,—this is the

motif of the new farmer. He is a commercialist,—a man of the twentieth century. He works as hard as the old farmer did, but in a higher way. He uses the M's,—mind, money, machinery, and muscle; but as little of the latter as possible.

Neither is he a Robinson Crusoe of the soil, as the old farmer was. His hermit days are over; he is a man among men. The railway, the trolley, the automobile, and the top buggy have transformed him into a suburbanite. In fact, his business has become so complex and many-sided that he touches civilization at more points and lives a larger life than if he were one of the atoms of a crowded city.

All American farmers, of course, are not of the new variety. The country, like the city, has its slums. But after having made allowance for exceptions, it is still true that the United States is the native land of the new farmer. He is the most typical human product that this country has produced, and the most important, for, in spite of its egotistical cities, the United States is still a farm-based nation.—From "The New American Farmer," by Herbert N. Casson, in the American Review of Reviews for May.



### BETWEEN WHILES.

#### "Send by Enclosed Girl."

An East Side druggist is preparing a unique scrap-book. It contains the written orders of some customers of foreign birth, and these orders are both curious and amusing. Here are some that are copied from the originals:

"I have a cute pain in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it."

"Dear Tochter, ples gif bearer five sense worse of Auntie Toxyn for garle baby's throat and obleage."

"This little baby has eat up its father's parish plaster. Send an anecdote quick as possible by the enclosed girl."

"This child is my little girl. I send you five cents to buy two sitless powders for a groan up adult who is sike."

"You will please give the leetle boi five cents' worth of epecac for to throw up in a five-months-old babe. N. B. The babe has a sore stummick."

"I haf a hot time in my insides and wich I wood like to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it? The enclosed money is the price for the extinguisher. Hurry pleas."—New York Press.



"What part of speech is 'woman,' pa?"

"Woman isn't a part of speech, my son. She's the whole speech."

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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**WANTED.**—A COOK. An active, loyal sister, a good cook, for the college. Terms right. Work begins in September. Send reference with your application. Mount Morris College, Mount Morris, Ill.

**FOR SALE.**—Mill building, 40 H. P. engine, meal and feed machinery, all new. Good wheat territory. Ready for flour machinery. Brethren preferred. Address First National Bank, Mulberry Grove, Ill.

# **In Planning Your Trip to ANNUAL CONFERENCE**

## **Next Month Arrange for Joining the EXCURSION TO MIAMI RANCH**

You have been reading and hearing of the mammoth and substantial work of the FARMERS' DEVELOPMENT CO., in developing and colonizing the

### **MIAMI VALLEY, NEW MEXICO**

and now is your chance of a lifetime to see with your own eyes and know from your own observation the wonderful attractiveness of

### **MIAMI VALLEY**

as to CLIMATE, SOIL, WATER, SCENIC BEAUTY, PEOPLE, SCHOOL AND CHURCH PRIVILEGES, and all other essentials to a happy homeland.

The FARMERS' DEVELOPMENT COMPANY is composed of men whom you know.

The directors are Isaac Frantz, D. G. Minnich, I. B. Miller, I. H. Rosenberger, M. N. Mikesell, F. D. Rosenberger, J. Wasson, and J. C. Wine. Geo. W. Colvert is General Sales Agent.

Are you seeking a safe and profitable investment? Are you seeking a home? Then you owe it to yourself to see MIAMI RANCH before deciding upon another location.

The excursion to MIAMI RANCH will be delightful, instructive, and inexpensive. It will leave Des Moines immediately after the close of Annual Meeting.

For further particulars WRITE US and when you get to DES MOINES call at MIAMI RANCH HEADQUARTERS.

**FARMERS' DEVELOPMENT COMPANY**  
**Springer, New Mexico**



# Facts Regarding Imperial Valley

Some people in trying to induce their friends to settle in the country where they themselves are located, frequently send them advertising matter that is gotten up by unscrupulous land agents that deviates from the truth. Their friends come and buy property and soon find out that the facts do not correspond with the advertisements sent them. The result is they soon become discouraged and sell out at a sacrifice, and go back where they came from, worsted financially and in some instances say worse things of the country than they should, and thus bring reproach on a good country (though not as good as the advertisement represented it to be). The undersigned has known this to happen more than once, and for this reason has decided to tell his friends about the Imperial Valley in his own words, so that he alone shall be responsible, and so that the wonderful Imperial Valley may never be made a reproach and a by-word.

Imperial Valley is situated in San Diego County, California, 183 miles east of Los Angeles on the Imperial branch of the Southern Pacific railroad. The soil is an alluvial deposit and all crops are grown by irrigation, with water from the Colorado River. The main irrigation canal is 80 feet wide on the bottom and 100 feet wide on the top, and 10 feet deep. The soil is adapted to the growth of wheat, barley, alfalfa and nearly all kinds of fruit. Alfalfa having plenty of water can be cut eight times per season, yielding as high as ten tons of nice hay per acre which sells at present from \$8.00 to \$11.00 per ton. Barley can be sown for winter pasture in alfalfa stubble after the last crop of hay is harvested. Alfalfa can be cut every three weeks if the hay is wanted for dairy cows, or every four or five weeks if wanted for horses. I have known of alfalfa yielding \$40.00 worth of seed per acre and my own yielded \$20.00 per acre with the first season's sowing. Dairying and hog raising are very profitable. Butter sells from 20 cents to 45 cents per pound; hogs, 7½ cents on foot; also beef, cattle and horses do excellently. One colt weighed 960 pounds at less than one year old. One acre of alfalfa will keep from 2 to 3 head of dairy cows or horses and from ten to fifteen head of hogs. Oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apricots, grapes and berries do well. A single grape vine has yielded 30 pounds of grapes 18 months from setting. Grapes, apricot and cantaloupe growing is very profitable as they will ripen here from three to four weeks earlier than other places, and be placed on the eastern market before they are ripe in other localities. One man at Coachella was offered \$600.00 cash for the grapes on a single acre of vines and refused the offer and sold at retail for \$1,400.00. Cantaloupes will net the growers from \$50.00 to \$300.00 per acre. I have lived in the valley as long as any one, being one of the first settlers, and my experience and observation has taught me that you can grow almost anything here you plant, including vegetables, if planted in the proper seasons and properly cared for. The selling price of land at present is from \$40.00 to \$100.00 per acre, owing to location. President Roosevelt says that when it is thoroughly developed it will be worth from \$500.00 to \$1500.00 per acre.

Reader, when you shiver around your fireside the coming winter, just think of the Imperial Valley where you can go in your shirt sleeves nearly every day in the year. And on the 10th day of this month (May, 1907), while there was a snow storm raging in many places in the eastern states, we were making hay and picking and eating fruit in the Imperial Valley.

For further information, address

**W. F. GILLET, - Holtville, California**

As to the reliability of the above, inquire of W. E. Trostle, San Gabriel, Cal., enclosing stamp.

## BRETHREN HYMNAL

A book of 512 pages and containing 742 of the best hymns of the day and is well adapted for Sunday school, prayer-meeting and church service.

### PRICES.

|                                                  |          |
|--------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Half leather, single copy, .....                 | 65 cents |
| Per dozen, prepaid, .....                        | \$7.20   |
| Full leather, gilt edge, per copy (stiff), ..... | 1.00     |
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For gift purposes, we have made up a special edition of the Hymnal in green, black, brown, and maroon, full Morocco, limp, black kid lined, prepaid, .....

Bound in genuine Kid Morocco Seal, limp, black kid lined, extra quality of binding and in black only, .....

## Brethren Hymn Book

It contains the same hymns as the hymnal, but has the words only.

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|-----------------------------------|----------|
| Leather, per copy, .....          | 35 cents |
| Per dozen, prepaid, .....         | \$3.60   |
| Limp, gilt edges, per copy, ..... | 50 cents |
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Name in gilt on Hymnal or Hymn Book, 10 cents extra.

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE.**

Elgin, Ill.



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We cure you of chewing and smoking for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford, Indiana. We answer all letters.

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Practical Exercises in

## MUSIC READING

for Self Study, Day Schools, Singing Schools, Institutes and Normals, by Geo. B. Holsinger.

### JUST FROM THE PRESS

This book is a valuable one in its line and will fill the demand for a first-class instruction book in music, either for individual study or for class use. The author has had over thirty years' experience in teaching and writing music. He knows just what the student in music needs most, and has it brought together very uniquely in this book. Besides numerous exercises and instructions in music reading, it contains a goodly number of first-class songs and hymns.

Music Lovers and Teachers,

here is a book you have been looking for, and at a price that each can afford to own a copy.

It contains 32 pages and has heavy paper cover. Can furnish both round and shaped note. Be sure and mention which notation you desire. Shaped note sent if notation is not named.

Price prepaid, each .....15 cents

Price per dozen, prepaid ....\$1.50

Special prices in quantity to teachers.

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## HIS LIFE

A complete story of the Life of Christ in the words of the Four Gospels, using the text of the American Standard Revised Bible.

In this book we have a complete harmony of the Gospels in a single narrative, giving what each of the four gospel writers has recorded in chronological order.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS

will do well to secure a copy to be used during the first six months of 1908, since our lessons will be on the Life of Christ.

Price, paper bound, each, ...15 cents

Price per dozen, prepaid, .....\$1.50

Cloth, per copy, .....25 cents

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For all Ministers and Personal Workers.

By Evangelist J. R. Beveridge.

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Price, by mail, Prepaid.

Red Cloth, Embossed and Stamped in Black, .....25 cents.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

## PASTOR'S POCKET RECORD

Arranged by Rev. Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

This record affords space for the recording of 63 church officers; 714 members, over 6,000 pastoral calls; 42 communion services; 126 baptisms, 84 marriages, 105 funerals, 273 sermons; 63 addresses; 168 new members, besides ten other departments.

### Ministers.

You will find this an excellent little volume to carry with you at all times.

It contains nearly 200 blank pages and is bound in black leather, size 3¾ x 5½ inches. Very convenient to carry in pocket.

Price prepaid only 50 cents.

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## Several Thousand

Sunday-school Teachers and Officers are now using the BRETHREN TEACHERS' MONTHLY, and as it enters upon its second year many words of commendation and appreciation are being received.

Miss Lizzie Enos, Rockwood, Pa., says: "It helps one to see the lesson more clearly. I feel that I can not do without it."

If YOU did not use the

## BRETHREN TEACHERS' MONTHLY

last year, send us your subscription for 1908, and we feel sure that you will like it.

No Pastor, Superintendent, Teacher or Sunday-school Scholar can afford to be without it.

Among its regular contributors are Bertha M. Neher, Ida C. Shumaker, Elders I. B. Trout, P. B. Fitzwater, Edward Frantz, E. B. Hoff and A. C. Wieand.

Sample copy for the asking.

Price, per single copy, .....5 cents

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## Seen Our 20th Century Record System?

A demonstration of same may be seen at our Office on the Annual Meeting grounds, at Des Moines, during the Conference.

If you are interested in increasing your attendance, in getting your scholars to bring Bibles, and to be on time with an offering, come around and investigate. It is in practical use and has proven what it will do for the Sunday school.

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## BICENTENNIAL SONG BOOK

We are now publishing an 80-page song book, with good manilla cover, to be used during our Bicentennial meeting, and general Conference, to be held at Des Moines, Iowa, June 3-11. In this song book, we have the very cream of both "The Brethren Hymnal" and "Song Praises," and also a special "Bicentennial Song," written for this occasion.

### Don't Soil Your Hymnal

by taking it to Annual Meeting. These Bicentennial Song Books will be used exclusively during the meeting and may be secured at Brethren Publishing House headquarters, on the meeting grounds for ONLY 10 cents.

### Churches or Mission Points

can be supplied with these song books after the conference.

If interested write for quantity prices.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

## Are You Going to Annual Meeting?

If you do go, call around at our headquarters, sometime between sessions and see our line of Bibles, Religious books, Post cards, Wall Motives, etc.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
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## ASK

For Our Illustrated  
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and

## POST CARD ALBUM

Circular which describes a splendid line of these goods. It's free for the asking.

Send us your name and address and we will furnish you with several extra circulars to be handed to your friends.

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## ARE YOU INTERESTED

in a first-class

## CHURCH MEMBERSHIP RECORD?

If you are, and expect to attend the Annual Meeting at Des Moines, call at Brethren Publishing House headquarters, on the grounds, and examine the system we are just now introducing.

## CRADLE ROLL SUPPLIES

There is a demand for Cradle Roll Supplies coming from some of our wide-awake Sunday schools, and we are now ready to meet the demand.

Every Superintendent and Teacher ought to be enough interested in this new department to ask for particulars. Drop us a postal asking for our illustrated descriptive circular of these supplies. DO IT NOW.

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A select list of 100 subjects illustrating the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1908.

100 Pictures in black and white, no two alike, neatly boxed. Size 6x8 inches.

Price, 25 pictures, no two alike, 30 cents.

50 pictures, no two alike, 50 cents.  
Per box of 100, no two alike, 90 cents.

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# CORNWELL & DRAKE

70,000 Acres Improved and Unimproved Irrigated  
Lands in Fresno and Kings Counties

Sales Agents for the Following Well

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BROWNING

Laton, California, May 12, 1908.

To the Editor of the Inglenook,  
Elgin, Illinois.

Dear Sir: We want to tell the readers of the **Inglenook** something about the experience of the colony that left Belleville, Kansas, early in December, 1902, for Laton, California, to locate on small farms on the **Laguna DeTache Rancho**. The special train over the Union Pacific left Belleville with something like ninety people aboard, and owing to the close schedule arranged by our old friend George L. McDonough, came through on faster time than the regular trains.

Arriving at Laton, after a few days looking the land over and making their selections, the settlers took off their coats and went to work like the old-time pioneers. The first year's work determined the fact that some of them had made poor selections and they felt pretty blue, but the Land Company traded them on better land and the next year they were a pretty contented lot of people. Now take notice right here that all of California is not good; it would be unreasonable to suppose that any particular large body of land out here is all good, and when any land man tells you it is, look out for him and hide your pocketbook. He is after your money and don't care how he gets it.

Everything has gone along reasonably smooth since then. Of course there have been the usual setbacks incident to a new colony, but the ones who came on that memorable special train are practically all here yet and enthusiastic over their present homes and are glad they made the move.

This district is known as the **Kingdom of Kings River**, being located on the north side of **Kings River** which furnishes the **irrigation**, and to protect the country from the high water which comes in June from the melting snow in the mountains, embankments, called levees, are thrown up along the river bank, and while it is not overly serious it is well to protect against it, as the crops in some parts of the tract might be damaged were it not for the levees. But there is no danger to life or stock. It is not the serious kind of overflow known in the eastern valleys. In 1906 the water was higher in the river than the oldest inhabitant had ever known, and even with that there was very little damage done, hardly enough to mention, only a few hundred acres overflowed and most of that was unimproved.

Of course wild reports went out and did a lot of damage to the country. A hundred times more damage was done the country by these reports than by the water. To illustrate the situation: The writer has a tract of land on the south bank of Murphy Creek and west of Laton. The water broke through and flooded about fifteen acres of alfalfa about a foot deep. If the weather had been cool there would have been no damage done, as it was the alfalfa was killed, but when the water drained off I had the land disced and planted to corn and raised more feed than the alfalfa would have produced at its best. Also I raised a lot of potatoes and other summer crops. The same thing happened to a few others. Above is approximately the result and damage from a flood in this country. But a flood doesn't occur once in a dozen years, so we can safely dismiss the subject.

Another report that has gone out is that all of the good land has been sold, nothing left but refuse. Nothing of the kind, and don't you believe it. While it is a fact that land has been selling steadily all this time, there is still unsold a matter of twenty-five thousand acres in the tract that is actually the best land in California for general results.

A part of this land is now on the market and selling rapidly at \$60 per acre on the terms of one fourth cash and the balance in eight yearly payments at 6% interest. The balance of the twenty-five thousand acres is not on the market now but will be sometime this summer.

With the view of interesting your readers in the good land that we still have for sale, and with the hope that another or two more colonies might be started soon, we have recently traveled for several days over the land with several men who came here with the special train nearly six years ago. Such men as C. S. Holsinger, P. R. Wagoner, Alf Eike, John Strole, Robert Holsinger, J. W. Vaughn, C. E. Brabb, "some of them known to the reader no doubt," with the determination of saying nothing through your paper till they came to us and said they could and would recommend the land. This they have done unqualifiedly and have asked us to introduce the proposition in some manner that would result in starting a new settlement.

There is no better opening for a community of small farmers anywhere in the west than we are offering, and those who have looked it over will be glad to tell you that it is all right and safe to settle down on.

What we would like to do is to show this land to intending settlers visiting California this summer, let them make selections against the time it goes on the market, and if several will do this we can arrange to hold several thousand acres for them and their friends who might follow after.

As this is the first time we have appeared in your paper, you would naturally like to know who we are. In explanation will say that last October, the firm of Nares & Saunders, the firm that sold the **Laguna lands** up to that time, and who in years past have done considerable advertising with you, was dissolved. Mr. Nares succeeding to the entire management of the **Laguna and Summit Lake Lands**, and the sales department was reorganized. Messrs. Robert P. Drake and Z. L. Cornwell who had been with Nares & Saunders for a long time, entered into a sales contract with Mr. Nares and went out for themselves under the firm name of **Cornwell & Drake**, having for sale the balance of the land belonging to the **Laguna Lands Limited and Summit Lake Investment Co.**, and intend by careful methods and fair dealing to build up a land business that will be a good one. We will handle land that may be endorsed by our friends, the farmers who are here. No other kind of land will be attempted. If it doesn't suit these folks we won't offer it.

We had hoped that one member of our firm or both of us could spend a part of the summer in the middle west looking up intending settlers but find it impossible on account of the amount of business we are doing, so have arranged to have Mr. Robert Holsinger represent us. Mr. Holsinger lives here, his father, C. S. Holsinger, and brother John both have property here and live on it. He is thoroughly acquainted with what we are offering, has been all over it, has seen it cultivated and in the raw state, has seen the crops growing on the small farms and has seen the cattle feeding on the wild grass which is green and juicy the year around, has seen the irrigation water running in the ditches and applied to the land and is thoroughly posted as to general conditions.

He will be located at **Lacon, Illinois**, for part of the summer where he is visiting at his old home and would be glad to answer any letters or talk it over with intending settlers and it might be to your interest to look him up.

The land is especially adapted for **dairying, corn and fruit and hogs**. The dairy industry alone pays the farmers in this immediate vicinity about a quarter of a million dollars per year. The average price of butter fat for the past year at **Laton Co-operative Creamery** was thirty-one cents, and that creamery is making two thousand five hundred pounds of butter daily and seven other creameries and sweet cream concerns are taking supply from here. That spells success for the small farmer. A worker will surely succeed here as irrigation makes crops a certainty. **No sage brush to be cleared off or expensive pumping plants to be installed before a crop can be made.**

The Land Company has made over a thousand sales aggregating over thirty-five thousand acres to the value of about a million and a half dollars, and while it is a remarkable record it is nevertheless a fact that **no settler has ever been shoved off his land or foreclosure of his contract made.**

We have good people, first-class schools, high-priced markets and the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe roads run through the property, and it is a good country to live in, for the people are healthy and happy. It is the **biggest success in California**, and while we may have grown somewhat tiresome in telling all this, we are excusable from the fact that we are enthusiastic over what we are offering. We are justly so for we have seen this **Kingdom of Kings River** grow from a cattle range in eight or nine years to a community of about five thousand people. **A big, thrifty farming center**, and we have **lots of room for more** and want to hear from you and take up with you the matter of opening up this new land.

If you will write us we will be glad to send you some pamphlets describing in detail this successful country, and if you will watch the columns of the **Inglenook** you will see our statements from time to time for we are going to keep the matter before you till some of you **come here and live.**

Very truly Yours,

Cornwell & Drake,

Laton, Fresno Co., California.

Or **Robert Holsinger**, at present at **Lacon, Illinois**. Or write to any of the gentlemen named in this letter.

# ALBERTA

---

¶ Of Alberta a distinguished writer has said:

"North of the International boundary line and immediately east of the Rocky Mountains lies the Province of Alberta—a land blessed with all that is necessary to happiness and prosperity. Between the 49th and 60th parallels and between the 110th and 120th meridians lie 281,000 square miles of possibility. Here are mountains and plains, foothills and valleys, rolling prairies with wooded stretches between, dense forests and grassy meadows, clean, timber-girded lakes and winding brooks, cold mountain streams and navigable rivers, and a soil rich in the alluvial and vegetable accumulations of centuries. And as if not content with these outward signs of her favor, nature has hidden beneath the surface vast deposits of coal and other minerals; she has filled the subterranean reservoirs with gas and oil, and sprinkled the sands of the mountain streams with gold. That no living thing should go athirst, she gathered together the waters of the mountains and brought them to the plains, to be directed by the ingenuity of man to the use of the grazing herds and the planted fields. Then, to crown her efforts and leave nothing incomplete, she brought the chinook wind, warm with the breath of May, to temper the north wind."

¶ In the Medicine Hat District we have a gently undulating prairie. The soil is capable of producing generous yields of all small grains and vegetables in abundance.

¶ The city of Medicine Hat, situated on the Saskatchewan river and underlaid with gas and coal, is destined to be a great manufacturing center.

¶ Why not join the colonies already there and enjoy some of the material benefits as well as help build up one of the largest and best colonies in the Canadian West.

¶ We have excursions every first and third Tuesday of the month.

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¶ For particulars and cheap rates apply to

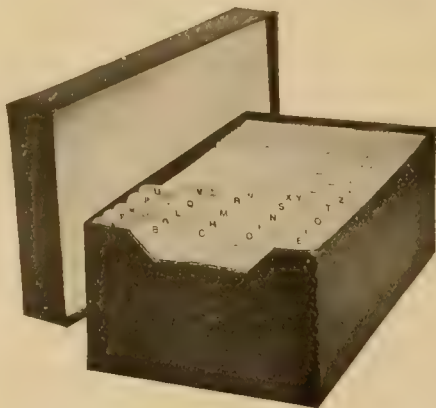
**THE R. R. STONER LAND CO., LTD.,**

440 Temple Court

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



# CHURCH MEMBERSHIP RECORD



The most unique, simple and practical system of record today is the card system.

There has been a demand for a complete practical and simple record system to be used by church clerks in keeping the membership of the local congregation. This demand has caused **Annual Meeting** to ask the Publishing House to arrange such a system. After investigating various systems of keeping church membership records, and getting the advice of many of our church clerks as well as pastors, we are now ready to offer what we consider the best outfit that can be furnished. This system provides for one card for each member and when filled out gives a complete record.

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**CONSIDER** the above cottage is for you to use **FREE** to meet your friends in; write your letters, etc., etc., as there will be a good supply of letter paper and envelopes **FREE**; also tables, chairs and everything to make you feel at home.

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There you will find tables, chairs, letter paper and envelopes for you to use **FREE**.



# THE INGLENOOK



A Native Nurse. (See page 521.)

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

June 2, 1908.

Price \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol. X. No. 22.



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known as the Overland Route, and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.



**Farming Lands in California Can  
Be Bought from \$30.00 to  
\$40.00 per Acre**



Printed Matter FREE.

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**  
Colonization Agt. Union Pacific R. R.  
Omaha, Nebraska.

# Here's What We Promised **||a||** Couple of Weeks Ago

Macdoel, Calif., May 4, 1908.

Mr. E. M. Cobb, Elgin, Ill.,

Dear Bro:—

According to your request, I am furnishing you herewith a **PARTIAL LIST** of the names of the settlers in Butte Valley who have made some remarkable improvements on their property in the short time they have been there. Under separate cover I am sending you 46 photographs showing these improvements. Bro. Isaiah Wheeler and myself drove to the homes of these happy and contented settlers and took these photographs with our own camera, and the pictures speak for themselves.

Please note that I say a partial list, for there are many who have cleared quite large tracts whom we did not get to visit in the short time we were there. Here are the autographic signatures of these people with their own statements in their own handwriting as to the acres cleared and as to the improvements they have placed on their land outside of the clearing. Please make a copy of this and send the original copy to my files for reference.

Fraternally yours,

Geo. L. McDonaugh.

---

| Name.                                           | Date Settled.  | Acres Cleared. | Improvements. |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|
| Aaron Bechtel                                   | Aug. 1, 1907   | ...            | \$ 600.00     |
| Chas. Bigham                                    | Aug. 1, 1907   | ...            | 1,000.00      |
| H. F. Maust                                     | Oct. 29, 1906  | 300            | 2,000.00      |
| Mrs. E. M. Wolfe                                | Oct. 29, 1906  | 70             | 1,850.00      |
| Mrs. B. I. Harter                               | Sept. 19, 1907 | 60             | 2,070.00      |
| A. B. Campbell                                  | Apr. 15, 1907  | 65             | 2,400.00      |
| W. C. Heisel                                    | Sept. 8, 1907  | 36             | 500.00        |
| M. M. Beekley                                   | Oct. 6, 1907   | 28             | 500.00        |
| J. G. Cook                                      | Oct. 1, 1907   | 65             | 1,000.00      |
| Roy E. Swigart                                  | March 15, 1908 | 80             | 1,000.00      |
| M. D. Early                                     | March 15, 1907 | 80             | 800.00        |
| D. J. Root                                      | Nov. 28, 1907  | 20             | 250.00        |
| Jno. W. Campbell                                | Jan. 1, 1907   | 90             | 500.00        |
| Smith & Maust                                   | Oct. 1, 1907   | 160            | 1,000.00      |
| Smith & Maust, buildings in the town of Macdoel |                |                | 2,500.00      |

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## California Butte Valley Land Co.

14 Central Arcade, Flood Building

San Francisco, Ca'.



# A Mother's Stirring Tribute

to a plain old home remedy. Mrs. John E. Jones of Florissant, Mo., is the author of the following letter: "Florissant, Mo., Jan. 19th, Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill. Dear Sirs: Our baby now eleven months old is taking your Blood Vitalizer with most delightful results. She is teething and has always been troubled with constipation so that we had to give her a physic every day. This finally failed to help, and as she became very feverish and we were afraid spasms might set in, we called our family physician, who prescribed other and stronger medicine. It only put her in agony and for hours we did what we could for her but she grew worse instead of better. The doctor came again and gave her something that just barely moved her bowels. We grew hopeful but soon found that this last medicine failed to work too. The last night of the old year, we watched her with sinking hearts as she was growing rapidly worse. When morning came I begged my husband to let me try the Blood Vitalizer and quit the doctor. The doctor thought the trouble was only teething but I felt there was something more than that, as two years ago we lost a little darling whose symptoms were similar and whose bowels the doctors failed to move.

With anxious hearts we gave her the first teaspoonful of the Blood Vitalizer. In a few minutes she was asleep, and O, how I watched and prayed. In an hour her stomach seemed to be softer. In two hours when she awoke I gave her a second teaspoonful and in an hour she had obtained the relief we sought. I continued to give her the Blood Vitalizer and, O, such passages! I found she had worms very badly and they still continue to pass.

I send this letter to you that other mothers may learn of what we consider to be a God-given remedy for the little ones. Your Blood Vitalizer has certainly by God's blessing saved our darling."

## A MOTHER IN SWITZERLAND WRITES.

Wald, Switzerland, March 9,

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—

I desire to take the time to tell you that your Blood Vitalizer has accomplished some wonderful things for myself and daughters. Through long-continued illness my nerves seemed to be totally ruined. I was hardly able to sleep and so run down physically that I had given up hopes of getting well. Last fall, however, I decided to try your Blood Vitalizer and obtained some at the agency here. To my surprise I commenced to pick up at once, my sleep returned and I got stronger day by day.

I also commenced to give it to my daughter (aged 10) whose blood seemed to be weak and vitiated and whose eye-lids were always raw and inflamed. She also had a disagreeable discharge from the nose. All these troubles have disappeared, for which we are deeply thankful.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. W. E. Rebsamen.

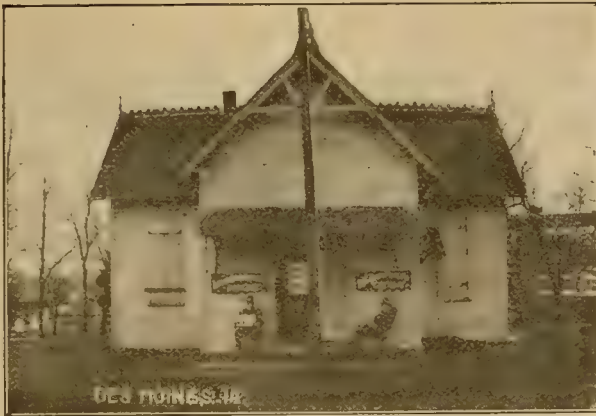
The writer of one of the above letters of testimonial states that her motive in writing is that other mothers may learn of the merits of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. What a characteristic of the true mother's heart! Her feelings go out not only to her own but to other little sufferers. Among the readers of the INGLENOOK there are no doubt many mothers to whom the knowledge of a reliable home remedy, in which absolute confidence can be placed, is worth much. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER has very properly been termed the mother's friend. It is the mother in the family that usually bears the brunt and worry of the sickness of a dear one. She is, by her position, the one who is called upon when something is wrong, and hence upon her knowledge of a proper remedy depends the weal and woe of the household.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, unlike other ready-prepared medicines, is not to be obtained in drugstores. It is supplied to the people direct by local agents appointed in every community by the proprietors, Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., 112-118 So. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co.

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue

Chicago, Ill.



CONSIDER the above cottage is for you to use FREE to meet your friends in; write your letters, etc., etc., as there will be a good supply of letter paper and envelopes FREE; also tables, chairs and everything to make you feel at home.

## YOU ARE EXPECTED

to feel yourself at home in our cottage from June 1st to June 15th.

There you will find tables, chairs, letter paper and envelopes for you to use FREE.



### BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM

is Offering Two Special Summer Courses in Domestic Science Based Upon the Principles of Health and Hygiene.

Course A is a practical course especially designed for housekeepers or those interested in home economics. It includes the following studies:

Cookery, Serving, Physical Culture, Home Nursing, Laundering, Sanitation.

Course B is a scientific course and includes the following studies:

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Summer term, June 22 to August 28, 1908.

Students wishing to meet a part of their expenses in work can do so.

One year and two year courses are also given.

Applicants for the summer course should write as soon as possible to

#### The Battle Creek Sanitarium

School of Health and Household Economics

LENNA F. COOPER, Prin.

Battle Creek,

Michigan



# THE SPRING OF 1908

will witness a new influx of thousands of settlers in the fertile valleys of SOUTHERN IDAHO. A great many have gone and a large number are making arrangements to go soon.

## 80,000 ACRES Open For Settlement

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Under the Cary Act, filings on 40 to 160 acres may be made by power of attorney. Price \$40.50 per acre, payable \$3.25 down, balance in nine annual payments. Easy way to get a valuable farm.

### EXCURSION FOR THIS OPENING

Tuesday, May 19, 1908

ROUND TRIP rates from Chicago to Twin Falls, Idaho, \$50.80. Corresponding rates from Peoria, Kansas City, Omaha and all principal points.

## Wonderful Possibilities

for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, Fruits, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

### An Opportunity of Your Life

This is an opportunity of your life. Grasp it before it passes. Be sure to make arrangements now to go on this excursion with scores of others that are now planning for the trip.

WRITE AT ONCE FOR BULLETIN, giving particulars concerning this wonderful opening, to

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D. E. BURLEY,  
G. P. & T. A., O. S. L. R. R.  
SALT LAKE CITY,  
UTAH.

DAYTON, OHIO.

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

June 2, 1908

No. 22.

## Your Spare Moments--What to Do With Them

W. C. Frick

TIME and tide wait for no man. Every man's day contains twenty-four hours. Never a man lived but what was given one or more talents to use. Never a man lived but what will be held accountable for the use of his time and talents. He who spends his time in idle talking or story-telling, in lounging on street corners or in saloons is wasting it, yes, worse than wasting it. That man who digs ditches when he has the talent to teach school will doubtless be held accountable for wasting both time and talents.

In every man's day there are a few hours, spare moments, they are commonly called, in which too often nothing definite is planned to be done. This is true both in country and in the city.

In the country summer is the busy season. The farmer and his sons and other help are up at four in the morning and continue work until long after dark. They work hard and long, week in and week out. Finally winter comes. The crops are all stored away, planting and harvesting is all over for a season. Phone and free delivery make necessary only an occasional trip to the city, the chores are done early. There is no haste about any particular work. Winter brings its long evenings with nothing of account to do and the farmer and his sons, looking back over the long summer with its long days and its hard toil, are content to take things easy. We would that he should rest during the winter. But rest is not necessarily idleness. Rest is a change of labor. Because one works hard all summer is no reason he should loaf all winter.

In the city each season brings about an equal amount of work. Each work day as a rule is as long as another, consequently each evening is as long as another. If the city man has nothing definite to employ him after work hours he will spend much time and money in pursuit of fancied pleasures to the detriment of his future career. And this he is given opportunity to do three hundred and sixty-five days in every year.

What, with taking his wife, or his family, to the theater once or twice a week, to the baseball game on Saturday afternoon, laying off from work a half day now and then in order to attend some other function, he has, without any visible return, spent much money and wasted much of his time. Furthermore, probably seventy-five per cent of the population of our great cities spend from one-half to two hours daily on the street-cars going to and from work. One glance reveals to you how much time is wasted on such occasions. Every one is either staring at his neighbor across the car or else delving into the mysteries of the latest murder or scandal as reported at great length in the daily newspaper.

Yet perchance there are some who would add to their wealth by working several hours beyond the time allotted to man. To such let it be said that life is not all money! Ten hours daily is enough for man to give to manual labor and to money-grabbing. You owe it to your Creator, to yourself, and to the world in general to devote the remainder of your day to educating yourself, both intellectually and spiritually.

As has been seen we have divided people into three classes. We will pay no further attention to the last-named class. As each class has its proportion of spare time so are there advantages for improvement in education offered to each. Books of learning are always accessible, and instructive and practical journals can be had at a nominal price. Burn the midnight oil! Become self-educated! Self-education is far better than ignorance, indeed it is not to be compared with ignorance, and a self-educated man is worthy of all praise.

Granted, however, that you desire more systematic work and do not have the means of attending a college, the correspondence schools come to your rescue, and offer you an education in any subject you may desire. Each lesson is a study and an examination in itself and Uncle Sam is the messenger who carries



your work to and from your teacher. Work fast or slow, just as you like, ask as many questions as you like without embarrassment and have your work explained by a thoro and experienced instructor. Perseverance will make you an expert in any chosen line. To the individual who will not trust his future to self-education and who at the same time cannot attend some private or public institution of learning, we would strongly advise correspondence work. Among the highest class correspondence schools are, The International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa., and The National Correspondence Institute, Washington, D. C.

Of course the very best opportunities for improvement of spare moments are afforded in the larger cities. The night public schools are open to such worthy young men and women as are deprived of a common school education because their financial help is necessary to supply the family. To the individual who aspires to a business career, are open the night business colleges. Is one of a mechanical turn of mind, his opportunities are limitless in that field. Study mechanics and become an inventor. Church and Peterson on Mental and Nervous Diseases say that genius is one of the stigmata of degeneracy, that genius is one of the evidences of an abnormal mind. Well and good. Let that not discourage you.

Do you aspire to a profession? Night universities are at your disposal.

To every one then there is given time in abundance. To every one is given advantages by which to improve that time. "But," perhaps you say, "not to every person is given inclination to study." Studying is like everything else one does. It becomes easier by repetition. Begin once to study. Study again. Get the habit. Be determined. (We have dealt in no theories. We want to be practical in what we say.) Education makes a man better. It broadens his field of usefulness. If education was more generally distributed, conditions would be better. And since there is *spare time* in abundance, advantages to improve it without number, and inclination to study so easily cultivated, there is no excuse for ignorance on the part of any one.

This leads us up to that which we desire to discuss in a future article, the greatest achievement of spare-time study, a Night School Education.



#### WHAT FORESTRY HAS DONE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

MANY people think forestry is a new study because our government is of late taking an active interest in it. On the contrary it was discussed two thousand years ago, and today is practiced by every civilized country in the world, if we except Turkey and China.

One thing to the advantage of our country is that the principles of forestry are the same the world over. The only question is how best to apply these laws to

fit local needs. No matter what the climate, size, location, or government of a country, all must as a matter of self-preservation come to forestry at last. The most progressive nations have taken to forestry first. In fact, we can take forestry as a rule by which to measure the advancement of a nation.

The countries of Europe and Asia have passed through all the stages of forestry. In their early days forests were extensive and had to be cleared away to provide tillable ground to produce food for the increasing population. With advanced civilization came new demands upon the forests resulting in an increased per capita consumption, which with the increase in population soon created a scarcity of timber.

A single instance will show the importance early attached to forests.

When the Spanish Armada went to invade England one of the special objects to be accomplished was the destruction of the forests of southern England, or the forest of Dean. That would lessen the charcoal supply, thus hinder the smelting of iron, which would cripple the manufacture of arms and lessen the fighting power of England. (Nichols' History of the Forest of Dean.)

The many new uses for wood led to the forests being spared and even protected. Finally the forests came to be recognized as a crop to be harvested and caused to grow again.

While silviculture is young in this country, still there is no need to experiment with it, as we have the experience of other countries for hundreds of years to draw upon. We are only putting into practice known principles.

In looking into the history of forestry, two facts stand out with great vividness. One is that those countries that have given the most attention to the subject are the most prosperous, and have the least waste land. The other is that those countries spending the most upon their forests receive the greatest *net* returns.

Take the case of Germany. Like other European countries she felt the approach of the wood famine one hundred and fifty years ago, and with the thoroughness that is characteristic of that nation set about to remedy the evil. She saw also that her neighbor, France, was having trouble with her mountain streams and foresaw a like fate for herself.

Her forests then were much the same as ours are now. Her plan was to cut no more wood than the forest produces. Note results. In 1830 the yield was 20 cubic feet per acre, and in 1904 it was 65 cubic feet. The net proceeds in 1850 were 28 cents per acre and in 1904 they were \$2.50.

We are using three times as much timber as our forests produce. Last year we spent 9.3 mills per acre and received an income of less than  $\frac{7}{8}$  of a mill.

In France the denudation of the uplands caused disastrous floods, damaging or even completely ruining almost one million acres. The government in 1860 began the task of reforestation with excellent results. About one-half of the mountain torrents are now partially or entirely under control, 31 of which were considered hopeless fifty years ago. Also the shifting sand dunes of Gascony and the dunes and marshes of the Landes have been planted in forest, thus reclaiming over two and one-half million acres. Through the sale of a portion of the reclaimed territory she has more than paid all expenses and has left property valued at about \$110,000,000.

But for the height of success let us turn to the Switzerland page of the world's history. In this little country, perched among the mountain peaks, every foot of available agricultural land is made to produce to its greatest ability. The first forest ordinance of Bern was issued 600 years ago. The city forest of Zurich, known as the Sihlwald, has been managed under a working plan since 1680, and demonstrates the good that may be accomplished by intelligent management extending over a long period. There in spite

of a large annual expenditure the average annual profit is \$12 per acre!

These are the best illustrations. On the other hand China is a glaring example of an apparent attempt to destroy the forests. Hills have been stripped bare and left to the mercy of the floods. The mountains of the northeast have been stripped of everything except a few cedars in the graveyards and around the temples. A dearth of water and the ruin of the soil follow in the train of this wholesale deforestation. On these waste hills the water rushes off in torrents, flooding the valleys, drowning villages and ruining fields; while the amount sinking into the earth is not sufficient to feed the springs. "In a word the Chinese, by forest waste, have brought upon themselves two costly calamities—floods and water famine."

Thus is our lesson and our duty spelled out for us. We have no *moral* right to rob future generations of their inheritance as we are doing by our reckless waste of timber, and I hope and believe the day is not far distant when we will also have no *legal* right.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*

## How the Healing Art Developed

J. F. Studebaker, M. D.

### In Five Parts—Part Two.

MUCH of this slowly acquired art of medicine became a part of the development of Athens, for her men were not wholly satisfied with home achievements but traveled to improve themselves commercially and scientifically. The Greeks were not like the militant Romans who were entangled in projects of changing the map of the ancient world, but were intellectual, eager, restless, and ever searching for methods to evolve the truths of science and tirelessly seeking new expressions of art, beauty and culture. Such aspirations led to the evolution of master minds. As a monument to their depth of reasoning power, they established the Alexandrian school with its great library. This school was even more famous than the best centers of learning of the present, for to have been one of its students was considered almost absolute guarantee of patronage by the public. Its teachings of anatomy, the science of the structure of the body, were far advanced to the knowledge of the subject before the founding of this "Mecca of Medicine." Dissections of animals being done frequently, new ideas of form, structure, relations and uses of various organs and members of the body, began to show the limelight of accuracy in this branch. So marked was this feature that after the decline of this Greek city there was no advance in anatomy until about one thousand years later when Vesalius through his anatomic

research made it possible for the development of a surgical science. Students from foreign lands went to Alexandria to become steeped in its wisdom. Returning home, they established other schools through which means those of Italy and France sprung up, these latter fostering through the dark ages a part of the inestimable treasures of that great city in northern Egypt. The monks should have credit for the fragmentary and disconnected manuscripts hid away in monasteries on unapproachable cliffs and trusted to custodians who themselves were ignorant of their priceless value.

The Greeks, as long as they lived a simple and virtuous life were strong and valiant. But when inactivity, voluptuousness and corruptness stole into their national life, they became victims of dissipation and disease. They, too, were compelled to search for new and efficient remedies for the unfamiliar and acquired maladies. Rome, who ruled the world, experienced the same fate and had often to look to her inferiors in military tactics but superiors in science, the Greeks, for relief, as her own physicians were mostly unskilled, inexperienced and unprincipled quacks, preying upon the life and money of the public, their sole business being to extort exorbitant fees upon misrepresentations and gross exaggerations.

Truly the life-complex of a nation plays a great role either in the maintenance of health, the prevention



or the production of disease. This fact has always been evident down to the present. In England, nervous affections are increasing on account of sumptuous living and the rigid demands of her centers of culture and competition. Because the people of the British Isles have great wealth, abundant luxuries, and routine society life, which disorganizes their vital forces, cancer is the most prevalent among them of all nations, as shown by the investigation of the late Dr. Senn of Chicago.

We have seen the necessity for the science and art of medicine, but did the demand alone give it the impetus indispensable to keep it abreast the other sciences and arts? Just as many a nation gained world-wide fame for what was in its Napoleon, Nelson, or Washington, so medicine became more or less prominent through the unrelenting and unconditional efforts of such giant exponents as Hippocrates, Aristotle, Galen, Vesalius, Pare, Jemer, Pasteur, Lister, Hunter and Koch.

Since every art has its own mythology, let us, before taking a retrospect of these men's great deeds, have a glimpse into the mystic realm of antiquity. The mythical being whom the Egyptians called Thoth, whom the Greeks called Hermes and the Italians Mercury, passed among the Egyptians as the inventor of all sciences and arts. The Chinese with their religions, beliefs, manners, laws, language and territory scarcely changed for four thousand years, except in isolated districts, first visited by missionaries in the nineteenth century,—attributed the origin of medicine to one of their emperors named Havaugh who reigned about 2687 B. C. He is supposed to be the author of the work which is still their basis, the principle being entirely confined to the examination of the pulse to determine the nature, duration and gravity of the disease. This superficial investigation had its baneful influence. Because of their profound ignorance of rudimentary anatomy their surgery was of the barbarian type. Without courses of instruction and laws to govern the practice of medicine, quacks, filling the cities, dealt out poison and death with impunity. This is why the Chinamen are now accustomed to pay fees to a physician while being kept well but not during incapacity for work.

It is Greece who brings to us the most interesting remains of medical history of antiquity as she does of the other sciences and arts. Thirty divinities, heroes and heroines, were supposed to have conceived and cultivated some of the branches of the healing art. No matter what his origin may be, Æsculapius was the prominent mythical character in medicine of the ancients, with the possible exception of Hermes among the Egyptians. In his honor they built temples, consecrated priests and established schools. On account of his many triumphs in wresting sick ones from the strong hand of death, Pluto, the god of Hades, so it is

related, being greatly alarmed at the diminished number of daily arrivals, complained to Jupiter, the most powerful of Olympian gods, who then annihilated the audacious healer. In view of this some one has wittily said, "The modern children of Æsculapius abstain from performing" marvels.

The father of Æsculapius was Hercules and he in turn was father of Polidarius (one of Homer's heroes) and of two physicians who distinguished themselves at the siege of Troy 1184 B. C. Omitting ten generations, we come to the first Hippocrates, the grandfather of the "Great Hippocrates" who was no myth but a man. He was born 470 B. C., in stirring times on the Greek Island of Cos in the era of sixty years' development of social and intellectual greatness at Athens—the age of Pericles—which followed the battle of Salamis 480 B. C., when the Greeks pushing west defeated the Persians. He was a contemporary of Socrates, a philosopher, Plato, an idealist, and Herodotus, a historian. In his family there were seven physicians, the profession passing from father to son, medical knowledge being a family secret up to his time. Previously everything relative to medicine was a formless mass, a mixture of speculation, systems, science, and philosophy, there being no reliable or classified records. Its expression was left for the methodic mind of Hippocrates. He was the first to base what he considered facts upon investigation. Having been to foreign courts and lands he was ever ready to instruct those who were inquisitive. Some being unusually talented and doing as their preceptor, Hippocrates, went abroad to renowned courts and famous places, going either by ship or on foot. What a slow but fascinating process of intellectual growth, going leisurely from city to city, a month's journey apart, with a language changing at every villa! News was news for years. The information learned was brought back to the home schools. Hippocrates, outside of his lectures, was busily engaged fighting the plague at Athens and up and down the coast, and of which Pericles died in 429 B. C.

He taught that the body contains four humors: Blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile, a right proportion of mixing of which constitutes health and an improper proportion or irregular distribution constitutes disease. This was compatible with his knowledge, but as we shall see later, inconsistent with the modern conception of the causation of disease.

He was always true to his conviction so clearly depicted in the following oath which he took: "I swear by Apollo, the physician, by Æsculapius, by his daughter Hygeia, by Panacea, and by all the gods and goddesses, that according to my ability and judgment I will keep this oath and this stipulation—to reckon him who taught me this Art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him and relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring

on the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this Art if they shall wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation; and that by precept, lecture and every other mode of instruction, I will impart a knowledge of the Art to my own sons, and those of my teachers and to disciples bound by a stipulation and an oath according to the law of medicine and to none others. I will follow that system of regimen which according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to anyone if asked or suggest any such counsel. . . . With purity and with holiness, I will pass my life and practice my Art. . . . Into whatever houses I enter I will go into them for the benefit of the sick. . . . Whatever in connection with it I see or hear, in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I will continue to keep this oath unviolated may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the Art, respected by all men, in all times. But should I trespass and violate this oath, may the reverse be my lot." This affirmation exemplifies his admiration for the dignity and integrity of the profession. Since then it always has had its lights brilliant, except during the dark ages. The Arabian, in the *Talisman* said, "The praise of the physician is in the recovery of his patient." Excellent sentiment is expressed by Rhazes (A. D. 850),—the most celebrated of Arabian physicians, an offspring of the Greek school and of high repute for their compilations of past records,—in his counsel to laymen regarding the character of the doctor; "Study most carefully the antecedents of the man to whose care you propose to confide all you have most dear in the world, that is, your life and the lives of your wife and children. If the man is dissipated, is given to frivolous pleasures, cultivates with too much zeal the arts foreign to his profession, still more, if he be addicted to wine and debauchery, refrain from committing into such hands lives so precious."



### THE MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE days will soon be at hand when the toilers begin to long for green pastures and still waters; when dreams of hillside and valley, waving fields, rustic porches and cooling shadows mingle with the dust and noise, and smoke,—the fret and weariness of city life. The heart of tired humanity grows restless as the heart of nature stirs in tree, shrub and flower, and we are inclined to envy the very apple blossoms blowing on the wind.

Change is such a necessity; the mind as well as the body that has worked too long in a routine grows flaccid, as a string that has been stretched too far, and

rest and benefit come from exertion in a different direction. The fatigue that follows the journey through new scenes, that comes after the long tramp through the woods or the long pull up the river, is what the truthful old lady called "a good tired;" the overstrained muscles relax and rest, the unused ones wake to new life.

The vital virtues of change are so apparent that the wise physician orders it in place of nervine or tonic.

"Go to the seashore," said the doctor to an invalid.

"It is not to be thought of; I cannot afford it."

"Then go into the country—go somewhere. If you positively cannot leave home, move out of this room into one in some other part of the house; make some sort of change."

The world is learning the virtue that lies in a dose of moonlight in Venice, in a draught of Alpine scenery, in a taste of Scottish heather, in a breath of the pine woods, in the breezes that blow off Lake Superior. The semi-invalid, the tired business man, the overworked clerks, the shop girls, the tired mothers of families find any sort of change better (if only an occasional day's outing), than bromides, or bitter waters, or the *complete drug store*. And some portion of pleasure is within the reach of most; and even a seeming extravagance turns out in the end to be the truest economy. A day in the shadow of green trees brings its return in renewed hope and health and courage.

So now the city resident, man, woman, and child, is looking forward to a respite from hot bricks, and hot air, from hand organs, car whistles, smoke and dust. The country houses are putting themselves in order for the summer boarder, for the summer boarder is an institution whose advent brings care into the camp of the country home, and he is sometimes exacting and dreams of impossible things. So he, or more often she, having read the milk-and-honey side of country life, and expecting too much, often wakes from a dream of beauty and luxury and contentment to discoveries unexpected and disappointing.

For there are rainy days and scorching days, and windy days, and the rain wets, and the heat burns, as in the city, and the wind is no respecter of bangs or complexions. Ice is not indigenous to the average farm, and butter follows the great law of its being without fear of the city guests. Vegetables and small fruits seem not as plentiful as expected. The cream will turn and the hens are unmindful of duty in regard to eggs.

The postman does not make three trips a day to the door, and the neighbor who would do a kindness by bringing the mail has a facility for carrying it in his pocket a day or two before delivery, a failing that is shared by his brother of the city.

There is also an occasional fried beef-steak and an over-supply of the "one gravy."



There are sociable mosquitoes and insects that have an affinity for bare arms and bald heads. There may be uncomfortable rooms and an absence of some of the adjuncts of the toilet that are considered indispensable as the breath of life in one's own home. There is the look of dismay and, when these things are mentioned, there is the tyranny of the laws of the house whereby one is made to understand that boarders are taken as an accommodation, not as a necessity.

For the boarding houses in the country are not universal where one may sit on glorified verandas, and look upon the blue of the sky, the spray of the surge, or the crimson of clover meadows with nothing to regret and everything to enjoy.

But these discomforts strike a balance with the pleasures. What a joy it is to breathe air in which there is no taint of factory smoke or sewer gas, but which has blown instead straight over fields of clover blossoms, and growing grain, gathering sweetness all the way; to see the blue sky unobscured by anything less fine than the waving branches of great trees; to be awakened in the morning by the "earliest pipe of half-awakened birds," to lie wondering that the world has suddenly grown still and calm and sweet; to know of your own actual experience that the sun rises in the east; to see with your own eyes the miracle of morn break over the world; to realize how wide are the heavens and the earth.

What a restful joy it is to lie in the hammock and listen to what the winds have to say. What rest and strength is there in a walk through the woods, studying nature in her mysterious, shy, half-revelments; to listen to the birds as they shake "their carols unceasingly." What satisfaction is there to all the instincts of beauty, in the soft distances, in the swiftly shifting shadows, in the rich tints of russet, red and emerald spread out before the eye. What pleasure to ride over the country roads at sunset inhaling the odors, sweet, spicy, resinous, that come from new-mown fields, from wild grapevine and tamarack; to sit under the wing of silence in the dim, odorous twilight, restful and content. If you have cast you lot in the midst of mountain scenery, then what life and light can come to you from their majesty and beauty, you can look to the heights with spiritual vision as well as with eyes of the flesh.

If you "go down to the great sea-mother, mother and lover of men, the sea," what uplifting, what enlargement of the soul can come to you through this visible revelation of creative power, what repose can you win as you sit by the rocky, sandy barriers of the sea and let her weave her wonderful spells about you.

But do not go imagining that all the blessings will fall into your lap without a lookout of your own.

It will be well to remember in packing your vacation trunk that a certain thoughtfulness will conduce to your comfort and your landlady's peace of mind. She will

probably have plenty to do without meeting any unnecessary demands. You can have a hammer and some nails or hooks in your trunk, and a curtain, so that in the usual dearth of closet room you can improvise a closet without calling her from her domain to hear your complaints. Take an alcohol lamp for the hot-water faucet is not generally known in the farm house. I heard a landlady say once that her guests had asked her for everything, from pins to porous plasters. Take table or dresser covers and cushions for your comfort's sake. Take games for the children, and pictures and scrap-books to make rainy days endurable to them. Take something to read for them as well as for yourself, and do not be obliged to roam around the house looking for literature that is not there. And just because you are on a resting tour, don't think you will be justified in reading trash.

Take your oldest clothes, your easiest slippers, your stoutest shoes. Take, also, a calm and thankful spirit, a determination to please, and to be pleased—the best spiritual habiliments are none too good.

And because you go to be recruited from the wearing effects of teas, luncheons, business and lectures, rested from drudgery in the schoolroom, the office, the store, don't turn your back on possible friendships. For over all the blessings of sea and mountain and meadow, of nature's perpetual changing pictures and gracious giving, there is the dearer human nature. And if we come back to our work built up in health and strength of body, so also can we be the richer and larger in the life of heart and soul because of kindly smiles, cordial handclasps, new friendships found and old ones strengthened.

We can give the cheering All Hail to ships that pass by night or by day.

#### ✿ ✿ ✿ BANK NOTES BURNED.

WHEN a Bank of England note returns to the bank it is never reissued, says *Tit-Bits*. It is canceled by having the signature of the chief cashier torn off. A day's signatures thus detached often amount to a weight of twenty pounds, so some idea may be gathered of the enormous quantity of the notes dealt with in a day's business. After the signatures are torn off the notes are pricked off in the register, and sorted into the dates of issue. They are then placed in boxes in the vaults, where they are kept for five years, after which they are burned in a furnace placed in a courtyard. Every morning at seven o'clock this fire is lighted, and the notes which were received at the bank five years previously are consigned to the flames, 420,000 notes being consumed in this manner every week.



Do today's duty; fight today's temptations; and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—*Charles Kingsley*.



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter V. In Strawberry June.

When the lark is poising over  
Big red berries bending low,  
And the pickers fill their baskets  
With the finest fruit that grows;  
Then the largest, sweetest berries,  
Melt and fill my yawning mouth,  
With their juicy, crushing sweetness,  
Melting in my hungry mouth.

Now I wade through fields of berries,  
Thick in clusters, rich they lay,  
And the summer air is laden  
With their fragrance all the day.  
For my hunger they are ample,  
For my thirst they wet my throat,  
With their watery nectared sweetness  
Gliding down my thirsty throat.

From the foul soil comes this berry,  
Perfect, pure and full of charm;  
From the grit and sandy earth-loam  
Springs the best thing on the farm.  
If I'd turn by transmigration  
Into other form of life,  
I would be a big strawberry  
Just to live the sweetest life.

WHEN I fell so far behind in picking berries the first morning the English pickers gave me the laugh. I was surprised how fast they could pick and eat at the same time. On the second morning I did better, allowing only the very fastest women pickers to go by me. They didn't laugh so much. The third morning I caught the knack of doing it, and I didn't swallow so many of the berries, either. When I took my place in the row that morning with two hundred other pickers, most of them with years of experience, and many of them experts in speed, some one called out, "Look at the American in his bicycle suit!" This was followed by a derisive laugh.

With all of my powers I bent myself to the work. I fairly tore the bushes to pieces, my hands flew like a whirlwind among them. The leading women saw me trying to keep up to them, and they, too, unwilling that a foreigner should come all the way from Chicago to beat them, picked with lightning rapidity. Now it was a race right along together. Fifteen or twenty of us were in the lead. Five of those soon dropped back. Still ten picked furiously in the early morning

light. I did not look up, but kept my eyes on such an angle that I could see the pickers on my left. I was at the extreme right side of the pickers. When I had filled the first basket, a peck of big berries, I was about a yard in advance of all except one woman, a picker whose speed was recognized by every one in all that country around. I could hear her breathe. I hadn't time to take breath at all. When I saw that the race lay between two of us, one an English *woman*, the other, myself, an American *man*, I set my teeth together like a vise, put my mind into every muscle and nerve-center and joint I had in my body, looked for berries, picked them off, pinched them just right the first grab, reached for others, and for others that I had mapped out, just as a corn husker in a race picks out his ears many hills ahead. There was no laughing now at the American. Five of the ten were still trying to regain what they had lost,—about ten feet behind us. A chance miss in the hills might have brought some of them closer to us, but the English, careful in planting strawberries as in doing anything else, allowed no ground to go to waste. Every row was very much like any other row. One hill was about as big as another. If they crawled ahead it would be only because they either missed the berries and would fail to have filled their baskets or had picked them with so many leaves as to be unmarketable.

My second basket was almost full. Never did the big, red strawberries seem so plentiful. My back ached. I hadn't taken a full breath for twenty minutes. When I next looked toward my rival, she was falling a trifle behind. Back over the patch stretched the pickers, for a quarter of a mile. No one else was now within fifty yards of us. I was *winning*,—surely I was winning! The new strength that came by inspiration, with the flag floating above me in my imagination, gave me a little defter hand. My fingers flew like machinery. The second basket was top-over full. I stood up, took a full breath and looked to my left. *She was ten yards behind me*, and her basket was far from being full! Just imagine how that laughed-at American walked down that strawberry patch that morning!

Emptying them I hurried back, but not so fast as



to give the impression that I was hurrying. When the fourth basket was picked the laughed-at American carried it down to the man who measured out and gave tickets for the pickers. A little later that day two hundred pickers, gathering around the berry wagons as they were loading up for London's early market, declared that I had won, that out of all of those experts, the *American* had been the champion picker.

After that incident I was envied by the good pickers, praised by the leisurely-going ones and ridiculed by none.

And now I will tell of three things about my farm experience that would be incredible if told by any one but Roosevelt, Carrie A. Nation and myself:

1. For one week I slept in a horse stable without removing my clothes.

2. For one week I ate cold meals, consisting of dry bread and strawberries, costing me for the entire week only six cents.

For one week I *drank no water*. My food was dry bread. My drink strawberries, two gallons of them each day. When I was thirsty I ate berries. When I was hungry I ate berries, and I ate so many of them at mealtime that my thirst was nil during the working hours in the forenoon, usually, and in the afternoons I managed to hoe the cabbages or weed the onions on the side of the field next to the berry patch!

Around the World without a cent!

#### Chapter VI.

WE worked in the hay field for a week, when any two of the twelve men employed in it ought to have finished it in two or three days! At the end of the week I was paid a little over seven dollars for five and a half days' work. Out of this I saved more than seven dollars, for my total expense had been six cents!

After the strawberries came the raspberries and the cherries, great big, bulging, sweet English cherries like those growing in Maryland. Part of my duty was to guard the trees from folks climbing into them and robbing them, and to climb into them myself, eat what I liked and take the others to my master, who always praised me for my devoted service. When he had sent others to pick the cherries, he said, they

always ate them. I was a marvel to him. I did really bring some to him.

Not allowing me to room in his own house, the farmer gave me the key to the granary where I made my quarters for the three months I worked on the lovely English farm. I used the upper story which was perfectly dry and tolerably clean. One bin I used for my dining hall, another for my bed-room and a third for the bicycle. In fact I had a fourth which I used as a spare-room for visitors and several times it was employed to lodge my guests,—two boys who came to see me about mealtime and sometimes stopped over night.

My meals were cooked on the furnace-fire in a workshop adjoining, or just outside on a little fireplace rudely made out of bricks and some sheet-iron I found lying about. The King lived in his palace, ten miles away. I lived here, *ten miles away, too*. And I was the happier of the two.

Elijah scarcely had easier-gotten food than I, or more or better. I discovered three varieties of edible mushrooms in the meadow nearest my camp. Hither I went every morning, in August and September, gathering a basket full each time. These I cooked with milk and butter. Mushrooms was a constant staple on the table, twice daily, until I tired of them. In the fields I found volunteer potatoes, onions and



Spickler with Fellow Farm Hands in the Hayfield. The Gyrsy in the Center Poured out the Beer which Mr. Spickler Refused to Drink.

other vegetables growing in waste places. My meat consisted of that which cost absolutely nothing, save at times the sharing of a meal with one who helped to procure it for me. The boys around the farm brought me live frogs, the legs of which I fried in butter and batter of flour. At other times the foreman brought me starlings which he had shot in the oats field. One morning while looking for frogs and mushrooms I found a silver shilling, equal to our silver quarter that some one had dropped while looking for the mushrooms. That bought me enough food from the store to keep me another week, and what I earned was all laid by.

From the late strawberries and raspberries I made several quarts of jam. Some of this I sold to others and they flattered me by telling me that it was better than the jam they bought at the stores.

It is so nice to buy at London stores,—when you

have the money! Or anywhere, when you have the cash. The butcher displayed his meats at the front of the shop, outside, hanging it from the top to the bottom. On the many pieces of bacon were the following notices: "Prime Breakfast," "Mild Cured," "Very Best," "Try Me," "Pull Me Up," "All Right," "How's This?" "Fancy Mixed," "Just What You Want," "Nice and Mild." How any hungry man could stand and read all of these appetizing phrases without buying a hunk of the juicy, English cured bacon, I can't see. I always went away with a piece, and it was hard to wait until I had fried it before sampling it.

One rainy evening my supper consisted of four slices of this bacon, a bowl of mushrooms, some stewed onions, fried potatoes and cottage-loaf bread. A little boy, son of one of the sub-foreman on the farm, dropped in and dined with me, sitting by me on the bench covered with dried bulrushes. When retiring-time came he still hung 'round, and I saw he wanted me to ask him to stay all night. I did so, never suspecting that any evil could possibly come of it. I was lonely, and with him as a guest in my palace, it was easier to sleep. But his father, a rough drinking man, who squandered all of his earnings in saloons, had been to London that day and had come home late, very much intoxicated, beating his wife and making a rough house in every possible way. The children knowing what they were to suffer at his hands, ran away from home, the boy coming to my place for shelter from the rain that poured in a great deluge all evening and far into the night.

We had retired at an early hour, my guest-boy in the spare-bed made of straw, gunny-sacks and rushes. I had fallen into my first sleep. What the boy had fallen into I don't know, but I was awakened by most unearthly yells from the outside of the granary.

"Open up your door, you American!" roared a voice with the articulation of one who had been drinking.

I was only half awake as I staggered in the darkness to the door, overturning the table, a pail of water and throwing down the bicycle. "Some one else seeking shelter," I thought, "where will I put him?"

"Who are you?" I asked in a thin, frightened voice.

"Well, if you don't open up that door, I'll show you who I am. Is my boy up there?"

Whew! I knew there was trouble on hand now. That boy! The one I had prayed for when I knelt in my evening prayer, and for the deed of kindness shown him was patting myself on the back,—that boy had run away from his angry father and I had taken him in.

Camping out in a granary had lost some of its joy.

"Yes," I said, "there's a boy here. I suppose he's yours. He came here in the rain and I asked him to stay all night."

"If you don't get that boy out here in ten seconds I'll maul you until you can't walk." He started up the

rickety steps. One of them was broken but he didn't know it. He hadn't been so used to climbing them in the dark as I. He was coming fast. But he stopped when he struck the fourth step from the top. The railing he had been holding to was also rotten, and when his foot went through the hole the railing gave way, leaving him drop through on a pile of big tiling underneath. I suppose he frothed at the mouth, now, he



Camp Used by Mr. Spickler for Three Months on Gibson Farm. Wash Day.

was so mad. I was scared, about as scared as at any time on my whole trip so far, but when he stumbled through the trap I hadn't fixed for him, it made me laugh. Back to the spare-room of the boy I went. "Johnnie, Willie, Sammy, Patrick,—" I called him, any name but his right one, but he made me no answer, except to cry as if his little heart would break. "That's my dad," he choked out, "he'll kill me, and you, too, for keeping me."

The crazy father was coming up the steps the third time. My, he was coming fast. It seemed as if he would get to the door this time, even if there were three steps missing, as he rushed, hammered and swore, calling me names that would be hard to set up in American type. I was about to lock the door. But it was unnecessary. Down spank on the tiling he went the third time, his mouth jabbering a language I never use. From the amount of racket that followed his fall I knew that he had turned his wrath, now the fury of a volcano, upon the tiling, the lumber of the gran-



ary and anything he could lay hold upon.

I was afterwards blamed for maliciously breaking some valuable tiling, which I denied having done.

I do not think I shall ever feel that my wish for that cruel father was anything but an inspired one. I wished that in his fit of drunker anger his heart had stopped, and that the little boy with too much fear in his life to grow up into usefulness while in the company of such a guardian, might have a chance to achieve his destiny.

When he got hold of the little lad he began to pound him most unmercifully. As I was a foreigner and away from home, unacquainted with the customs, I was not sure whether I should have restrained the father, or not, for the boy might have been a shirker and insubordinate in the home.

Knowing what I know of American customs, any similar incident on American soil would be treated differently by me. I would defend the boy, a guest in my own dwelling, at the cost of my own life.

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#### WINNING FAVOR.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

If a man's favor you would win,  
These things always keep in mind:  
True and honest, ever be,  
Let none, falseness in you, find;  
Make no promises you know  
You perhaps, may not fulfill,  
Or it will, then, very soon,  
Your good reputation kill.

He who, lacking, is in truth  
And sincerity, will find  
That the world will, to his faults,  
Not be always seeming blind;  
But will turn away from him,  
Seeking friends that are more true,  
And when he is left alone,  
Then, his course, he'll sadly rue.

Moorestown, New Jersey.

## CURRENT COMMENTS



Taft, Secretary of Peace, is reported to be accomplishing successfully his mission of reconciliation in Panama. As a result of his visit, it is expected that new treaties will be drawn up between Colombia, Panama, and the United States. Panama may consent to relieve Colombia of a fair portion of its national debt, a proposition which seems just enough.

Governor Johnson has a new argument for tariff reform. Says he: "The problem of the future is the government of America by Americans. In the working out of this problem I believe we must obliterate the imaginary line between the United States of America and the Canadian States of America. I can see no reason for the division. I believe that the flag bearing the stars and stripes

must finally float from Bering Sea to the Gulf of Mexico. If the products of the business men of Detroit went free and unhampered into Canada perhaps the flag would follow them into that country." If Governor Johnson had talked after this strain a generation ago he would have met more cordial response from Canada than he will today.

Winston Spencer Churchill, the new President of the Board of Trade in the Asquith ministry, who in accordance with the English system had to seek a new election on his appointment to the Cabinet, and was defeated for reelection some time ago in his old district in Manchester, was successful recently in Dundee. He received the smallest Liberal vote in twenty years, but had 2,709 votes more than the Unionist candidate. Both the Liberal and the Laborite vote fell off over two thousand from the figures of the last election. The Laborite had been expected to be Mr. Churchill's nearest rival. The vote in the election was: Churchill, Liberal 7,079; Baxter, Unionist 4,376; Stuart, Labor 4,014; Prohibitionist candidate, 655.

#### About Microscopes.

The most powerful microscope shows objects about one hundred-thousandth of an inch in size, but the ultra-microscope of Seidentoph and Fsigmondy has revealed particles not more than one five-millionth of an inch in diameter, and Dr. Bechhold declares that with stronger illumination—such as more powerful sunlight on Mount Kilimanjaro in Africa—we could unquestionably see molecules. This German experimenter has been investigating the extremely minute in another way. By impregnating paper and fabrics with gelatine in a vacuum, he has made an ultra-filter, varying its fineness by using different concentrations of jelly, and producing a medium apparatus with maximum pores of less than one-one million two hundred and fifty thousandth of an inch. This just separated from blood the hemoglobin, or red coloring matter, and in the serum albumen. The finest filters extract particles too small to be shown in the ultra-microscope, and smaller than the largest molecules, and it is believed that they will be useful for eliminating disease germs, like those of smallpox, rabies and yellow fever.

#### Woman's Suffrage in Australia.

In New South Wales women had the vote only since August, 1902, and in less than four years they have won reforms which the voteless women of Victoria have asked for for fifteen years, and are still asking for in vain. These reforms deal one and all with the purification of the home. This cannot be insisted upon too often and too earnestly. They deal with the protection of child-life in more than one way; by the establishment of a children's court; by an Habitual Criminal Act; by the licensing of juvenile street vendors; by the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks and indecent literature to the children; by the legitimization of children on the marriage of parents, thus giving them a fairer start in life, and remedying, as far as it lies in the power of the State to do so, the wrong done them by their parents; by the raising of the "age of consent" to seventeen years; and by other reforms which it would take too long to enumerate, but which include the limiting of the hours of child-labor, and an improvement in the conditions under which they work. "The home" is safeguarded, exalted and made more real in every way in which State interference can make such an improvement possible. And the improvement is even greater indirectly than it can be made by direct legislation, because of the ideals aimed at.

### No Currency Legislation.

The one issue, perhaps above all others, on which the country last fall looked to Congress for relief, has been passed over and no relief offered. When the financial storm descended, out of a clear sky, as it were, for there was no cause in nature to which it could be traced, every one fell upon our currency system and predicted that it would receive early consideration at the hands of our lawmakers. A bill, looking to the improvement of the situation, was given attention to the extent that, with some changes, it was passed in the upper branch, but now it is believed by some that many congressmen were never serious in their intentions to give even temporary relief to the situation in this session. The reason given for the failure to enact any law at this time is that the "difference of views between the two houses is too pronounced to permit of any possibility of getting together. The House, it is declared, has shown beyond the shadow of doubt that it will not, under any circumstances, accept the Aldrich idea of a bond-secured currency based on other than government issues. And the Senate, it is declared with equal emphasis, will not accept a measure that will be a recognition of the asset-currency idea and of the clearing house principle of providing circulation. The only crumb of comfort offered the country is a bill providing for a commission which is to report next year." Has the action of these lawmakers (?) left us with any patience?

### A Welcome Legal Decision.

Judge Essex, of the District Court, Pueblo, Colo., recently rendered the following opinion in the case of Maria Cardillo, a professional nurse, charged by the medical trust with practicing medicine in violation of law:

"If the contention of the State is sound, that a professional nurse or other person cannot give anything to alleviate distress or suffering without being liable to be deemed to be engaged in the practice of medicine, then these is not a nurse within the State of Colorado who would not be caught by the law; for even if she handed the sufferer a glass of lemonade she would be declared to have violated the law regulating the practice of medicine, in having alleviated distress and suffering. There is no law in this or any other State that requires the citizen to call a physician. The citizen is at perfect liberty to totally dispense with all medical treatment if he or she chooses. The law never contemplated that the citizen must call in a physician. Were that the law, it would speedily be declared an invasion of the Constitutional rights of the individual. The law was passed to protect the people from the charlatan and quack, in the administration of drugs and medicines."

At the conclusion, the judge ordered the discharge of the defendant, and declared that the giving of common household remedies cannot and must not be construed by the medical trust as administering medicines under the provisions of the law.

### Old-Age Pensions in Great Britain.

In his outline of the budget for the next year, Premier Asquith put before the country the Government's plan for old-age pensions, one of the principal planks of the Liberal program. The provision is for pensions of \$1.25 weekly for all persons more than seventy, who have not an income of more than \$2.50 a week, excepting criminals, lunatics and paupers. The maximum number of pensioners under these provisions is not likely to exceed 500,000 and the cost must not exceed \$30,000,000 in any

one year. Married couples are to have \$1.80 weekly between them. The expense for pensions will be defrayed from the national treasury, not from the local rates. The scheme would not go into operation until January 1, 1909. The plan thoroughly pleases the moderate Liberals, but the Radicals and Socialists are disappointed that it goes no further. They would like to have seen the age limit put at sixty-five, for in the cities few laborers live to be seventy, the average age at death being, in fact, under sixty. Consequently the present bill would chiefly aid rural workers. The Conservatives, of course, criticize the bill, taking the ground that the Liberals are saddling the country with an expense which, as it grows, can only be met by a tariff. Mr. Asquith, in his speech introducing the measure, declared that it was perfectly possible to carry out the scheme without departing a hair's breadth from the present fiscal policy; he would not buy even this boon at the cost of free trade. Both parties are committed to the old-age pension policy. In regard to other matters of British finance, the Government's surplus for the past fiscal year was \$23,630,000. Last year the national debt was reduced \$90,000,000. In the current year the Government plans to reduce it \$75,000,000. The expenses for next year are put at \$764,345,000, the revenue at \$788,850,00.

### The Afghan Trouble.

Twenty thousand Afghan troops have made a raid upon Landi Kotal, at the end of the Khyber Pass, on British territory near the Afghan border. The raiders were repelled and England has a brigade of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and eight guns, under command of Major General Sir James Millocks ready to force the Amir to give satisfaction. The fighting threatens to be severe. The news from Afghanistan was serious enough to make British consuls in a single day drop a point on the London Exchange, a decline which has not been equaled in any recent political crisis. The origin of the trouble is obscure. By the recent arrangement between Russia and Great Britain in regard to the Middle East, Afghanistan was placed within the British sphere of influence, without any reference to the Amir, who has not yet signed the agreement, although it has been forwarded to him. One explanation of the attack on British territory is that the Amir's brother, Nasirullah Khan, is responsible for it, trying to make trouble for Habibullah Khan, the Amir, as a preliminary to seizing the throne. The brother is said to have recently assumed an air of holiness, even going so far as to put on the robes of a mollah, or priest. That sounds plausible, since one cause of the Amir's unpopularity has been his supposed indifference to the religion of his people. Another explanation is that Habibullah Khan himself is preparing to make war with his old friends, the English, merely to mollify his own people, and to convince them that he is in sympathy with them and their religion. The Afghans are a troublesome, warlike people. Three times they have fought the English, and although the English regard themselves as having defeated the Afghans each time, the Afghans look at it in a different light. "Yes," they say, "we were beaten in two or three battles, but the English had to leave finally," all of which is a fact. The British border penetrates into the mountains somewhat, so that the Mohmands, who are the chief raiders, are half in British and half in Afghan territory. The existing arrangement was made by Sir Henry Mortimer Durand in 1895 against the protest of the Amir, who prophesied that it would lead to trouble.



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## HURTING OUR REPUTATIONS.

ALL along we have included in the training of our youth the importance of character-building,—the fundamental nature of one's character and its influence and power when all other things fail. In doing this we have generally held up in opposition to it the superficial nature of one's reputation.

This is all very well for the teaching part, but it would seem that reputation has not lost any of its reputation for importance, for all this teaching, if one is to judge by the care with which it is guarded. Whether this is due to a lack of examples back of the precept, or whether it is simply the cropping out of the instinct of self-preservation, we cannot say.

To be sure, one ought to show a reasonable degree of concern for his reputation. One's influence is so dependent on his reputation that he must give it some thought for that reason alone. But however one's reputation may be endangered, there is no excuse for refusing to take a decided stand for the right when that is the point at issue. The present is the only time we can call our own, and he must be branded a coward and a traitor to duty who fails to take the side of right in the issues of the present for fear he may hurt his influence for some possible future good.

Any of us can call to mind men in the political field who are afraid to express their convictions on certain questions because it would hurt their reputations with certain classes. But we know the cowards of this class are not confined to the political field.



## THE ARTS AND CRAFTS.

FOR a long time the world in general has held to a mistaken idea in regard to the place manual labor should hold in the works of man. So much emphasis has been laid on the importance of mental effort and so much honor given to the one who devoted himself to such tasks that the two kinds of labor have in most

cases been literally divorced, with the result that in practice manual labor has really come to be the part of the menial.

While this arrangement has seemed to have many advantages from a money-making standpoint, it has probably been the greatest influence in giving to productions their common, unattractive appearance and in bringing about the present ill feeling and misunderstanding between the workers in the two lines.

The right way is that in which manual and mental labor are as closely associated in fact as they are in nature,—when their combined efforts stamp the finished product with the mark of individuality. In this way only can we have real art, and in this way only will the work, now looked upon as drudgery, reveal the artistic element. There is a movement at present, called the Arts and Crafts Movement, which has for its object the working out of this idea. It is spreading rapidly and promises to bring about some beneficial changes in the productions of skilled labor. An article in the *Review of Reviews* for May has this to say of the results of the movement:

"The paramount influence of the arts and crafts is toward a refining culture. He who works with the hand or the tool learns to value simplicity and sincerity and to hate tawdry, superfluous and meaningless ornament. The growth of this culture is worth considering.

"We may first remark that reverse to the law of physical evolution, which is from the simple to the complex, is the arts and crafts evolution, which is from the complex to the simple. At the outset the worker wishes to cover his surface with elaborate pictures or ornaments. By degrees he simplifies his pictures into decorations, his ornaments into patterns, and then becomes enamored of beautiful form and correct construction only.

"Educational organization is by no means perfect in every State, but throughout Massachusetts and many of the large western cities a carefully considered curriculum gives training to the children from the primary grades up. In Minneapolis the school children in the very lowest grades model in clay simple vases and bowls, which are afterward fired for them at a cost of but a few cents apiece in a kiln owned by one of the art clubs; and if the child wishes to pay this small amount he may take home his work, which at the club has been dipped in a 'slip' that after firing results in a glaze of soft color tone. The education of the child's taste by this color tone awakens his appreciation of chromatic effects, just as the modeling awakens his appreciation of form; and the vase or bowl made by the child and taken home and kept on the mantelpiece, where it is no doubt discussed by the family and by visitors, becomes an unfailing advocate in favor of the broader culture of the coming American people.

"The arts and crafts taste has influenced the manufacturers, though not to so great an extent in this country as in Germany. One today may buy so-called 'mission furniture' and textiles decorated in simple patterns in the shops, which, while lacking in the true arts and crafts quality of sincerity, are simple in construction, and do much to direct the attention of the public to the charm of the virtue of simplicity in the decorative arts."



### VACATION TIME.

THE swift wings of time have again brought us to that season when the busy toiler seeks a respite from the duties that have demanded his attention all the year. There are numberless ways of spending a vacation, but all do not offer equal benefits to all. First, we should know just what we need in the way of recreation and then we should employ vacation time in a way that will meet that need. In other words, we should put ourselves in the way of being better fitted for our work at the end of our vacation than we were before.



### LESSONS IN ESPERANTO.—No. 5.

*Prepositions.* The complement of prepositions in Esperanto are in the nominative case and not the objective as in English.

Li kuris al ni, he ran to us.

La birdo estas en la arbo, the bird is in the tree.

Every preposition except "je" has a fixed and definite meaning. The pupil, then, should learn the prepositions carefully and use the one which expresses clearly the idea he wishes to express.

If he is undecided as to what preposition to use, if the choice is not definite from the sense of the phrase, then use the preposition "je," as that is the only one in the language whose meaning is not clearly defined. An alternative is given, namely, omit the preposition and use the objective case.

"Ŝi ĝojas je tio," or Ŝi ĝojas tion, she rejoices at (over) that. Li ploras je via malrespekto, or Li ploras vian malrespekton. He weeps at your rudeness.

#### LIST OF THE MOST COMMON PREPOSITIONS.

Al, to, toward (where one goes).

Anstataŭ, instead of.

Antaŭ, in front of, before.

Apud, near.

Ĉe, at.

Ĉirkaŭ, about, around.

Da, of (in reference to weight, quantity or measure).

De, of, from, by.

Dum, during.

Ekster, outside.

El, out of, from among.

En, in.

Ĝis, until, as far as.

Inter, between, among.

Kontraŭ, opposite, against.

Krom, besides, except.

Kun, with.

Laŭ, according to.

Malgraŭ, in spite of.

Per, by means of.

Po, at the rate of.

Por, for, on account of.

Post, behind.

Preter, beside, beyond.

Pri, about, concerning.

Pro, because of.

Sen, without.

Super, over, above.

Sur, on, upon.

Tra, through.

Trans, across, beyond.

### VOCABULARY.

Gardeno, garden.

Iri, to go.

Tiu, that one.

Ĉi, the nearest.

Tiu ĉi, this one.

Morti, to die.

Monato, month.

Sed, but.

Pano, bread.

Freŝa, fresh.

Agrabla, agreeable.

Honora, honor.

Danki, to thank.

Prezenti, to present.

Saluto, salutation.

Sincera, sincere.

Flugi, to fly.

Birdo, bird.

Avo, grandfather.

Nun, now.

### EXERCISE 11.

Du ruĝa pomoj estas sur la tablo. Mi vidas grandan hundon en la ĝardeno. Ŝi estas en la ĉambro kun la onklino. La domo de la onklo estas granda. Ĉu vi trinkos akvon? Kiu estas tie? Mi volas vidi la novajn pentraĵojn. Ĉu vi min konas? Tiu ĉi pano estas freŝa sed tiu estas pli freŝa. Mi ne havas la honoron lin koni. Mi dankas vin, kaj prezentas al vi miajn sincerajn salutojn. Li trovos la duan libron sur la seĝo en la ĉambro. La kanto de la birdo estas agrabla. Mi venas de la avo kaj mi iras nun al la onklino.

### EXERCISE 12.

Composition: Where are you? I am in the house. Good morning. Are you well? I am well. Have you money? I have four cents. Do you wish an apple? Yes, I wish six apples. Who is in the house? My sister is in the house and my brother is in the field. How much does this rug cost? It costs twenty-four dollars. What do you want (need)? I want two lamps. Do you have a mother? I have no mother. My mother is dead. Have you a father? Yes, I have a father. I have one sister and five brothers. My family is sick. The uncle is poor. Good books are good friends. I will buy tea, coffee, cream and sugar. What do you wish (want)?

ALLAN EISENBISE.

16 S. State St., Elgin, Ill.





## FOOD PRINCIPLES

**LENNA FRANCES COOPER, Principal School of Hygiene and Cooking, Battle Creek Sanitarium**

HAVE you ever noticed the difference in the amount of heat produced by different fuels? There is as much difference in "body fuels" or heat-producing foods as there is in the fuels which we use in our stoves. It has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that fats are the greatest heat-producing foods we have, an ounce of fat producing 264 calories or heat units while an ounce of either starch, sugar or protein produces only 116 calories, the fat producing almost two and one-fourth times as much heat as any of the other food principles. This is why the Esquimaux and other people of the far North, intuitively use so much blubber and other fatty foods, though of course it is partly due to necessity since nature has not been so very gracious in supplying any great variety.

This fact should also be borne in mind by the housewife. When the thermometer stands high and it is next to impossible under the most favorable conditions to "keep cool" then surely it is time for the cook to be sparing with this greatest of heat producers.

The summer dietary should be quite different from the winter. Fresh fruits and vegetables should be used freely. Of course, fats should appear to some extent in the summer dietary. They may be used for seasonings, etc., but *avoid frying*. It is no doubt the most unwholesome way of preparing foods.

A most palatable and attractive combination of fats and vegetables is the salad. It is both refreshing and appetizing. Some one has said that the salad ought to appear on the menu three hundred and sixty-five times in the year and I think they are right.

The salad consists of two parts: viz, the body which gives the name to the salad, and the dressing.

The body may consist of fresh or cooked vegetables, fresh fruits or heavier proteid dishes such as eggs, meats, etc.

The dressing usually consists of an acid, either lemon juice or vinegar, a fat and frequently a binding substance such as egg or cornstarch.

Of the acids the lemon juice is to be preferred, as it is a natural acid while the acetic acid of the vinegar is the product of fermentation.

The fat may be either olive oil or butter though there are dressings made without fats. These are usually for the fruit salads.

A heavy salad such as the meat or nut salads with a heavy dressing such as the Raw Mayonnaise should not be served with a heavy meal. They may be served with a light meal but the lighter salads are much more preferable.

### Fruit Salad.

1 medium-sized pineapple, 3 oranges,  
3 bananas.

Pare the fruit and cut in small cubes as nearly as possible and pour over it the following dressing and let stand on ice a half hour or more before serving.

### Golden Dressing (for fruit salads).

2 eggs,  
¼ cup orange, pineapple or other light-colored fruit juice,  
¼ cup sugar,  
¼ cup lemon juice.

Beat the eggs till light, add the fruit juice, lemon juice and sugar. Stir constantly in a double boiler until it thickens. Cool as quickly as possible and when cold pour over the prepared fruits.

### Tomato With Cooked Mayonnaise.

Take nice, plump, ripe tomatoes. Pare from the stem end down around the tomato, remove the stem end, and cut down through the center of the tomato almost to the other side and again crosswise, so that the tomato will open up like the petals of a flower. Place on a lettuce leaf and pour into the center or at one side some of the

### Cooked Mayonnaise Dressing.

2 eggs, ¼ cup olive oil or butter,  
¼ cup lemon juice, ¼ cup water.  
½ teaspoonful salt.

Beat the eggs, add the salt, lemon juice, water and lastly the oil or butter. Cook in a double boiler until it begins to thicken, stirring meanwhile. As soon as it will mask the back of a spoon, remove from the fire at once and place in cold water. Should it cook too long and become curdled, set in cold water at once and beat vigorously with a Dover egg-beater. If the

dressing is desired more acid use less water and more lemon juice.

This makes a nice dressing for almost any vegetable salad.

#### Cabbage Salad.

Select a small, firm head of cabbage and shred very finely. Let stand in very cold water for an hour or more then dry between towels. Mix with the following:

#### Cream Dressing.

|                                                |                           |
|------------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 cup sour cream,                              | 1 scant tablespoon sugar, |
| $\frac{1}{8}$ - $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, | 1 teaspoon salt.          |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt.            |                           |

Beat the cream until smooth then gradually add the lemon juice beating meanwhile, then add the other seasonings.

Sweet cream may be used if sour cream is not obtainable.



### THE HOUSE OF REPOSE.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

THIS is an age of nerves. In the days of the stage-coach, people had leisure to breathe, eat three meals, and sleep soundly during the dark-time. But the modern "limited" seems to have scattered its infection into human activities all along the line. There is indigestion, insomnia, impatience, prostration. The only relief is to get out of the swirl.

Go into the front door of your house and sit down in the parlor, in the most comfortable chair. Don't lift up your eyebrows in astonished protest. It's *your* parlor, and you have the best right to enjoy it. Now about the enjoying. The first requisite for a case of fidgets, either of body or mind, is reposeful environment. As you lean back on the cushions, and let your eyes wander about the room, they should not be distracted by a heterogeneous collection of ornaments on the walls, mantels, and tables.

There is a notion abroad that the more decorations you can put in a house, the more beautiful it will be. I have been in parlors where every corner, and the center table, too, was so ornamented that one could scarcely turn around without fear of knocking something over. There were chromos, dried grasses, wax flowers, tiny gilded rolling-pins, fans, conchs, geological specimens, unusual vases, miniature kettles, and china dishes. Each of these things has its place, probably, but such a conglomeration in a parlor is a violation of the law of beauty, as well as the law of rest.

The foundation of beautiful repose in the parlor is the walls. They should be of a quiet color, either solid or with delicate tracery, suggestive of refinement; not brick-red or grass-green, with massive designs and stripes. If there is a time when one feels the dignity of elegance, it is when he is in the parlor; then let the elegance *be* dignified. I want to be sure you do not misapprehend me. "Dignified" means "made

worthy." Worthy to be the company of a soul taking leisure.

Be sparing with the pictures. Hang, not too high, and without tilting, two or three good-sized copies of noted etchings or paintings, if you cannot afford originals. One or two groups of smaller pictures or photographs may be allowed. There are such beautiful half-tones in some of the magazines nowadays, especially outdoor scenes, and one can mount them himself and frame them with passepartout. The effect is refined.

If you have stereoscopes, shells, photograph albums, dishes, and other trinkets that have been given to you, and you would like for people to see, better keep them in a cabinet, with the glass door shut. You will then also have gotten rid of another bug-bear—dust. Do not buy chairs for looks, but for comfort. If you can combine elegance and comfort in the same, so much the better. Have a good, big sofa, with lots of cushions—not your fancy things that daren't be touched, but fat, serviceable fellows that can be banged around to your back's content.

If you are a woman, sitting in the parlor for rest, you will miss it if your eye happens to light on the bric-a-brac on the shelf, and you recall that the dust-cloth has not touched it for three weeks. And the curtains: if you cannot afford such as the merchant's wife has, inside her plate-glass window, a swiss muslin is daintier than a cheap, loud pattern in lace. Let the figures in the carpet correspond to the size of the room. Keep the piano cleared of all but the cover, and a photograph or two. It is better for the tone of the instrument, and for the tone of your nerves.

The keynote of the furnishings should be simplicity. This does not mean shoddiness; they may be as costly as your purse and your conscience will permit. But you will not find the bodies and the homes of the genuine aristocracy over-adorned with tinsel. I like to think of the derivation of the word "aristocrat." It comes from the Greek superlative, "aristos," meaning "best," and "kratos," meaning "strength." The best people are the strength of society, they are the rulers, they set the example. And if they are satisfied with simple refinement, why should the "vulgus," the common people make their parlors a museum? For we are always aping our betters, anyhow.

Let broad daylight stream in at the windows (never mind if the shades are an inch of two above the regular height), and let bushels of fresh air in every day. When you have oxygen to breathe, and growing things to smell, you are more inclined to repose than when you stagnate on carbonic acid gas and the odor of imprisoned upholstery. When you have gone to the expense of putting your nicest things in the parlor, do not shut it up like a dungeon and turn over the enjoyment of it to the mice and the moth.

(Continued Next Week.)



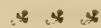
**THE GARDEN SONG.**

JENNIE TAYLOR.

Out in the garden  
 Are lily bells ringing,  
 Up in the tree-top  
 The robin is singing,  
 Under the blue sky  
 The green leaves are swinging  
 Lightly, merrily, gay.

Close to the gray wall  
 The wood-bine is clinging,  
 Out in the sunshine  
 Fresh flowers are springing,  
 Many good things  
 Are the happy days bringing  
 All in their own glad way.

Tipton, Iowa.

**MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.**

WE are told that mothers should keep the confidence of their young daughters in order to hold them, and train them away from evil. If it were possible to do so, it is best; it is one of the surest ways in which the mother can guide them into the "straight and narrow path." But it is not always possible. There are mothers and mothers, just as there are daughters and daughters. The girl who confides in mother in all things, asking and accepting her advice, would scarcely go astray, even if she had no mother, for her instinctive leanings toward the moral would keep her close to the line of safety. But the girl who refuses to acknowledge her mother's better judgment is the one who goes down the primrose path, not because of her disregard for her mother's advice, but because her natural tendencies lead her into forbidden ways. Mothers are not all so constituted that their daughters may confide in them, or feel free to do so. Their natures may not be sympathetic; some women repel confidences, even the while they long for the sweet companionship of their young. They have not the tact, or ability to win the confidence, though they may hold the love, and often from the tiniest mistake, or failure to sympathize in just the most tactful way, or the lack of the right expression of that sympathy, the world creeps in between; the rift widens gradually, until they find themselves drifted apart so widely that even love cannot again draw them into companionship. Not all women are fit to be mothers, or, being mothers in the sense of having borne their children, are not fitted by nature to act the higher, tenderer part.—*The Commoner.*

**LITTLE MOTHER HINTS.**

A CHILD should be so thoroughly imbued with the idea of hospitality that it will be a habit, not a something reserved for special occasions.

Food eaten without an appetite usually does more harm than good. If a child refuses food, he should

not be urged; the cause should be found and corrected.

A noted physician has said that up to the fifteenth year a child attending school should have at least nine hours sleep in summer and nine and one-half in winter; and the overtaking of the mind and nervous system of the girl at the age when she enters womanhood should be carefully avoided.

Children who are taught to say "good night" to one another are likely to be better friends during the day. This practice is sometimes omitted, even in families where children are careful to say "good night" to their parents. It has been suggested that if children were taught the meaning of the phrase "Good night to you," they would appreciate its value, and it would come more readily to their lips. "God" and "good" have the same root, and "Good night to you" is "God guard the night to you."—*Selected.*

**FLY POISONS.**

STRONG, green tea, well sweetened, is recommended as fly poison. Also, a tea made of quassia, one pint; brown sugar, four ounces; ground pepper, two ounces. Mix together well and put in small shallow dishes. Set these about the living rooms. These preparations have the advantage of not being poisonous to any creatures except flies.

**MENDING BROKEN CHINA.**

NOT many of our readers may know that broken china or earthen dishes may be permanently mended if the parts are tied securely together with strong wrapping cord as soon as broken or before the spaces have become wet or dust covered, then immersed in a pan of sweet milk and boiled a few hours. The dish may then be removed from the pan, cooled, washed and the broken place will never be noticed.

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## *The Children's Corner*

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**A CHILD'S WISH.**

If I were a bird, I'd fly away  
 Where smoke and cinders never stay,  
 Where all the fields are fresh and fair,  
 And clover scent is in the air;

Where robins twitter night and morn,  
 And swallows flutter through the corn,  
 And round the honeysuckle thatch,  
 The rainbow's low enough to catch.

If I were a bird, I'd float and fly  
 Until my grandma's house I'd spy;  
 I'd run along the garden walks,  
 And gather phlox and four-o'clocks;

And sit beneath the cherry trees,  
 Where comes the cooling summer breeze,  
 And eat my luncheon in the shade,  
 With lots of lovely lemonade.

If I were a bird, I'd sing and soar  
 Until I stood at heaven's door,  
 And ask the angels to look down  
 On all the boys and girls in town;  
 And take them from the dust and din,  
 To where the sun peeps kindly in,  
 Through leafy aisles and bowers gay,  
 And love holds happy holiday.

—Selected.



#### A LETTER FROM AFRICA.

*Dear Boys and Girls:—*

CHILDREN always like to hear about other children. They enjoy just as well the stories of children of other lands. These African children never tire of hearing what American children do and say. For this reason I have thot to tell you what I can of these children of Africa. That you may get the most about them I must begin at the first, for who does not love to hear about babies?

They are not black, but of a rich brown chocolate color,—regular chocolate drops. Sometimes you would think they were red, for their mothers love to rub the little bodies all over with fat, then rub on red dirt, hair and all. They say it keeps them warm. As you look at a number of little dark bodies like these sprawling around on the ground, playing games with the grass and stones and tumbling over one another like so many little puppies, you cannot help laughing and saying under your breath, "What delightful little animals." But this is not the truth. The real truth is hidden, for there is present the beginning of a higher life. It is this that make the child life so interesting, for this unexpected nature is ever appearing in the most unexpected way and at the most unexpected moment.

What would you think if you had no birthday occasions? You children look forward many days till it shall be your birthday. These children have but one birthday in a lifetime and of course as that is the first they cannot remember that. These people have no way of reckoning the year, much less the day, so how are they to know? One can sometimes judge the age by the name as often the names are given from some event and should you know the event, you would know the age. We think of our birthdays with joy. Their one is one of sorrow and plenty of it, beginning on the first day, as you shall see. No dainty clothes awaits its arrival, for it needs no clothes for four or five years and then only a blanket. Even the Christian mothers who dress their babies have no clothes waiting for them, for they say, "How do we know that there will be a person arriving?"

In olden times as soon as a baby was born, some dirt was scraped from the father's arm and mixed with special medicines. This was made to smoulder and the baby was "washed" in the smoke. This ceremony was very important, for it was said that then the child

received its "itongo" or ancestral spirit. This medicine, they thought, made its skull strong, made him strong and full of courage. Then a mixture of the powdered whiskers of a leopard, the skin of a lizard, which loves heat, and the claws of a lion and some other things were added. The quality of the animal gave the same quality to the child. Then the baby and the medicine were put under a blanket, the medicine smouldering and the baby breathing the smoke. Some of the mixture was also mixed with the food.



Mother and Son.

The people say that if this custom is neglected on the first day, the child is hindered in success all its life. It will be a silly, lazy person, never free from trouble. They declare that the children of Christian natives are soft, flabby creatures who are unfortunate and helpless all their lives, because they have left this custom.

As soon as this doctoring is over, the little children of the kraal may see the baby. They bring it their toys, which are but homemade, such as cob dolls, clay oxen, pretty stones and sticks, feeling that nothing is too good for the baby. They are as happy as our little American children are over a new baby, each wanting to take a turn at holding it. They admire its dainty toes and fingers and show unbounded delight. Its hair is very soft and the curls are much larger than the tight kinks of later years.

More customs follow which the baby does not like.



A horn of medicine has long been waiting for it, carefully laid up in the hut. The women proceed to make a cut in the skin of both baby and mother. Sometimes the cut is made in the forehead; sometimes on the chest or over the heart, then they rub the medicine in. This drives away evil influences. Then the mother gets strong-smelling wood and burns it in the house. Bad spirits do not like it and go away. They hold the baby over the smoke until it cries. This is the bad spirit leaving the child. They do this daily for several days. The door is closed and the mother sings a sort of chant. This is done every day for several weeks then it is done only once in eight weeks until the child has its second teeth, then they think the child can care for itself.

If the baby is the child of a chief, a great many more ceremonies have to be gone through with. It seems hard but somehow they seem to survive the treatment and grow up a healthy people.

Some tribes kill an ox and have a great feast on the day of the child's birth. You never hear of any unwelcome babies here. Some have the feast on the seventh day when it has a better hold on life. The Zulus have a feast for the eldest son. If the first is a girl, no feast is made, for they say, "Why should we kill an ox for a girl? She is only a weed." At the feast there is a gall bladder ceremony. The father takes the gall bladder and lets a little of it trickle on the baby's right foot, leg, trunk and head. Then lets it trickle on his own right foot and the right foot of his brothers if they are present. This secures the good will of the ancestors.

When the father finishes the ceremony of the bile he gives the meat to the friends and a general feast takes place. When the meat has all been eaten, the doctor takes a great washing medicine and sprinkles all the people, the huts, the cattle and the cattle kraal. Then a sweet-smelling flower is made up into a sort of cake, powdered, and that mixed with water and the people anoint themselves. A sort of rose-water.

Now the baby is ready to appear in public, for all the evil influences surrounding its birth have been driven away. However, no one can go near it except the little children and old women until a charm is hung about its neck. This consists of roots cut nicely and strung on a string. (They make their own string from grass.) Should any danger approach, or a snake bite be given it, the child nibbles at the charm as the first thing to ward off sickness or death.

The names of the people are very interesting. Sometimes they are named after friends, but more often after current events, days of the week, weather, some striking appearance of the child or the character it is or they hope it to be. Should a child be born in wet weather, it is called "Rain" or windy weather it is called "Wind." Perhaps it has been a season when locusts were very destructive, it would be called "Lo-

cust." Should there be a big storm or the overflowing of the river at that time it would be named accordingly. If the husband and wife had been quarreling the child would be named "Thrown away." If great sorrows in the family it would be named "Tear." If friends had slighted them, then, "Forget me." A few other names when translated would mean, "What have I done?" "When I am dead we shall see," "Family quarrel," "Outside," "What have I eaten?" and numberless other names similar. One evangelist's name is "Behind the house" and his wife's is "With a gun." Sometimes they give a child a bad name to ward off a spell which may have come upon the house, as the death of several children in succession. "Tail of a dog" might have the proper effect.

I have not told you all the ceremonies and beliefs concerning the baby. It would take too long, but I will write you one more letter on these little "chocolate drops," as some one has cutely styled them. They are well worth the labor and study put upon them and when you have become better acquainted with them, you will know better how to pray for them, for we want to win them for Jesus and we feel that he meant them too, when he said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Yours in His glad service,  
NELLIE REED.

*FairView, M. S.*

*Umzumbi Rail, Natal, S. Africa.*

*Jan. 27, 1908.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### IS IT WORTH WHILE?

MARY C. STONER.

Have you seen the toiling pilgrim,  
Bowling 'neath his load of care,  
With the joy of heaven's pardon  
Uttered forth in words of prayer?

Have you heard the weary sufferer,  
On the couch of cruel pain,  
Sing the song of trust and gladness  
While the trials still remain?

Have you seen the one forsaken  
By his Father, Mother, friend,  
Still upheld by sweet communion  
Firm, unfaltering to the end?

Is there joy to crown life's myst'ry,  
Is there sure and safe defense,  
Does the burdens, pain or sorrow,  
Find a welcome recompense?

Can the faith that views the promise,  
And the love for God who gives,  
Make the heart endure each trial  
For the hope that ever lives?

Ah, above the earthly strivings  
Is the Christian's claim secure,  
For the soul that knows its Savior  
Can each sadness great endure.

For within the soul the message  
Borne to cheer each loyal heart,  
Voices from the holy stillness  
Make each earth-born woe depart.

And beyond these chains and fetters,  
At the Master's feet laid down,  
Is the blessed life of fulness,  
Is the victor's golden crown.

North Manchester, Ind.



### A PERSONAL LETTER.

IRA FRANTZ.

BOSTON, MASS., MAY 3, 1908.

MR. O. B. STRONG,

WHEREVER-YOU-HAPPEN-TO-BE.

*My Dear Sir:*—Tonight, with the help of the Spirit of God, I am writing a few thots for you to consider at some future time when Satan comes to you to beguile you into your besetting sin. Only this morning he came to me and I fell. I have just been guilty of the sin you are now about to commit, and as I write these lines I am experiencing the after-regrets. How I wish I had fought him off! So now listen to me and be reasonable, please.

You know you don't want to yield this time. You know you are always so much happier when you overcome temptation. So I ask you to put forth an effort to overcome this time. Get down on your knees and pray. Fight this battle on your knees. Oh, I know the temptation is strong and under it you think you don't care to be delivered. You don't feel like praying, I know you don't. I have just been there. I know how you feel. But if you don't pray and fight now you will wish you had. You are going to ruin at this rate! If you yield this time you will feel still less like fighting next time. So now you collect that will power of yours and *pray*. If it's hard to do, that's only the more reason why you should do it. Remember the little boy splitting wood who, when he got hold of an especially knotty stick, split it all into kindling just to show himself that he could do it. Now you are tempted, and it's no trifling affair either. I'll admit. But right here is your chance to develop strength and manhood. So ask God to help you.

Mr. Strong, think how utterly inconsistent it is for you to commit this sin. You—a Christian! You—who have died to sin! You sin? Shall a dead man kick out of his coffin? That is just what this old sin of yours is about to do. "We who died to sin, how shall we any longer live therein?" But you would yield to temptation and serve the devil. You, for whom Christ died! For shame!!

Have you forgotten that Christ broke the power of sin in your life so that *you don't need to commit sin unless you want to?* The devil has no more power over you than you let him have. Show him that he has been conquered. You can do it. Fight!

Reflect with me for a moment on a few things that ought to be an incentive to you to stand firm. Think of your friends, Mr. Strong, and how they trust you. There's Charlie, for instance, a noble young fellow, who loves and respects you as though you were as good as himself, which he believes you are. What would he think if he knew of this besetting sin of yours? Then there are your sisters and their friends among whom you are regarded as a noble man. How would you like for them to see the blackness of your heart just now? How would your parents feel if they knew what you really are? And your pastor? Be worthy of the respect you have. Don't be a hypocrite any longer. But above all, Mr. Strong, think of the love and mercy of your God. Think of the temptations, the sufferings and death of your Lord. Stop here and meditate on it awhile. Get your Bible and read the story.

Oh, the mercy of God! He has forgiven you so often. Are you low and mean enough to add another insult to your already long list of them? Will you deliberately smite your loving heavenly Father in the face? That is what sin does. Think of his love for you at this moment and of how it would grieve him to have you yield.

Get your Bible and read the eighth chapter of Romans. Then take a look at your black heart and see what you were about to do. Ask God to forgive you. Get your eyes fixed again on the purpose of your life and press on.

Perhaps it would do you good to take a walk in the fresh air now to revive your spirits and put a little vigor into you again. If you have some other work to do get at that. If you are too tired to exercise get a book and read or study. Or maybe you need to lie down and sleep. Whatever you do, get busy, or Satan will be after you again. God will help you when you do what you can to help yourself.

Now thank the Lord for his deliverance.

You will please carry this letter in your pocket, Mr. Strong, and read it when temptation comes.

Believe me, sir, I am one who is deeply interested in your soul's welfare.

Yourself in a rational state of mind.

O. B. STRONG.



A PERFECT faith would lift us absolutely above fear. It is in the cracks, crannies, and gulfy faults of our belief—the gaps that are not faith—that the snow of apprehension settles, and the ice of unkindness forms.  
—George MacDonald.





# Echoes from Everywhere

Approximately \$5,000,000 is the cost of the coal consumed by the Atlantic battle ship fleet when it will have finished its cruise around the world.

Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington's school, has a brick-yard with an annual capacity of 2,000,000 bricks, an orchard of over 13,000 trees, and over a thousand head of stock.

A remarkable example of the carrying power of a tornado was shown when a number of papers, dated at Gilliam, La., 100 miles south of Waldo, Ark., were picked up on the street at the latter place a short time after the severe wind storm that visited that section a few weeks ago.

Bristol, Tenn., during the first three months of 1907, when its saloons were in operation, had 441 arrests for drunkenness. During the same three months of the year 1908, without saloons and with all the terrors of the "jug" trade, there were but eighty-five arrests for drunkenness.

The beginning of the last week in May witnessed destructive floods in Oklahoma, caused by heavy rains and cloudbursts continuing three days. Parts of some towns were completely inundated. At Tusla it was said the Arkansas River had reached the highest point in fourteen years.

Guthrie, Okla., May 22.—The graduated land tax bill, which by excessive taxation seeks to prevent the owning of more than 640 acres of land by one person in Oklahoma, was finally passed last night and sent to the governor. The income tax bill and the inheritance tax bill are in the governor's hands also.

Canada is bigger than continental United States, exclusive of Alaska, but the population of Canada today is about the same as that of the United States in 1805. Its railway mileage, 27,611 miles, is about that of this country in 1858. By all of which we do not mean to imply that Canada is a hundred or fifty years behind us.

The Polish-Americans of Chicago have dedicated the St. Stanislaus parish school in that city. The institution can accommodate 4,500 pupils. It is of fireproof construction and cost \$450,000. One hundred nuns are in charge of the teaching in this school which is said to be the largest in the world to be connected with a parish.

Twenty-nine immigrants who arrived by steamer from American ports at Port Arthur, Ont., were turned back in accordance with a recent order to the immigration office that only those having \$25 and a ticket to their destination could come into Canada from the United States. Officers of the steamer which brought the men over said that the immigrants had come from foreign countries and therefore had not in reality come from the United States. They were sent back to Duluth, however.

At the seventy-eighth annual conference of the Mormon church held recently in Salt Lake City, President Joseph Smith declared that Mormonism is in sympathy with "the general movement throughout the land looking toward local option and temperance." Other speakers were equally sure that the time had come for the Mormons to push forward along temperance lines.

As the result of observations during his presence at 31 executions by electricity in New York and New Jersey and at five hangings at Philadelphia, Dr. E. A. Spitzka, of the Jefferson Medical college, now has reached the conclusion that hanging is painful and barbarous, whereas the execution by electricity is "humane, decent and scientific."

The twelve locomotive manufacturers in the United States and Canada built 7,362 locomotives in 1907, of which 6,477 were for use at home and 885 were exported. This is an increase of six per cent compared with 1906. These figures do not include locomotives built in shops of the railway companies. There were 330 electric locomotives and 240 compound locomotives built, as against 237 and 292 respectively in 1906.

H. H. Bell, the British commissioner in Uganda, reports that of the 300,000 people living on the shores and islands of Lake Victoria, 200,000 have died of the sleeping sickness, and 20,000 now have the disease. It is now known that the fly which carries the disease, only lives near the banks of water, and a zone of two miles is all which it affects. The remaining people are to be removed beyond its reach. Those having the sickness will be placed in camps, 1,000 in each camp, and cared for in every possible way.

One of the factors which caused the defeat of DeLesseps in his attempt to construct the Panama Canal was the high death rate among his men, and we would fail for the same reason were it not for the efficient work which our American physicians are doing on the isthmus. During the year 1907 there was not a single case of bubonic plague or of yellow fever, only one death from smallpox, and fifty per cent reduction in pneumonia, malaria, dysentery and other grave diseases. The death rate in the canal zone has decreased thirty-one per cent since 1906.

Pittsburg, May 20.—The Carnegie hero fund commission at its regular quarterly meeting today passed upon eighty-five cases investigated since its last meeting, granting a medal or medal and cash in thirty and rejecting fifty-five applications as not coming within the scope of the commission's work. The awards today included fifteen bronze and fifteen silver medals, \$13,950 in immediate cash payments and monthly payments during life to four persons. Since the organization of the commission on April 15, 1904, 172 awards have been made out of a total of 2,432 cases investigated.

The Senate has passed the Southern Appalachian and White Mountain forest reservation bill. The bill appropriates \$5,000,000 for the acquisition of lands on the watersheds of navigable streams in the Southern Appalachian Mountains within Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and in the White Mountains of New Hampshire and Maine. As the house will have to vote on the bill, it will probably not become a law during this session of congress.

The German government is beginning to feel the heavy strain put upon it by the insistent demands of the emperor for a larger and better equipped army and more and bigger ships. It is said now that the government faces the necessity of borrowing \$250,000,000 during the next five years. In view of this situation the kaiser not only will not receive the million or two dollars' raise in his yearly salary for which he is asking, but he is likely, in addition, to have a good deal of trouble in convincing the reichstag that Germany must build more ships.

With little discussion and less publicity, the United States Senate has at this session placed its approval on thirty-seven treaties—more in number if not in importance than had been ratified during the twenty years preceding. In making effective so many agreements with the nations international advancement has been made along three distinct lines. Twelve nations have agreed by treaty with the United States to arbitrate future disputes, which is taken to mean nothing less than that the world has now been established on the plane of arbitration.

Richmond, Va., May 13.—Final sessions of three sections of the national conference on charities and correction were held today. Before the section on criminals there was a discussion on the discipline and training of women in women's prisons and industrial schools. In the division on state supervision an extended discussion was held on the problem presented by the migration of dependents and defectives from one state to another. At a joint session of the division of statistics and of children Miss Jane Addams of Chicago briefly discussed extension and neighborhood work through the medium of public schools.

That greatest representative religious gathering in the country, representing over three million Christians, the Methodist quadrennial conference, has recently concluded its sessions in Baltimore. The bishop's address reported a gain in the membership during the four years of 278,357, a larger gain than has ever been made before in any similar period. The gain in the value of church property was over thirty-two million dollars. The conference took an uncompromising stand on the subject of the restriction and ultimate abolition of the liquor traffic, and forwarded a resolution to Speaker Cannon urging the adoption of the Littlefield bill.

On May 13, several officers of the Signal Corps, with Lieut. Frank P. Lahm as pilot, made an ascent in one of the army balloons from Washington at 1 P. M. and landed at Patuxent, a small place near Baltimore, at 4:10. During the course of the flight, messages were received on board the balloon from the government's wireless station at Annapolis. A special antenna was suspended from the basket, and the latter was also enveloped in a wire netting. So successful was the experiment, that Major Russell believes

that balloons will soon be equipped with wireless apparatus, which will enable them not only to receive messages, but also to send them.

Negotiations are being conducted by the Corn Products Refining Company, the glucose and starch combine, to import corn from Argentina on account of the high prices of corn caused by the corner in the Chicago market. The Corn Products Refining Company, buying 100,000 bushels of corn a day and the advance in the price of the cereal to 79 cents a bushel, has resulted in substantial losses to the company, as it has been unable to make corresponding advances in the various products manufactured from corn. Officials of the company say that they have found they can bring corn from Argentina and land it at New York at a price, 15 cents under the prices obtaining in the Chicago market at present.

There are no signs of industrial depression in the big government building at Seventeenth and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, where the government mint is located. The activity is due to the unusual coinage of gold. Since the panic the New York assay office has sent over \$50,000,000 in gold bullion to the Philadelphia mint to be coined. Since the first of the current year the inflow of the glittering metal has been so great that it forced the officials of the mint to add more than forty women adjusters to that department. The mint turns out more than \$800,000 daily, and within the last four months, more than \$70,000,000 has been coined, which exceeds the amount coined all last year by \$20,000,000.

A political organization formed of all the Protestant denominations in the United States is the plan for church union formulated by Rev. Mark A. Matthews of Seattle and by him laid before the general assembly of the Presbyterian church at its session in Kansas City the last week in May. Supreme executive power, according to Mr. Matthews' plan, would be vested in a president and an executive committee. The proposal met with much favor and promises to be one of the most discussed topics at the week's session of the assembly. Mr. Matthews said that he did not propose the establishment of a Protestant popery. The proposed head, according to his plan, is simply to direct concerted action against temporal evils and for temporal good. It is not to be in any sense an intermediate in spiritual matters.

A Chicago scientist has been making an elaborate series of tests with germ-infected water congealed into ice. He placed in the water all sorts of bacilli and let them stay there for about 22 weeks, from time to time melting portions of the ice and examining it to see how the germs were getting along. His conclusion is that all germs are killed after a period of about 22 weeks. It seems that the scientist concludes that the germs starve to death rather than die of exposure to cold. He notes that some forms of bacilli are motile and go after their food while others are not motile and wait for the moving water to bring the food to them. "In the ice," he says, "the liquid is congealed to a mass in which movement is not possible, and no carbo-nitrogenous food can be obtained by the bacilli as the temperature. The chief point to be learned much to do with the reduction in the number of the bacilli as the temperature. The chief point to be learned from this series of tests is that ice, even when cut from water which may contain pathogenic bacilli, is utterly incapable of passing on disease if it is stored for some time before being distributed."



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE FLEET.

This is the song of the thousand men who are multiplied  
by twelve,  
Sorted and sifted, tested, tried and mised to dig and  
delve.

They come from the hum of the city and shop, they come  
from the farm and field,  
And they plow the acres of ocean now, but, tell me, what  
is their yield?

This is the song of the sixteen ships to buffet the battle  
and gale,  
And in every one we have thrown away a Harvard or a  
Yale.

Behold here the powers of Pittsburg, the mills of Lowell  
and Lynn,  
And the furnaces roar and the boilers seethe, but what do  
their spindles spin?

This is the song of the long, long miles from Hampton to  
the Horn,  
From the Horn away to the Western Bay whence our  
guns are proudly borne.

A flying fleet and a host of hands to carry these rounds  
of shot!

For behold, they have girdled the globe by half, and what  
is the gain they have got?

This is the song of the Wasters—aye, defenders, if you  
please,

Defenders against our fellows, with their wasters, even as  
these,

For we stumble still at the lesson known since even the  
years were young.

That the chief defense of a nation is to guard its own  
hand and tongue.

This is the song of our folly, that we cry out a glad ac-  
claim

At our slaughtering ships, in the shadow of which we  
should bow our heads in shame.

And we crown men brave who on land and wave fear not  
to die, but still,

Still first on the rolls of the world's brave souls are the  
men who fear to kill.

This is the song of our smallness (for the fault is not  
theirs, but ours).

That we chain these slaves to our galley-ships as the  
symbol of our powers,

That we clap applause, that we cry hurrahs, that we vent  
our unthinking breath,

For oh, we are proud, that we flaunt this flesh in the mar-  
kets of dismal death.

—Edmund Vance Cooke, in the Independent.



### CAREERS FOR MILLIONAIRES.

A career for our youthful millionaires calculated to oc-  
cupy their time and so keep them out of mischief, or  
worse, is suggested by Mr. Louis R. Ehrich, the well-

known art dealer. He would have them turn connois-  
seurs in art and give to public institutions the benefit of  
their accumulations of knowledge as well as of wealth.  
Such careers of public service might become, he thinks,  
the outgrowth of a recognition that "noblesse or, if you  
will, *richesse oblige*." Thus might be paralleled that im-  
pulse of class obligation that leads the sons of the English  
nobility "largely to deny themselves of the indulgence of  
leisure and of idle sport in order to devote their lives to  
great questions of state policy or to other fields in which  
the nation can be honorably served." This suggestion,  
communicated to the New York Times (April 19), is an  
extension of a criticism which that paper recently passed  
upon our money class in saying: "Among the rich Amer-  
icans there is not enough intellectual force, artistic appre-  
ciation, or public spirit to compensate the country for  
the bad influence of their misdeeds."

Mr. Ehrich writes:

"With us, as yet, politics do not offer an inviting cae-  
reer, and a cheap demagog will be especially ready to at-  
tack the millionaire. Possibly this is one reason why so  
many American young men of wealth fritter away their  
energies in pursuit of sport. A veteran turfman, recently  
returned from Europe, in a published interview on the sub-  
ject of race-track betting, after expressing his opinion that  
betting was not vital to horse-racing, added this signifi-  
cant paragraph: 'There is one point I would like to make  
in favor of horse-racing. It provides a clean, healthy  
amusement for the young men of the country who have  
money but who have no serious interests.' Is there not,  
as indicated by your editorial, a great economic and moral  
waste if 'no serious interests' can be found to enlist  
the energies and overflowing wealth of these young men?  
Let me offer a suggestion: In Chicago two young men  
who started with ample inherited wealth, Mr. Charles L.  
Hutchinson and Mr. Martin A. Ryerson, have, for years,  
consecrated the bulk of their energies to the upbuilding  
of the Chicago Fine Arts Museum.

"This has been their 'serious interest,' and in conse-  
quence they have rendered the very highest service to  
their community and have reared a noble monument to  
their unselfish public spirit.

"In Baltimore Mr. Henry L. Walters is extending the  
splendid work begun by his father and is completing an  
art gallery which, for generations to come, will be a  
source of culture and of pride to his city and to the whole  
State of Maryland. But by far the greatest American ac-  
complishment in this direction, the full significance of  
which has as yet been strangely missed, is the creation  
and development, in this city, of the Hispanic Museum,  
by Mr. Archer M. Huntington. The originality and bold-  
ness of its conception, its patient and wise execution, the  
variety, quality, and extent of its collections, its contribu-  
tions to the dissemination of Spanish literature and  
scholarship by the republication of rare manuscripts, its  
coöperation in the study of Spanish art by the support of  
a special art journal, these, added to the translations of

Spanish classics by its founder, combine to constitute an achievement which the writer confidently believes to be the finest thing brought to completion by any young man in the world today, and for which, in its combination of art taste and lavish expenditure, one can find a parallel only in the days of the Medicis."



### OUR NATIONAL WEALTH.

In round figures we have 3,000,000 square miles out of the total 50,000,000 square miles of the world's area. We have a population of 86,000,000, or a fraction over 5 per cent of the world's. With an area of 5.9 per cent of the world's, and a population of 5.2 per cent, we are raising annually 43 per cent of the world's total production of wheat, corn, and oats. Of corn alone,—one of the most important cereals known to mankind,—we are producing 78.8 per cent; of tobacco we are raising 31.1 per cent, and of cotton 71.3 per cent. Thus, in agriculture,—the starting point of material progress, since man must first be fed and clothed,—is found an illustration of our position.

This agricultural supremacy is fully matched in minerals and manufacturers. Taking the most recent available figures, which include a few estimates for 1907, and the striking comparison is produced that we made last year over 42 per cent of the world's iron production, or 25,780,000 tons out of a total of 61,000,000 tons. We mined 455,000,000 tons of coal out of a total of 1,220,000,000 tons, or 37.3 per cent of the industrial energy stored in coal, the motive power of material progress. Of petroleum, which lights so large a portion of the earth, illuminating the adobe house in the wilds of the mountain regions of Mexico, the home of the dweller in the Andes, the hut of the mountaineer in the distant regions of the Himalayas, and likewise furnishes what is regarded as the best of lights in the dwellings of wealth and even of royalty, we produced last year 162,600,000 barrels, or 62.5 per cent of the world's total of 260,000,000 barrels.—From "A National Inventory," by Richard H. Edmonds, in the American Review of Reviews for May.



### WHAT THE COUNTRY MEANS TO ME.

The Simple Life does not consist in becoming careless and slouchy, or wearing unbecoming hats, or in alienating the affections of one's spouse by making one's self a drudge. It consists in natural social surroundings, suited to cultivated tastes, where parents and children can live instead of merely making a living.

The simple country life means a material reduction in the cost of living. The home itself can be less pretentious and more commodious. The modern American bungalow gives the maximum of comfort and dignity at the minimum of expense, and is rapidly taking the place of the ordinary suburban or country house.

Esthetically, the country means stretches of field, meadow, and woodland, liquid bird-notes, filmy gossamer webs in the mornings, cooling dews in the evenings, the perfumed breath of the blossoms and fruit, an opportunity to get near to Nature's heart.

From the practical view-point it means to me working in the "rich-blossoming elbowed earth," tilling the soil, producing what one eats, testing the resources of Nature first hand, winning vigor and a clean conscience from natural relations to the soil. It means knowing one's human neighbors and wild ones, as they really are; it

means hours with one's family; well-earned rest; to be a producer as well as consumer and thus fill one's proper relations to mankind.

It means further a new opportunity not only for me, but for those who have never had a chance. They have it now. A new boom is on, the farm-land boom; a new development is beginning, intensive agriculture; a new discovery, the riches of the soil; a new opening, the intelligent use of "the little lands."

Most people think, "I couldn't make anything out of the land," which reminds me of a story: A man had an idea that a fish could be trained to live without water; so he took away the water drop by drop, day by day, till the fish learned to do entirely without it. Then he taught the fish to come when he whistled and to follow him. One day he walked along the road and the fish flopped after him, till they came to a bridge over a river; there was a crack between the planks and the fish fell between them into the water—and was drowned.

So it is with men; our land system has so thoroughly separated us from the earth that people don't know how to use it in the natural way. But if you cannot make a living off the land, you cannot make it anywhere.

It does not demand any more brains than any of the other ways of earning a living, and it is open to a far larger number, to women just as much as to men. "The profit of the earth is for all."

There is more money to be made out of the soil, if you get at it intelligently, than there is in any other endeavor that is open to every one. Any one who knows enough to conduct a shop, or who knows how to make a profit out of employees, or who is a good enough financier to meet the monthly bills, knows enough to make money out of the soil. The same attention to details, the same care of an orchard, or of a vegetable farm, or of a fruit-farm, or of a flower garden will bring far greater profits. Any one who has a little store, or who makes things in a small way, is oppressed with the ever-present danger of being crushed by a trust or forced to the wall by richer or more powerful competitors. What chance has a woman in the city now other than a mere living? What chance has the average clerk? Both grow old trying to keep abreast of their expenses. Many of these people have a natural taste for the land. They love to prune, they love to plant, they love to help Nature perform her marvels. They potter away in their little garden-patches at their homes in the suburbs, and find more real enjoyment in their gardens than in anything else. These are the ones who might make grand success of their lives if they worked the soil.—The Circle



### ATHLETICS, PRO AND CON.

#### The Arguments in Favor.

THE foundation of a building must be well made, else it is idle to put expense on to the superstructure. Similarly, the body must be perfect or it is largely a waste of effort to try to train the intellectual part of us. The old Greeks realized this very clearly, and they paid more attention to developing the physical side than the mental side of their youth. The result was that in a few short generations they brought about the finest culture that the world has ever known. Later, as they allowed themselves to be effeminized, they were overcome by the physically finer, though mentally primitive northern races, and sank into oblivion.



The cities are always replenished from the country districts; this is because the country people have better physiques and in the struggle for existence the enervated urban dwellers cannot compete with the fresh-blooded invaders from the backwoods and farms. If then, the healthy body is primarily essential to the healthy mind, our system of education should start there. We should make sure first that our children are sent out into the world equipped with a large capital of health; they will then make their way without question, whereas the world is already too full of educated anemics. The way to bring the desired condition about is to encourage athletics. We see what wonders President Roosevelt performs. He is a very mystery of endurance to everyone who comes in touch with him. Yet he started out as a weakly boy, and he says that he built himself up by athletic training. Hence he is devoted to athletics in every form. Had his body not been so developed up, certainly he never could have stood up under all the burdens he takes on himself. He is a shining example of what can be done, for where the body is made strong the mind will be so as a natural result.

#### Suggestions on the Other Side.

Athletic training is all right, in its way, if carried out on ideal lines. But the so-called athletics of today, instead of being the well-ordered and rational system the Greeks practised, is only a sort of barbarous scrimmaging and contention which does more harm than good. Think of the deaths or injuries caused by injudicious hard play at football, etc. The casualties noted in the newspapers at the end of every athletic season read like the reports of a battle, and thousands of men go through life maimed and handicapped by some hurt they got in the excitement of some game. In the heat of interest, everyone is apt to overdo and injure himself and others; our sport has no regulation and thus the margin of safety is constantly being exceeded. So injurious in fact is athletics that the doctors have a special name for a disease common among athletes, namely, "athletic heart." The playing of baseball, football, etc., and running, jumping, etc., develops a very strong heart, and when in later years this exercise is stopped, the result is that the heart degenerates and becomes a seat of all sort of troubles. Any doctor will tell you that a part once developed and then disused becomes an invitation to disease. For girls especially, athletics are very dangerous, as they are almost certain to exceed their strength and thereby bring on ills which will last them through life. We all know boys who have such a fondness for athletics that they cannot be persuaded to do a stroke of useful work for love or money. The colleges turn out a lot of loafers who, while they are very keen on athletic records and the athletic pages of the yellow newspapers, are very little good as workers and citi-

zens. Healthy, useful work is the best sort of athletics, and it is this kind of bodily exercise that we should encourage. Easy play among children, and plenty of recreation in the open air should be provided for—but this is not "athletics." What foolishness it is to let a boy exercise on a rowing-machine or run around a track, when he might as well be exercising with a hoe or running on some useful errand. Yet the one is "athletics," as they call it, and the other is only plain, common-sense usefulness to the world. If a census of "who's who" could be taken, it would be found that the men who are doing the most for themselves, their families and the country are not those who were brought up on going to ball games and following prize-fights.—*The Pathfinder*.



#### BETWEEN WHILES.

Teacher (to new pupil).—"What's your name?"

New Pupil.—"T-t-tommy T-t-tinker."

Teacher.—"And do you stutter all the time, Tommy?"

New Pupil.—"N-n-no, m-ma'am; o-only when I t-t-talk."



#### The Wretch.

The Maid.—"Do you believe it's unlucky to get married on a Friday?"

The Abominable Bachelor.—"Certainly. Why should Friday be an exception?"—Black and White.



How dear to our heart is the big silver dollar, whene'er a subscriber presents it to view; the Liberty head without necktie or collar, and all the strange things which to us seem so new; the wide-spreading eagle, the arrows below it, and the stars with the words with the strange things they tell; the coin of our fathers, we're glad that we know it, for some time or other 'twill come in right well; the spread-eagle dollar, the star spangled dollar, the old silver dollar we all love so well.—Western Teacher.



#### Business Enterprise.

A Bladensburg merchant, says the Argonaut, was dozing in his store one day when a little girl with a pitcher appeared in the doorway and asked for a quart of molasses. The storekeeper yawned, stretched himself, half opened his eyes, and then in an injured tone, said, "Ain't there nobody in Bladensburg that sells molasses but me?"

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

---

WANTED.—A COOK. An active, loyal sister, a good cook, for the college. Terms right. Work begins in September. Send reference with your application. Mount Morris College, Mount Morris, Ill.

FOR SALE.—160 acres, near good school and Brethren church; 20 acres alfalfa, 10 acres other crops, balance pasture adjoining free range. Irrigation for 30 acres. Ideal cattle or sheep ranch. Fine climate. Price \$2,500. \$700 cash, balance easy terms. John Harbert, Manzanola, Colo.

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# Facts Regarding Imperial Valley

Some people in trying to induce their friends to settle in the country where they themselves are located, frequently send them advertising matter that is gotten up by unscrupulous land agents that deviates from the truth. Their friends come and buy property and soon find out that the facts do not correspond with the advertisements sent them. The result is they soon become discouraged and sell out at a sacrifice, and go back where they came from, worsted financially and in some instances say worse things of the country than they should, and thus bring reproach on a good country (though not as good as the advertisement represented it to be). The undersigned has known this to happen more than once, and for this reason has decided to tell his friends about the Imperial Valley in his own words, so that he alone shall be responsible, and so that the wonderful Imperial Valley may never be made a reproach and a by-word.

Imperial Valley is situated in San Diego County, California, 183 miles east of Los Angeles on the Imperial branch of the Southern Pacific railroad. The soil is an alluvial deposit and all crops are grown by irrigation, with water from the Colorado River. The main irrigation canal is 80 feet wide on the bottom and 100 feet wide on the top, and 10 feet deep. The soil is adapted to the growth of wheat, barley, alfalfa and nearly all kinds of fruit. Alfalfa having plenty of water can be cut eight times per season, yielding as high as ten tons of nice hay per acre which sells at present from \$8.00 to \$11.00 per ton. Barley can be sown for winter pasture in alfalfa stubble after the last crop of hay is harvested. Alfalfa can be cut every three weeks if the hay is wanted for dairy cows, or every four or five weeks if wanted for horses. I have known of alfalfa yielding \$40.00 worth of seed per acre and my own yielded \$20.00 per acre with the first season's sowing. Dairying and hog raising are very profitable. Butter sells from 20 cents to 45 cents per pound; hogs, 7½ cents on foot; also beef, cattle and horses do excellently. One colt weighed 960 pounds at less than one year old. One acre of alfalfa will keep from 2 to 3 head of dairy cows or horses and from ten to fifteen head of hogs. Oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apricots, grapes and berries do well. A single grape vine has yielded 30 pounds of grapes 18 months from setting. Grapes, apricot and cantaloupe growing is very profitable as they will ripen here from three to four weeks earlier than other places, and be placed on the eastern market before they are ripe in other localities. One man at Coachella was offered \$600.00 cash for the grapes on a single acre of vines and refused the offer and sold at retail for \$1,400.00. Cantaloupes will net the growers from \$50.00 to \$300.00 per acre. I have lived in the valley as long as any one, being one of the first settlers, and my experience and observation has taught me that you can grow almost anything here you plant, including vegetables, if planted in the proper seasons and properly cared for. The selling price of land at present is from \$40.00 to \$100.00 per acre, owing to location. President Roosevelt says that when it is thoroughly developed it will be worth from \$500.00 to \$1500.00 per acre.

Reader, when you shiver around your fireside the coming winter, just think of the Imperial Valley where you can go in your shirt sleeves nearly every day in the year. And on the 10th day of this month (May, 1907), while there was a snow storm raging in many places in the eastern states, we were making hay and picking and eating fruit in the Imperial Valley.

For further information, address

**W. F. GILLETT, - Holtville, California**

As to the reliability of the above, inquire of W. E. Trostle, San Gabriel, Cal., enclosing stamp.

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A book of 512 pages and containing 742 of the best hymns of the day and is well adapted for Sunday school, prayer-meeting and church service.

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Dr. R. A. Torrey  
Answers Practical and Perplexing  
Questions, similar to these  
recently published:

"Some teach that a believer is sanctified instantaneously; others declare that sanctification is a gradual process, perfected in heaven only. What does the Bible teach as to this?"

"Is it ever right to ask unconverted though moral people to teach a Sunday-school class or do other definite Christian work?"

"How would you prove the existence of God to an inquirer?"

"What is the Scriptural means of raising money for church or other Christian uses?"

"Kindly explain Acts 13: 48; 'And as many as were ordained to eternal life believed.' Are some born to be lost?"

Another department **Dr. Torrey** maintains is: **STUDIES IN THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF OUR LORD.**

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It is expected that **THE TIE** will report the addresses of several Bible conferences during the coming summer.

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## LITERARY ACTIVITY —OF— THE BRETHREN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By Prof John S. Flory  
of Virginia

A book with the above title is just now being published, and promises to be one of exceptional interest to all members of the Brethren church. The book contains nearly 400 pages, and is a marvel in book lore. We want to place this book in 20,000 homes of the Brethren within the next six months. In order to do this, we must have at once

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We are now publishing an 80-page song book, with good manilla cover, to be used during our Bicentennial meeting, and general Conference, to be held at Des Moines, Iowa, June 3-11. In this song book, we have the very cream of both "The Brethren Hymnal" and "Song Praises," and also a special "Bicentennial Song," written for this occasion.

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The Profits in Fruit Growing in the YAKIMA VALLEY, Washington

Reports for 1907

Of course, the prices of last year were high, but half the amount received is good profit. Here are some of the receipts per acre:

|                         |            |
|-------------------------|------------|
| W. F. F. Sellack, ..... | \$1,122.00 |
| J. Van Peyton, .....    | 1,430.00   |
| E. F. Perry, .....      | 1,536.00   |
| C. S. Huff, .....       | 1,250.00   |
| W. H. Strausze, .....   | 2,133.00   |
| A. H. Henry, .....      | 1,907.00   |
| C. O. Shupe, .....      | 1,830.00   |
| Wm. Miller, .....       | 2,165.00   |
| J. P. Bullen, .....     | 1,818.00   |

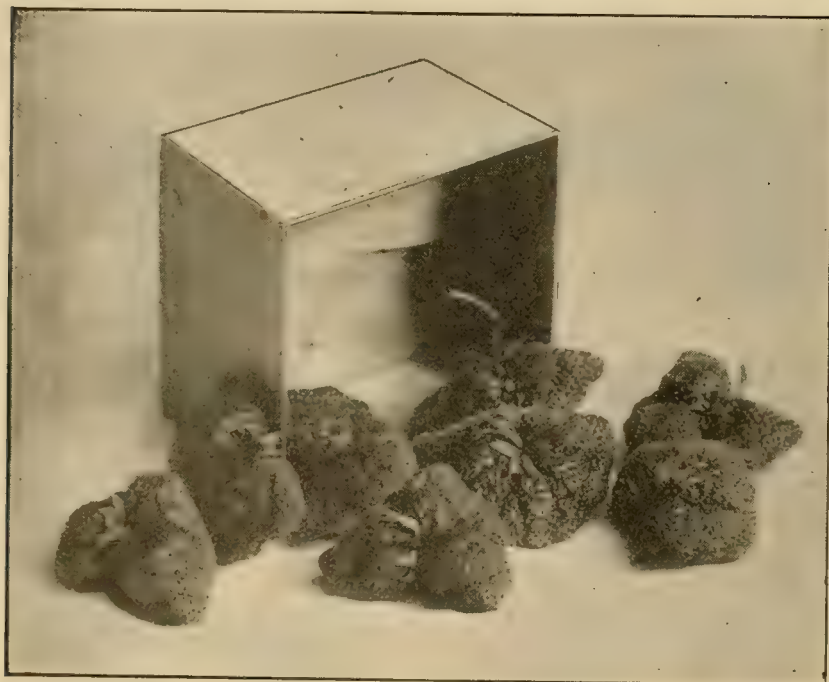
Other orchardists made big profits. The largest profits are on peaches, pears, and apples.

Write the men whose names we give and write the banks as to their reliability.

One acre will produce more in net profits than the average wage worker receives in wages for one year, \$500.



A Two-year-old Apricot Tree.



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By ROBERT A. WISE

NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

References:

First National Bank  
Yakima National Bank  
Yakima Valley Bank  
Secretary Commercial Club  
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¶ The city of Medicine Hat, situated on the Saskatchewan river and underlaid with gas and coal, is destined to be a great manufacturing center.

¶ Why not join the colonies already there and enjoy some of the material benefits as well as help build up one of the largest and best colonies in the Canadian West.

¶ We have excursions every first and third Tuesday of the month.

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OF CONFERENCE OF 1908

HELD AT

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On account of this year being the Two-Hundredth year since the Brethren church began in Germany, it will make this meeting of unusual interest and importance in the history of the church. For this reason alone, thousands will want the Report this year to commemorate that event.

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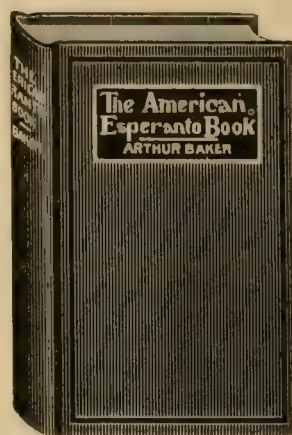
Send us your advance order now, or hand it to our local agent of your congregation, so you will get a copy as soon as the Report is published.

We expect to push the publication of this Report and will endeavor to have same ready for mailing, the week following the meeting.

Price prepaid, per copy, .....25 cents

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is rapidly gaining ground as an international language and now has thousands of enthusiastic supporters in almost every ntaion on both Hemsipheres. We have therefore arranged a clubbing proposition with "Amerika Esperantisto" which is the most popular Monthly Magazine devoted to the propagation of the language.

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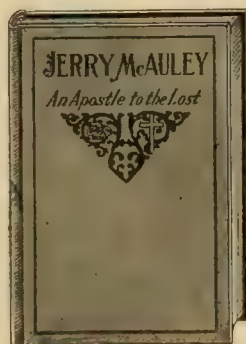
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**Elgin, Illinois.**

# JERRY McAULEY An Apostle to the Lost

Edited by R. M. Offord

The new and largely revised edition of the book just published is neither biography nor autobiography but the happy blending of both. The editor gathered together the fragmentary accounts of the man's own life and with suitable explanations wove the entire into a most complete story of one of God's humblest servants and yet earth's greatest men. Jerry's own account of his sinful life is put in that language which shows he was keenly sensible of his awful guilt. And while the reader gets a clear insight into his life, it is in such a manner as not to feed the baser of human nature, but rather to rejoice that one should be saved from such lower and devilish depths.



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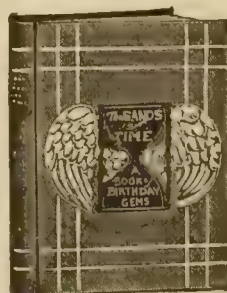


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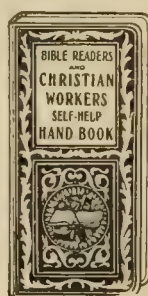
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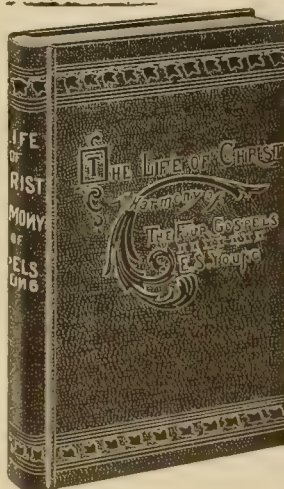
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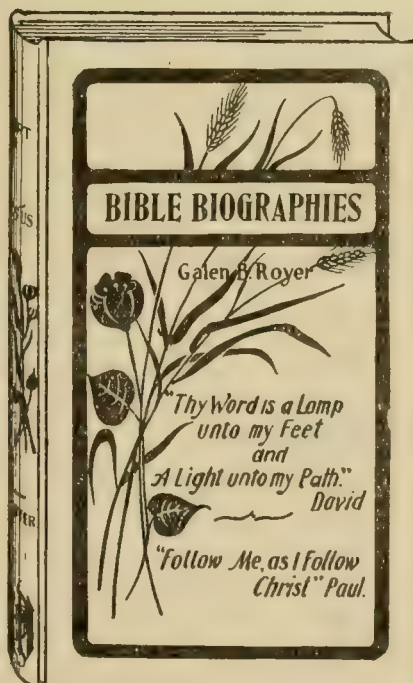
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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

June 9, 1908

No. 23.

## A Night-School Education

Walter C. Frick

As I write this article a serious financial panic exists in our country. And only this morning as I neared my place of business I took particular notice of one fact. Many well-appearing men and women, who were fortunate enough to be still in possession of their positions, were hastening to work, while almost an equal number, not so well-appearing, were waiting outside the employment offices for a chance to return to the positions which only a few weeks previous they lost. I compared the faces and appearances of the two classes. To me it was not at all difficult to tell why the present condition of either class was not reversed. One class had prepared themselves for just such a time, not knowing, however, whether such a time would ever occur. The other class had drifted with the tide and doubtless in most cases will continue to drift, in spite of the serious lesson they are now experiencing. Those of the first class doubtless did well the work that each day came to hand to do, but were not content, many of them, to stay where they were and gain promotion by mere attention to business (very often an exceedingly slow and tedious method), but in their odd moments and leisure time studied, and prepared themselves for greater and probably nobler things.

I am reminded of a picture which represents a small group of aged and middle-aged men, probably directors of some institution or business, seated about a table in a private room. Before them stands a young man intent upon explaining to them some important plan or affair. As he proceeds, his superiors strain eyes and ears as if trying to catch the last word of a departing loved one. The picture represents the MAN WHO KNOWS. You know, without further comment or explanation, who in this picture is the MAN WHO KNOWS. It is the *man who knows* who gets along best in this world. Therefore I appeal to you to so labor as to put yourself in this class. Make the proper use of your spare time.

\* \* \* \*

In considering the important subject of night-school education we first wish to ask you which is the more opportune time for mental activity, which time is more conducive to deep thinking, night or day? Night, with comparatively everything at rest, no sound or sight to detract one from his purpose, or day with its myriads of violent stimuli to the brain, hindering it, and often wholly preventing it from becoming deeply concentrated upon any fixed subject? Night is the time which the deepest thinkers choose to delve into deep mental problems. It is night's shades which shut out all external stimuli to the brain and let that wonderful organ have full sway over the thinking process. You need not be told how difficult a task it is to concentrate one's mind when all about is noise and confusion. Primarily at night is the time the night-school student makes his headway. He works when every one else sleeps and when he works, he *works*.

The fellow who has smooth sailing thru life isn't likely to make much of a man out of himself. On just about the same principle the individual who has both time and finances in abundance isn't as a rule likely to make much of a student and, not being a good student, isn't likely to be much of a success in the trade or profession at which he aims. This fact is demonstrated time and again in day colleges, for as a general rule the very best students are those men who "work their way" thru college. Again, the individual who studies for a profession simply because his gaining it is the heart's desire of a fond parent who rarely, if ever, considers his child's natural fitness for the profession, almost invariably makes a failure. Our day schools and colleges are well supplied with just such individuals, the majority of whom give the bulk of their time to athletics, wine and women and who, nevertheless, are sent out into the professional world ill prepared to do the work of the profession they represent. (In speaking thus we have reference to students who attend recognized colleges and are charged the regular



tuition and other expenses. Something which is gotten free is too often not appreciated and we leave free schools entirely out of the question.)

Not so with those individuals whom the night college represents. Each and every one works under more or less difficulty. It is the successful battle against difficulties which makes real men out of us. They are individuals who, in their employment, do not work full time as a rule, or have a business of their own which, in either case, affords much time for study, with often just enough work to relieve the monotony of a student's life.

The possessor of a night-school education can tell you stories of hard manual labor by day, every spare moment, whether in street car, in the noon hour, or at numerous other times, improved by deepest study, of several hours after supper consumed by lectures and recitations at college, and yet a couple hours up to and even past midnight spent in study to put the finishing touches upon his day's work. Nor is this all. Think what it means to his family. Forever away from his home, and deprived of most of its dear pleasures and association with his loved ones in order to prepare himself for professional life and eventually do his share toward making this old world better. No one furnishes him money, he must attend strictly to business, both to keep his position with his employer and to keep abreast with the strict discipline of his college.

Almost invariably the night-school student is of more mature life, has often a business training and a more mature understanding. He *knows* what he is fitted for and consequently does not study amiss. He knows *how* to study and *what* to study. It is evident that he has no time for the chaff in his text-books. He must and knows how to practice the art of selecting the essential points and passing those which are unimportant.

We recognize the fact that a night-school student has fewer hours a day than a day student in which to study. This deficiency is made up by extending the school year a number of months beyond the day term. We realize the fact also that many professional men oppose the night college. In answer we dare say that none such were compelled to get their education by attending a night school, neither were they beset by many difficulties as day-school students. There are also many professional men who, because of their lack of success, are envious of all others who wish to enter their profession thru any but the old established route.

On the other hand, night institutions of learning secure some of the highest class instructors who not only work for the compensation and experience they receive, but labor untiringly to build up the institutions with which they are connected. Many of our best night-school instructors are considered among the best

instructors in the day colleges where they teach. Yet again we realize the fact that the general public is more or less prejudiced against such individuals as possess a night-school education. The great majority of them are so, not because of actual experience, but have been so educated by those of the profession who have had the advantage of day schools. What imitators the most of us are! The most of us are content to allow others to do our thinking for us, and so it comes that those having day-school educations being in the great majority have educated the public to think as they themselves dictate in this matter as well as in many others. An education is an education, regardless of when or in what manner it is gotten.

No one has a particle of right to condemn anyone or anything on mere hearsay. No one has a right to condemn anyone, until, by personal study he has proven him to be a failure. Here again, as we said in the beginning, it's the man who does things that merits the honor and patronage, let him be possessed of an education, secured either by day or by night, so at least give your man a chance to prove his worth to you before passing judgment.

Not all night-educated men are successful in business or profession, but the same is even more true of day-educated individuals. As a proof of our assertion we submit the following table as representing the results of examinations for three successive years in one of the noblest professions, that of the medical profession. These colleges are all located in Chicago and those whose names are printed in black are recognized evening colleges. It will be noticed that the largest schools are omitted because of the great difference in number of students.

Years 1903, 1904 and 1905.

|                                                      | Took<br>examination | Passed | Failed | Per cent<br>failures |
|------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|--------|--------|----------------------|
| Herring Medical College.....                         | 55                  | 50     | 5      | 9                    |
| American Medical Missionary College .....            | 48                  | 43     | 5      | 10.4                 |
| Hahnemann College .....                              | 204                 | 182    | 22     | 10.7                 |
| American College of Physicians<br>and Surgeons ..... | 77                  | 65     | 12     | 15.6                 |
| Bennet Medical College .....                         | 77                  | 62     | 15     | 19.5                 |
| Illinois Medical College .....                       | 164                 | 121    | 43     | 26.2                 |
| College of Medicine and Surgery ..                   | 63                  | 39     | 24     | 38.1                 |
| Jenner Medical College .....                         | 54                  | 44     | 10     | 18.5                 |
| Dearborn Medical College .....                       | 47                  | 46     | 1      | 3.4                  |

In conclusion let us again present the following facts: Man is accountable for every minute of his time. It will be hard to account for misspent time. Spare time may be spent profitably in a combination of intellectual and spiritual development, either of which is recreation from physical labor and vice versa.

Knowing these facts then let no one hesitate to start in pursuit of an education as afforded by a good evening college, knowing that it is not merely he who makes a pretense of knowing, but he who *knows* and *does* that gets the patronage of intelligent people.



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter VII.

WAGES in England are usually considered low, but on this farm I received one dollar a day for regular work and as high as \$2.50 for special work. When we hauled in the oats I was paid five dollars for two days' work. Again, when cutting the weeds out of the irrigating ditches over the farm I was paid four cents per rod, and could easily clean up sixty to eighty rods a day, and by working very hard, a hundred rods, which is better than any work I have ever found on an American farm.

When the entire job of cleaning the ditches of the weeds was given over to me, some of the men were disposed to look upon me as a favorite with the foreman. In this they probably were not wholly wrong, for the foreman was a Christian man, a superintendent of a Sunday school, and an ardent for temperance. When I had refused to take the regular allowance for beer in the

field with the other men, the foreman at once honored me for my stand. I was paid higher wages for the same work, was treated more kindly because of my temperance principles, and when the job of mowing the weeds in the long ditches was given out, the foreman was so good as to give it to me.

To do this work I got down into the ditch, walking right along, cutting a few rods on one side, and then turning around and cutting back on the other side, using now one hand, and now another, mowing off the grass and weeds level to the ground, and even, all the way from the top to the bottom, leaving the ditch lying open so that any mold or rotting vegeta-

tion might be killed by the sun and air. Then passing along with a fork, I threw all the grass and weeds out on the bank where it was gathered up later by a man and hauled away in a two-wheeled cart. For physical exercise I never found any work just so charming as this. My shoulders, back and arms were called into vigorous play, and I seldom needed to stoop very much, but just walked along in the deep ravine-like ditch, slashing the green-growing turf, right and left, and leaving behind me a clean-cut surface.

The only thing I feared was a possible snake or ugly lizard, about which I was warned by the Gypsies who worked on the farm and lived in beautiful but queer wagon-homes in the meadow. But I was getting four cents a rod for the work, and often it was the easiest thing in the world to clear up two or three rods in a minute, by working like a machine, with knife flying at its ut-



House of Foreman on Gibson Farm. The Wife and two Daughters Were in the Berry-Picking Race.

most rapidity. I was afraid of the snakes and lizards, but I kept thinking of the "four cents a rod," "four cents a rod," "four cents a rod," and while the money was piling up so easily the fear of the serpents was minimized. The big yellow spiders, that American boys find in the harvest fields, were also here, in this ditch. But as they are apparently harmless, I mowed away, letting them fly wherever they would, careful that none of them dropped on my head or fell down my neck. "Four cents a rod," "four cents a rod," "four cents a rod," I kept saying with that old corn-knife, and without working a full day, or anything like a full day, I could earn from two to three dollars.



And I suppose the only reason I got that job away from the others, or did not share it with any of them, but had it all for myself, was the fact that I had dared to stand for the principle of temperance. It might be, too, that the lazy and trifling hirelings, incompetent and dishonest in their work, could not have been depended upon to do this work as the master wished to have it done.

One afternoon I was chopping away with all my might in a rather heavy, swampy morass of grass, rushes and weeds, when my knife struck something like a solid cushion. It struck it again and again, each time the cushion seemed to move. It acted as if it was alive. I stopped and looked for the object. I had mowed right into a nest of hedgehogs, the first hedgehogs I ever saw in their native haunts. At first the pathetic cries of the little ones in the nest attracted my attention. They might have been kittens or puppies or rabbits, for the sound, while unlike anything I ever heard before, was not so different but that the imagination could associate with it almost any kind of small animal in distress. I looked closely, carefully, rather fearfully, down among the leaves, the grass and bushes. All I saw was a

yellowish ball that seemed to "give in" when I touched it with my chopper. Sometimes when I pushed it hard the ball would slightly unroll. It was some time before I realized the value of my discovery. This ball was the mother, that had rolled up over the nest, to protect not only herself but also her little ones from the danger threatening them. Then I rolled her into my big hat and played with her as with a football,—gently, but she never opened up. The little babies below her did not know what to do when she had rolled up over them, for the sharp quills of her hide were sticking them most unmercifully. It was quite probably the first scare they had ever had, here in their safe retreat from men and dogs, and they had yet to learn, by cruel experience, the use of those ugly, projecting spikes, that were not only all over their mother, but also were beginning to stick through from their own little hides. These quills were several inches long, as sharp as needles, and as strong, sticking out every way over the back and sides, many of them stick-

ing among one another in all directions, affording a perfect armament that no dog could ever master. I wondered whether some of these sharp needles did not turn in sometimes and torture the owner of them. When the hedgehog was all nicely rolled up, no head or tail could be seen. It was just a round ball, the outer covering of which was full of projecting spikes, so formidable and sharp as to make it impossible to take the animal into one's hands.

Its safety was in lying still. Its conquest was by doing nothing, but just keep on lying still. When I tickled its back the hedgehog slightly unrolled, peeped out with its queer little head from among the gray quills, showed for an instant four little legs that were too small to permit it to run fast, or to fight an enemy, then rolled up again and was to all appearances as dead as a rock.

When I told the men that night about my find, one of them said he liked to eat the flesh of hedgehogs and that he might go over later and take some of the little ones for a mess. I begged him not to molest them, however, I regretted that I had made known their habitation to the man who saw in the little curiosities only a few mouthfuls of flesh that any of the excellent vegetables



Horse and Cart Used by Mr. Gibson in Riding around the Farm.

growing about could better have satisfied.

I learned some excellent lessons about this animal with the needle-back. God was kind to it in furnishing it with those weapons, for in no other way would its life be safe. Its small feet, its anti-disposition to fight, its size and its habits of living in nests on the ground rather than below the ground, would all tend to its extinction. The Creator had given it these long, sharp needles in place of horns and hoofs or sharp teeth and strong arms. It was satisfied to use what God had given it, and was not complaining that it could not run away like the snake or hare, or tear the flesh like the wolf or lion. It also knew when to keep quiet. It was the most quiet when there seemed to be the greatest need for it to have been excited, nervous and fidgety. In its silence, its stillness, its calmness, as often in our own, lay its strength, its hope, its life.

## THE VALUE OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

PERRY LINT.

How potent is the social environment in shaping the minds of men we shall find it difficult to realize. At one time and in one country we find one idea prevailing and in another, another. The ideal man in Sparta was the brave soldier; in Athens, the symmetrically developed man; among the monks of the middle ages, the man who had completely renounced the world; among the Jesuits, the man who does not only what his superior directs but who thinks and feels as he does. But the thing of supreme value in this world today is the individual who wisely and rationally lives.

The individual who is of use to his country and to mankind is the one in whom is the feeling of duty to himself, to others and to his God. There is an ideal manhood to which the human race must come and every step towards this end which the individual may take is a step won for humanity.

The one who hopes to aid in the development of mankind must first develop himself. Besides preserving his personality, he is to appropriate to himself in his development whatever materials of growth he can assimilate to his betterment. For life can maintain itself only by growth. The living soul is an organic force and is not stored with the truths of reason when it comes into this world. It inherits certain faculties but the outer world and all truth must be discovered by it. The soul cannot be said to be finished when it is created but in a sense the individual must develop it by finding the materials which are suited for its growth. Man's individuality and true worth is to be acquired by effort and not by gift or chance.

One must realize within himself as much as is possible of the highest good. This particular good which is to be attained in the perfect man is the object of personal desire and should be the object of possession, so far as practicable. This is a treasure which cannot be held by the individual alone; it must be shared and by this sharing human welfare is bettered.

Man must have within him the proper motive; the wants of others should call as loudly to him as his own, and his relation to society should involve duties upon him which the selfish man fails to perform. Social organisms and a nation, such as our own grand free government, are only made possible by the people who live in it in whom the sense of duty and veracity overflows. For this nation to exist, veracity is required in the arm of the day laborer, the hand of the mechanic, the finger of the artist, the pen of the capitalist, the brain of the thinker and the very imagination of the poet. Possessing these things, man can be said to be a man of honor. Not honor as we are accustomed to think of it as a romantic virtue, associated with the memories of chivalry,—the daring and the pride of men whose rights were obtained by artillery

and whose laws were made by their swords,—but one who has a high regard for his own spiritual being, together with a sincere respect for the sacredness of others. Such men will use the good they possess against the evil before them. They are the real leaders of men, the genuine reformers, the makers and builders whose works remain.

At this stage in the history of the world, man has come to clearly realize the fact that, no matter what happens in the physical world, there is a cause for it. If a machine refuses to operate we know there is a cause for it and that a patient and careful study of the facts of the case may enable us to discover the cause and remove it. If a bank is defaulted, if a public office is corrupted, if the trust of the people is betrayed, if a nation sinks to the plane where it fails to be recognized as a world power, we can find the cause for it and that cause lies in the individual, whose weakness of character caused him to surrender to vice.

How can this cause be removed? It cannot be done by attempting to reform those who now hold the responsible positions or by attempting to instil the sense of duty into the breasts of those who rule the people by unjust laws. The remedy must be applied to another generation and that place is in the rising generation. In them must be placed the desire to achieve true greatness and they must feel that they are spinning their own fates, good or evil, never to be undone, for every smallest stroke of virtue or vice leaves its never so little scar. Nothing we ever do is completely cast out or erased, and as every moment in that stately and solemn procession that we call the March of Time goes by never to return, so is the individual being developed into a man who is a benefit to mankind or a menace to society, never to be changed.

We often come in contact with those whose chief aim is, in some way, to do an injustice to their fellow-man. Their efforts tend to destroy all progress made by mankind, they delight in the downfall of others, and glory in the misfortunes of their less fortunate brothers. And yet they hide their life under the cloak of religion. They use their church relations as an instrument in commercial gain; they infringe on the rights of others; in their dealings they are ever ready to take the advantage; they worship money and on account of the abnormal love they use unjust means in securing this idol of their heart and yet on Sunday they enter the pulpit and deliver a sermon which is to admonish the tender lambs of their flock. They fail to realize that, to the true Christian, their preaching is so much wasted energy and forget that their daily actions betray their profession. Altho man be reared in the shadow of a church and adhere strictly to the formalities of that institution and his life is one of pretension, he is looked upon less favorably by his Maker than the one who has never heard the sound



of a church bell and yet is true to his belief and professions. The church and the true man are calling for men who live lives of less pretension and more accomplishment; men whose lives correspond to their profession.

If this government is to be successful it is the individual who is true to himself, who must make it so. This grand old republic which has weathered so nobly the storms of war and peace is now calling for leaders who will govern it as did our forefathers. It was the dream of the drafters of the constitution that each year the people should choose from their number the fittest men to make the laws. This was actually done in the early days but today this is not the case. We

send the men who will serve the corporations, trusts and capitalists and aid them in crushing the American people for their own personal gain. The masses of people in this twentieth century are seeking men who have noble and unselfish purposes; men who will serve the people with principle; men who have convictions and the courage of their convictions.

When these men are found, and not until they are found, treason in the senate will cease; the voices of the attorneys for the controlling interests will become hushed; the interests of those who lie in the direction of just ruling will cease to be unrepresented and this will indeed be a government for the people.

*Mt. Morris, Ill.*

## How the Healing Art Developed

J. F. Studebaker, M. D.

### In Five Parts.—Part Three.

IDEALISM of the profession in modern times is beautifully and carefully worded in the beginning of the first chapter of "Principles of Medical Ethics of the American Medical Association." Physicians should not only be ever ready to obey the calls of the sick and the injured, but should be mindful of the high character of their mission and of the responsibilities they must incur in the discharge of momentous duties. In their ministrations they should never forget that the comfort, the health and the lives of those entrusted to their care depend on skill, attention and fidelity. In deportment they should unite tenderness, cheerfulness and firmness, and thus inspire all sufferers with gratitude, respect and confidence. These observations are the more sacred because, generally, the only tribunal to adjudge penalties for unkindness, carelessness or neglect is their own conscience."

Such honorable aims of the profession today are in a great measure expressive of the ethics of Hippocrates toward the ill. By reason of his unimpeachable integrity, his enviable unselfishness, his philosophic and scientific supremacy, his unprecedented art of healing, and his exceptional advancement of the Old World's surgery, he was lavished with many honors, being called "The Father of Medicine," "The Divine Old Man" and being deified after his death in 361 B. C.

Following Hippocrates was Aristotle, the great naturalist of antiquity, creating the first museum in natural history. He taught the surgeons the value of anatomy, i. e., a knowledge of how the body is made up, and some distinctive principles of induction or argument.

For nearly five hundred years since then, there is no medical man of note, when Galen, unusually versed in the culture of Greece, appears as a student at Alexandria. This great span of scientific inactivity was

due to military triumphs which were making new boundaries of conquest. The Greece of Pericles declined; Alexander conquered the world, wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, and died; his successors made their sovereignty felt in Egypt in the establishment of a Greek politic on the Nile and the founding of the great schools and library at Alexandria; Carthage fell; Rome humbled the world, supplanting a republic for an empire.

Galen was born at Pergamus, a Grecian town, where he practiced for four years and then went to the capital of the world, Rome, where he had very little peace the rest of his life for he was quick tempered, impulsive, uncompromising with his colleagues, making enemies, was intolerant of fools and quacks, the latter of which were the dominant representatives of medicine, the science being then debased in Rome. The ethics of Hippocrates were dead. "The decalogue was broken in every household." Such a place was unfortunate for an honest man of science. He had friends only among those in power, as Sergius, Praetor of Rome, and the virtuous few. But he was undaunting although in constant turmoil. While Hippocrates made his progress by bedside investigation, Galen went further and made demonstrations by dissections of animals and sometimes bodies of the enemy on the battlefield and by experiments upon monkeys. He added much of reality to anatomy and consequently surgery through intelligible research.

Up to the beginning of the Renaissance or Vesalius' time 1514—1563 A. D. there was no progress in medicine, for the Christians of primitive times were bitterly opposed to dissections and considered the medical science profane. The Jews shared with the clergy in the healing art from the ninth to the thirteenth centuries. Their education embraced very little and their knowledge consisted for the most part of a few

symptoms or signs and a few receipts. Books were very rare and exceedingly expensive and capable teachers lacking.

Christianity and medicine suffered alike during the dark ages, particularly gloomy in the tenth century. The Roman Republic was followed by a Roman Aristocracy which had a greater tendency to make the position of medicine permanently inferior for nearly two thousand years, even after the rise of the Church of Rome. The soldier was superior to all. First soldier, and others ranked in order of importance—priest, lawyer, merchant, physician and then after passing over many, the surgeon, ranking as the most humble of craftsmen, the so-called barber surgeon. Christianity and medicine, too, deteriorated before the seventh century under the Turkish sway of ignorance, despotism, anarchy and the inroads of Mohammedanism. All this had a fatal blow upon medicine through the middle ages when there were no hygienic rules of regulation, no skilled physicians, but impenetrable darkness of a damp, musty and dismal age of corruptness, in the canopy of which the stars were starless. People were crowded together within walled cities and narrow streets, without sewerage, without pure water, wholesome food and rarefied air. They were afflicted with plagues, Black Death, and innumerable sicknesses with only one certain outcome—death. All knowledge of medicine was mist and vapor. Excepting the compilations of the Arabs (they added nothing new), and a school of prominent women near Naples, during eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the healing art was practically lifeless.

These paved the way for Vesalius of Brussels, a great anatomist, at the dawning of the age of Renovation, which was the springtime of our new world of investigation, observation and inductive reasoning, the shackles of dogmatism, tradition, hypothesis, systems, and authority having been broken. It was certainly a great hustling era to live in, for it was productive of such men as Luther, the reformer, Michelangelo, the sculptor, Raphael, the painter, Copernicus, the astronomer, and Columbus, the navigator. It was during these stirring times that Constantinople fell before the militant Turk, and the wise men fled, taking with them forgotten treasures of Grecian art and science for their western brethren.

For thirteen hundred years, Vesalius was the first to follow the methods and science of Galen with corrections of some errors. Like Hippocrates and Galen, he was a close and profound student in the great universities. He had an intense passion for dissection, realizing the important bearing of it on surgery. At the age of twenty-nine he was given a chair of Anatomy and Surgery at the University of Padua. Six years later he published the work entitled "*Fabrica Humani Corporis*." Like most men in advance of their times, this brought him so much ridicule and contempt

that he, weary of his persecution, accepted the post as physician to Charles V.

About one hundred years earlier than this the art of printing became known. Through this, knowledge became widely disseminated and imperishable. Later hospitals and schools were founded. Better social organizations sprung up. Inventions were made. The compass took away a great deal of the danger of sea voyages, leading to commerce. The telescope and microscope began to solve problems hoary with age. Although the four branches of occult philosophy greatly prevailed—theosophy, to which a man raises himself by prayer; magic, the art of controlling demons; astrology, the art of reading future events by means of the stars, and alchemy, the secret of extracting the essence of substance, e. g., by a philosopher's stone, yet men were looking for something tangible. Realism was taking the place of idealism. This led to more minute and correct study of the uses of different organs and members of the body and on to a closer study of disease, and its location in the body. Surgery began to assume a dignified aspect in the ingenuity of Ambroise Pare, of France, born 1510, who was first an apprentice to a barber-surgeon but rose later to high rank, the greatest surgical authority in Europe, and the most beloved man in France. The soldiers said of him that with Pare among us we shall not die of our wounds. Previously surgery was in the hands of ignorant barbers, bathers, and bone-setters who were the social outcasts of the fifteenth century and considered contemptible, for the holy men held an abhorrence for the shedding of blood. Pare spent forty years to throw light upon the art of surgery.

Passing from him to other great men we find Harvey busy discovering the uses of the heart and circulation; and Paracelsus paving the road to modern chemistry. The eighteenth century was progressive because of such renowned men as Von Holler, Morgagni, and Hunter. To this day Hunter's brilliancy illuminates our science. He established the Hunterian museum at a cost of \$375,000, money accumulated through his own efforts and frugality. He taught that "life is a principle independent of structure most tenaciously held by the least highly-organized beings; that mere composition of matter does not give life, for the dead body has all the composition it ever had; that life is a property we do not understand."



#### IN TOUCH WITH NATURE.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

"And what is so fair as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

THE perfect days of June, the deep blue of the sky, the bright new foliage of tree and shrub and plant, the lusty life all about us, is a direct appeal to the housewife and mother to drop her strenuous life for



a time and come into close touch with Nature in her sweetest mood. Perhaps all women are not situated so as to be able to spend much time in recreation, but many could, and would, spend more than they do if they were fully aware of the physical rejuvenation they would experience, to say nothing of the spiritual uplift gained by direct contact if only for a day, with the soothing influences of waving grasses, knee-deep, the rare beauty of the flowers of many tints and shades, and over all the golden glow of the sunshine. Only the heart in tune with Nature knows the delights of a country home, shut in by the "cool, green twilight," of shifting leaves; the vine-covered porch where leaf shadows chase one another over floor and wall making pictures which are never the same for two consecutive seconds.

The odors, too, that come to us in June are delightful, elusive. How strange it is that we can remember them. In our hurry and bustle we do not take time to think it is the perfume that brings back the memory of a certain room, an absent face or the haunts of childhood, but before we are scarcely conscious of the odor, we see the picture before us. Does the scent of clover blossoms greet us? At once we see the fields

of clover on the old home farm, pink with the heads of bloom, each little floret pouring its portion of perfume upon the air. Is it the spicy fragrance of the sweetbrier? Before us is the face of the long-absent playmate with whom we spent many happy hours building air castles. The scent of the old-fashioned grass pinks means bare feet on the soft, cool grass. The delicate perfume of the wild grape brings back the memory of the evening stroll by the brook-side when the all-important question was asked and answered. "The white lilies give out from their perfumed chalices a wealth of sweetness. Instantly the form of a beloved one lies before us robed for the grave.

There are many other June odors that have a place in one's life history, and I feel sorry for those for whom these humble things hold no love, or to whom the June breezes bring no memories of childhood in the great wide country. If we would keep close in touch with the things that remind us of our innocent childhood, we would be better mothers, even if we have to leave off some of the superfluities of life in order to take the recreation that will bring us in touch with these things again.

*Spiceland, Ind.*



## Flowers

### Charlotte Davis



"AND God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herbs yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so." Thus, on the third day of the first week the flowers were born and since that time they have greatly multiplied and have always been a great blessing to the earth.

There are hundreds and hundreds of different kinds of flowers. The principal color of the flowers is most frequently due to showy petals and they display their beautiful colors in order to attract insects, since different insects appear to be especially attracted by different colors.

It is very necessary that flowers be visited by these little insects and birds, for they are the agents by which the pollen is transferred from one flower to another, and thus they fertilize them. Many flowers possess various odors, which also play a great part in attracting insects. Especially is this true of small flowers, like the mignonette, and the night-blooming ones, such as the evening primrose; they are sweet-scented in order to attract night-flying moths. It is interesting to observe that the majority of flowers which bloom at night are white and that they are much more generally sweet-scented than those which bloom during the day.

Most flowers contain nectar upon which many insects partly feed. In a large number of cases the

petals of the flowers show decided stripes or rows of spots of color different from that of most of the petal. These commonly lead toward the nectaries, and it is possible that such markings point out to the insect visitors the way to the nectaries. Following this course, the insect not only secures the nectar which he seeks, but probably leaves pollen on the stigma and becomes dusted with new pollen which he carries to another flower.

Flowers vary in size from the tiniest, dainty forget-me-not to the large gaudy sunflower and they assume various plain and fantastical shapes.

When it comes to discussing the distribution of flowers, it is much easier to tell where they are not found than to mention the many different places where they are found, for as says Longfellow:

"Everywhere about us they are growing,

Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,

Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things."

They are found in every clime, whether it be hot or cold, light or dark, wet or dry. Every little plant has its own sphere in which to live and be a blessing.

They adorn the meadows and valleys and deck the mountain-tops with their cheerful faces; they cheer the alleys with their presence and add a charm to the rudest peasant's cot; they bend low to the watery edge, clothing richly the banks with their emerald foliage and jewel-like blossoms, and very often float triumphantly on the clear, cool surface; they make happy the sick room with their pleasing odors and are as a ray of sunshine in the grandest mansion of wealth; they are tokens of love and friendship and are often long cherished after the life, color and fragrance are gone; as an author writes;

"A poem every flower is,  
And every leaf a line,  
And with delicious memories  
They fill this heart of mine."

Flowers are a gift of Mother Nature to God; whenever we see them they give us an inspiration. There is nothing that makes a home more attractive and pleasant than flowers, both in the house and in the garden. They do much toward moulding the character of those who love them. Little children who grow up with flowers around them always have noble ambitions. They love and appreciate higher things. Their thoughts are pure, and kindness and gentleness is their motto. Not only in the home is the influence of flowers felt, but all who live near or come in contact with them in any way feel their influence. Few people take time to appreciate them as did Lowell when he said:

"Ah, we owe  
Well more than half life's holiness to these  
Nature's first lowly influences,  
At thought of which the heart's glad door bursts ope,  
In dreariest days, to welcome peace and hope."

Of all the plants, not one has been placed in the world without ample provision for the perpetuation of its species. It is truly wonderful to study the little flower from this angle. Each flower plant is made up of various cells which carry on the different processes of life. A very good comparison of the leaf of a flower plant to a mill has been made as follows: the palisade-cells, or the cells containing the green coloring-matter and the underlying cells of the leaf, are the mill; carbon dioxide and water, taken into the plant thru the roots and stomata, or little pores on the leaf's surface, are the raw material used; the chlorophyll grains, or the green coloring-matter of the palisade-cells, are the milling apparatus; the sunlight is the energy by which the mill is run; the manufactured product is starch; the waste product is oxygen. When we think of this marvelous demonstration of God's handiwork, need we wonder why he said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these"?

Plants have a struggle for existence the same as

animals, and the fittest always survives. The propagation of all flowering plants is brought about thru seeds, bulbs, roots or sprouts. In flower culture then, the best results are obtained: first, by careful selection of the seed, bulb, root or sprout; second, one must know the flower well enough to plant it in the proper soil with the proper temperature and moisture; third, after the plant gets a start, he must know how to care for it. Plants are as different in their choice of homes as are people; just like children in regard to growing, some require much care and attention while others seem to grow stronger and more hardy when uncared for. Like an individual, each has its likes and dislikes and the successful floriculturist acquaints himself with a thorough knowledge of the history of each little flower he attempts to grow. In their struggle for existence they have many strange means of protection; oftentimes the leaves, bulbs or leafstalks possess a bitter or biting taste, or a bad odor, while the leaves and stems of others are made up of hard, string texture which protects them from the herbivorous animals likely to encounter them; some are tough and hardy and grow closely to the earth, others in out-of-the-way places; some are protected by thorns of dead and dry stipules while others are armed with little sharp nettles; some even possess poison and others imitate closely the soil or pebbles of their environment.

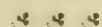
Knowing all these things, we learn to love and appreciate the simplest and plainest of these precious gifts more and more. All the little flowers bloom in this world to teach a lesson if we will but learn of them. As we look into their bright faces, they should remind us of our duty toward God and man. What a wonderful world this would be if each individual played his part in the world's drama as well as each dear little flower. Selfishness and discontent, the two greatest sources of evil in the whole world, would vanish, and love, peace and contentment would reign forever and ever.

*Elgin. Ill.*



#### WHERE BABIES SWIM.

"I SPEND my winters in Samoa," said a traveler. "It is always summer there. There the babies swim. Can you imagine a quainter, a more charming sight than a host of babies, none over two years old, laughing and crowing and swimming like fish in pools of clear sea water? You will see this sight in Samoa. Samoan women believe sea baths benefit babies, and in that equable climate they bathe their little ones daily the year around. The youngsters soon learn to swim. They can swim before they can walk. And to see these pretty brown babies swimming in the sea is well worth a 5,000 mile trip to Samoa."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*



A joy unshared is always short lived.



## SKI TOURNAMENT.

H. M. HARVEY.

TRAVELERS on the North-western Railroad, between Chicago and Duluth, when nearing the town of Cameron, Wisconsin, will invariably notice a peculiar high structure on the west side of the road. The structure is more noticeable because situated on one of the few small hills of that section of country. It is a scaffold reaching from the top of the hill to the height of seventy-five feet clearly outlined against the sky. The questioner will be informed that it is a place to ski jump, or skee, as the dictionary allows it spelled. The average southerner will ask, "Well, what is the ski jump, or a ski?"

The ski is a small board four to eight feet long, of selected material, turned up runner-fashion at one end and worn one on each foot. It is a native of the north,

on its top is built the incline plane ranging from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five feet high and sloping down about two hundred feet, ending when three feet from the ground. Down this steep slides the skier like an eagle from a crag and makes a leap from the end of the plane. A thrilling ride I suppose. The skier must calculate well for his leap; if too soon distance is lost at the landing, if too late it means a great spill.

The longest jump here was eighty feet. At Duluth in February at the third Annual National Ski Association Tournament a record of 116 feet was made by John Evenson, that being a breaker of all American records by two feet. Norway heads the world with a record of 137 feet.

While making the jump a good form is supposed to be kept or lack of skill is shown. The arms are used for balancing and as wings to climb up with.



A Record-breaking Jump. From X to X is 80 Feet.

naturalized into the northern part of our country as a sporting implement. In Norway they are worn most largely in business, in the United States in play, there over real snow-covered hills, here over artificial heights.

This sliding place has been erected two years. Similar planes have been built at various points in Minnesota and Wisconsin: Duluth, Red Wing, Coleraine and others. The climate this far north is congenial to the sport, there being plenty of snow. During the winter it is expected at Cameron that there will be three months of sledding without a break, besides the introductory and valedictory flurries. This place is one hundred miles south of Duluth and does not experience so much cold as points farther north.

For the building of a ski plane a hill is selected. The slope of the hill should be about two hundred feet to one hundred foot fall. This slope serves as a landing place for the jumper. Farther up the hill or frequently

The ski is held highest in front in order to offer best facilities for soaring and least resistance to the air. Good form is expected also at the landing. To put one hand on the ground deducts fifteen points, two hands on the ground counts a fall and costs the aeronaut thirty points. From one to twenty points are added for good form throughout the sail. Other interesting feats are attempted, as coming down on one runner, two at once, hand in hand, or turning a somersault in mid air. Amateurs, ranging anywhere from eight up, may be seen on most any hill practicing for these days to come later, the same as their southern comrades may be seen on the street or on the lawn practicing for the baseball match.

The tournaments are largely attended. Prizes are offered. On account of the steepness of the landing place seldom are any injured. The riders dress so as to offer least resistance to the air.

188 Hastings St., Chicago.

## THE PEARL FISHERIES OF THE PERSIAN GULF.

EFFIE V. LONG.

ALMOST half way down the Persian Gulf on the Arabian side is a group of islands known as the Bahrein Islands or the "Pearl Islands of the Gulf." From time immemorial the Persian Gulf has been noted for its pearl fisheries. It was due to the pearl indeed, that these islands were known to the ancients, it was the pearl that gave them their fame and history, and today these islands would have little importance were it not for this one interesting industry. "If Egypt is the gift of the Nile, Bahrein may well be called the gift of the pearl-oyster." "These islands are identified by Sprenger and others with Dedan of the Scriptures (Ezek. 27: 15), and were known to the Romans by the name of Tylos. Pliny writes of the cotton trees, Strabo describes the Phœnician temples that existed on the islands, and Ptolemy speaks of the pearl fisheries. The geographer Juba also tells of a battle fought off the islands between the Romans and the Arabs." It seems that the whole group of islands is engaged in this one occupation and there is no other. "We are all, from the highest to the lowest, slaves of one master,—Pearl; all thought, all conversation, all employment turns on that one subject; everything else is merely by-game and below even secondary consideration." So Palgrave quotes the words of Mohammed bin Thanee, a resident of the Pearl Islands.

The fisheries are in progress from June till October and even longer when hot weather sets in early. Science has brought out the theory that pearls are the result of irritation or disease of the pearl oyster, or, later still is the parasite theory, but the Arabs have a theory of their own. They tell how the monsoon rain-drops find chance lodgment in the mouth of the pearl-oyster, each drop becoming a pearl. "Heaven-born and cradled in the deep blue sea," the pearl is the purest of gems and, in the Arabian's eyes, is the most precious.

Fishing for pearls is an expensive work, but very prolific. In 1896 the total value of pearls exported from Bahrein was \$1,500,000. The islands have about 900 boats engaged in the work and the cost of bringing one boat's share to the surface is about \$1,600. There is also great hardship to be endured in bringing up this treasure. The poor people who risk their lives in the diving, are slaves to rich merchants,—Arabs and Hindoos from Bombay,—who get the profits while the poor natives are compelled to furnish everything and bear the expense. They pay the divers in food and clothing and always keep them in debt to them.

The diver's sole outfit is a nose clasp to keep the water out of the nostrils, ten leather "finger hats" which are twice the length of a thimble and used to protect the fingers in gathering the shells, a stone weight, and a basket. He does not have need of cloth-

ing. The diver stands upon the stone weight with ropes passing from it up between his toes and plunges down, feet first, into the water. There is also another rope attached to the diver and his basket by which he gives the signal to be drawn up again.

The best divers can remain below only two or three minutes at most and when they come up are almost suffocated. Many are brought up really unconscious and often cannot be brought to life. Deafness and suppuration of the ear are common among divers as also rheumatism and neuralgia. Sharks and devil-fish are plentiful and attack the divers, so the poor fellow's life is not an easy one.

Each boat has a sort of figure-head on the prow covered with the skin of a sheep or a goat, which was offered as a sacrifice when the boat was launched for the first time. "This is one of the Semitic traits which appear in various forms all over Arabia—blood-sacrifice—and which Islam has never uprooted." And all of the divers prefer to go out in a boat that has the sign of the blood-covenant with Neptune."

A large boat carries about forty men, less than half of whom are divers, the others being oarsmen and rope-holders. In each boat is a fellow called "the one-who-prays" and his work is to take charge of the rope of any one who stops to pray or eat.

The pearl-oysters are brought up and left on deck over night; next morning they are opened and, the pearls taken out, the shells are also preserved for the mother-of-pearl, though formerly they were thrown away. In one year the value of exported shells from the Gulf amounted to \$28,000. The Arabs wonder what the English do with those empty sea-shells.

On shore the merchants classify the pearls according to weight, size, shape, color and brilliancy. They are white, yellow, green, blue, grey, black and golden, and they range in size from a grain of sand to a hazelnut, being oval, flat, pendant and various shapes. A perfect pearl the size of a hazelnut may be worth a thousand dollars. Pearl merchants carry their wares about tied in bags of turkey-red calico. They have tiny scales to weigh them and a set of sieves to test their size, all refusing to pass through the coarsest sieve being classed as "chief" which are generally very valuable, though their value depends most on weight and perfection of form. The value of the color depends mostly on the purchaser. Orientals generally choose the golden color while Europeans prefer the perfect white. The black ones are not so highly valued.

The pearls are exported to Bombay and from there to all parts of the world. Those who wear pearls for their adornment may well remember that they are indeed valuable and would be classed as "costly array," for not only in their formation but also in their being brought to light above the surface of the water, there is pain to be endured and often lives sacrificed.

*Jalalpor, Surat, India.*



# THE INGLENOOK

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## THE EASY WAY.

It might be well, in some respects, if we could look into the future and see just what kind of people modern conditions and tendencies will produce in the next generation or two. The revelation might cause us to look into these conditions with a view of making some changes. It is a law of civilization to "stamp improvement on the wings of time," but real improvement must be gauged by final results as well as by those which follow immediately. The present generation has no right to enjoy those things which will prove to be the undoing of the people some generations hence.

We refer in particular to the desire to eliminate from the field of effort real, downright hard difficulties and hindrances; the desire to make everything easy, with no crosses and no obstructions.

The training in the easy way begins with the little child. A popular magazine, devoted to home interests and the training of children, in discussing the subject of the wilful child, suggests the plan of calling his attention from the thing he should not have or do to some other interest, so that he may not know that his wishes are being denied. He is not to know that he is not having his own way. This of course, may save a stormy scene for the time being, but how any child is to derive any moral strength from such a method or acquire any respect for the wishes of his elders it is impossible to see.

And this plan is largely followed today. Devoted parents make every sacrifice possible to smooth the way for their children. The child is encouraged to give himself over to the enervating pleasures of self-indulgence instead of being allowed the strength-producing joys of self-denial.

By the time the child has grown into the man his habits are fixed, and when he enters the social and religious world, the rules and regulations of each must be altered so that they may be agreeable to the traveler on the easy way. A writer in *Great Thoughts* sees the

serious side of the lack of religious discipline. He says: "It seems to me, after an experience of nearly sixty years of life, that nothing will take the place of that discipline, commended by Jeremiah, who said that it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. It is essential for the strongest characters that there should be a period in which they are under rigid discipline of some kind or another. The danger now, it seems to me, is that young people will have the pleasant, agreeable, and benevolent sides of the great problems of life put before them so exclusively that they will miss a certain hardness in the character, which, I think, is essential for the best human action. The very best men should have something of this stiffness in them, and this is just what we are in danger of losing through the decline of an unflinching and dogmatic religion."

And we must lament the prevalence of this tendency in all departments of life. The flabby product of such a course can never take his place in life with the one who has taken full work in the "school of hard knocks." A head-on collision with some obstruction or other, at intervals, is an excellent thing for any of us in the way of developing the bone and nerve and sinew that go to make up a perfect man.



## IN NATURE'S SCHOOLROOM.

Now that the end of our school year has given our students leave to close up their text-books, it does not follow that they should likewise close their minds to all learning. The season offers a multitude of interesting lessons that may be mastered at the cost of little effort. In nature's schoolroom there are numberless opportunities also for securing at first hand proofs of the dry facts which were obtained from text-books. And the facts thus substantiated will no longer seem dry,—will, in truth, give added attraction to those which have not yet been mastered. A mind open to nature's truths will in these three months grow much faster than during the past months when it was held to the written text. At the same time it will take to the coming school year unusual ready grasp and richness of thought.



## GOOD WORDS ABOUT ESPERANTO.

The absolute certainty of the ultimate adoption of Esperanto with a wide field of usefulness as an international language is supported by these facts:

The words are not arbitrarily created, but the great majority are already familiar to Europeans and Americans.

The sounds and pronunciation are international and so simple that two persons of different descent, for example an American and a Russian, having learned the language from books, can readily converse in Esperanto.

Esperanto now has forty monthly magazines and a rapidly growing array of books, including works of all classes.

It has recently been approved by an international delegation representing over 250 of the leading universities of the world.—*American Esperantist*.



### LESSONS IN ESPERANTO. No. 6.

IN Lesson Three the present, past and future forms were given of a verb in the Active Voice. In this lesson more forms of the verb will be given.

"US," final, denotes the conditional mode of verbs.

"Mi legus," I should or would read, etc.

"U," final denotes the imperative mode of verbs.

Skribu, write. Li, ŝi, gi, skribu, let him, her, write.

Ni, ili, skribu, let us, let them write.

"U," is also used for the subjunctive mode, as, ke mi legu, that I may read.

#### COMPOUND TENSES, ACTIVE.

Compound tenses are formed from the active participles, of which there are three in Esperanto.

Present, "ANTA," amANTA—loving.

Past, "INTA," amINTA, love, having loved.

Future, "ONTA," amONTA, about to love.

These forms are all adjectives and take the plural "J" and the acc. when it is required.

Ni estas amantaj, we are loving, etc.

By changing the final "A" to "E" they become adverbs:—amante, lovingly.

By changing the final "A" to "O" they become nouns:—amanto, lover.

The auxiliary verb is "esti" both for the active and passive voices.

Infinitive:—ESTI AMANTA, to be loving; ESTI AMINTA, to have loved; ESTI AMONTA, to be about to love.

Mi estas amANTA—I am loving.

Mi estas amINTA—I have loved.

Mi estas amONTA—I am about to love.

Mi estIS amANTA—I was loving.

Mi estIS amINTA—I had loved.

Mi estIS amONTA—I was about to be loved.

Mi estOS amANTA—I shall be loving.

Mi estOS amINTA—I shall have loved.

Mi estOS amONTA—I should be about to love.

EstU amANTA, be loving.

EstU amONTA, be about to love.

N. B. If the pronoun is plural, be sure to add "J"

#### THE ADVERB.

1. *Derived adverbs* end in "e" as: bone, well. Rapide, rapidly.

They are compared in the same way as adjectives. Ŝi kantas tiel bone kiel Johano, she sings as well as John.

Li kantas pli bone ol vi, he sings better than you.

Vi kantas la plej ĉarme el ĉiuj, you sing the most charmingly of all.

2. *Simple adverbs* are those which have no distinctive termination.

The most important are the following:—

Almenaŭ,—at least.

Ambaŭ,—both.

Ankaŭ,—also.

Apenaŭ,—hardly, scarcely.

Baldaŭ,—soon.

Ĉiam,—always.

Ĉie,—everywhere.

Jam,—already.

Nun,—now.

Nur,—only.

Preskaŭ,—nearly.

Eĉ,—even.

Iel,—somehow.

Neniel,—nohow.

Jam—ne,—no—more.

Jen—jen,—sometimes—

sometimes.

Ĉiujare,—yearly.

Ĉiunonate,—monthly.

Ĉiutage,—daily.

Adverbs as a rule, precede or follow the word to which they refer of quality.

Ne and words used in the comparison of adverbs, such as tre, pli, plej, mapli, etc., *always precede* the word to which they relate or modify.

#### VOCABULARY.

Feliĉa,—happy.

Ĉiuj,—all.

Peti,—to ask, to request.

Flui,—to flow.

Stari,—to stand.

senmove,—motionless.

Lingvo,—language.

Letero,—letter, epistle.

Propono,—proposal.

Servo,—service.

Tuta,—entire.

Mondo,—world.

Serĉi,—to seek.

Kara,—dear.

Peni,—to try.

Sekvi,—to follow.

Respondi,—to reply.

Litero,—letter (alphabet)

Akcepti,—to accept, to receive.

#### EXERCISE, 13.

Nun mi legas, vi legas kaj li legas: ni ĉiuj legas. Se mi estŭs sana, mi estus feliĉa. Petu ŝin, ke ŝi sendu al mi kandelon. Fluanta akvo estas pli pura, ol akvo staranta senmove. En la lingvo, "Esperanto" ni vidas la estontan lingvon de la tuta mondo. Trovinte pomon, mi ĝin manĝis. Mi serĉos la veron. Ĉu vi aŭdas la kantojn de miaj birdoj? Mia kara amiko, mĉ penos sekvi vian ekzemplon. Respondante al via estimata letero ni dankas vin por via propono kaj ni plezure akceptos viajn servojn. Ok estas la kvinono de kvardek.

#### EXERCISE, 14.

Two red apples are on the table. I see a large dog in the garden. She is in the room with the (her) aunt. The house of the uncle is large. Will you drink water? Who is there? I wish to see the new pictures. Do you know me? This bread is fresh, but that is fresher. I do not have the honor to know him. I thank you and present to you my sincere greetings. He will find the second book on the chair in the room. The song of the bird is pleasing. I come from my grandfather and go now to my aunt.





## Teach the Little Ones to Pray

Catharine Beery Van Dyke

WHEN? How? Why? Do these questions come to your mind as this subject lies before you?

A few days ago I met in a public place one of the mothers of our neighborhood. As we waited our turns to be waited upon we fell into conversation. She told me how her little boy, three or four years old, enjoyed looking at the pictures in her *MOTHER'S MAGAZINE*; how he could distinguish that paper from the German papers they received—opening it in preference to them and how she wanted, for his sake, to extend her subscription, and so on. And then further to show his ability to appreciate things at his tender years, she told me how he enjoyed the five-cent shows down town; how he could imitate the actors and dance the little jigs accompanied by his father's playing. As soon as politeness would allow I said: "Does your little boy go to Sunday school?" "In a very decided way she answered "O no! He's too little."

Now if the baby eye and heart can be trained to enjoy and respond to secular things, why can they not as well be trained to recognize and appreciate the simple, beautiful, essential things of God? When, then, should this education begin?

The times and seasons for many of the things relating to the "Oughts" in child training can be, and are determined by that subtle God-given power disclosed as mother instinct.

Unfortunately this instinct is often blunted by prejudice so that mothers often need to have their attention called to certain possibilities in their children, which can be brought out by teaching or suggestion, before they are fully awake to the imperativeness of their position in the case.

We are always glad when we find the real tiny baby showing self-expression in any way. The first look of recognition, the first smile, the first little "coo" and paticake, the first step and the first word. These signs stand for the normal condition of both body and mind.

But we must remember that the baby is made up of *THREE* parts and the spiritual must be fostered as well as others, else the being will not be symmetrical—complete—and consequently, not normal.

Begin, therefore, as early with prayer as you do

with inviting the little hands to meet yours. Place the baby in your lap, bend the little knees, gently hold the little palms together and with your head bowed touching the bowed head of your child, softly speak or whisper a few words of a prayer in it the words, "God," "love" and "Jesus." Repeat this daily and you will be repaid to find the sweet habit of reverence and petition being formed.

With our first babies I began with the popular little verse:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

It was the best I knew then but on analysis I found it to be rather a selfish, awful, frightful, dreadful thing, not conducive to the development of faith in the young mind. Selfish because it does not extend beyond the ego—and that is found in every line. Awful because it speaks of the soul of which the child knows and hears but little. Frightful because of the possibility of death in the night. And dreadful in the thought of being *TAKEN* from loved ones here.

The form I have since used is something like this. "Thank thee, God, for this nice day and for all our kind friends. God bless us every one and help us to love everybody for Jesus' sake.—Amen."

This, or something shorter at the very first, I repeat to them until they are able to talk and to say it for themselves. When they grow older—especially when they enter school life—I have found it appropriate and necessary to insert this petition: "Dear Jesus, help me to keep my body, mind and heart pure and clean for thee."

After awhile they may drop the committed prayer and compose their own. This should be encouraged both by suggestion and by the example they find in the family worship where they should early be invited to pray and sing and read.

Now WHY is this advisable? I have partly answered this question in the beginning—on account of getting a symmetrically developed being—but with such a leading out of the *SPIRITUAL* life from

earliest infancy we can but expect a rich return in after years when our steps become slow, our voices weak but our hearts aglow with the pleasure of having careful, thoughtful, prayerful children about us and, more than this, we will know that the world is richer and better for their lives and the kingdom of heaven on earth is promoted and enhanced by lives thus cultivated.

Religious doubts will find no lodgement in hearts thus trained. Faith in man, faith in heaven, faith in God will be perfected and the life will be free to live and work for others and for God. If the sparrow falleth not but by His notice, be *SURE*, oh, faithful mother, that the simple, earnest prayer of your child—your little child—will be heard and answered by the loving Savior who said: "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."



### IN THE HEART OF A CHILD.

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

There's a litter of sand on the kitchen floor,  
Low-heaped in hollow and ridge and dune,  
With a wavering chalk-line along its edge,  
Where a "play" lake's ripples lapse and croon.

Billy-doll bold has plunged straight in,  
Till the waves dash over his calico hips,  
And Emma-doll splashes her dainty feet,  
With a painted laugh on her dimpled lips.

Down close by the "Sanatorium,"  
A wonderful edifice roofed in red,  
Swings little Ruth in her rocking-chair,  
With a serious tilt of her curly head;

For Nelly, bereft of a foot and arm,  
All battered, unkempt, and sad to see,  
In a dingy and frayed-out muslin gown,  
Lies tenderly nursed on her chubby knee.

"Now, Billy! be careful and don't get drowned!  
O Emma-doll! hold your skirt up tight!  
I can't be bothered to fix it now,  
For Nelly-doll's worse; she has kied all night!

"She's a poor sick baby, come out for air;  
So be good chillen and mind me nice;  
They take most troubles and pains, you know,  
With the baby that kies and kies and kies!"

So she softly sways in her tiny chair,  
With a serious glance and a droning song,  
While her dollies stare from their clothes-pin props,  
And her "sick" child slumbers sweet and long.

But the mother-love in her little heart,  
Though strong in its watching as strong can be,  
Gives the tenderest part of its yearning still  
To the poor unfortunate on her knee;

And I think 'tis so in the heart of God,  
That the sad, the burdened, the lonely soul,  
Lies ever nearest its loving throbs,  
While the tides surge on and the tempests roll.  
Elgin, Ill.



In a picture gallery even the best must go to the wall.

### THE HOUSE OF REPOSE.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

(Continued from last week.)

A LADY once said to me, "I never had a parlor." She meant that she never had a room set apart for the entertainment of company alone, but the best she had was at the disposal of all her family. And since a parlor is a "conversation place," what more inviting and restful to the whole household than to enter of evenings, with slippered feet, and allow yourselves to be happy—not boisterous—like old-fashioned children? Allow no subjects to be discussed pertaining to the day's work, its plans, or anxieties. Make believe you are guests at a house party, where each is to make himself as agreeable as possible to the others.

In fine, let your parlor be light, sweet-smelling, warm, with the plan of decoration laid out on broad, simple lines, with subdued coloring, and let it be a rendezvous for the tired family. That you may be in harmony with the surroundings, without making a complete change of toilet, the girls may tie on a clean white apron, and the boys slip on a little house coat kept for the occasion. Clothes do have something to do with ones mental state. Do you not have a satisfied feeling when you are conscious that your dress is tidy, well-fitting and becoming? A beautiful parlor, chaste adornment, and pleasant-voiced occupants combine to make a symphony of repose amid the clatter and boom of the mills of toil.

But the parlor is not the only place to seek repose. Some may think it is to be found only in bed. Well, let us go to the dormitory. What have we here? Shades down to the bottom all day, heavy curtains on top, every available space occupied with gimcracks, walls hung with glaring panels of impossible girls with six-inch waists and sixty-inch hats, and the stale odor of last night's breath permeating everything. Repose? Deliver me!

Loop back the curtains. Run the shades to the top. Let down the upper sash a foot. Throw up the lower the same. Carry out everything but the bed and its furnishings, the washstand and toilet set, the bureau and dress accessories, and the necessary chairs. On the pale-tinted walls put a handsome print or two,—a "Madonna," "The Boy Jesus," an orchard in bloom, or some other quiet perspective, having in mind the soothing effect of all the contents of the room. Matt-ing will not annoy with dust like a carpet, or a cheerful rug that can be carried out and shaken is ideal. The washed up floor always leaves a grateful smell.

Leave the windows open as long as the weather will permit. In any season see that outside air has access every night, if you do not like to worry with unaccountable headaches. If your house is heated you will not mind this influx of oxygen. Bad air is harder to heat than fresh air anyhow. Sleep between sheets as much of the time as possible, and turn down the upper



one over the edges of the other covers, so as to protect them from personal exhalations. Comforts are not so easily washed. And how would you like the idea of having a piece of soiled calico rubbing over your face for a year or two—maybe longer?

You need not rest your head on the same spot on the pillow more than two nights. If you turn the pillow end for end, and upside down, you may have four clean places in a week. What a luxury of somnolent cleanliness for the most modest bedchamber! Do not select a little coop on the shady side of the house for a bedroom, but have it as large as you can afford; and sunshine is a marvelous purifier. Have everything contribute to repose as much as possible,—repose of optics, olfactories, brains, muscles, and nerves. And if you have eaten the right kind of a supper, you will rest in such a nook, as much as your habits of life will permit.

When the housewife rises from repose in the dainty room dedicated to sleep, let her not put on an old anxious face as she comes down the stairs and enters the kitchen. The idea of repose should be carried into every room in the house. In the first place, do not begin things with a rush. Take measured steps, reach for dishes and skillets deliberately, and let every motion correspond in dignity to the movements of the heavenly bodies,—“unhasting, unresting.” You are a planet, and your orbit is the circuit of the house. Emerson’s famous saying, “Hitch your wagon to a star,” would be a good motto for the hurrying housekeeper that goes bobbing erratically in her cramped orbit.

Have everything in the kitchen as convenient as possible, so as to save steps. If you are in town, do not begrudge the money it costs to have city water put in the house. Do not pride yourself on having a “big” kitchen. A small one prevents much fatigue. It was said of a noted woman, that she could get a meal and scarcely move from one spot. The modern “kitchen cabinet” is almost ideal in its compact arrangement. But there must be room for a chair or high stool, and on these should be pasted the words, “Never stand when you can sit.” Many things could be done sitting which are done by most women on their feet,—paring potatoes and apples, fixing greens, ironing, and even washing dishes, on a pinch.

(Concluded next week.)



#### SELECTED RECIPES.

Try some onions fried thus: Cut into slices and soak in milk for ten minutes, then dip in flour and drop into boiling fat, deep enough to cover them. When tender, take out with a skimmer and lay on brown paper to absorb the grease. They are excellent to serve with steak or veal cutlets.

Home-made peanut butter: Use freshly-roasted peanuts, shell and skin them, grind in a meat chopper, or pound to a paste in a mortar; add a little fresh olive oil or butter to make the consistency desired. Rub in a little salt, just enough to make it taste right. Pack it closely in jars and keep in a cool, dry place.



Good shortening is made of the flank suet of beef. The easiest way to render it is to cut it in long strips, put through the meat chopper, then set in a granite vessel in the oven to melt. In a few hours it will be reduced to clear oil. The dry scraps can be strained out. It is also excellent for frying, and is much better than lard.



The right way to stew a chicken: Cut it at the joints, and the breast and back into halves, making eleven pieces in all. Put the dark meat in the bottom of the stew pan, the white on top; just cover with boiling water, bring quickly to a boil and cook thus for five minutes, then push back where it will merely simmer and keep there till the meat is tender. If it boils hard it will be tough. A chicken a year old requires an hour to cook, with an additional hour for each added year. When half done add a teaspoonful of salt. When tender lay the pieces on a dish in the order in which they belong, the back underneath, legs and wings each side and breast on top. Then the server knows where to find each piece which he is often embarrassed to do, especially when company expresses a preference. Pour out the water in which it was stewed, and rub together in the pan two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour. Return the water with some cream or milk, stir until it boils and thickens, add a dash of pepper, and just as you take it from the fire stir in the beaten yolk of an egg to thicken and enrich the gravy.



#### MEASURING THE CHILDREN.

They used to stand on the door-stone gray,  
By the side door, worn and old,  
And we made a pencil mark for each,  
For the brown heads and the gold.  
Low, indeed, was the earliest mark,  
For Bessie could scarcely stand;  
But we held her safe, and marked her height  
With careful and loving hand.

For many a year the game went on,  
We made it a merry match,  
And the one should win who grew the most  
And who first should reach the latch.  
And Harry grew slow, and Nell grew fast,  
And Johnnie grew plump and round,  
And no one could tell which little head  
Would first at the latch be found.

But Harry it was that won at last  
By the very smallest space;  
And Nellie, with all her shining curls,  
Held only the second place;

And Bessie, the oldest little child,  
Was away beyond our sight  
Where we could not tell how fast she grew  
Nor measure again her height.

And all the rest of the children now  
From the farmhouse old have gone;  
Far above the latch now rise the heads  
Of Harry, Nellie and John  
Happy and strong in the world they work,  
For their childhood days are o'er;  
But when they come back they still can see  
The markings beside the door:

—Mary M. Currier.

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## The Children's Corner

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### A SYRUP-CAN MOTHER.

DOROTHY DEANE and her little brother Laurence were standing by the window watching for papa. Every night when it was time for him to return home they waited until they saw him come in sight around the corner, and then ran as fast as they could to meet him.

Unless papa was very tired indeed, he always carried one of them home on his shoulder, while the other took hold of his hand, and both tried to tell him of all that they had been doing that day.

"There he comes!" cried Dorothy at last, and the children raced toward the corner as fast as their chubby little legs would carry them.

"Careful now!" said papa warningly, as the two hurrying little figures reached him. "Don't hit against my dinner-pail!"

"What is in it?" asked Dorothy and Laurence in one breath, as they stood on tiptoe, trying to peep inside the cover.

"Guess!" said papa laughingly. "A nickel to the one who guesses right!"

"Candy!" cried Laurence.

"Oranges!" said Dorothy.

Papa shook his head at both these guesses, and at all the others that followed, until they had reached the house.

"Now let mama have a turn," he said, holding the dinner-pail up to her ear.

"Why, it isn't—" mama began, with a look of the greatest surprise.

"Yes, it is!" papa declared. Then he took off the cover and tipped the pail gently over in the middle of the kitchen table, and out came ten of the fluffiest downiest little chickens that any of them had ever seen. Several stepped about timidly, but most of them huddled together near the pail, peeping softly.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the children delightedly, jumping up and down in their excitement. "Are they really ours? Where did you get them?"

"They are power-house chickens," papa replied,

smiling at their enthusiasm—"hatched right in the engine-room!"

"What do you mean?" asked mama in astonishment, gazing at the pretty little creatures.

"Just what I say," replied papa, who was an engineer in the big power-house down town; "they were hatched on a shelf in the engine-room."

"You are joking!" mama declared, but papa shook his head at once.

"It was just this way," he explained, hanging up his hat. "Tom Morgan brought me a dozen eggs from his new hennery about three weeks ago. I put them up on the shelf, intending to bring them home that night, but never thought of them again until this morning, when there seemed to be something stirring up there. I looked, and, sure enough, there was a fine litter of chickens; just picking their way out of the shells!"

"But how did it ever happen?" asked mama in a puzzled tone, while Dorothy and Laurence scattered tiny bread-crumbs near the new-comers.

"Because the engine, running night and day, gave the eggs just as much heat as they would have found under a hen's wings," papa replied; "and so they thought that they were put up there to hatch."

"Oh, aren't they darlings!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands as the chickens began to eat the crumbs. "They are the nicest pets that we ever had in all our lives!"

"The only question in my mind is, how they are to be mothered at night," papa said, patting Dorothy's bright curls as he spoke. "If mama can decide that question for us, I will agree to make a nice home for them."

Mama looked thoughtful for a moment, then told papa that, if he would make the little house, she would soon have a mother ready to put inside it.

While papa was making a nice coop out of a wooden box, mamma found an empty tin can that had once held a gallon of maple syrup. She filled this full of boiling water, screwed the cover on tight, and then wrapped it up in pieces of flannel.

"There," she exclaimed triumphantly, fastening the last strip, "let us see how the chickens like this for a mother!"

Setting the can carefully in the center of the coop, she put the little chickens close by it. Finding it soft and warm, they cuddled up against the flannel cover, and began to chirp as contentedly as if it were a mother hen. Then she pinned a square of flannel to the upper side of the can, letting it spread either way like a mother hen's wings, and leaving the ends open for the chickens to go in and out.

"We will fill the can with hot water every night," said mama, "and it will keep the chickens nice and warm. They will never know that it is not a real mother."



Whether or not this was true, the chickens certainly lived quite happily with their syrup-can mother, until papa declared that they were large enough to go to roost in the barn.—*Mary Gilbert, in Little Folks.*



### SAVING THE BIRDS.

THE march of civilization has robbed millions of useful, as well as sightly and tuneful birds of their old-time facilities for home making. Tree trunks are being laid low every year over hundreds of acres. The old-fashioned structures, where birds might flock under open eaves are being replaced by modern roofs that shut out bird life. Whole races, like the Chimney Swifts, are being deprived of their shelter in the big, old-style chimneys. Such conditions, combined with lax laws for spring shooting and pot-hunting, will soon drive the valuable insect eaters to extinction, it is agreed. It will be the children's work to house the evicted birds at the time when they not only rear their young, but eat most copiously of the insect crop destroyers.

"The children are now the great factor in this great economic movement," said William Dutcher, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies. "We are calling on Congress, the Legislatures of the entire country and on every adult body to help; but I believe the work of the school children of the land will accomplish more than all the other methods combined."

## For SUNDAY READING

### HIS DIVINE PATIENCE.

Why is the Master so patient yet  
In the world where wrong is wrought  
Takes he no heed of the riot of sin,  
While his will is treated as naught?  
Could he not thunder his judgments down  
Where the men his power defy?  
O the Master is great through his gentleness—  
"He shall not strive nor cry."  
Not in the whirlwind, not in the storm,  
But the still small voice of love  
Is his power to reach to the world's hard heart,  
And its rebel will have to move;  
He finds his way through the silences,  
He hears the prayer of a sigh;  
In wooing whispers the Master pleads—  
"He shall not strive nor cry."  
How does the kingdom of heaven grow?  
Never through war and noise;  
But as the snowdrops do in spring,  
And as love through households joys.  
No blatant trumpet, no rush of war,  
Proclaims the Christ King nigh;  
Though the kingdoms of earth shall all be his,  
"He shall not strive nor cry."

—Selected.

### "JESUS WEPT." John 11: 35.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Boys and girls are sometimes inclined to look down upon others when they cry, because they do not understand the comfort of tears. But tears are not unmanly, and they cannot often be helped. In fact they are a blessing. Terrible, indeed, is it, when we are grieved beyond tears. We should therefore never mock or slight them, and always bear in mind that even Jesus wept. If he had not, he would not have been altogether like us. So we must be glad that he did weep. Although many joys came to him he had many sorrows. For did he not live in this sinful world, as man, like one of us, as his Incarnation shows, and consequently he suffered as we. There are many joys that come into our lives, but there are also many sorrows. Little children cry; young people cry; and old people cry. This is a world of tears and smiles—of rain and sunshine.

But when you read about Jesus, you never find that he wept for himself. People were cruel to him, very unfaithful; but he did not weep about it. As he was led to the dreadful Cross, women bewailed and lamented. He said to them: "Weep not for me." It is a wonderful thing.

But Jesus did cry. He must have wept many times, and suppressed many tears. When people came to him weighed down with sickness. When he saw them unkind and selfish toward each other and acting in an unchristian manner. When they tried to keep little children from running to him, and the poor blind beggar from calling. How sorry these things must have made him. But who can remember how many times we are told that he wept? Twice. First in Luke 19: 41. "And when he was come near, he beheld the city and wept over it." There was the beautiful city that was to be the pride and joy of the whole earth, to whom God had sent so many prophets; for whom he had done so much to make the people good. The city with its homes, and wonderful church, and yet so wicked that it would soon be in a mass of ruins. That is why Jesus wept, for he loved the city and would have liked to see it happy always. He was grieved that the people should be so ungrateful, after having so much done for them.

Suppose, for instance, that you had spent much time and patience on something, and then someone that did not care a bit came and spoiled it. You could not be blamed for weeping. So Jesus wept as he beheld the iniquities of the city.

This is the kind of sorrow fathers and mothers feel when, having loved and toiled for their children, they do not become good. And what do you think Christ must feel after all he has done for us, in living for us and loving us, if we do not love him? There are no tears so sad and dreadful as those of disappointed love.

The other time we are told that Jesus wept, is in John 11: 35. He was then at Bethany. Mary was crying very, very much, because her brother was dead, and the Israelites cried with her. Jesus was so sorry that they did not understand, and that they were in such grief, that he cried too.

One can scarcely realize what tears mean for us. It is like when a little bird is sick and peeps in his distress, his little friends and nest-mates gather around him and peep also, as much as to say: "We are so sorry. Let us help you." It goes to show that there is brotherly love even among our dumb kin.

A little child visited a neighbor whose baby had died, and came home and told her mother that she had been comforting her. Her mother asked her how she had done it, and she said: "I cried with her." Dear little, angelic, innocent soul, that was really a very true way of comforting a sorrowing one. To know that somebody cares is a help to us. But to live in the knowledge that Jesus cares is the greatest help of all. Where does the discontent and general disappointment of man come from? What is the origin of this dissatisfied world, for we are always complaining? Because one-half of the people do not confide and trust in Jesus. We have our clever lawyers but Jesus is above them all. He is our legal advisor, who will plead our cause to the great Judge, and if we only rely on him, we will never lose our case.

We may always count on his sympathy when we are in sorrow, because we have lost something, or because lessons are difficult, or because we have done wrong, or because we are suffering. Christ knows and cares about it. He will help us. We sometimes say when things go wrong: "Nobody cares." Oh, yes, somebody does. That one is Jesus.

"Even Jesus Wept!"



### THE JOY OF GIVING THAT WHICH COSTS.

AFTER a missionary meeting in Brighton, England, a poor widow of the parish presented herself before the pastor and gave him a sovereign. He knew the poor woman's great poverty, and accordingly refused to accept the coin, remarking at the same time that it was too much for her to give. The widow seemed disconcerted and afflicted, and with the irresistible eloquence of an overflowing heart, she begged him to accept it. "Oh, sir," added she, "I have often given pieces of copper to the Lord. Two or three times I have had the joy to give him pieces of silver; but it was the grand desire of my life to give him a piece of gold before I die. For a long time I have been putting by all that I was able, to make this sum. Take it, I pray you, for the missionary cause." The minister did not refuse further. He added to the collection this precious offering of a loving heart.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

### DAILY TESTS.

THERE is more cause for joy than for complaint in the hard and disagreeable circumstances of life. Browning said, "I count life just a stuff to try the soul's strength on." Spell the word "discipline" with a final g—"discipling." We are here to learn Time's lesson for Eternity's business. What does it signify if the circumstances about us are not of our choice, if by them we can be trained, learning the lessons of patience, fortitude, perseverance, self-denying service, acquiescence with God's will, and the hearty doing of it. Circumstances do not make character. Just where you are, take the things of life as tools, and use them for God's glory; so you will help the kingdom come, and the Master will use the things of life in cutting and polishing you so that there shall some day be seen in you a soul conformed to his likeness.—*Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.*



### EDGED TOOLS.

I KNEW a man once whose wife became intensely interested in a revival meeting as a seeker of salvation. He was a skeptic and a scoffer, and when he found her constantly reading the Bible searching for some promise that would comfort her, he said:

"Bosh! I will give you enough of that. I will read the Bible to you every day, till you are sick of it"; and he began. Day by day when he came home he read the Bible—chapter after chapter, having his wife sit and listen. At last one day, when he had finished the third chapter of John, he said,

"My wife, won't you pray for me? I am a poor, lost sinner"; and they knelt and prayed, and God came in mercy, and both were converted.

I knew another skeptic and scoffer—a great physician—my mother's cousin, who was a frequent visitor at my father's house when I was a boy. On one occasion he complained because he could find nothing in the library he wanted to read.

"Will you read a book I will bring you?" my mother asked him.

"Yes, I'll read anything. I'll read an almanac, a patent-office report—anything"; and mother brought him the Bible.

"The Bible! The Bible," said he. "Why, I haven't read the Bible since I was a boy."

"But you promised," mother said, "and I hold you to it"; and he began. He scarcely laid it aside even to eat or sleep for four days and nights.

"The most absorbing book I ever saw," he said.

After a hundred hours passed thus, away in the night, he knocked on my mother's door, and said:

"Cousin Lucy, Cousin Lucy, won't you get up and pray for me? I am a poor, lost sinner."

And she did, and God heard that prayer, and the great doctor was saved. Edged tools cut.—*M., in the Cumberland Presbyterian*.





## Echoes from Everywhere

Former President Grover Cleveland, who has been confined to the Lakewood, N. J., Hotel for two months by an attack of rheumatic gout and acute indigestion, has sufficiently recovered to leave Lakewood for his home in Princeton.

May 27 and 28 disastrous storms, at places assuming the fierceness of a tornado, swept over large portions of the Middle West. Besides the damage done to buildings, telegraph and telephone lines, growing crops, etc., a number of lives were lost and many people injured.

Half a million dollars' worth of books, magazines and rare manuscripts were endangered and \$150,000 worth of them were lost by fire which burned the Harper Brothers' building in New York. Among the manuscripts lost were new ones of Mark Twain, Wm. Dean Howells, and others.

M. Fallieres, president of the French Republic, was the guest of King Edward, of England, the last week in May. In making this visit President Fallieres returns the visit made to his country by King Edward, and also visits the Franco-British exhibition now in progress in the latter country.

In view of the growing scarcity of timber in our country, the "Scientific American" gives a timely suggestion in noting the fact that Europe has demonstrated that a country can be prosperous and develop on a very small amount of lumber. Practically speaking, there is not a wooden shingle in the whole of Europe, while frame houses are rare. Lumber yards in some countries of Europe hardly exist.

In the latest Accident Bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission, dealing with the last three months of 1907, the statistics show that there is a marked decrease, both in the number of train accidents, and the number of passengers killed or injured. There is a decrease as compared with the previous quarter and with the corresponding quarter in 1906. Out of a total number of 220 persons killed, only 21 were passengers, as against 110 passengers killed in the preceding quarter and 180 killed during the corresponding quarter of the previous year.

"Putnam's and the Reader" reproduce a return postage-stamp coupon. It comes from Japan. The legend in French which appears on its face is repeated on the back in German, English, Spanish and Italian, the English version reading: "This coupon can be exchanged for a postage stamp of the value of 25 centimes, or the equivalent of that sum, in countries which have adopted the arrangement." With this in use, one can prepay postage on the answer to a letter which he sends abroad without going to the trouble of hunting a postage stamp of the country to which he is writing.

A correspondent for a Chicago newspaper has just completed a trip from that city to New York, using electric railroads for the greater part of his journey, which required eight days and cost \$23.55 in fares. The total length of the journey is estimated at 1,278 miles, of which all except about 322 miles was on trolley cars.

To induce the people of Madrid to allow themselves to be vaccinated, the mayor of the capital gives a lottery ticket free of charge to all bringing a vaccination certificate. There are four drawings a year and the prizes are very small, but Spaniards, being inveterate gamblers, poor men and women flock to the vaccination chambers while praying to the saints to protect them against the "poison" contained in the lymph.

The general education board has recently made gifts to educational institutions aggregating more than three-quarters of a million dollars. The largest single gift of the board was \$125,000, granted to William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo. The board also made grants of \$80,000 for farmers' coöperative work in the southern States, and of \$20,000 for special high-school agents in connection with State universities in the southern States.

Kansas City, May 27.—An attempt to secure a record indorsement of the standard American revised edition of the Bible as the best version before the American public and commending its widest usage among Presbyterians aroused the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America today in one of the most spirited discussions since the assembly met, and the attempt failed by a very narrow margin.

Pittsburg, May 27.—The Semi-centennial celebration of the United Presbyterian church opened in this city this afternoon. Addresses and other features in commemoration of the jubilee anniversary will be interwoven with the business sessions of the assembly during the remainder of this week. While no time has been set for action on the subject it is certain that much attention will be devoted to closer relations or actual consolidation of the United Presbyterian and Presbyterian churches.

Almost on the eve of adjournment Congress decided to do something. The stoutest was not brave enough to return home and face his constituents with no provision made for avoiding another financial panic, should one threaten. May 27, by a vote of 166 to 140, the House passed the Aldrich-Vreeland composite currency bill, and the Senate was expected to pass the same measure shortly afterward. The life of the measure is limited to six years, but long before that time expires it is believed by competent observers that the national monetary commission created by this act will have agreed upon a comprehensive measure for the reorganization of our entire financial and currency system.

A ban has been declared against rats and mice in the Panama canal zone in efforts to prevent bubonic plague from gaining a foothold there. It has been demonstrated that the plague is communicated by means of fleas. The fleas get it from rats and mice and communicate it to human beings. With the extermination of rats and mice it is said there will be no danger from the bite of the flea so far as plague is concerned. Canal employees have been instructed to kill rats and mice.

The biggest clock in the world has been set in motion at a soap factory in Jersey City, N. J. The dial of the clock is 38 feet across. The minute hand is 20 feet long, and with its counterpoise weighs nearly a third of a ton, while the weight that moves the mechanism weighs 2,000 pounds. At night the hands are outlined with incandescent lights, red lights marking each numeral and an incandescent lamp each minute mark. The tip end of the minute hand travels twenty-four inches every minute.

Denver, May 27.—There will be no liquor sold in the convention auditorium in Denver, where the national Democratic convention meets in July. Application was made to the committee on arrangements in charge of the convention for a concession for a bar in a section of the auditorium some distance from the assembly hall. A large sum was offered for this concession, but the committee unanimously voted to refuse any concession for a bar or other means of selling liquor.

The president of Swarthmore College announces that on the recommendation of the faculty committee on athletics it has been determined to abandon intercollegiate football and basket-ball games for not less than one year. The decision, it is explained, hinges on the refusal of the board of managers several months ago to accept a bequest under the will of the late Anna T. Jeans of Philadelphia, on condition that Swarthmore give up intercollegiate athletics. The decision reached at that time by the college authorities is unalterable, but in declining the bequest recommendations were made that there be a curtailment of athletics at the institution.

We have a young and new country, but Canada is still younger and newer, and last year over a quarter of a million people migrated over the border in search of cheap land. This number would grow every year were it not for the successful work of the irrigation bureau which is providing lands for this desirable element of our population here at home. Last year the bureau completed 1,881 miles of canals, resulting in the establishment of eight new towns and furnishing homes for 14,000 people. It is now expending over \$1,000,000 a month, and has projects under way to be completed at a cost of \$70,000,000.

Washington, May 31.—The cloud of uncertainty which has been hanging over commercial and industrial affairs in the United States since last fall is, in the opinion of Seymour Bell, British commercial agent in this country, passing away. In a recent report to Parliament on this subject Mr. Bell declared: "Readjustment and recuperation are well under way, and, unless labor troubles should retard the improvement or monopolies of capital interfere to keep up prices at too high a level, it is expected that before many months have passed business will be on a safer and more normal basis. A country that produces crops valued at nearly \$7,500,000,000 is unlikely to suffer long from industrial stagnation."

Alton, Ill., May 27.—Alexander Marshall, manager of a manufacturing plant at El Sah, near Alton, has completed experiments in the use of limestone rock, mixed with equal bulk of coal, as a fuel. Marshall has successfully operated his manufacturing plant for two weeks by the use of coal and limestone, the carbonic acid gas in the coal, liberated under the heat, being combined with carbon and making an intense heat. No change in the furnace or special apparatus was needed for the process, and there is no residue of ash.

Washington, May 31.—The wood pulp and print paper investigation committee of the House, which presented a preliminary report to that body several days ago, will continue its investigations during the recess of Congress. It is the purpose of Chairman Mann to gather a great deal of statistical information from the census bureau and the Department of Commerce and Labor during the coming summer. Subcommittees also will be appointed to visit paper mills in different sections of the country and take testimony as to conditions prevailing at them, and it is possible that the full committee will hold a number of meetings.

The world is so accustomed to regard France as being in the vanguard of culture that it comes as a shock to learn that there is a higher percentage of illiteracy there than in several other countries of Europe. This is the more striking because France has had compulsory education for about a quarter of a century. At the present time the percentage of illiterates in France is 40 per 1,000 men and 60 per 1,000 women. In this respect France compares unfavorably with Germany, which has only 4 illiterates per 1,000 of the population, and with Sweden, Denmark and Holland, where the illiterates number from 8 to 45 per 1,000.

Oregon has probably initiated more advanced legislation within the past few years than any other State. They have there the initiative, the referendum and the recall, and have for some time practically named the United States senators by direct vote. Under the referendum law, the voters will decide on June 1 whether to accept or reject a measure that embodies the Henry George theory of the single tax. The measure, if adopted, would exempt all buildings and machinery and place the whole tax on land. Friends of human progress will await with great interest the result of the vote. Henry George has never been successfully answered, and very many people believe that by instituting the single tax we may lay the axe to the root of most of our economic problems.

The cultivation of olive oil which constitutes an important industry of Italy is suffering severely from the ravages of a virulent pest—the keiroun or oil worm, which in the fly stage infests the young fruit. In the northern parts of the country the oil yield has been in great demand owing to its low acidity and almost complete lack of smell. Up-to-date methods of gathering and grinding the olives together with improved preserving processes are being adopted with the result that increased demands for the product from various parts of the world have arisen, but the poor-ness of the crops has considerably depreciated the supply with the result that prices have increased. Outside of Italy the greatest bulk is purchased by Great Britain, but for the past few years exporters have been draining upon their reserves and as these are now very low the oil promises to become a luxury unless some expeditious means of combating the havoc wrought by the oil worm can be discovered.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### CHILD LABOR IN THE SCHOOLS.

This country is slowly being roused to see the evils of child labor, in mill and mine, in street and store and sweatshop. It would be hard to overstate those evils.

There is the direct personal suffering involved, the loss of childhood's pleasures, the weight of premature care, the pain of exhaustion, and the danger of accident due to the natural carelessness of childhood and its quick wearying of any task. Quite apart from the direct injury from bad conditions, or from the exactions of the specific work, it is this main fact—that childhood is physiologically incapable of prolonged concentration, and that to require it is to destroy childhood.

So follows the second class of evil in child labor—the injury to the race thru the premature development of those who should be children, and who are forced to be men and women before their time.

This attacks that basic advantage of all the higher forms of animal life, and humanity's especial prerogative—the prolongation of the period of immaturity. The higher the race, the longer the period. To shorten it is to lower the race standard. The precocious development forced by child labor brings a sickly and stunted maturity, premature marriage and imperfect descendants. It is worse than race suicide; it is to torture, cripple and slowly deteriorate the race thru the persons of those we live to love and care for—those on whose advancement depends the progress of the world—our children.

With this line of argument we are tolerably familiar, and may add to it one not quite so patent—the effect on the immature mind of working for payment. Any healthy child has a large capacity for exertion, loves to do things, is eagerly desirous of helping in any process he sees going on. This race instinct for working is as vital as the play instinct, as normal, largely of the same nature. But when to the natural expression of energy is added the pressure of our wage system we pervert the process. It is hard enough for the adult to combat the degrading effects of our commercialism, however strong, however well educated, however stoutly buttressed with noble ideals and honest habits, and to thrust our children under its influence, years before they are grown, is to weaken and contaminate our moral heredity as well as the physical.

While all the healthy agitation is going on against this recognized evil of child labor, let us call attention to a less recognized form of the same evil—the child labor in our schools.

Our educational system we believe to be the best in the world. Good as it is we admit some shortcomings, and are continually altering and bettering from year to year.

But granting all this good, there remains one general evil—that of overwork. We do not demand as much mental labor as did Dr. Blimber, of atrocious memory, but the effects produced by that exacting educator are too frequently repeated among us to this day.

It is not more, but different, education, wiser methods

in education, that we need; a system that will not be content to offset an eight-hour injury by a patent scheme of ventilation and some compulsory gymnastics.

Here is a girl, thin, anemic, spectacled, engaged in ceaseless desperate struggle to "keep up with her studies." If she were forced to the same pace to keep up with the flying shuttle in the mill we should see the harm of it clearly enough—that is, if she were our own child. This one is well dressed, well loved, well doctored, but she is persistently and continuously overworked; and when in later years motherhood is demanded of her she is inadequate to that great task.

Then we cry out against education for women! It is not education that hurts them. If we were all better educated, especially our women, we should know better than to subject any child to a strain like this. The trouble with them is weakened constitutions, simply from overwork in tender years; hard, remorseless, enforced labor, exacted at a period when the energies of life should all be spent in natural growth. When we do understand how to educate, it will be a part, a proud and joyous part, of that great process. —The Independent.



### THE WIVES OF THE PSEUDO-RICH.

One elderly lady (I remember hearing this long ago) all her life had wanted to have a little cottage by the sea, where she could spend a few months in absolute rest each year. It would cost her about four thousand dollars. Her husband was worth many millions, and they had several great houses both in this country and abroad.

"But why don't you get it at once?" some one asked her. "You are very rich."

"My husband is rich," she said wistfully. At the time it puzzled me, but it does not now.

In one of our Southern cities, a lady drove down-town behind a pair of horses for which her husband had paid \$10,000 the week previous. When I told her how beautiful I thought her horses were, she burst into tears. In answer to my expression of astonishment, she exclaimed: "Don't you suppose I know everybody is talking about me? Everybody in the country knows what Jim paid for this pair, and they all say, 'Why doesn't she pay her small bills!' If only I had a little money of my own—just a little that I could count on—so that I should not have to do such inconsistent things!"

I recently said to Mrs. R—, who had been forced by her husband's failure to earn her own living: "You are such a practical woman, tell me, why did you not save? Half of your income for five years would have prevented all this."

"I couldn't," she said. "Even now, looking back on it all, I see that I could not have done differently. I never could get hold of any actual money, or I should have put some away. I never could find out what we were spending. In my house accounts, of which I had charge, I had to be accountable to George for every cent I spent.

He insisted on my running exactly the sort of house we had, and I was always hard pressed to make it come within the amount allowed me. The real sums of money that were spent were on the things over which I had no control. It was his money, all of it. He never let me forget that; and he never let me feel that I had anything whatever to say about his property."

Is it not clear that the extravagance of these women is not responsible for the failures of their husbands, since they are not even responsible for their own extravagance?

Is it not painfully clear that a woman who is not permitted to manage her own household on an intelligent basis is being definitely incapacitated for ever taking care of herself, if need be?

Two things are needed to help the situation: More conservatism and consistency on the part of our business men, with a realization that their families cannot safely live on inflated incomes. Second, a better understanding of conditions and responsibilities on the part of our daughters and wives.

And there are two ways to bring this second remedy about: through the husband's attitude and through the practical education of our little girls.

Don't misunderstand me; I am no advocate of the "emancipated" woman. I prefer the protective attitude of man to the competitive one. Man is in every way more fitted to be the wage-warner, as well as the backbone, of the family, and it is to him that woman should look. But, at the same time, any woman may be called upon to earn her own bread. Are we not, then, making a mistake when we prepare our daughters for no future, but to amuse themselves, to be taken care of, to be the nominal center of a household, but with no control of the strings that lead to the circumference?

A woman who does not know approximately what her husband is making, how heavy his obligations are, and how and where she can spend or save for the best interests of all concerned, does not stand in a normal relation to life. And when there is added the condition that makes her merely the beneficiary of his bounty—when, to obtain that bounty, she must resort to the use of arts and tricks—then, even though she does it for the benefit of her children, the dignity and the glory of wifehood have passed from her. The spread of brokeritis may seem to be confined to a relatively small class, but it is the class most seen, and heard, and written about, and it should not be forgotten that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."—Everybody's Magazine.



#### STORAGE RESERVOIRS TO PREVENT FLOODS AND AID NAVIGATION.

A PLAN has been proposed to stop forever the costly spring floods at Pittsburg and other places along the rivers which drain the Appalachian Mountains. These annual devastations are so certain in their recurrence that they have come to be considered almost inevitable. All the efforts of the Government with dams, restraining walls, and other engineering works have proved inadequate to control the streams when they have been swollen with the melting winter snows. On the other hand, the Government projects have proved unavailing to maintain the same rivers at a depth great enough to permit unhampered navigation later on in the year, when the flood waters have spent themselves. This

latter trouble possibly causes a greater financial loss to the South than do the floods, but as it is not concentrated into a brief spectacular outburst, less is heard of it through the newspapers. It was, indeed, the problem of navigation that gave rise to the present scheme.

It is now proposed to go to the seat of the evil—to the headwaters of the rivers—and apply there two remedies: First, the maintenance of a forest cover which will keep the ground porous so that it will not shed all the water from its surface at once but will soak it up and release it gradually; second, to establish storage reservoirs at strategic points which will retain surplus flow when it is not useful but only does damage by being allowed to run free, and will pay it out, little by little, later on, when it is sorely needed.

The United States has spent \$30,000,000 to improve navigation on the rivers which have their upland sources in the Southern Appalachians, and work already undertaken will cost at least \$56,000,000 before it is finished. This does not include the Ohio proper, which is largely supplied with water from these sources, on which more than \$6,000,000 has been spent. Despite this outlay, navigation is so precarious on many of these rivers, especially in the upper stretches, during several months every year that steamboat lines have to suspend operations and many companies have abandoned the field because with the light-draft vessels they are forced to use they can not compete with railroads, although steamboat transportation is normally much cheaper than railroad rates. The Government has striven for a 4-foot depth or even, in some places, for a 3-foot stage and been unable to maintain it throughout the year.

Experts from the Geological Survey, with the storage reservoir scheme in mind, last year made a careful study of the rivers which flow from both sides of this watershed, located reservoir sites, computed the amount of water they would hold, the heights of the necessary dams, and the periods during which the rivers could be maintained at various depths above their low-water levels during the dry seasons. The results of this study are published under the title "The Relation of the Southern Appalachian Mountains to Inland Water Navigation," as Circular 143 of the Forest Service, and can be obtained free by writing to the Forester at Washington. The initial cost of these reservoirs would be greater than the works under the present system, but the authors of the circular say that the storage reservoirs would give the relief, both in regard to navigation and to floods, which the present projects fail to supply and they point out that the relief so gained would be permanent, whereas under the system now in operation there is a continuous expense in dredging the channels which become clogged with sand and silt washed down by the spring floods, especially from the unforested areas around some of the rivers.



In the long run the storage reservoir method would be cheaper as well as more effective, for, as one of the sponsors of the plan says, it is better business to add to the tops of the rivers and get what you want, than to keep digging out the bottoms in an attempt to get a river deep enough to float a boat in.



### THE MAN AND HIS PAY.

It is not the pay that makes the man. A five-dollar-a-week clerk cannot be made into a fifteen-dollar clerk by merely raising his wages to that amount. It is the man that makes the pay. The fifteen-dollar man who is started at five dollars will soon be up to a fifteen, and by the time he gets there, he will probably be a twenty-dollar man. As a rule, it is not difficult for one who is making a purchase in a store to tell the clerks who are working solely for what there is in it and those who are working with a regard and a respect for their work.

It is scarcely more difficult to detect in an office or in a factory the men who are keeping the pay-envelope right before their eyes to the exclusion of everything else. It is remarkable how much in the way of opportunity and how large can be the opportunity that can be completely obscured by a little manila pay-envelope.

Of course there are men who do not care, men who are satisfied to jog along without thought of rising. Between this class and the class of those who are anxious to get ahead and who try every minute, there is the class composed of those who under favorable conditions will make the necessary effort, tho under average circumstances they waste much time in forgetfulness and inertia.

The man who knows and at the same time is anxious realizes that he is constantly under the eye of some one who will appreciate effort. He knows that if he tries hard he will himself be benefited by the effort and will grow in ability as he increases his effort. He knows too that he cannot try to help his employer without being found out and rewarded in proportion as he tries.

While we may in a measure deprecate the effort that is entirely selfish, that works harder, tries harder simply for what there is in it, still the instinct of self-preservation is first and strongest, and, after all, every man does work very hard for what it will profit him in some way.

Even so, no man can help himself without helping his employer, unless he is dishonest about it, and in this day of strenuous competition employers are just as anxious to get good workmen and to keep them as the workmen are to get good jobs and to hold them.

It is the rare occasion when a valuable man and energetic worker who is looking after his employer's

interests does not get substantial appreciation of his efforts in the way of better pay.

The man who wants to succeed and who has the right idea of success is the man who will not let his pay stand between him and better service. He is the man who will make his work bring him better pay rather than his pay bring better work.—*Frank Farrington.*



### BETWEEN WHILES.

"This is what I call capital punishment," said the boy who was shut up in a closet with the preserves.



New Arithmetic—If it takes one boy one hour to do two errands, how long will it take two boys to do one errand?  
Answer—Half a day.



"I ate a piece of pie for supper last night." How did you feel when you awoke this morning?" "I haven't been to sleep yet."



"Dad, I'm going in for surgery. All the girls are taking up a fad."

"Good enough, daughter. Could you amputate a button from the back of my coat and graft it onto this vest?"



Mrs. Muggins: "Since Mrs. Newrich's husband made all his money she has the doctor continually."

Mrs. Muggins: "Yes, I hear she is suffering with nervous prosperity."



Grocer—You gave that woman one too many potatoes when you measured out that quarter-peck, my son.

Boy—What's one potato, I'd like to know.

Grocer—One potato in a quarter-peck! Four potatoes in a peck! Sixteen potatoes in a bushel! Sixteen hundred potatoes in a hundred bushels! Why, my boy, you'll ruin me if you keep on.



A man sent this answer to a bookseller who sent in his account for a book delivered some time before: "I never ordered the book. If I did you did not send it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't I won't."



Pie—"Why do they refer to government office as pie?"

"Because," answered Senator Sorghum. "It's something that nearly everybody likes himself, altho he thinks it's bad for nearly everybody else."—*Washington Star.*



"Cissy" asks if there is anything that will bring youth to woman. Yes, indeed; an income of \$5,000 a year will bring one every night in the week.

## WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED.—A COOK. An active, loyal sister, a good cook, for the college. Terms right. Work begins in September. Send reference with your application. Mount Morris College, Mount Morris, Ill.

# **In Planning Your Trip to ANNUAL CONFERENCE**

## **Next Month Arrange for Joining the EXCURSION TO MIAMI RANCH**

You have been reading and hearing of the mammoth and substantial work of the FARMERS' DEVELOPMENT CO., in developing and colonizing the

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The directors are Isaac Frantz, D. G. Wenrick, I. B. Miller, I. H. Rosenberger, M. N. Mikesell, F. D. Rosenberger, J. Wasson, and J. C. Wine. Geo. W. Colvert is General Sales Agent.

Are you seeking a safe and profitable investment? Are you seeking a home? Then you owe it to yourself to see MIAMI RANCH before deciding upon another location.

The excursion to MIAMI RANCH will be delightful, instructive, and inexpensive. It will leave Des Moines immediately after the close of Annual Meeting.

For further particulars WRITE US and when you get to DES MOINES call at MIAMI RANCH HEADQUARTERS.

**FARMERS' DEVELOPMENT COMPANY**  
**Springer, New Mexico**



# Facts Regarding Imperial Valley

Some people in trying to induce their friends to settle in the country where they themselves are located, frequently send them advertising matter that is gotten up by unscrupulous land agents that deviates from the truth. Their friends come and buy property and soon find out that the facts do not correspond with the advertisements sent them. The result is they soon become discouraged and sell out at a sacrifice, and go back where they came from, worsted financially and in some instances say worse things of the country than they should, and thus bring reproach on a good country (though not as good as the advertisement represented it to be). The undersigned has known this to happen more than once, and for this reason has decided to tell his friends about the Imperial Valley in his own words, so that he alone shall be responsible, and so that the wonderful Imperial Valley may never be made a reproach and a by-word.

Imperial Valley is situated in San Diego County, California, 183 miles east of Los Angeles on the Imperial branch of the Southern Pacific railroad. The soil is an alluvial deposit and all crops are grown by irrigation, with water from the Colorado River. The main irrigation canal is 80 feet wide on the bottom and 100 feet wide on the top, and 10 feet deep. The soil is adapted to the growth of wheat, barley, alfalfa and nearly all kinds of fruit. Alfalfa having plenty of water can be cut eight times per season, yielding as high as ten tons of nice hay per acre which sells at present from \$8.00 to \$11.00 per ton. Barley can be sown for winter pasture in alfalfa stubble after the last crop of hay is harvested. Alfalfa can be cut every three weeks if the hay is wanted for dairy cows, or every four or five weeks if wanted for horses. I have known of alfalfa yielding \$40.00 worth of seed per acre and my own yielded \$20.00 per acre with the first season's sowing. Dairying and hog raising are very profitable. Butter sells from 20 cents to 45 cents per pound; hogs, 7½ cents on foot; also beef, cattle and horses do excellently. One colt weighed 960 pounds at less than one year old. One acre of alfalfa will keep from 2 to 3 head of dairy cows or horses and from ten to fifteen head of hogs. Oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apricots, grapes and berries do well. A single grape vine has yielded 30 pounds of grapes 18 months from setting. Grapes, apricot and cantaloupe growing is very profitable as they will ripen here from three to four weeks earlier than other places, and be placed on the eastern market before they are ripe in other localities. One man at Coachella was offered \$600.00 cash for the grapes on a single acre of vines and refused the offer and sold at retail for \$1,400.00. Cantaloupes will net the grower from \$50.00 to \$300.00 per acre. I have lived in the valley as long as any one, being one of the first settlers, and my experience and observation has taught me that you can grow almost anything here you plant, including vegetables, if planted in the proper seasons and properly cared for. The selling price of land at present is from \$40.00 to \$100.00 per acre, owing to location. President Roosevelt says that when it is thoroughly developed it will be worth from \$500.00 to \$1500.00 per acre.

Reader, when you shiver around your fireside the coming winter, just think of the Imperial Valley where you can go in your shirt sleeves nearly every day in the year. And on the 10th day of this month (May, 1907), while there was a snow storm raging in many places in the eastern states, we were making hay and picking and eating fruit in the Imperial Valley.

For further information, address

**W. F. GILLETT, - Holtville, California**

As to the reliability of the above, inquire of W. E. Trostle, San Gabriel, Cal., enclosing stamp.

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A book of 512 pages and containing 742 of the best hymns of the day and is well adapted for Sunday school, prayer-meeting and church service.

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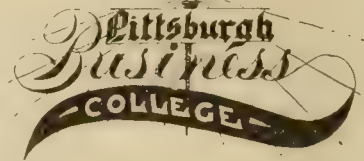
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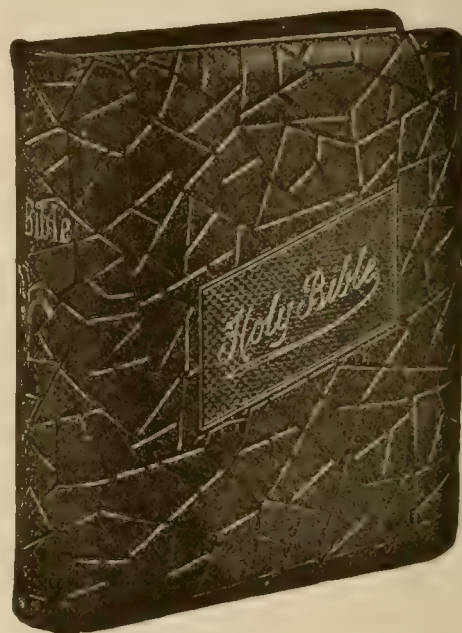


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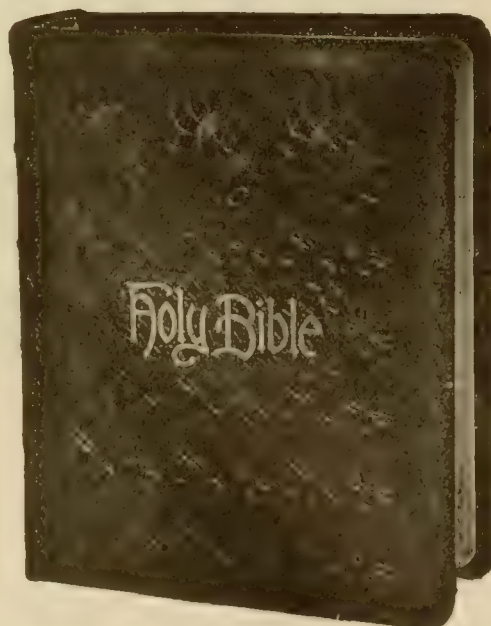
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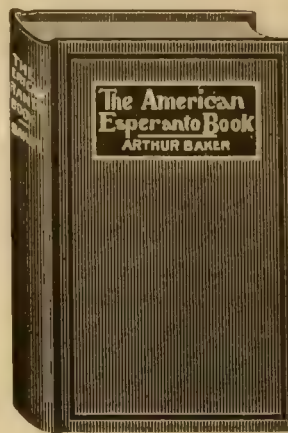
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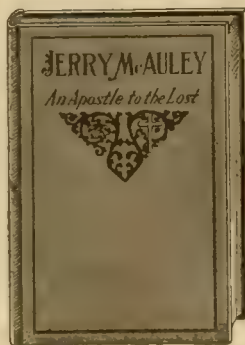
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Edited by R. M. Offord

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To read his "testimonies" and to stop and ponder on them is to find the clew to his power. Here is one of them. "I have nothing to be proud of; I am proud of my Savior and not of myself. I was a notorious drunkard and gambler. Even my wife does not know of some of the sins I committed, and she never will till the Day of Judgment. I don't know what to say to express my feelings of thankfulness. I know I have been converted, that is, if conversion is ceasing to love that which is evil and loving that which is good. I know that divine grace saved me from a drunkard's grave."

## Kindle the Flame in Other Hearts

It is a good thing to write and print and spread the life of such a man as the hero of this volume. It may kindle the flame in many other hearts. Christians in other walks of life than he trod may be stirred to better living. And some poor, sinning soul, some wretched and sinking soul, some poor sinner, almost as bad as Jerry was, may read it in his extremity, and cry out with this ransomed prisoner, "Lord, save me, I perish."

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So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual. Far away in the twenties, the thirties of the Twentieth Century, he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, and his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation, a mind trained to think and act, a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about him? Will you, boy of the Twentieth Century, let him come as a man among men in his time, or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had a chance to touch it? Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own, or will you fling his hope away, decreeing, wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be?—David Starr Jordan.

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## THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH

shows the residence of Elder H. F. Maust formerly of Waterloo, Iowa, who was the pioneer settler of Butte Valley, so far as our colonization project is concerned. It is almost two years since he bought 800 acres of land in the valley. At that time there was not a sagebrush amiss and not a furrow plowed where you see these splendid buildings. Of course it has required a great deal of labor to do all the work that has been done in these two years, but how long would it take "back East" to own a farm of that size and have this kind of buildings on them?

His land is worth, today, double the amount he paid for it and yet it is not for sale. Write him at Macdoel and see what he says about it. If you think this is the only nice house in the valley, just watch this page next week and the next, and the next, and the next, and the next.

A news item in "The Siskiyou News" says that Roy E. Swigart, formerly of Dixon, Ill., has had an orchardist helping him set out a large orchard. Roy is a great fellow. He couldn't wait till fall when the rest are going to set out thousands of trees. It's natural for him to be ahead. Why, he only came to the Valley on the 15th of March this year and he has a large barn up and eighty acres of land cleared. In fact he's doing things.

What do you suppose the price of land will be in Butte Valley in two years more if the present rate of development keeps up? Well, that does not worry the fellow that has bought there, but the fellow that has not yet secured a home there ought to figure a little on that. There are low rates from June 1st to Sept. 15th and homeseekers should avail themselves of this splendid opportunity of getting a good home at the right price, in the right kind of a country.

## The California Butte Valley Land Company

14 Central Arcade, Flood Building,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



# A Mother's Stirring Tribute

to a plain old home remedy. Mrs. John E. Jones of Florissant, Mo., is the author of the following letter: "Florissant, Mo., Jan. 19th. Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill. Dear Sirs: Our baby now eleven months old is taking your Blood Vitalizer with most delightful results. She is teething and has always been troubled with constipation so that we had to give her a physic every day. This finally failed to help, and as she became very feverish and we were afraid spasms might set in, we called our family physician, who prescribed other and stronger medicine. It only put her in agony and for hours we did what we could for her but she grew worse instead of better. The doctor came again and gave her something that just barely moved her bowels. We grew hopeful but soon found that this last medicine failed to work too. The last night of the old year, we watched her with sinking hearts as she was growing rapidly worse. When morning came I begged my husband to let me try the Blood Vitalizer and quit the doctor. The doctor thought the trouble was only teething but I felt there was something more than that, as two years ago we lost a little darling whose symptoms were similar and whose bowels the doctors failed to move.

With anxious hearts we gave her the first teaspoonful of the Blood Vitalizer. In a few minutes she was asleep, and O, how I watched and prayed. In an hour her stomach seemed to be softer. In two hours when she awoke I gave her a second teaspoonful and in an hour she had obtained the relief we sought. I continued to give her the Blood Vitalizer and, O, such passages! I found she had worms very badly and they still continue to pass.

I send this letter to you that other mothers may learn of what we consider to be a God-given remedy for the little ones. Your Blood Vitalizer has certainly by God's blessing saved our darling."

## A MOTHER IN SWITZERLAND WRITES.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Wald, Switzerland, March 9,

Gentlemen:—

I desire to take the time to tell you that your Blood Vitalizer has accomplished some wonderful things for myself and daughters. Through long-continued illness my nerves seemed to be totally ruined. I was hardly able to sleep and so run down physically that I had given up hopes of getting well. Last fall, however, I decided to try your Blood Vitalizer and obtained some at the agency here. To my surprise I commenced to pick up at once, my sleep returned and I got stronger day by day.

I also commenced to give it to my daughter (aged 10) whose blood seemed to be weak and vitiated and whose eye-lids were always raw and inflamed. She also had a disagreeable discharge from the nose. All these troubles have disappeared, for which we are deeply thankful.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. W. E. Rebsamen.

The writer of one of the above letters of testimonial states that her motive in writing is that other mothers may learn of the merits of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. What a characteristic of the true mother's heart! Her feelings go out not only to her own but to other little sufferers. Among the readers of the INGLENOOK there are no doubt many mothers to whom the knowledge of a reliable home remedy, in which absolute confidence can be placed, is worth much. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER has very properly been termed the mother's friend. It is the mother in the family that usually bears the brunt and worry of the sickness of a dear one. She is, by her position, the one who is called upon when something is wrong, and hence upon her knowledge of a proper remedy depends the weal and woe of the household.

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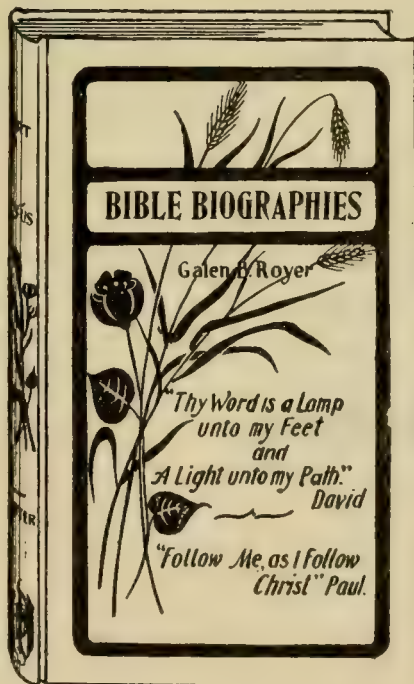
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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

June 16, 1908

No. 24.

## Protecting Our Boys And Girls

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, Secretary of the Society for the  
Suppression of Vice

MARCH 2, 1908, I closed thirty-six years of public service on behalf of the children of this nation, and in defense of their moral purity.

There are three things which the ordinary reader does not realize:

First, the number of youth and children, twenty-one years of age and under in this country.

Second, the facilities for reaching them.

Third, the dangers that environ them.

According to the last official enrollment, there were 36,727,363 boys and girls, twenty-one years of age and under, in this country, out of a total population of less than seventy-four million.

This means that if a person were to stand at a given point 367 consecutive days, and allow 100,000 different boys and girls, twenty-one years of age and under, to pass him every day, at the end of the 367th day there would be 27,363 that he had not seen.

### The Facilities for Reaching Them.

When it is remembered that the mails of the United States go everywhere, and that the Express Companies and Common Carriers reach every part of the land, then a person will begin to realize how easy it is to debauch the mind of any one of these boys and girls.

In every city, town or hamlet, there is a postoffice where letters are received. And if they are properly addressed, with the requisite postage upon them, they must be forwarded to their office of destination.

In the larger cities, you will find on every street and avenue a letter-box. In every large business house, especially a large office building, there are mail chutes running from the top floor to the basement. In every mail-car there is an aperture through which letters may be dropped.

In this way evil men may send, unbeknown to parent or teacher, sealed packages containing the vilest matter, addressed to the purest child. No one knows it has been sent to the child, unless the watchful parent or

teacher intercepts and opens it before the child receives it.

### Are There Any Specific Dangers to the Young?

The third question then presents itself:

An experience of thirty-six years has qualified those who are on the firing line, as experts. And as one of the outpost pickets I report that there are foes more to be dreaded than any bird or beast of prey. There are evils more deadly in their effect than the bite of a mad dog. For instance:

If a mad dog bites a child, the child immediately cries out, and every passerby is made aware of the fact that the child has been bitten. The child runs home screaming, a doctor is summoned, remedies are applied, and everything is done to relieve the suffering, and to ward off the dire consequences of the bite.

Not so, however, with that which secretly enters the home, under the sanctity of the seal, through the postal service. The child receives the matter at the hands of a letter carrier. He or she opens it, unbeknown to parent or teacher. Inside of it may be advertisements or samples of diabolical things, which the sender has for sale. It comes before the mind of the child, and there is carried into the Chamber of Imagery, in the heart of that boy or girl, influences which are insidious and deadly in their effects. The reproductive faculties of the mind—Imagination and Fancy—constantly employ these influences as a means of entertainment. Evil thoughts are the precursors of evil deeds and evil habits. These are influences that at once corrupt the thoughts, pervert the imagination, sear the conscience, harden the heart, and damn the soul. They curse, more and more, each generation born into the world.

According to the last report of The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, we have gathered up more than 1,800,000 leaflets and circulars. We seized, during the year 1907, over 774,000 pictures. In round numbers, we took out of the community, last year, over twelve tons of contraband matter. This



means more than twelve tons of mad dogs, or twelve tons of little black devils, put out of existence. We also made one hundred and sixty-five arrests during 1907.

Altogether, The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, which I have the honor to represent, has made nearly 3,200 arrests and seized more than 125 tons of contraband matter. But this is not all.

The Western Society for the Suppression of Vice, of which Mr. R. W. McAfee, of Crawfordsville, Ind., is the Secretary and chief moving spirit, has, since 1884, been active in this department of work. He has accomplished a work which has put the entire community under obligations to him. And if he does nothing more than what he has already accomplished, he has won rich laurels, and is entitled to a monument to be erected to his name and fame.

There are others who have stood behind Mr. McAfee, who are practically unknown to the community, as staunch friends and supporters of this cause. They are modest and retiring men. I desire to introduce Mr. W. J. Breed, of Cincinnati, the President, and Mr. H. D. Penfield, of Chicago. There are others who have been associated with them, for years, content to be unknown, and satisfied to stand behind the movement of which Mr. McAfee has been their representative.

In New York City two men have recently been called to their eternal rest who, for years, stood as bulwarks of strength and comfort to this movement.

Mr. John Sinclair was buried from the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church on the 21st of January; and Mr. Morris K. Jesup passed from earth to heaven the night of the same day.

Mr. Jesup, in 1872, showed the grandeur and nobility of his character by going down to a business house, taking a poor young man by the hand, and expressing to him his personal sympathy, showing his confidence by providing the means to work with. He practically fathered this movement up to the time of the incorporation of The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, in May, 1873.

Prior to the incorporation of this Society, largely through the efforts of Mr. Jesup, we were successful in seizing the plates for printing 167 out of 169 different books, that were then being published to the detriment of the community.

The men engaged in this hellish business made a practice of collecting the names from catalogues of schools and seminaries, and then sending, unbeknown to parent or teacher, their advertisements, setting forth, in bawdy and filthy terms, the titles and descriptions of the books, pictures, articles and things which they were then openly advertising for sale.

Many and many a man and woman has had cause, in these later years of their lives, to pray to God, as one of old, "Remember not the sins of my youth, nor

my transgressions." "Deliver me from the sins of my youth."

Both the New York Society, and the Western Society, have been supported, all these years, by voluntary contributions. The money, in each instance, is under the control of the Board of Managers of each organization.

I have been engaged in this work thirty-six years. I do not ask for personal favors or gain, although I have a blanket mortgage on my home, after thirty-six years of service. But I do ask, and earnestly seek, on behalf of the Board of Managers of these two organizations, that those who have means to contribute, will express their love for the children of the nation by contributing, as their hearts may be moved, in defense of the moral purity of the children of the nation, against the moral-cancer-planters of the day.

The writer of this article has just come in from court, from the arrest of a man, and the raiding of a place in a thickly populated portion of this city, where a man kept a news-stand on the sidewalk; and then, as young men would visit his stand, he would take them down into a basement, formerly occupied by a plumber, where he kept the most diabolical books and pictures for sale. He solemnly declared that he had none of these matters; but before we got through we seized 126 books; 135 pamphlets; and a small number of circulars. Some of these books contain from ten to fifteen pictures of the most atrocious character.

On the 12th inst. we brought into the courts a man who was importing, from abroad, not only indecent publications, but publications containing the most frightful blasphemy and sacrilege that it has ever been the writer's duty to look upon. I say duty, because except I was forced to look upon such matters, they were so revolting that one would turn away from them in horror and disgust. I never supposed it possible for any human being to sink so low as must be the man who uttered some of the blasphemous, sacrilegious, and indecent things which were seized, and their dissemination prevented.

One day, in October last, we took seven-and-a-half tons of matter to one paper mill, and had it ground up into pulp. Two employes of this Society were obliged to remain by it until five o'clock the next morning, before it was put out of existence.

In another instance we took eleven-and-a-half tons of matter to another paper mill, had it thrown into a vat of sodiash and destroyed.

Last year we seized more than 22,000 magazines and papers; and 621 negatives for making obscene photographs. In September last we seized in the City of Hartford about 75,000 pictures, and plates from which they had been printed. The following week we took 57,700 pictures which were hidden away in a dark bedroom of a tenement house in Forsyth Street, in this

city. The week after that we took 24,000 pictures from a printer in the Bronx.

Between noon of the 17th of October, and noon of the 19th, we made fifteen arrests in the City of Philadelphia, and seized about 110,000 pictures there.

Now the question is, Will the good people of this country contribute towards supplying the ammunition necessary to put out of business these hundreds and thousands of little black devils, that are hunting out our children, in secret, to destroy them?

To one unfamiliar with the facts, this may seem very strong language. But to those of us who have been, for thirty-six years, on the firing line, words are very tame when employed to describe the atrocious character of the foes which we, year by year, have faced; and which we have constantly sought to overthrow and put out of existence.

Persons have frequently said, "Well, I should think you would be afraid of your life. It is a wonder to me you haven't been killed." I met two very lovely men today who were walking together, who gave utterance to the foregoing sentiment. I replied in the words of my banner text: "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise in judgment against thee thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

By faith and prayer this work has been sustained and cared for. The grand results accomplished have not been reached by man's wisdom, but by the blessing of Almighty God on feeble man's effort.

Anyone disposed to contribute to the Western Society, should send their contribution to Mr. W. J. Breed of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Anyone disposed to contribute to the New York Society, should send to Mr. Henry E. Jones, Treasurer, 140 Nassau Street, New York City.

Any desiring to remember this cause at their death, the following is a proper form of bequest:

I give and bequeath to The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, May 16, 1873, the sum of \$..... to be applied for the purpose for which it was instituted.

I crave no epitaph upon my tombstone other than "The Children's Friend." The welfare of this mighty nation is dependent in a large degree upon the moral purity and lofty character of the children of today. The hand that strikes down the foes to moral purity of today, defends the highest interests of the future.



A GOOD, practical education, including a good trade, is a better outfit for a young man than a grand estate with the drawback of an empty mind.—*Horace Greeley.*



UNDERSTAND this first, and always: The world wants the best thing. It wants your best.—*Frances E. Willard.*

## LINES TO AN OLD PRINT SHOP.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Where years ago trod belle and beau,  
In silk and satin rustling,  
Where echoes greet no hurrying feet  
Of shoppers storeward bustling,  
All hidden there from noise and blare  
Of cars and coaches rumb'ring,  
A quaint retreat in a quiet street,  
The Old Print Shop is slumb'ring.

Ah well I know the tinkle low  
Of door-bell shrill and trusty;  
And far above all scents I love  
The odor faint and musty  
That greets me there where treasures rare  
'Midst dust and dusk are hidden,  
And tempt my heart in that quaint mart  
With bargains purse-forbidden.

The shop is small, each tiny wall  
Is hid by print and etching,  
While overhead his filmy thread  
The spider's ever stretching.  
The sun all day ne'er finds its way  
A-through the narrow casement,  
But Love is there, and peace so rare  
Bides in that little basement.

And though I mourn the povert purse  
That causes all my ire,  
I patient wait till Time and Fate  
Shall grant my heart's desire;  
For some fair day my love will sway  
E'en these, and gain full measure—  
A heart so true, sweet eyes so blue,  
The Old Print Shop's best treasure!



## ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

### Chapter XV. Mrs. F. S. Osgood.

FRANCES SARGENT LOCKE, daughter of Joseph Locke, a prosperous merchant of Boston, was born in 1812. Her early life was passed in Hingham, chiefly. While a child she showed literary talent, particularly in verse, and her abilities in this line were first noticed by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, at that time editing *Juvenile Miscellany*. By invitation she began contributing to that journal, and afterwards to others under the name of "Florence." In 1834 she married the painter, Osgood, and went with him to London, where they remained four years, he acquiring a reputation as a painter, she as a poetess. They resided chiefly in New York after their return to the United States, although Mr. Osgood was absent occasionally on professional visits to various parts of the country.

Mrs. Osgood in 1841 edited an annual, "The Flowers of Poetry and the Poetry of Flowers," and in 1847, "The Floral Offering." A collection of her poems was printed in 1846, and a complete collection of them was printed in one large octavo volume in 1850, the year of her death.



Her prose contributions would make probably two volumes if collected. They may be called prose in name only, being essentially poetical, many of them being far more so than much that is called poetry. It has been remarked that her whole life was a poem. Her productions never deteriorated, but always improved. Her later poems were marked by a tenderness of feeling, a freedom of style, and a wisdom of apprehension that was truly pleasing to every reader. If for no other reason she ought to be remembered for her beautiful poem on "Labor," which concludes:

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;  
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;  
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;  
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God."

Worthy of mention: John Ogden, education; Rev. Stephen Olin, travels; Peter Oliver, the Puritans; Mrs. Caroline Orne, tales and sketches; Miss C. F. Orne, stories; H. G. Otis, political, J. R. Orton, poems; Rev. H. J. Osborn, the Holy Land; Robert Owen, socialism; Ruth Ogden, stories.

*Bryan, Ohio.*

## The Galena Lead Region

Mary E. Canode

MANY of our states that have figured in the earlier history of our country have localities that were once busy centers of commercial activity, but are now of comparatively little importance. Those places won their reputations through one or more of the great industries,—commerce, manufacturing, lumbering or mining.

The fact that in time the tide of interest turned in another direction, leaving to those communities scarcely a remnant of their former activity, was due either to exhaustion of natural resources or resulted because rival localities offered more and better facilities. And it is not often that interest in the old locality is revived, but occasionally such does prove to be the case.

That bluff, rocky section of northwestern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, long known as the Galena lead region, in general, lies within a radius of twenty-five miles of the historic old city of Galena. In past years the city enjoyed the reputation of being an important waterway shipping point and the surrounding country that of being rich in lead ore deposits. But for over a quarter of a century, with the exception of the few recent years, that region which once yielded lead in such large quantities has been considered unavailable for extensive mining interests. Lead ores continued to be mined to some extent, but the ventures were generally those of small miners. Men of some means, residing in the smaller towns would lease timber land and hire miners to do the work. Frequently two or three miners would lease land and prospect on their own risks. On favorable mornings these men might be seen trudging along toward their claims to work only till noon. Picks and shovels would then be concealed under a convenient pile of leaves after which farcical performance they trudged home again to spend the afternoon in idleness. The old sack thrown over the shoulder might be either empty or weighted with the forenoon's "finds," as the miner terms his luck. Sometimes these burdens represented one forenoon's work, sometimes that of a whole week

of forenoons and frequently the week was spent without any finds. The contents of each sack usually represented from \$2 to \$4 in value and would be taken to the grocery store or too often to the drink shop to be exchanged for the necessities or the unnecessaries of life.

Through this kind of mining the country became literally honey-combed with small mines and prospecting excavations. It was no unusual sight to see the roadsides lined with old mines into which the earth had been but partially replaced. Farm lands and groves alike had once been invaded, but clearing of forest lands and cultivation gradually did away with those traces of former enterprise. In those days of surface mining the groves were unsafe as places of resort for summer outing parties for one would be in constant danger of stepping or tumbling into abandoned diggings which were often concealed by leaves or underbrush.

Excavations varied in depths. The prospector would start his work by digging a hole about five feet in diameter, meanwhile paying close attention to the nature of the earth to determine whether or not it promised mineral. And this promised mineral might prove to be only a lonely piece of ore, freak-imbedded in the clay and having no apparent connection with any vein, as though accidentally dropped there by Nature to be as accidentally found by the fortunate miner. These detached lumps varied in sizes from small crystals to masses too heavy for one man to lift.

If no finds occurred after from two to eight feet of prospecting in promising earth, the holes were abandoned. Better luck would lure the miners to greater depths. If water was struck the mine had to be abandoned. If not, and the mine was still promising, they ventured deeper and in case of a find of vein ore where side digging was necessary, the opening was secured from caving in by sticks of wood placed log-cabin style around the mouth of the mine.

Occasionally larger capitalists formed stock com-

panies and hired miners to prospect and mine on a more extensive scale. The digging was then continued to a much greater depth and the company was obliged to furnish engine and pump to rid the mines of water. A six-inch stream of sparkling water being forced out by one of these large pumps was not an uncommon sight at these deeper mines and the pump was kept running day and night to insure safety to the mine and miners.

The accidental occurrence of ore imbedded in clay is called occurring in pockets. Ores in larger quantities are found in veins, quite frequently above ground in crevices of limestone rock. Besides pocket finds, surface ores occur in three different positions and show by their formations in which of these positions they have been native and are named accordingly. These positions are east and west crevices, north and south crevices and crossings. The ore of the east and west crevice is composed of cubical crystals, varying in sizes and occurring in pairs—one larger crystal with a smaller one attached to it. North and south crevice ore does not occur in crystallized form but in broad, flat, shale-like pieces.

The peculiar form called crossing ore occurs where the two crevices meet and cross. This form is a mixture of the other two; one attempt at flatness and another at crystallization. Sometimes a granular surface will cover a flat base with here and there projecting cubical crystals, showing how Nature's conflict has spoiled its own work. These three forms of surface ores are about 95 per cent pure lead.

Another, and perhaps the most beautiful form of lead occurrence in this region, is single and double current lead sulphide. Its formation is supposed to have been influenced by electrical currents. The single current is made up of long spicular crystals, lying one against the other like flat, headless nails. The whole compact bunch forms a wedge-shaped mass, the crystals pointing toward a common center. The double current form consists of two bunches of these crystals, each bunch pointing in a direction of its own, usually lying at right angles to each other.

The accompaniments of Galena lead are sulphur, limestone, crystallized-limestone or spar and two oddly-mixed forms called dry-bone and jack. The former, as its name indicates, resembles an old weathered bone, having an ugly, dried-out appearance. When pulverized and subjected to heat it yields considerable lead. Jack consists of fine crystals of mixed metals. When broken it shows a dark glittering surface. Its composition is crystallized limestone, lead, iron and as has been recently discovered, large quantities of zinc. It is because of this discovery that a revival of something like old-time interest in the Galena region has occurred. Stock companies have been organized and work is now progressing on more extensive plans than for many years. The mining now

done is for both zinc and lead, but more particularly for the latter. This recent enterprise of deep mining has changed the method of prospecting, as jack in large quantities occurs in veins or sheets from 70 to 180 feet below the surface and prospecting must be done by drills which are sunk till they strike either sand rock or clay bed. If the drill strikes blue lime rock without showing a find the machine must be moved for another attempt. If the drill shows a find, a shaft is sunk and the vein is followed until its mineral is exhausted or further mining is impracticable.

Rewey and Platteville, Wisconsin, and Galena, Illinois, are the chief centres of interest in these new mining ventures. Ores are being found in good paying quantities. The men now engaged as miners are largely college students who wish vacation employment. It now remains for present and future intelligence and enterprise to prove what of mineral wealth is yet to be found in that region.



#### THE MEADOWLARK—A GENERAL FAVORITE.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

"All hail to the meadowlark,  
Whose notes are bright and clear,  
His merry lay  
Who sings so gay  
When the summer days draw near."

MEADOWLARKS are familiar friends of the hillside and meadow. They have a very extensive range of distribution, breeding from Florida and Texas to Nova Scotia and Southern Canada and from the Atlantic ocean to the plains. In the far west it is replaced by the western meadowlark, and in the Southwest by the Mexican meadowlark, both local varieties, and very similar to our species. While this bird is called a lark it is not a lark at all, but a true American starling.

The meadowlark is ten to eleven inches long; upper parts brown, varied with chestnut, deep brown and black, with a cream-colored streak through the center; throat and breast yellowish with a black crescent in the center of the breast; under parts yellow, shading into buffy brown, spotted or streaked with dark brown; the outer tail feathers chiefly white which is a conspicuous mark in flight.

This bird is a true harbinger of spring, arriving in the latter part of March or early in April. It announces its presence at once by its loud and clear call-note, which sounds like he-ha-he-here. They arrive in flocks of ten to twenty or more and soon separate into pairs and each pair takes possession of its old haunts. In localities where these birds are numerous, they live close together. It seems surprising that they so often select low, boggy places for their roosts instead of the pleasant upland slopes. Walking through meadows and lowlands after nightfall, one may frighten them from the grass. They are easily recognized by their rapid sputtering alarm note. The grass-finches and



lark-sparrows which are relatives of the meadowlark, also seek little hollows in the ground for bed-chambers, usually sheltered by grass tufts. These birds begin making arrangements for housekeeping in the latter part of April or early in May. The female constructs the nest alone, while her mate is singing to her his sweetest notes.

The nest is always built on the ground, usually in the shelter of a thick tuft of grass, beside a few corn-stalks, a bunch of clover, etc. Often a covered passage is built to their hidden nest. This entrance is mostly formed of withered grass, and so well conceals the nest that it can only be detected by flushing the female from it, or by the anxiety of her mate, who will frequently fly around the spot in so small a circuit as to betray the location. In many cases the nest is arched over on one side. The arched nest is made when there is nothing else present to protect it. Generally it is placed in a slight depression in the ground. It is constructed of coarse grasses and lined with finer ones. The eggs, usually four in number, have a white ground-color and are marked irregularly with reddish-brown spots and lilac shell-marks. When the young have left the nest a second brood often follows, and in the South sometimes a third one. The parents are so much attached to their young that they utter the saddest notes if some accident befalls them.

The meadowlark is almost an ideal bird. How beautifully contrasts the bright yellow with the deep black crescent on the breast in the sunshine of a bright spring morning! And how impressive are the clear, exhilarating notes! When the farmer follows his team afield in the early morning his ear catches the finest and most delightful strains. The song is characterized by a delicacy of tone remarkable in so large a bird. They are usually silent during July and August; but when September comes they resume their choruses, which last until November, increasing in vigor as the autumn advances, or until they leave for the South.

This is one of the most valuable and beneficial birds to the farmer and fruit grower. More than half of its food consists of harmful insects; its vegetable food is composed either of noxious weeds or waste grain. One point in its favor is that, although naturally an insect eater, it is able to live on vegetable food, and consequently is not forced to migrate in cold weather any further south than is necessary to find the ground free from snow. This explains why it remains for the most part in the United States during the winter, and comes north as soon as the snow disappears from its usual haunts.

Although an invaluable ally to the farmer and a favorite of all lovers of Nature, the meadowlark is hunted in many parts of the country as a game bird. Its flesh is highly esteemed by epicures, but surely to slaughter it for game is the least profitable way to utilize a valuable species.

## SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

Thinking is the least exerted privilege of cultivated humanity.—*Evenc.*

Whoever fights, whoever falls, Justice conquers evermore.—*Emerson.*

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story and writes another, and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it.—*J. M. Barrie.*

There are seasons when to be still demands immensely higher strength than to act.—*Channing.*

Emotion is power when it is caught in the cylinder and does not escape in the whistle.—*Rev. William Rader.*

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly; Cherish some flower be it ever so lowly; Labor! all labor is noble and holy; Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!—*Frances S. Osgood.*

Every individual will be the happier the more clearly he understands that his vocation consists, not in exacting service from others, but in ministering to others. in giving his life the ransom of many.  
—*Tolstoy.*



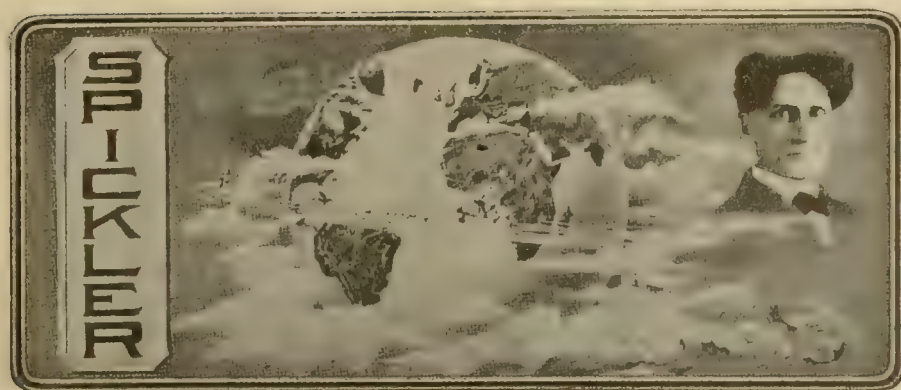
## THE SWEET PLEASURE OF PRAISING.

I READ the life of a great artist the other day who received a title of honor from the State. I do not think he cared much for the title itself, but he did care very much for the generous praise of his friends which the little piece of honor called forth. I will not quote his exact words, but he said, in effect, that he wondered why friends should think it necessary to wait for such an occasion to indulge in the noble pleasure of praising, and why they should not rather have a day in the year when they could dare to write to the friends whom they admire and love, and praise them for being what they are.

Of course, if such a custom were to become general, it would be clumsily spoiled by foolish persons, as all things are spoiled which become conventional. But the fact remains that the sweet pleasure of praising, of encouraging, of admiring and telling our admiration, is one which we English people are sparing of, to our own loss and hurt. It is just as false to refrain from saying a generous thing for fear of being thought insincere and what is horribly called "gushing," as it is to say a hard thing for the sake of being thought "straightforward." If a hard thing must be said, let us say it with pain and tenderness, but faithfully. And if a pleasant thing can be said, let us say it with joy, and with no less faithfulness.—*Selected.*



NEGLECT and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous and genius contemptible.—*Johnson.*



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter VIII.

ANOTHER important and interesting discovery was made on this English farm. Occasionally I would "run in" to a bumblebee's nest. At first, they gave me great fright. I would jump back, instinctively, get out of the ditch, and run like mad. The noise they made as they rolled, like yellow-jackets, out of the nest in the grass, was quite terrifying. It sounded like they would sting at both ends at once. At first I waited some time before going back. But after a time I found that these bumblebees never left the nest at all, but just rolled about over the ground on top, like little fools, or

sat clinging to a straw and fanning the air with their wings. At last I grew so bold as to go right up to them. Still they sat and fought the air,—with their *mouth* and *wings*. They reminded me of the dog that barks so loud and bites so little, or of the coward who brags so much and brays so long, but who does it all with his *mouth* and "*wings*." I got down on my hands and knees right over them. I almost felt their stings entering into my face, as I imagined them flying at me. But they didn't fly. They didn't sting. Their game was a game of pure bluff.

And one of the best lessons I learned around the world, was this game of bluff,—how to meet it, how to tell it from the real, and why it was used. These bumblebees were cowards, so far as bumblebees were concerned. Their life depended upon their ability to sting,—animals, if not human kind. Honey is a most delicious food for almost every kind of animal

life, and most animals will make a dear fight for a little mouthful of it. And these bees had their honey and loved ones at home to defend from intruders. I do admit that while their peace attitude toward enemies was a commendable one, in non-combatant spirit, their pretense for battle and noisy bluff are not to be imitated.

Some of the bees took wing, circled about for a moment, without any of the terrifying simulation they had used while sitting on their nest, and went whirring away over the fields, just as though their absence at that particular moment was the best thing

for their community life. I took others into my hands, rolled them over, now on their back, and now on their feet, but still they did not sting me. Were I to write this for one of the magazines our President reads, he might be ready to call me a nature fakir for this bit of fact that I found among English bumblebees. But I know what I am writing about. I was there, on all fours, over those

bees. Not one nest, or two, but many I scared up, and none of them acted with the military spirit of our own Yankee bees. Their game was bluff, bluff, bluff. They lived in an atmosphere of pretense. They issued from their castles with a great noise, in great numbers, and with terrible flourish of weapons. But no sooner were they outside, face to face with the enemy, than they curled up their toes, turned over on their backs and apologized for their presence.

The honey was mine to take or leave alone, just as I chose to do. In pity for the weak little animals,



House Used by Farm Hands on Gibson Farm. Married Folks Only.  
Notice Entire Lack of Charm.



and also in thankfulness at their harmlessness, I always left their nest, so far as I was able, unmolested, for one of the crimes of our country life is the murdering off of these most valuable insects by boys who are in ignorance of their mighty value to a farmer.

The sparrows have been killed off by law. The crows have been shot at for so much a head. The groundhogs have been cleared out pretty well. It is probably right for us to rid the country of that which does harm rather than good. But the bumblebee,—who has championed its virtue? Who has raised a voice against its ruthless slaughter? The President of the United States could not do a wiser thing than to raise his voice in behalf of our noble and brave American bumblebee, a bee that knows what it is here for, has come to stay and means to do so if he has half a chance. Without this bumblebee, we have been told, by scientific men, there could be and would be no clover. It takes this bumblebee with the stinger always ready in self-defense, to produce the glorious crops of fragrant clover, without which our farms would soon become arid and the country people suffer poverty. Nothing so enriches a soil as

red clover. It is the highest fertilizing value known to soil science. But it takes the bumblebee to produce it. The little honeybee has tried to supplant the bumblebee in its work, but it has completely failed, for its honey sucker is too short to reach down the long petals of the clover flower. Now it is in the reaching down and getting this honey that the bumblebee, without knowing it, but wisely appointed as the instrument by a loving God, fertilizes the blossom, allowing the pollen to diffuse itself over the flower so as to reproduce itself by the growth of the clover seed. The more bumblebees we have, the more and better will our clover be. The fewer bumblebees, the less prolific our acreage in clover. In direct proportion of ratio as we have bumblebees, or do not have them, will be our returns in clover, and then in good land, and then in good crops, and then in good profits, and then in happy people and well-educated, well-raised children.

Another insect found in these ditches, as in the straw and hay in all England, is the "earwig," a

little cricket-like insect that is said to give the direst trouble to the workmen of the farm by crawling into the ear and boring thence into the brain. The men always exercised the greatest care when lying upon the ground or sleeping in the straw, and usually we hunted about to be sure that there were no earwigs in our immediate presence. Once in the ear, I was told, it was difficult to be removed, and only a skillful doctor could extract it. From the ear it went to finding a way directly into the head, boring and boring and boring, until the victim roared with pain and went mad, unable to endure longer the awful torture, dying at last when the insect reached the brain.

I seldom kill insects or animals just because I happen to be able to do so, but when I found these ear-

wigs, known by their long, reddish and slender bodies, looking something like a cricket, but with legs unable to jump, I always killed them on the spot.

In order to be perfectly safe from these insects the men wore constantly in their ears pieces of cotton. I determined to stuff the lobes of my own ears with cotton, and so at noon, one day, I set out for the little village and at one of

the drygoods stores I asked for some cotton. What they brought me,—the pretty girl and her mother,—I will tell you about in the next letter.

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### OUR GRADUATE.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

They talk of sweet girl graduates,  
But how about the boys?  
Without them, girls would be deprived  
Of many of their joys.  
They love to see a manly boy,  
Who's studied with a will,  
And perseveringly has climbed  
The graduating hill.  
There on the platform Jesse stands,  
Diploma, to receive.  
Our little boy, not long ago,  
We scarcely can believe  
Has grown to be this great, tall man,  
That looks so wondrous wise;  
But there is boyish mischief still  
Comes sparkling in his eyes.



Two Loads of Cabbage, Called Brocklow, for London Market, Packed so They Can be Counted Like Eggs in a Crate.

He's thru with school and ready to  
 In business settle down,  
 And after his long hours of work,  
 Perhaps, go see Miss Brown.  
 He's ready now for anything,  
 To bring him wealth or joy;  
 For he has grown to be a man,  
 The while we lost our boy.

Perhaps he'll seem a boy to us,  
 Although he is so tall,  
 And we may find we have not lost  
 Our little boy at all;  
 For men, they say, are only boys  
 Grown taller with their age;  
 We still, down in his heart, may find  
 The boy, as well as sage.

Moorestown, N. J.



### HOW THE HEALING ART DEVELOPED.

J. T. STUDEBAKER. M. D.

#### In Five Parts.—Part Four.

Our best American surgery was for nearly a whole century dependent upon Europe with Jno. Hunter as prophet. Philip Physick is perhaps the most widely-known American surgeon, a friend and pupil of Hunter, and educated in Edinburgh and London. It will be observed that no regularly educated and scientific physician was to be found in America except he received his schooling abroad up to the opening of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1765. It is almost incredible to think that the eminent school of Harvard should have a classical department in successful operation for nearly one and a half centuries before the Harvard Medical College was established, the second institution of its kind on this continent. Leonard Hoor, a distinguished physician, was the first man to complete its course. At the outset of the war for independence, there were no laws to say who should and who should not practice medicine; there were many poorly-educated physicians and charlatans, it being estimated that out of 3,500 there were only 400 who had received medical degrees.

Samuel Fuller, the first physician coming to New England, came on the *Mayflower*. It is not certain that he was a graduate. Ample provisions had been made for common schools and colleges. There were many learned citizens and scholarly clergymen. The latter were expected to have a knowledge of medicine to be able to properly discharge the duties of piety and humanity to the needy, greatly appreciated by the people. This is why the first medical work published in America was written by a well-informed clergyman of Boston, entitled, "A Brief Guide in Smallpox and Measles." This was printed in 1677, the same year that Sir Robert Hood discovered plant cells, the smallest parts of plants as seen through the microscope, to be followed later by Schwann's discovery of animal cells. The separation of theology and medicine, begun in the sixteenth century, was not yet complete. The

fact that the clergyman should write on smallpox showed that it was more or less prevalent. Up to the most remarkable medical discovery of the eighteenth century, that of prevention of the enormous mortality of smallpox through inoculation of the virus transmitted directly from a patient to one in good health, which produced a light form of the disease and thereby protection or immunity against later infection, it was considered a deadly foe. Inoculation was introduced from Turkey to England by Lady Mary Wortley Montayn in 1718 and later into the colonies of America by Cotton Mather. Vaccination was ushered in by Jenner in 1796, the virus not being taken from the human subject but from the eruption of vesicles (blisters) of calves having "cowpox," giving us a modified product which sterilized and treated with glycerine was in a large measure the same as the vaccine now used.

Vaccination seemed to be a landmark to new and great fields of discoveries making the nineteenth century the most famous of all eras. In fact medicine and surgery since 1800 have made more advancement than during the past two thousand years, the highest aim being summed up in one word, "precision." They had practically released themselves from tradition, dogmatism, speculation, metaphysics and authority which had fettered the intellectual world so long. The time came when man was not satisfied to rely upon unaided hands. Through the microscope the cell and germ (bug) theories were developed which have perhaps done more than anything else to revolutionize medical science. The diagnosis or nature of most diseases of bacterial or germ origin is with its aid made rapidly and accurately, thus making the quick adoption of measures preventing their spread possible and their treatment feasible.

It was because of thousands of soldiers dying in the Crimean War, 1847, from their wounds, in contradistinction to a much smaller number killed on the battlefield, that Lister, an Englishman, was aroused to cope with the apparent fatalism which seemed to settle down upon the profession. This exercised his ingenuity and he concluded that some destructive agent gained entrance into the wound and flourished there under certain conditions and by appropriate measures could be destroyed. He thought that the medium of contamination was the air, but later, anything that might come in contact with the wound, as clothing, instruments or hands which might carry disease if they were not properly cleaned. Pasteur confirmed this and began to look for an antidote to neutralize the intruding agent, which he found in carbolic acid, an agent scarcely known in Great Britain, said to have been used by him to deodorize the pastures near Carlisle which were thought to infect cattle. Lister modified this chemical and had won a complete victory for antiseptics, which inhibits germ growth, by 1880. This



launched us upon the most brilliant era of all surgical achievements, making it possible to explore any region of the body with safety, thus saving many thousands of lives that had been doomed to die. His methods, as far as developed, were carried into the army surgical treatment of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Before this some surgeons wore the same old coat for years. Surgeons now putting on a sterile gown for each new operation, look back to it as a barbarous age. It took Lister to develop proper wound treatment and the essential cleanliness. On account of this the relief of suffering cannot be estimated; to think that only thirty to forty years ago, diseases, as hospital gangrene, erysipelas, and most virulent forms of sepsis, so-called blood-poisoning, ran rampant as most dreadful epidemics, but today are under control through preventive precautions. Lister is a member of all sorts of learned bodies both at home and abroad and also honored by Queen Victoria in 1897 with the title, "baron," the first and only representative of the profession to be so distinguished in Great Britain.



### THE DRAGON FLY.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

WHAT do you call him? Snake feeder, snake doctor, devil's darning needle, mosquito hawk? Every one of the names, save one, is a slander on the whole tribe. On the other hand the dragon fly is one of our best friends. He eats everything of the insect kind—flies, gnats, mosquitoes and butterflies. He would eat our friends, too, were it not for the fact that his habitat to a great extent is not theirs.

Watch him some summer evening. See him alight on a dead limb, or, if that is not to be found, a post, weed, or any other object that will allow him a good



range of vision. Presently a mosquito comes along singing gaily and—it's over. In less time than it takes to tell it, out went the dragon fly, captured the mosquito and returned to his post in triumph, or supped as he floated leisurely along. He ought to see well, as each of his large prominent eyes has 28,000 polished lenses.

There isn't another creature in all the animal kingdom can do what he can. He can go straight ahead at a speed greater than that of a railway train, and then without changing the point of the compass he is facing go just as rapidly backward or to either side.

Catch him? Well! Put your finger on him and—he

isn't there. However, he is strictly a warm weather fellow. A June morning is sometimes cool enough to benumb him sufficiently to enable you to capture him.

The greater portion of his life is spent in or near the water where he can find his favorite food—mosquitoes.

The eggs are deposited in the water and there the larvae live for about a year.



They are often two inches long, are quite flat, of a dingy color, and of course, have six legs. By the way, that is the way with all insects. Even the caterpillars have only six. The ten on the hinder part of their body are not true legs, only five pairs of pinchers.

In their watery home the dragon flies feast on the little wigglers and other insects until full grown. Then they come to the bank, or climb on brush and become pupae. They do not lie dormant as butterflies do, but continue to eat all insects they can capture.

In due time the pupa casts its skin and the complete dragon fly sails away on the breeze.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



## CURRENT COMMENTS



The recent election in Japan resulted in leaving the relative strength of parties in the Diet very much what it has been in the past. That is to say, the Scyukai or Liberal party, by which Premier Salonji is supported, will with the aid of coadjutors among the independents remain preponderant in the popular assembly. Nevertheless, Salonji's early downfall is predicted in the best informed political circles. The Japanese idea of government is about midway between that of Great Britain and that of Germany so far as regards the right of Parliament to decide who shall be prime minister. When he thinks it necessary, the Emperor of Japan hesitates no more than the Emperor of Germany to appoint the minister who suits him, regardless of the sentiment of the representatives of the people.

### Poverty and Crime.

Isn't it true that crime springs from poverty? Not from poverty when and where all are poor, to be sure; nor in every instance from poverty of the individual offender; but from social poverty—that is, the social condition of abject and hopeless want, in the midst of plenty to the point even of luxury. Each of us naturally tries to escape this social condition. Each may indeed be generous enough to desire that all shall escape. But if one cannot escape the slough of poverty without thrusting others in, who is there that won't sacrifice his neighbor? And he who makes that selfish sacrifice, he who thrusts others into poverty in order to escape it himself, isn't it he that is labeled "criminal"?—provided, of course, that he resorts to methods that are under social condemnation, and gets found out. Of predatory crime, at any rate, there seems little room for any other explanation than poverty in social conditions where plenty abounds. Were this social condition unknown and unfeared, what motive would there be for theft of any species? And how could there be predatory crime if there were no motive for theft?

### Results of Prohibition in Georgia.

This year is the "off" year in the meeting of State legislatures, but next year, when the legislatures of most of the States will be in session, a large amount of restrictive legislation may be looked for. If prohibition is even fairly well enforced in the States which have adopted it, other States will be inclined to follow their example. It is, of course, too early to judge of results, but the first reports from Oklahoma are of a marked falling off in the business of the police courts, and from Georgia<sup>1</sup> of increased steadiness of Negro laborers. At Atlanta last January, there were but sixty-four cases of drunkenness before the court, as compared with 341 in January, 1907. In January and February, 1907, there were 3,074 arrests for all causes; in the corresponding months of the present year only 1,538. The first sentence for illegal selling was to twelve months on the chain-gang. There have been several days this year when no prisoner was before the court at Atlanta charged with drunkenness; and on one memorable day the city jail for the first time since it was built, was wholly empty. These are facts that will bother the bureau of publicity which the National Brewers' Association has just established, to prove to the people of the South that "prohibition does not prohibit."

### The Franco-British Exhibition.

The entente cordiale between Great Britain and France receives visible expression in the Franco-British Exhibition opened by the Prince of Wales last week in the Shepherd's Bush district in the West End of London. Thirty thousand visitors came out to see the sights and listen to the singing of "God Save the King" and "The Marseillaise." The 125 principal buildings and 400 minor structures are packed in an area of 140 acres, but the arrangement is such that the effect is described as pleasing. The world does not pay so much attention to world's fairs as it did two decades ago, so that, although the labor and material used in the construction of the Franco-British Exhibition will come to fifteen million dollars, most of the world has scarcely heard of it. The most attractive feature of the exhibition will probably be the great stadium where the Olympic games are to be held in July and October. The stadium will seat seventy thousand people and provide standing room for

eighty thousand more. If the state of the entente cordiale were to be judged by the state of the exhibition at opening, it would be more a prospect than a reality. True to convention, the fair was almost without exhibits on the day of opening. But the prospect is that by mid July it will be well worth seeing. Exhibitions from all the British and French colonies will make it a true "world's fair." The nourishment of the Anglo-French friendship is to be made much of. French and British gardeners have been working together on the grounds; French and British bands will play during the exhibition; three nights a week French and British pyrotechnicians will set off fireworks; every guide will speak both French and English. And not only will the distinguished French visitors be received with honor and cordiality, but special trips will be arranged for tradespeople from France who wish to see this evidence of the Franco-British friendship, and some four hundred French schoolchildren are to come to England as guests of the nation.

### A New Temple of Peace.

We are beginning to have a new sort of building in the world, buildings devoted to internationalism. The cornerstone of the first such building was laid at The Hague less than a year ago. The corner-stone of the second was laid in Washington recently. And Andrew Carnegie, who ought to receive the next Nobel peace prize, had a large share in each. He gave the money for the Palace of Peace at The Hague, and \$750,000 of the money to be used in the new building for the International Bureau of American Republics. The building will stand in Van Ness Park near the White House, the State, War, and Navy Department Building, and the Corcoran Art Gallery. It will be built of steel and concrete, in Latin-American style architecturally, since twenty of the twenty-one governments which join in the International Bureau are Latin-American. Besides the offices of the Bureau of American Republics, the building will contain a special room, the "Hall of the American Ambassadors," the only room of its kind in the United States, especially designed for international conventions, receptions to distinguished foreigners, and for diplomatic and social events of kindred nature. The dedication was a great Pan-American affair, although President Castro neglected to follow the example of his fellow-presidents in sending a message of congratulation. The occasion was signalized by an impromptu debate on the subject of peace between President Roosevelt and Mr. Carnegie. The President expressed his familiar views in regard to the relation of the great navy to peace saying, "If we build up the American fleet as we ought to build it up the other party will not really desire war. My advocacy of peace is both sincere and rational, and therefore I believe in doing all we can to secure it, both by doing no wrong ourselves and by keeping in such a state of preparedness that we shall not be exposed to being wronged by others."

Mr. Carnegie, when it came his turn, discarded his prepared speech and told the President that he differed with him. "When the President is as old as I am and has had as much experience I think he will agree with me," he said. He thought that The Hague Conference had already pointed the way to better things than huge armaments, that man slaying should cease just as man buying had ceased in the United States. He looked forward to the time when peace would be assured by a universal treaty of the world Powers. The audience applauded him liberally.



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## "SOLUTION OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM."

SOME time ago we received a letter from The Model License League, whose headquarters are at Louisville, Ky., in which was enclosed a list of questions relative to the liquor business on which the League desired to have our opinion. Accompanying the letter of explanation and the questions was a paper containing a solution of the liquor problem. It is quite an admission for the liquor interests to confess that there is any problem needing solution. They introduce the subject by the statement of facts admitted by all thinking people:

Obedience to law is essential to the continuation of our institutions and no fact in our history, as recorded day by day, is more lamentable than the failure on the part of States and Municipalities to enforce the edicts of society as expressed on our statute books.

That is well said, but evidently the facts have only lately been discovered by the liquor men. If they had had an experimental knowledge of them for any length of time the liquor question would not be so insistently demanding a solution. Further the paper says:

We shall not undertake to show what causes are responsible for this state of affairs, but shall go directly to the point we have in view, and say that the failure on the part of society to enforce its laws for the regulation of the retail liquor trade has brought that trade into disrepute, has driven from its ranks many of the self-respecting element, and is responsible for a crusade against the entire traffic, widespread, fanatical and destructive to property-rights, to revenues and to individual liberty of action.

Is it not well that they do not "undertake to show what causes are responsible for this state of affairs"? Wonderful wisdom! The same unerring wisdom is shown in the next step when society is charged with failure to "enforce its laws for the regulation of the retail liquor trade." Yes, directly, society is to blame for this. But it seems strange, does it not, that the failure of society to make the saloonkeepers mind

has brought the business of the saloonkeepers into disrepute? It is an example of the saying that if you give a calf enough rope it will hang itself. The calf has had rope and rope until—well, it is plainly headed for the precipice. The fanatical and destructive crusade against the liquor traffic is widespread, and more than that, it is still spreading. In their attempt to regulate a business that is bad all through, the people have lost patience, and now they propose to get rid of it, root and branch.

The paper continues to deplore the lawlessness of the saloonkeeper and the fact that he is protected in his lawlessness by the officers of the law, though it does not explain how this last is brought about. It concludes:

These things are bad of themselves, but they are proving destructive to our trade in a thousand ways, and self-preservation demands that we take a hand in putting a stop to them.

To accomplish this our license laws must provide an attractive reward to those saloonkeepers who observe laws, and a drastic penalty for those who violate them.

Then follows a copy of what The Model License League would consider a "model license law" which would have for its aim the solution of the liquor problem. We do not reprint this would-be law because it contains no provision for any real revolution in the liquor business. It would fail, as all efforts at regulation have failed. One can tell something of the nature of it by what is said above about providing an attractive reward for those saloonkeepers who observe the laws. Here again we have evidence of the debasing influence of the business on those who engage in it when "an attractive reward" is necessary to secure from them obedience to the law. Will loyal, upright citizens countenance a business which must thus be bolstered up? But the evil resulting from the liquor business does not stop with its debasing influence on the saloonkeeper. It goes on and on until it affects every one of us in one way or another. There can be no model license law for a business that is altogether bad.



## LESSONS IN ESPERANTO. No. 7.

The months of the year are:

- |              |             |               |
|--------------|-------------|---------------|
| 1. Januaro.  | 5. Majo.    | 9. Septembro. |
| 2. Februaro. | 6. Junio.   | 10. Oktobro.  |
| 3. Marto.    | 7. Julio.   | 11. Novembro. |
| 4. Aprilo.   | 8. Aŭgusto. | 12. Decembro. |

N. B. Capital initials to months.

The days of the week are:

- |             |              |            |              |
|-------------|--------------|------------|--------------|
| 1. dimanĉo. | 2. lundo.    | 3. mardo.  | 4. merkredo. |
| 5. ĵaŭdo.   | 6. vendredo. | 7. sabato. |              |

N. B. No capital initials.

The names of the four seasons are:

- |                 |            |                |            |
|-----------------|------------|----------------|------------|
| 1. printempo.   | 2. somero. | 3. aŭtuno.     | 4. vintro. |
| minuto,—minute. |            | fali,—to fall. |            |

hero,—hour.  
 jaro,—year.  
 tago,—day.  
 morgaŭ,—tomorrow.  
 mateno,—morning.  
 vespero,—evening.  
 sekundo,—second.  
 monato,—month.  
 semajno,—week.  
 hieraŭ,—yesterday.  
 baldaŭ,—soon.  
 tagmezo,—noon.  
 noktomezo,—midnight.  
 vetero,—weather.  
 pluvo,—rain.  
 "re," prefix, denotes repetition. Doni,—to give; redoni,—to give back; skribi,—to write; reskribi,—to write again.  
 "bo," prefix, denotes relation by marriage. Filo,—son; bofilo,—son in law.  
 "ge," prefix denotes both sexes taken together. Gepatroj,—father and mother.  
 "eg," suffix, denotes augmentation. Domo,—house; domego,—mansion.  
 "et," suffix, denotes diminution. Domo,—house; dometo,—cottage.  
 "iĝ," suffix, to become, to get or to grow. Riĉa,—rich; riĉiĝi,—to become rich; pala,—pale; paliĝi,—to grow or to become pale.

## EXERCISE 15.

Sesdek minutoj faras unu horon, kaj dudek-kvar horoj faras unu tagon. Unu minuto konsistas el sesdek sekundoj. Januaro estas la unua monato de la jaro, Marto estas la tria, Julio estas la sepa, Septembro estas la naŭa, Decembro estas la dek-dua.

La dudeka (tago) de Februaro estas la kvindekunua tago de la jaro. Hodiaŭ estas la dudek-oka tago de Aprilo. Lasta sabato estis la dudek-sesa tago de Aprilo. Dek du monatoj faras unu jaron. Bonan tagon, sinjoro (Mr.).

Kian agon li havas? How old is he? Li havas dek ok jarojn. He is eighteen years.

Li estas maljunulo de sepdek jaroj. He is an old man of seventy years.

Antaŭ unu semajno, antaŭ unu monato. A week ago, a month ago.

Post du horoj, post ok tagoj. In two hours, in a week. Li mortis la lastan ĵaŭdon. Mia onkla mortis la lastan than ninety years.

Mi venos la lundon plej proksiman. I shall come next Monday.

Li mortis la lastan ĵaŭdon. Mia onkla mortis la lastan jaron.

## EXERCISE 16.

En Julio kaj Aŭgusto, la vetero estas varmega. En Januaro, ĝi estas malmalvarma. Kiun vi preferas? Ni

fajfi,—to whistle.  
 rideto,—smile.  
 hejmo,—home.  
 ĉesi,—to leave off.  
 fajro,—fire.  
 leciono,—lesson.  
 preferi,—to prefer.  
 vento,—wind.  
 apenaŭ,—hardly.  
 suno,—sun.  
 blovi,—to blow.  
 furioza,—furious.  
 pacienco,—patience  
 kvietiĝi,—to become calm.  
 somero,—summer.

havas venton kaj pluvon en Marto. Aprilo apenaŭ komencas montri al ni la unuajn ridetojn de la suno.

Se la pluvo falas, la vento blovas, fajfas kaj furiozas, mi restas hejme, kaj atendas pacience la ĉeson de la pluvo, la kvietiĝon de la vento, sidante apud la fajro kaj legante bonan libron. Jes, mi ricevis leteron de mia bopatro kaj kartojn de miaj gefratoj. Kie loĝas viaj gepatroj? Ili loĝas en Chicago, ili reiros al Colorado en la somero. La libreto estas en la dometo. Si estas apud la pordeto, sed mia frato estas en la domego. Arbo, arbeto. Pala, paliĝi. Hela, heliĝi. Juna, maljuna, maljuniĝi. Se mi estus ricevinta la libron, mi ĝin redonus. Kia lingvo ĝi estas! Kiu parolas Esperanton?

Elgin, Ill., la 28 de Aprilo, 1908.

Mia Estimata Amikoj:

Mi esperas ke vi estas lernanta ĉiun lecionon, kaj ke vi trovas la studadon plezuro.

Tre vere via.

## EXERCISE 17.

Now I am reading, you are reading, and he is reading—we all read. If I were well, I should be happy. Beg her to send me a candle. Running water is purer than water standing still. In the language Esperanto, we see the future language of the whole world. Having found an apple, I ate it. I will seek the truth? Do you hear the song of my birds? My dear friend I will try to follow your example. Replying to your esteemed letter, we thank you for your proposal and we will accept with pleasure your services. Eight is the fifth of forty.

ALLAN EISENBISE.

16 S. State St., Elgin, Ill.



## LEND A HAND.

LEND a hand to the tempted.

Lend a hand to the soul in the shadow.

Lend a hand to those who are often misjudged.

Lend a hand to the soul crushed with unspeakable loss.

Lend a hand to the poor fighting the wolf from the door.

Lend a hand to those whose lives are narrow and cramped.

Lend a hand to the boy struggling bravely to culture his mind.

Lend a hand to those whose surroundings are steadily pulling them down.

Lend a hand to the girl who works, works, works, and knows nothing of recreation and rest.

Lend a hand to the prodigal sister. Her life is as precious as that of the prodigal brother.

Lend a hand, an open hand, a warm hand, a strong hand, an uplifting hand, a hand filled with mercy and help!—*Selected.*





## FOOD PRINCIPLES

LENNA FRANCES COOPER, Principal School of Hygiene and Cooking, Battle Creek Sanitarium

### Article Nine.—Eggs.

THUS far we have devoted our studies principally to the fuel foods, starches, sugars and fats, but this month we shall take up another class of food substances known as protein. This important food principle performs a function which no other food principle can do. It is the material out of which we build our body and keep it in repair. This human machine which we call the body has been correctly compared to an engine which requires iron for the building but when once completed requires fuel with which to perform its work. It will also occasionally need some more iron with which to repair the worn-out places.

So with our bodies. The growing child needs protein from which to build its body, *i. e.*, to grow. But after maturity is reached it does not need nearly so much protein for only repairs are to be made and scientists have found that much more protein than is needed for this purpose is a detriment.

But our body differs from an ordinary machine in that it must work and perform its functions while it is being builded, *i. e.*, while it is growing, hence the food at all times must contain both protein and "fuel," but more protein proportionally in the child's food than in the adult's.

According to some recent experiments from one-tenth to one-eighth of the daily ration is thought to be about the right proportion for the protein, although some authorities place the amount still higher.

The sources of this important element we shall take up in the next few issues.

The egg is the simplest form of proteid food, although it contains fats, mineral matter and water besides. Almost all foods are combinations of two or more food principles and a food is called starchy if starch predominates and proteid if protein is abundant.

The egg in itself is quite a complex substance. Within the shell is contained everything necessary for the formation of bones, blood and tissue and also nourishment for the young chick until it issues from the shell. Protein and mineral matter are both necessary for the building of tissue, blood and bone and fat is

present chiefly as the source of nourishment because it is the most concentrated form of food and this is chiefly in the yolk which is about thirty per cent fat. The fat is in a very finely divided state and is an excellent example of a perfect emulsion.

The white of the egg is principally protein which we call albumen, and water, about seventy per cent of it being water. The white consists of millions of little cells which contain this semi-liquid albumen which when beaten are ruptured allowing this viscous albumen to escape and to envelop large quantities of air during the process of beating. This is why the beaten white of egg occupies so much larger space than it did before beating.

An egg will cook at a much lower temperature than most other articles of food. The egg white begins to coagulate at a temperature of 134 degrees F. and the egg yolk at 122 degrees F., whereas most substances require the boiling point of water, 212 degrees F. The temperature most favorable for the cooking of an egg is 160 degrees F. An egg cooked at this temperature for 12 to 15 minutes is ideally cooked, but where a thermometer is not convenient another method must be resorted to. They may be put to cook in cold water and allowed to come slowly to the boiling point for a soft-cooked egg. For a hard-cooked egg put to cook in the same way, but when the boiling point is reached place on the back of the stove where the heat will be moderate and allow to stand in the hot water 20 to 30 minutes. When cooked in this way the yolk should be mealy and the white quite soft. If the white is very hard it is because the heat has been too great.

The digestibility of an egg depends very much upon the way it is cooked. An egg should never be boiled. A hard-boiled egg white is very indigestible because it evades mastication and is almost always swallowed in much larger pieces than one can well digest. If it is to be served at all it should be put through a fine colander or sieve in which form it is comparatively easily digested because of its fine state of division. On the other hand a hard-cooked egg yolk cooked 20 to 30 minutes until it is mealy is very easily digested.

Since boiling water which has a temperature of 212 degrees F. is too high a temperature for cooking eggs, surely hot fat which reaches a temperature almost twice as high as water is much more objectionable. The heat renders the albumen too hard altogether.

#### The Best Way to Proach an Egg.

Heat the water to boiling, break the eggs into a dish one at a time. Turn the heat off from under the water if a gas stove, or move the utensil to the back of the range. Drop the eggs in one at a time. cover and let stand 3 to 5 minutes.

#### Foamy Omelet.

Beat the yolks of three eggs to a creamy consistency. Add to the yolks 3 tablespoonfuls water and 1 rounded tablespoonful of finely-grated stale bread crumbs, also  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt. Beat the whites until stiff and fold into the yolk mixture. This is done by putting the egg whip down through the whites and bringing the other material up through it shaking the whip lightly when it is brought up. This motion is continued until the ingredients are well blended, then the mixture is turned out into a very hot greased omelet pan. The heat is at once decreased so that the omelet may cook over a very moderate heat. When it has risen to two or three times its original size, and the bottom is nicely browned, place in a moderate oven for a moment, long enough to dry the top slightly. Then fold and turn out upon a platter. Garnish with parsley.

When properly made, this is a very beautiful and tasty omelet.

#### Cream Baked Eggs.

Place an egg in a ramekin or a custard cup, sprinkle with salt and cover with one or two tablespoonfuls cream sufficient just to cover the egg. Place in a moderate oven and bake 8 to 10 minutes, or until it becomes jelly-like.

#### Macaroni with Eggs.

- 1 cup macaroni, broken into 1-inch lengths.
- 3 hard-boiled egg yolks.
- 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk.
- 2 tablespoonfuls flour.
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful salt.
- 1 to 2 tablespoonfuls dry bread crumbs.

Wipe the macaroni with a dry cloth, break into 1-inch lengths and put to cook in eight cups of boiling salted water. Cook rapidly until perfectly tender, drain and pour over it a dash of cold water. Drain again and place a layer of it in the bottom of a baking dish. Then make alternate layers of the egg yolk sliced and the macaroni, having macaroni for the top. The whole egg may be used if put through a sieve. Over all pour a cream sauce (1-3 cream if possible) made by heating the milk to scalding and thicken with the flour. Add salt and cook in a double boiler 15 to 20 minutes. On the top sprinkle the bread crumbs and bake till a nice brown.

### THE HOUSE OF REPOSE.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

(Concluded from Last Week.)

I KNOW there are some who will accuse me of preaching the doctrine of laziness, but I believe it is a sin to throw away one's strength when it might be saved to cultivate the soul with. Why do so many country women break down? They were taught to "fly around" from daylight to bedtime and that it was not correct form to be found sitting in a rocking-chair, reading, in the middle of the day. Hail the day of her emancipation, when she shall have cheerful permission to rest, when nature demands it.

Another requisite to smooth-running machinery is to have all food for the table well prepared. Every woman ought to have taken a course in cooking from her mother. It is far more practical and appetizing than the modern cooking-schools, their famous cook-books, and their foreign-tasting products. To be sure, a knowledge of food chemistry and healthful combinations is of value, as well as an understanding of the individual constitution; and I would like to write a paper on that very subject.

The kitchen, where a woman has to spend so much of her time, ought to have some decoration, too. First, never have the walls papered, for sanitary reasons, but paint them some attractive color.—pale green is very pleasing. Your merchant will give you a handsome calendar for the asking; hang it in a good light. A bright panel of flowers, children, or animals may be allowed here, with an alarm clock for audible company. You want a small mirror also, that you may watch for frowns, tumbled hair, and such like. A red geranium in the window will help to keep up your spirits.

Keep the shades high while you are at work, unless it is on the sunny side, for nothing is more cheerful than light. Do you remember when you were timidly groping in the darkness, how you were calmed by a sudden burst of light? Do not have carpet on the floor, but oil-cloth or linoleum. It ought not to be necessary to say that kitchens ought to be well ventilated, but some do smell "awful" in winter time. Have a stout spring on a well-fitting screen door. If it is worn into holes, wire cloth can be bought by the yard to repair it. All windows in the house should be screened. Flies are not conducive to repose.

If the kitchen is very small, it presupposes another room for dining. This may be tinted with rose, or other suggestion of freshness. But do not disfigure it with pictures of melons, peaches, and bananas, and dead fowl hanging by their feet. A great ship bounding over the billows is a more inspiring sight, and a boy wading in a brook in July will furnish a topic for pleasant reminiscence. A bay window, full of clean, thrifty plants, makes an admirable background. Linoleum, with designs in imitation of parquetry, is very desirable as a floor covering.



Of course the table is the chief object in the dining-room. If you can, "let the cloth be white," as Will Carleton says. Do not overload with dishes. It is vulgar. Have the table large enough so as to leave ample space between the few dishes containing the food. It suggests freedom, elegance, repose. Let the dishes be dainty, not brown and cracked. Do not turn the plates upside down. Whenever possible, have a bunch of fragrant flowers in the center of all. To this symphony of odors invite your family, and see if the influence on them and you is not elevating.

If there is a room in the house which you can dignify as "library," give it the air of intellectuality. Let the coloring be in brown and yellow effects. Have several good portraits of noted authors, educators, musicians, and philanthropists, and an etching or so. Have a large table in the middle, where papers and magazines may lie handy, and not be out of place. A roomy desk will contain all letters and important papers.

If you have not gas or electric light, let the lamp be one with a circular wick, porcelain-shaded. If possible, have a broad window-seat, where you can snuggle down and enjoy a favorite author or journal. A good spring couch is sometimes convenient, if one member of the family reads aloud and another wishes to listen. Let the library be a retreat where hungry souls may find communion with other souls preserved in the literature of all ages.

Lastly, have the approach to the house suggestive of repose. There must be no litter of paper or chips, and it is better to have a smooth stretch of velvety lawn than to have it all chopped up into little promiscuous beds of flowers or scraggly shrubs. Keep the walk clean and in good repair. A wide veranda is always inviting, and two or three porch chairs should always be saying, "welcome." Honeysuckle twining around the pillars is a fragrant addition, and the front door ought to have a glass panel. By the time your hand is on the knob, you ought to be in such a frame of mind that you can be devoutly thankful for your own haven from the wearing routine of daily wrestling.

*Huntingdon, Pa.*



#### ECONOMIZING STRENGTH AND TIME.

"NEVER go empty handed." That is what one mother used to say to the small daughters she was striving to mold into model housekeepers. If one was going up stairs she must look about and see if there was not something downstairs that belonged upstairs that she could carry up and put into its place, and so on from one part of the house to another.

The mother always said it would be a great help in one's housekeeping and save unnecessary steps if people would just remember that little rule. The daughters have proved it so, and now they say to their own children as they help them about the house, "Never go empty handed."—*Selected.*

#### MY LITTLE BOY.

Against my knee a little head is lying.

Two eyes of blue are looking into mine.  
The breath of twilight in the air is sighing, sighing,  
And twinkling stars amid the azure shine.  
With mother love the winsome face I kiss,  
And fold the hands so weary of their play.  
No sweeter joy a mother holds than this,  
Too soon, alas! the little feet will stray.

Again I press him to my hungry heart.

Ah, me! if I might shield him ever so!  
Mayhap some day he'll kiss me and depart,  
And I shall sorrow as I watch him go.  
Secure I hold him in my arms tonight,  
And motherlike I lay him down to rest;  
His curly head upon the pillow white,  
His dimpled hands soft folded on his breast.

I may not go and leave my darling there,  
So fair he looks within his cosy bed,  
Ere one last touch upon the wavy hair,  
One lingering kiss upon the lips so red.  
"God bless my darling!" low I whisper then,  
And silent as a watcher of the night  
I close the door, low breathing o'er again  
A mother's prayer to keep his steps aright.

—T. F. Rowland.



#### TRAINING LITTLE HANDS.

It is to be regretted that mothers give so little heed to the importance of their daughters knowing how to use the needle. Every girl before entering her teens should know how to sew on buttons, tapes, mend rips, rents and thin places in her own clothing, yet few of them, even when grown, have the skill to do it nicely. How often do we see little girls between the ages of eight to twelve years, with plenty of idle time on their hands, going about with garments in need of little repairs, where safety-pins and common pins take the place of buttons and threads, holding the pieces together until the mother finds time to attend to them! What is to hinder the child from learning to sew on her own fastenings, to mend small rents or sew up little rips? Allowing the child to go about with clothing out of repair is but encouraging and accustoming her to habits of slovenness which may cause her much mortified vanity and loss of self-respect in after years. The "stitch in time" often saves more than a few additional stitches.

With a very little showing, the lassie can do her own things—not always with a very great nicety of stitches at first, but satisfactory results will come with practice, and, with proper encouragement, she will learn to take a pride in keeping her garments whole. Then, too, it is no unusual thing to see the little brothers of grown sisters running about, regular little rag-muffins in looks because of rips, rents, lost buttons and torn-out buttonholes, which the sisters could easily repair if they had been given the responsibility. Indeed, many of these little boys could do much to keep themselves comfortably "harnessed," if their own fin-

gers had been given the proper training. In olden times, the wee lassies of from three to five summers were given tasks in sewing, and by the time they grew beyond the mother's brooding they were expert seamstresses. For the sake of neatness, comfort and economy, it is well to imitate our grandmothers in some things, and in nothing more than that the lassie should do more with the family wardrobe and less of the eye-straining "fancy work" that really serves no necessary purpose.—*The Commoner*.

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## The Children's Corner

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### OUR LETTER FROM AFRICA.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—

In my letter last month, I promised to tell you more about the African baby.

Have you ever seen a little child cry when a new baby came to its home and took its place on mother's lap? Yes, I think you have. Well, little African children are just the same. When a new baby arrives, the grandmother takes the youngest child into its mother's hut to see the new baby and hold it. Should the child show signs of jealousy, it is taken out and not allowed to come in again for three days, when it is again brought in by the grandmother and the baby placed in its arms. If it shows signs of pleasure, well and good, but if it is still jealous, the mother places the baby on the ground, take the little child in her lap and fondles it. Then she takes the baby alongside of the child, fondling both until the child is quite comforted. Just like the mothers at home.

How do you like sour milk? Some of you have plenty of sweet milk to drink. How would you like sour milk for your food? Many little babies here have to drink it. The mother shakes it well in a calabash. Then she grinds some corn to mix with it. The corn is ground on stones so the meal contains a good portion of grit. This does not trouble the digestion of the grown-up people, but does trouble the baby seriously until it gets used to it. Some of them get thin porridge, but the most of them get sour milk and mealie (corn meal). Poor little things! They do not like it either. It is hard to make them drink it, so the mothers try this plan: placing the baby on her lap, she pours a little of the milk into her hand, puts the edge of the palm to the baby's mouth and slowly raises up her hand until the baby's mouth is covered. Even then the baby refuses it, so the mother nips its nose and forces it to drink. As a rule there is a great deal of coughing and spluttering and the baby's face and naked body are covered with the mess. The mother calls up the dog, as she has no such thing as a napkin or handkerchief, and tells the dog to lick the baby clean. After seven days the baby may have its mother's milk. Then it is plump and happy.

Sometimes it has to have the sour milk all the time. One morning I was at the mission doctor's office and saw such a poor little sick baby. The mother had brought it a long way on her back through the burning sun. The doctor asked what food it had. The mother showed us a big bottle of dreadful smelling sour milk. The doctor said that the baby was starving to death. The father was very angry because the doctor would give the baby no medicine. The doctor urged the woman to stay and the ladies of the mission would feed it properly. She wanted to stay, but he said, "Who will cook my food?" and refused to let her stay. The baby died on the way home.

The people sleep on grass mats spread on the mud floor of the hut, and so it is not to be expected that the baby would sleep in a cradle. The baby sleeps on a mat of its own, which is tucked away under the



mother's blanket. The mothers are very fond of their babies and kiss them a great deal:

The small children are put to sleep with lullabies that the mothers make up as they sing. Sometimes they sing the praise song of the grandfather, using the name of the child instead, but generally sing about weeding the garden, bringing wood and water, cooking, smearing the huts, threshing the corn or brewing the beer. The song will be something after this fashion: "Hush, my child, thy mother has not hoed her garden: has not hoed her garden, for there are stones between the weeds and the stones hinder her: thy mother has not hoed her garden." Here is a Gazaland lullaby; it is given both in English and Tshindao, so that both the sound and the meaning may be grasped.

Woyo, woyo,  
ndo enda mugoa  
kuna Mwandiemudza,  
mukunda wa Tshibuwe  
O nameso matshena,  
ahongo a a mutshangwa,  
mutshangwa zie zano.

Woe, Woe.  
I'm going down south  
To Mwandiemudza,  
Tshibuwe's daughter,  
Who has white eyes,  
Like a weasel's,  
The cunning weasel.



wo one tsho ito ndebvu,  
dza pera kutumbuka,  
dzo ne nhumbu.

You see its whiskers,  
Are fine and large,  
They need a doctor.

The idea is that the youngster will have a strong beard like the weasel's, but it must be doctored in order that it will not be white.

Babies are carried in several ways, but the most common way is on the back of the mother or the little sister nurse. She puts the blanket around her hips, lifts the baby by one arm, swings it around her and places it on her back. Then she draws the blanket up over the baby, up to its shoulders and fastens the blanket in front. The child is rocked by the gentle motion of the body and there it rides and crows and sleeps. The mother does not feel the weight of the baby carried in this way and can work all day with the baby strapped on her back. The baby is comfortable even though its head lolls over the pouch of the blanket and is exposed to the sun. Hats of course are not used. Sometimes I have seen a woman walking on a journey, carry an umbrella to shade the baby.

Sometimes little girls come to school with a little baby strapped on their backs. When the baby cries, they must get up and walk with it. We often see the little girls at play with a baby on their backs. The babies enjoy it immensely.

Do you know babies and children who suck their fingers? African mothers do not object to that very much, but they think it is very bad to bite the finger nails. They say that the child will grow up to be lazy and cross and will become poor.

I want you to get well acquainted with the little folks of Africa, then you will know better how to pray for them.

The next letter I will tell you about African twins. You will be surprised. Pray for us that we may be able to teach many about Jesus and his love.

Yours in His service,

NELLIE REED.

*Fair View M. S., Umzumbe Rail, Natal, S. Africa.*



#### THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a pebble, and yield to none!"  
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;  
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;  
I am abiding while ages flee.  
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain  
Have tried to soften me long in vain;  
And the tender dew has sought to melt,  
Or touch my heart, but it was not felt."

"There's none that can tell about my birth,  
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.  
The children of men arise and pass  
Out of the world, like blades of grass,  
And many a foot on me has trod,  
That's gone from sight and under the sod.  
I am a pebble, but who art thou,  
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,  
And lay for a moment abashed and mute.  
She never before had been so near  
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;  
And she felt, for a time, at a loss to know  
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.

But to give reproof of a nobler sort  
Than the angry look, or keen retort,  
At length she said, in a gentle tone:  
"Since it has happened that I am thrown  
From the lighter element where I grew,  
Down to another, so hard and new,  
And beside a personage so august,  
Abashed, I will cover my head in dust,

"And quickly retire from the sight of one  
Whom time nor season, nor storm nor sun,  
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,  
Has ever subdued, or made to feel."  
And soon, in the earth she sank away  
From the comfortless spot where the pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke  
By the peering head of an infant oak;  
And as it arose and its branches spread,  
The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,  
"A modest acorn, never to tell  
What was inclosed in its simple shell;  
That the pride of the forest was folded up  
In the narrow space of its little cup,  
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,  
Which proves that nothing could hide its worth

"And oh, how many will tread on me,  
To come and admire the beautiful tree,  
Whose head is towering toward the sky,  
Above such a worthless thing as I.  
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,  
I have been idling from year to year;  
But never from this shall a vaunting word  
From the humble pebble again be heard,  
Till something, without me or within,  
Shall show the purpose for which I have been."  
The pebble its vow could not forget,  
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

—Anonymous

#### For SUNDAY READING

#### OUR CHARITY TO OURSELVES.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

WHATEVER may be our position in regard to other people, one thing at least is certain, we seldom are lacking in charity toward ourselves. Although we may be the most inconsiderate of mortals in our treatment of other persons' failings, we are pretty apt to assume a very different attitude when it comes to the consideration of our own. Shortcomings that seem inexcusable in others, become perfectly natural acts when we commit them, for there are comparatively few of us who cannot find an excuse with which to explain away the very things that we would never forgive in other individuals. I suppose that this is entirely reasonable, for a man is expected to defend himself and this is only

one form of self-defense to which we turn as naturally as we would turn to a gun if we felt that our lives were in danger.

If we could but bring ourselves to look at this matter in a reasonable light, however; if we could persuade ourselves to show the same consideration for the failings of other people as we do for our own "peculiarities," this would be a pretty happy world in which to live. Unfortunately, however, this is one of the impossibilities, it is a test of character for which human nature does not yet seem to be fitted. We may talk loudly about the virtue of charity, we may tell people how anxious we are to put ourselves in the other persons' places that we may judge how we might feel and act under similar circumstances, but as a matter of fact we do not do this. We only say that we do it—or that this is what we are trying to do.

It is the most common thing in the world for one person to criticise another. In fact the criticism escapes our lips so naturally that we have come to think little or nothing of it. If anybody should tell us that we were addicted to the crime of gossiping we should probably become very indignant, and yet there is scarcely one person in a thousand who does not lay himself liable to this charge a good many times in an average day.

Thus somebody mentions somebody else's name, and we immediately repeat a story that so and so has told us. Of course, we may not vouch for its truth, but the next man who repeats it will say we told it as a true story, and by the time it has circulated about town for a day or two, its magnitude will have increased beyond the point of recognition.

Sometimes such stories do no end of harm. Men's financial and social standing have been ruined by baseless rumors that may have been set afloat by some person who would scorn the idea that he was a gossip. And it is so easy for such things to happen! A word that has been misunderstood, a look that is misinterpreted, an act for which there has been no logical explanation—any little thing is sufficient to start the ball in motion, and like the snowballs that we used to delight in making when we were boys—how such things gain in size, and how their shape does change with every revolution!

Of course, when these things happen to us—when we are the victims of the misunderstanding—we cannot understand it. We cannot imagine how anybody could possibly have suspected us of such an act or thought. We cannot see why our friends and acquaintances should not have taken the trouble to put themselves in our place. Then they would have realized that the thing was beyond belief. Oh, yes, it is very easy for us to wonder why we should have been treated uncharitably, but then we never do commit any act for which there is not a perfectly reasonable excuse. If we make a mistake in our work we find no difficulty

in telling just how it happened. "Why!" we say, "anybody would have done the same thing." And it is with just such a feeling as this that we try to explain away the words and deeds that would appeal to us as inexplicable if we had not been the persons who were guilty.

Other people make mistakes, but we—never. Other people make fools of themselves, but not we! Other people commit crimes against the law, crimes against decency, offenses against their neighbors, their country, and their God, but we never do such things. If you do not believe it, just listen and hear how easily we can explain things that couldn't possibly have been explained away if anybody else had done them.



### "BLEST BE THE TIE."

Nor one in a thousand who sings the old hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," knows the history of its homely origin. It was written by the Rev. John Fawcett, who in the latter part of the eighteenth century was the pastor of a poor little church in Lockshire, England. His family and responsibilities were large, his salary was less than \$4.00 a week.

In 1772 he felt himself obliged to accept a call to a London church. His farewell sermon had been preached, six wagons loaded with furniture and books stood by the door. His congregation, men, women and children, were in an agony of tears.

Mr. Fawcett and his wife sat down on a packing case and cried with the others. Looking up, Mrs. Fawcett said:

"Oh, John, John, I cannot bear this! I know not where to go!"

"Nor I, either," said he, "nor will we go. Unload the wagons and put everything back in its old place."

His letter of acceptance to the London church was recalled, and he wrote this hymn to commemorate the episode.—*Home Herald*.



### THE TRULY ELOQUENT PREACHER.

HE is the truly "eloquent" preacher who so preaches the Word that he succeeds in inducing people to do what they know to be their duty, and in persuading men to refrain from doing what they know to be wrong. Noisy declamation is not "eloquence"; neither is he an eloquent preacher whose sermons leave the people, morally and spiritually, living on in their sins, even if his pulpit efforts do draw great crowds, and elicit much applause. God designs "through the foolishness of preaching to save them who believe," and obey the Gospel when they hear it.—*The Telescope*.



IN conduct do not make trifles of trifles. Regard the smallest action as being either right or wrong, and make a conscience of little things.—*Spurgeon*.





# Echoes from Everywhere

The American Medical Association met in convention in Chicago June 2, the meeting lasting four days. Following the general opening of the convention in the Auditorium there was a number of section meetings and papers bearing on the newest phases of medical progress were read by leaders in the profession.

The federal government won a notable victory in the United States District Court recently in Illinois when the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company was found guilty on three charges of violating the twenty-eight-hour law, which provides that livestock shall not be confined in cars over twenty-eight hours without being taken out for the period of five consecutive hours for the purpose of giving them rest and food and water except when the shippers request that the railroad company keep them thirty-six hours without food or water.

Two hundred thousand yen (\$200,000) is now indicated as the size of the proposed present by Japan to the Canton guilds if the boycott of Japanese goods is discontinued. Meanwhile advices from North China and Manchuria state that, owing to the activity of the Cantonese emissaries, the movement is rapidly spreading throughout the north. The emissaries are working systematically and secretly. Their literature makes no mention either of the boycott or of Japan, speaking of "the national disgrace with reference to the country responsible," which, the Chinese all understand means Japan.

The feature of the sale of books from the library of Mrs. Thrale, afterward Mrs. Piozzi, the friend of Dr. Johnson, was six quarto manuscript volumes, comprising about 1,630 pages entirely in autograph by Mrs. Thrale, commencing in the latter part of 1775 and concluding with an entry dated March 30, 1890. All manner of topics are recorded in the volumes, including many conversations and anecdotes concerning Dr. Johnson. The high price of \$10,250 was realized. For the signatures of John Milton and son to the marriage covenant of the poet's daughter Anne \$322 was bid.

The fourth annual session of the National Wholesale Grocers' Association of the United States was held recently, with 600 delegates in attendance. President William Judson of Grand Rapids, Mich., in his annual address was optimistic. He declared that despite the hard times the past year was one full of activity. Pure food laws, uniform contracts, free deals in trade, subsidy of salesmen, buying from manufacturers and uniform state laws corresponding with national pure food laws were among the important issues discussed during the convention.

With packs on their backs and only enough money to supply their immediate wants, a college professor and ten

students sailed June 5 in the steerage of the steamship Alice bound for the immigrant fields of Europe. At the head of the party was Professor Edward A. Steiner of Iowa University. The members of his class are volunteers from the colleges and universities of the middle West. The plan mapped out for the party is to study the alien as he is at home, to learn his languages, his habits, his social condition and its causes, and to trace the history of the races that are pouring into America. Upon the completion of this task the ten men will enter the mining fields of Pennsylvania as social workers and interpreters under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Young Men's Christian Association. The expenses have been met by subscriptions from those interested in the work.

An important provision so far as the railroads and traveling public of the country are concerned was embodied in the sundry civil appropriation bill and has become law without attracting attention. By law the interstate commerce commission is now authorized to investigate, test and report on the use and need of any appliances or inventions intended to promote the safety of railway operation. Inventors of such appliances are required to furnish them in complete working order and the commission is empowered to employ persons familiar with the subject to conduct the experiments and investigations. It is thought by the framers of this law that it will vastly promote the introduction of safety devices upon railroads by encouraging the inventors.

Under the terms of the new currency law, passed by Congress in the closing hours of the last session, banks in which funds of the government are deposited must hereafter pay interest for use of such funds. An exception is made in the case of those banking associations designated as national depositories in which funds are placed strictly for the use of the government. There are outstanding about \$72,000,000 of government funds on which interest must be paid by banks, and by an odd coincidence a similar amount rests in depositories not subject to the tax. It was stated at the Treasury Department that not only would the tax be charged on all deposits of government money made in the future, but that the tax would be payable on funds already deposited from the time the new law became effective. The rate of interest chargeable is to be not less than 1 per cent, and as much more as the Secretary of the Treasury may deem proper. For the present, however, the probable rate of interest will be 1 per cent per annum.

A great tuberculosis convention will be held in Washington this summer. Among other nations that will be represented at this convention, Russia is planning to send a large delegation. The White Plague is one of the scourges of Russian life.

The British House of Commons, May 6 unanimously adopted a resolution urging that steps be taken for the speedy abolition of the system of licensing opium dens in Crown colonies, particularly Hong Kong, the Straits Settlements and Ceylon. If this is done it will be effective coöperation with the Chinese government and would add strength to the American proposal of an international commission.

The days of bright green French canned peas are passing. The Board of Food and Drug inspection, which is another way of saying Secretaries Wilson, Cortelyou, and Strauss, have decided that after January 1, 1909, food greened with copper salts will not be entitled to entry into the United States under the pure food and drugs law. Until that time, however, if the label tells the truth about the copper, vegetables not containing an excessive amount of the salts will be allowed to enter.

The vital statistics for France for 1907 show that, for the first time, the deaths exceed the births, the figures being 793,000 to 774,000. The wiping out of the small margin of increase which heretofore existed will probably stir France. Whether such schemes as prizes for large families and bachelor taxation will do much good is doubtful; but the growing fight against alcoholism, with which depopulation is bound up, should help, in common with other ameliorative social legislation.

We have heard so much about the "Big Stick" of late that we have almost forgotten the policy of "speaking softly," which goes with it, and which is as strong a guarantee of peace as is the other. Now, the Lower House, which very sensibly refused to provide four new battleships for the navy, has voted a million and a half for a government exhibit at the Japanese exposition to be held in 1910. The move appears to be a wise one and the money well expended. It will serve notice on Japan that our intentions toward her are entirely friendly, and that if there is to be trouble it must be of her own seeking. And coming at a time when her own finances are in such condition that she is offering nine per cent for money, it will give her some idea of what a rich and powerful and altogether dangerous people we are.

#### Postage to Britain 2 Cents.

Washington, June 3.—Postmaster General Meyer announced today that an agreement had been reached with the British government, providing for a letter postage of 2 cents an ounce between the United States and Great Britain and Ireland, to become operative Oct. 1, 1908. He stated further that the British postmaster general, Sydney Buxton, was making a like announcement to the house of commons today.

London, June 4.—Postmaster General Buxton's announcement in the house of commons today of a penny post arrangement with the United States, gives greater gratification to the British people than many of the weightier political reforms and is especially greeted as an important stage on the road to universal penny post. It is considered certain to have considerable effect on foreign opinion, and little doubt is entertained that it will speedily be followed by the announcement that negotiations with France to the same end have been satisfactorily concluded. The newspapers here are showering congratulations on Postmaster Generals Buxton and Meyer, and on Ambassadors Reid and Bryce.

#### Three Billion-Dollar Session.

Seventeen or eighteen years ago there was raised the cry of a "billion-dollar Congress," and the possibility of such an enormous national expenditure brought all sorts of charges of extravagance upon the party in power. The recent years of unprecedented prosperity have taught the nation to think in terms of millions instead of thousands, and have developed a certain rashness in private and public expenditures. Whereas we trembled at the thought of a billion-dollar Congress then, we face calmly, in this year of diminished revenue, a billion-dollar session. It is instructive to compare the expenditures then and now under its more important heads:

| Fiscal year.           | 1909.         | 1892.         |
|------------------------|---------------|---------------|
| Sundry civil .....     | \$120,000,000 | \$ 35,460,000 |
| Legislative, etc. .... | 33,000,000    | 22,000,000    |
| Army .....             | 95,382,000    | 24,000,000    |
| Navy .....             | 122,660,000   | 31,500,000    |
| Fortifications .....   | 11,500,000    | 3,775,000     |
| Pensions .....         | 163,000,000   | 135,200,000   |

The country has grown enormously in these years. This is reflected in the expenditure for the postoffice and the agricultural departments. The former has increased (largely on account of the new rural free delivery) from \$76,000,000 to \$221,000,000 in the seventeen years, and the latter from \$3,000,000 to over \$11,000,000. The item which has increased all out of proportion to our national growth is the expenditure for our army, navy and pensions. The deficit for this fiscal year will be over \$60,000,000, and on the basis of the appropriations now made, the deficit next year must reach nearly \$150,000,000. And yet the press, blind leaders of the blind, have almost unanimously called down anathemas upon Congress for refusing to build four battleships instead of two.

June 1, with one of her four propellers disabled, the Cunard liner Mauretania has accomplished the astonishing feat of clipping two hours and forty-one minutes off her own trans-Atlantic westward record. This is only fifty-six minutes behind the best run ever made over the course, made by her sister ship the Lusitania. When the Mauretania anchored she had covered the 2,889 miles between Daunt's rock and Sandy Hook in 4 days 21 hours and 18 minutes. The Lusitania covered the distance in 4 days 20 hours and 22 minutes.

Cecil Rhodes, the diamond magnate of South Africa, dreamed of a railroad running from Cape Town to Cairo. That dream is being wrought out in reality at a rapid rate. The road south from Cairo now reaches Khartoum, while the one from the south has penetrated as far north as Broken Hill, four hundred miles beyond the Zambezi, and two thousand miles from Cape Town.

So well satisfied is Commissioner Bingham of the New York police with the work of the six police dogs imported from Belgium that he has decided to send to Ghent for six more. Although little has been heard of the six dog policemen, it is said that they have been of material aid to the police in the outlying districts. It is not that they have done anything spectacular, such, for instance, as knocking down and holding criminals until the arrival of a bluecoat, as they are said to do in Brussels and Ghent, where they are used, but they have produced a fear on the part of night prowlers in the districts where they are used.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

"O Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!"

Just why it should have become a moral shibboleth that the artistic temperament explains, justifies and excuses ethical and, stranger still, æsthetic shortcomings, is a fit subject for wonderment—an excellent additional instance of the inconsistency of human attainment. Just why it should be that the man whose soul is supposed to be attuned to the finer harmonies of the æsthetic sense is therefore, as a corollary, lax in his moral code and frequently wanting altogether in the humbler reaches of that æsthetic feeling, offers a curious problem for the thoughtful. It has become an axiom that the artist in whatever field of artistic achievement must be considered without reference to the man, although it is equally axiomatic that the artist is the man. Nevertheless, there is no more primal requisite for true judgment of the artistic than the capability thus to divorce the man in his human failings from the artist in his divine afflatus,—the work of art from the worker thereof. The curious thing is that the "artistic temperament" expects this divorce carried still further where all reason for so doing is lacking. And the world at large has, with a shrug of shoulders, complacently come to regard the artistic temperament and a wholesome sanity as altogether incompatible; whereas, in reality, they are not.

It is not the artistic temperament, but its opposite, that makes the man who writes a good poem delight in dirty linen and indulge in freakish fashion as to his hair. It is not the artistic temperament, but its contrary, that makes the creative genius of any form of art practice the immoral and the unclean—from the neglect to pay his debts to the indecent orgies of the satyr. The sincere love of the beautiful in any of its manifestations never yet made a human being ugly. We are too prone to confound cause with effect in these things. The artistic temperament never belittles. When the possessor of the gift is contemptible we may rest assured that without it he would be more contemptible still. And the world, frequently more charitable than she receives credit for being, and almost always a bad judge of what is artistic, is too apt to cover with the mantle of her complacency temperament that gets off easily with the charge of being merely artistic. There is nothing artistic in pose, nothing artistic in the assumed delight in the yellows and reds of the moral chromatic scale, but there is much that is dishonest in it. If the innumerable posers who cumber the purlieus of the courts of Art were broken by the world upon some sincere task of righteousness, the artistic atmosphere would receive a purging infinitely to the honor of Art!

Of a truth, we dabble too fearlessly with the sacred things of life. There is nothing nobler in human nature than the genuine artistic gift, yet we have seen it become confused with a thing of shreds and patches. Feeble poetasters and inconsequent fiction-mongers prate about their "art," and we have "artists" all the way up from

the "tensorial parlors" through Grub Street to the "studio" of the more or less mongrel professional. No wonder the artistic temperament becomes a factor to reckon with! For, after all, the real artist whose humanity may crop out in idiosyncrasies and obliquities scarcely more pronounced than those of the business man or the man of science—the man of individuality, of thought, and of preoccupation anywhere—is not the moral offense, and by no means the "artistic" offense, that is the poser whose cheap affectations of sincerity seek to prostitute Truth itself.—Lippincott's Monthly Magazine.



### POPULAR GOVERNMENT IN OREGON.

A document unique in American political literature has just been issued by the Secretary of State of the Commonwealth of Oregon, and distributed to every voter in the State. It is entitled, "A Pamphlet Containing a Copy of All Measures 'Referred to the People by the Legislative Assembly,' 'Referendum Ordered by Petition of the People,' and 'Proposed by Initiative Petition,' to be submitted to the legal voters of the State of Oregon for their approval or rejection at the regular general election to be held on the first day of June, 1908, together with the arguments filed, favoring and opposing certain of said measures."

The first fact that arrests the reader's attention, upon looking over this pamphlet, is the magnitude of the demand which it makes upon the interest, thought and time of the voters to whom it is addressed. No less than ten constitutional amendments are proposed, and nine acts. These are supported or opposed by nineteen arguments. The range of subjects is wide—from proportional representation in public offices, number of judges in the Supreme Court, exemption of property from taxation, and woman suffrage, down to the building of armories, the custody and board of prisoners, and the regulation of salmon fishing in the Columbia River.

Four of these measures are referred to the people by the Legislative Assembly. Seven go to the people because the referendum has been ordered in these cases by petition of the people. The remainder are proposed by initiative petition. All are printed in full. The form in which they are to be set forth on the official ballot is given in all cases, and the instruction to vote "yes" or "no." Arguments in support or objection are in all cases admirably brief and pointed. Some of them are from individuals, speaking as citizens merely. Some are offered by business interests, and some are presented by associations, clubs and societies.

All in all, so remarkable a body of propositions proceeding from and addressed to a democratic electorate, has never before been seen in America. The pamphlet as a whole is in essentials like the printed "Warrant," setting forth to the voters of a New England town the subjects upon which they will be expected to render their decision at the annual town meeting. If the Oregon experiment works, it will be in effect the establishment of the substantial reality and almost the form of the town meeting

plan of democratic government in State affairs by and within an entire commonwealth.

It would be absurd to make any prediction as to whether the scheme will in fact succeed or not. As we have said, this warrant is a large order. It makes a big demand upon popular interest, intelligence and effort. At the same time it is well calculated to awaken the interest, to tempt the citizen to expend the necessary time, and to quicken his intelligence. We cannot imagine anything more likely to prove of high educative value than the circulation and the inevitable discussion of the propositions of such a pamphlet, followed by the actual voting.

If the plan does succeed, it will certainly be the beginning of momentous political changes in the United States. It will be the assurance that this country will ultimately be a true democracy, and not a plutocratic republic. If the people of Oregon show themselves to be equal to the task which they have imposed upon themselves, they will create the reality of government of, for and by the people. And if that reality is created in Oregon, it will at no distant day be created in a large number of the other commonwealths.—The Independent.



### THE DEADLY HOUSE-FLY.

That the house-fly is not merely disagreeable, but dangerous—that it is an unclean pest of “appalling profligacy” and “disease-spreading habits”—we are assured by W. Frost and C. T. Vorhies, in an article of timely warning in *Country Life in America* (New York, May). These writers note that the house-fly proper, as well as several other flies, lives its larval life almost exclusively in animal excrement, usually in horse-manure. Where stables are left unclean, the litter packed down under the horse's feet will swarm with thousands of larvae. The fly itself, the completed stage of this larva or “maggot,” carries disease germs in a passive way. Say the authors:

“The mosquito bites a sick person or animal, and from the blood secures the infectious agent, which may then by another bite be inoculated into a second individual. Some of the biting flies also carry infection in this way, but the house-fly, not being able to bite, does not carry the inoculated diseases. It is, however, responsible for the distribution of certain diseases whose casual agent enters the body through the food. In other words, it aids in the distribution of intestinal diseases. The flies do this by carrying the disease germs from the dejecta of the sick to the food of the well.

“The disease germs which they carry are Asiatic cholera, typhoid fever, dysentery, and tuberculosis. In this country typhoid fever is undoubtedly the most important of the fly-borne diseases, although we are very ignorant in regard to the part which they play in the distribution of dysentery and tuberculosis. The fly gets the germs from the discharge of the patients where disinfection has not been properly performed. It may also become infected by crawling over the patient or the soiled clothing which may have been left untreated. In the country districts where adequate means of sewage disposal is rare, and in towns where sewage systems are absent or imperfect, the danger is greatest. The flies get their feet and mouth parts covered with the germ-laden material and thus carry it to the food which they may visit. From laboratory experiments it seems probable that a fly once contaminated with the typhoid germ may retain this germ in a living condition for at least three weeks. Thus a contaminated fly may be the means of carrying the infections for considerable distances if it has an opportunity to travel.

“Germ-laden material may also be eaten by the fly, and in such a case it has been shown that the typhoid germ may pass through the intestinal tract of the insect and still remain alive. A ‘fly-spot’ left by such an insect is dangerous. This is not theory alone, but in Chicago, when typhoid fever was especially prevalent, Miss Hamilton caught flies in districts where the sewage system was poor, and the typhoid germ was isolated from such flies in five out of eighteen trials.

“It is known that flies devour the sputum of consumptives, and the germ of tuberculosis has been found many times in the intestinal contents of these insects. How important it is as an agent in the distribution of tuberculosis we do not know, but probably it is not as important as in the case of typhoid.

“A simple, practicable, and quite successful plan for fighting the pest is that of throwing the manure each morning into a small room screened against flies, sprinkling upon it a small amount of chloride of lime as a precautionary measure. Various modifications of this to suit the size of the stable would certainly be feasible, such as a tightly-closed can or box, for the accumulations of a small stable. Of course, this would require that the manure be carted off and disposed of every few days, instead of being allowed to accumulate for months as it often does. When spread upon the fields it will dry out so completely as to prevent the deposition of eggs or the development of the larvae, to which warmth and moisture are essential. A few cities require closed receptacles for manure. The fly problem really resolves itself into three. First and most fundamental is the one of preventing the breeding of the pests. The second is that of preventing contamination of existing flies by making access to the more important sources of infection impossible.

“Third and last, but by no means least, is the problem of preventing their access to food-supplies. This end should be sought not only by careful screening of houses to protect dining-rooms and kitchens, but by screening all food exposed for sale. The dust of the streets settling upon exposed foods is bad enough, but when we add the danger of infection by the crawling flies, we may well wonder that more illness does not result.”—Literary Digest.



### RAILROAD CAPITALIZATION CONCERNS THE WHOLE PUBLIC.

It would superficially appear that this question is of chief interest to the banker, the capitalist, and the railroad promoter; but this is quite beside the fact. Those most interested in the proper financing of railroads are the farmers, the manufacturers, the workingmen, the merchants,—the general producing and traveling public; for without the selling of stocks and bonds railroads in these days can neither be built nor be very extensively improved. The first roads were often private enterprises, in the sense that they were financed by one or two men; and there are still sporadic instances where one man, or a small syndicate, has undertaken a railroad enterprise of magnitude,—Mr. Rogers' Virginia road in the East and Mr. James' El Paso & Southwestern in the West being prominently in mind,—but 999 miles of road out of every 1,000 which have been built in the last ten years in this country have been constructed with the money of the public, the proceeds from the sale of securities. Therefore, if we are to have new railroads, more laterals, adequate equipment,



and larger terminals, we must have a market for railroad securities.

The curse of all this stock-jobbing, this overcapitalization, and consequent distrust, falls on the public,—the lumberman who wishes to extend his market but finds his effort balked by railroad incapacity, the jobber who cannot make his market in a reasonable time, the contractor whose work must stop awaiting material, the landowner whose property remains undeveloped from lack of transportation facilities, the mechanic for whose labor railroad construction creates demand, and all the millions in one way or another dependent on the extension and improvement of our railway system.

The problem of railroad capitalization becomes in this light a people's problem, one in which all have direct pecuniary interest; and if our premise is correct,—that we must find some way by which greater faith in these securities can be established as a prerequisite to a full renewal of activity in this important and vital work,—it is at once apparent that the search for such a plan advances out of the realm of Wall Street finance into that of American statesmanship.—From "Railroad Capitalization and Federal Regulation," by Franklin K. Lane, in the American Review of Reviews for June.



#### THE MONEY IN KINDNESS.

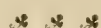
UNTIL humankind has attained considerably nearer to the goal of perfection than at present the fact that a reform has a utilitarian side will not be considered a handicap to its success. The remarks of President William De Looss Love of the Connecticut Humane Society at a recent annual meeting of that organization are, therefore, worthy of notice. He said:

"The difference in the value of animals in Connecticut under humane or inhumane treatment is enormous. It has been estimated that the productive value of a horse is extended five years by proper use, food and care. If his net earning power is only 25 cents a day, and he works six days in a week, he earns \$78 a year, and in five years \$390."

There being some 50,000 horses in Connecticut, Mr. Love estimated that humane treatment would increase their value by nearly twenty millions of dollars. Then he did a little figuring on the 125 440 cows in the state, with this result:

"These cows average six and one-fourth quarts of milk a day. If, as claimed, a cow's productive life is extended two years by proper treatment, the value of this milk at 7 cents a quart would amount to \$318.50 for each animal, and the aggregate for the cows in the state would be more than \$40,000,000."

There are, of course, more admirable arguments for kindness to animals than the profit that lies in humane treatment, but since it takes all kinds of people to make a world these figures will undoubtedly appeal to some.—*Chicago Evening Post*.



Said He—"I wonder why it is that women are so much more curious than men?"

Said She—"I really don't know. I've never had the curiosity to try to find out."

#### Impossible.

He.—"Do you think it would be foolish of me to marry a girl who was my inferior intellectually?"

She.—"More than foolish—impossible."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.



The new Danish law permitting women above 25 years of age to vote is ingeniously contrived to disfranchise the fair sex, for how many women are going to admit that they are over 25? The horrid men who passed the law must have known that it would be practically inoperative.—*Pathfinder*.



The maid who announced to the guest waiting at the door that "she didn't hear her until she had rung the bell three times," meets her match in the elevator boy described by a writer in the *New York Evening Post*.

"If anyone calls, Percy, while I am out, tell him to wait. I shall be right back," said the woman to the apartment-house elevator boy.

There was no answer. "Did you hear me? Why don't you answer?" asked the woman with some heat.

"I never answers, ma'am, unless I doesn't hear, and then I says, 'What?'"



#### In the Sewing Room.

"You are a pushing sort," said the Scissors to the Thimble.

"Yes," replied the latter, "but I'd like your life better. It's just ripping. And you?" to the Needle.

"Well," replied the latter, "my life is just sew-sew. But then, though not a blunt individual, I generally come to the point."

"Oh, you have an eye to things," interrupted the Pin, "but I generally control matters by my head work."

"I am sorry," remarked the Spool, "that I can't be serious, for I'm in a continuous round."

But here the seamstress appeared, and soon all felt themselves in pretty much of a box.



#### A Fast Worker.

"My stenographer can write one hundred words a minute." "So can mine, but she doesn't seem to care what words she writes."—*Cleveland Leader*.



"How did you come to get married?" asked a man of a very homely friend.

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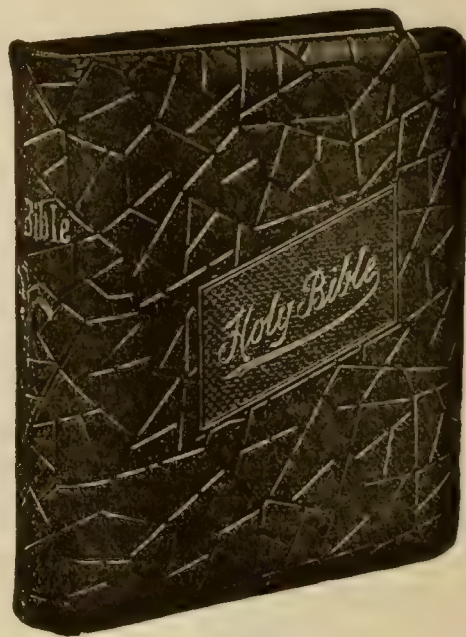


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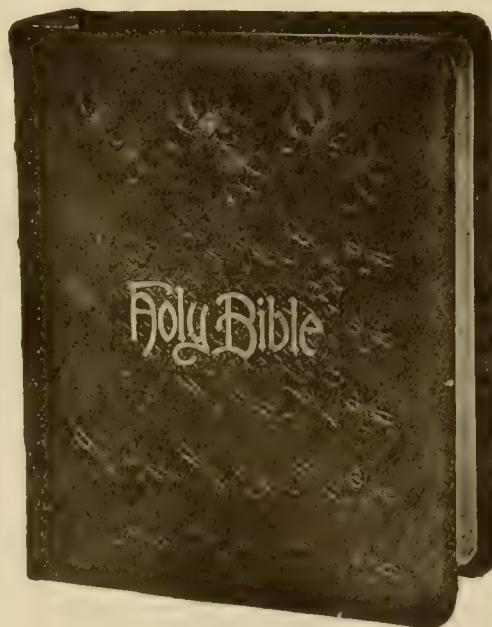
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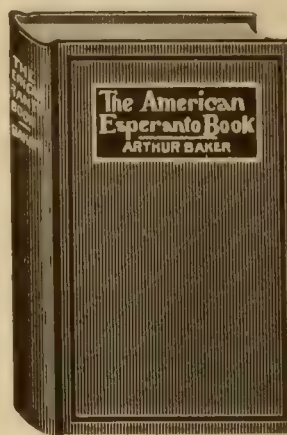
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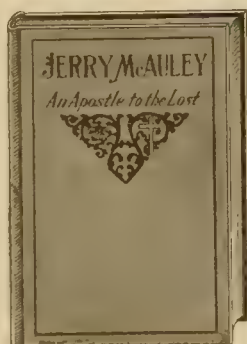
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Edited by R. M. Offord

The new and largely revised edition of the book just published is neither biography nor autobiography but the happy blending of both. The editor gathered together the fragmentary accounts of the man's own life and with suitable explanations wove the entire into a most complete story of one of God's humblest servants and yet earth's greatest men. Jerry's own account of his sinful life is put in that language which shows he was keenly sensible of his awful guilt. And while the reader gets a clear insight into his life, it is in such a manner as not to feed the baser of human nature, but rather to rejoice that one should be saved from such lower and devilish depths.



To read his "testimonies" and to stop and ponder on them is to find the clue to his power. Here is one of them. "I have nothing to be proud of; I am proud of my Savior and not of myself. I was a notorious drunkard and gambler. Even my wife does not know of some of the sins I committed, and she never will till the Day of Judgment. I don't know what to say to express my feelings of thankfulness. I know I have been converted, that is, if conversion is ceasing to love that which is evil and loving that which is good. I know that divine grace saved me from a drunkard's grave."

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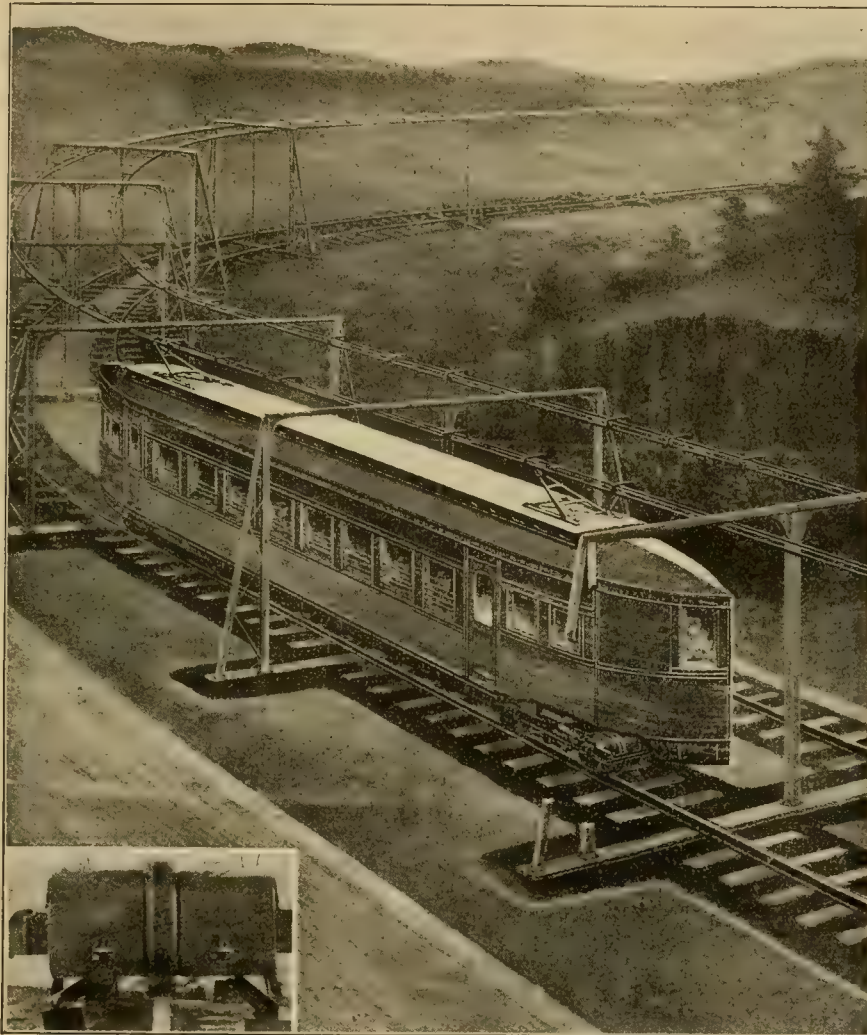
It is a good thing to write and print and spread the life of such a man as the hero of this volume. It may kindle the flame in many other hearts. Christians in other walks of life than he trod may be stirred to better living. And some poor, sinning soul, some wretched and sinking soul, some poor sinner, almost as bad as Jerry was, may read it in his extremity, and cry out with this ransomed prisoner, "Lord, save me, I perish."

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# THE INGLENOOK



Tunis Monorail Car in Operation. (See page 599.)

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Chicago, Tuesday, July 14th, 10:45 p. m.

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Omaha, Neb.

# Macdoel, Butte Valley, California

---

(Clipped from Siskiyou County News.)

Mrs. Rose Harter is making arrangements with a contractor to sink an artesian well and will go down as far as 500 feet. There are indications of oil in the neighborhood but they would hardly strike it at that depth.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Hershel Maust has 300 acres of grain.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Pat O'Connor has proved himself to be one of the best county supervisors in the State of California. He has put the roads in his district in the best condition ever known. Pat is surely doomed to an overwhelming reelection this fall. He can't get out of it.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

The new depot is about completed.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

We learn that it has been reported in Yreka that the late storms blew over the wind mill at Sam's Neck, that the grain in Butte Creek valley was blown out by the roots, and that the leaves were stripped off the trees and the fruit buds killed. It is all false. The wind mill is standing and in perfect operation, the fruit trees are in full bloom and the blossoms are in healthy condition, and the grain O. K. with present prospects of a good crop. It is the latest spring our old timers have ever seen. But while we have had a late spring it has operated to keep back the fruit and crops and no damage resulted. Truly the prospect is bright in every way in Butte Creek valley.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Charles Messick has plans completed for a large new store building.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Mr. Luther is preparing land for fruit trees which will be planted next spring, chiefly in apples. He has the contract for plowing and seeding several sections of land for Eastern people.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Mr. Maust has opened a store and boarding house.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Butte Creek valley has one advantage over most California districts, and that is

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✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Mr. Perry's large hardware store is running full blast.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

Manager Gallager of the Butte Valley Land Company was in Macdoel last week making arrangements to build a stone hotel and bank building.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

All the farmers about Macdoel are busy and doing well.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

A stick of timber 16x16 inches and 72 feet long, of yellow pine, surfaced on all four sides, was taken from Manley's mill to the dredger at Callahan last week. This is an evidence of what this county can produce in the way of timber.

✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

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---

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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

June 23, 1908

No. 25.

## Tendency of Present Day Education

Prof. C. C. Ellis

WHAT is the dominant educational note of the hour? To give the briefest possible one must say—the physical child. The interest of educators and educational gatherings has shifted from the intellectual to the physical side. It is time that moral culture is receiving more attention than formerly, and conditions are such that it is destined to be considered more and more; but just now it is the physical that is uppermost. There are two phases of the physical education problem that are receiving attention, the healthful phase and the vocation phase, just now the emphasis is upon the latter.

"The most important educational topic in the United States for the next twenty-five years will be the question of industrial training"—so writes Supt. Warriner of Saginaw, Michigan, in the *New England Journal of Education*. By industrial training he means training for the workshop and factory as distinguished from commercial education for the store and office and agricultural education for the farm. If we include these three in the term vocational training we touch the key-note of the educational discussion of our day in addresses, in the press and in organizations.

On March tenth President Roosevelt at the opening of the International Mothers' Congress said: "For the boys I want to see training provided that shall train them toward and not away from their life work; that will train them toward the farm or the shop, not away from it." Similarly he advocated that the girl should be trained for the duties of womanhood. On February 25-27 the department of superintendence of the National Educational Association met in Washington, and three out of the five general topics for discussion concerned the child on the physical side, two of them being vocational, while one of the four Round Table discussions was upon Agricultural Education. The three topics referred to are: "The Place of Industries in Public Education"; "Agricultural Industries and Home Economics in the Public Schools"; "The Nurture and Physical Well-being of the Child."

Even more significant is the formation of a national society for the Promotion of Industrial Education. The first annual convention of this society which was organized in November, 1906, was held in Chicago in January of this year and was addressed by educators of such prominence as President Eliot of Harvard and others equally prominent in social and industrial lines. The president of the association, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation, stated the aims of the society: 1. To examine and report upon conditions in respect to industrial training in this country, and to compare them with those prevailing abroad; 2. To recommend types of model trade schools adapted to the needs of particular communities; 3. To propose methods by which these trade schools may be articulated with the existing system of public education.

That we are far behind other nations, notably Germany, in this matter was made very clear in the discussion. Bavaria, with a population but little greater than New York, has more trade schools than the entire United States. Miss Jane Addams pointed out the danger that the manufacturer may capture the schools as the business man did for a time through commercial education and another problematic feature is the attitude of the labor unions toward industrial education. It is becoming increasingly clear, however, that in the reaction from the purely intellectual education the nation is not going to pause long at the half-way house of a manual training which is given for discipline alone but will insist upon a practical training focused upon a life vocation. It is not within our province now to argue for or against the wisdom of this; we merely record the fact as the most significant thing upon the educational horizon today.

Juniata College, Huntington, Pa.



THE permanency of the public depends on whether or not this is a righteous nation; and for the righteousness of the people we have to depend upon the Christian Church.—Dean Hodges.



## BUSINESS LIFE IN CHINA.

C. F. APPLETON.

THE business man in China does not occupy the same social position as he does in many countries where the influence of money is more keenly felt than it is in this country. In this Empire he ranks fourth in the social scale, being superseded by the scholar who feeds the brain of man, by the farmer who nourishes the body, and by the mechanic who provides shelter for soul and body.

The greatest hindrance to business life in China is the lack of confidence or faith in their fellow-men. This is especially noticeable in the native banking system. There are but very few corporations that have agencies, even in the principal business centers, and deposits are made reluctantly even in these larger concerns. In many smaller places the native banks are simply stores which carry sufficient stock of silk goods or other valuable merchandise to inspire confidence in the people. On this account the rates of interest are exorbitant and even well-to-do people often find money hard to secure in case of emergency. It is said that there is but one safe investment on the native market for surplus funds, viz., land which, accordingly, when compared to the value of labor and food products, is high-priced. The usual depository for surplus cash with the average Chinaman is in the form of lump silver, hidden away in some crevice of the house or some secluded spot in the field or yard. If all such idle, profitless talents of the white metal were put on the market, China would have no need of foreign loans to build her railroads and steamship lines. A more general confidence and spirit of patriotism is being roused among the natives and in some port cities large firms and corporations are being formed like those in America.

The native coin of China consists of "cash" and lump silver. The former is a brass coin with a square hole in the center. At present rates of exchange it is worth about one-twentieth of a cent. The "tael" (one ounce of silver, worth about seventy cents gold) is used in large transactions, and may be purchased in lumps, weighing from one to fifty ounces. Twenty-five dollars worth of "cash" would weigh over five hundred pounds and the same value in pure silver, such as is used in business transactions, would weigh about thirty-six ounces. In recent times copper cents are coming into common use and the tael is being replaced by the silver dollar sometimes called the Dragon dollar. Paper notes on foreign banks are also coming into extensive use.

A Chinese store usually consists of a one-story building, one side of which opens to the street during the daytime but is closed up at night by movable partitions, to be reopened at daybreak. A heavy counter runs across the front of the storeroom or forms an

ell with passage-way to a second room. Behind the counter the goods are placed on shelves or hung up on hooks or nails for public inspection. The number of clerks in attendance usually gives prompt attention and careful watching of the purchaser. The business of any shop may vary from a few peanuts, dates, candy, etc., worth in all about \$1, to that of some of the larger department stores in the port cities. In large cities there are shops that deal exclusively in grain, in flour, in confectionery, in leather strings, in harness for horses, in dishes, in poultry, in foreign articles, such as oil, lamps, cotton, tinware, dress goods, etc., and others that deal in silk goods, or in shoes and hats. Then there are the public inns, the public restaurants and the meat-shops which frequently do their slaughtering in the street in front of their shop. The street peddler is an important factor in all business centers and must always be taken into consideration. Almost any small article, such as peanuts, fruits in their season, meats and fish eggs, chickens, ducks, flour, native bread made from graham flour, firewood, which is sold by the pound, and even larger articles, such as chairs, benches and tables, can be bought from the mendicant peddler on the street.

The question has been asked me: Are young men in special demand in the stores as clerks? A great many young men are employed in that capacity, but the older men are not excluded from the profession, and as a matter of fact, anyone with a small capital of a few dollars, may set up a business for himself and this is frequently the case when the family has no other means of subsistence. In rare cases are women employed in public business life in China. They assist in preparing the stuffs at home or sell small articles from house to house to other women, but their work is supposed to be in the home.

Chinese stores seldom have any fixed price on their goods and the more they can squeeze out of the purchaser, the better salesmen they make. This jangling of prices wastes a great deal of time and, in large transactions, frequently means the loss of several weeks on each deal, or in the paying of an extra high price. The lack of faith and confidence in each other, the many different money systems in use and the lack of uniformity in weights and measures, are some of the hindrances to business enterprises in this Great Empire. It is hoped that the spread of Christianity will restore mutual confidence and thus reform many of the present business methods of China.

*Kai Feng Fu Honan, China.*



THE Church has no right to be silent when vice and virtue grapple for mastery. While saloons are as legal as churches, and while they are as numerous as schools, the Church has not done its full duty.—*Prof. Scanlon.*



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter IX.

No sooner had I asked for the cotton than the girl who was alone in the store opened up the cases of spool thread and asked me what color I wanted. "Not thread," I said, "but some cotton," when she handed me a couple of different colored spools of cotton thread. "I want some cotton to put into my ears to keep the earwig from getting into my head."

How she thought I was going to jam one of those wooden spools of thread into my ears I do not understand, and to have put the thread itself into the lobe would be nearly as difficult. Then she opened several more cases of spool thread. She handed me a silk spool. "Is that what you wish, Mister?" she asked, blushing because of her inability to find what I wanted.

"No, Miss, not thread, but cotton, I want,—something to put into my ears to keep out the earwig," She then went over the entire line of thread on hand, looking at this spool, then at that, glancing at me now and then to see if I wouldn't say that she had found the one I wanted. It seemed ridiculous to me that a grown-up young lady, good-looking and intelligent, should not know just what I meant when I said "cotton."

But she gave it up at last and went to the door and called her mother, whose home joined the store on the side. Her mother then began to go through the spools of thread, saying, "Cotton, all right, sir, you can have anything you want here, any color, any size, any thickness—we have them all."

Casting my eyes about over the store I saw several

bales of cotton lying on an upper shelf. "There it is," I said, "that cotton there, that white cotton in the bale, up there, rolled up, and sticking out there,—that!"

In utter bewilderment they had both stared at me and fussed over the cases containing several hundred spools, asking me to buy now the brown one, now the white and now a black spool of "cotton" as they called it.

Half an hour from the time I began to buy the cotton,—it seemed that long,—I had in my possession a penny worth of the white, unwoven fibre. From that time on I wore cotton in my ears to keep out the dreadful "earwig."

One day I passed a shop on which hung the sign "Mangling Done Here." On the other side of the street there was another. "Washing and Mangling Done Hear." I was told that "mangling" meant "ironing," and that the "mangler" was a sort of machine made for that purpose,—to mangle the clothes of patrons.

Having some clothes ready for

the wash I brought them to the house of the sign, "Washing and Mangling Done Hear." asking the woman who met me at the door of the mangling house, as I set down the bundle, to please be careful and not tear the soft fabric of one of the shirts I had bought at a St. Louis department store before setting out on my long journey. She looked mad when I said this, as if to say that she knew her business and all other gentlemen were glad enough to have her do their washing and mangling without thinking it necessary or incumbent upon them to suggest to her the



Two Heavy Draft Horses Hitched Tandem to a Small Wagon that a Pony Could Pull! That is England's Way.



least idea as to how it was to be done. She meant to say to me that she was a real English,—real “Henglish, you know!” woman, and that as such she knew her business; that what I said was perfectly unnecessary.

Four days after I went down to the “mangling” house to see if my shirts had been “mangled.”

“Yes, sir, gentleman, come in” she replied to my knock on her front door. “Come right out to the mangling room,” she said, and she led the way under two or three clothes-lines of wash hanging criss-cross over the room.

Then she got me my bundle of mangled clothes. They had been washed and “mangled.” They were clean, as clean as sunlight, but that fragile shirt bought in that St. Louis department store was never meant to get into the hands of an English washerwoman. The English people believe in putting good stuff into the things they manufacture. As a rule, they can be depended upon for reliable material. Their shirts for workingmen are made of coarse, heavy, strong and durable, long-wearing goods,—not pretty, either in design or color, as a rule, but made to wear like iron.

It was not her fault that bad luck had come to my beautiful fragile shirt of St. Louis. She worked it over the board and soaped it and hammered and pounded it, and boiled it, and hammered it again and scrubbed it and boiled it again until it had lost every button, had burst its back clean open from the tail to the collar, and was so flabby and raggy that by the time she got it out from under the jaws of the “mangler,” it was—well it made six very convenient pieces of wash rags, rags that were soft and nice for washing the face.

I begged her not to take the matter to heart,—tried to tell her how full of graft was our American commercial life, and said I ought to have known better than to have brought such a shirt along with me.

But when I caught a glimpse of the “mangler,” with its heavy planes of stone and its cruel rollers of steel, I was glad it had been the shirt made in St. Louis, and not the Yankee from Illinois that had been ground back and forth through its merciless grip.

As I passed up the little lane across the meadow in the rear, two small urchins ran out of the schoolhouse and looked back furtively as they turned the corner and ran past me. “What are you going to do?” I asked. “Skip the dollie,” they both replied, at once. “Skip the dollie!” I asked, “What does that mean?”

“We’re running away from school this afternoon,—we told the teacher we were sick. That is what we mean when we say, ‘skip the dollie.’ It means to run away from school and have a good time.”

As I was waiting at the butcher shop that night to have several nice mutton-chops tied up, a policeman, dragging two dirty, crying boys along with him, passed on the brick walk.

They were the same two boys that told me they had gone away from school to “skip the dollie” and have a good time. The nose of the bigger boy was bleeding. His face was scratched in several places and he had lost his cap.

They were locked in something that looked like a calaboose.

“‘Skip the dollie’ sounds pretty,” I mused, as I ate my second English chop, “but it doesn’t seem to end that way.”

### Chapter X.

ALTHOUGH the English speak the same mother tongue as the Americans, their names for things, and their accent, are often so confusing as to make it impossible to be easily and always understood. In buying at a notion store, as also in buying at a lunch counter, I failed to understand a single word of whole sentences, even after they had been repeated once or twice. Day is pronounced *dai*; May, *mai*; gray, *grai*; say, *sai* (sigh); the *a* in Savior is pronounced as *i* in “hive”; the *a* in bathe, as *a* in clad; lovefeast would be pronounced *lovefased* (faced); my own name was pronounced by nearly everybody who knew me on the farm *’Enery*. Otherwise, I was called the “H’american.” When they said no, it was *naw*.

When I lifted my hat to a lady and gentleman on the way to church I noticed that the gentleman did not raise his, and also that the other gentlemen with me did not raise their hats when speaking to the women they met. I am speaking for that part of England which has come under my observation thus far. Surely the gentlemen of all England are not all so rude as these near London. At Sunday school one of the little boys was a trifle disorderly. He was forthwith punished by having to stand on the floor before the whole school, just as some teachers in the day school punish their uncontrollables. On the next Sunday he was back again in his class and acted like a little man. Reverence for law and authority is taught in England. Obedience to the laws of the land are as imperative in the training of children as are the rules of common decency. Honor in business is taught the children in the schools, and it is demanded of the grown-ups themselves.

Nearly everything is weighed upon “balances” instead of spring scales in the village stores, and these are tested very carefully twice a year by a detective inspector at a charge to the owner of several shillings. The bread I bought was weighed, when I demanded it. The loaf must weigh by law, two pounds. When it falls under this, as my loaves often did, the baker cuts a slice from another loaf to make up the shortage. At times I would go home with enough extra slices thus secured to furnish one whole meal. For one living so close to his income as a penniless world tourist, this was quite an item in three months’ boarding

myself. For the careless or dishonest grocerymen at home we should strive to introduce a law making the penalty very heavy for dishonest weighing. Only last week a clerk in a prominent American store told me that grocers were known to make the weights a little short in nearly everything they sold in order to retrieve what they had lost on non-paying customers. She said that the honest folk had to pay the bills of the dishonest folk. To a limited extent, and in certain cases, that may be only too true. But that I should be compelled to pay for my neighbor's shortcomings, whenever and wherever he happens to be dishonest, is not right. If one store, more than another, by their unwise methods of extending credit, loses greatly by dishonest purchasers and trembles on the verge of bankruptcy, I should not be held for the foolishness of the proprietor, simply because I am honest and always pay my bills. Let the store go bankrupt! But let honest patrons be protected, and let cash payments be duly honored. At any rate, the man who uses unjust balances in his store, or while hawking on the street, or while buying the farmer's poultry, should go to prison. It is the meanest kind of theft, and the Bible pronounces upon it the heaviest of woes. The English people love fair play, and though they love to conquer their enemies, they will usually give them a square deal.

When the English have oatmeal for breakfast it is called "oats," but when they go to the field to cut the oats, it is then called "corn." When we walked one day among the potatoes, the foreman said, "look at those arms," and he meant "tops," of the potatoes. He called the cauliflower *brocklow*, and when a horse became balky, he said it was "gibing." A freight train passed on our right, and he said, "There goes a *goods-train*." One of the cars was painted white and he said, "That *carriage* is different from the others." The engineer he called the *driver*, the conductor, the *guard*. I noticed there were no cow-catchers on any of the engines, and that the headlight was of two small lamps on each side of the front of the engine.

All of these differences were pleasing to me, as I noted them, in every walk of life.

The wagon we used on the farm was called a "van," and the cultivator was called a "brake." The hired men were called "blokes," the farmer was the "gov'nor."

When we went to church the people stood every time they sang, and always sang every verse. And everybody sang,—until they came to the seventh verse, when sometimes my voice was tired out and I quit. It is better to sing every verse when everybody sings than to sing two verses and have only a choir sing.

And so I am learning that there is good and bad on both sides of the water. That while there might be some bad, there is also some good in everything.

The wise man among us is he who, by judicious culling of the good, mixing life in just and reasonable proportions, seeks to make the best of his advantages, ignoring his disadvantages, and gathering the honey from flower and weed, hill and valley, lays up a bountiful supply of sweets for himself and his fellowmen. Such a man believes that earth is changing, that heaven is coming, that evil is dying and good is living. Above all he despairs not for lack of perfection in circumstances and men, but filled with hope, smiling at the petty defeats of his daily life, he radiates wholesome vigor wherever he goes and the men and women he jostles on the crowded street turn about to look longer at the stranger whose glance was love and whose touch was power magnetic.

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### THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE man spoke truly who said he always enjoyed coming to New York or any other great city, because everything was so jolly and convivial. He observed that even the cars were elevated. There's a great deal in the thought. What a man can't find in a great big city to fill his soul with content, rasp down his angles, round off his sharp points and give him the polish of attrition, so that he may roll easily in that variegated compound called modern society, can't be found anywhere.

I often fancy that what pleases the stranger most is the sense of bigness that is apparent everywhere—big houses, big parks, big charities, big jobs, big crimes—and, well, the spirit of bigness in everything. Perhaps it is a vein of human nature that is common to us all. Talk vulgar fractions to a man whom you wish to put up money on some scheme, that promises millions, and he will turn his back on you, but fire off a row of fat figures deftly arranged, and eloquently demonstrate how they may vitalize a pile of tin shavings and he will listen to you as if you were a potentate, and come quickly to your way of thinking and invest his money. Only make a show of yourself and there will be lots of people to hold the mirror. It has often seemed to me, that the man who gets along nowadays must be either a slice of lemon or a lump of sugar, strong in his individuality and not content to be gulped down among the seltzer aperients of life.

But my theme is the little things of life. "Little martin-boxes of homes" are generally the most happy, while cozy little villages are nearer being atoms of shattered bliss than anything I know of. Little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointments.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly furthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts the fullest, and small farms are the best tilled. Little books are most read and



little songs the most loved. When nature would make anything rare and beautiful, she makes it in small bits—little pearls, little diamonds, little dewes, delicate and tiny flowers. Everybody calls that little which they love best on earth. I once heard a man speak of his "little wife," and fancied she must be a perfect bijou of a helpmeet. I saw her; she weighed nearly two hundred pounds; I was surprised, but then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart and have room for other things besides, and what was she but precious, and what was she but little?

*Multum in parvo*—much in little—is the great beauty we all love best, hope for the most and remember the longest.

But enough on this theme. The best part of a discourse is often the doxology and mine shall be the narration of an incident that is vouched for by a friend. He says that in one of his visits to a lady, he found her petting a bird. The little creature reciprocated her affection in such a remarkable manner that at his request she told him the story.

Some time ago, when the streets were covered with frost, she noticed a tiny snowbird apparently weak and hungry, sitting on a sprig of grapevine at her window. Raising the sash softly, she brushed the snow from the top of a flower-pot and sprinkled some crumbs for his breakfast there.

The bird ate, and the next day he came again. On the third day the lady sat at the window, and after waiting awhile the little creature came again, this time a little nearer. A week later he picked his food from her hand. Before the end of the winter the bird would

hop into the room and nestle in the shoulder of his benefactress.

One day, when spring was approaching, the lady tied a silken thread around one of the little fellow's legs, and soon afterward, the little fellow disappeared, taking flight northward, perhaps with a flock of other snowbirds. The lady had almost forgotten the incident, and her strange acquaintance, until the cold weather returned. One day, sitting at her window, she heard a pecking on the glass. Looking up she saw a snowbird. Remembering the little arctic pet of the winter before, she opened the window. The bird at once flew into the room and perched on the back of her chair, and on its leg, bright as when it was first tied there, was the tiny thread of silk which her hand had attached a year ago. Who says that birds and beasts have no memory?

Who taught the parrot to say, "Welcome"? asks Bacon. Who taught the raven in a drought to throw pebbles in a hollow tree when she espied water that the water might rise, so that she might come to it? Who taught the bee to sail through such a vast sea of air to find the way from a flower in the field to its hive? Who taught the ant to bite every grain of corn that she burieth in her hill lest it shall take root and grow? Even a goose flies by a chart which the Royal Geographical Society could not amend.

Let us thank God for the big things of life—things that can be called great. Let us be grateful and appreciative, for all his great gifts, remembering at the same time that they all come from the little things; that they all come from a seed, whether it be a word or a deed.

## How the Healing Art Developed

J. F. Studebaker, M. D.

### In Five Parts—Part Five.

AT about the time of the triumph of Listerism. German and French scientists discovered the bacteria of tetanus (lockjaw), plague, erysipelas, diphtheria, cholera and anthrax (wool-sorters' disease). They studied their properties—size, form and groupings, whether having motility or not, all with the microscope, on what food they grew best and what agents checked their development and destroyed them. Then it came to be known that they were productive of toxins or poisons, these being the principal destroyers of the human body. The toxins in the body were found to be counteracted by an antidote or antagonizing substance to poisons, introduced beneath the skin which was the source of the antitoxic serum treatment for diphtheria after much experimentation on animals. So scores of children owe their lives to dissection of animals while yet alive.

Antisepsis, the process of destroying poisonous germs, and anæsthesia, the loss of feeling or sensation permitting operations without pain were the two great surgical events of the nineteenth century, the former having its origin with Lister, as stated, and the latter with an American dentist, Morton, who in 1876 proved ether to be a safe anæsthetic. The following year chloroform was introduced by Sir Dr. Jas. Simpson. With such advances surgery has become one of the most respected sciences of modern times instead of the most debased practice of the dark ages.

We are now in the age of systematic preparation, inductive reasoning, exact observations, laboratory demonstrations instead of didactic lectures alone as formerly, and specialization. To be well qualified in one specialty man must have a thorough knowledge of all related sciences. "Medicine is applied science." It is dependent upon chemistry, biology, bacteriology,

anatomy, botany, and others. The great enterprises, as railroads, electric systems, financial corporations and manufacturing industries are not under men who acquired a small amount of knowledge and skill through experience, but are conducted by those having a first-class training in engineering and the technical sciences. The relation of the physician to the community has been profoundly modified by the general progress of learning and the extension of the sciences and arts to many fields of activity. Professional training has become so diversified that the physician finds himself only one of many to do a particular work. In ancient times medicine was involved in superstition rather than reason. As time has gone on the conduct of all human affairs has come under the influence of scientific tendencies, leading to clearer and simpler methods and organization of effort. The public and the physician are coming nearer together, more or less subservient to the same laws.

Although the sciences have been contributory to each other, no one has done so much as that of medicine and surgery in the prolongation of life and the enhancement of the welfare and happiness of mankind. The average life fifty years ago was thirty-eight in Europe and America; at the present, forty-five to fifty. It is true one should have a knowledge of the other sciences that he may take advantage of their discoveries and inventions to apply them to the prevention and treatment of disease and also for the attainment of truth and the advancement of civilization. Not only has medicine added greatly to the happiness, health and life of mankind, but to national prosperity through the support of the general health of the laboring classes so that industries may go on uninterruptedly with pauperism and charity diminished.

Nothing has done more in the prevention of diseases than the discovery of germs producing them. Tuberculosis was certainly the great "white plague" up to the time of the finding of the tubercle bacillus or germ, by Koch, a disease which has destroyed more lives than all the wars of history. After this recognition of its bacterial origin in 1882, the dawning of the day was come when it might be hoped to be stamped out, the consideration of which is the purpose of the International Medical Congress in Washington next September. It is by such discovery of specific microorganisms that we know how to stamp out such scourges as the plague, yellow fever, and malaria.

Progress is our watchword. We are looking for the final and best word in every phase of medical science. It is the ideal of the profession to instruct people how to avoid illness. When, however, sickness overtakes them, the most valuable means of the healing art are sought. Simple hygienic rules are observed and the purest of drugs used, chemically pure, from the vegetable, animal and mineral kingdom. Think of seeing such old-time popular medicines in our own

drug store with their respective labels—"Elixir of Mummy," "Excellent Spirit of Human Skulls," "The Quintessence of Snakes, Adders and Vipers," "The World in a Glass." The most reckless would now shrink from such crudeness.

We need only to reflect upon the wrapping of ancient medicine in mysticism, secrecy, ignorance, and authority, to appreciate in some measure the fruitful age in which we now live. One does not need to go abroad for schooling. Every determined young man, no matter how poor, can become proficient in any science. His laboratory experimentation under good teachers making him keen in intellect and sound in judgment. Every State has its colleges and universities. The largest cities have their medical centers of colleges and adjacent hospitals. Each State has its laws and regulations as prescribed by the State Board of Health to govern the practice of medicine, not permitting any one to practice without preliminary education equal to a four years' high-school course and without the completion of a four years' medical and surgical course recognized by the State Board of Health and in most States, the passing of a three days' written examination, thereby eliminating charlatans and nostrums as the mushroom quack from imposition upon the people.

With medicine and surgery as an art and science having struggled through the centuries for their existence and against annihilation and at present advancing to their zenith, surely we can say that as long as men have reason, the profession with its invincible courage will incessantly push forward and say with Napoleon, "There are no Alps."



#### PROVERBS FROM JAPAN.

PATIENCE is the rope of advancement in all lines of life.

The ignorant are never defeated in any argument.

It is more easy to evade the trouble which Heaven sends us than that which we bring upon ourselves.

If the water be too pure, fish cannot live in it; if people be too exacting, fellow beings cannot stand beside them.

Where there are no birds, the bat will be king.

Be not lenient to your own faults; keep your pardon for others.

When the sense of shame is lost, advancement ceases.

Negligence looks at the battle-field, then makes its arrows.

Seeking information is a moment's shame; but not to learn is surely a lasting shame.

A woman without jealousy is like a ball without elasticity.

Unless blind and deaf, one cannot be impartial.

In trying to straighten her horns, the cow was killed.



## Facts and Figures from Faraway Falklands

POSSIBLY there is no place on earth where the "terra incognita" idea applies more forcibly than at the Falkland Islands; that is, where a civilized government is in control. British publications, notably the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, give very false impressions of the Islands and all pertaining thereto. A residence of over nine years should entitle the writer to the position of an authority on Falkland Island matters.

The Falklands are situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, between fifty-one and fifty-three degrees south latitude, and between fifty-seven and sixty-two degrees west longitude, and about three hundred miles from Cape Virgins, at the entrance to the Straits of Magellan, and four hundred miles northeast of Cape Horn.

Internationally, the question of priority of discovery has an important bearing; but here authorities differ. In the past, possession of the Islands has been disputed by Spain and Great Britain, and the right of possession is still in dispute, Argentine claiming to inherit Spanish claims, and also the right of possession to all territory contiguous to her coasts.

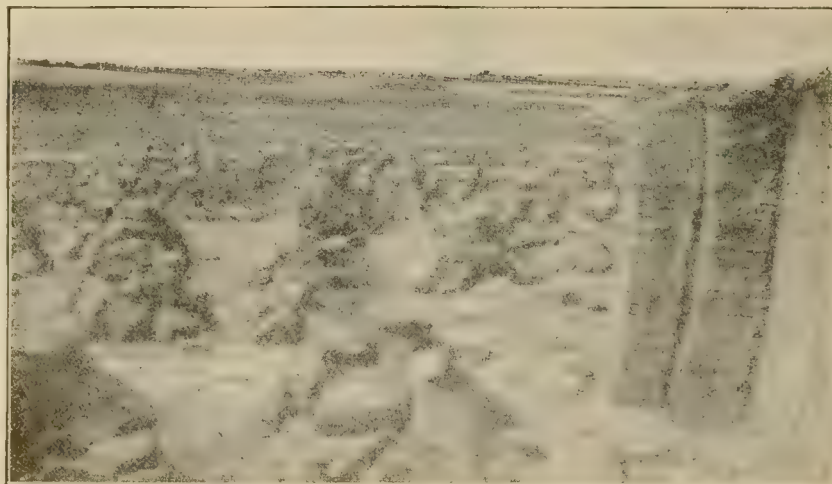
The Spanish claim is that the Islands were discovered by the great navigator, Vasca De Gama, but the British claim that the Islands were first discovered by the English Captain Davis in 1592, and claim also that in 1594 Captain Hawkins of the British navy took formal possession of the Islands and partially surveyed them.

After more than two centuries in which time France, Spain, United States and England were concerned in the ownership of the islands, the latter took final possession in 1832. And it may truthfully be said that the British have transformed what was a treeless, bleak, wind-swept, rocky, boggy territory into a prosperous colony, where a poorhouse or public charity of any kind has never been needed; a place where there is a larger amount of money per capita than is found, possibly, in any other place on earth; a place where the distressed mariner suffering from his battle with the storm-tossed seas around Cape Horn,

where the Atlantic and Pacific meet in eternal war, and where the storm winds sweep ceaselessly down from the Terra Del Mountains, may come and find relief. Hundreds of vessels have gone down to death on those troubled waters, and hundreds more have turned their prows toward the Falkland Islands for relief and shelter. The Falkland Islands are veritable ocean graveyards. Every point, reef, or shoal around the Islands has a story of shipwreck and death.

To illustrate. Of nine ships doing a coasting trade around these Islands when the writer came, and several which were put on since, not one remains. All have been wrecked. During this time three large American ships have been wrecked in these waters, and the shores are lined everywhere with wreckage

of ships which out yonder on the gale-swept seas have gone down to death, only to be marked on the long "Loyds" lists "Sailed from port, but not heard from." It is a sad, sad fact that the list of ships which sail from port and are never heard from runs every year into the hundreds. This con-



Falkland Peat Bog, Showing the Peat in Process of Drying.

sulate is kept here for the relief of American ships in distress.

The Islands number about two hundred, but there are only about thirty available for commercial purposes. The largest of the groups are the East and West Falklands. The East Falkland Island contains three thousand square miles of territory, and the West Island has an area of two thousand three hundred miles. All the other islands aggregated contain one thousand two hundred square miles; or, in other words, the total area of the Islands is about that of the State of Massachusetts.

Several chains of low mountains thread the Islands; the highest being a little less than three thousand feet high. One interesting peculiarity of the mountains is that the higher one ascends the wetter and boggiest the surface and it is impossible to travel with a horse when an ascent of five hundred feet has been made. These mountains are the home of the wild cattle, and

it is the fact given above which prevents their extermination.

The soil of the islands is a soft peat, of which there are three varieties. The peat furnishes fuel for the people, and is cut in the summer months, from the beginning of December until the latter part of February. It cannot be cut at any other season as it would not dry. The summer is the dry season, and some years in the capital, Port Stanley, water for drinking and culinary purposes becomes very scarce; but in the camp there are fresh water springs everywhere, many of them containing supplies of trout.

Writing of the grass, the Falklands, the smaller islands, are covered with tussock grass, which grows to the height of four to five feet, and has a tessellated seed head. This grass is most excellent in quality, succulent and tender. When the practical English last settled in the Islands, they tried to kill the wild

work of the dogs, the writer will relate an instance, one of many he has seen, which he saw at Teal Inlet Ranch. Riding out with the superintendent, who had one of his own dogs with him, he pointed to a lot of sheep about one mile away, and sent the dog to work them. The dog ran but kept looking backward occasionally while running, to see what the master wanted him to do. When the dog arrived at the sheep the master, by hand and arm motion, had the sheep corraled into a bunch, and then driven north, then south and finally by the same process called the dog away from the sheep and back. I have seen the same thing done with whistle calls.

Both superintendents and the shepherds have their own dogs, and you cannot offend more quickly than to pay attention to the dogs or attempt to work them. They assign as a reason the fact that it spoils the dogs.

The people are nearly all either Scotch or their



A Penguin Rookery is very Familiar to all the Falkland Islanders.

cattle off and replace them with sheep, but the sheep destroyed the tussock grass by eating not only the grass, but the rootage, which grows in a bog above the ground; that is, the larger part of it.

Sheep raising and ship repairing are the main industries of the Islands. There are approximately eight hundred thousand sheep on the Islands, owned by thirty ranchmen. A ranch of one hundred thousand acres will give employment to about thirty or forty men. This force is divided into shepherds and navies. The latter are men for all around work. Each shepherd is in charge of a block but if the block be large, say ten thousand acres, two shepherds will work it. Each shepherd is provided with several horses and dogs. The work of the dogs is most interesting. The dogs are controlled in their movements by the voice, and when far away, out of reach of the voice, by whistle and movements and motions of the hand and arm. As a concrete illustration of the wonderful

descendents. There are no natives here, and never have been.

Education in the Falklands is not up to the high standard of the home schools, and yet a good deal is accomplished on the line of educating the young Falklander. It is an opportune time to write on this subject as Stanley, the capital, has recently built a new school building which would do credit to more pretentious places. The Government school, the main school of Stanley, consists of two departments—the “infant school” and the “grammar school,” each with two teachers. Reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and geography constitute the whole course of study, but the wealthier people complete the education of their children, especially the boys, in England. It is a matter of fact that some of the boys from here have surged to the front in the English schools and taken class honors.

The most interesting thing in connection with Falk-



land Island educational affairs is the camp schools. Six teachers travel the camp, teaching the children and the children of the shepherd's family. Though living miles and miles away from other people, they are assured of at least six weeks' schooling in the course of the year. At least one-half of the population of the islands cluster around the stations, and the schools at the stations have the children of several families in attendance. The teachers are brought here by the colonial government and the Falkland Island company from England. The Falkland Island Company, the largest land owners in the colony, furnish three teachers, who teach exclusively on Falkland Island Company territory. The compensation is in American money, from \$25 to \$30 a month, but the teachers receive their board in addition. The system is like that of pioneer days in Iowa, the board-around mode. Sometimes, yes often, it is the case that the teacher will have only the children of one family to teach, but he is compelled to give them six weeks' instruction, and in addition give them a course of study to pursue until his next coming. But let it be noted that the average Falklander goes in for the Rooseveltian idea of the large family. What will the reader think of families of from ten to twenty-five; but this is a fact. Where there is a station with several families, competition is created by the giving of prizes to the most proficient. The teachers, who are always men of refinement and culture, feel like saying anything else than their prayers, sometimes, over the accommodations in the line of board in the cottages of the shepherds. They have told the writer stories of experiences which are humorous in the extreme to the listener, but emphatically emphasized on the part of the relator.

A very interesting matter in connection with Falkland Island camp life is the mode of calling for assistance. As a prelude the reader should have before his mind the following facts: First, there are six thousand square miles of territory in the Falklands. Second, on all this territory there are only two thousand people. From this the reader can see that many of the people are far from neighbors and relief in urgent trouble. How do they obtain relief when it is needed? By signal fires on the high hills and mountains.

Two fires signify trouble, three fires call for quick relief. Another interesting matter in the Falklands is that although there are more than sixty varieties of birds, they are nearly all practically silent. A few give forth pleasant musical sounds. Even then the notes are so low that you must be quite near to hear them; but when you do hear them you are repaid, as the low-sounding notes are soft and flute-like and very pleasant.

One very interesting bird is the dotrell. It is a small bird about the size of the English sparrow,

which has become so plentiful at home. It is most excellent eating, and abounds everywhere in camp. Snipe are everywhere, and are very excellent in quality; but the high price of ammunition with which to shoot them is one thing which protects both.

The reason for mentioning the bird matter is found in the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of wild geese, and the government and the sheep owners have combined to attempt their destruction. The government pays two pence, four cents, each for goose beaks. Last year many thousands were slaughtered, and this year the government has authorized the killing of nearly one hundred thousand. The reason assigned for this is that one goose will eat as much grass as two sheep, but it seems an awful slaughter.

There are two regular churches, the Episcopal and the Catholic. The first is by far the more important. The Episcopal church has a cathedral which has cost approximately, in United States money, \$65,000. This is the cathedral town, being the only spot in South America where the British have a territory for such purpose. There is a church-building for the dissenting portion of the people, of whom there are many, but they have not had a minister for many years.—*The Religious Telescope*.



#### CLASSES FOR THE DEFECTIVE.

THERE are now in nearly fifty of the public schools of greater New York classes for mentally defective pupils. To mitigate the harshness of the term to ears of sensitive parents, the name ungraded classes is applied to those special divisions.

The name is descriptive of the nature of the class and the work attempted. Almost no general teaching is possible; every child must be dealt with individually. Classes number from fifteen to twenty pupils, with ages varying from 7 to 17 perhaps, in one room. Each child has its individual need, and must be studied with special attention to the awakening, or the development, or the suppression of faculties, abilities, or tendencies.

Although no two children in any one room seem to the casual observer to resemble each other in appearance or behavior, to the careful student defectives classify themselves according to certain definite types.

The experiment has been carried on during the last seven years in various schools of the city according to the ideas and methods of the several principals and teachers. Such good results have followed in these particular schools that a more extensive and uniform system is now organized under direct supervision of the board of education. The first half year of such organized work is just completed.

In the last year the license to teach ungraded classes was established. Special examinations are required, as peculiar qualities of intelligence, knowledge, skill

and sympathy are necessary for effective instruction of the mentally weak.

Particular attention is given also to the matter of examination of the children for ungraded classes. Nationality, inherited tendencies, environment, peculiarities of temperament, physical condition, and inherent causes for backwardness or mental deficiency are studied before placing a child in an ungraded class.—*Chicago Tribune*.

## CURRENT COMMENTS



### A Somnambulist.

An extraordinary acuteness of vision in the sleep-walking state has attracted the notice of Dr. James W. Russell to a girl of twenty-one observed last August at the Birmingham (Eng.) hospital. The patient, a teacher, typewriter and music student, was reserved and more or less hysterical, and in three years she had had four seasons of sleep-walking, with almost nightly rising in sleep for several weeks at each period. She usually left her bed between one and two in the morning. She was not easily aroused, appearing wide awake but recognizing nobody, and in this condition she attempted various tasks, playing the piano, tuning her violin, reading, studying harmony, crocheting and writing letters. It was found that this work was always done in almost absolute darkness. A letter was written to a relative, but on being asked to copy the address in the same light, when awake, she was unable to see, and wrote a confused jumble of lines one over another. She crocheted well and wrote a very accurate musical essay. The eyes seemed normal. Another curious feature of her case was that, contrary to usual experience, she could recall events of her sleep, seeming to have a very clear recollection of them.



### Taft's Work in Panama.

The United States is conducting a kindergarten in self-government for the benefit of a number of backward pupils, as Cuba, the Philippines, and Panama. It transpires that the chief purpose of Secretary Taft's visit to the Isthmus was to give special instruction on this subject of self-government to the Panamans, in order to prevent a possible revolution there in connection with the choice of a new President to succeed Amador. Our Government has profited by the experience in Cuba, when the feeling that the election had not been fair led to the revolutionary outbreak preceding the present intervention. The Panama election is to occur July 12. The Constitutional party, headed by Senor Arias, Minister of Foreign Affairs, according to reports received in Washington, had denied the privilege of registration to members of another faction of the Constitutional party headed by Senor Obaldia, former Minister to the United States and one of the candidates for the presidency. Such a critical period had been reached that a revolution seemed almost inevitable. Under the treaty with the United States, it is our duty to preserve order in Panama if there is danger to our interests there. When Secretary Taft pointed out

the condition of affairs, the Panama government agreed to appoint a commission of electoral inquiry to investigate the complaints of all parties, this inquiry to be open to the United States through its agents. Panama officially declares that it desires and assures an open, fair and free election and that the result shall not be open to reasonable doubt, and agrees that if the United States comes to the conclusion that material errors or defects are now or hereafter made in the electoral proceedings or that the right of suffrage has been or may be lost to citizens through the failure of the electoral jury to discharge its duties or otherwise, then Panama will cause the same to be remedied in some lawful manner in the due course of the season before election. The Panama Cabinet extended the time for registration so that under the fair conditions insured by the presence of the American agents, all might register who had the right to. The agents already have gone to their posts in the interior.



### Telephones and the Public Service Commission.

One of the measures in the program recommended to the Legislature by Governor Hughes is the placing of telegraph companies under the jurisdiction of the Public Service Commissions. The New York Board of Trade and Transportation sent a very strong letter to the Governor in regard to the need of putting the telephone companies under such jurisdiction. The business of supplying telephone service is a natural monopoly. It is for the interest of the public that it should be a monopoly. But, as figures show, it is not for the interest of the public that it should be an unregulated monopoly. The present profits of the telephone company in New York City are not known.

The only public investigation of the finances of the company, made in 1887, showed that in the preceding six years, during which charges had been raised from \$60 to \$90 and then to \$150 the net profits of the company had averaged approximately seventy-nine per cent per year. In other words, on a cash investment of \$600,000, the company in six years had realized \$2,844,454.53. In 1892 the telephone companies advanced the rate for unlimited service from \$150 to \$240 per year in New York and from \$75 to \$150 per year in Brooklyn. Since then agitation has forced the New York Telephone Company to put its charge on a basis of the number of messages, so that now, for example, 1,500 messages a year cost \$87, 800, \$57, and so on. But if, with 7,000 subscribers in 1887, the company was making nearly eighty per cent a year, with the 200,000 subscribers it has now, with charges averaging probably as high as they did then, there is every indication that the profits are enormous.

To be sure, figures alleged to be the result of a private investigation made two or three years ago, seemed to show that the profits were reasonable, but the investigation went only so far as the company was willing. The company is not willing to undergo a public investigation, and when such is the case, an unfavorable deduction is inevitable. But whether profits are extortionate or not, the American people are determined that private, unregulated monopoly shall cease, that charges shall either be fixed by competition, or if there is no competition by Government regulation. If our legislators at Albany, nominated under the present system, will not put telephone companies under the Public Service Commission, so much the more need of direct nominations.



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## THE GROWTH OF PEACE.

ALL lovers of peace will find encouragement and hope in the fact that the aggressive advocates of peace are seeing to it that the subject does not pass from the minds of the people in the years that must elapse before the assembling of the third Hague Conference in 1915. Already last November, through the influence of Dr. Samuel P. Brooks, president of Baylor University, the State of Texas held a peace Congress. Last month at Philadelphia the second State Peace Congress was held. And later in the month, for the fourteenth year, Mr. Albert K. Smiley, at Lake Mohonk, brought together as his personal guests, eminent men and women having for the theme of their conference the promotion of the cause of arbitration and peace. "Similar congresses will undoubtedly from now on, in increasing numbers, be held in every State in the Union, so that each year we shall either have a National Peace Conference, as we did in New York last spring and is proposed in Chicago next year, or else several State conferences."

It is remarkable how the peace idea has grown in the last few years. Previous to that, few people held to it as a principle except those belonging to certain religious denominations which included it in the tenets of their faith. Outside of these people were either coldly indifferent or took their stand with the combative element. Slowly, but surely, the principles of right are coming to prevail in the world and we can look forward to the time when "the kingdoms of this world" shall "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."—the Prince of Peace.

The platform of the Philadelphia Conference "was refreshingly progressive, and, while it fully recognized the great work done at The Hague and the leadership of the American delegation there, it took a positive stand for the things yet to be done, demanding that our Senate ratify the Hague Convention, establishing the International Prize Court, the only convention not

yet ratified; that the International Court of Arbitral Justice be established as soon as three or more nations can be got to agree upon the method of selecting judges; and, most important of all, that the United States take the initiative in the matter of the limitation of armaments."

It would be difficult to see, continues *The Independent*, from which we have in part quoted, "how these three most important 'next steps' could be improved upon unless the platform had also requested our Congress to follow the example of Denmark, which has just appropriated, in addition to her war budget, a peace budget of \$2,000 for the propagation of peace."



## IN THE POLITICAL WORLD.

It is difficult for a speaker or writer to get a hearing these days if he goes outside the political world for his theme. We are so constituted that we cannot well give our attention to more than one thing at a time, and now everything is politics. Considering our form of government, it is necessary that politics should hold this prominent position at regular intervals. For those of us who are not professional politicians it is a good time to inform ourselves on the real live issues and acquaint ourselves also, in some degree, with the methods by which affairs political are managed.

We have heard much about the corruption in politics, and from the evidence by which the charge is backed we must believe that there is much corruption. We should be surprised if this were not true, in view of the corruption in other businesses, since the political field affords unparalleled opportunities for doing crooked work. But corrupt or not, we need to know about it, for it is only in knowing that we are in a position to help bring about changes, if changes are needed. As the sovereign people we cannot emphasize our sovereignty unless we are acquainted with the things that have to do with the means by which this sovereignty is to be expressed. This does not mean that we ourselves shall wade into the muck. Simply keeping our eyes and ears open at the present time will put us in possession of much of the knowledge we should have to place us abreast of the times.

Without giving the subject a great deal of study, we note that some changes have been going on in recent years in the matter of partyism. To be sure, we have our parties still, but the voter is an American citizen now before he is a party man and this is especially true of the later generation. There was a time when party principles were everything, and the man who was chosen to represent them was given very little consideration, as a man. Now we have come to know that no party has a monopoly of the good and safe principles, and we have learned, too, by some sad experiences, that our dearest principles have been basely neglected

because we failed to entrust them to representative men.

It seems to us that the change spells progress,—improvement. May it be so.



### LESSONS IN ESPERANTO.—No. 8.

#### VERBS, PASSIVE VOICE.

WE have three participles in the passive form of the verb.

Ata, final, denotes the present participle, (passive).

Amata, loved (now). Skribata, written (now).

Ita, final, denotes the past participle (passive).

Amita, been loved. Skribita, been written.

Ota, final, denotes the future participle (passive).

Amota, about to be loved.

These participles may be used as nouns, adjectives, and adverbs and are subject to the same rules.

The passive voice represents the action as being received.

Mi estAS amATA.—I am loved.

Mi estAS amITA,—I have been loved.

Mi estAS amOTA,—I am about to be loved.

Mi estIS amATA,—I was loved.

Mi estIS amITA,—I had been loved.

Mi estIS amOTA,—I was about to be loved.

Mi estOS amATA,—I shall be loved.

Mi estOS amITA,—I shall have been loved.

Mi estOS amOTA,—I shall be about to be loved.

Li estas amata de ĉiuj,—He is (being) loved by all.

Ŝi estis amata de sia fratinoj,—She was loved by her daughters.

La batata knabo estas mia frato. The (now being) beaten boy is my brother. Batate, la knabo ne ploras. Being beaten, the boy does not cry.

#### VOCABULARY.

|                    |                           |
|--------------------|---------------------------|
| Nomi,—to name.     | Fotografi,—to photograph. |
| Beni,—to bless.    | Bapti,—to baptize.        |
| Inviti,—to invite. | Konstrui,—to build.       |
| Ŝafo,—a sheep.     | Juĝi,—to judge.           |
| Komerĉi,—to trade. | Ŝteli,—to steal.          |
| Bovo,—an ox.       | Bruli, to burn.           |
| Droni,—to drown.   |                           |

“Ist,” suffix denotes one’s occupation. Dento, a tooth, dentisto, a dentist. Instrui, to teach. instruisto.

“Ar,” denotes a collection of things named. Arbo, a tree, arbaro, a forest. Vorto, a word, vortaro, a dictionary.

“Ig,” suffix, to make, to cause to be. Pura, clean. Purigi to cleanse. Morti, dead. Mortigi, to kill.

“Id,” suffix, denotes “the young of,” Ŝafo, a sheep. Ŝafido, a lamb. Kato, a cat, Katido, a kitten.

#### EXERCISE 18.

Mi estas amata. Li estas vidita. Li estas dronita.

Ili estas nomotaj. Vi estis fotografitaj. Ili estis benitaj. Li estos baptota. Li estis invitota La seĝo estas aĉetita de mi. Kiam via domo estis konstruata, mia domo estis jam longe konstruita. Honesta homo agas honeste. Kiam mi venos, diru al mi la veron. La varon. La dentoj de leono estas akraj. La dentisto kaj la kantisto estas en la arbaro. La leono mortigis la ŝafidon. Mi havas kvar kokidojn. Se vi estus saĝa vi havus multe da amikoj. Juĝi, juĝisto. Hundo, hundido. Komerĉi, komercisto. Birdo, birdido. Ŝteli, ŝtelisto. Kanti, kantisto. Bovo, bovido, bovino. Bruli, bruligi. Droni, dronigi. Edzo, edzino. Lavi, lavisto. lavistino, edziĝi, edzigi.

#### EXERCISE 19.

In July and August, the weather is hot. In January it is cold. Which do you prefer? We have wind and rain in March. April scarcely begins to show to us the first smiles of the sun. If the rain falls the wind blows, whistles and rages, we remain at home, and await patiently the ceasing of the rain, the quieting of the wind, we sit near the fire and we read a good book. Yes, I received a letter from my father-in-law, and cards from my brothers and sisters. Where live your parents? They live in Chicago, they return to Colorado in the summer. The little book is in the cottage. She is near the wicket, but my brother is in the mansion. Tree, bush or shrub. Pale, to become pale. Bright, to become bright. Young, old, to age. If I had received the book I would return it.

What a language it is! Who speaks Esperanto? I hope that you are learning each lesson, and that you find the study a pleasure. Very truly yours.



#### SOME OF OUR ESPERANTISTS.

HERE are the names and addresses of some of the people who are following the lessons in Esperanto. We are publishing them so that they may become acquainted with each other by post card exchange or otherwise and thus make a practical use of the new language. Any other students of the language desiring to become acquainted with their fellow-students should send their names and addresses to this office so that they may appear on this page.

Miss Bertha Phillips, Palmyra, Pa.  
Miss Elizabeth Zortman, Palmyra, Pa.  
Roy P. Hylton, Macksville, Kans., R. R. 2.  
Fannie Hylton, Macksville, Kans., R. R. 2, Box 69.  
Mike Bonewitz, Notus, Idaho.  
Mae Derrick, Rice, Okla.  
Nannie Derrick, Rice, Okla.  
Emmanuel E. Lontz, Congerville, Ill.



“If we can get the children deeply interested in school gardens we shall have gone far towards eliminating malicious mischief and vandalism. This is the best sort of preaching.”





## FOOD PRINCIPLES

LENNA FRANCES COOPER, Principal School of Hygiene and Cooking, Battle Creek Sanitarium

### Article X. Milk.

Milk is one of our proteid foods. This is shown by reference to the following:

#### Composition of Milk.

Water, 86 per cent  
 Fat, 4 per cent  
 Nitrogenous Matter (protein) 4 per cent.  
 Sugar or Milk 5 per cent.  
 Mineral Matter, 1 per cent.

Although it contains only 4 per cent protein when compared with the solid matter which is only 14 per cent, it ranks quite high as a proteid food.

There are two kinds of protein in milk, viz: casein and albumen, the casein being the principal one. The protein is the principal part of the curd which forms in sour milk.

The fat is in a finely-divided state known as an emulsion. For this reason cream is considered an easily digested fat.

The sugar of milk, known scientifically as lactose, is not a very sweet sugar. It is often used in medicine for coating pills, etc.

Beside these natural ingredients there are numerous little organisms known as bacteria or germs. They are very small indeed. So small they cannot be seen without the aid of a microscope, but they are capable of producing very decided effects.

They accomplish their work simply by growing. In order to grow, three conditions are necessary: moisture, warmth and food. Since milk contains 86 per cent water there is plenty of moisture and at the temperature at which it is drawn about 98 degrees F. is also ideal. The part of the milk which supplies food for these organisms is the sugar. The change effected by these organisms is brought about by their action on the sugar. When they feed upon the sugar they break it down much as we "break down" or digest our food. They change the sugar or lactose to an acid known as lactic acid, which in turn causes the casein to coagulate and when heated slightly forms the curd which is the basis of cottage cheese.

There are two kinds of these bacteria, *i. e.*, those

which produce disease and those which do not produce disease, but bring about the souring of milk. Fortunately those which do not produce disease are the most numerous, but conditions favorable for the growth of one kind are favorable for the growth of the other, and if only a few of the disease-producing bacteria are present, they may be sufficient to carry the disease. It is a well-known fact that milk is a very good vehicle for the carrying of certain diseases. Many epidemics of scarlet fever, typhoid fever, diphtheria and other communicable diseases have been directly traceable to milk infected with bacteria producing these diseases. And there is no doubt but that tuberculosis is also transmitted in the same way.

These bacteria are not transmitted from the body of the cow (unless it be tuberculosis) to the milk, but find their way into it from the external surroundings. When we realize that almost every particle of dust is accompanied by bacteria, and see the amount of dirt and dust in an ordinary barn, there is little wonder that milk contains so many bacteria. The hay thrown down from the mow during, or just previous to the milking, is laden with dust and bacteria. The body of the cow is usually dirty and dusty and many times filthy and oftentimes the milkman is arrayed in clothing unfit for one engaged in handling food for human beings.

If properly cared for, milk need not contain so many of these bacteria.

In some of our larger cities, such as New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc., there are firms which conduct model dairies. At these dairies the milk is carefully cared for from first to last. The body of the cow is carefully groomed, the milkman performs a careful toilet and dons clean clothing and the milking is done in a separate room which is kept scrupulously clean and free from dust.

Then the milk is cooled as quickly as possible, as cold is unfavorable to the growth of these microorganisms, so that those which do get into the milk will not be able to multiply very rapidly.

The milk is then put into bottles that have been

sterilized by boiling or steam pressure, and sealed so that no dirt or germs can get into it.

Milk thus cared for is much more wholesome than ordinary milk, as is proven by statistics. In some of our large cities where statistics have been kept, it has been found that of children fed on ordinary milk, forty per cent die, while of those fed on clean milk, only six per cent die. Clean milk thus cared for can be obtained in the cities under the name of certified milk and is of course much more expensive, usually selling for from 12 cents to 16 cents per quart.

If clean milk is not obtainable, then it is best to pasteurize the other milk. This may be done as follows:

To pasteurize milk: Place the milk in clean bottles which have been boiled or baked several minutes, filling to within one inch of the top. Sterilize some cotton by placing it in a moderate oven and baking till of a golden yellow color. Cork the bottle with this cotton. Place in the bottom of a deep kettle some cotton or something to keep the bottles from coming in contact with the intense heat at the bottom of the vessel. Place over the fire and heat quickly. Keep the water at a temperature of from 165° to 175° F. for fifteen minutes (a dairy thermometer may be purchased at any drug store for a few cents). The milk must then be cooled as quickly as possible. This heat is sufficient to kill most disease-producing germs. Keep corked until ready to be used.

Remember that all measurements are made level.

#### Cocoanut Custard.

1 pint milk                      2 tablespoonfuls sugar  
2 eggs                              6 tablespoonfuls shredded cocoanut

Steep the cocoanut in the milk. When heated, strain out the cocoanut, beat the eggs slightly, add the sugar, then the heated milk and strain into custard cups or the dishes you expect to serve it in. Place these in a pan half filled with hot water. Set in the oven and bake until set, or place in a steamer and steam until set.

To test a "set" custard, break the skin slightly and place a silver knife through the opening into the custard. If it comes out clean or watery, the custard is done.

#### Floating Island.

2½ cups hot milk                      4 tablespoonfuls sugar  
                                                    4 tablespoonfuls pulverized sugar  
4 egg yolks                      4 egg whites                      Vanilla extract

#### Jelly.

Beat the egg yolks slightly, add the sugar, and gradually the hot milk, stirring while pouring the milk on. Strain and cook in a double boiler, stirring until it begins to thicken. As soon as the custard will mask the back of a silver spoon so that it cannot be seen clearly through it, the custard is done and should be removed from the fire at once and cooled as quickly as possible. The danger of spoiling these custards lies in the over cooking. They continue to cook after

being removed from the fire, due to the fact that eggs cook much below the boiling point of water.

Add a few drops of vanilla and when thoroughly cooled and ready to serve prepare a meringue made by beating the egg whites until stiff and then folding in the pulverized sugar. Place this on the top of the custard and over this put bits of some bright-colored jelly. For a very delicate Floating Island, whipped cream may be used instead of the meringue.



#### AUNT DOROTHY'S MISTAKE, OR 1 Cor. 10: 24 PUT IN PRACTICE.

MARTHA B. LAHMAN.

WHEN Aunt Dorothy Trumpe was single, she did not see much of the "ragged edge" of life. She was brought up properly, so far as morality, culture and education were concerned, but she had not been "put through" as some girls have. Her leisure time had been spent for herself.

She had early given her heart to God, but she had not yet comprehended all of her privileges. So when she became mistress of a home of her own, and her household and family duties seemed to multiply continuously, she felt there was not much she could do outside of her family circle.

It was her ambition, too, to keep her children clean and tidy at any cost. So, as it seemed, she was often taxed to the utmost, to keep things orderly, and, as she expressed it, to keep herself and children presentable, it being her custom, intuitively, to do her known and accepted duty well.

She did not get to services regularly, for she was fearful if she took her stirring baby, it would prevent others from hearing the Word of God.

It happened that she got to prayer meeting one evening, and the leader asked her unexpectedly to open the service with prayer.

It was not her make-up to shirk, but she had not offered prayer in public before, and her private prayers had been mainly for herself and family, so for a moment she was at sea. Soon she mustered courage, and asked the Lord's help, and immediately she forgot herself and her interests and her surroundings and poured forth such a prayer as only the Spirit could have dictated.

The burden of her prayer seemed to be for more usefulness, and she prayed that the Lord might help them all to seek and to seize opportunities for helping others. Yes, she prayed for an increase of faith, for the salvation of souls, and for a clearer understanding of God's Word, and she also prayed that their spiritual poise might be such that men would know they had been with Jesus.

That her prayer gave an impetus to the meeting, was evident, judging from the many impromptu speeches that followed. There were talks from some who had



never spoken a word for Jesus before in public, and as the topic under discussion was Greater Christian Activity, it was a service long to be remembered by those present.

Aunt Dorothy remarked to a friend on the way home that she would no longer remain so passive. She said as she was aggressive in her home, she meant to be for the church. It was her determination not to do her own will, but to carry out the will of her heavenly Father.

As she laid her to rest that night, she told her companion that she had hoped to get the children's frocks done by Easter, and that she meant to get her spring work done so she could take a trip in June, "but if the Lord lets me live," she said, "I am going to do more for others. I have always felt that there was nothing I could do, but somehow I feel impelled to do something for Jesus right at home."

She arose in the morning with a keener sense of duty, and breakfast was no sooner over than a rap was heard at the kitchen door. She opened it to find a tramp there who asked for a cup of coffee. "I am sorry, she said, but I have just emptied the coffee out." But observing his crestfallen look, she called to him, saying, "If you do not mind waiting, I will make you a cup." And while he was drinking his coffee, thoughts of the previous evening came to her mind, and she asked him about the welfare of his soul; and finding he had no Bible, she gave him one.

Before dinner another rap was heard at the back door. This time it was an agent, a woman apparently in poor circumstances, and discouraged. So she spent twenty minutes with this woman encouraging her and aiding her materially.

When evening again came, she thought of two lives she had tried to brighten, and wondered if the next day would bring any opportunities.

Sure enough the next day she was reminded of the birthday of an aged neighbor, so she baked a birthday cake and presented it.

The following day one of her neighbors was moving away, and she prepared him a lunch and gave him some tracts to read on his long journey.

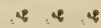
And so the days slipped by with many opportunities that before were unseen or unheeded, and Aunt Dorothy says she was mistaken when she thought there was nothing she could do, and I dare say her faith has been increased, for works are simply faith put in action; and she continues to follow the advice of the great Missionary who gave us such a good definition of faith and who said: "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth."



#### THE SELFISHNESS OF SACRIFICE.

Do not neglect the outings, even though they may be of but a few hours' or a day's duration. The house-

mother particularly needs these temporary releases from the nerve-racking tensions that come of the daily routine. A journey, or a visit is not always restful, or satisfying, and from either of these one sometimes returns more worn than when the trip was undertaken. House-mothers, who are proverbially good to others, should learn to be good to themselves. Often the sacrifices upon which we pride ourselves are but forms of selfishness, for in making them we are but consulting our own inclinations and pleasures, rather than the pleasures of others. It is our delight to deny ourselves that others may have the good times; but very often the family would have twice the pleasure, if we would allow them to enjoy a little of the doing without, and thus have the pleasure of feeling that they have added to our pleasure. Many a son and daughter would gladly share their good times with mother, relieving her of the drudgery of serving, and would thereby increase the happiness of every member of the company. Children are not selfish by nature, but are readily taught selfishness through the unwise example of the parents. Boys and girls are not to blame, if they accept the services that are forced upon them from their babyhood, and many a girl gets an erroneous idea of mother's tastes through never having her attention called to their existence. "Mother does not care for nice clothes," or "Mother never cares to go anywhere," are expressions often heard from young lips; and mothers are themselves to blame for these ideas. Instead of the mother being the servant, she should be the ruling spirit, to which all her family, as willing servitors, are ready to bend the knee. Now, girls and boys, see to it that mother gets out into the sunshine, and see that she shares in your good times. All she needs is to be made to see that her happiness is your happiness. In your outings, make a comrade of mother. And get the idea that "mother does not like nice things," out of your heads. See that she has them.—*The Commoner*.



#### A PLEA FOR THE FUTURE BOY AND GIRL.

R. F. BRUBAKER.

THERE has been a gradual development in all educational lines, except in Industrial, Agricultural and Domestic Science departments. Our church schools have paid little attention to this line of work in the past. Now to make it worth while it seems to me it is time we as parents are becoming awakened and see some of the real needs of our children. In every undertaking that is worth our while, we should take a deep look at the problems that are before us. The future boy and girl is a problem that should interest every father and mother. Every parent desires that his children understand more thoroughly the practical things which go to make a successful life.

The conditions of the age demand better trained men. The tendency now is for our boys and girls to

rush to the city. By furnishing means to build and operate these departments of Agriculture and Domestic Science, we can in a large measure, change the course of many boys and girls from the crowded city to the open country, where temptations are fewer and where strong Christian men and women are needed to lead in the church and state. Often when they go to the city they are lost to the church. They could have been saved if we only would have given them ideals that would have kept them where they belong, where they would have proved a blessing to themselves, their parents, their community, to the church, and to God. A child lost means much to all the above. It is truly worth while to try to save them by placing them in a healthy environment where they will partake of the ideals before them.

Now what the writer wants with this article is to stir up the guardians of children in such a way that it will come home to them with such force and power that they will be willing to give of their means for an institution that will direct the present boy and girl in a way that they can help the future boy and girl. It is time to act, because a reaction is taking place in agricultural lines. Our future is wrapped up in our children. Let every man, whether he has children or not, look after the best interest of all boys and girls. We are our brothers' and sisters' keepers.

In conclusion, let every parent get deeply interested in the present boy and girl in a material way so that they may contribute more to the good of mankind.

*McPherson, Kans.*



#### THE COMING MAN.

I know the dearest little boy,  
 With clinging curls of brown,  
 The upturned lips for me to kiss  
 Keep many a heartache down.  
 Two little hands oft smeared with dirt,  
 Two eyes of brightest blue,  
 Two tiny dimples in his cheeks,—  
 Perhaps you know him, too!

I know the dearest little boy,  
 Who questions strange will ask;  
 To answer them as best I may  
 Is still a happy task.  
 His sailor cap was bought to match  
 His suit of navy blue;  
 Those stubby shoes were once quite black,—  
 Perhaps you know him, too!

I know the dearest little boy,  
 Who plays so hard all day,  
 When twilight comes he leaves his toys  
 For Dreamland's happy way.  
 Climbs into arms that hold him close  
 Against a heart that's true,  
 He is my all in all to-day,—  
 Perhaps you know him, too!

God bless this dearest little boy,  
 Who grows from day to day;  
 And may he have the strength to bear

The hardships on life's way.  
 May he have wisdom and the will  
 To always dare and do:  
 I know he never means to fail,—  
 Perhaps you know him, too!

—Bernard A. Pitman.

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### The Children's Corner

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#### THE WATER-DROP.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

A TINY drop of water, clear and shining, was holding fast to a leaf-tip. What fun it was to be a beautiful water-drop with a home where it could see the great far-off sky and the pretty white clouds floating high in the blue.

But at last it grew weary of being a water-drop with nothing to do but sparkle and glint in the bright yellow sunshine. It no longer watched the sky and the clouds, content with its place on the leaf, but looked about to see what the big, busy world around it was doing.

"I must hasten to bloom," the plant upon which it rested was saying.

"I must help to ripen the berries," the sunbeam was saying.

"I must finish getting my load of sweets," hummed a bee on its way to a clump of heartsease.

The water-drop listened intently.

It heard the breeze whisper as it lightly lifted the leaves close by, "I must cool the heated brows of the laborers in yonder field."

Then the water-drop wondered what it could do to help such a great busy world in its wondrous work. Suddenly a strange thing happened.

In its eagerness, the water-drop lost its balance and fell from the leaf-tip. It slipped down the hillside and splashed plump into the brook that seemed to be running away.

The brook was so tiny that it could hardly carry the leaf boats sailing upon it.

"Now, I can help the brook, perhaps," said the gay little water-drop. "I am not large enough to do much; but I will try to do what I can."

As the brook flowed on, other drops came and each with its tiny strength helped the brook as it crept along, now slowly in the shadows, now dancing in the sunlight. This was not hard work. The water-drop still found time to play and sometimes it would reach a quiet pool where it could again watch the blue sky and the pretty clouds. But it was happier in its work helping the brook than it was when idly dreaming.

Sometimes it moved swiftly. It seemed to be running a race with those far-off floating clouds. Then, too, the brook was nearing the river and was tumbling over the rocks and hurrying on to join that great stream.



When the brook joined the river the water-drop found a busy world indeed. There it had harder work to do, for big puffing steamboats were plying along carrying such heavy cargoes that the water-drop went forth to help.

And so all the water-drops of the river were needed and with their united efforts the great boats on the river were as easily carried as were the leaf crafts of the brook.

At last the river glided out into the sea where there was such a multitude of other drops that our friend of the leaf-tip became frightened.

"Now, I am lost," it cried. "Nevertheless I must find my way and finish my work. Surely there is something here for me to do."

After a short struggle with the waves, the water-drop found a ship on its way to a foreign port. "I will help take the ship across the sea," and with the aid of the willing water-drops the good ship sailed safely into the harbor.

Just then a sunbeam shone out over the harbor. It drew the faithful water-drop toward it, saying: "Come with me," and the water-drop in company with other water-drops felt itself slowly lifted up, up into the light, higher than the tallest trees that grew by the brook and higher than the greatest ship that was ever built. They were going up into the far-off sky and—

"We are one of the beautiful clouds," said they as they drifted across the blue.

One day the skies frowned darkly and the cloud was rent asunder. Then a strange thing happened again. The water-drops were falling, but before they had fallen very far the sunbeam shone out against them and then they were more happy and beautiful than they had ever been before. Among them was the shining one of the leaf-tip. It was helping to make the rainbow that flashed across the sky.

*Tipton, Iowa.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### MY SUNBEAM.

MARY C. STONER.

I chanced to meet the other day  
A little sunbeam on my way.  
Its radiant light brought joy and love  
As though it came from worlds above.

It shone with glee as I passed by  
And quickly stole one little sigh,  
And yet, it seemed the same bright ray  
Before it took my sigh away.

I watched that beam as on it went,  
So fleet as on an errand sent;  
It sought a throng where worship sweet,  
Arose in love to Jesus' feet.

I wondered what its tiny light  
Could do to cheer that place so bright.  
But as the pastor sweetly prayed  
For those who from the Master strayed,

That gentle beam with radiance shone  
And led a wand'rer to God's throne,  
That little beam in silent love,  
So like a blessing from above,

Has found its way into my heart  
And does not with the day depart.  
Those radiant beams of happy cheer  
Are smiles of love from eyes so dear.

And should I tell you of the life  
That beams with richest blessings rife,  
You'd know from whence that beauteous ray  
Had come to bless my little day.

You'd know a maid so sweet and fair  
Who won my heart and stole my care  
You'd know of one that earth holds dear  
That heav'n lows with love to cheer,

You'd know of one so pure and sweet  
Because of praise at Jesus' feet.

North Manchester, Ind.



### THE SUPERNATURAL ELEMENT IN PRAYER.

Is not the key to all real power in intercession the unalterable persuasion that prayer carries with it supernatural force? The moment we abandon the supernatural element in the Bible we may well burn it; and so, if we abandon the supernatural element in the Christian life, we may as well give it up altogether. The trend of our day is to deny to the Word of God its proper divine element, and so make it virtually a human book; to deny to conversion its divine element, and make it simply a human reformation; and to resolve the efficacy of prayer into mere self-culture.

The Word of God teaches a supernatural element in all holy living, and especially praying; a divine conviction, wrought by the Spirit, flooding the soul, and power imparted to the suppliant by the Holy Spirit moving in him. (Rom. 8: 26, 27.)

Prayer, therefore, has supernatural energy. It is the working of Divine Power, from beginning to end, and as long as we depend even upon the best exercise of merely natural faculties we never know prevailing power; but as soon as, abandoning our own struggles, efforts, endeavors and resolutions, we open our hearts to the incoming, indwelling, inworking, and outworking of the Divine Spirit, the problems of prayer reach their practical solution.

There is no "can not" in the vocabulary of a Spirit-filled suppliant. Victims of long-established evil habits say, "I want to live a better life, but I can't." The believer says as to prayer, "I can not, but God can." What one can not do, or get done, apart from God, becomes not only possible, but easy and natural, when filled with God; and if, after vainly trying to break loose from habits of years by the feeble weapon of

their own resolutions, men would only come to the conclusion, "I can not do this thing alone, but I can do it with God," the power of evil would be broken.

Just so with Christian disciples. As to overcoming besetting sins, particularly sins of disposition—impatience, envy, jealousy, uncharitableness—that are such a disgrace to themselves, a reproach to Christ, and a stumbling-block to others—how many would overcome but can not, because they have never yet got hold of God with regard to this matter. Hundreds enter into newness of life the instant that they understand and realize that what is impossible without him, becomes possible, easy, and natural with him.

So of supernatural faith in prayer. While we deny or doubt the power of God to answer, we never know full deliverance. In the Psalms we are told that the pilgrim people of God "limited the Holy One of Israel." All limited conceptions of his power and love limit God. So long as we think he can not, or will not, do this thing for us, he never will. And, as we limit him, by our *conception* of what he can and will do, so we limit him by our *reception* of what he does, so that, even when he works, we fail to see it.

Our Lord says, "The light of the body is the eye"—not because the eye actually gives light to the body, but because it is the faculty that makes light available. Faith is the verifying faculty by which truth is received into the soul; and, without that verifying faculty, all the truth in the world will not deliver from error, just as without the eye all the light in the universe will not illumine.

We must open our hearts largely, fully, absolutely, to the indwelling and inworking of the Divine Spirit in prayer; and so our great problems will be solved, great difficulties overcome, and great answers follow. Satan flees before a man made almighty by the omnipotence of God.—*Missionary News*.



#### LOVING PEOPLE WHOM WE DON'T LIKE.

THIS world is full of various kinds of folks. It would be a very monotonous world if it were not. It is the variety which gives it interest. But many of these different sorts of people do not feel kindly toward other sorts.

"We are not congenial," they say. "I simply cannot endure that girl," one girl says to another. "Her taste in dress is outrageous and her giggling and general silliness intolerable." The other girl says: "I don't like that precise person, who never acts naturally or forgets primness." And there are deeper dislikes than these.

No, many of these dislikes we can not help, but they have nothing to do with loving. Loving and liking are different things. Jesus did not say, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye like one another," but "that ye love one another." Love rises above

like, and can exist in spite of dislike. Charlotte Brontë makes this discrimination:

"Like me no longer then; love me instead."

We like what pleases us. We love what we would please. Liking is selfish. Love is unselfish. Liking depends on its object; loving upon its subject. If the person we like changes, we may dislike him, but no change in the person loved can alter love.

Even at the best, liking is a feeble thing, capricious, unreliable; but loving is deep and eternal. It is good enough to speak of liking things, but whether we like persons or not is a matter of small consequence. The question is, "Do we love them?"—*Selected*.



#### GOD BEHOLDS.

LET us all learn to thank God for difficulties; they are part of our discipline. Canaan lies on the other side of the Red Sea and the Jordan River—we need not cross either of them till we come to them. God can divide the big sea as easily as he can dry up the little river. When we come to the sea, the voice of Providence is, "Go forward!" and the waters part asunder. When we reach the flowing Jordan, and our feet touch the stream, behold, it has vanished, and we go through dry-shod! The story of Christian faith and its frequent deliverances is often like a postscript to the eleventh chapter to the Hebrews. When we voyagers get safely into the desired haven up yonder we may take great delight in looking over our log books, and in discovering how wonderfully our Pilot brought us through dark nights and dangerous channels. Pastors often discover very dense fogs lying over their churches; let them never forget that there is One to whom the darkness shineth as the day.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler*.



THE *Interior* says: "I was up to the Moody Church, the other morning, when they fed six hundred unemployed men," said a gentleman, "and it was a sight to make a man stop and think. So far as I could see, the men were a long way from being bums. But there was one thing which seemed to me very significant. There was a request from the platform for the Christian men in the audience to hold up their hands. There were not more than a dozen out of the six hundred that claimed to be Christians. It seems to me that this proves in a very practical way that godliness is profitable for the life that now is. If it doesn't actually prove that very few Christian men come to want, it does prove that the churches are faithful in taking care of their own members."



MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find a place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—*Longfellow*.





## Echoes from Everywhere

Guthrie, Okla., June 12.—State Auditor M. E. Trapp today announced the assessed valuation of the property of the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies as fixed by the state board of equalization. The estimate submitted by the Western Union company, slightly in excess of \$300,000, was increased to \$1,907,770, while the valuation of the Postal company was fixed at \$48,240, practically double the company's figures.

The Swedish Riksdag has passed an additional allowance of nearly \$2,000, for the publication of the report of the last anti-alcohol congress at Stockholm. This makes a total allowance by the state for the congress of about \$6,000. The Swedish Society for student total abstainers now has a membership of 11,652, an increase from last year of more than 15 per cent.

Before the adjournment of the Ohio legislature was passed two more temperance laws to strengthen the local option districts. One provides that where persons receive shipments of liquor C. O. D. within the prohibited sections the sale shall be held to have taken place at the point of delivery, and the parties receiving said shipments shall be amenable to the law. The other law bars forever from the saloon business a man who shall have been found guilty a second time of violating the liquor law.

Free Employment Agent Gerow, of Topeka, Kans., has already begun advertising for men and teams to assist in the coming grain harvest. He calls for 21,000 men and 1,195 teams.

The senate and house of the Oklahoma legislature passed a bill which prohibits the intermarriage of the negro and white races. It makes any person violating this provision guilty of a felony and subject to fine of not more than \$500 and of from one to five years in the penitentiary. Any minister or other person solemnizing such a marriage is equally guilty of a felony. Any person having been three times convicted of a felony is barred from entering the married relation.

An interesting case of technically obeying the law and at the same time dodging it has come up in Dubuque, Ia. An ordinance was passed requiring saloon-keepers to have nothing in their places of business that will shut off customers from the view of those who pass by on the streets. All obstructions were removed in accordance with the law, but some of the saloon men evaded the intent of the measure by putting up in the front part of their drinking-places strong electric lights behind which were big reflectors which blinded the eyes of persons passing by on the streets. The matter is to be tested in the courts.

Prof. Walter William Skeat, teacher of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge university and author of a number of works of a philological nature, has spoken out in favor of Prof. Brandt of the Berlin university who recently declared that Americans speak better English than Englishmen do. A number of critics declared that Prof. Brandt was wrong, but Prof. Skeat says he is correct; that the excellent pronunciation of many Americans is due to the fact that training in English is given more attention in America than in England. "In England," he says, "the great schools treat Latin and Greek as of first importance and pay little attention to English and elocution. Moreover, the study of phonetics is taken seriously in America, while it is almost unknown in England, except to a few students. The consequence is that the ordinary Englishman is entirely ignorant of his own language. I see no objection to the employment of Americans to teach English, because they give attention to the subject and understand what they are talking about."

In some parts of Europe corncobs are used for building purposes. The cobs are collected and taken to a factory where heavy compresses crush and mold them into blocks of various sizes just as bricks are variously molded. These blocks are then bound with wire so as to make them hold together. They are then soaked in tar to make them watertight, and are ready for use after this treatment. Of course they are much lighter than bricks, are always dry, and make good houses. This is but one of the very many ways in which Europe shows a greater economy than America does. There is little over there which goes to waste. Even the refuse and garbage of Paris is made to serve a purpose by being burned and converted into power.

One of the results of the peace conference of the Central American states, held in Washington last year, was the establishment of a Central American court of justice which has just been inaugurated at Cartago, Costa Rica. The court established as a permanent tribunal, the five countries represented—Salvador, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, and Nicaragua—binding themselves to submit to it all controversies or questions which may arise among them, "of whatsoever nature and no matter what their origin may be," in regard to which the respective departments of foreign affairs are unable to reach an understanding. The court consists of one regular and two sub-justices from each country represented, who sit for terms of five years.

President Jose Santos Zelaya, of Nicaragua, became chief ruler of the country in 1893. He is a military despot and reflects himself every sixth year. He is something of a genius and has had a pet plan for some years of uniting the five Central American republics into one government.

He hopes to live to see this idea carried out, and expresses the opinion that it would do wonders for Central America.

#### Educational Convention.

More interest than ever before is being taken in the approaching yearly convention of the N. E. A., or National Education Association, which is to be held at Cleveland, O., from June 29 to July 3. Cleveland, now a city of over half a million population and the seventh in size in the Union, is centrally located and easily reached and as a railroad rate of a fare and a half has been arranged for, notwithstanding the reductions forced on the railroads by recent hostile legislation, it is expected that the attendance will break all records.

In order to take advantage of the reduced rates a person must, however, become at least an associate member of the organization, but this can be done by sending a fee of \$2 to Secretary Wm. G. Rose, Chamber of Commerce, Cleveland, who will, if desired, assign the applicant to quarters at reduced rates—these rates varying from 75 cents a day for room only or \$2 a day for full board up. Full active membership, to new members, costs \$4. Membership entitles a person to participate in all the proceedings, to enjoy special rates for side excursions, etc. For instance, a round-trip ticket to Buffalo and Niagara Falls by water will cost only \$3. Cleveland is now unique, as over 200 miles of trolley roads there have been thrown open to the 3-cent fare, after Mayor Johnson's long fight.

The sessions of the convention will be held in the Cleveland Hippodrome, a great modern auditorium costing \$2,000,000 and seating 5,500 people. There will be a national spelling contest for pupils of the seventh and eighth grades, and also a "play festival" to interest the younger visitors. There are unlimited opportunities for diversion, and the Forest City is to give a hospitable welcome to the educators in every way.

Visitors should buy only a one-way ticket at their local station, and should secure from the agent a certificate showing the fare paid, etc. This certificate is then to be presented at registration headquarters on arrival at Cleveland, and this will entitle the holder to a half-fare rate for the return journey. Some of the railroads may not make the special rates and visitors should ascertain from the station agent in advance whether he has the proper certificates.

#### Oklahoma Legislates Boldly.

In the bright lexicon of youth Oklahoma has yet to discover the word fear. Problems which her sister states have thought themselves gray-headed over and yet have not solved, she goes ahead in an off-handed manner and settles. There has always been a vast amount of dissatisfaction about the way in which wages are adjusted under the competitive system. Occasionally manufacturers claim that they are forced to pay too much; usually laborers believe that they receive too little. If the bill which has passed her legislature is signed by the governor, Oklahoma will settle all these disputes. The measure gives the state labor commissioner power to order either advances or reductions of wages as may seem to him just in the light of trade conditions. It is not likely that such a measure would be pronounced constitutional by the courts; it puts into the hands of one man rather more power than is good for a republic.

A less radical measure which will be widely approved is the direct primary bill passed recently providing for

the primary election of all candidates. The most novel feature of the bill is the requirement that all matter printed in the newspapers complimentary to a candidate, either during the primary or the campaign for election, must be labeled in at least a ten-point type, "Political advertising." If the requirement should be made a general one, it is likely that we would see the phrase "political advertising" scattered pretty freely through the news columns of our daily papers for some time to come.

It gives Americans a shock to find that until last week one of the German States had no constitutional government. Yet such was the case until May 19 when Grand Duke Frederick of the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin gave up his feudal privileges and granted a constitution similar to that enjoyed by some of the other German States. The new régime will by no means be a democracy, for the suffrage is to be according to property classifications, and the members of the legislature are to be elected by a system of indirect voting. The two Mecklenburgs, Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, will each have a general Landtag, as well as legislature of their own to act on local questions.

A few days ago Oklahoma had a chance to test its guaranty banking law and found that it made good. The International Bank of Colgate failed and the state banking commissioner took charge of its affairs immediately. Within one hour after he got control he had authority to pay depositors in full although the bank was \$23,000 short. The institution had \$9,000 cash on hand and \$7,000 deposited in other banks and when this was exhausted the commissioner drew checks upon the state guaranty fund. Under the guaranty banking law in Oklahoma a tax of 1 per cent is levied upon the average annual deposits of all state banks, and the money thus raised is used in payment of all depositors of an insolvent state bank after the funds of the bank have been exhausted.

The envoys of Mulai Hafid, the would-be usurping Sultan of Morocco, have not met the cordial reception they could desire from the European governments. To be sure, in Germany a government agent promised to report their errand to the proper authority, but in Paris they knocked in vain at the doors of the President and the Foreign Minister. Mulai Hafid's tsar seems to be approaching the horizon on the down grade in Morocco itself. If it disappears entirely Abd-el-Asis will have the French to thank.

The forty-sixth star of the Union was a costly one compared with its predecessors. The election, constitutional convention and incidentals of getting Oklahoma started cost \$315,000. It cost only \$31,000 for the same expenses for North Dakota, \$15,000 for South Dakota, \$26,000 for Washington, \$27,000 for Montana, and \$47,000 for Utah. The price of States boomed with all other prices.

A terrible famine is raging in Uganda. More than 40,000 deaths have occurred in the Nsoga Province alone. The government is feeding 50,000 of the natives. Crops are a complete failure, and there is prospect of much suffering during the next few months.

We imported a hundred million dollars of gold last fall. Now we are sending back a good deal of the gold to Europe. Within the last few weeks \$33,500,000 in gold bars and coin has left New York for the other side.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### FUN IN HARD WORK.

The greatest fun in the world is work done heartily and well, but there is no fun in the game of hard work if the essential rules are not followed. All the necessary elements must be present: first of all is HEART. No one ever really enjoyed hard work which employed only muscles and nerves and brain. The heart must be in it. Every effort must carry with it a passionate interest and desire. Every moment must contain the indulgence of a wish, must be a stepping-stone of an ambition. Necessarily the work must be **worth doing**. This rule does not shut out any legitimate task. There is a way to connect the most commonplace labor that needs to be done with the great movements of the world's progress and uplift.

When the new parliament buildings of the Dominion of Canada were being reared, a visitor stopped to speak to a number of workmen who were cutting stone. The visitor asked one man what he was doing, and he replied that he was earning two dollars and a half a day. He asked a second man what he was doing, and pointing to a chart spread before him the man said he was trying to make the stone on which he was working correspond to the chart. A third man was asked what he was doing. And it must be remembered that all three men were, to all outward appearance, at precisely the same work. But the third man let his mallet rest for a moment, and straightening himself up, pointed proudly to the great building, the graceful lines of which were beginning to be clearly formed in the massive pile before and above them. Looking up proudly at the great structure and evidently thinking what it meant and the glory of the completed edifice, he said eagerly: "I am helping to make that." This man had a vision, he was doing something that was worth while. The task of earning money is not worth while; the task of blindly following a pattern is not worth while; but to have a part in making something which is big and glorious—whether it be a cathedral or a character—that is worth while.—The Circle.



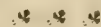
### OUR YEARLY LOSS FROM INSECT PESTS.

It will probably startle the average American citizen to learn that every year insect pests damage our live stock and the agricultural products of our soil to an amount exceeding the entire expenditures of the national Government, including the pension roll and the maintenance of the army and navy. In no other country in the world do insects impose so heavy a tax on the products of the farm as in the United States. A scientific agricultural writer (C. L. Marlatt, assistant entomologist in the national Bureau of Entomology) estimated a few years ago that a total of more than \$700,000,000 annual loss due to insect pests in the United States is below rather than above the actual damage.

Despite the careful and thorough work done to eradicate these pests great damage is still inflicted by them.

Before the cotton worm was studied and the method of controlling it by the use of arsenic sprays had become common knowledge this plague had levied a tax of \$30,000,000 in bad years on the cotton crop. This estimate and those that follow are based on the official figures of the Department of Agriculture for the calendar year 1904,—the latest statistics available. Much saving has been effected since then by the methods of the Bureau of Entomology and the State Entomologists, but the aggregate loss is still enormous. A knowledge of the habits and the methods of controlling or avoiding the Hessian fly, including improved cultural methods, has resulted in the saving of wheat values to the farmer aggregating from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000 annually. The apple crop of the country is worth from \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000 more since the as yet incomplete control of the codling moth has been generally understood. The root worm was almost baffled by the principle of rotation of corn with oats, thus saving the corn crop to the extent of many millions annually. The annual losses occasioned to forests and forest products by insect pests have been estimated at not less than \$100,000,000, of which \$70,000,000 is damage sustained by the growing timber. The tobacco crop suffers from insects to the extent of more than \$5,000,000. The white scale would have completely destroyed the orange and lemon orchards of California but for the introduction of one of its natural enemies from Australia, while the control of the Mexican boll weevil has already saved the farmers of Texas an enormous sum, and has really made the continuance of cotton-growing possible.

Besides these direct losses enormous damage is done by insects to cattle and in the transmission of disease to man. The loss in the value of horse, sheep, and cattle products directly chargeable to insects (the ox warble, the buffalo gnat, and the various biting flies and ticks) would aggregate, Government statisticians figure, not less than \$175,000,000 annually. To this must be added the cost of protection from insect damage to stores' products and from the noxious mosquito, fly, and other disease-bearing insects. Undoubtedly mosquitoes as carriers of malaria and yellow fever, and flies as transmitters of typhoid, occasion the loss of another \$50,000,000 or \$60,000,000 in the form of lessened economic productivity. —From "How Science Fights the Insect Enemies of Our Crops," by Louis E. Van Norman, in the American Review of Reviews for June.



### A "HOUSE OF GOVERNORS."

That the recent Conference of Governors at the White House may give us a new instrument of government is an idea that seems to have fired the imaginations of our editorial writers almost as much as did the definite and immediate purposes for which the Conference was summoned. As one casual meeting of the nations at The Hague has grown into a septennial Congress of the World, so, suggests the New York Independent, may this gathering of

Governors perpetuate itself, with "more results than even Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers could have imagined." The Times not only sees "nothing unconstitutional, subversive, or dangerous" in the idea of an annual meeting of the Governors of all the States, but points out, among the "many merits" of the idea, that such a body "seems to be a needed supplement to the Federal and State system."

While the suggestion owes its impetus to the Washington Conference—al tho it was not formally broached there—the scheme of a "A House of Governors" was outlined more than a year ago in a pamphlet written and published by Mr. William George Jordan, who was at one time editor of The Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Jordan sent this pamphlet to all the Governors, thirty of whom wrote to him indorsing the idea. It is claimed by the advocates of the proposed new instrument that it will conserve States' rights, promote uniform State legislation on vital questions, and do away with that "twilight zone" between the nation and the State in which exploiting interests have sought to take refuge from both. The Federal Government, in conformity with the spirit of the age, tends to become "a great governing trust, crowding out and threatening openly still further to crowd out, the States, the small jobbers in legislation," says Mr. Jordan. The menace of this tendency, he adds, is that "the nation soon will be no longer a solid, impregnable pyramid, standing on the broad, firm, safe base of the united action of a united people, but a pyramid dangerously balanced on its apex—the uncertain wisdom of a few." He admits, however, that whatever Federal usurpation of States' rights may have come about is due to the fact that "the States have largely abrogated their rights by disuse—the States themselves have been to blame."

The few that did show a readiness to grapple with the larger questions which affected the whole Republic were handicapped, he says, by "the lack of coöperation from their sister States."

This failure of the individual States to shoulder their share of the nation's legislative responsibility was emphasized by Secretary Root in his speech before the Pennsylvania Society in this city, which attracted so much attention a year and a half ago. Said the Secretary at that time: "The people will have the control they need, either from the States or from the national Government; and if the States fail to furnish it in due measure, sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the National Government." According to Mr. Jordan, however, the better solution of the difficulty is to be found in the "House of Governors." Thus (to quote from the pamphlet already mentioned):

"It is proposed that the Governors of the forty-five [now forty-six] States meet annually for a session of two to three weeks to discuss, consult, and confer on vital questions affecting the welfare of the States, the unifying of State laws, and the closer unity of the States as a nation. The House of Governors would have no lawmaking power, nor should it ever aspire to such power. Its force would be in initiative, in inspiration, and in influence. The Governors would seek to unite on a general basis of action on great questions to be submitted to the legislatures of the respective States in the Governors' messages. It would seem that an august, dignified body of forty-five Governors, representing their States, with the lawmaking power of forty-five legislatures behind them, should in time become an inherent part in the American idea of self-government and a powerful factor for good in the nation.—Literary Digest.

## THE EVOLUTION OF TRAVEL.

MAN's first locomotion was by walking. How long this mode continued as the only means of travel we do not know, but Adam was forced to invent schemes for easing and quickening his speed.

The second method of traveling evidently was that of riding an animal. The donkey, and the camel are Oriental relics of ancient travel. In long distances this was a labor-saver and a comfort besides, but pictures of early times reveal the third stage of travel, which was by chariot or a vehicle of some sort.

This last development marks the beginning of the inventive genius in man as applied to travel and with all the evolution which has followed, man still uses the rotation of the wheel as the highest mark of inventive skill. A wagon looks common enough today, or a wheel seems next to nothing as an invention, yet this world owes much of its present development to the wheel rotating on an axis. Likely there were no patent-right offices, and affidavits, and patentee's fees when the first wheel was made. Even the inventor's name is not known, but his genius has blessed the world as much as any other one invention that can be named, so far as the economies of life are concerned.

Land, water and air travel devolves upon the use of the wheel almost exclusively. Land transportation is all done by wheels, except where a little sledding can be done. The mighty ocean steamers are propelled by the rotary motion of water wheels in one form or another, and the dirigible airships are lifted by the buzzing motion of wheels with flanges attached. Gas balloons only float with the currents, hence can never become a factor in travel.

From the chariot, the wagon and other carriages, we come to the use of rails being used to accelerate the speed of wheels. Railroads with a double track have been the only known system so far. Before the steam road, horse cars were driven on rail tracks.

Just now it looks like a reaction is setting in. Instead of a double parallel set of wheels for cars we have the monorail with just one wheel under the center of the car. So well balanced is the car, and so close to the rail is the center of gravity that the weaving from side to side is overcome by two brace arms which project from the top of the car against two small overhead rails.

The onward motion of the well-balanced load tends to keep the train in an upright position, as is illustrated in the hoop, which rolls for the boy, and the one-track bicycle which works so nicely for single passengers.

The traction or driving wheels of the car are arranged in tandem, and the cars are prevented from toppling over by an overhead guide. There are four double-flanged driving wheels to each car, and each wheel is driven by two electric motors.



The monorailroad is eminently fitted for high-speed travel, because the cars, being supported at the top as well as at the bottom, are kept very steady. We have reached the limit of speed on steam railroads. The violent rocking and swaying of the locomotive and the heavy pounding of its parts, work havoc with the track. On the other hand, in a monorailroad of the type we have just described, the cars will have no tendency to sway, because a slight variation in the level of the rails will not result in a lateral motion, but merely in a vertical fall and rise.



### THE BOY WE ALL LIKE.

THE boy who never makes fun of old age, no matter how decrepit or unfortunate or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

The boy who never cheats or is unfair in his play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere and at any age. His play should strengthen, not weaken his character.

The boy who never calls anybody bad names, no matter what anybody else calls him. He cannot throw mud and keep his own hands clean.

The boy who is never cruel. He has no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness is the mark of a gentleman.

The boy who never lies. Even white lies leave black spots on the characters.

The boy who never makes fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

The boy who never hesitates to say no when asked to do a wrong thing.

The boy who never quarrels. When your tongue gets unruly, lock it in.

The boy who never forgets that God made him to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful being.—*Exchange.*



### GOSSIP TOWN.

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,

On the shores of Falsehood Bay,

Where old Dame Rumor with rustling gown,

Is going the livelong day?

It isn't far to Gossip Town,

For people who want to go—

The idleness train will take you down,

In just an hour or so.

The thoughtless road is a popular route,

And most folks start that way;

But it's steep down grade, if you don't watch out,

You'll land in Falsehood Bay.

You glide through the valley of Vicious Town,

And into the tunnel of hate,

Then crossing the Add to Bridge, you walk

Right into the city gate.

The principal street is called "They Say," and

"I've heard" is the public well,

And the breezes that blow from Falsehood Bay,

Are laden with—"Don't You Tell."

In the midst of the town is Tell-tale Park;

You're never quite safe while there,

For its owner is Madam Suspicious Remark—  
Who lives on the street "Don't Care."

Just back of the Park is Slander's Row,

'Twas there that Good Name died,

Pierced by a shaft from jealousy's bow,

In the hands of Envious Pride.

From Gossip Town, peace long since fled,

But trouble and grief and woe,

And sorrow and care you'll find instead,

If ever you chance to go.

—Author Unknown.



### Between Whiles.

His Charity.—Closefist—"No, sir; I respond only to the appeals of the deserving poor."

Openhand—"Who are the deserving poor?"

Closefist—"Those who never ask for assistance."—Tit-Bits.



In our anxiety to accomplish big things we overlook a lot of little things that aggregate greatness.



"Boo hoo!"

"What are you crying about, little boy?"

"Boo hoo! I'm cryin' cos watermelons an' cucumbers and all them things come when there ain't no school, an' it don't do no good to be sick."



Had Her Own.—"Can you be trusted with a secret?" he asked.

The woman drew herself up proudly.

"You have known me for ten years, haven't you?" she replied.

"Yes."

"Do you know how old I am?"—Washington Herald.



Doctor Billbig returned this week from a month's vacation and found that a young medical graduate, whom he had left in charge of his office, had gone to work and cured up four-fifths of his old reliable patients, thus nearly ruining a lifelong practice among the fashionable set. It doesn't do to trust much to the inexperienced.



His Future Occupation.—"What business is papa in, mamma?"

"Why, he is a tea sampler; he samples the different kinds of teas."

"Mamma."

"Yes, my boy."

"Do you know what I want to be when I grow up?"

"No. What, my boy?"

"A pie sampler!"—Yonkers Statesman.

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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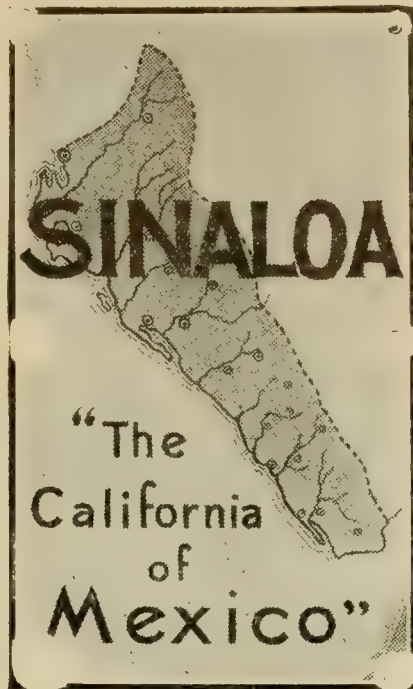
To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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WANTED—A Brother who is a blacksmith, to buy all or half interest in a fine, large shop in Ramona, Kans. Brethren have church here and work is plenty. Good terms can be had if needed. F. M. Shirk, Lost Springs, Kans.

**TWO CROPS  
CORN  
SIX CROPS  
ALFALFA  
GROWN  
EVERY  
YEAR**



Fronting west on the Gulf of California for 350 miles with an average width of 80 miles inland, lies the State of Sinaloa on the West Coast of Mexico. It is the second State in Mexico south of Arizona. It is bounded on the North by Sonora, on the East by Chihuahua and Durango, and on the West by the Gulf of California.

## **SURFACE OR TOPOGRAPHY.**

Sinaloa is divided by nature into three natural belts running North and South through the entire length of the State.

## **THE COASTAL PLAIN.**

From the sea margin on the Gulf of California back to the foothills lies this wonderful level coastal plain. At the Southern end of the State it is barely 10 miles wide, but broadens constantly to the North until in the District of Fuerte, the most northerly District in the State—it is 50 to 60 miles wide. The area of this coastal plain is about four million acres (6,250 square miles), and nowhere on the North American Continent can today be found in a continuous body such rich, fertile and productive lands. **Its soil is deep, averaging 42 feet deep, and inexhaustibly rich:** (See analysis). It produces luxuriant crops of practically all of the products of the temperate, semi-temperate, and tropical zones. (See Products). It is crossed by 10 flowing rivers, many of them large streams. It has three principal seaports, Topolobampo, Mazatlan and Altata, in addition to several minor coasting ports, including Santa Maria, Manglon, Playon, etc. It is through the entire length of this coastal plain that the Southern Pacific is now building its main line from Guaymas to Guadalajara and Mexico City. These incomparable advantages of level lands, deep rich soil, good climate, ample rainfall, rivers in abundance, seaports, and railway facilities assure a future to this Coast plain which can hardly be overestimated.

## **THE FOOTHILL BELT.**

Lying immediately back of the Coastal Plain is the beautiful Foothill Belt of Sinaloa, averaging from 20 to 30 miles in width. This is, and always will be, the great

one-crop district of the State. Its topography naturally does not lend itself to irrigation, except in small favored valley spots, so that it must depend on rainfall for its crop production. Nevertheless this section has many distinct advantages. The surface is usually abundantly covered with fine hardwoods of such varieties as ebony, cedar, mahogany, lignum vitæ, etc., and always a plentiful supply of building, fence, and fuel woods. Little creeks, "arroyos" abound, as well as springs, and natural reservoir sites for storage of water can generally be found. This is unquestionably the best grazing district, being well supplied with natural grasses, and the browsing also being good. Here and there are small valleys containing level rich lands on which are raised excellent crops of corn, beans, pumpkins, etc. This, also, is a natural fruit belt growing practically all fruits, with an exceptionally fine flavor. Here grow side by side sugar cane and grains, pears and bananas, grapes and pineapples.

The climate here is unexcelled, the nights cool and delightful, the drinking water from mountain sources, clear and sparkling, and the conditions for living unusually good. In this belt also are located some of the best mines, silver, gold and copper, in the State.

## **THE MOUNTAIN BELT.**

The foothills gradually climb up into the mountains on the East or rear side of the State, these mountains reaching elevations of 5,500 feet. The entire Eastern side of Sinaloa is practically all mountainous. At these elevations are found large forests of pine and oak which, though at this time inaccessible by rail, form large timber reserves of great potential value which will come into the market in future years. Some fine grazing is also found in these mountain lands, and where soil appears crops grow like magic. Water falls are abundant, ready to furnish tens of thousands of horsepower for industries of Sinaloa. These mountains constitute a mineral belt of fabulous richness, there being already discovered and operating many mines, worth millions.

## **DISTRICTS (OR COUNTIES.)**

Sinaloa is sub-divided into 10 districts, in the following order from North to South.

| Districts        | Principal City | River            |
|------------------|----------------|------------------|
| I. Fuerte        | Fuerte         | Fuerte           |
| II. Sinaloa      | Sinaloa        | Sinaloa          |
| III. Badiriguato | Badiriguato    | Humaya           |
| IV. Mocorito     | Mocorito       | Mocorito         |
| V. Culiacan      | Culiacan       | Culiacan         |
| VI. Cosala       | Cosala         | San Lorenzo      |
| VII. San Ignacio | San Ignacio    | Piaxtla          |
| VIII. Mazatlan   | Mazatlan       | Mazatlan         |
| IX. Concordia    | Concordia      | Quelite          |
| X. Rosario       | Rosario        | Rio de las Canas |

The population of Sinaloa at the last regular census was 300,000.

## **RIVERS AND WATERCOURSES.**

Sinaloa is undeniably the best watered State in the Republic of Mexico. A glance at any map of Mexico confirms this statement. It is crossed during its length of 350 miles by ten rivers, flowing from East to West, emptying into the Gulf of California. These rivers have their sources in the high mountains of the interior in Chihuahua and Durango and are fed and renewed by the heavy rainfall and deep snows of these interior mountain ranges.

## **RAINFALL.**

The summer rains in Sinaloa usually begin in June and continue to October. From data obtained from the Government Station at Mazatlan, and from private data,



# THE INGLENOOK

the rainfall may be averaged at 30 inches per year. Usually showers occur also in the months of January and February, although not invariably. The following table of rainfall in the City of Culiacan (the State Capital) for the year ending Feb. 28, 1906, was recorded during a year of unusual and constant rains, there being a precipitation of 50.9 inches.

## WEATHER RECORD.

Of temperature, Rainfall, etc., in City of Culiacan, Sinaloa, Mexico, as per records for the year ending February 28th 1906.

|                                | Mar. | Apr. | May  | June | July | Aug. |
|--------------------------------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Highest temp. in mo. (Fahr)    | 91   | 88   | 97   | 99   | 92   | 96   |
| Lowest Temperature .....       | 48   | 61   | 70   | 82   | 77   | 77   |
| Average, all day .....         | 72.1 | 75.9 | 84.6 | 90.3 | 87.1 | 85   |
| Total rainfall for mo., inches | 1.6  | 0.5  | 0    | 4.2  | 9.2  | 7.4  |
| No. clear days in month        | 17   | 24   | 29   | 20   | 10   | 19   |
| No. of cloudy days in month    | 3    | 3    | 1    | 3    | 5    | 2    |
| No. of Variable days in month  | 11   | 3    | 1    | 7    | 16   | 10   |

|                                | Sept. | Oct. | Nov. | Dec. | Jan. | Feb. |
|--------------------------------|-------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Highest temp. in mo. (Fahr)    | 95    | 90   | 85   | 76   | 85   | 90   |
| Lowest Temperature .....       | 75    | 62   | 62   | 37   | 37   | 48   |
| Average, all day .....         | 83    | 81.1 | 72.6 | 64.2 | 62.8 | 66.6 |
| Total rainfall for mo., inches | 13    | 0.5  | 7.5  | 5    | 1.0  | 1    |
| No. of clear days in month     | 17    | 24   | 14   | 28   | 26   | 26   |
| No. of cloudy days in month    | 9     | 2    | 10   | 3    | 5    | 2    |
| No. of Variable days in mo.    | 4     | 5    | 6    | 0    | 0    | 0    |

Average highest daily temperature over 12 months, 90.7 degrees.

Average lowest temperature, same period 61.3 degrees.

Average temperature, all day, same period 77.1 degrees.

Average number of clear days in month 21.2.

Average number of cloudy days in month 4.

Average number of variable days in month 6.3.

The highest temperature reached in any hour during the year was 99 degrees Fahr.

The lowest temperature in any hour during the year was 37 degrees.

The rainfall during the entire year was, 50.9 inches.

## CLIMATE AND SEASONS.

From October to June in Sinaloa weather conditions cannot be better anywhere. The days are bright and sunny, but not too hot, while the evenings are delightful and the nights cool enough to enjoy sleep. In June the rains begin and while the temperature does not rise to high figures, rarely going high in the 90s, nevertheless the humidity adds to the heat as registered by thermometer. Under the preceding heading of Rainfall will be found a temperature record which speaks for itself. The average temperature for the year ending Feb. 28th, 1906, was 77.1 degrees Fahr. Highest recorded point 99 degrees. lowest, 37 degrees. Those who have given the climate a fair test—through Summer and Winter—agree that it averages up well with Southern California, while its Winter climate is unquestionably superior. **It seems a favorable place for cases of catarrh and asthma,** those going there finding almost immediate relief from such troubles.

## SOIL OF SINALOA LANDS OF COAST PLAIN. ANALYSIS.

|                                                       |       |          |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-------|----------|
| Insoluble Matter .....                                | 72.74 | per cent |
| Potash, K <sup>2</sup> O .....                        | .87   | per cent |
| Soda, Na <sup>2</sup> O .....                         | .42   | per cent |
| Lime, CaO .....                                       | 3.62  | per cent |
| Magnesia, MgO .....                                   | .82   | per cent |
| Peroxide of Iron Fe <sup>2</sup> O <sup>3</sup> ..... | 8.22  | per cent |
| Alumina .....                                         | 7.25  | per cent |
| Phosphoric Acid, P <sup>2</sup> O <sup>5</sup> .....  | .25   | per cent |
| Sulphuric Acid, SO <sup>3</sup> .....                 | .06   | per cent |
| Carbonic Acid, CO <sup>2</sup> .....                  | .03   | per cent |
| Water and Organic .....                               | 5.72  | per cent |

|                                    |      |          |
|------------------------------------|------|----------|
| Humus .....                        | 1.95 | per cent |
| Nitrogen of Humus .....            | 9.80 | per cent |
| Hygroscopic moisture at 16°C ..... | 3.22 | per cent |

The soil of the foothill belt is about the same, except coarser in grain, and with more iron in it. The soil in the valleys of the rivers naturally has more silt and alluvial deposit and is an easier worked soil, but no richer in food values for plants than the soil further away from the rivers.

No soil for agricultural, horticultural or gardening purposes need or can be richer or more productive than this. It contains, in large quantities, all the essential elements for plant growth.

## PRODUCTS.

It is not alone the great variety of products raised in Sinaloa that astonishes the newcomer, but the extra fine quality of many of them that attract the grower and investor.

Sugar cane here finds ideal conditions of soil and climate, approaching perfection. When you understand that in Louisiana the per cent of saccharine or sweet in the sugar cane averages about 7 per cent; in Cuba 9 to 10 per cent; in Hawaii, the Paradise of sugar planters, 10¼ to 12½ per cent, rarely higher, then you will realize what it means when we tell you that in Sinaloa sugar cane has tested as high as 17½ per cent.

Alfalfa finds its natural home here, flourishing and producing 6 to 8 crops per year of from 1¼ to 1½ tons per acre, and finding ready market at \$15.00 gold per ton.

Garbanzas, a yellow chick pea, highly prized as a food in Mexico and Spain, are produced here at a profit of \$75.00 per acre, the market being always good, and a strong demand.

Corn yields well and always brings good prices. It is the staple food of Mexico, as wheat is in the United States, being eaten in the form of tortillas, as daily food by fourteen million people. This year, 1907, corn has averaged in Sinaloa, over \$1.00 gold per bushel and has been as high as \$1.25 per bushel. **As two crops are raised per year (January and June planting) it can be seen that corn pays.**

## BEANS.

Beans (frijoles) are also a staple in Mexico, and always command good prices. They are as frequently planted with corn as above and are a good side crop. They invariably produce well and bring good prices.

## GRAINS.

There are good grain sections in Sinaloa, but the natives do not understand its cultivation very well and it is not raised on the scale it should be. Wheat, barley, rye, and other grains are grown in small quantities, but can be raised at a large profit by those understanding how and properly equipped to handle them.

## FRUITS.

Sinaloa can raise everything in the way of fruits. Its lemons and limes are fine. Its oranges, though native seedlings, are early, sweet and delicious. Its strawberries beat those of California. Its bananas are exceptionally well flavored. Its tropical fruits such as papaya, zapotes, etc., are perfect of their kind. Its grapes the best. With all this, there has been no effort in the past to grow fruit on any commercial scale, due probably to the lack of transportation facilities. The new railroads will give an impetus to the fruit industry, and one who plants fruit there now will reap a rich reward at maturity.

## LIVE STOCK—POULTRY, ETC.

Cattle are here, as elsewhere, big money makers, but this is not a grazing country in the sense in which we here in the United States know it. On the coastal plain, grass is scant and scarce, whereas browsing on bush and twig is plentiful. It is not uncommon to see large herds of cattle in good condition on tracts of land where practically no grass will be seen. They keep in good condition from browsing alone. As the country improves and pastures are made, cattle will be better fed and pro-

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duce more, but with the possible exception of some parts of the foothills, Sinaloa will never be a cattle country as we know it in the United States. In some foothill districts there is excellent grass and pasture, but not enough to be called general throughout the State.

Hogs do well and get enormously fat. Both lard and pork are very high. Ham and bacon sell at fancy prices. Goats and sheep are first-class money makers in Sinaloa. Poultry thrives here as nowhere else. Chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese, all do very well and produce good results. Plenty of food for them.

## HORSES AND MULES.

Here is the best spot on earth for any man that knows his business to raise horses and mules. He will have one of the best markets on this continent for the next 25 years to sell good heavy work horses and mules. They are, and will be for years, in great demand at fancy prices. Any one bringing in a good jack and brood mares cannot fail to do well. Care should be taken however to bring them in during the Fall or Winter in order to acclimate them before the next Summer. Heavy farm work stock is in great demand throughout the whole State, and will sell for big prices.

## MARKETS AND PRICES.

A good market exists for every product now raised in Sinaloa. All crops and produce sell always at good prices and often for high prices. The opening up of the State by railway communication from several directions means the throwing open of all of northern and interior Mexico as a market for Sinaloa products, in addition to opening the markets of the United States for its fruits, fine winter vegetables, etc. **The question of over-production need not be considered**, at least within this generation. Northern and interior Mexico is comparatively dry and non-productive of agricultural products, being largely devoted to cattle-raising and mining, and these States will pay well for the products of Sinaloa's well watered plains and valleys. Prices for food products have always been high in Mexico, and will be so for many years to come. In addition, **Sinaloa has its own large mineral belt to supply with food** as well as a long line of Coast, north and south, along the Pacific Ocean, which draws, and will continue to draw its supplies, from this fertile, productive State of Sinaloa. **Corn at \$1.25 per bushel**, beans at 7c per lb., alfalfa at \$15 per ton (all U. S. currency) are prices and a fair sample of prevailing market prices.

## LABOR AND WAGES.

For the present, labor is reasonably plentiful, although the building of the Southern Pacific Railroad through the State has drawn about 10,000 of the best laborers to railroad work. However, the completion of the railroad within the next two years will at once relieve the labor situation by replacing these men throughout the State as agricultural laborers where needed. The laborer is the peon or Indian workman of Mexico. Average wages paid are from 62½ cents to 75 cents per day, Mexican currency, (31¼ cents to 37½ cents, U. S. money). On these wages the laborer boards himself and works from early morning until late at night. While not up to the standard of farm hands in the United States, Mexican laborers accomplish considerable in the long hours and steady pace they maintain. They are excellent woodmen and excel with an axe or machete. They are exceptionally good at cleaning land, rough planting and agricultural labor, and are also fine cowboys or "vaqueros."

## HARDWOODS, TIMBERS, ETC.

Many hardwoods and precious woods, including mahogany, ebony, cedar, lignum vitae, amapa, mauto, etc., abound throughout the State. Almost anywhere, timbers for fencing, corrals, house posts, etc., can be had in abundance. Pine and oak are found only in the mountains. The foothills are all well wooded.

## RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION.

In Sinaloa today is presented to view the most remarkable railroad situation on the North American continent. The great Southern Pacific Railroad system is building its extension from Guaymas, Sonora, South through the State of Sinaloa as fast as men, money and materials

can build it. There are, at this writing, employed in the building of this one line alone, 6,400 workmen and 2,600 mules and scrapers, 2½ miles of railway being finished ready for use each day. The bridge that crosses the river Fuerte has been completed and the line will be pushed rapidly South through the State as fast as possible. This line is heading for Mazatlan which it is expected to reach before the end of 1908 and will then push on toward the city of Guadalajara, from which point, construction has commenced North to meet this railroad. The estimated expense of construction of this one line is \$40,000,000 in gold, it being aided by a subsidy from the Mexican Government.

## NATURAL RESOURCES.

Sinaloa is a bountiful storehouse of natural riches simply awaiting the hand of man to develop and display them. Its rich, level and irrigable lands of the Coastal plain; its beautiful valleys in the foothills; its pine and oak clad mountains, all call for utilization. Limitless quantities of water in the streams, prodigal wealth of gold, silver, copper and iron in the bosom of its hills and mountains are waiting for the farmer, fruit raiser, irrigator and miner to bring forth their wonderful potentialities of wealth. A second California, plus plenty of water and big rivers throughout the State. What better can you, Pioneer or Young Man, ask? Especially with a railroad situation confronting you, which is not paralleled on the North American continent.

## SAFETY OF LIFE AND PROPERTY.

Mexico is today one of the best governed and most peaceful countries in the world. Law and order reign supreme and justice is meted out with impartial hand. Today over eight hundred million dollars of United States capital are invested in Mexico, and tens of thousands of American citizens are making not only good livings, but fortunes in Mexico. It offers better opportunities now to enterprising Americans than any part of the United States.

## OPPORTUNITIES.

What can I do in Sinaloa? you ask. All that can be done in any new country. Help develop it. Go into stock raising, bring down some good breeding stock and raise mules and horses. There will be fortunes in it for twenty years to come. Go into cattle raising; nothing better. Every head of cattle doubles your money every two years. Plant fruit—grapes, oranges, lemons, olives, all big money makers in Mexico. Plant fibre, the millionaire maker of Mexico, that grows to perfection only in Yucatan and Sinaloa. Open stores, go into manufacturing, buying and selling of products, canning fruit and vegetables, ice-making, packing, all avenues are open to you, prices high and markets good. Grow alfalfa, fatten hogs, lard is high, scarce and much in demand. **There is room for all and a market for all you can produce.**

## TITLES TO LANDS.

There are probably more first-class perfected titles to land in Sinaloa than in any other State in the Mexican Republic. A series of surveying concessions have been operating in Sinaloa over a considerable term of years and thus titles have been brought into the courts and before the tribunals of Mexico until all points have been contested and consequently have been definitely settled. Excellent records can be referred to and usually good titles obtained. Competent attorneys are to be found whose advice is safe and reliable. "Clipped from a Los Angeles Publication."

Mr. Isaiah Wheeler of Cerrogrado, Illinois, with his camera starts in a few days for a trip down through the State of Sinaloa, Mexico, with me. We will travel over the new line of the Southern Pacific Railroad to secure pictures for a Booklet similar to the one recently published, "A Record Without Parallel," on Northern California. Send for a copy, it will be MAILED FREE and will give you an idea how the new SINALOA BOOKLET will look. If you want this Sinaloa booklet FREE send your request in at once.

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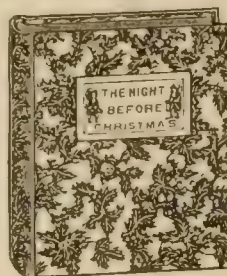
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# THE INGLENOOK

## The Perpetuity of the Union

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first, and Union afterward, but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!—Daniel Webster.

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

June 30, 1908.

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Vol. X. No. 26.



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Leaves:

Chicago, Tuesday, July 14th, 10:45 p. m.

Omaha, Wednesday, July 15th, 4:00 p. m.

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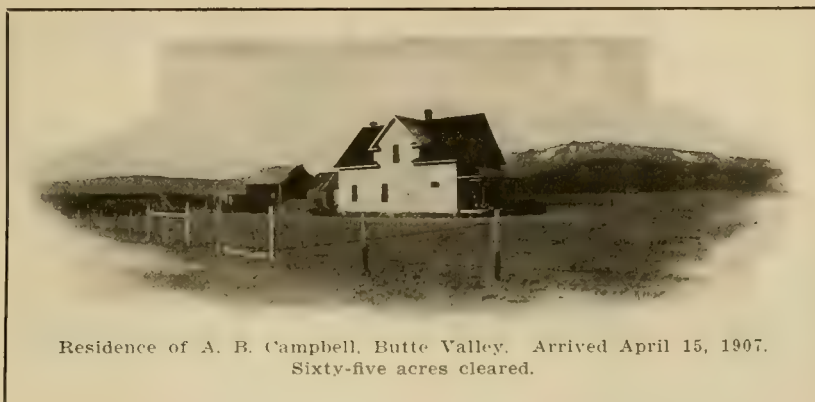
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**Omaha, Neb.**

# I. B. LUTHER

"The Sage Brush King"



Residence of A. B. Campbell, Butte Valley. Arrived April 15, 1907.  
Sixty-five acres cleared.

Macdoel, Cal., June 4, 1908.

Mr. Geo. L. McDonaugh,  
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.  
Omaha, Nebr.

Dear Sir:—

Below is a list showing the amount of work I have done for the different people in the Valley this Spring:

| Name                 | Sage Brush Broken<br>Raked and Burned<br>Acres | Plowed and<br>Harrowed<br>Acres | Sowed to<br>Grain<br>Acres | Judge Fields .....   | 40   | 40   | 40  |
|----------------------|------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------|------|------|-----|
| M. D. Early .....    | 80                                             | 80                              | 60                         | Estella Palmer ..... | 40   | 40   | 40  |
| Charles Messick .... | 40                                             | 40                              | 40                         | S. M. Keller .....   | 40   | 40   | 40  |
| J. J. Brower .....   | 80                                             | 80                              |                            | Ernest Sheller ..... | 80   | 20   | 20  |
| Frank Lapp .....     | 40                                             | 40                              | 40                         | R. A. Smith .....    | 20   | 20   | 20  |
| Leo Wolfe .....      | 20                                             |                                 |                            | S. P. Bowman .....   | 20   | 20   | 20  |
| Roy E. Swigart ....  | 80                                             |                                 |                            | Ray O. Kindy .....   | 20   | 20   | 20  |
| Tom Trice .....      | 30                                             | 30                              | 30                         | E. E. McLeod .....   | 20   | 20   | 20  |
| O. S. Gilbert .....  | 30                                             |                                 |                            | I. W. Parker .....   | 40   | 40   | 40  |
| N. R. Graves .....   | 25                                             |                                 |                            | E. L. Lomax .....    | 20   | 20   | 20  |
| S. P. Teegarden .... | 15                                             |                                 |                            | J. LaBarre .....     | 20   | 20   | 20  |
| O. M. Moore .....    | 40                                             |                                 |                            | C. A. Cairns .....   | 20   | 20   | 20  |
| M. Hunter .....      | 40                                             | 40                              | 40                         | E. O. McCormick ..   | 40   | 40   | 40  |
| J. S. Blakney .....  | 40                                             | 40                              | 40                         | W. B. Kniskern ....  | 25   | 25   | 25  |
| T. F. Howe .....     | 40                                             | 40                              | 40                         | S. G. Hatch .....    | 20   | 20   | 20  |
| B. F. Agnew .....    | 40                                             | 40                              | 40                         | W. H. McDoel .....   | 170  | 170  | 170 |
|                      |                                                |                                 |                            | S. Glen Andrus ....  | 70   | 70   | 70  |
|                      |                                                |                                 |                            |                      | 1345 | 1075 | 975 |

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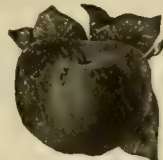
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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

June 30, 1908

No. 26.

## Mary Reed and Her Work Among the Lepers

JOHN JACKSON, F. R. G. S., Author of "Mary Reed, Missionary to the Lepers," "The Leper Land," Etc.

"Whose burden still . . .

Was 'Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless.'"

—Lowell.

IN the long course of human history there has appeared no more tragic and pathetic figure than that of the leper. Inspired both by traditional association and by natural horror, men have shrunk from him as a creature cut off from all the interests of healthy humanity. His cup is full to the brim with bitterness, and includes in it every ingredient of sorrow. Disease both loathsome and lifelong; expulsion alike from home and city; forfeiture of social and legal rights; all these, together with the consciousness that he is an outcast and that life holds for him no hope, combine to make the lot of the leper the very embodiment of misery and despair. Indeed, the very word has become the synonym for all that is foul and repulsive.

In all ages and in all lands it has been the same. How complete a picture, though in a few words, the Pentateuch gives us of the leper. With garments rent, with bared head and covered lip, and with his warning cry of "Unclean! unclean!" the defiled man dwelt alone—"without the camp." In New Testament times, the ten men who sought help from the Divine Healer were found outside the village, and uttered their cry from afar off.

The testimony of secular literature confirms that of the Sacred Record concerning these most pitiable of all the sons of affliction. History tells of several royal lepers, including Henry IV of England, Robert Bruce of Scotland, and Louis XIV of France. It is not surprising that a fate so charged with every element of tragedy has been the theme alike of poem and of romance. Chaucer writes of one whose "ugly leper's face" had been before as "white as lely floure." Tennyson makes touching reference to the ritual of the medieval church when he causes the leper's bride to say,

"'Libera me, Domine!' you sang the psalm; and when  
The priest pronounced you dead, and flung the  
mould upon your feet,

A beauty came upon your face not that of living men,  
But seen upon the silent brow when life has ceased  
to beat."

Lowell's Sir Launfal and the holy Francis of Assisi agree, first, in turning from the leper in loathing, and then in beholding in the diseased outcast "an image of Him who died on the tree." Who that has read "Ben Hur" can forget the ghastly discovery of the imprisoned lepers? The graphic pen of R. L. Stevenson has not only enabled us to see the English leper of the Middle Ages stealing through the forest in the grey dawn, with his hooded gown and his wooden clappers, but has moved our pity for the lepers of Molokai as well as our admiration for Damien's self-sacrifice on their behalf. Finally, the Indian leper of today has not escaped the keen vision of Kipling, and even his powerful pen has depicted no more terrible object than the ghastly creature who leaps out upon the drunken Englishman as he desecrates the Hindu shrine.

The total number of these disease-stricken outcasts existing in the world today, no man knows. They are to be found in almost all countries save those of western Europe. In the United States their number is estimated by thousands, and they are numerous in the Philippines. All eastern countries are afflicted by this foul disease, but India is probably the most leprous land in the world. Of its sufferers we have more exact and reliable information than of any of the eastern countries. The last census of India returned ninety-five thousand lepers, and the very census officials themselves admitted that this was far below the actual total. Indeed, it is a responsible estimate to place the lepers of India at two hundred and fifty thousand.

Stricken with a loathsome and incurable malady



which disfigures its victims ere it destroys them; regarded as accursed by their own deities; considered to be unclean outcasts by their own kindred; these afflicted people represent the lowest depth of human

of twenty-two societies of whom thirteen are American. It will thus be seen that the work is both international and interdenominational, and therefore should command the sympathy of benevolent people of all countries and all churches.



Miss Mary Reed's Home at Chandag.

misery. In many thousands of cases their condition literally coincides with the quotation from Lowell at the head of this article.

What, it may well be asked, can a Christian mission do for people in such a case as this? So far from the answer to the question being a hopeless one, I am glad to reply that it can do for them *everything save heal their disease*, and even in this respect immense alleviation is afforded them through the agency of the Mission to Lepers in India and the East. This society, which exists solely for the bodily relief and spiritual instruction of lepers, together with the rescue and education of their untainted children, was founded in 1874 through the instrumentality of Mr. Wellesley C. Bailey, who was at that time a missionary of the Church of Scotland in India, and is today the honored superintendent of the society of which he was the originator. From the commencement of its work the Mission to Lepers has labored on sensible, practical and economical lines. Its policy has all along been to enlist the services of missionaries of all societies and denominations in the cause of the leper. Hence it is that today the Christ-like work of the Mission is being prosecuted in eighty stations, covering India (with Burmah and Ceylon), China, Japan, Sumatra, Korea, Siam and the Philippines. In the supervision of its work the Mission enjoys the invaluable coöperation of the missionaries

to be healthy men and women. There is, indeed, very strong proof that this is the case. For example, at the Society's largest asylum, at Purulia in Bengal, where fully seven hundred lepers and children are being provided for, there are at least six young married



Leper Women and the Huts They Occupied at Chandkuri, before the Asylum was built.

couples on the staff of the institution, who are themselves rescued children of lepers. These are all healthy men and women, and have in many instances, healthy children of their own.

Among the many American missionaries who have done and are doing, noble work amongst these outcast

people, the name of Mary Reed stands out prominently, not only on account of her devoted labors, but owing to the fact that she is unique among American workers in having herself suffered from the same disease as those among whom she is now ministering. The story of her devotion is one of the most striking

voice, faltering only at her mother's name and coming sorrow, told the secret of her affliction.

"As my throbbing heart caught its first glimpse of her meaning, I covered my face to shut out the swiftly rising vision of her future, even to the bitter end, and almost in agony I cried out, 'O not that!—do not tell me *that* has come to you!' And when, in calmer moments, I said that every Christian ought to unite in prayer for her recovery, her only response was, 'I have not yet received any assurance of healing; perhaps I can serve my Father better thus'."

With the vision of the homeless lepers of Chandag as her guide, and the inward Voice as her constant inspiration, Miss Reed made her way to the far-distant outposts on the confines of Thibet and Nepaul, where she was appointed to the superintendence of what was at that time a small out-station of the Mission to Lepers in India and the East. A few poor houses, sheltering a much-neglected community of twenty-five or thirty of these homeless sufferers, was the scene of Miss

Reed's first labors among the lepers. This, however, has now given place to a well-built institution, with comfortable houses for men and women, separated



Miss Mary Reed's New Chapel, Chandag, India. (Presented by the Students of the Grove City College, U. S. A.)

instances of heroism that even the foreign mission field can produce. A leading London journal described her as a "female Father Damien," and declared that her life story was as thrilling as his. Miss Reed went to India originally as a missionary of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church. After five years of labor in the zenanas of Cawnpore and Gonda, her health was so broken that she returned to America for rest and medical treatment. From New York, Miss Reed proceeded to London, England, where the two most eminent specialists were consulted, both of them confirming the decision of the American physicians. A friend from the States meeting her in London at this time, and being ignorant of her malady writes: "I wondered instinctively at the ivory pallor of that sweet face, and at the cruel spot that disfigured it, so different from anything I had ever seen. I wondered, too, as the days went by, why the forefinger, always covered with a white cot, refused to yield to healing remedies." It was to this same friend that a little later Miss Reed confided her dread secret. The one who was then made her confidant describes the incident thus: "On memory's walls there will hang while time lasts for me the picture of that scene. A wax taper burned dimly on the table beside her open Bible, that Book of all books from whose pages she received daily consolation; and while, without, Paris was turning night to day with music and light and wine, within, Mary Reed's gentle



Five Lepers Women, Chandag.



by a sufficient distance, together with a neat little church which forms a conspicuous feature of the landscape.

It was my privilege to visit Miss Reed in her lonely but lovely location, and to spend some time with her and her flock, an experience charged with pathetic interest, and which will be a life-long memory. I have said that Chandag is situated on the borders of Thibet and Nepaul, and is thus on the very verge of British India. The journey of nine marches from the head of the railway was a traveling experience of unrivaled interest. The first day's journey into the Himalayas involved an ascent of the Gagar Pass, upwards of eight thousand feet above sea level. It was my fortune, or misfortune, to encounter, as we drew near to the summit, a blinding snowstorm. When a tremendous wind sent the snow swirling into the valley far below us, the effect was very impressive. Our road was a mere bridle path, without fence or protection. Often we looked down into depths which were impenetrable, and up to heights which were invisible. We seemed to be walking on the edge of the world—below us the bottomless abyss, above us, the unscalable heights. As I advanced into the mountains, however, finer weather, and more enjoyable travel awaited me. For the greater part of one day my road lay along the ridge of one of the lower ranges.

Probably nowhere in the world is there such a group of snow-clad peaks as in this immediate district of the Himalayas. It is computed that here within an area of twenty-five miles as many as seventy separate peaks, ranging from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand feet in height, are visible. While a spectacle so sublime as this rewards a climb to the heights, the beauty of the valleys was not less remarkable. The upper slopes of the mountains were covered with magnificent forest trees, while their lower sections produce palms, ferns and flowering plants of infinite variety. Along the valleys the rivers rushed through picturesque gorges, and altogether the scenery was of the most impressive character. At length, however, I found myself ascending the last valley before reaching Chandag.

About a mile below the Asylum I was pleasantly surprised at being met by Miss Reed, to visit whom I had traveled so far. She had come down the hill in her dandy in order to bid me "welcome to Chandag Heights." I felt it to be a great privilege to meet, for the first time, one in whose life and work I had so special an interest, and to whom, and of whom, I had written so much. To see her, face to face, and to hold daily intercourse with one who is following in her Master's footsteps in no usual degree, was a privilege I had long desired, and now it was to be mine. So, if the guest was warmly welcomed, he, on his part, was still more glad to meet his hostess. We were soon chatting in the cosy sitting-room of Miss Reed's two-

roomed bungalow, in which I immediately recognized the portraits of several well-known friends of the lepers. Framed texts, pictures, books and other evidences of a refined mind, filled the room, in which one of the most prominent objects was an organ, which affords Miss Reed the solace of music in her lonely life.

With regard to the condition of Miss Reed's health at the time of my visit, I may say that she was then conscious of the presence of the malady in many ways. She was suffering from the fatigue and overstrain of an exceptionally heavy year's work, during which she had acted as manager of works, accountant and paymaster for the building of the new church, as well as of the comfortable new bungalow of which I was the first occupant. When therefore, she told me she had never had clearer tokens of the presence of the disease, and added: "Can you not see it in my face?" I had to admit that her appearance had given me much concern. There were tingling pains in the fingers, together with other external signs, as well as internal ones, which corresponded with the outward symptoms. But, happily, these more alarming indications are not chronic. It is a common feature of the disease that it has alternate periods of activity and quiescence, regulated no doubt, in great measure, by the general condition of the system. The patient is frequently really ill for a few days, and then recovers a fair degree of health. Some of those who erroneously assume that leprosy, in all cases, speedily disfigures or mutilates its victims, have expressed surprise at the non-development (or slow development) of the disease in Miss Reed's case. But this arrestment is by no means a rare occurrence. I myself saw many cases in which the development of the disease had been arrested for years, even after mutilation had begun.

I am delighted to be able to add that at the present time (1908) Miss Reed is, on the whole, in marvelously good health. For the time being, at least, the disease is quiescent, and she is able to prosecute her beneficent work with efficiency and energy. Not only is the bracing climate of Chandag Heights unfavorable to the development of the disease, but Miss Reed's life is an active one, and in the main conducive to health. There can be no doubt that an attitude of morbid melancholy, however excusable it might be, would foster the malady and promote its rapid development, as it does in many cases.

But the tone and spirit of Miss Reed's life are the very reverse of melancholy. The fact that she has all along refused to take a gloomy view of her affliction has undoubtedly had an important influence on her health. Her intervals of depression are few and brief. The general tenor of her life for years past is expressed in a sentence from one of her letters: "I find so much help and blessing in song, and from day to day I prove that faith, hope, love, work and song cause sorrow to depart."

It was a great privilege to be permitted to coöperate with Miss Reed to some slight extent in her Christlike work. In many services with her lepers, in which I was allowed to take part, she proved herself a most sympathetic interpreter. I recall especially one or two which will serve as examples of the others. One Wednesday morning found us down at Panahgah the male settlement for what proved to be a very memorable service with the men. They sat on the open ground in the sun, just above the houses, and formed a very pathetic group. The more decided Christians sat in front. Anwa, who leads the singing, has a sadly disfigured face, though his hands and feet are as yet unaffected. Next to him sat a young man with really handsome features, but when he tried to find the text in his Bible, I was shocked to see that his hands were only stumps. This was Nankiya, a consistent Christian. Close to him sat poor little Rupwa, whose young face is so marred that it might be that of an old man. He seemed to listen with great interest, as indeed almost all did. Others of this sad and stricken congregation had noses that had fallen in almost to the level of their cheeks, and the eyes of some were sorely affected also.

Seldom have I felt a more real sense of the Divine presence than that which stole over us as we were led on to plead with these sad hearts to open and let the Savior in. Our text was Rev. 3: 20, and both speaker and interpreter were so helped by the Holy Spirit that, as the address proceeded, several could be observed quietly brushing away their tears. A definite appeal to the non-Christians to rise and say "I will open and let him in," was responded to with apparent sincerity by five—two or three of whom I had noticed to be listening intently.

On the Tuesday following we had two most interesting services in the new church. The first was for the workmen who had built it, and who listened very attentively to an address on "By their fruits ye shall know them," in which I endeavored to point out the contrasted motives and results of Hinduism and Christianity. They were urged to consider what the servants of Christ were doing even in their own remote corner of the world, at Chandag and Pithoragarh. Their sick were being healed and helped, their children taught, and even their lepers sheltered and cared for, without fee or reward by those who had left their own homes and kindred in distant lands. When I asked them *why* this should be, and paused for a reply, an old man in the front row said, "For merit." This answer afforded an opportunity for still further emphasizing the fact that the *love of Christ* is the constraining motive for missionary service, and that, not only were these temporal boons bestowed on them without money, and without price, but that eternal life itself is God's free gift through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Then followed our farewell service with the lepers,

men and women together. Almost all the women were present, and a good many of the men had come up from Panahgah. There was a solemn sense of God's presence, and many of us felt the power of the truth, as we dwelt upon some of the "precious" things in the Epistles of Peter, and especially on the most precious of all, viz., "Unto you which believe—*he is precious.*" I noticed among the women one little girl I had not seen before, and found she had only come in that morning, a child of ten with the disease already very pronounced. Her face was affected as well as her feet, slightly, while her voice was nearly gone! She is an orphan, both parents having died lepers—the mother at home and the father at a great shrine at Hardwar, to which he had made a pilgrimage in the hope of healing.

Although the noble work carried on by Miss Reed has features peculiarly its own, yet it should be repeated that in many other places in India, China and Japan, missionaries representing American societies are carrying on self-sacrificing work for the benefit of these suffering people. The body which directs and unites their efforts is the Mission to Lepers in India and the East, and it is interesting to note that that Society is now expending \$34,000 on work in connection with the Stations of American Societies. Moreover, the Mission is developing new work in several centers, thanks to the coöperation of missionaries from the United States. In the Philippines a worker supported by the Mission has recently been appointed to minister to the lepers in the Hospital of San Lazar at Manila. The need for someone to carry hope and comfort into this abode of suffering and disease, will be evident from the following incidents. A beautiful young Filipino woman, accomplished and refined, and of excellent family, married most happily for nearly a year to a young American business man, who loved her dearly, was taken by the Inspectors from a boat in the bay as a leper to the hospital. Her husband was just about to take her to China or Japan. Their entreaties were of no avail. She was about to become a mother, and a few days later a broken-hearted mother with a new-born infant were laid to their long rest.

A young leper mother with twins nearly a year old, begged and implored on the first visiting day after she had been received, when the aged grandmother brought them out to see their mother again, that she might be allowed just to lift them for one moment; she would not kiss them, and she would not hold them long, just to see if they had grown!

Then in Korea, a land that is opening rapidly to missionary effort, the pitiable condition of the lepers has awakened the compassion of the missionaries, and an asylum is just being established at Fusan. The need for it is made clear by the following quotation from a letter of appeal. The missionary writes: "In cold



weather they crawl into the fireplaces after they have sufficiently cooled, and the accumulation of soot does not add to their health, their comfort or their appearance. They are badly clothed, if clothed you can call it. They are truly outcasts, despised and shunned of all men."

For the lepers of Siam also a day of hope is dawning and the Mission is taking up their sad case. In response to the appeal of Dr. J. W. McKean, a first grant is being sent towards a temporary shelter for a few of the outcasts of Chiangmai, Siam. The attitude of the governing classes of Siam towards the lepers is expressed in the words of an official of high rank. When approached on behalf of the lepers of his own

country he replied, "Oh, they are all dead people. They are nothing to me."

Working, as it does, so extensively in connection with American missionaries, it is only fitting that the Mission to Lepers should be represented in the United States. An influential Committee has recently been formed in New York, with Mr. W. Jay Schieffelin as Chairman, and Mr. Fleming H. Revell, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, as Treasurer. The Organizing Secretary for North America is Miss Lila Watt, B. A., Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Canada. Contributions in aid of this beneficent and much-needed work may be sent to either of the latter, or, if preferred, to the writer of this article, at 33 Henrietta Street, London, W. C., England.

## BEAUTY

Richard Braunstein

Beauty is the reflex of the inner life,  
What beauty hath the rich and gaudy flower?  
Or what delight the vernal landscape robe  
Of green, bedecked with variegated bloom;  
Or the pure, azure canopy of heaven;  
Or twinkling stars that nightly smile upon  
Us from their spacious dwelling place on high;  
Or purling streams meandering through rich meads,  
Or tuneful warblers; or the shady groves,  
To those whose inner life feels not the thrill  
Of harmony, in tint and tone, displayed  
In the vast realm of Beauty's fadeless spring?

The sky is curtained o'er with somberness,  
And all the brilliant tints and gorgeous hues,  
Shed by the glorious sunbeams' radiant light,  
Are blank and beautiful unto the mind  
That has no brilliant sunshine of the heart.

What multitudes but seek a hollow joy!  
Chase phantoms that elude the eager grasp,  
And while they lure, spread disappointment's thorns  
Along the pathway of their votaries,  
To pierce the weary feet, or grasping hands,  
And sting with bitterness the heart's bright hopes,  
Because they seek through Alchemy for gold,  
Instead of veins, where, hidden, lies the rich  
Productive ore, that pays the miner's toil.

Ah! if we would the beautiful secure,  
Awake the powers of mind, of soul, attuned  
To all the grand sublimities of life,  
So every heart pulse beats with Wisdom's laws,  
Perfecting in us beatific grace,  
Holiness, and eternal love divine,  
When the deep fountains of the soul well up  
With gushing streams of liquid beauty,  
And all is brilliancy within the heart,  
The bloom and fruitage of our inner lives,  
Then will the whole creation, smiling, shed  
The radiance of its beauteous spirit on

Our pure, appreciative minds, in halos  
Of inspiring power, and symphonies  
Refulgent with the glories of the blest.  
Then will each bud, each leaf and opening flower,  
Gain kindly welcome to our living hearts,  
Unfolding for us volumes of God's truth  
Securely treasured there for us to scan.

I love the beauteous works of the Divine,  
Omniscient architect of worlds unnumbered.  
Swarming with their myriad hosts of living  
Forms, fields of varied hues, instinct with  
Life and beauty: all of workmanship divine.

I love the Lord of life; Eternal Guide,  
And author of the soul immortal, formed  
To shine with heavenly light, and feast on  
Glories of bright spheres intrinsically pure.

There is a realm of harmony sublime,  
Where beauties blend with beauties, full of grace  
And loveliness, pervading every heart  
With cheerful pleasantness and blissful peace.  
Those who the inner life make beautiful  
By education and supernal grace,  
Will see the beautiful in all God's works,  
And feel that happy angels on their snow-  
White pinions, bear them blessings from the spheres  
Of beauteous bliss, and unalloyed happiness.

Then give the mind to understanding's rule;  
The soul to inspiration, that is found  
Alone in wisdom's school,—all beautiful.  
All-wise creator of the realms of light,  
Whose every thought is full of blooming grace,  
Whose breath is fragrant with supreme delight,  
And works unnumbered, full of harmony,  
The effulgence of eternal, sacred truth,  
Let me now offer at thy sacred shrine,  
Sweet incense of adoring gratitude;  
And worship with unfolded, graceful soul,  
The God of beauty who created all.



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XI.

On a little steamer I crossed the Irish Channel and took the whole winter to ride completely around the enchanted island, enjoying the hospitality of the kindest people on the globe. Up till New Year's I picked blackberries from the hedgerows, and at Christmas time gathered periwinkles from the roadside and saw all kinds of flowers blooming in the woodlands. In the gardens were cabbage plants, some of them just set out, and others just heading out. The grass was growing as green as in summertime, and the cows, the farmers told me, produce as good and as yellow butter through the winter months as during the summer. It seems so queer to look through the woods and see the long grass, the climbing ivy, the dense foliage and the deep green of everything, in the winter. The peasant children were nearly all barefooted, but they looked blue and cold. In the city of Dublin the barefoot newsboys ran along the street at the top of their speed—the pavement was so cold—and when they stood still awhile, they would rest, now on one foot, now on the other.

Although it rained three times a day and five times at night, the weather was pleasant. Most of the smaller shops have no doors or windows but merely an open front, and when I stopped to write letters home I sat almost always in a cold, cheerless room, damp and dirty. The few fires that are found burning send off but little heat, and ninety per cent of this goes up the chimney. The Irish winter is like May and September mixed with April.

The roads for cycling are good over Ireland, but not so good as in most European countries, especially when they are repairing them during the winter months. But the scenery and the poetry of a cycle ride in Ireland is, in those parts of the mountains and lakes frequented by tourists, away beyond the average of the best countries of Europe. If a tourist had only three countries to see outside of his native land, and he were an American, I would suggest Ireland, Switzerland and the Holy Land, or Ireland, India and Spain, or Ireland, Switzerland and China.

I was riding down a long hill near Slane in the North to Ireland. Halfway down I came up to a donkey and cart driven by a woman on her way to market. In passing them the donkey shied at my wheel, backed around and ran the two projecting fells which stick out behind almost as far as they stick out in front, right into my wheel, throwing me off in the mud. The donkey is no larger than a Shetland pony, and the cart is very small, itself, with low wheels and narrow gauge.



Several Train Loads of Cow Turnips. Farm in Northern Ireland.

I had no sooner mounted my wheel again when looking back I saw a fat gentleman, walking on the road, about to accept the invitation from the lady to ride along to town. The peasant woman pulled on the lines of the donkey so hard that the jaws of the donkey were drawn down against his big knees. The fat pedestrian, too short to reach the projecting box of the cart, as low as it was, without jumping for it, backed up to the rear end, took hold of the little sideboards, made a spring, landed in the end of the box,—where he wished to land,—but not with the same effect. The donkey at



the other end was very light. He at the back end was very heavy. They did not balance. Up went the donkey. Down went the passenger. For a few times they see-sawed, back and forth, or rather vibrated like a horizontal pendulum, the man now in the air, now the donkey up. The gouty old man was too slow to get out when he came down, the donkey was too light to stay there. The woman tried to lend her weight to the "balance of power," by crawling back toward the fat gentleman. But she crawled too far. After her came the butter, the eggs and the vegetables, all on a pile, over the old gentleman, the woman also, in one common heap, crushing the man she had asked to ride with her, until he began to fight with his arms for his breath. There at the rear lay the frustrated market-woman, invited passenger, butter and eggs. There at the front, kicking and working his ears like a funny child's toy, away up in the air, was the elevated donkey. It was a sight worth fifty cents to see, and had it happened on Broadway or State, ten thousand people passing would have had their money's worth of fun.

The woman was the first to extricate herself, and she was loose from the debris when I rode back and asked if I couldn't lend her some assistance.

The donkey was still in the air, looking as if he had been hung for stealing sheep.

The fat man had been injured. One of his legs had been twisted under the box, and he was perfectly helpless, while his clothing had become fastened to a nail on the cart, where he was held as much a real prisoner as if he had been manacled with Russia's chains.

By this time the woman had come around to the front of the donkey, where she was coaxing him to come down. It was a funny sight. Everything had combined to make it so. No college boys could have planned, with most skillful ingenuity, such a series of combinations that would have fallen out with so much humor in every incident of the affair.

Seeing she could not reach the donkey's head, the woman went to the rear and picked up two of the butter tubs. On these she stood. She could reach him, but not quite overcome the balance that went the

other way. I wanted to help, but she flatly refused me, so excited was she.

Then she filled her apron with a lot of the turnips to give her more avoirdupois, jumped for the butter-tubs, and with a mad pull and a haw, brought the donkey's feet down to the earth,—just as I was releasing the clothing of the two-hundred-pound man from the snag on the cart.

Five minutes later, the outfit,—donkey, cart, woman, turnips, butter and fat man,—was rattling over the stones into Slane, in time for the Saturday noon market.



## ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

### XVI. Francis Parkman.

FRANCIS PARKMAN was born in Boston, Mass., September 23, 1823.

He was the son of Rev. Thomas Parkman, for thirty-six years pastor of the New North Church. He was related to the old colonial minister, John Cotton through his mother, Caroline Hall Parkman. He was a descendant of Thomas Parkman, of Sidmouth, Devonshire, England, whose son Elias Parkman settled in 1633 in Dor-



The Kind of Cart that Tips Back when Donkey is too Light or Passengers are too Heavy. Western and Northern Ireland.

chester, Massachusetts.

Parkman prepared for college at Chauncy School Hall. Then he went to Harvard and graduated in 1844. While at college he showed signs of "Injins on the brain," which might have been inherited, as two of his mother's ancestors had preached to the Indians in their own language; however, it does not appear that Parkman either talked Indian or preached to them.

He spent his vacations wandering through forests, and having in mind a book to write on the Pontiac Indian war, after his graduation went to Detroit to secure everything he could on the subject. He entered the Dane Law School at Cambridge and graduated in 1846, but did not apply for admittance to practice. He had read so much that his eyesight was badly impaired, so he made a journey to the Northwest and lived a while in a village of Ogallallah Indians with a friend, Quincy Adams Shaw, sharing his tent with a chief, and then following the wandering tribe wherever

it went. The life was too strenuous for Parkman, as his health was ruined and eyesight made worse than ever. His account of the trip was written by dictation and published in 1849, under the name "The Oregon Trail." His "Conspiracy of Pontiac" was printed in 1851. "Vassall Morton," a novel, was printed in 1856. It is supposed that a part of this book is autobiographical.

He married Dr. Jacob Bigelow's daughter, Catharine, in 1850, and they lived very happily till her death in 1858. His shattered health and eyesight grew worse, yet he never lost sight of his history of the French in America. He did everything he could to keep himself alive. He turned to floriculture, and became famous for his roses and lilies. As soon as strength permitted him to do so, he again went to the Indians at Fort Snelling in 1867. Then he went to Paris several times to consult archives and doctors. In 1873 he visited Canada, and again and again went over the region between Quebec and Lake George.

He gave the title of "France and England in North America" to the historical series which appeared as follows: "The pioneers of France in the New World," 1865; "The Jesuits in North America," 1867; "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," 1869; "The Old Regime," 1874; "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV," 1877; "Montcalm and Wolfe," 1884; "A Half-Century of Conflict," 1892.

It took him full fifty years to complete his stupendous work, battling against feeble health and partial blindness all the time, but he succeeded in completing it only the year before he died. He had thought of recasting the series and making it a continuous narrative, yet if he had succeeded in doing so, it might have been better in one way, and in another it might not have been so good. Honors flowed in upon him from academical and historical societies. Harvard conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. He helped to found the Archæological Institute of America, and was one of the founders and was president for the first six years, of the St. Botolph Club of Boston. He died at Jamaica Plain, Mass., November 8, 1893.

His style is admirably clean and graphic, and his treatment of the subjects is to be commended for its impartiality. His prodigious will-power and unequalled pertinacity carried him to success where many another would have disappeared in oblivion. "He who reads Parkman gets facts, eloquence, philosophy, besides no end of adventure, and for all this he pays literally nothing."

Worthy of mention: W. H. Prescott, history; E. A. Poe, poems and tales; J. K. Paulding, prose and verse; J. G. Percival, poetry; J. H. Payne, dramas and poetry; Thomas Paine, political; Rev. Samuel Peters, "General History of Connecticut;" C. J. Peterson, stories; Wendell Phillips, anti-slavery and

temperance; Rev. J. H. Perkins, the west; C. W. Peale, general economy; O. W. B. Peabody, biography; W. B. O. Peabody, sketches and poems; Elizabeth P. Peabody, education; Josephine Pollard, poetry; Ben Perley Poore, biography; G. D. Prentice, poetry and prose; Mrs. M. J. Preston, poems; Nora Perry, poems; Albert Pike, poetry.

*Bryan, Ohio.*



## THE BIG LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

WALTER C. FRICK.

### A Plea for Greater Thoroughness in Doing.

As a basis for a few remarks we wish to take that old proverb which reads, "Great oaks from little acorns grow." In our earliest years, when we were mere babies we gathered acorns by the pocketfuls and in our playhouses made them to play the part of cups and saucers and other dishes.

Later on in our youthful life when we were sent to school and father and mother had allowed us boys to have a jackknife, we made acorn baskets, etc., and with these small trinkets as a tribute of our childish love we tried to win some small and pretty school-girl's heart. Nor did we stop here, for even now in our years of man and womanhood as we perhaps pass thru the wood we gather handfuls of them to show one another what good workmen we used to be in our younger days.

Indeed, we grew up with the oak trees, yet how seldom we think of the small beginning each must have had and of the great possibilities stored away within the shells of its fruit. For within each acorn are contained the elements of every part of the great oak tree. Indeed had we the eyes of the naturalist we should see within every acorn a miniature oak tree, roots, trunk, limbs, branches, leaves, fruit, all. But the fact that we don't see these things, even in our mind's eye, only goes to show how thorough we are in our observation and thinking and how we fail to appreciate what may be the outcome of the numberless little things we do every day of our lives. We cite you to a few examples hoping we may all benefit thereby.

A man purchases a few bananas and eats them as he strolls down the street, thoughtlessly tossing the peels down upon the sidewalk. An expressman bearing a heavy trunk upon his back slips upon one of the peels and falling breaks a leg or an arm. A man is made to suffer for a month or more, and a large family perhaps is out of support. Quite a little matter to the first man but what a serious affair for the second. Further up the street a third man pauses long enough to kick from off the walk one of the peels which the first man carelessly dropped. A small deed indeed to do, but think of what it might have meant to some one else had he failed to do so. Gather here a practical lesson.



Don't be so thoughtless as to throw your fruit peels on the sidewalk and never be in so great haste that you can't stop to remove one that has been thrown there. You may save a life by so doing. By leaving it undone, who knows but that a life may be laid to your charge. Would you hesitate to remove some object destined to wreck a fast passenger train? Then why fail to do such a small thing?

The engine of an immense lighting plant was taken apart and reconstructed. In the course of the evening a misplaced pin became loose and the plant was put out of commission for several hours and a large city was in almost total darkness. Business was paralyzed for the time being and many crimes were committed, and all due to the carelessness of some workman who was paid well to be careful and accurate.

Referring to your earlier school days you have all said that if you had it to do over again you would do some things vastly different. Doubtless we have all suffered throughout our entire educational career simply because of our failure to learn some point in our earlier years. It seemed only a small matter then, but our education is somewhat the worse for it . . . In every neighborhood there is going about a great monster seeking those whose character he may destroy. You all know him—that defamer, Gossip. In every case he was only a very small fellow at first just a little bit of information, generally, tho not always true but becoming more and more magnified at each repetition until finally it destroys the character.

Have you never seen the man who always has "I thought so and so" as an excuse for his every mistake;

the "wait-a-minute"—or "in-a-minute" child and the "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" fellow? Do they not exhibit a lack of thoroughness in all that they do?

We will not have made the greatest point possible unless we speak of our personal influence. And don't you for a moment consider it a small matter when I say that the small things here are again often the greatest. For an illustration take yourself, a professed Christian. A dozen young men perhaps of whom you are entirely unaware have made your life the pattern for their own. But let them learn of you doing one un-Christian act and just so much of your previously good influence is gone. Confidence in you, perhaps the only person in whom they could have confidence, is shattered and a number of souls have begun a downward course in life. A brakeman by failing to close a switch may send a hundred souls into eternity, but you with your influence may send as many to heaven or to hell. And so I might go on with a thousand illustrations. An encouraging word and a pat on the shoulder has put life into many a man when before there was none, and has kept many a person from a suicide's grave. Many a soul has turned back to God under the influence of a song or a warning word spoken by some earnest Christian. All these seem like small deeds to do but how often they are attended by grand results.

My brother, sister, if you had improved every opportunity of your life to do an act of kindness, how many more stars would there be in your crown?

Do as many good things as possible but my plea is that we all be more thoro in our work, for "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing right."

## The Spirit of Seventy-Six

John H. Nowlan

MUCH is said and written about the spirit of Seventy-six, yet how many ever stop to think what it means.

Many, too many, look upon it as the cause of a long and bloody war against the English people. But in fact many of the common people and even some of the members of Parliament sympathized with America.

The Revolution did not begin in Seventy-six, nor was it started in the early opposition to the royal governors. Its origin was in England when the rebellious barons on the field of Runny-mede forced the Magna Charta from the unwilling King John. Then and there was the first decisive blow struck at the doctrine of the infallibility of kings, and the right of the taxed to a voice in taxation affirmed.

The uprising that placed Cromwell at the head of the government, and later the revolution that drove King James from the throne, were but successive

steps in the progress of the same fundamental idea later crystallized in the expression, "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

This struggle had long gone on in England and the Declaration of Independence was only the announcement of the transfer of the scene of action to the new world.

I earnestly wish that the teachers of this land would cease to teach this epoch of our history as the majority have been doing. Teach it as an opposition to an oppressive government, and not as a war against the people of England; they were not to blame for the acts of an insane king.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" is no more true of individuals than of nations. The English rulers have sown a fearful crop—their centuries of misrule in Ireland, their encroachments upon

the native rulers of India, the opium traffic with China, and the conquest of the South African Republic are some of the things to be accounted for.

This is all true, but as the son of an Irish refugee I plead with you to place the blame where it belongs.

Washington and many of his associates were of English descent and were struggling for their rights as Englishmen.

Let us not hold ill will against the English people or the more unfortunate Hessians who were hired out like cattle and forced to fight against their will. Some of these very soldiers became citizens of this country and they and their children have done much for its upbuilding.

It is not for us to look at the past and ignore the present and the future. The convention of Seventy-six declared that "All men were created equal." If they are created equal what makes them unequal? Surely not God. If life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is their inalienable right, who will take this right from them? Again I say, not the Creator. Then it must be fellow man. Are you a party to the deal?

The golden rule is as true today as when first uttered. The reverse is also true. What you would *not* have done to you, you should not do.

In the management of our natural resources are we taking into consideration our children and our children's children? Are we robbing the mines, impoverishing the soil, and despoiling the forests without thought of the future? Are we allowing pitfalls and death-traps to be placed around our youth and yet offer no word of remonstrance? Are we allowing public enterprises to be so conducted that thousands are annually slaughtered when proper precautions would have saved many, and yet we do not demand that these precautions be taken?

If the answer is "yes," then we stand convicted of breaking the great rule of life.

An act is either wrong or right. If right it should not be hindered, and if wrong no amount of money can make it right. If when we had an opportunity you did not use your influence against the license of an evil, you violate the spirit of Seventy-six by using your influence to deprive some of life, many of liberty, and multitudes of happiness.

Do you look at an act from a revenue standpoint only? Do you sanction revenue-producing laws that pave the streets with the life-blood of man? Do you sit supinely down and see your fellow man oppressed and even slaughtered in the efforts to add to the ever-increasing wealth of a few, and not utter a word of protest? Is the acquisition of the dollar your chief aim in life? When the dollar is weighed against manhood in your scales does manhood "kick the beam"?

Do you maintain two standards of morality—one for men and one for women? Is this line of action a true interpretation of the spirit of '76? Do you treat

woman as a partner and not as a servant? Do you admit her, though perhaps physically inferior, to be mentally your equal and perhaps spiritually your superior? The church membership is largely female and societies for the alleviation of suffering are almost wholly feminine.

He who lays violent hands on a woman is an arrant coward, but he who strikes the woman he has promised to love, cherish, and protect, stands convicted of perjury before the court of the Most High.

The spirit of '76 is not necessarily one of force and bloodshed, but rather of right and justice. We should respect a man for what he *is* and not for what he *owns*. We should accord to all the same rights we ask for ourselves.

When we carry the golden rule into our every daily act, then, and not till then will we live in the "Spirit of Seventy-six."



#### THE FUTURE OF DISTILLERIES.

DR. T. D. CROTHERS, of Hartford, Conn., one of the prominent speakers in the recent convention of the American Medical Association, held in Chicago, gave some interesting figures and made some very wholesome suggestions for the consideration of the public.

Dr. Crothers is the editor of the *Journal of Inebriety*, and has made a lifelong study of that branch of medical science.

Dr. Crothers stated that from 15 to 18 per cent of the doctors in the United States are addicted to the excessive use of liquor or drugs, 5 per cent of the merchants, 20 per cent of the lawyers, 80 per cent of the saloon keepers, and 90 per cent of the brokers are also addicted to the excessive use of liquors or drugs.

In speaking of the nature of alcohol and its place in science, Dr. Crothers said:

"Alcohol is a magnificent narcotic and anesthetic and the most treacherous and dangerous influence we can use as a stimulant.

"It is one of the greatest benefactors of humanity in the manufacture of ether, chloroform and other anesthetics, but as a drink it is a relic of barbarism. The day is not far away when all the distilleries of the country will be needed to manufacture it for purposes of light, heating and power. Today we are drinking it and killing ourselves. It will not be long before mankind has converted it to its true use."



NEW YORK'S public library furnishes more reading in more tongues than any other library in the world. In the Oriental department alone there are 10,700 books—enough to make a library by themselves.



If the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading I would spurn them all.—*Fenelon*.



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## EASE OR LABOR FOR THE CHILDREN?

WE have known many parents who in their youth were compelled to labor almost beyond their strength, for their fathers and mothers had next to nothing and it took the efforts of all to keep the wolf from the door. Ask them to what they attribute their success, and many of them will say it was due to the labor and privations of early life; and we believe they are entirely right when they say so. Without having learned to overcome in the trials of life, they could not possibly have succeeded in life.

But get these same parents to talking about their children, and in most cases you will hear them express the hope that their boys and girls will not need to undergo the hardships and make the sacrifices which they had to. They seem not to see that they are at all inconsistent in what they have said about themselves and their children. Their success mainly due to the hardships of youth! and yet they don't want their children to endure those hardships! Don't they want them to succeed? Or do they think that in these days there is an easier road to success? We do not know, and if their attention were called to the inconsistency they might have difficulty in explaining their meaning.

Time and again we hear pity expressed for the child who is compelled to labor hard and long. In most instances the pity is wasted, for the child is developing, is learning self-reliance as he never would if he had an easy time, his parents relieving him of every burden they could. No, don't pity the boy who works with his hands, and at an early age and by his own experience learns just how much labor a dollar represents. That is one of the most important lessons in life, and there is little probability that any one will learn it too young. If you have any pity to spare, bestow it upon the boy who has an easy time and is kept supplied with money, of whose value he really knows nothing except that a given amount of it represents a dish of ice cream or some other thing which

gives him pleasure. He is not receiving the training which is necessary to make him a strong, self-reliant man. Some day he may fall just because he lacks the most necessary thing. Don't blame him too much, especially while he is young. If his parents had been wiser, wise enough to see what was for his highest good, they would not have indulged him so much, would not have weakened him by taking the hard things out of his path.

It does look hard to see the young child forced to labor, and when we do see it we involuntarily express pity for him. That is because we look only at the surface. The good soldier, the trusty man in any field, is the one who has learned to endure hardness. It is the used muscle that grows strong. So in the battle of life the do-nothings are crowded to the wall simply for the reason that others have done the fighting for them, and as a result they are not capable of putting up a good fight against hardship or temptation when it comes. And the result is not bad alone for the physical, but for mind and soul.

Necessity is the mother of more things than invention, and he who in youth was compelled to fight against great obstacles is a better man, a stronger man, than he who was shielded from the hardships of life by those who loved him well but unwisely. The coddling process cannot develop strength; it is like keeping one's arm in a sling for the purpose of letting it gain in power. Nature does not develop strength in that way. Hardship bravely met is a blessing, not a curse; and when we try to make things too easy for the young we are injuring instead of helping them.

Nearly all of the greatest men our country has produced, came up from the lowly walks of life. They knew what toil meant, and they later knew that it was the toil which fitted them for the higher positions. Besides this, God never meant that our life should be one of ease, but one of service. It was his Son who said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." "To lay the firm foundations in ourselves, or even to win success in life, we must be drudges . . . Blessed be drudgery! For thrice it blesses us: it gives us the fundamental qualities of manhood and womanhood; it gives us success in the thing we have to do; and it makes us, if we choose, artists—artists within, whatever our outward work may be. Blessed be drudgery,—the secret of all culture!"

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## INDEPENDENCE DAY.

IN a few days we will be celebrating the day that gave us our national independence. The blessings that it brought give us a theme worthy of contemplation. In the observance of the day let us see to it that we do not surrender our independence by a slavish following of customs harmful in themselves, and that bear no relation to the event to be commemorated.

## LESSONS IN ESPERANTO. No. 9.

## CONJUNCTIONS.

A CONJUNCTION is a word used to join other words, phrases or parts of sentences. They do not require the careful study necessary for the prepositions, and need only to be memorized. The following is a list of the ones most used:

|                      |                        |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| Alie,—otherwise.     | Sed,—but.              |
| Aŭ,—or.              | Kaj,—and.              |
| Aŭ,—aŭ, either—or.   | Ke,—that.              |
| Ĉar,—because.        | Nek—nek,—neither—nor.  |
| Dum,—while.          | Se,—if.                |
| Ĉu,—whether.         | Sekve,—consequently.   |
| Eĉ se,—even if.      | Ol,—than.              |
| Ĝis,—until, up to.   | Por ke,—in order that. |
| Ja,—indeed, in fact. | Tamen, however.        |
| Tia—kia,—such as.    | Tia ke,—Such that.     |

## INTERJECTIONS.

Interjections are exclamatory words, usually more or less emphatic in meaning. The following is a list of words, some of which are always interjections, others frequently used as such:

|                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Adiaŭ!—Farewell!  | Ho ve!—Alas!       |
| Bis!—Encore!      | Hontu!—Shame!      |
| Bone!—Well!       | Hura!—Hurrah!      |
| Bonvenu!—Welcome! | Ja!—Indeed!        |
| Brave!—Bravo!     | Jen!—Behold! Look! |
| Certe!—Certainly! | Ne!—No!            |
| For!—Away!        | Nu!—Well!          |
| Ha!—Ah Ha!        | Ve!—Woe!           |
| He!—Hey! Hello!   | Vere!—Really!      |

“An,” suffix, a member of, an inhabitant, a partisan.  
Vilaĝo, a village. Vilaĝano, a villager.

“Il,” suffix, denotes a tool, an instrument.

|                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Kombi,—to comb. | Kombilo,—a comb. |
| Haki,—to chop.  | Hakilo,—an axe.  |
| Razi,—to shave. | Razilo,—————?    |
| Kudri,—to sew.  | Kudrilo,—————?   |
| Pafi,—to shoot. | Pafilo,—————?    |
| Tranĉi,—to cut. | Tranĉilo,—————?  |
| Tondi,—to clip. | Tondilo,—————?   |

“Ing,” suffix, denotes that which holds or partially contains:

Plumo,—pen.  
Plumingo,—penholder.

“Uj,” suffix, denotes that which entirely contains, bears or produces, a receptacle.

|                 |                          |
|-----------------|--------------------------|
| Mono,—money.    | Monujo,—a purse.         |
| Kremo,—cream.   | Kremujo,—a cream pitcher |
| Piro,—a pear.   | Pirujo,—a pear tree.     |
| Pomo,—an apple. | Pomujo,—————?            |
| Turko,—a turk.  | Turkujo,—Turkey.         |

“Ej,” suffix, denotes a place used for a special purpose:

Dormi,—to sleep.

Kuiri,—to cook.

Dormejo,—a dormitory.

Kuirejo,—————?

Lernejo,—————?

“Ec,” suffix, denotes abstract qualities.

Amiko,—a friend.

Bona,—good.

Simpla,—simple.

Virino,—woman.

Lerni,—to learn.

Preĝi,—to pray.

Preĝejo,—a church.

Amikeco,—friendship.

Boneco,—goodness.

Simpleco,—————?

Virineco,—————?

## VOCABULARY.

Komenci,—to begin.

Dio,—God.

Krei,—to create.

Tero,—earth.

Ĉielo,—heaven, sky.

Sen,—without.

Dezerta,—waste.

Lumo,—light.

Profundo,—depth.

Animo,—soul.

Porti,—to carry.

Kuzo,—cousin.

Segi,—to saw.

Fosi,—to dig.

Sonori,—to ring.

Fajfi,—to whistle.

## EXERCISE 20.

Je la komenc-o Dio kreis la teron kaj la ĉielon. Kaj la tero estis senforma kaj dezerta, kaj mal lumo estis super la profund aĵ'o, kaj animo de Dio sin portis super la akvo. Kaj Dio diris: estu lumo; kaj far iĝ is lumo. Kaj Dio vidis la lumon ke ĝi estas bona, kaj nomis Dio la lumon tago, kaj la mallumon Li nomis nokto. Kaj estis vespero, kaj estis mateno—unu tago. La domo, en kiu oni lernas, estas lernejo, kaj la domo. en kiu oni preĝas, estas preĝejo. Ĝi edziniĝis kun sia kuzo, kvankam ŝiaj gepatroj volis ŝin edziniĝi kun alia persono. Per hakilo ni hakas, per segilo ni segas, per fosilo ni fosas, per kudrilo ni kudras, per tondilo ni tondas, per sonorilo ni sonoras, per fajfilo ni fajfas.

## EXERCISE 21.

I am loved. He has been seen. He has been drowned. They are to be named. You have been photographed. They had been blessed. He was (about) to be baptized. He was to be invited. The chair has been bought by me. When your house was being built, my house had already been built for a long time. When I shall come, tell to me the truth. The teeth of the lion are sharp. The dentist and the singer are in the forest. The lion killed the lamb. I have four young chickens. If you were wise, you would have many friends. To judge, a judge. A dog, a puppy. To trade, a merchant. A bird, a young bird. To steal, a thief. To sing, a singer. An ox, a calf, a cow. To burn or to be in flames, to light. To drown, to get drowned. Husband, wife. To wash, a laundry man, a laundress. To get married, to marry a couple.

ALLAN EISENBISE.

16 S. State St., Elgin Ill.





### GIVE US MEN,

Give us men! A time like this demands  
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and willing hands.  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;  
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,  
Their large professions and their little deeds,  
Wrangle in selfish strife—lo! Freedom weeps.  
Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



### CHARACTER BUILDING.

MAGGIE ELLIS WADE.

Much has been written on child training, but there cannot be too much on this subject. The more it is before the people, the sooner better results will be obtained. As we study the best manner of training our children, we should practice self-training. That would solve the problem. Too many parents expect their children to overcome or abstain from faults or habits which they have and practice daily. Precepts are good, but examples are far better. The behavior of children away from home is nearly always an index to the home life. So if you would build the young lives aright, commence at the foundation and see that it is builded upon honest, God-fearing, loving supports.

Treat a child with kindness and the most vicious nature can be overcome, the harsh word or angry look brings forth rebellion, if not openly it can be seen in the countenance and the more as the child is driven to obey. Building character for future generations is the most important task that the fathers and mothers of this universe have before them today.

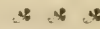
The first requisite for healthy children, both in mind and body, is a clean Christian life. Parents that are Christlike at home as well as abroad have the battle of raising children in the way they should go won before it is begun. Many children are lost thru the deception practiced by parents; pretended Christians at church and among outsiders, but railers, fault-finders and contentious in the home where everything should be peace and harmony.

Children naturally have a love for the beautiful. Talk about the beautiful flowers that come in the springtime and they are at once interested and enthusiastic about the rambles thru the woods, the birds and their nests with eggs in them. See the little faces

aglow with love as they recount something that they have seen. One little girl, over three years of age now, can tell about the wild strawberries, the hanging birds' nest and bunches of flowers gathered last summer. Let them have the dolls, toys and good books and keep them young as long as possible.

Do not send them to Sunday school and church, but go and take them. Set the examples, live them out and the children will grow up a blessing instead of causing trouble and heartache. But most of all, work, watch, pray and put your trust in God.

Littleton, W. Va.



### A SANITARY HOME.

DR. J. M. WINE.

ABOUT the best thing that can happen to anyone is to have a good family history. After being physically well born the power lies within himself (in a great majority of cases) to live to a ripe old age. Your late editor asked me to say something about sanitary measures as applied to the home. For your home, select a healthy site, and a beautiful one, if possible, for the mind must be satisfied, as well as the body kept free from disease. A slightly elevated spot with a sand or gravel subsoil is the best. This will be warm and dry and insure good drainage. A subsoil of clay is damp and holds all manner of filth, collecting cess-pools, etc., conducive to malaria, rheumatism, etc. The vault should be away a sufficient distance and located so that natural drainage be away from cellar or well.

Build your house, bearing in mind the extremes and unusual conditions of the air, for then is when you need it the most. Cellar walls should be well cemented to prevent seepage from without. The cellar should be under the entire house, and well ventilated. Coal bins dust tight if possible. A layer of roofing slate should be laid on the wall under the sills to prevent extension of moisture.

Dust is the great germ carrier, therefore avoid unnecessary corners in the house, weather strips to windows, and floors built so that carpets can be dispensed with. The main living rooms should face the south, insuring the maximum amount of sunlight. The dining room should be in the most cheerful place possible, thus aiding digestion and bringing happiness all around. The larder should be to the north, as it is

cooler; porches to north and west; however, awnings are better than porches, as they can be removed in winter, when you so much need all the sunlight you can get. Sleeping rooms should be large and corner rooms, with two windows at least to insure plenty of pure air. The toilet room should always have an outside window, and all plumbing should be open, so it can be easily gotten at.

Beauty, light, and cheerfulness should be always thought of in building your home. *Cleanliness* and *sunshine* are the two great allies to health. Where these two factors have their full sway, a large per cent of the disease to which we are subject would disappear. Think of three-fifths of our entire population dying from *preventable* diseases! No wonder cleanliness is next to godliness. Houses are built to *live in* and not to die in, and life, health and happiness should fill every room, and then will your children and grandchildren rise up and bless your memory.

Dayton, Ohio.



#### THE CRUCIAL YEARS OF LIFE.

To develop indoors, under glass, a race of men and women of the type that I believe is coming out of all this marvelous mingling of races in the United States is immeasurably absurd, says Mr. Luther Burbank, writing in the *Century* about the child. There must be sunlight, but even more is needed fresh, pure air. The injury wrought today to the race by keeping too young children indoors at school is beyond the power of anyone to estimate. The air they breathe even under the best sanitary regulations is far too impure for their lungs. Often it is positively poisonous—a slow poison which never makes itself fully manifest until the child is a wreck. Keep the child outdoors and away from books and study. Much you can teach him, much he will teach himself, all gently, without knowing it, of nature and nature's God, just as the child is taught to walk or run or play, but education in the academic sense, shun as you would the plague. And the atmosphere must be pure around it in the other sense. It must be free from every kind of indelicacy or coarseness. The most dangerous man in the community is the one who would pollute the stream of a child's life. Whoever was responsible for the saying that "boys will be boys," and a young man "must sow his wild oats," was perhaps guilty of a crime.

It is impossible to apply successfully the principles of cultivation and selection of plants to human life if the human life does not, like the plant life, have proper nourishment. First of all, the child's digestion must be made sound by sufficient, simple, well-balanced food. But, you say, anyone should know this. True, and most people do realize that upon the food the child is fed in these first ten years largely depends its moral future.

What we want in developing a new plant, making it

better in all ways than any of its kind that have preceded it, is a splendid norm, not anything abnormal. So we feed it from the soil, and it feeds from the air, and thus we make it a powerful aid to man. It is dependent upon good food. Upon good food for the child, well-balanced food, depends good digestion, upon good digestion with pure air to keep the blood pure, depends the nervous system. If you have the first ten years of a boy's or a girl's life in which to make them strong and sturdy, with normal nerves, splendid digestion and unimpaired lungs, you have a healthy animal, ready for the heavier burdens of study. Preserve beyond all else as the priceless portion of a child the integrity of the nervous system. Upon this depends their success in life. With the nervous system shattered, what is life worth? Suppose you begin the education, so-called, of your child at, say three or four years, if he be unusually bright, in the kindergarten. Keep adding slowly and systematically, with what I think the devil must enjoy as a refined means of torment, to the burden day by day. Keep on "educating" him until he enters the primary school at five, and push him to the uttermost until he is ten. You have now laid broad and deep the foundations; outraged nature may be left to take care of the rest.

The integrity of your child's nervous system, no matter what any so-called educators say, is thus impaired; he can never again be what he would have been had you taken him as the plant cultivator takes a plant, and for these first ten precious years of his life had fitted him for the future. Nothing else is doing so much to break down the nervous system of Americans, not even the insane rushing of mature years, as this overcrowding and cramming of child life before the age of ten. And the mad haste of maturer years is the legitimate result of the earlier strain.—*Selected.*



#### SKIM-MILK AS FOOD.

THE milk which is richest in cream is not the most nutritious, for the very simple reason that a rich milk is less easily digested and absorbed than a milk in which the fat percentage is low. As far as its other constituents are concerned, a milk poor in fat is as valuable a food as a milk rich in fat.

The fat percentage, the popular standard by which milk is judged, is most valuable, while the proportions of the albuminoids, sugars and salts, vary but little in the different samples of milk. In other words, while the energy-producing and heating qualities of the several kinds of milk may be great or little, the valuable proteid ingredients, which go to the building-up of the tissues—the prime property of any food—remain very much the same in all varieties of cows' milk.

Thus a "thin" milk is for all purposes, save the energy and heat production, as valuable a food as the so-called "rich" milk. Indeed, it not infrequently



happens, as the experimental breeding of young growing animals has shown, that a thin milk may prove in the long run, more flesh-forming than a rich milk, inasmuch as the former is less liable to introduce gastro-enteric disorders.

Let us consider what this means. It means, first of all, that the enormous quantity of skim-milk produced in this country could be turned to more economical use than the feeding of animals or the manufacture of "ivory" for table-knives and piano-keys. The despised skim-milk is a valuable article of food, capable of supplying many of the wants of the organism, and, from its lightness and digestibility, peculiarly suitable to those whose digestive powers are debilitated. It means, further, that buttermilk, which can be had for the asking almost everywhere in this country, is also a valuable food for men and women, although at present utilized only to feed pigs.

Surely, if he is esteemed the greatest benefactor to the race who can grow two grains of corn where only one grew before, in like manner honor should be paid to him who rescues a waste product and transforms it into a valued article of a nation's diet.—*Dr. J. A. Gilbert, in Medical Review.*



#### THE VALUE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

OF all the flowers that bloom in the garden of life, the sweetest and rarest is the pure white lily of friendship and love.

Its impulses are of divine origin; its seeds are deeply implanted in the innermost needs of our being, its roots are watered and nourished by the soft dews of love and the gentle rain of sacrifice.

Beautiful as it is, redolent with perfume, one would imagine it an exotic or tropical plant; but under all skies and in all climes throughout all ages it sends forth its flower and foliage to purify and uplift mankind.

It is a delightful task to study its growth and analyze its well rounded and delicate consummation.

Happy the man who finds friendship.

Happier he who attracts friendship, while happiest of all is he who retains friendship.

Friendship is the magnetic influence that unites the positives and negatives of two lives, and complements the weakness of each with the strength of the other.

Friendship is the wireless telegraph of the soul, whereby kindred spirit poised and balanced to the faintest impulse of the other thought, may hold sweet communion one with the other, though separated by great barriers of time and space.

Friendship is a sweet-throated songster, with mighty, outstretched pinions that can bear our troubled and perturbed spirits far above the noise and the carnage of the battle of life.

Friendship is the spirit of the Eternal which, admitted into life, cherished and obeyed, makes of a life

a glad, sweet song; rejected, turns life into a parched and mocking desert, the only inhabitants of which are false hopes, lost ambitions and baseless dreams.

To profess friendship for a man is to make life's greatest profession! When one professes friendship, and is honest and sincere in his protestations, he is offering the secret treasures of his life, the depth of his heart's affection and the aspiration of his soul; therefore the profession of friendship is life's most sacred profession.

Happy the man who finds his soul affinity.

Unworthy the man who trades upon his friend with the sacred profession of friendship, and equally unworthy of confidence the man who accepts the profession in a sordid, selfish spirit, giving nothing in return, and who uses it in the marketing places of ambition to further his own personal and private ends.

When you have a friend bind him to your heart with hoops of steel, and be as true to him as you would have him be to you.—*Selected.*

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### The Children's Corner

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#### THE QUAIL.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

There's some one sitting on the old rail fence,

Dressed in a speckled coat;

I know him well by the song he sings—

Such a cheery whistling note.

"Bob White! Bob White!"

Comes the call from his swelling throat.

"Bob White! Bob White!"

Bob White! Here's Bob White!"

Comes the call from his swelling throat.

There's a nest not far from the old rail fence,

Down in the waving wheat;

And eight small eggs are hidden there

By the birds in the garb so neat.

"Bob White! Bob White!"

Calls the quail, all the world to greet.

"Bob White! Bob White!"

Bob White! Here's Bob White!"

Calls the quail, all the world to greet.

There's some one watching from the old rail fence,

Watching the nest in the wheat;

Hear him call to his little red-brown mate.

Safe in some near retreat—

"Bob White! Bob White!"

When he thinks there is danger to meet.

"Bob White! Bob White!"

Bob White! Here's Bob White!"

When he thinks there is danger to meet.

Some one is gone from the old rail fence,

The plump little quail has flown;

Yet his cheery, whistling call comes back

O'er the silent wheat fields lone.

"Bob White! Bob White!"

Comes the call in a flutelike tone.

"Bob White! Bob White!"

Bob White! Here's Bob White!"

Comes the call in a flutelike tone.

Tipton, Iowa.

## OUR LETTER FROM AFRICA.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

I promised this time to tell you about twins in Africa. You who are twins will be especially interested. There are many questions upon which we as white people and Christians cannot agree with these people of Africa, and this is one of them. Christianity has changed many of their ideas and is continuing to change them, for which we are all thankful. No doubt twins are thankful, for a native thinks a twin is scarcely human. He thinks they are more animal than human. People do not like to talk about twins and if there are any in the family, the parents like to hide them. In olden days one of them was put to death, often both of them. Sometimes it would be the grandmother that would kill one, sometimes the father would put a lump of dirt in the throat of one to kill it and sometimes it was left out on the veld to be devoured by wild animals. Now that British rule has spread all over South Africa, the killing of twins is forbidden, though it is a custom that is extremely difficult to put down, for the matter is kept profoundly secret when possible, even from neighboring natives, and much more so from white men.

The following information was given by a chief's son in Zululand who was himself a twin and was spared because there were a number of white people living near. His name was "Hatred" which shows what his parents thought of him.

The child that is killed is given no name nor is the one left given a name until he is about sixteen. There is never any mourning at the death of a twin, for that would anger the ancestral spirits. If both live, as happens through their being hidden, then on the death of one, even though he were grown up, there would be no mourning, lest the other twin should suffer through sympathy, for it is thought he is one flesh with the twin. The grave of the twin is spread with ashes, and when the body is placed in the round hole in a sitting position, it is covered up with earth and with a second layer of ashes.

A boy who is a twin is not beaten by others, for it is said to be an unlucky thing to beat a twin. The parents say they know how to manage a boy, but not how to manage an animal; so when the boy is extra troublesome they do not whip him but put some ashes on the nape of his neck and make him drink ashes and water. Every time a twin has his hair cut, ashes are rubbed on his head. When he marries there is no wedding dance. Twins are not counted in the number of children in the family, for it would be unlucky. Do you see where the many things in America, that are considered unlucky, come from? Yes, from the heathen.

Twins are said to have no brains, and yet are thought to be unusually sharp and clever. Boys who are squabbling will often call up a twin and ask his opinion, which is regarded right, for he is so knowing.

A twin is expected to make songs for the people. He goes to a kraal, for example, where there is soon to be a wedding; sitting down, he takes in all that is going on at the kraal, without saying a word. He then goes to a waterfall, accompanied by an attendant, having sat down, he listens to the noise of the falling water in a dreamy way. He then begins to chant a song, and on the day of the wedding, teaches the people the song, which astonishes all the people. They say, "How did this boy get to know all these things to which he has referred and which he has woven into his chant? So clever is he thought to be that grown up people bring their quarrels to him for settlement, and consult him almost as though he was a diviner.



In war time a twin used to be hunted out and made to go right in front of the attacking army, some few paces in front of the others. He was supposed to be fearless and wild. His twin, if a sister and still living, was compelled to tie a cord very tightly round her loins during the fight, and had to starve herself; she was also expected to place the sleeping-mat of her twin brother in the corner of the hut which the spirits loved to haunt. This brought success in war. But the great Chief Tshaka stopped this practice, for he said that the wild twin did foolhardy things and brought the army into needless danger.

A man was one day walking along a path in GAZALAND when he met a native boy with two mice in a bag. The boy said, "Where is your cat? I have two mice for it." On being asked why he did not eat the mice himself as he had many times before, he said, "I cannot eat the mice because I caught them both in the



trap at the same time." On being asked why he could not eat mice that were caught in the same trap at the same time, he said that it was all right to eat mice caught singly but if he ate mice that were caught in couples there might come twins in their family.

If a twin wished to give a person two things he was not allowed to give them both at the same time. He must put one on the ground while giving the other. Thus you see that the trials of a twin are many and I presume you who are twins have been feeling, as you read these lines, that you were very thankful that you were not born in Africa. Yes, a Christian home, Christian parents, and a Christian land are no small things to be thankful for. I hope as you read these lines you will offer to God a prayer of thanks for his mercies to you and the blessings of Christianity, and that you will pray and think oftener about these little brown brothers and sisters of yours who know no other way than the ways of heathenism.

"The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge that One died for all, that they which live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto him who for their sakes died and rose again."

Yours in his service.

(Miss) Nellie Reed.

*Umzumbi Rail, Natal, S. Africa.*

March 23, 1908.

## For SUNDAY READING

### GETHSEMANE.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

There was a garden where the Savior prayed  
In agony of soul. Dark was the night,  
The stars refused to shine, the moon to light  
The deep seclusion where the Master strayed,  
With throes of pain endured for truth and right.  
Our minds retire, night hides from us the sight  
Of God's blest Son by wicked man betrayed.  
And O our Father! bend thy listening ear  
When we to our Gethsemane retire.  
We agonize, we bow in reverent fear,  
Or satisfy our longing and desire.  
And in these hours send angel helpers near  
To lift our stricken souls to regions higher.



### SOME NEEDS OF THE CHURCH.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

FOR a great many years now, attention has been drawn to the unsatisfactory conditions of the spiritual side of the church and many thoughtful people regard the matter with apprehension. The fires are burning low. They are not extinguished. They must be fanned into a brighter flame by more activity and greater enthusiasm. Prayer, praise, personal work will ignite the dead-wood outside of our church edifice.

We are in need of a wide and far-reaching revival. One that will sweep the country, especially during the summer months when people think it is necessary to include non-church-going in their vacations.

The defects may be traced to the coldness and apparent deadness of spiritual life. Many of our ministers are in a lethargic state. The churches are strong in membership; there are funds in the treasury; there is good attendance. But in spite of all this, the congregations in nine churches out of ten are in a rut. There is a "come Sunday, go Sunday" feeling about it all. The Gospel is spread, but not enough. It is, as a rule, held in the narrow confines of four walls. We sit and listen to it every Sunday. We are content to have it so. Outside there is a sister or a brother who would like to hear it, in fact ought to hear it. Do we bring it to them? Do we invite them to hear it? No, we do not. Some do; but not all. There is a certain deadness about the whole matter.

I am not going to write an obituary, and I do not wish to take a pessimistic view about the present-day church system. A period of depression is by no means a novelty in the history of Christianity, and the condition of things may be vastly improved. The scope of this article pertains to remedies.

The first and best of remedies is giving attention to the evil by a vast body of well-intentioned and thoroughly loyal Christians who have hitherto more or less neglected religious work for reasons of their own, that have seemed sufficient, but are really altogether inadequate. Religious duties and interests are supreme; nothing should be allowed to interfere with them. The fact that multitudes of good people *do allow everything to interfere* with religious work is the first fact in the case. If such persons will look about them and note the general decay of church life, they will probably be started into activity. If in any church two score of such Christians would begin the treatment of the claims of the church, and zealously enter into all the work of God, a revival would almost inevitably follow; and by a revival here we do not mean the sensational, hysterical, psychological kind, but a revival, a resurrection of sleeping spirituality, a quickening of the pulse, and expanding of the soul. So long as large numbers of the influential members are irregular in church attendance, habitually absent from social meetings, and to be perfectly plain, spiritually useless to the church, there will be increasing dullness and deadness.

A special trouble in these days is our inappropriate intellectuality. The pulpit deals too much with opinion and too little with religious experience. Opinions, as a form of intellectual life, are too apt to encroach upon activity in all fields. It is one thing to desire knowledge; it is quite another thing to make intellectual life a study or a defence of opinions. What one knows is a very different matter from what conclusions he

has come to. It often happens that a man's strenuous opinions have no relation to his knowledge. He knows how to manage a farm; but his tenacious opinions concern free will and foreordination of which he *knows nothing*. As a Christian he ought to know his own heart and his own penitence, faith and love towards God.

The pulpit ought to press upon our attention the facts of inner knowledge, the aspects and possibilities of experience, the personal and spiritual divine life in man. This cannot be done by rote, by catalogue, and nomenclature. The preacher and religious teacher must think it out for himself, and present it in his own way. The Lord has need of a preacher's personality. We have been well-nigh outdone by orthodox nomenclature, by orthodox formulas, by careful and exact repetition of phrases and sentences which once had men behind them, and have become tedious and depressing by lifeless iteration. We need orthodox experience in living forms of speech. We need originality, naturalness, and modernness, in the verbal dress of spiritual things.

We also need a like freshness in methods of doing religious work. A bit of novelty is like a summer shower on a parched field. The monotony of a perpetual motion deadens the interest of the people; they grow weary of unchanging order and stereotyped system. It is not necessary to change everything; but give us now and then the refreshment of some small change, some bit of new method. Better still, *do not change anything*. Give us everything in a new way, in a new light and a stronger one. What we need is a mental interest in spiritual concerns. How to give or get is a proper subject for study by pastor and people.

It is very certain that an unvarying method becomes to most minds fatal to sustained interest. It will do the pastor a world of good to study himself out of *sameness*, and his people out of ruts of routine. When there is a quickened interest and earnestness in the work of God, a revival which shall thrill the church with divine life may be confidently expected. The preacher needs a devout rather than a theological mind. The layman needs religious experience rather than "opinions" about religion. We are plentifully stocked with theology and religious opinions; we ought to now lay in a store of sound, earnest piety. We have the skeleton but the bones are very dry; the dry bones must be stocked with spiritual life. They must be alive, and throb with vitality and animation.



"He is not wise and acts to no profit who seeks solitude for any purpose other than that of fortifying himself better to meet his fellows and do them good."



"The world's greatest benefactors have ever been those who were not afraid of being laughed at."

### WHAT IT COST.

A COLLIER came to me at the close of one of my services, lately wrote G. Campbell Morgan in the *British Weekly*, and said: "I would like to be a Christian, but I cannot receive what you said tonight." I asked him why not. He replied: "I would give anything to believe that God would forgive my sins, but I cannot believe that he will forgive them if I just turn to him. It is too cheap." I looked at him and said: "My dear friend, have you been working today?" He looked at me slightly astonished, and said: "Yes, I was down in the pit, as usual." "How did you get out of the pit?" I asked. "The way I usually do. I got into the cage, and was pulled to the top." "How much did you pay to come out of the pit?" He looked at me astonished, and said: "Pay? Of course I didn't pay anything." I asked him: "Were you not afraid to trust yourselves in that cage? Was it not too cheap?" "Oh, no," he said, "it was cheap for me, but it cost the company a lot of money to sink that shaft." And without another word the truth of that admission broke upon him, and he saw if he could have salvation without money and without price, it had cost the infinite God a great price to sink that shaft and rescue lost men.—*Home Herald*.



### THE CISTERN SYSTEM.

DR. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, in addressing the teachers of an Indiana town not long since, expressed himself as follows:

"Too many of us are teaching what I call the cistern system. I remember that back in Ohio when we wanted to make a new cistern we went around the house and sought out the very driest place possible and there we made a vacancy and called it a capacity. That is the way that many teachers proceed. They carefully find the driest possible spot in a boy—his memory. There a nice large vacancy is hollowed out. It is then carefully plastered up for fear that some spring may well up within, and nothing is left but an opening through which to pour things. And then comes the rain and fills up this 'capacity' with rules, dates, paragraphs, tables, lists of towns, cities and things, and when the capacity is filled the lid is placed on so nothing can escape. The school trustees and the parents are called in on a day appointed and the lid is carefully lifted off for a moment. That is examination day, and when the lid is lifted all exclaim: 'What a "capacity" he has!'"—*Ohio Educational Monthly*.



Do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life that has come in you by the grace of God.—*Phillips Brooks*.





## Echoes from Everywhere

The postoffice department has decided to have all street letter boxes painted a bright red, so that they may be more readily found.

The Chicago board of education has decided to bar all candidates for positions as teachers in the public schools who are over 50 years old.

The recent floods in Louisiana have rendered 2,000 persons in two parishes destitute. The government will probably render assistance, as it will be impossible for the people to make a crop this year.

Since Anniston, Ala., has gone dry, crime has been almost totally reduced. Recently, when it came time to call a grand jury, it was found crime had become so decreased, that there was nothing for a grand jury to do.

In Knoxville, Tenn., during the month of March, 1907, with open saloons, there were 8 murders, 17 felonious assaults, 85 cases of larceny, and 10 robberies. With saloons closed, in March, 1908, there were 2 murders, 7 assaults, 41 larceny cases and no robberies.

During the year ended on March 9 last, over 45,000 persons paid for admission to Shakespeare's birthplace, and 23,000 paid to visit Anne Hathaway's cottage, which possesses only twice reflected interest. The visitors' book contains the names of representatives of sixty nationalities.

By this time the people are familiar with the association of the names Taft and Sherman as the nominees for president and vice-president on the Republican ticket. Taft is a supporter of the policies of the present president, while Sherman is considered a conservative or standpat man.

What a financial flurry can do to immigration is shown by the fact that in the first five months of this year 311,000 alien laborers have left this country and 153,000 have arrived. In the same period last year the arrivals were 583,000 and the departures 114,000. The figures also give an idea of the facility with which the Atlantic is crossed in these days.

It is most surprising that with an increase of membership from 1,400 to 1,800, the bar sales in the Republican Club in the City of New York should have decreased from \$6,600 to \$5,700 in the first four months of 1908, compared with 1907. At the same time the restaurant charges for the club have increased by nearly fifteen per cent, and charges for rooms, etc., have increased by more than twenty per cent. These facts illustrate how temperance is being adopted in the greatest clubs of this country. It may be interesting to know also that the reduction in the sales of liquors at the Union League Club, one of the greatest clubs in this country or the world, have decreased by more than twenty five per cent in the last two years.

Taxicabs are rapidly being put into service in the eastern cities. They are automobiles intended to take the place of cabs drawn by horses. They have a meter showing the exact distance traveled and the fare. Their speed limit in the cities is twelve miles an hour, but they are capable of making twenty-eight miles an hour. It is claimed that New York has five hundred of these vehicles in use.

A single ship came recently into Boston harbor with 3,223 great logs from Central America—from Nicaragua and Honduras. The whole cargo weighed about 4,000 tons. All the logs were mahogany, and it would be hard to say how many fine tables and chairs and pianos were made from that one shipload. The largest logs were about 24 feet long, and from that down to half that size. The total value, uncut, was about \$140,000.

Portland, Ore., June 11.—As the result of the local option elections held in Oregon, this month, county prohibition will prevail in twenty-one of the thirty-three counties after July. There are from four to sixteen dry precincts in each of the other twelve counties, so that there is not a county in the State in which there is not some dry territory. Nearly 500 saloons have been closed in the State since the local option law was enacted.

The London press has begun to give considerable attention to the presence of Mormons in England, who are now said to number over 10,000. The principal Mormon stronghold is at South Tottenham, where Elder Peterson and half a dozen brother elders of Latter Day Saints reign supreme. They have purchased an enormous building, which was erected 12 years ago as a hotel, and are now negotiating for the possession of a run-down Baptist church near by.

Pittsburg bankers who during the past three years have been robbed of almost \$7,500,000 by dishonest employees, have decided on a Bertillon system, by which they hope to keep tab on all their employees. Each bank will insist on its employees having their photographs made and their measurements taken, and these pictures and measurements it is proposed to keep in one central place. In addition to the photographs and measurements, each employee will be expected to give his complete business pedigree.

The 1st of June saw the gold reserve of the Bank of France safely past the 3,000,000,000 francs. At the last balance the exact figures were 3,043,042,077 francs, or \$608,600,000. This is not only high record for the bank, but no such amount of gold has ever been accumulated by one institution, except the United States treasury, which is not a bank, but which held \$1,013,000,000 in gold, chiefly against outstanding gold certificates, last October. The Imperial Bank of Russia's maximum gold holdings, when preparing for monetary reform in 1898, were \$591,000,000, or less than the French bank's present showing.

In accordance with the wishes of the members of the recent conference of governors for the conservation of the national resources, President Roosevelt has appointed a national commission composed of congressmen and others of special fitness, to consider and advise him on questions relating to the conservation of the national resources. The commission is divided into five sections, devoted respectively to waters, forests, land, minerals and to an executive committee, of which Chief Forester Pinchot is the chairman.

The Canadian government has notified the government of Japan that the limit of emigrants allowed for one year has been reached, and that no more laborers should be sent to Canada before January 1 of next year. This is in accordance with the understanding reached last year, which provided that no more than 400 each year should be sent. Japanese aliens in British Columbia have returned a protest against discrimination against them in granting fishing licenses for Frazer river. They declare, as aliens are permitted to enter the country, they cannot be prevented from securing employment.

Reports from Indiana show that 594 saloons have been voted out of business in that State since January 1. Among the cities which have joined the dry column during the first five months of 1908 are Montpelier, Valparaiso, Hartford City and Portland. These results have been secured through the operation of the remonstrance law, which has been responsible for placing two-thirds of the territory of Indiana in the dry column. During 1907, the total number of saloons abolished was about 600. Thus it will be seen that the record of the first five months of 1908 has equaled the record of the entire twelve months of 1907 in the number of saloons abolished.

Hundreds of persons who had bought steerage passage for the Holland-American liner Potsdam were left behind June 18, when the vessel sailed from Hoboken, owing to the great rush caused by the reduction in the rate to \$22. It was intended to take 1,900 in the steerage, but accommodations were found for 100 more and several hours before the time of sailing there were 2,000 steerage passengers on board, and the order was given to admit no more to the pier. The would-be passengers kept arriving and hundreds fought in vain to get on the pier. More than 600 who were refused admittance camped out in Hudson Square Park until after the vessel sailed, when hotel accommodations were found for them by the steamship company.

The crop report given out from the bureau of statistics of the national Department of Agriculture indicates that every one of the summer harvested grain crops grown in this country is promising a yield not only much larger than that of last year, but better than the past ten-year average. The crops reported upon include winter and spring wheat, oats, rye and barley. The total wheat yield of 1907 was about 634,000,000 bushels. The increased acreage of the present year, together with the better averages of condition, when figured out, indicates an aggregate yield of the bread cereal that will exceed 700,000,000 bushels. Only twice—once in 1901 and again in 1906—has the wheat yield passed the 700,000,000 mark. The Agricultural Department report indicates also increases of many millions of bushels in the yields of rye, oats and barley. Corn is yet in the early stages—too early even for an acreage estimate—but the planting season for corn has been generally favorable.

In 1880, 25.5 per cent of the farms in the country were operated by tenants. In 1880, this percentage had risen to 28.4, and in 1900 to 38.3. This must not be taken as meaning that the number of land-owners is decreasing, as they have grown from 208,000 in 1880 to 3,713,000 in 1900. The growth in the number of tenants shows rather that agriculture has been invaded by an army of men without capital who have been obliged to start as tenants. As an indication of a tendency on the part of farmers' sons to stick to the farms, and of some of the millions of the city to return to them, these figures come as very welcome news.

The recent local option elections in the city of Denver, Colo., resulted in the voting dry of over half the entire residential section of the city. Six wards voted on the question and four of the six returned majorities against the saloon. As a result of these elections, twenty saloons and two social clubs have been compelled to close, and twenty drug stores have been prohibited from dispensing alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes. The victory in Denver, added to the Colorado victories of April, when twenty out of twenty-six municipalities of that State voted dry, is compelling the Colorado liquor manufacturers to "sit up and take notice."

Secretary Strauss of the Department of Commerce and Labor is taking a deep interest in the subject of the distribution of alien and other labor to sections of the country where it is most needed. The act of Congress authorizing the establishment of a bureau of information in connection with the immigration service is now being carried into operation. An office has been established on Ellis Island, another in Boston, and T. V. Powderly, who is chief of the service, is now in Chicago, where a third will be located. With a view to obtaining first-hand information of the needs of farm and other labor throughout the country, the department is now engaged in sending postal cards to the patrons of the rural free delivery service asking whether the farmer or other person receiving it is in need of labor and, if so, of what kind. Secretary Strauss has had printed one and a quarter million of the cards.

#### Meaning of "Candle Power."

In illuminating circles one hears a great deal about "candle power," and nearly every one, if asked, would instantly reply that a candle power was the light given by a single candle. But candles differ in luminosity as well as incandescent lamps, and candle power is not one thing, but several, according to the country where used.

In Great Britain and the United States the standard light unit is the amount given by "spermacti candle burning up at the rate of 120 grains an hour with a flame forty-five millimeters high," or 1.76 inches. In France the standard candle is made of stearine, and Germany's candle was, until a few years ago, paraffin. Now the latter country uses the so-called Hefner unit of light, the amount given by a certain form of lamp burning acetate of amyl. Another lamp standard, called the carcel, was used in France. In this purified rape seed oil is burned. Because of this unsatisfactory international chaos it is now proposed that our national bureau of standards at Washington take steps to establish a standard international candle which would be acceptable to at least nine countries.—June Electric News Service.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### SALE OF IMMORAL BOOKS.

The bookseller's shop is a wellspring of wisdom and wickedness. Out of it flows all our learning. Out of it also flows all our folly and half our vice. Is there salt to heal the waters?

The American Booksellers' Association meeting in New York last week recognized the evil and in a measure the duty. They passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That, recognizing the responsibility of the booksellers in distributing the literature of the community, this association feels called upon at this time to use its influence to discourage the publication and sale of books of pronounced immoral plot and tone."

We are afraid this does not mean much speedy reform. It is good, very good, and talk is cheap and resolutions cost nothing. The difficulty is to make people to live up to their resolutions, for associations can resolve annually to turn over a new leaf, but, like all birthday resolutions, these are the froth of the moment. Who is to enforce them? In an address before the association Dr. Hillis said:

"I don't see why four women in England should distill passion and sell it like whiskey. I'm a little bit inclined to think that all men who sell books of that kind ought to have the bottom of their feet basted right merrily."

But men will continue to sell passion and whiskey for the same reason that women write the one and distillers make the other, because people want them and are willing to pay good money for bad stuff. You can't stop the sale of whiskey till you make and execute a law forbidding its manufacture and sale; and you can't prevent women from writing erotic books, nor men from selling them, until you provide an efficient system under which the sale of such books is forbidden and punished; and that is no easy thing to achieve. It is harder than to stop the sale of whiskey.

Take newspapers. By far the larger number of newspapers are ethically decent. This is true of the entire rural press, and of by far the larger number of city papers. The strong papers, by which we mean the influential ones, are clean, on the whole, even if they are fouled with reports of the gambling at horse races. But there are in the larger cities a certain number of dailies that are utterly conscienceless and sensational, and have a large circulation in the class of people that like such rot. Equally there are a few weeklies that cater to vice, prurient and nasty. They also have their patrons, and we suppose they pay because they are wanted. It is impossible to prevent the exclusion from the mails or the stands of these journals that are not quite obscene. It is of little use to try legislation against them; we must appeal to the slower court of public opinion, taste and moral sense.

It is so with books. Dr. Hillis has spoken well; the American Booksellers' Association has spoken well. Such words help formulate public sentiment and have a certain slow and sure influence. It will come to be the rule by and by that reputable booksellers will not offer plots of passion for sale, and fewer women will find it pays to write them. Perhaps as valuable an agency as any will be the elimination of such books from public libraries, and then the

agreement of these libraries to let the public know what are the prohibited books, so that booksellers will take notice. Stop the sale of whiskey and you do much for thrift and morals. Stop the sale of bad books and you do much to cleanse the character of our people.—The Independent.



### PENNY AMUSEMENTS THAT ARE DANGEROUS.

The penny arcades and five-cent theaters made their appearance with no greater blare of trumpets than the noise of their phonographic horns and the throaty persuasion of their "barkers."

They came upon us unobtrusively in the still of the night. Every big city, and even the smaller ones, woke up to find them there by dozens. They have multiplied faster than guinea-pigs, and within a short time have attained to that importance where we may no longer snub them as one of the catch-pennies of the streets.

With but few exceptions, the pictures shown in these places are as bad as the police will allow. They are suggestive and descriptive of crime, largely presented in most alluring forms.

Months ago these theaters attracted the attention of the Chicago and Philadelphia authorities, and those interested in juvenile courts throughout the country have been raising their voices in protest against them. Jane Addams, of Hull House, frankly admits that they have not only become a force in the city life, but they are capable of developing crime to a very alarming degree. Judge Lindsey, of Denver, a friend of the homeless boy, has spoken strongly against them.

When a manager of one these penny arcades was asked why he allowed such pictures to appear, his answer was short: "Because the people like them."

Who are "the people," anyway?

As they exist today, the municipal authorities don't like them; the social settlement workers don't like them; you don't like them.

If you don't like these amusements, say so. In this case "say so" to the managers of the penny amusements, to the editors of papers and magazines, to the municipal authorities; and then get your neighbors to voice their protests too.

If we cannot have pleasure without bad example to our children, let us even forego the pleasure.

Don't you think so?—The Delineator.



### DRY BONES IN EDUCATION.

Our schools are groping about anxiously in search of more practical ways and means in education. In nearly all communities the older bookish subjects such as grammar and history and "reading" are being partially displaced or supplemented by training in such things as gardening, tree culture, carpentry, metal-working, sewing, cooking, etc. This is a wholesome tendency, but there is danger of making these "eminently practical"

subjects (as Dickens' Mr. Gradgrind would have called them) too theoretical and academic.

For example, taking the Washington schools, which are supposed to be among the most progressive in the country; here special teachers are employed to go from school to school teaching such subjects as sewing, etc., and the work is for the most part well done. But the other day one of the sewing teachers asked her class of little 8-year-olds: "What is sewing?" and she was astonished to find that though they had been sewing all the year, they were not one of them able to define the term. "Sewing" the teacher at length told them, impressively, "is taking stitches."

Now, what on earth does a child need to be taught the definition of "sewing" for? Isn't it enough that they should learn how to sew, and isn't that what the sewing teachers are employed to show them? How many of our grandmothers, who had to make all their family's clothes by hand, could have told this teacher what sewing is? How many accomplished dressmakers, if you would put this question to them, would be able to answer it? Probably not one. If you went into a tailor's shop and asked "What is sewing?" the chances are they would call the police patrol, thinking the heat had affected your mind. Think of poor needlewomen worrying their brains over dictionary definitions of their operations. Tom Hood, if he had imagined such a thing, would have added another verse to his "Song of the Shirt" picturing the miseries of overworked seamstresses who starved because they couldn't remember the definition for sewing on a button.

The temptation in every subject is to reduce things to form and rote. It makes work easier, but it should never be permitted. When any branch of education becomes so lifeless that it runs to "definitions" and such-like fruitless show, it is a sign that it needs pruning so as to put new vitality into it. The case of the sewing is merely referred to as one example; the same error of method runs through much of our school work. We all know that a child who can add, subtract, multiply and divide without much effort will often fail dismally over giving the "rules"—and it is a fact that not one person in a thousand after he goes out into the real world ever tries to remember any such rules, or has any occasion to state them.

We should let the dead bury their dead. Life is too short to waste on definitions, rules, dates, abstruse differentiations, etc., where they are not essential to the direct purpose, and now that we are beginning to teach our children useful things we ought to make sure that the methods employed are not allowed to become fossilized. Whenever a teacher finds that he is getting into a rut he should make it his first business to get out of it.—The Pathfinder.



#### POWER OF MIND OVER MATTER.

Those who take the most radical view of the power of the human will to control the processes and reactions of the organism, even those that have been regarded as subject wholly to physical and chemical laws, will read with interest of a series of experiments by Dr. Otto von der Pfordten described in the *Naturwissenschaftliche Wochenschrift* in an article entitled "Electricity and the Problem of Attention." The author has shown, as he thinks, that the action of electricity on the human body may be modified or even neutralized by the state of the mind. Aspinall has already noted that electricians who when asleep have touched dangerous live wires have suffered no injury ex-

cept a burn; and Jellinek found that an ordinary deadly current did not harm rabbits when they were chloroformed. Says an editorial writer in the *Evening Post* (New York, May 22), commenting on the German article:

"Of greater interest still are the cases he cites where the action of the current is neutralized by a man's strained expectation or attention. Electricians, he says, often touch parts of the machinery to ascertain if there is a current in them; and while this conscious and deliberate act results in no harm, unintentional contact with a less powerful current proves fatal. In experimenting on himself, Jellinek found that an unexpected shock of 350 volts was terrible, whereas an expected shock of 500 volts made little impression. But this was a bagatelle compared with the exhibition of courage given by Herr von Dobrowolsky, who broke a wire containing 30,000 volts and picked up one end of it in the presence of several dismayed experts, without suffering the least harm. 'To do such a thing one must be absolutely fearless of death, or else one must have the force of an engineer who has learned to control the powerful electric fluid.' This force, the writer declares, is will-power, and he adds sententiously: 'There is something imposing in this idea that the will-power in such a case opposes itself to death as an equal force and comes out triumphant.'"

The writer is of opinion that Dr. Pfordten's case would have been stronger had he mentioned the kind of current employed in these various experiments. The difference between the direct and alternating current, or the rate of frequency of the latter, is often sufficient to account for ability to withstand high voltage. Be this as it may, the philosophical part of Pfordten's article is by no means novel. Not to mention modern instances, the last work of the philosopher Kant was entitled "On the Power of the Mind to Master Morbid Feelings by a Mere Effort of the Will." Says the writer in *The Post*:

"He dwells with particular satisfaction on the benefit he derived from deliberately training himself to breathe through the nose only, and on his success in overcoming a morbid melancholy which sometimes tempted him to commit suicide. This had its source in a difficulty in breathing due to his too flat chest; a defect which, being corporeal, he could not overcome; 'but its influence on my thoughts and actions I have mastered, by averting my attention from this feeling, as if it did not concern me at all.' And thus he recovered complete composure and cheerfulness by a mere effort of the will.

"Such a therapeutic application of will-power Kant regards as the converse of the state of mind which makes many lay readers of medical books fancy they have all the symptoms described therein. Dr. Hufeland was convinced that most nervous disorders are caused by mental indolence and passiveness, a weak yielding to bodily sensations and impressions; and he cites Pinel, who found that during the excitement of the French Revolution a number of persons who had for years been weak and sickly became healthy and strong, this being true especially among the indolent members of the aristocracy, whose nervous troubles disappeared entirely. The Japanese have a special method of training the will from early childhood, and it has been plausibly argued that it was this sturdy will-power more than anything else that enabled them to overcome the Russians." *Literary Digest*.



#### THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

PERSONALLY, I have seen so much of the evils of the traffic in the last four years, so much of its economic



waste, so much of its physical ruin, so much of its mental blight, so much of its tears and heartache, that I have come to regard the business as one that must be held and controlled by strong and effective laws. I bear no malice toward those engaged in the business, but I hate the traffic. I hate its every phase. I hate it for its intolerance. I hate it for its arrogance. I hate it for its hypocrisy. I hate it for its cant and craft and false pretenses. I hate it for its commercialism. I hate it for its greed and avarice. I hate it for its sordid love of gain at any price. I hate it for its domination in politics. I hate it for its corrupting influence in civic affairs. I hate it for its incessant effort to debauch the suffrage of the country; for the cowards it makes of public men. I hate it for its utter disregard of law. I hate it for its ruthless trampling of the solemn compacts of State constitutions. I hate it for the load it straps to labor's back; for the palsied hands it gives to toil; for its wounds to genius; for the tragedies of its might-have-beens. I hate it for the human wrecks it has caused. I hate it for the almshouses it peoples; for the prisons it fills; for the insanity it begets; for its countless graves in potter's fields. I hate it for the mental ruin it imposes upon its victims; for its spiritual blight; for its moral degradation. I hate it for the crimes it has committed. I hate it for the homes it has destroyed. I hate it for the hearts it has broken. I hate it for the malice it has planted in the hearts of men; for its poison, for its bitterness, for the dead sea fruit with which it starves their souls.

I hate it for the grief it causes womanhood—the scalding tears, the hopes deferred, the strangled aspirations, its burden of want and care.

I hate it for its heartless cruelty to the aged, the infirm and the helpless; for the shadow it throws upon the lives of children; for its monstrous injustice to blameless little ones.

I hate it as a virtue hates vice, as truth hates error, as righteousness hates sin, as justice hates wrong, as liberty hates tyranny, as freedom hates oppression.

I hate it as Abraham Lincoln hated slavery. And as he sometimes saw in prophetic vision the end of slavery and the coming of the time when the sun should shine and the rain should fall upon no slave in all the republic, so I sometimes seem to see the end of this unholy traffic; the coming of the time when, if it does not wholly cease to be, it shall find no safe habitation anywhere beneath Old Glory's stainless stars.—*From Speech of Governor Hanly.*



#### BETWEEN WHILES.

##### A Dutiful Child.

The Youngs had unexpectedly dropt in on the Baileys just as dinner was about to be served. The hostess, considerably disturbed, called her little daughter Helen aside, and explained that there would not be enough oysters to

go around, and added: "Now, you and I will just have some of the broth, and please do not make any fuss about it at the table."

Little Helen promised to remember and say nothing. But, when the oysters were served, Helen discovered a small oyster in her plate, which had accidentally been ladled up with her broth. This puzzled the little girl, as she could not recall any instructions covering this contingency. After studying a few moments, she dipt the oyster up with her spoon, and, holding it up as high as she could, piped out:

"Mama, mama, shouldn't Mrs. Young have this oyster, too!"—*The Christian Register.*



Teacher—What is a straight line?

Boy—Shortest distance between two points.

Teacher—Yes, now give an example.

Boy.—The Roundabout railroad as shown on its own map.

Teacher—And a crooked line?

Boy—Same railroad shown on the map of the rival road.



#### Usually Both.

A young lady was recently visiting an editorial office and being shown around by the editor. Approaching a case of drawers upon one of which was the label "MSS.," she said, "Now, how would you pronounce that?"

"Oh!" said the editor, "sometimes we pronounce it muss and sometimes mess."—*Lippincott's.*



#### Fair Customer.

Fair Customer—"Is this color fast and really genuine?"

Gallant Shop Assistant—"As genuine as the roses on your cheeks, madam."

Fair Customer—"H'm!—er—show me something else!"—*Punch.*



"A lot of men who insist on labor-saving tools and sanitary conditions never give a thought to the wife broiling over a red-hot range in a stuffy kitchen on a summer day."



#### Mid-air Peril.

Mother Bird—"Run along and play, now; but be careful you don't get run over by any of those flying-machines."—*Metropolitan Magazine.*



The awful mine disasters of a few months past have led Congress to appropriate \$150,000 to be used in investigation as to the causes of mine explosions with a view to increasing safety in mining.

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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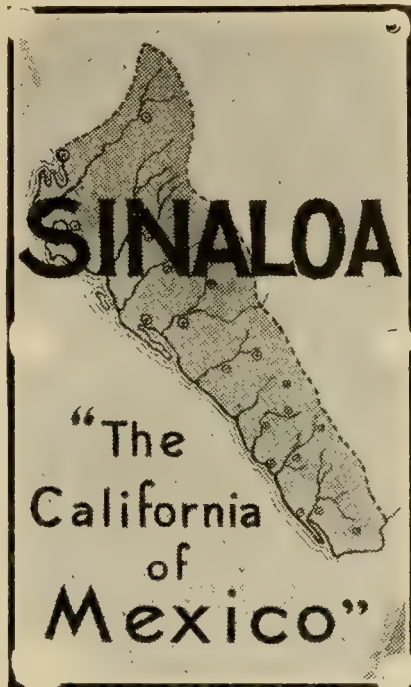
To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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FOR SALE.—Ten acres in the fruitful Santa Clara Valley, Calif., one-half mile from the growing town of Morgan Hill. Address, Blanche Lentz, Elgin, Ill.

**TWO CROPS  
CORN  
SIX CROPS  
ALFALFA  
GROWN  
EVERY  
YEAR**



Fronting west on the Gulf of California for 350 miles with an average width of 80 miles inland, lies the State of Sinaloa on the West Coast of Mexico. It is the second State in Mexico south of Arizona. It is bounded on the North by Sonora, on the East by Chihuahua and Durango, and on the West by the Gulf of California.

## **SURFACE OR TOPOGRAPHY.**

Sinaloa is divided by nature into three natural belts running North and South through the entire length of the State.

## **THE COASTAL PLAIN.**

From the sea margin on the Gulf of California back to the foothills lies this wonderful level coastal plain. At the Southern end of the State it is barely 10 miles wide, but broadens constantly to the North until in the District of Fuerte, the most northerly District in the State—it is 50 to 60 miles wide. The area of this coastal plain is about four million acres (6,250 square miles), and nowhere on the North American Continent can today be found in a continuous body such rich, fertile and productive lands. **Its soil is deep, averaging 42 feet deep, and inexhaustibly rich:** (See analysis). It produces luxuriant crops of practically all of the products of the temperate, semi-temperate, and tropical zones. (See Products). It is crossed by 10 flowing rivers, many of them large streams. It has three principal seaports, Topolobampo, Mazatlan and Altata, in addition to several minor coasting ports, including Santa Maria, Manglon, Playon, etc. It is through the entire length of this coastal plain that the Southern Pacific is now building its main line from Guaymas to Guadalajara and Mexico City. These incomparable advantages of level lands, deep rich soil, good climate, ample rainfall, rivers in abundance, seaports, and railway facilities assure a future to this Coast plain which can hardly be overestimated.

## **THE FOOTHILL BELT.**

Lying immediately back of the Coastal Plain is the beautiful Foothill Belt of Sinaloa, averaging from 20 to 30 miles in width. This is, and always will be, the great

one-crop district of the State. Its topography naturally does not lend itself to irrigation, except in small favored valley spots, so that it must depend on rainfall for its crop production. Nevertheless this section has many distinct advantages. The surface is usually abundantly covered with fine hardwoods of such varieties as ebony, cedar, mahogany, lignum vitæ, etc., and always a plentiful supply of building, fence, and fuel woods. Little creeks, "arroyos" abound, as well as springs, and natural reservoir sites for storage of water can generally be found. This is unquestionably the best grazing district, being well supplied with natural grasses, and the browsing also being good. Here and there are small valleys containing level rich lands on which are raised excellent crops of corn, beans, pumpkins, etc. This, also, is a natural fruit belt growing practically all fruits, with an exceptionally fine flavor. Here grow side by side sugar cane and grains, pears and bananas, grapes and pineapples.

The climate here is unexcelled, the nights cool and delightful, the drinking water from mountain sources, clear and sparkling, and the conditions for living unusually good. In this belt also are located some of the best mines, silver, gold and copper, in the State.

## **THE MOUNTAIN BELT.**

The foothills gradually climb up into the mountains on the East or rear side of the State, these mountains reaching elevations of 5,500 feet. The entire Eastern side of Sinaloa is practically all mountainous. At these elevations are found large forests of pine and oak which, though at this time inaccessible by rail, form large timber reserves of great potential value which will come into the market in future years. Some fine grazing is also found in these mountain lands, and where soil appears crops grow like magic. Water falls are abundant, ready to furnish tens of thousands of horsepower for industries of Sinaloa. These mountains constitute a mineral belt of fabulous richness, there being already discovered and operating many mines, worth millions.

## **DISTRICTS (OR COUNTIES.)**

Sinaloa is sub-divided into 10 districts, in the following order from North to South.

| Districts        | Principal City | River            |
|------------------|----------------|------------------|
| I. Fuerte        | Fuerte         | Fuerte           |
| II. Sinaloa      | Sinaloa        | Sinaloa          |
| III. Badiriguato | Badiriguato    | Humaya           |
| IV. Mocorito     | Mocorito       | Mocorito         |
| V. Culiacan      | Culiacan       | Culiacan         |
| VI. Cosala       | Cosala         | San Lorenzo      |
| VII. San Ignacio | San Ignacio    | Piaxtla          |
| VIII. Mazatlan   | Mazatlan       | Mazatlan         |
| IX. Concordia    | Concordia      | Quelite          |
| X. Rosario       | Rosario        | Rio de las Canas |

The population of Sinaloa at the last regular census was 300,000.

## **RIVERS AND WATERCOURSES.**

Sinaloa is undeniably the best watered State in the Republic of Mexico. A glance at any map of Mexico confirms this statement. It is crossed during its length of 350 miles by ten rivers, flowing from East to West, emptying into the Gulf of California. These rivers have their sources in the high mountains of the interior in Chihuahua and Durango and are fed and renewed by the heavy rainfall and deep snows of these interior mountain ranges.

## **RAINFALL.**

The summer rains in Sinaloa usually begin in June and continue to October. From data obtained from the Government Station at Mazatlan, and from private data,



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the rainfall may be averaged at 30 inches per year. Usually showers occur also in the months of January and February, although not invariably. The following table of rainfall in the City of Culiacan (the State Capital) for the year ending Feb. 28, 1906, was recorded during a year of unusual and constant rains, there being a precipitation of 50.9 inches.

## WEATHER RECORD.

Of temperature, Rainfall, etc., in City of Culiacan, Sinaloa, Mexico, as per records for the year ending February 28th 1906.

|                                | Mar. | Apr. | May  | June | July | Aug. |
|--------------------------------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Highest temp. in mo. (Fahr)    | 91   | 88   | 97   | 99   | 92   | 96   |
| Lowest Temperature .....       | 48   | 61   | 70   | 82   | 77   | 77   |
| Average, all day .....         | 72.1 | 75.9 | 84.6 | 90.3 | 87.1 | 85   |
| Total rainfall for mo., inches | 1.6  | 0.5  | 0    | 4.2  | 9.2  | 7.4  |
| No. clear days in month        | 17   | 24   | 29   | 20   | 10   | 19   |
| No. of cloudy days in month    | 3    | 3    | 1    | 3    | 5    | 2    |
| No. of Variable days in month  | 11   | 3    | 1    | 7    | 16   | 10   |

|                                | Sept. | Oct. | Nov. | Dec. | Jan. | Feb. |
|--------------------------------|-------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Highest temp. in mo. (Fahr)    | 95    | 90   | 85   | 76   | 85   | 90   |
| Lowest Temperature .....       | 75    | 62   | 62   | 37   | 37   | 48   |
| Average, all day .....         | 83    | 81.1 | 72.6 | 64.2 | 62.8 | 66.6 |
| Total rainfall for mo., inches | 13    | 0.5  | 7.5  | 5    | 1.0  | 1    |
| No. of clear days in month     | 17    | 24   | 14   | 28   | 26   | 26   |
| No. of cloudy days in month    | 9     | 2    | 10   | 3    | 5    | 2    |
| No. of Variable days in month  | 4     | 5    | 6    | 0    | 0    | 0    |

Average highest daily temperature over 12 months, 90.7 degrees.

Average lowest temperature, same period 61.3 degrees.

Average temperature, all day, same period 77.1 degrees.

Average number of clear days in month 21.2.

Average number of cloudy days in month 4.

Average number of variable days in month 6.3.

The highest temperature reached in any hour during the year was 99 degrees Fahr.

The lowest temperature in any hour during the year was 37 degrees.

The rainfall during the entire year was, 50.9 inches.

## CLIMATE AND SEASONS.

From October to June in Sinaloa weather conditions cannot be better anywhere. The days are bright and sunny, but not too hot, while the evenings are delightful and the nights cool enough to enjoy sleep. In June the rains begin and while the temperature does not rise to high figures, rarely going high in the 90s, nevertheless the humidity adds to the heat as registered by thermometer. Under the preceding heading of Rainfall will be found a temperature record which speaks for itself. The average temperature for the year ending Feb. 28th, 1906, was 77.1 degrees Fahr. Highest recorded point 99 degrees. lowest, 37 degrees. Those who have given the climate a fair test—through Summer and Winter—agree that it averages up well with Southern California, while its Winter climate is unquestionably superior. **It seems a favorable place for cases of catarrh and asthma,** those going there finding almost immediate relief from such troubles.

## SOIL OF SINALOA LANDS OF COAST PLAIN. ANALYSIS.

|                                                       |       |          |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-------|----------|
| Insoluble Matter .....                                | 72.74 | per cent |
| Potash, K <sub>2</sub> O .....                        | .87   | per cent |
| Soda, Na <sub>2</sub> O .....                         | .42   | per cent |
| Lime, CaO .....                                       | 3.62  | per cent |
| Magnesia, MgO .....                                   | .82   | per cent |
| Peroxide of Iron Fe <sub>2</sub> O <sub>3</sub> ..... | 8.22  | per cent |
| Alumina .....                                         | 7.25  | per cent |
| Phosphoric Acid, P <sub>2</sub> O <sub>5</sub> .....  | .25   | per cent |
| Sulphuric Acid, SO <sub>3</sub> .....                 | .06   | per cent |
| Carbonic Acid, CO <sub>2</sub> .....                  | .03   | per cent |
| Water and organic .....                               | 5.72  | per cent |

|                                    |      |          |
|------------------------------------|------|----------|
| Humus .....                        | 1.95 | per cent |
| Nitrogen of Humus .....            | 9.80 | per cent |
| Hygroscopic moisture at 16°C ..... | 3.22 | per cent |

The soil of the foothill belt is about the same, except coarser in grain, and with more iron in it. The soil in the valleys of the rivers naturally has more silt and alluvial deposit and is an easier worked soil, but no richer in food values for plants than the soil further away from the rivers.

No soil for agricultural, horticultural or gardening purposes need or can be richer or more productive than this. It contains, in large quantities, all the essential elements for plant growth.

## PRODUCTS.

It is not alone the great variety of products raised in Sinaloa that astonishes the newcomer, but the extra fine quality of many of them that attract the grower and investor.

Sugar cane here finds ideal conditions of soil and climate, approaching perfection. When you understand that in Louisiana the per cent of saccharine or sweet in the sugar cane averages about 7 per cent; in Cuba 9 to 10 per cent; in Hawaii, the Paradise of sugar planters, 10½ to 12½ per cent, rarely higher, then you will realize what it means **when we tell you that in Sinaloa sugar cane has tested as high as 17½ per cent.**

Alfalfa finds its natural home here, flourishing and producing **6 to 8 crops per year** of from 1¼ to 1½ tons per acre, and finding ready market at **\$15.00 gold per ton.**

Garbanzas, a yellow chick pea, highly prized as a food in Mexico and Spain, are produced here at a profit of \$75.00 per acre, the market being always good, and a strong demand.

**Corn yields well** and always brings good prices. It is the staple food of Mexico, as wheat is in the United States, being eaten in the form of tortillas, as daily food by fourteen million people. This year, 1907, corn has averaged in Sinaloa, over \$1.00 gold per bushel and has been as high as \$1.25 per bushel. **As two crops are raised per year (January and June planting) it can be seen that corn pays.**

## BEANS.

Beans (frijoles) are also a staple in Mexico, and always command good prices. They are as frequently planted with corn as above and are a good side crop. They invariably produce well and bring good prices.

## GRAINS.

There are good grain sections in Sinaloa, but the natives do not understand its cultivation very well and it is not raised on the scale it should be. Wheat, barley, rye, and other grains are grown in small quantities, but can be raised at a large profit by those understanding how and properly equipped to handle them.

## FRUITS.

Sinaloa can raise everything in the way of fruits. Its lemons and limes are fine. Its oranges, though native seedlings, are early, sweet and delicious. Its strawberries beat those of California. Its bananas are exceptionally well flavored. Its tropical fruits such as papaya, zapotes, etc., are perfect of their kind. Its grapes the best. With all this, there has been no effort in the past to grow fruit on any commercial scale, due probably to the lack of transportation facilities. The new railroads will give an impetus to the fruit industry, and one who plants fruit there now will reap a rich reward at maturity.

## LIVE STOCK—POULTRY, ETC.

Cattle are here, as elsewhere, big money makers, but this is not a grazing country in the sense in which we here in the United States know it. On the coastal plain, grass is scant and scarce, whereas browsing on bush and twig is plentiful. It is not uncommon to see large herds of cattle in good condition on tracts of land where practically no grass will be seen. They keep in good condition from browsing alone. As the country improves and pastures are made, cattle will be better fed and pro-

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duce more, but with the possible exception of some parts of the foothills, Sinaloa will never be a cattle country as we know it in the United States. In some foothill districts there is excellent grass and pasturage, but not enough to be called general throughout the State.

Hogs do well and get enormously fat. Both lard and pork are very high. Ham and bacon sell at fancy prices. Goats and sheep are first-class money makers in Sinaloa. Poultry thrives here as nowhere else. Chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese, all do very well and produce good results. Plenty of food for them.

## HORSES AND MULES.

Here is the best spot on earth for any man that knows his business to raise horses and mules. He will have one of the best markets on this continent for the next 25 years to sell good heavy work horses and mules. They are, and will be for years, in great demand at fancy prices. Any one bringing in a good jack and brood mares cannot fail to do well. Care should be taken however to bring them in during the Fall or Winter in order to acclimate them before the next Summer. Heavy farm work stock is in great demand throughout the whole State, and will sell for big prices.

## MARKETS AND PRICES.

A good market exists for every product now raised in Sinaloa. All crops and produce sell always at good prices and often for high prices. The opening up of the State by railway communication from several directions means the throwing open of all of northern and interior Mexico as a market for Sinaloa products, in addition to opening the markets of the United States for its fruits, fine winter vegetables, etc. **The question of over-production need not be considered,** at least within this generation. Northern and interior Mexico is comparatively dry and non-productive of agricultural products, being largely devoted to cattle-raising and mining, and these States will pay well for the products of Sinaloa's well watered plains and valleys. Prices for food products have always been high in Mexico, and will be so for many years to come. In addition, **Sinaloa has its own large mineral belt to supply with food** as well as a long line of Coast, north and south, along the Pacific Ocean, which draws, and will continue to draw its supplies, from this fertile, productive State of Sinaloa. **Corn at \$1.25 per bushel, beans at 7c per lb., alfalfa at \$15 per ton (all U. S. currency)** are prices and a fair sample of prevailing market prices.

## LABOR AND WAGES.

For the present, labor is reasonably plentiful, although the building of the Southern Pacific Railroad through the State has drawn about 10,000 of the best laborers to railroad work. However, the completion of the railroad within the next two years will at once relieve the labor situation by replacing these men throughout the State as agricultural laborers where needed. The laborer is the peon or Indian workman of Mexico. Average wages paid are from 62½ cents to 75 cents per day, Mexican currency, (31¼ cents to 37½ cents, U. S. money). On these wages the laborer boards himself and works from early morning until late at night. While not up to the standard of farm hands in the United States, Mexican laborers accomplish considerable in the long hours and steady pace they maintain. They are excellent woodmen and excel with an axe or machete. They are exceptionally good at cleaning land, rough planting and agricultural labor, and are also fine cowboys or "vaqueros."

## HARDWOODS, TIMBERS, ETC.

Many hardwoods and precious woods, including mahogany, ebony, cedar, lignum vitæ, amapa, mauto, etc., abound throughout the State. Almost anywhere, timbers for fencing, corrals, house posts, etc., can be had in abundance. Pine and oak are found only in the mountains. The foothills are all well wooded.

## RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION.

In Sinaloa today is presented to view the most remarkable railroad situation on the North American continent. The great Southern Pacific Railroad system is building its extension from Guaymas, Sonora, South through the State of Sinaloa as fast as men, money and materials

can build it. There are, at this writing, employed in the building of this one line alone, 6,400 workmen and 2,600 mules and scrapers, 2½ miles of railway being finished ready for use each day. The bridge that crosses the river Fuerte has been completed and the line will be pushed rapidly South through the State as fast as possible. This line is heading for Mazatlan which it is expected to reach before the end of 1908 and will then push on toward the city of Guadalajara, from which point, construction has commenced North to meet this railroad. The estimated expense of construction of this one line is \$40,000,000 in gold, it being aided by a subsidy from the Mexican Government.

## NATURAL RESOURCES.

Sinaloa is a bountiful storehouse of natural riches simply awaiting the hand of man to develop and display them. Its rich, level and irrigable lands of the Coastal plain; its beautiful valleys in the foothills; its pine and oak clad mountains, all call for utilization. Limitless quantities of water in the streams, prodigal wealth of gold, silver, copper and iron in the bosom of its hills and mountains are waiting for the farmer, fruit raiser, irrigator and miner to bring forth their wonderful potentialities of wealth. A second California, plus plenty of water and big rivers throughout the State. What better can you, Pioneer or Young Man, ask? Especially with a railroad situation confronting you, which is not paralleled on the North American continent.

## SAFETY OF LIFE AND PROPERTY.

Mexico is today one of the best governed and most peaceful countries in the world. Law and order reign supreme and justice is meted out with impartial hand. Today over eight hundred million dollars of United States capital are invested in Mexico, and tens of thousands of American citizens are making not only good livings, but fortunes in Mexico. It offers better opportunities now to enterprising Americans than any part of the United States.

## OPPORTUNITIES.

What can I do in Sinaloa? you ask. All that can be done in any new country. Help develop it. Go into stock raising, bring down some good breeding stock and raise mules and horses. There will be fortunes in it for twenty years to come. Go into cattle raising; nothing better. Every head of cattle doubles your money every two years. Plant fruit—grapes, oranges, lemons, olives, all big money makers in Mexico. Plant fibre, the million-aire maker of Mexico, that grows to perfection only in Yucatan and Sinaloa. Open stores, go into manufacturing, buying and selling of products, canning fruit and vegetables, ice-making, packing, all avenues are open to you, prices high and markets good. Grow alfalfa, fatten hogs, lard is high, scarce and much in demand. **There is room for all and a market for all you can produce.**

## TITLES TO LANDS.

There are probably more first-class perfected titles to land in Sinaloa than in any other State in the Mexican Republic. A series of surveying concessions have been operating in Sinaloa over a considerable term of years and thus titles have been brought into the courts and before the tribunals of Mexico until all points have been contested and consequently have been definitely settled. Excellent records can be referred to and usually good titles obtained. Competent attorneys are to be found whose advice is safe and reliable. "Clipped from a Los Angeles Publication."

Mr. Isaiah Wheeler of Cerro Gordo, Illinois, with his camera starts in a few days for a trip down through the State of Sinaloa, Mexico, with me. We will travel over the new line of the Southern Pacific Railroad to secure pictures for a Booklet similar to the one recently published, "A Record Without Parallel," on Northern California. Send for a copy, it will be MAILED FREE and will give you an idea how the new SINALOA BOOKLET will look. If you want this Sinaloa booklet FREE send your request in at once.

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**¶ The city of Medicine Hat, situated on the Saskatchewan river and underlaid with gas and coal, is destined to be a great manufacturing center.**

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# CALIFORNIA EXCURSION

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Residence of Mrs. E. M. Wolfe, Butte Valley. Arrived Oct. 29, 1906.

## Wonderful Achievements

The wonderful achievements in Butte Valley have not been accomplished by gross misrepresentations. It has been a phenomenal growth, due to the extraordinary natural resources and extreme low prices of land. Farmers do not understand why and how such valuable land can be purchased for such money in such a delightful climate and with such superb facilities for shipping, development, etc.

In many other fruit sections where possibilities are great and the future promising, the land sells for many times the price placed upon Butte Valley lands.

Orchardists are very profuse in their statements concerning the future of the apple industry in this section. Fruit and nuts will **grow** in many sections of the country, but the places where they will do their **best** and produce the very **fanciest grades** are not found just any place. The vast number of acres to be planted in apple orchards this season is indisputable evidence of the confidence the residents have in the outlook. Many persons are calculating to plant apple trees as soon as the summer crop is off the land. The excursions to be conducted to the valley in the near future, while the low rates are given, will no doubt double the present acreage; at least the present prospects indicate as much.

Nowhere in the history of the colonization is to be found a project with such an enviable record. When one thinks of only thirty months' time for a valley of sage brush to become a thriving bee hive of industry with town, numerous farm houses and thousands of acres of grain, it surpasses belief. Adjacent communities have already begun to wonder what there is in Butte Valley that has attracted so many people in such a short time, but when they make the journey to the valley and see the wonderful results that have been brought about by these people they no longer wonder that the community is building up so rapidly.

Macdoel is the halfway house between San Francisco and Portland, which will mean much to the future of the valley. These two Pacific ports are the gateways to the Orient. The Orient buys fruit from the western coast in great quantities. The new main line of the Southern Pacific, reaching both of these ports and penetrating the valley, will furnish the very best

of facilities for the exporting of the products of Siskiyou County. As the lumbering interests and mining interests have developed rapidly in the last few years, so may we expect great things from the general farming and fruit raising.

Mr. I. B. Luther has the rightly gained title of "The Sage Brush King." It is said "necessity is the mother of invention," but it seems that opportunity has something to do with it occasionally. Mr. Luther saw among the purchasers of land in Butte Valley a number who were not able to immediately move upon their land and improve it. Many were very desirous of having some responsible person clear the sage brush, plow and harrow the land, sow the grain, and prepare the soil for the planting of orchards the coming fall, so he accordingly provided himself with about 60 good horses and a number of men. This equipment has been divided into proper crops which are detailed to accomplish certain work, and it is simply wonderful the amount of land his force has cleared for those who cannot do so themselves. We mention this here so that those who cannot come immediately to the valley should feel no timidity in purchasing for want of care to the land.

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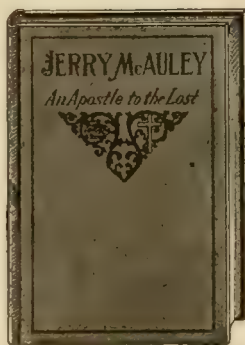
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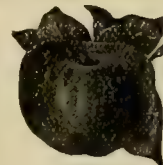
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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

July 7, 1908

No. 27.

## The Tale of Six Cities

O. H. Kimmel

### III. Vienna Democracy and Surviving Feudalism.

THE city of Vienna is the capital city of one of the most peculiar countries in the world. It is a country of all peoples, all languages, all beliefs, all sects and all sorts of controversies.

The sovereign, Franz Josef, is a member of the old feudal House of Habsburg and is the one person or mediator who holds all this vast and varied estate government together. Though an emperor, he is a most democratic person, and his cattle and gardens are open to the lowest subject in his empire. The entire government is considered by Franz Josef as his estate, and he is the real old feudal lord. Yet, in order to preserve this as an estate, he has exhibited, not the manner of a lord, but he has, through all his years, held them close to him by his modern democratic ways. Every subject loves Franz Josef, and he is frequently tenderly spoken of, by the people, as father or papa. He seems to mingle the days of the robber castles with the days of modern democracy, and apparently by so doing, has struck the happy medium which holds the vast empire together.

Here, conditions are altogether different from those in Russia. Let Franz Josef make one false step, or give one autocratic command, and the whole nation would stand up against him. The government is in no part an autocracy and it seems to be a mass of peoples and governments leagued together for common protection against the encroachments of Russia and Germany from the north.

In other words, if the fear of Russian and German encroachments were taken from the Austrian, it is hardly probable that this great Babel of languages and tribes of people could be prevailed upon to remain long under one head. The country is so located geographically that it is exactly between Russia and her coveted Constantinople, and it is also between Germany and that same goal. So, in order to live independently at all, the various peoples of Austria are clinging to Franz Josef as a drowning people would cling to driftwood.

The nation is not only divided politically, but it is divided socially also. Neighborhoods of one language will have no intercourse with neighborhoods of another language. Religiously the nation is strongly Catholic and Franz Josef is himself a devout advocate of that faith. However, in a nation of such varied peoples one religion could not exist unmolested, and so the varied denominations of Protestant and Jew are found there.

The Jew, as in all other countries, is aggressive in this nation, and has created quite a political following. This movement, in its own workings, has aroused the opponents of the Jew, hence a strong Anti-Semitic movement was instituted with the purpose in view of ultimately eliminating the Jew from all political and social influence in the Empire.

Other domestic troubles than these have long since manifested themselves also. As early as 1848, under the lead of Hungary's noble statesman and patriot, Louis Kossuth, a revolutionary movement against Austrian tariff was instituted and the *Vedegylet* or Protective Union the purpose of which was to league the people of Hungary together, to refuse to purchase any goods of Austrian manufacture until the duties were removed from them. This Protective Union was so well organized and so successful in its workings that many Austrian factories were compelled to move into Hungary to avoid ruin.

Growing out of this, Kossuth instituted a still more radical reform, and a delegation was sent to Vienna demanding, from the general government, a responsible ministry, the abolition of feudal burdens and taxes, the extension of the franchise, freedom of the press, complete religious toleration, and many other measures of such character.

These measures, the government, because of its inability to do otherwise, had to grant, and Hungary began to feel just pride in her political freedom. It may seem strange to the reader that Hungary and Austria should be so at combat with one another; it may seem strange that Austrian goods should be taxed



to support the Vienna government when goods are sent across the Danube into Hungary; but when we remember, that all this great area of empire, is really a league between several empires, which come together for mutual protection, among which empires Austria and Hungary are the greatest, we can understand why concessions are asked and granted, why duties are imposed, why national and international jealousies prevail, and why the central government must be wise in dealing and in compromise. Austria, an empire, has leagued itself to Hungary, a kingdom. It is really a dual government that we see existing here, each one practically independent of the other, but still united under the demo-feudal hand of Emperor Franz Josef.

Emperor Franz Josef's inheritance has descended upon him from the old house of Habsburg, which has figured so strongly in the affairs of Europe. We may trace this family back to the days when its old feudal castle stood, the leader among other feudal estates. This family outwitted its lessers and became all-powerful. When civilization and religion came, it embraced them both, and has since remained loyal to the church at Rome. At one time it dominated the affairs of central Europe, and all eyes were upon this great house. It seemed destined to extent its sway over all Europe and even into other lands, just as the Czar of Russia now desires to extend his sway. It was more autocratic then—this house was—and it was entirely unaccustomed to compromise.

But while it was thus enjoying what seemed to be the beginning of a greater career, but which was really the zenith of its power, another feudal lord, farther north, was beginning to attract the eyes of central Europe. This was the Hohenzollern family, which embraced Martin Luther's religious faith and thus set itself agoing against the Habsburg house, until now the Hohenzollern family rules the mighty and ambitious German Empire. From the day that the Hohenzollern family embraced the more modern and common-sense ideas of Martin Luther, and set itself about to build up this new faith in the German states, the Habsburg family has been on the decline until now, when it retains its powers because of its joined hands with Democracy.

Franz Josef is a masterful man. He is a man of high intelligence and great learning. He is master of every language spoken in his empire, and speaks these languages fluently. His palace is more like the home of a democratic president than of a feudal lord emperor. Any subject may meet him personally for redress, and the Emperor is able to talk to the personage in his own tongue. Thus the subject feels honored and satisfied with any argument he may receive from the diplomatic old Emperor. And so he rules and compromises an empire made up of Germans, Slavs, Bohemians, Poles, Ruthenians, Slovans, Italians,

Roumanians, Jews and Turks, in which each nationality jealously uses its own language, arts and religion. When an Austrian-German meets an Austrian-Pole, the German feels insulted if the Pole does not address him in the German language, and the Pole feels equally piqued if the German does not greet him in the Polish language. And so it is, throughout the Empire, each nationality carefully guarding his own nationality, for fear that he may disgrace himself and his people, by forming some habit common to the people of another language.

For this reason the Austrian-German is far inferior to the German in the German Empire, and the Pole is inferior to the Pole in Russia. The habits and traditions of the fathers are carefully kept and guarded, lest they be forgotten. The people are truly conservative, and say, "Our fathers' methods were good enough for our fathers and they are good enough for us,"—the real statement of the real conservative everywhere. Thus in Austria, radical jealousy has barred all progress, and kept its people in a very backward state. There seems to be no remedy for this unless these nationalists should all concede a half point and adopt some universal language not common to any sect or tribe now in the Empire. Of recent years the new Esperanto language, the invention of Dr. Zamenhof, has been suggested as a means of overcoming this difficulty.

How different is this government from Russia or Turkey! In those countries the people are brow-beaten by autocratic and despotic governments, where no personal right comes to the people. But in Austria the people make demands of the sovereign and the demands are granted. They go directly to Franz Josef with complaint and come away soothed. Democracy seems to be absolutely recognized throughout the Empire, yet it is not openly operative for any real good in general, because of the clannish racial jealousy that exists throughout the Empire. Yet the condition is better than in Russia or Turkey, for whatever the condition is, the people are themselves to blame for it. The responsibility rests with the people, and when they can be prevailed upon to put aside their traditional race pride and race jealousies and work for the common good of the Empire it will be seen that no hand either of despot or autocrat stands in the way of ultimate success. It is a show of democratic victory over feudalism of Medieval times, and in all probability, ere many more decades pass away some medium may be worked out which will unite this people socially and politically, if Austria is left alone to work this out.

Signs of such a change within the Empire are already beginning to manifest themselves. With all their factionalism and selfishness, a gradual trend toward less religious distinction but greater religious liberalism is beginning to be felt. Civic pride, espe-

cially in the cities and towns, is taking a hold upon the people, and the municipal affairs are being worked out with wonderful satisfaction. This spirit, showing itself as it does, in the cities and towns, can but creep gradually into the rural districts, where its effects will later be felt. If the people once seek to build up their cities, towns and villages, then patriotism will join hands with democracy, and traditional jealousies will vanish and a great progressive free nation will begin to wield its influence in the world, in place of the old spirit of selfish, racial pride and racial conservatism which now reigns. This civic pride spirit struck Vienna over twenty years ago, and within a short space of years, fine boulevards took the place of narrow, dingy streets, large well-equipped modern buildings have taken the place of dingy old buildings, great public parks and playgrounds have been built, public utilities of the latest modern invention have been installed, and so great has been the transformation, that Albert Shaw has said, "Vienna is the world's most notable example of a splendidly appointed metropolis rapidly evolved through the adoption of modern ideas and principles."

Among the wonderful improvements that have come to Vienna in these recent years, the traveler would note the Ringstrasse and its marvelous architecture, the Votive Church, the University of Vienna, the City Hall, the Imperial Theater, the Parliament Buildings, the Imperial Palace, the Museums and the Opera House. Not all of these buildings and places are of modern build, but they all belong to the wonderful achievements of the progressive and democratic citizens.

Budapest, the Hungarian capital, has also "blossomed out of its primitive and forlorn conditions into the full magnificence of a splendidly-appointed metropolis." The same progressive spirit has seized its people and the results are just as astonishing. Prague has not so distinguished herself in this line, but she is a haughty, proud city, the center of a movement toward the independence of Bohemia from the federated government of Austria-Hungary.

Austrian cities could teach American cities much, and one very noticeable thing that America could learn from them is the better moral life, and especially the drink condition. The Austrian may drink, but he does not do so under surroundings that foster viciousness and murder. The saloon does not exist there as Americans know a saloon. Through the sweep of changing events, America and Europe have attained much good, but in the evolution of the liquor question, it has remained for America to establish the saloon which fosters sin, crime and iniquities, such as no people, time or age has ever witnessed. Americans might learn from Venice how to solve the saloon question, if she were not up at arms herself deter-

mined not only to solve the question but to drive this infamous institution from the land forever.

The improvements made in Austrian cities may influence Austria into the patriotic spirit which shall mean a great national democracy, if Austria is left to herself to work out the problem.

But events of recent years seem to point out a rather dismal future for this nation's continued existence. Franz Josef is now old, and can at best live but a few years. Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the throne, has not the democratic spirit of Josef, and is entirely out of sympathy with his policies. He is autocratic, conceited, and somewhat contemptuous, and quite likely if he comes to the throne, the national federation of jealous states may be broken up. Then, Russia and Germany in their growing desire to reach Turkey, would each desire her separation, and also desire to be present with their baskets when the separation comes. Surely the future for the House of Habsburg is not bright, and the future national life of Austria-Hungary is in no sense an assured fact. This great spirit of world unrest is in Austria, as in every nation, and it seems that ere many decades pass, Austria-Hungary must contribute herself to the new arrangement of things, which the signs of the times say are coming to Europe and to the world.



### A MODERN LUMBER CAMP.

DALLAS B. KIRK.

NEATNESS, cleanliness, system and order are the four words that describe a modern lumber camp. With the passing of the nineteenth century has also disappeared the old way of running a lumber camp, with its countless bedbugs and other filth too numerous to mention.

A number of new things were ushered in with the twentieth century and among them was the improved lumber camp.

In the morning at 5:30 the chief cook takes a heavy sledge and hammers on an iron rail, which is hung from the side of the bake-room. This makes such a deafening noise that it always awakens the soundest sleeper.

The cook has several assistants to help him with the meals. In the kitchen there is both hot and cold water which is piped from the boiler room.

There are two large six-griddle stoves sitting end to end with roomy ovens for pies, cakes, etc.

On the table in the dining-room are both dainty and solid food, in fact almost anything that a man could think of in the eatable line is here and when you are through with your meal you can take a toothpick and make use of it. Some of the eatables are, good bread, the best pies, potatoes, beef or pork, turnips, sweet cakes, doughnuts, tapioca, buckwheat cakes, tea or



coffee, and the best of clear, cold mountain water to drink.

The dining-room seats comfortably two hundred men. In plain view from the tables can be seen such mottoes as, "Eat here, talk in the lobby," and "Eat more, talk less," signed by E. W. K.

The kitchen is in the rear part of the camp with a bake-room annex in which the baker can bake eighty loaves of bread at one time.

The assistants have a bedroom in the other end of the kitchen opposite the bakery. A storage-room is also joined to the kitchen close to the bake-room.

The eating room is steam-heated, thus giving an even temperature to the entire room. There are four rows of tables, two tables in a row.

A large lobby is close to the dining-room with hot and cold water for washing the hands and face before eating.

Although the lobby is a separate building from the dining-room, yet the men are not exposed to the weather when going to their meals as there is a roof over the passage-way.

The second stories of the lobby and dining-room, are equipped with iron beds, springs and mattresses for the sleeping accommodation of the workingman, which together with plenty of windows for light and ventilation make the sleeping apartments first class.

The boiler-room contains, besides a boiler, a wooden water tank of large capacity.

A railroad track is just outside of the rear of the boiler-room, and a car of coal can easily be unloaded into the coal bin.

Between the lobby and the boiler-room is a bath-room containing a large bath tub and you can either take a hot or a cold bath or neither one. But there is no need to go unclean there for any length of time with such modern conveniences as these.

Tacked upon the camp doors are large notices containing the rules of the camp, among them is this one, "No alcoholic liquor is allowed in or around these buildings."

Leaving the camp proper and going across a small but rapid stream we come to a long pig-pen. Here are pigs from only a few months old to full-grown fat "porkers" ready to kill. Thus fresh pork is always right at hand.

Coming back across the little mountain run, we come to an ice-house not far from the kitchen door. A room for meat is in the middle of the ice-house with ice nearly around the meat-room even over-head. Both beef and pork are kept here.

Close to the ice-house is the potato cave which last fall was filled with 1,100 bushels of potatoes. This supply is supposed to last until new potatoes grow again.

The building in which the men grind their axes has nailed upon the four sides of the room twenty-four coon skins; they belong to the jobber.

The bookkeeper's office is also a separate building and among its furnishings is a telephone.

There are two barns, each stabling twenty horses, both of them are two-story buildings with a feed entry running the full length of the building on the first floor. The horses eat bailed hay and are bedded with bailed straw. An overhead shoot is built from the near-by railroad track to a door in the second story and the hay, straw and oats which are shipped in by the carload are easily unloaded.

In each barn on the second story is a large oats bin holding a carload of oats at one time.

A short distance from the barns was standing a steam log loader. Take a handful of toothpicks and let them fall out of your hand upon the table, now bunch them together without any order and you will have a miniature log pile, like I saw close to the railroad track. But the steam loader picks the logs out of the pile as easily as you would pick the toothpick up, one by one.

The log trucks have iron rails running the full length of each car, and it is upon this track built on the log trucks that the steam loader runs and does its work. It begins at one end of a train of empty log trucks and loads the first car, then runs on to the next car and loads the second car and so on until the cars are all loaded and ready to be taken to the large saw-mill fifteen miles away at the mouth of the run.

There are two good dwelling houses within sight of the camp, one for the chief cook and his family and the other for the man who tends the horses and his family. These houses are both nicely papered but not painted.

At one time the camp jobber had a tame bear, but it finally got so mischievous they had to kill it. now a tame ferret is kept in one of the barns and will follow the stable boss all through the barn.

It has been said by old and experienced lumber men that these camps are the best of their kind in the United States.

At the mouth of the run there is a nice town. And nearly all of the houses have that new look about them. The sawmill here used to run day and night, but only a day crew works now.

This tract of timber, I was told, covers nine thousand acres and at the present rate of working it will take four years to complete the job of cutting and sawing this vast amount of timber into boards, etc., for the building world.

Reader, I have tried to tell you only what I saw and heard from good authority, thus helping you to take a peep into a twentieth century Lumber Camp.

*Pentz, Pa.*



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XII.

I HAD been reciting the "Charge of the Light Brigade" by Tennyson in the various countries with some success. In the north of Ireland this was acceptable, for the Irish there are in favor of English rule. The south is bitterly opposed to the English, hate their landlords, and are ready to fight or die for the cause of Home Rule at any moment. Besides this, the hottest-headed Irish live in the south and west of Ireland. They are most lovely people, social to a fault, and will give away their last crust to the one who hasn't any, but they are fiery tempered, and among the uneducated ones, dangerously afflicted with combativeness on either of two questions,—land-holding or religion, for Ireland is the stronghold of the Catholic Church.

Wexford is a city of the south. In its market-square one Saturday night I gathered a mob about me and was reciting the "Charge," expecting afterwards to take up a collection,—amid the *applause!* Well, I got the applause,—a peculiar kind of applause. But I'm still waiting for the collection,—for instead of a collection, I got a *dispersion*,—and it wasn't a dispersion of the Jews, either. In the north of Ireland I was suspicioned as a *Scotch* insurance fraud! Here in the south the mob chased me down a back street because they thought I was an anti-Irish *Englishman!*

The Justice of the Peace, a wealthy merchant, influential citizen, and father of a fine family of pretty girls, just then passing, took in the situation, and the next morning when I happened into his church,—a

Methodist Church,—he invited me home to his palace, on New Year's day, with turkey and cranberry sauce, and English plum-pudding. Monday morning, when ready to set out, he presented me with one of his most beautiful—*pieces of gold!* to help me over his poverty-stricken island.

But I had been royally entertained, and it all came about because of my loyalty to the church. That morning, as I sat by the cold fireplace of the private lodging house which had sheltered me during the night from the mob, the home of an old man and woman,—thinking I had better cook the few silly vegetables I had with me on the slow fire and stay

"in" all day, for fear of more trouble if I ventured out, the memory of my old teaching about regularly attending upon divine service, influenced me to seek the sanctuary. How easy it would have been for me to stay at home that day. And how much I would have missed! What a different history my whole life would have. I would have left Wexford on Monday morning, doubtless with an ugly feeling in my



Irish Policemen—Called "Constabulary"—the Finest Police in the World. These Men Asked Mr. Spickler to Eat with Them at Their Barracks, which He Did.

mouth for the people I would have thought them all pretty much alike. Their palaces would have looked like so many prisons or arrogant dwellings of the haughty aristocrats. That feeling would have tainted my whole Ireland experience, and I would have been one-sided in my judgment of that noble race. But notice, please, you who think it is good to stay away from divine service, you who find pleasure somehow in absenting yourself from the Lord's house, you who are so selfish and neglectful and slovenly as to sit



around home all day, unwilling to go out in the storm, fearful of getting sick, charging your rheumatics to the weather when you ought to know it's your gluttony, telling people your headaches and pains and tired feelings have come about by overwork when you ought to know it is impurity or worry or envy and hate that makes you deplete in vitality and makes you crawl around like a torpid winter snake,—notice, you who think the preacher will not miss you, or if he does, what matter, you who are led by the devil to believe that you can just as well read a sermon at home while toasting your toes at the comfortable fire, notice! That beautiful palace set in a more beautiful park, surrounded by a stone wall with high gate, would not have opened her hospitable doors to me if I had "stayed at home." That New Year's dinner in the bosom of that delightful family, seated at the same table with those pretty girls, a guest of honor at the high official's table, would have all passed me. And just as I would have gone through life henceforth without that thrill of blessing, not knowing I had missed anything, and being led by old Satan to believe that I was getting everything out of life just like other people who went to church that day, so the man and woman who fail to attend services when they can just as well go and hear the sermon and help in the singing and help to fill up the seats, will never know what they are missing, or even suspect that they are missing anything. And these will be the grouchers. They will cavil at everything. When Monday comes it is blue, blue, blue! The clothes they try to make white could be blue'd with just the blueness in their spirits,—they could save the blueing bottle. There is no life in it. Gloom settles before the eyes. The water boils over, the babies bawl, the children chide. The horses are clumsy and seem balky. The store is cold and full of dust and the people slow about buying. Bills that must be settled at once come in the mails.

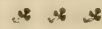
Yes, it all goes wrong, when the man stays at home on Sunday! And it ought to.

On Monday morning I rode away from that nice city with the good will of everybody, but especially of my own conscience. It was the easiest thing in the world to get on my wheel and ride on, and on, and on, into new and strange and sometimes barren country. I had food that they knew not of,—those who stay at home on Sunday. And all the way of my wayfaring life to this very moment that bright oasis stands out, that splendid hospitality of that sympathetic Irish family stands out,—their knowledge of me and of my adventure, their friendship and their warm handshake at parting,—all stand out in my horizon like an Alpine peak, glowing in the warm sunshine of a morning

that promises, for me and for the world I'm traveling over, a bonny good time and success in the end.

I was not a Methodist, but I was glad I went into that Methodist church, on Sunday, on New-Year's day, in Wexford, Ireland, the land of the shamrock. The answer to my prayer awaited me at the church that morning. God didn't intend to carry the turkey and cranberry sauce and plum pudding and sweet feminine smiles to that lodging house for me. Not much!

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### WAMPUM.

WAMPUM is derived from the word wampumpeay, meaning white shells. They were of two kinds, the belt and the string, and were of two colors, purple and white, the purple ones having preference.

The genuine wampum were made of clam shells. The shells were cut into cylindrical beads about the size of an ordinary pipe stem, and one-fourth to one-half an inch in length and bored through so that they could be strung into strands, after which they were polished.

The practice of making wampum beads originated among the Indians that once inhabited Long Island. It became general among the Indians at the time the Europeans began to settle in the New World.

In 1627 the wampum began to be of commercial value. Of the two colors, the purple ones commanded the highest prices. Some time later the traders introduced an imitation of them and caused them to become almost worthless.

The wampum were used for various purposes. Of the two kinds, the belt and string, there were many styles, which indicated the manner in which they were to be used. Recording history, declaring wars, making treaties and paying tribute were done with the wampum. The red wampum, signifying war, were in charge of the chiefs, each of whom assumed the responsibility for one year, or "one night" as they called it.

At the present time they are extensively used by the Iroquois, or the six nations of New York State. Each tribe has its own strings of wampum. The wampum is used also as an ornament about the person. When the wampum of the six nations is put together to form a circle at a council, that signifies that the meeting is opened.

Owing to the many beads similar to those of the genuine wampum which are now manufactured at a very low cost, the industry of making wampum has died out. Consequently genuine wampum is now very scarce.—*The Arrow*.

# Getting Rid of the Timber

Grant Mahan

To be as small as it is and to have been settled as long as it has, there is still considerable timbered land in Cuba. In going through it for the first time one is likely to be greatly disappointed and to think that the dense growth will not be cleared away for many years. But when he investigates he learns that the trees are falling wherever there is timber; and if he does a little figuring he will revise his estimate of the length of time it will take for the forests to be cleared away. One is often made to think that there cannot be so much large timber close to the stations, where he sees so many saw logs, ties, etc.

The clearing process is not an easy one; that is, when men desire to get the land ready for cultivation. We Americans do not find it profitable to do the work for ourselves. A Cuban with his machete is at home

to go any considerable distance through a clearing. Long ago we cleared some farms in Wisconsin; but going through after all the trees and brush had been cut down was fun there. It is hard work here—that is the difference.

People generally try to do their cutting during the dry season, which lasts from about the first of December till April, usually. The trees lie on the ground for several weeks, and as there is no rain there is no growth of green shoots. When all is dry enough, about noon on a hot day the torch is applied all along the side where the wind comes from, and soon there is a terrific fire. The roaring of the flames can be plainly heard for a mile. The fire soon runs over the cleared space, burning the small stuff. But it does not stop burning then, for we have some kinds of timber

here which even when green will burn if the large end gets set on fire. There is no flame unless there is a strong wind, but the fire steadily eats its way along the trunk. The other day I stood on one of these trees which had been burning for three weeks, and only about fifteen feet was consumed. And the stumps of these trees will burn, roots and all. Often great holes are left where the stump stood. We saw one place where the main roots had run out and formed a nearly perfect five-point star. All was burned, and the snow-white ashes marked the star in the dark soil.



Lumber Deposit, Camaguey, Cuba. Logs and Hewn Timbers Are to be Seen all along the Line through the Timbered Section; but not many Places Have as Many as Are Here Shown.

in the woods, and it is surprising how much brush he will cut away in a day. I heard an American say—we are inclined to think we are the people and that we can do things better than others can—that he could take an ax and machete and go into the woods and do as much as a Cuban. He tried it for a time and then hired Cubans to do his clearing. It makes a great deal of difference whether we have been accustomed to a certain kind of work from childhood.

Men first go through with their machetes and cut the twigs and branches; then the smaller trees are cut, and lastly the large ones. All the limbs are cut so that they lie pretty flat. The heaviest trees being on top, the whole mass is held pretty close together. And it is a mass; it takes a long time and much effort

Sometimes these fires get where they are not wanted. The flames leap from the ground to the air plants in a tree, and from this tree to another one, and on and on. It is hard, and dangerous, too, to fight a fire when it is running in this way. It is best to keep at a safe distance and let it go.

But the prettiest sight of all is at night. The dry trees are not cut down, for they will burn anyhow. The fire lays hold of them, and in a short time they are real pillars of fire towering up for many feet. The smaller ones soon are destroyed and fall with a crash to the earth, sending their sparks in every direction. The larger ones stand longer, are a grander sight, and to see them crash to the earth reminds one of the fall of some mighty



giant who for many years withstood all the attacks made upon him by his enemies.

When all has burned that will burn of itself, then the hard part of the burning commences. The logs lie thick upon the ground. Some persons are content to let them lie and rot; they plant their corn and fruit trees among them, and they do about as well as on ground that has been well cleared up. But it is not an inviting field. Others pile and burn all but the largest softwood trees, which are left to dry and rot for a year. For this work, too, the Cubans are usually in demand.

Much timber, some of it valuable, is destroyed; and the time will probably come when the destruction of it will be regretted as the fast wanton destruction of good timber is much regretted in some parts of the States. But people will not learn by the experience. However, nearly every-

where much of the best timber has been taken out before the clearing. The land has been held in large tracts; sometimes the ownership was uncertain, for there had been little surveying done; and the men who wanted good timber for any purpose took it where they could find it, always being careful not to let the ones who claimed the land see them engaged in the business.

The clearing process is in full swing now; for most of the Americans who buy land want to improve it. The Cuban forest will in a few years be a thing of the past; and in its place will be fruit trees and cane fields and gardens, which we think are better. And so, though we love the forest, we are willing to see it go; for there probably will not come a time when people here will suffer for want of timber.

*Omaja, Cuba.*

## Inventions and Inventors

John H. Nowlan

CARLYLE describes a man as a tool-making animal, and when we give the subject a close study, we are bound to admit that he was correct in his description.

Without tools man is inferior to the beasts of the fields. With them he is master of all and is fast extending his dominion over all nature.

Like everything else, tools are the result of a gradual development. The stone hammer and chisel were crude and of little use, but by their aid other and better tools were made.

When man learned to make metal tools he made a great stride in the march of civilization.

When Capt. Cook visited the South Sea Islands, one of the most noticeable things was the eagerness of the natives for iron. A nail would buy a good-sized pig. On one occasion, he bought several hundred pounds of fish for a few crude knives, made of an old hoop.

Navigators found they could pay their way from island to island by means of iron scraps, as easily as they could at home by means of gold coins. No wonder, though, that they showed such a great concern for metal, for, "An Otaheitan chief," says Cook, "who had got two nails in his possession, received no small emolument by letting out the use of them to his neighbors, for the purpose of boring holes when their own methods failed or were thought too clumsy."

Except in a few places, the natives of America had not emerged from the stone age when Columbus landed.

But such has been the history of all people, since civilized and highly enlightened. A collection of ancient European weapons and instruments placed beside a similar collection from the South Seas were so

similar that they would have passed for the product of the same race and not for the handicraft of races separated by almost one-half the circumference of the earth and more than twenty centuries.

Canoes made of the trunks of trees hollowed by means of fire have been dug from the estuarine silt in the valleys of Scotland, where they have been buried for centuries. The counterpart of these rude craft, was in use in New Zealand when that land was first seen by white men.

The first metals to be used in tool-making were the softer and more easily fused metals. Iron, and of course, steel, were the last of the common metals to come into use, partly because it is so seldom found in a natural state.

Even after man learned the secret of smelting it was rare, because an intense heat is needed to separate it from the ores and reduce it to a condition suitable for working.

Gold is not suited for the manufacture of any edge tools, while tempered steel is for all. Hence many of the early nations formed the backs of their swords of gold or silver, and reserved the more precious steel for the cutting edge.

When and how the art of smelting iron became known is only a matter of conjecture. Like many other arts, it quite probably came from the East. That it was well known at an early age is well proven by the tools mentioned in 1 Sam. 19: 21.

With the use of iron came the invention of many and various tools. Every invention was the result of a want, and the want was often the result of conditions created by a previous invention.

One author says that it is the human race that is the true inventor. One man takes up a line of thought and pursues it to the extent of his powers. Another pushes the inquiry farther, and so on till at last one greater than his fellows, succeeds in collecting the knowledge of all and an invention is made to perhaps, in its turn be perfected by another.

The history of one man is the experience of the whole race. He begins life a helpless infant, but acquires strength and mental power with age. So do we succeed to the results of our predecessors' labors, using their tools, their machines and their structures as a foundation on which to build higher. Not only that, but we inherit their mentality as well. Mental dispositions are as truly and as really transmitted as physical ones, and we are the favored recipients of a long line of intellectual effort.

Inventors, as well as reformers, are often born before their time. The common intellect was not sufficiently advanced to comprehend them and their inventions dropped from sight, perhaps to be rediscovered centuries after and sometimes lost entirely.

A comparison of the comparatively new inventions with the old will illustrate. Steam was known centuries ago, but its application as a common servant dates little prior to Watt. The Chinese used the art of printing hundreds of years before Gatenberg or Koster were born. Lithography was known in Germany almost 300 years before Senefelder. Blascode Garay experimented with steam navigation at Barcelona in 1543. McCormick invented the reaper, but a book translated from the German, by Barnabee George in 1577, describes a reaping machine long used in France. It "was a lowe carre with a couple of wheels, and the frunt armed with sharp syckles, which, forced by the beaste through the corne did cut down al before it." The tunnel under the Thames was thought to be a new achievement, but the Euphrates was tunnelled at Babylon.

How could Friar Bacon, who lived in the thirteenth century, have anticipated the steam engine, hydraulic engine, diving bell, and flying machine, if he had not at least *tradition* of former inventions that had fallen into disuse? He says, "I will now mention some of the wonderful works of art and nature in which there is nothing of magic, and which magic could not perform. Instruments may be made by which the largest ships, with only one man guiding them, will be carried with greater velocity than if they were full of sailors. Chariots may be constructed that will move with incredible rapidity, without the help of animals. Instruments of flying may be formed, in which a man, sitting at his ease, and meditating on any subject, may beat the air with his artificial wings, after the manner of birds. An instrument will be fabricated by which one man may draw a thousand men to him and against their will; as also machines which will enable men to

walk at the bottom of seas or rivers without danger."

The old manuscripts of the monasteries are constantly adding to our knowledge of the learning of the early people. It is to be hoped that the art of printing will prevent the present discoveries again falling into disuse.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*

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#### FUDGE.

WHEN Mrs. Deggs pressed a box of fudge into my hands I said, "Thank you." I always say, "Thank you," when anybody gives me anything. It was a habit that was spanked into me while I was yet quite a child. Once, when I was about ten years old, my Aunt Rebecca gave me a slap on the ear and said, "Take that, now!" and I said, "Thank you."

So it was with Mrs. Deggs's gift; I accepted it, not because I wanted it, but because of my polite weakness. In the first place, I don't like fudge—it makes me sick; and in the second place, I don't like it done up in a shoe-box. This was quite a big shoe-box. It was labeled "Calf, 9½ D," and I judge it held about six pounds of this washy sweetness.

To be sure, Mrs. Deggs meant well. She was prompted by a kindly desire to repay me in a small way for my influence in securing a position for her son Ham in the street-cleaning department. I once asked her how she had come to give her boy such a name as that, and she told me that his real name was Hammond. Poor Ham! He will always be suggestive for the lunch-counter, whichever way you look at him. When I called on the commissioner at the City Hall and told him I had come to see him about Hammond Deggs he seemed a trifle surprised, but said he would be pleased to do what he could for me, as he was himself quite partial to ham and eggs.

I was very glad to be able to help the old lady and her Hammy, but I should have been better pleased had she not thought it necessary to go to the trouble and expense of making me a shoe-boxful of fudge. I couldn't hurt her feelings by declining it, nor did I like to suggest that if I was expected to tote that box home in broad daylight I should prefer to have it wrapped up. So I merely put on a smile of lively pleasure and said, "This is most kind of you, I am sure. And did you make it yourself?"

She said, "Why, yes, of course; and I made it especially for you. You like fudge, don't you?"

I said, "Indeed I do."

I always tell such bald-headed lies when I am driven into the field of gallantry. Of course I should have replied, "How can there be any question about my liking what you have made, Mrs. Deggs?" Unfortunately, however, I can never kindle these dainty prevarications at the proper moment. The only time I was ever inspired to give utterance to a sentiment overreaching the commonplace was when somebody's



grandmothter apologized for stepping on my toe and I said, "Pray don't mention it, madam; sweets to the sweet, you know."

Mrs. Deggs tied the box with a heavy cord. It looked like awning-rope, and I think it was made up of three or four lengths fastened together. At any rate, it was uncommonly knotty. I tried to forget to take the box with me as I was leaving; but Mrs. Deggs wouldn't let me. She said, "Dear me! you must n't go without your fudge!" and I gave a little jump of surprise and said, "Well, I should say not!" And accordingly I started homeward with this unsightly cargo of home-made confectionery attached to me.

I am not what you would call a proud man. I don't mind, on occasion, carrying home a modest package or even a basket of grapes or something of that sort. Once I carried home a watermelon. But when it comes to a naked shoe-box, and a shoe-box of abnormal dimensions, I can't but feel that my dignity is sore pressed, and particularly so when I happen to be attired in my afternoon apparel, including a cane.

It was useless to attempt to conceal the box anywhere about my person. The best I could do, after a painful effort to button my coat over it was to tuck it lengthwise under my left arm and press it hard against my ribs. To be sure, this gave me a decidedly stiff, not to say paralytic, appearance, and I believe it didn't do the candy any good.

However, I determined to get away from the candy as soon as I was safely out of Mrs. Deggs's affectionate sight. So, when I got to the end of the block I casually dropped the box down the basement stairway of somebody's house. I think this would have been all right if there had not been an idle colored woman in the basement, looking out of the window. In view of the fact that I walked on quite unconcernedly as the shoe-box clattered down the iron steps, she probably thought I was losing it and didn't know it. At any rate, by the time I was around the corner she came puffing after me with the shoe-box.

"Hi, mistah!" she shouted. "You done drapped yo' shoes!"

If there had not been a policeman sauntering down the street, I think I should have run. At least, I should have disputed the ownership of the box. As it was, however, I took back the box without undue parley; merely asking the black scullion if she was sure it was I who had dropped it. She said, "'Deed I is, boss. I done seed you drap 'em; an' 't ain't ebry pusson would take de trouble to fotch 'em back; 'deed, dat's de trufe; 'specially when dey's got a ole man home wot kin wear 'most any size shoe. I'm got a misery in de back, too, an' dose am pow'ful heavy shoes to run wif, dey sure is."

I gave her the dime she was bidding for and walked on.

This time I carried the box lengthwise, by its cord, and allowed it to swing carelessly by my side, as though I didn't think about it, meanwhile casting about for a place to forsake it. But there were too many persons on the street and the package was too amazingly big and suggestive to be chucked quietly to one side, *en passant*, without exciting comment. At one place I drew up to a fence and looked over into the garden on the other side. It was overgrown with rose-bushes and honeysuckle, and I thought this would be an ideal spot to unload. But no sooner had I stopped, under pretense of enjoying a view of the garden, than three or four other men came up to the fence and looked over, too, and an old gentleman passing by held up his cane and said to us, "Don't you pick 'em; don't you pick 'em!"

So I turned away and incidentally allowed the box to fall into a barberry bush outside the fence. Three boys and a bill-poster and two ladies saw me do it; otherwise, I believe I should have gotten away. The bill-poster and the two ladies held me up, while the three boys plunged into the barberry bush and fought for the honor of restoring the box to me. They did not ask for any reward, but as they had acted in good faith and had all scratched themselves to the point of crying, I handed them each a dime in return for the box. However, if the ladies had not been present, I am afraid I should have kicked them.

I am naturally nervous and quick-spirited, and all this was very disturbing. To be afflicted with a half-peck of unmarketable fudge is trouble enough, without the mortification of advertising its uncivilized envelope. Indeed, I could not help feeling greatly discouraged.

A little farther on, however, my prospects brightened. I came to an alley. Never before had a dirty alley appeared so balmy. I slid into it with the accustomed grace of a slop-man and beheld at once a backyard gate standing partly open. What more could I ask? I went up to the gate and peeped in. The first thing I saw—in fact, the only thing I saw—was a dog. It was a bow-legged dog, with the most distressing face I have ever seen on any domestic animal. I said, "Come here, Fido," and I think that is where I made my mistake. I don't believe that that kind of a dog is ever named Fido. Anyhow, he wouldn't let me put my fudge in the yard. In fact, he wouldn't let me put it anywhere. He bade me go back where I came from; which I did, without wasting any time or any remarks about it.

Then it occurred to me to give the box away. Perhaps, I thought, somebody might be very glad of a load of fudge. So, when I came upon a couple of painters in smeary overalls raising a ladder against the side of the house, I stopped and casually inquired if they ever indulged in confections. One of them said, "I don't know what you're talking about, broth-

er;" and the other one said, "Yank her up about a foot more, Jake;" and then, after tying the rope they both went clambering up the ladder without paying any further attention to me.

I judged from this that I had not been altogether tactful. It occurred to me, also, that it was a mistake to offer candy in this off-hand fashion to adults, especially strange adults. Accordingly I crossed over the street to where some boys and girls were jumping about on the sidewalk.

I sauntered up to them and said, "Hello! Playing hopscotch, are you?"

They all stopped and looked at me. Only one of them—a little girl—seemed to have any manners, and she said, "No, ma'am; it's hop-skip-and-a-jump."

I said, "Is that so? Well, well." Then, smiling like a Santa Claus, I held out the shoe-box. "Here," I said, "is a lot of nice candy for you all."

Evidently these children were not accustomed to getting candy by the box. A couple of peppermint sticks or a bag of gumdrops would probably have proved more home-like and inviting. At all events, this six-pound offering did not seem to appeal to them. It may have been the shoe-box that scared them. I don't know. They certainly did not take to it very cheerfully. In fact, they did n't take to it at all. As I advanced with it they all backed off, and one little fellow ran into the house.

Then the tallest boy of the group, his cheeks spattered with freckles, doubled up his fists and growled at me. I said, "See here, my boy, what's the matter with you? This fudge—candy—nice, home-made candy—a whole box-ful. Don't you want it?"

He gave his mouth a stretch to one side and said, "Aw, go on with your old fudge! You're crazy!"

This decided me to get on a car and go home with my fudge. I could give it to my mother, or feed it to the chickens, perhaps. I had walked these three blocks in the hope of losing it before boarding an avenue car, with its fashionable afternoon traffic; but it seemed to me now that it would be more wholesome to swallow my pride on a street-car than to be making a spectacle of myself on the open highway.

I was fortunate in getting on board with a number of others, so that I did not attract any special attention; and when I took my seat I managed to hide the box pretty well by placing it close beside me. I thought once of letting it fall out of the window, but the sash back of me was closed, and I did not venture to open it for fear of stirring up attention. Then, after a little while, a large man got in and came and sat down on the box. I did not see him in time to get it out of his way. The bursting of the lid made quite a noise and aroused general interest. The man was extremely apologetic as I pulled the deformed box from under him, and he said he hoped he had not hurt the shoes any.

I said, "Oh, that's all right! Have a piece;" and I tried to lift up a corner of the cracked lid.

He said, "No, thanks," and went out and stood with the conductor.

I retied the box into shape and found that it was not so badly damaged as it sounded. I held it on my lap, and everybody looked at it. If the passengers had laughed or even smiled a little, I should have felt comparatively easy. But they did n't. They were not that kind. They sat bolt upright, as serious as a congress of tobacco signs, and kept very quiet. I could feel them staring haughtily at the box and then at my feet. Nobody said a word, but the atmosphere was charged with contempt and frigid indifference. In return, I endeavored to assume an attitude of lofty *sang-froid* by drumming lightly on the box with my fingers.

Casting about for some means of relieving my embarrassment, I discovered that there was space under the seat, and after a moment or two I stowed the box down there, out of sight. It was evidently the right thing to do, for the passengers stopped looking at me and I quickly regained my composure.

When I got off I left the box behind. Only one man in the car noticed it, and he came after me with the box. He was a dilapidated, trampish-looking fellow, with a sad eye and a rubber collar, and when he caught up with me half way down the block he said, "Say, cap, if you don't want these here shoes would you mind passin' 'em on to a poor man? I seen you did n't take much 'count of 'em, and I thought mebbe they was old ones and you was goin' to chuck 'em away any how. 'Tain't nothin' to me if they is wore out some. When a feller's down on his luck, anything does, d'ye see?"

I said, "Keep the box if you like; it's all the same to me;" and I fished into my pocket and handed him a quarter.

He said, "God bless you, cap," and I said, "That's all right; don't mention it;" and then I gave him another quarter and walked off as fast as I could.—*Lippincott's*.



#### The Set of the Sails.

"I stood on the beach," said T. DeWitt Talmage, "looking off over the sea, and there was a strong wind blowing; and noticing that some vessels were going one way and other vessels were going another way, I said to myself, 'How is it that the same wind sends one vessel in one direction and another vessel in another direction?'"

"And I found out, by looking, that it was the difference in the way they had their sails set. And so does trouble come in this world. Some men it drives into the harbor of heaven, and other men it drives on the rocks. It depends on the way they have their sails set."



# THE INGLENOOK

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## ADVERSITY A BLESSING.

It is difficult to see, when undergoing the discipline of adversity, just where the blessing comes in. Its hard exactions make it impossible to view it with favor in any light at close range. If it carries blessings they are concealed by its unattractive appearance. And we believe it does carry blessings, though their disguise is impenetrable for the time. Our own experiences, studied in retrospect, have brought us to this belief and our observations of the experiences of others have confirmed it.

We might consider briefly the what and how of adversity's blessings to the end that in the future we may meet adverse conditions with better grace than in the past. Strength, of whatever nature, is essential to activity in its particular field, and strength is one of the gifts of adversity. It comes as a natural result of meeting adverse conditions. We not only do not know how strong we are until we are opposed, but we have no opportunity for increasing our strength until we put to the test all that we have.

Along with the acquiring of strength comes the development of resources. The man who has all his needs supplied, will scarcely become an inventor. Resourcefulness is not a gift, but the result of repeated challenges of an adversary to encounters which seem to demand more skill and tact than we at the time possess. The determination to do or die in the face of adversity's winds brings us the ways and means to do.

We cannot enumerate all, but must not pass by the crowning blessing of adversity. That is, its refining and purifying influence. If it gave nothing else to our character, we might still brave its trials and inconveniences for the sake of the gift of a chastened life. At no time are our weaknesses so apparent as when we are on trial, and at no time are we so willing to yield to a wisdom that is greater than our own. The greatest and most thorough reformatations and the

deepest religious life have come as the accompaniment or result of want and distress.

If we read the signs aright, the times are now ripe for a purging of this sort. It is true that the country is only recovering from a financial depression, but it has affected many of us not at all and very few of us in a reforming way. On all sides we hear the complaints of ministers of the Gospel because of the lack of zeal and low ebb of spiritual life among the members of their churches. And the debauching effect of prosperity's long reign is felt in other lines of activity also. A writer in the London *Saturday Review* recently expressed it as his belief that "a touch of adversity would improve the moral health of the citizens of the United States." While it is a bitter medicine which no one desires to take, yet if it can restore to us the moral health which is necessary for our highest usefulness, we should hope that it might not tarry, but do its work soon and well. If we are true to the One who created us, we will desire above all things to serve his purposes, however he may require.



## THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE AT DES MOINES.

SEVERAL weeks have passed by since the Brethren church met in their annual Conference at Des Moines, Iowa. Though time delays not for events good or ill, blest memory helps us to keep near these seasons hallowed by the association of those of the same faith. And though we are rushed relentlessly along into new scenes, we may have our strength renewed by recollections of these annual feasts.

In one respect the meeting at Des Moines stands alone, in that along with the regular program of an annual conference it included a program marking the two hundredth year since the founding of the church. This program was in keeping with a proper observance of the event, being given over to the reading of a number of papers covering the early history and development of the organization. These papers will later appear in book form, giving us a valuable addition to our library of history.

Another event, important in some respects in our history, was the change in our church name which was effected at this conference. German Baptist Brethren was as appropriate as any name that could have been selected at the organization of the church in Germany in 1708. But now that the church has grown and spread out, with congregations in different countries, the word "German" can no longer be applied to us as a body. For many years the need of a change has been felt. From its significance and from long association the word "Brethren" has become dear to us and we might have adopted it long ago had it not been that another denomination holds this name and more or less confusion, from which we were trying to escape, would thus be brought in. But we

could not agree on any other name. At this meeting a happy thought struck some one, that by a different arrangement of the words we might avoid being confused with the other denomination and still have our favorite name as our own. The suggestion met with a hearty support and almost before we were used to the sound of the new name it had become our own,—Church of the Brethren. It will take us some little time to become perfectly familiar with the name as *our* name, and the world will need a longer time still, but with patience and persistence we may come to be known by a name that fits us and suits us as well.

Besides the many events important alike to all members of the Church of the Brethren, there were many others important only to individuals or groups which will cause the meeting at Des Moines to be remembered as a notable one. No one attending the meeting with a heart open to the influences making for the higher life could have gone away disappointed.



#### NOTICE.

THE INGLENOOK will be sent to any address the remaining six months of the year for forty cents. That is considerably less than two cents per copy. We expect Mr. Spickler's articles, "Around the World without a Cent," to continue through this period and there will also be other features of value and interest.



#### LESSONS IN ESPERANTO.—No. 10.

##### Prefixes, Suffixes, Word-Building Method.

IN lessons 8 and 9 we had a few of the many prefixes and suffixes. These prefixes and suffixes give us a wide range of words. By taking the root for the central thought, these are used to express the variations of the central idea.

"Aĵ," suffix, the concrete, something made from or having the quality of: *Belaĵo*, a beautiful thing. *Bovo*, ox. *Bovaĵo*, beef.

"Ul," suffix, a person having the quality of: *Timi*, to fear. *Timulo*, a coward.

"Er," suffix, a unit of a collection: *Mono*, money, *Monero*, a coin.

"Em," suffix tendency or natural inclination: *Envio*, envy. *Enviema*, envious. *Laborema*, industrious.

"Ind," suffix, denotes worthiness: *Laŭdi*, to praise. *Laŭdinda*, praiseworthy.

"Ebl," suffix, possibility: *Permesi*, to allow. *Permesbla*, allowable. *Legebla*, legible.

"Estr," suffix, a leader, head of: *Ŝipo*, ship. *Ŝipestro*, a ship captain.

"Ad," suffix, continuation or continued action: *Instruado*, continued instruction. *Kanti*, to sing. *Kantado*, continued singing.

"Ek," prefix, denotes an action just begun: *Dormi*, to sleep. *Ek-dormi*, to fall asleep. *Ekkrii*, to cry out or exclaim.

"Dis," prefix, separation: *Disŝiri*, to tear apart. *Dissemi*, to throw about. *Dispeli*, to disperse persons or things.

"Ĉj," suffix, an endearment for masculine names: *Josefo*, Joseph. *Joĉjo*, Joe. *Paĉjo*, dear father.

"Nj," suffix, an endearment for feminine names: *Heleno*, Helen. *Henjo*, Nellie. *Panjo*, mamma, darling mother.

Note.—One or more of these may occur in a word, as: *Monto*, a mountain. *Mont-et-o*, a hill. *Mont-et-ar-o*, a chain or range of hills.

Many of these can be used as words alone: *Ind-o*, merit, worth. *Ind-a*, worthy. *Ebl-a*, possible. *Ebl-e*, possibly. *Ebl-ec-o* possibility. *Il-o*, a tool, an implement.

#### VOCABULARY.

|                                         |                                     |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <i>Ŝpari</i> ,—to spare.                | <i>Fulmo</i> ,—lightning.           |
| <i>Babili</i> ,—to chatter.             | <i>Frukto</i> ,—fruit.              |
| <i>Rakonti</i> ,—to relate.             | <i>Friti</i> ,—to fry.              |
| <i>Ago</i> ,—act.                       | <i>Voki</i> ,—to call.              |
| <i>Laŭdi</i> ,—to praise.               | <i>Krimo</i> ,—crime.               |
| <i>Sufiĉa</i> ,—sufficient.             | <i>Firmaĵo</i> ,—earth, dry ground. |
| <i>Eksplodigi</i> ,—to cause explosion. | <i>Aparta</i> ,—separate, special.  |
| <i>Pulvo</i> ,—gunpowder.               | <i>Malfeliĉo</i> ,—unhappiness.     |

#### EXERCISE 22.

*Lia frato estas tre laborema kaj ŝparema, sed estas tre babilema. Rakontu al mi vian malfeliĉon, ĉar eble mi povos helpi al vi. La ago de Joĉjo estas tre laŭdinda. Henjo ekdormis sur la seĝo. Unu fajrero estas sufiĉa, por eksplodigi pulvon. Du ekbriloj da fulmo tra kuris tra la malluma ĉielo. Mi vidas multe da homoj sur la strato. Mi donis al li la ĵrestaĵon da tiu kuko. Frukto, fruktaĵo. Friti, fritiĵo. Jeti, reĵeti. Voki, revoki. Krimo, krimulo. Ridanta virino. Kaj Dio diris: estu firmaĵo inter la akvo, kaj ĝi apartigu akvon de akvo. Kaj Dio kreis la firmaĵon kaj apartigis la akvon, kiu estas sub la firmaĵo, de la akvo kiu estas super la firmaĵo: kaj farigis tiel.*

*Kaj Dio nomis la firmaĵo ĉielo. Kaj estis vespero, kaj estis mateno—la dua tago.*

#### EXERCISE 24.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and waste, and darkness was upon the deep and the Spirit of God moved upon the waters. And God said: let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light that it was good, and God named the light day, and the darkness he named night. And there was evening and there was morning—one day." The house in which people learn is a schoolhouse, and the house in which they pray is a church. She married her cousin altho her parents wished to marry her to another person. With an ax we chop, with a saw we saw, with a spade we dig, with a needle we sew, with scissors we clip, with a bell we ring, with a whistle we whistle.





### OUT OF DOORS WITH THE CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are never happier than when mother will play with them. "Let us live with our children," says Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten. The frolicsome little games that we play with them, such as hide-and-seek, will not soon be forgotten. Do not think you will lose control of your children by doing this; on the contrary, the bond of sympathy between you and the little men and women about you in the home will be strengthened.

In the summer, when everything is fresh, fragrant, and alive, the ordinary household duties should be suspended at least a short time each day, and we should live with our little ones, enjoying with them the wonders and beauties of nature.

Take your cardboard, needle, and thread out in the arbor; or walk to a stream a little distance away, and look for leaves. These can be traced, and afterward sewed or painted. There are such varieties of pretty leaves that a little book can be filled with them, also with the flowers that bloom in the month of August. The children should match the color of the blossoms or flowers, and learn to give the name of each by the feeling or smell. A little song used frequently in the kindergarten for strengthening the sense of feeling is:

"Though your little eyes are blinded,  
Your little hands can feel;  
Now take the thing I give to you,  
And quick its name reveal."

A child is blindfolded, and given a leaf. After the other children finish singing, the little one feels of the leaf, and tells its name. The words may be sung to any familiar tune suited to the meter.

We are also brought to another interesting phase of work, which Froebel teaches us under the head of grass-mowing. There is the gratitude to our Heavenly Father for sending rain and sunshine. We must also thank Peter for mowing the grass, and Molly for milking the cow and making the butter; for you know we eat the butter and drink the milk in order to grow strong and healthy.

The child should be led to see that many people have been busy that he might be fed, clothed, and made happy; and that if he takes, he must give in return. This teaches the very important lesson that nothing worth having comes to us without effort. The children should be taken out to see

the grass and clover, watch the machinery, and learn the names of the implements used. Let them help drive the cows from the pasture, watch the milking, and taste the warm milk; put some away in a shallow pan and have them skim the cream. Let them watch the process of butter-making, and work a little themselves to help make the butter they eat with their bread. A walk can be taken to the factory where large quantities of butter are made.

Mothers will find the following books well worth reading, and filled with many helpful suggestions:

"Nature," by Emerson; "A Barnyard Talk," by Emilie Poulson; "Farmyard Songs," by J. E. Trowbridge; "The Farmyard," by S. E. Wiltze; "The Farmer and His Sons," by Alsop.

The next subject may be on the honeybee. Let the children watch the bee as it lights on a flower, and thrusts itself, head first, down to the nectar and gathers the honey. Bees get something else from the flowers besides honey,—a yellow powder, called pollen. The pollen is packed in little baskets and carried to the hive, where it is mixed with honey. This mixture is called "bee bread," and is fed to the baby bees. The bee also has eight pockets on the under side of its body out of which it gets the wax to build the cells. These cells are white and of a very pretty shape—six-sided—and serve as storehouses for the honey and homes for the baby bees. Explain to the children that three kinds of bees live in every colony,—the workers, the queen bee, and the drones. The workers gather the honey and wax, make the cells and keep the hive tidy; the queen bee lays the eggs; and the drones protect the queen when she leaves the hive. Then the children may watch for some flower that the bee visits, and with a tumbler covered with netting capture a bee with the flower. In this way they will be able to see the pollen-baskets. After watching the flowers that bees visit, one can be perforated or sewed by the children. A charming writer on the subject of bees is John Burroughs, who has given us an excellent work entitled, "An Idyll of the Honey Bee and Pastoral Bee." Helen Keller has also written a delightful story, "Edith and the Bees." Other suggestions can be found in "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," by Lubbock; and "To the Humblebee," by Emerson.

These are but a few suggestions for summer lessons; and as mother and child take these strolls together, and learn of the wonderful provisions of nature, the bond of sympathy will be strengthened. The mother will more fully realize the worth of Froebel's motto, "Come, Let us Live with the Children."—*Farm Journal*.



#### COMMON-SENSE DIETETICS.

A WISE old people once had a proverb to the effect that "in the middle way lies wisdom"; in other words, that the safest and best thing in the world was moderation. In no respect is this more true, I think, than in the matter of feeding.

In all honesty let me confess at once that none of us really knows very much about this question. Theories about diet we have in plenty; and as for the theorists, their name is legion. I am inclined to think that the less a man knows about diet the more rabid he is in the promulgation of some pet theory on the subject. Some of these theories are really logical and convincing,—very interesting from a scientific and controversial viewpoint. Some are absurd. All are amusing. But none of them, not one, so far as I have been able to determine, is really practical. And in the last twenty years I have tried them all.

In considering these theories, we must remember several things. First of all, it must be understood that just as the plant has the power of selecting what it needs from the air, water, and soil about it, so the body has the power of absorbing from the various matters taken as food the elements it needs for its maintenance. Realizing this, we can more easily understand that exactly what we eat is not nearly so important a question as many well-meaning people believe it to be.

One of the most frequently discussed questions about diet is the "vegetarian theory." The vegetarians have a splendid array of arguments,—arguments that are, many of them, unanswerable. The vegetarians call our attention to man's structure, which they say puts him in the same class as the higher apes. The food of these amiable and interesting creatures consists of fruits, nuts, and fresh green leaves. Man is constructed much like an ape, say the vegetarians, therefore he should eat like one.

Then they display an impressive array of figures which go to show that a pound of beans contains as much nourishment as six pounds, more or less, of good beefsteak. They present other arguments, economic, humanitarian, esthetic; until, even though we are not converted, we are silenced. They assure us that the food problem is solved. The only right diet is vegetarian diet. Eat vegetable matters only, in any quantity, under any and every condition, and all

will be well. If vegetable food is right, any vegetable food is right. So say the vegetarians.

But the vegetarians forget several things. First, while a man's body resembles the body of an ape, his brain is quite different. His nervous system in proportion to his bulk weighs about six times as much as that of the ape. Again, his habits, his surroundings, his occupations,—all these weaken the case for the vegetarians.

After all, this question of a "meat or non-meat dietary" is not of prime importance. It is much better to eat good meat than some of the unnamable messes often taken and considered wholesome just because they are made of vegetable matter. No, the vegetarians have missed the point.

The advocates of the raw food plan have many pretty arguments; but their arguments somehow do not convince us. In any quantity, at any time, under any circumstances, the only right food is raw food, they say.

And then we have the fruitarians, who say we must eat only fresh fruit and nuts. Some of them are so liberal as to allow us an occasional leaf of lettuce.

Another sect of dietetic jugglers lay down the law or "one food at a meal." Make your whole meal on bread, or potatoes, or onions, or beefsteak. "Only do this and all is well," they say.

In addition to these are many other theories,—leave off breakfast, live only on wheat, drink no water, munch your food until it is reduced to powder and then discard the powder, and so forth. And there are theories even more far fetched and absurd than any of these.

Now where is the truth in this maze of conflicting theory? Is there a solution to the problem of feeding? Before taking up these questions, let me say at once that the fault with all these theorists is that they see only a part, and not even an important part, of the diet question.

A man or woman can live healthfully and comfortably on vegetarian foods, or raw foods only, or fruit only. He or she can achieve and maintain a high degree of mental as well as physical powers while omitting breakfast entirely. One kind of food at a meal is much better than ten kinds, if the one food is the right food. All these theorists are right, and all are wrong; for the point in diet is not to find the ideal food. There is no ideal diet; and if there was, it would not fit the very unideal men and women in the world today. The object of feeding is to give the body materials out of which to build and sustain itself. This it will do on vegetarian diet, on raw diet, on any diet, if that diet—and here's the point—if that diet be simple in selection, moderate in quantity, and taken under proper conditions.

A breakfast of fruit, cereal with cream, brown

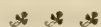


bread and butter, and a glass of milk will fulfill any requirement. Or a morning meal of two raw eggs beaten up with milk, together with fruit and one or two slices of brown bread,—such a meal is equally nutritious and palatable.

For dinner, fresh meat, roasted or boiled; baked potato; plain salad dressed with olive oil and a few drops of lemon juice; perhaps another cooked vegetable, such as turnips, spinach, or parsnips; fruit; and brown bread,—will prove in every sense a wholesome and acceptable meal.

The third meal, if such be taken, may be similar to breakfast, or it may consist of merely fresh fruit and a glass of milk, with perhaps a cracker or a bit of bread.

These meals are not all vegetarian, or all raw, or all fruit; but they are simple, they are moderate, and, if taken in proper quantity, they will solve the question of diet, so far as it is ever likely to be solved by erring man.—*W. R. C. Latson, M. D.*



### THE LAUNDRY.

THE secret of giving pure linen a gloss and a very slight stiffness is in either drying and sprinkling it so as to be about as wet as when taken from the tub, or in wringing it from the last rinsing water as dry as possible and ironing immediately with very hot irons. It is important that the ironing be continued until the last trace of dampness is gone. Not less than a seven pound iron should be used for table linen.

Many housekeepers now agree that boiling table linen turns it yellow and sets any trace of stain. If washed by itself, as it always should be, it does not need sterilizing. Wash with any good soap, especially any of the various kinds that have naphtha in their composition; rinse well, blue lightly, and, if possible, dry in the sun, and the linen will be white and clean.

The high gloss which shows on one side of the linen sent home from steam laundries comes from the wet fabric being placed under great pressure in heated mangles. The folding of mangled linen, however, is execrable. In fact, table linen should be folded as little as possible, for a cloth lies much smoother if folded but once through the center, and then rolled or folded loosely without pressure. This is in direct contrast to the fashion so many home laundresses have of folding a cloth until when spread on the table it presents a series of ridges.

Napkins are now often folded but once and then rolled about large pasteboard tubes. When placed on the table they are folded again lengthwise, and once or twice across, but without pressure. The tubes for rolling can be bought large enough for half the width of tablecloths, and in some linen

closets all the cloths are kept on their respective rolls. Smaller tubes are especially convenient for keeping centerpieces and doilies from being rumpled and are more saving of space than boxes.

Some damage comes to table linen from being tossed while damp into a clothes hamper with other soiled clothes. Mildew results, and this is the most obstinate of all stains. When such a spot is found, dry and brush it, then dip into buttermilk or lemon juice, and after standing in the sun a while rub on a paste made of soap softened with a little water and a little dry starch rubbed in. Expose to the hot sun and persist in the treatment until the stain is removed.

Fruit stains are the most common, and are easily taken out before the linen is placed in soap and water. After washing they are more or less indelible. To take fruit, tea, and coffee stains out stretch the spots loosely over a bowl, allowing a little sagging. From a height of twelve inches pour boiling water in a fine stream. Continue until the color disappears, then the cloth may be laundered in the usual way. If cocoa and chocolate stains are soaked in a solution of borax and cold water for a while before the boiling water treatment they will disappear more readily.

Sometimes candles are allowed to drip on the cloth, making a troublesome spot unless it is handled in the right way. Lay a piece of blotting paper over and press with a hot iron; the wax will melt and be absorbed in the paper. Keep moving the paper and pressing until there is no trace of wax. The careless laundress will sometimes leave the impression of a hot iron on linen, or perhaps a good napkin is taken to lift something from the gas stove and a scorch results. This sort of mark will not come out quickly. The only cure is to place the spot in the bright sun and let stand there day after day until it fades, which it will do eventually if but slight. If the fibres of the material are broken there is no remedy.

Another accident results from some one bringing a bottle of ink into the dining-room for a moment's use; it is upset or the wet pen laid down. Dip the spot into cold milk, and as soon as this is discolored change it and repeat until the spot clears away. If the stain is overlooked and the cloth goes through a soap and water bath, then javelle water must be used. Mix one-quarter cup in half a pail of boiling water and soak the spot in it a few minutes. Then rinse several times, for the solution will destroy the cloth.

Danger of iron rust to table linen is not so great now as when steel knives were used; when such a spot appears scatter salt over, then drip on enough lemon juice to moisten, and lay the cloth in bright sunlight. Perhaps this will need to be repeated,

but it will take out the mark finally without injuring the cloth, like more powerful acids. Do not be in a hurry to get results, but lay it aside each day to work slowly.—*Selected.*



#### SELECTED HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To clean a chicken for cooking: After picking off the feathers and singeing it, take half a dishpan of soft warm water and soap, and wash thoroughly, and see the dirt in the water, which clear water will not remove. Then rinse thoroughly, and see how nice and clean it will look.



COFFEE stains, even when there is cream in the coffee, can be removed from the most delicate silk or woollen fabrics by brushing the spots with pure glycerine. Rinse in lukewarm water and press on the wrong side with a warm iron. The glycerine absorbs both the coloring matter and the grease.



To prevent silver from tarnishing, place a few lumps of camphor in the box or drawer containing the silver articles. This will neutralize to some extent the gases which turn silver dark. If silver is to be stored for some length of time, it should be cleaned thoroughly, and placed in cotton flannel bags which can be closed tightly at the top. Then these bags should be wrapped in paraffine paper, or, still better, in beeswaxed paper. To make the latter—it cannot be bought—take ordinary manila paper, and lay it on a smooth surface covered by a white cloth. Shave the beeswax thickly over the paper, and then pass a hot iron over the paper, when the wax will be melted right into the paper.



TRY putting a few drops of vinegar in the water you drop the eggs in for poached eggs. It will keep the whites together and they will lift out easily.



SAVE your cold coffee to mix your ginger cookies with. It will give an extra flavor that is very palatable.

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### *The Children's Corner*

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#### OUT IN THE FIELD.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

IDA BELLE BROWN sat near the kitchen window watching the scenes of the out-door world.

It was a bright sunshiny morning. The winds swept lightly over the grass and made the leaves dance gayly on the branches of the great trees. The birds were singing and the flowers were blooming, but Ida Belle noticed that many of the golden-topped dandelions had turned to silvery-white, and that the little

winged seeds were sailing away, away into the fields beyond.

"I wish I could go away to the field, too," said she. "I believe I'll go a little way. Nobody will care."

So she reached for her pretty pink sunbonnet and slipped out of the house.

Now, Ida Belle was a little city girl who was making her first visit to the country. She wanted to know what it was like out in that big green field. She felt very timid at first. But after she had crept through the great creaking gate she was no longer afraid. It was very still out there save for the meadow lark and the winds. Everywhere waved the pretty green grass which would ripen and make hay for Shaggy, the Shetland pony that she and her country cousins had learned to ride.

So Ida Belle wandered on. She found the home of the meadow lark that had just gone up toward the cloudlands, singing merrily as he went. In that home were some lovely eggs with little specks upon them. Fearing to frighten the mother bird, the little girl ran on farther into the field.

Suddenly she stopped and looked about. A big brown butterfly flitted past her and settled on a weed. Strange creatures were leaping aimlessly around among the waving grasses. And quite tiny ones were creeping very fast along the ground.

Ida Belle knew that the tiny ones were ants, and that the ones making such great leaps were grasshoppers. She had worked hard at school and had studied about them in her book. She did not like to think of having to sit all day in school but she did like that story of the insect people. She liked the big butterfly with its fan-like wings.

"I am very tired now, and hungry, too," thought the little girl, "but I believe I shall stay here awhile and watch the ants gather their harvest. Harvest? Yes, that was what the book said. And are not these ants busy carrying in some white seeds that look like tiny grains of rice?"

She saw more brown butterflies flitting about and heard the droning song of a big bumblebee down among the clover.

Then Ida Belle went to sleep and dreamed. She was no longer in the big field, but in a very strange world, peopled with wild things. Those wild things were butterflies, ants and grasshoppers. They seemed to be having a picnic, though no one brought anything to eat but the ants. The butterflies came dressed in many gay colors and made a very pretty showing. The grasshoppers came, too, and jumped about the playgrounds all the while. The merrymakers had a very nice time but the ants had to do all of the work. After the dinner was over a shower came up and sent the insect people to their homes, that is, the ants, for they were the only people who had any homes. The butterflies and grasshoppers had always been so interested



in their play that they forgot to build their houses. Then they wanted to go home with the ants, but the ants could not provide for so many. So the poor idlers had to go away very much disappointed and find some other shelter.

Just as the little brown ants had closed their house door to the grasshoppers and butterflies, Ida Belle was going to cry, but about that time she was awakened by real raindrops tapping on her face. Soon she heard voices and the sound of approaching footsteps. She turned to see who it was. Coming toward her were her country cousins who had been looking for her and they were bringing Shaggy, the cunning brown pony, with them to carry her home to a nice warm dinner.

*Tipton, Iowa.*



#### UNDER THE ROSE BUSH.

"OH, dear," sighed the little plant under the rose bush, "it is so sad to be a weed!"

The rose at the top of the bush bent a little in the breeze; then turned its face again to the sun.

"Why do you care, little chickweed," it asked, kindly "aren't you happy down there close to the ground?"

"Sometimes I am," said the chickweed, "but all the same I wish I had not been made a weed; no matter how well you grow, or how bravely you stand, if you are a weed it is all of no account. Every day when the gardener comes with his hoe, I crouch nearer to your root, so that his sharp eyes will not find me. Some day he will see me, and then my poor leaves will wither in a rubbish heap;—oh, dear!" The little weed bowed its head very low in its sorrow.

Just then the gardener's little daughter came running through the hedge. She stopped before the rose bush, and clapped her hands with joy.

"Oh, papa, here is a dear little chickweed plant, right under the rose bush! And oh, papa, may I pick this lovely rose?"

"Yes, dear, you may pick the flower," said the gardener, smiling, "As for the weed, pull it up quickly and throw it away;—I don't see how I came to overlook it."

At these words, the little weed shivered with fright; then a thrill of delight went from the top of its blossom to the tip of its roots, as the little girl said, pleadingly:

"Please, papa, let me keep the chickweed,—just this one little plant out of sight under the rose bush; Dickey bird does love it so, and I will pick him a bit every day. Do say it may stay, papa!"

"Well, well," said the good-natured gardener, "just as you like, dear."

Then the chickweed spread its leaves gladly, and nodded its little white flower in the breeze; for it found there was use in the world even for a weed.—

*Pick's Magazine.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

S. S. BLOUGH.

THE religious world, its past, present and future, is a large and important field and is well worth our careful consideration. By a close study of things as they are and have been, we may form a fair conjecture of the future.

The religious world is being affected to a degree, by the financial condition of our country. When times were good and work was plenty, and the whole country lived at high tide, churches and mission boards organized new work and sent new men into the field, which now become somewhat difficult to support. We are glad, however, to note that it does not have the effect upon church finances that might be expected. Church people realize to a large degree that these obligations are to God and should be fulfilled. Some building projects are being abandoned and some advance movements delayed, but, on the whole, people are supplying the Lord's treasury and the work is going on. This is as it should be, for surely the Lord will return, in his own good way, many fold.

The last year brought to this country 1,000,000 immigrants, of whom eighteen per cent were Protestant, twelve per cent Hebrews, and sixty-six per cent Roman Catholic. This leaves but four per cent who do not claim membership in a religious body.

This on its face looks well enough, but by associating with many of them, we find them not only illiterate but devoid of true Christ ideals. Their names are on the church roll, but their lives do not reflect the Christ spirit. There is often a marked regard for and adherence to set forms and methods, and a corresponding loss in spirituality. The real gist and center of religion is too often forgotten or neglected. Religious instruction for this class is very necessary and those who follow the truth wholly, become responsible. There should be a concentrated movement for instruction at once if the nation's equilibrium shall continue.

The religious world is passing through a period of conflict the outcome of which is as yet uncertain. Only when the smoke clears away, which may be in the still distant future, will we know the final results. Creeds were formed and strictly adhered to. From pulpits and in private argument men hurled anathemas at each other and decried all creeds but their own. All considered the Bible as the handbook of Christianity, and rightly so. Every denomination interpreted differently on some form of doctrine and could tolerate no other belief. From such a spirit grew divisions and schisms. Now science began to doubt

some Bible statements and higher criticism followed. This new foe threatened not only creeds but the handbook of Christianity itself. Here was a common enemy against which all must battle. The result was, less vituperation against each other and a more united stand against the common foe. The eyes of many were opened to see other common enemies against which they might unite. Today we have church union becoming a common term in the religious world. A number of denominations have united, others are planning union. The present indicates quite a movement in this direction. If all denominations could return to apostolic thought and practice, thus uniting all Christendom, what a power Christ's kingdom in the world would be!

There is in the world a great deal of free thought. The time was when a few men's opinions were received as conclusive, but today more have opinions and the common people are often slow to receive the teaching of the pulpit. Doubts have arisen and free thought suggests its own conclusions. There is danger of considering doctrine of no consequence and deportment the criterion. Even now there exists much doubt concerning the vital truths of the Bible. With less hurling of shafts against other churches, have come veiled thrusts against Bible truth. Belief in the future life and the conditions of it is changing. Future punishment and a place of torment for the wicked have become unpopular. These are dangerous tendencies. But there is furthermore a hopeful outlook. Instead of studying about the Bible there is more study of the Bible. More theological schools are using the Bible as a textbook. A demand is made for the Word. More people are making the Bible their daily study, and more men are preparing to teach the Word than ever before.

The temperance movement has been engaging the mind of many church adherents. Especially have the ministers been taking an active part all over the country. Prohibitionists have not changed their opinions but are for the present uniting with the local option people to win the first victory, hoping that prohibition will follow. In the words of Gov. Hanly, of Indiana, "We may lose a battle, but we will not lose the war." The time is coming when the church people of a community will control this great evil.

In the month of June were held two great gatherings of world-wide importance. The International Sunday-school Convention at Louisville, Kentucky, and the Ecumenical Missionary Conference, at Edinburgh, Scotland. In March, a very successful missionary convention was held in the city of Pittsburg, Pa. As the years pass, more conferences will be held and a greater union of church, missionary and Sunday-school work will be the result.

*Batavia, Ill.*

## GETTING THE UPPER HAND OF HARD TIMES.

HAND the tiller over to God.

Keep the quiet mind.

Line up to God's plan.

Cut out your neighbors' faults.

Not a wrinkle of worry.

Live inside your wage.

Make a square partnership with God.

Tie to it—"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Mix gray matter with gritty muscle.

Don't let your work lap over.

Keep your windows open toward the Throne of affairs.

Stand by your convictions, whether or not the crowd go your way.

As to burdens, share the least and last bothersome one with the Strong Arm that keeps stars in their beat.

Is your bench corner away from the glare and crowd? Look sharp! For God works alongside.

If you can not settle the problem on your feet, do it on your knees.

If your bank balance is dropping down zero-way, try filling in the blanks in "God's Check Book" with your "need."

Keep your life so cheery in its faith, the smile on your face will not only be the sort "that won't come off," but will brighten the way for other folks.

Give the Bible the handiest place on your book shelf.

Be on the square with God, and see he gets his tithe of the wage.

Hoe your own garden, but don't fancy it is the only one.—*James H. Earle, in Watchman.*



## THE DANGER POINT.

THERE is no hour when the Christian is in greater need of watchfulness and prayer than that of his spiritual triumph. George Adam Smith tells how he once, with the aid of two Alpine guides, climbed the heights of the Weisshorn which overlook the glorious valley of Zermatt. After many hours of laborious climbing they neared the summit of the highest spire, when the foremost guide stepped aside for the doctor to be the first on the top. In the exhilaration of his triumph, he leaped upon his feet and started with a bound to cover the short distance to be mounted, when his guide seized him and shouted, "On your knees!" He had been climbing on the leeward side, unaware of the forceful gale that was blowing on the other side. Had he stood erect he would have been blown from the heights into the unmeasured depths of a snowy grave.

Even so the spiritual heights, joyous, glorious, triumphant, can be held only by such as are "on their knees."—*Home Herald.*





# Echoes from Everywhere

Nicaragua must expect to go out of the war business. The government of the republic recently leased the entire navy, consisting of three gun-boats, to a company engaged in freight traffic. Good example for larger republics to follow.

The Democratic primaries of Texas will vote, July 25, upon the submission of a constitutional prohibition amendment to the citizens of that State. The liquor people are attempting to get the question of local option submitted along with that of State prohibition.

The success of the experiment made last year in sending out to work on farms thirty boys from the boys' high school in Brooklyn has resulted in a teachers' organization and the enrollment of 2,500 high school boys in Greater New York who desire to go to the country and engage in farm work this summer.

The report comes from Paris that Premier Clemenceau is making a determined campaign against the gambling evil in that city with the purpose of wiping it out. Particularly is he interested in suppressing the "mixed clubs" where men and women gamble together and where great fortunes are lost. The French premier is a man of strong will and has the ability to get results.

Wednesday morning, June 24, Ex-President Grover Cleveland died at his home in Princeton, New Jersey. Mr. Cleveland was twenty-second and twenty-fourth president of the United States, and was the only surviving ex-president. Heart failure, complicated with other diseases, was the cause of his death, the extreme heat at that time hastening the end.

The German emperor has a well-equipped pottery which brings him in \$50,000 a year. The king of Wurtemberg owns two large hotels which yield him a yearly income of some \$40,000. The king of Saxony owns the famous porcelain factory at Meissen, and the regent of Lippe Detmold runs a large model farm from which he sells butter and milk and eggs. The king of Servia is said to own a barber shop and an apothecary shop, in addition to which he holds an agency for motor cars.

A parcels post agreement between the United States and France has been signed by Postmaster-General Meyer and Ambassador Jusserand, of France. Under the terms of the convention, which is effective August 15 next, packages up to four pounds and six ounces will be carried at the rate of twelve cents a pound. Later the maximum weight of packages which can be sent by mail to France at the rate of twelve cents a pound will be increased to eleven pounds. A parcels post agreement has also been made with Italy, beginning Aug. 1, whereby merchandise may be sent from one country to the other at the rate of 12 cents a pound in amounts up to 11 pounds.

Russia has made a great progressive step in its preparation ready for settlement—through the colonization department of the Ministry of Agriculture—of 7,500,000 acres of land for the colonists whom it will send to Siberia. Opening up the land to the poor of the cities and the peasantry will do more than any other one thing, unless it be the granting of religious freedom, to develop contentment among the Russian people.

Berlin is said to be the quietest city in Europe. Railway engines are not allowed to blow their whistles within the city limits. There is no loud bawling of hucksters and the man whose wagon gearing is loose and rattling is subject to a fine. The courts have a large discretion as to fines for noise-making. Strangest of all, piano playing is regulated in Berlin. Before a certain hour in the day and after a certain hour in the night the piano must be silent in that musical city. Even during the playing hours a fine is imposed for mere pounding on the piano.

The Brewers' Institute of Berlin, Germany, which is an institution of the German Brewers' Association, will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary next October and has issued a call for an international conference of brewers to meet at that time to initiate an international movement "to combat the exaggerations and encroachments of the teetotal movement." Particulars as to the strength and growth of this movement, especially as affecting beer and brewers in various countries are being collected by a special committee.

For penalties due the State for violation of the anti-trust laws the State has seized property and garnisheed funds of the Security Oil Company, the National Oil Company, the Waters-Pierce Oil Company and the Navarro Refining Company. Judgment has been rendered against the Standard for violation of the anti-trust laws and penalties aggregating \$6,016,250 imposed. Writs have also been issued against the Santa Fe, the Southern Pacific and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad for amounts aggregating nearly \$300,000 which they owe the Standard Oil Company. More than 1,000,000 barrels of oil in the Texas field owned by the Standard has also been seized.

In Buenos Ayres they have a new holiday—animal day—which was celebrated on April 29. The Herald of that city, in describing the celebration, says: "The extensive grounds of the 'zoo' presented an animated appearance and were crowded with thousands of people, who had assembled in response to the efforts of the Society for the Protection of Animals to arrange that this day be celebrated annually." Dr. Figueroa Alcorta, president of the republic, delivered an address, and 10,000 commemoration medals were distributed among the children. One of the features of the celebration was the liberation of 500 pigeons.

Manila, June 29.—Within the last forty-eight hours there have been 107 new cases and 65 deaths from the cholera plague in the Philippines. There are only three suspected cases in Manila.

Friedrichshafen, June 29.—Count Zeppelin's airship today stood brilliantly the longest and most searching test it has yet undergone. It remained in the air for six hours and three quarters, attaining an average speed of thirty-four and a half miles an hour throughout, although for a short period the speed reached thirty-eight and a half miles, the highest rate yet accomplished. The airship carried fourteen passengers.

Under orders from Mrs. Grover Cleveland, work has been begun on memoirs of the late president, consisting of clippings from newspapers and periodicals on his death and funeral. The work will require six months to complete. As planned there will be several volumes, consisting of editorial notices, news dispatches, illustrations and cartoons, each bound in Russian levant leather and lined with purple moire silk. Already material enough is in hand to make up 600 pages.

Seventeen years ago the first colored girl to enter into the employment of the bureau of engraving and printing was appointed, but the number has now grown to 200 in that one bureau. The number of negroes in the government service today is about 5,500, of whom more than 2,700 are in Washington, that is, one out of every nine government employees is colored. The salaries of most of them are less than \$900 a year, though two or three draw \$4,000; and 12,000 outside the District are getting more than \$1,000.

The liquor question at Stanford University has at last been settled and the indications are that it has been settled for all time. The trustees of the university recently adopted the following resolution: "The academic council is instructed to prohibit the use of liquor in fraternity chapter houses, student clubhouses and other student lodgings." The action taken by the trustees and the specific instructions given to the university authorities practically end the controversy on the liquor question at Stanford.

Worcester, Mass., with a population of approximately 140,000, entered the dry list of Massachusetts cities, May 1, 1908. The police court records for the first twenty-five days tell practically the same story as that of other cities which have recently voted dry. The total arrests for drunkenness under license, from May 1 to 25, 1907, was 356, while the total arrests for drunkenness under the no-license regime from May 1 to 25, 1908, was 73. On May 26, 1908, there was only one arrest for drunkenness recorded, while on the same day in 1907, there were 22 arrests for drunkenness.

PARIS, June 25.—The statue of Lafayette, presented to France by the school children of the United States, has been a long time making its way from the sculptor's studio to the marble pedestal in the court of the Louvre, but at last it is there—almost. It arrived today and will probably be hoisted to the place of honor tomorrow. It is almost ten years since Paul W. Bartlett set his genius in motion to evolve the heroic conception of the statesman, soldier and patriot, and the result from an artistic point of view evidently justifies the time he has devoted to the work. Alexander H. Revell of Chicago, acting president, and Robert J. Thompson of Chicago, treasurer of the

Lafayette memorial commission, were present today in the inclosure surrounding the pedestal. Both expressed the opinion that the Lafayette statue was an artistic masterpiece that would eventually be classed among the greatest equestrian figures in the world. No decision has been reached regarding the final ceremony. The statue is now practically in the possession of the French government, which may express preference for an official ceremony or suggest that there be no formalities.

Twenty-four companies manufacturing manila wrapping paper were fined \$1,000 each by Judge Hough, in the United States Court June 22. They pleaded guilty to maintaining an illegal combination in restraint of trade. They were members of the Manila and Fiber Association. In imposing the fines, Judge Hough said that the combination of paper manufacturers was a clear violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, but because of extenuating circumstances he would impose a fine only. The companies arranged to pay their fines through their counsel. The case against the companies was instituted through the instrumentality of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, for which John Norris, of New York City, acted as agent. The companies composed almost the entire membership of the combine of wrapping paper manufacturers which was organized by John H. Parks in 1906.

In the big, intercity spelling contest which opened the annual convention of the National Educational Association at Cleveland, Ohio, that city won the contest from Pittsburg, New Orleans, and Erie, Pa., each of which cities sent a team of fifteen to the contest. With 1,560 chances to err, fifteen of the eighth grade schoolchildren of Cleveland misspelled only forty words. The victory was a personal triumph to Marie C. Bolden, thirteen years old, daughter of a negro mail carrier of Cleveland, who spelled every word correctly, both in the oral and written tests. The little girl was congratulated by hundreds, even members of the New Orleans spelling team shaking her hand when President Francis H. Haserot of the Cleveland board of education pinned to her dress the gold medal which denotes the championship of American public school spellers.

The claim of a sugar planter on the island of Trinidad that he has discovered a practical method of making paper from the stalks of sugar cane after the juice has been extracted, has attracted attention. Papermaking from sugar cane was discovered some years ago, and a fortune has been awaiting the man who could make the invention a commercial success. The increasing scarcity of spruce, which is the wood most used for papermaking, is well known. Active search is being made in many parts of the world for materials to take the place of pulpwood. Enormous quantities of ground sugar cane go to waste at the sugar factories. Some of it is used for fuel under the boilers, but a very large part of it is left to rot. From time to time experiments have been made to convert the bagasse, or cane refuse, into paper, but with limited success commercially, unless the Trinidad planter's claim is well founded. He is confident that he has made a valuable discovery and has built an \$85,000 paper-mill as an adjunct to his sugar factory. He claims to have turned out paper worth \$24 a ton. About 1¼ tons of cane make a ton of pulp. It is reported that the process of manufacture is comparatively inexpensive. The planter claims that it will pay to grow cane for paper alone, leaving the sugar as clear profit.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### PROGRESS OF THE BLACK MAN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

One of the most remarkable things in the history of the human race is the advance in civilization made in the last fifty years by the African aborigines, declares Sir Godfrey Y. Layden in *The Fortnightly Review* (London). Sir Godfrey is an experienced Africander, at present a resident of Johannesburg, and has spent many years in the service of the British Government in Africa. He knows well the theme on which he speaks, and proves that if the Ethiopian cannot change his skin he can radically improve his manners and customs. When Africa was first opened to the white man, the Bushmen lived in caves. There were a few nomadic tribes, but the majority of the African people were "found to be living closely packed together in a raw or savage state." Polygamy, murder, and robbery were considered normal conditions of life. Trade was unknown, there was no systematic cultivation of the ground, and what religion prevailed was cruel and oppressive. The establishment of magistrates and the work of missionaries brought about the first steps toward civilization. The dawn of enlightenment came to these naked barbarians through external agencies, principally "through the influence of magistrates and other officers, who by their characters for justice and good faith won over the untutored savages as men with such attributes will always do." But the Christian missionaries also did their part. "They taught their pupils to distinguish right and wrong." They gave them education, trained them in mechanical arts, and made them realize the advantages of industry. Thus we read:

"By attaching them to agricultural pursuits, which demanded frequent attention, their warlike instincts became moderated, with the result corresponding in the history of all nations, that succeeding generations lost not only the inclinations but the physique of their forefathers. They retained the condition of health, but, by disuse, lost much of the knowledge of the art of war and with it the faculty of confidently taking the field with a shield presented to all comers.

"Finally, the depletion of big game, and restrictions imposed by Government upon the killing of what remained, removed the chase from their list of dangerous pursuits, thus tranquilizing the course of their lives."

The things which are now bought and sold in country places in South Africa afford a good idea of how conditions are improved. This writer remarks:

"Of the many illustrations which can be given of the progressive movement, few are more striking than a comparison of the contents of nowadays country stores with what they formerly were. The writer can recall the time when the stock-in-trade consisted almost entirely of such things as Kafir hoes, cotton blankets, beads, copper wire, and matches. Any casual visitor to those stores in modern times would find a widely different assortment of wares, of which the following are samples: Carpenters' tools, plows, and other agricultural implements, cloth

clothes of good make and shape, crockery, leather and fancy goods, furniture, linen fabrics, hats, bonnets, shoes, and perfumery. The use of beads as an article of dress, and of wire as a cumbersome ornament to clog the arms and legs, were abandoned largely as clothing became habitually worn, the girls winning admiration more for their general quality than for the variety of colored trinkets which formerly made them attractive-looking."

He summarizes the results of European influences in Africa in the following terms:

"Within the space of comparatively few years, the natives of South Africa (have) advanced from a state of utter barbarism to one in which they are clothed, fairly industrious, peaceful, and progressively inclined; in which education and Christianity have been felt by them, their condition of life vastly improved, and the path of evolution made accessible.

"It was a great accomplishment, for which we may look in vain through the pages of history to find a parallel in point of the time expended upon it, seeing that but a few years ago some of the tribes were almost at their worst.

"That the natives themselves were in some degree willing agents for conversion cannot be doubted. But, to the governments, to the magistrates, and the European races, notwithstanding deep prejudices, must be awarded the credit, where credit is due, for a remarkable achievement, tho, as before stated, a large share of the inspiration emanated from that fine missionary effort which enveloped the Subcontinent in a network of Christian labor."—*Literary Digest*.



### THE MENACING MASS.

It stands to reason that the only plan for disgorging city population and breaking up congestion is to send the people back to the country whence they came. This is not merely an economic movement, but a sentimental. We have got to create a country sentiment, and a taste for the simpler methods of living, that are brought about by putting every human being in contact with Nature's storehouse. When the American people first knew Massachusetts and New York it was not Boston and New York City, but a wilderness to be turned into farms. Each family made its way almost unhelped. It was understood that any one who could get possession of a fertile piece of land could clear off the trees himself, build his own house, and then raise his own food, including meat, fruit and vegetables; and after that shear his own sheep and weave his own cloth from the wool, as well as make his own shoes from the hide. This sort of life is just as possible today as ever—only that the land tiller has every advantage of machinery which his progenitor did not have.

But we are confronted with a state of affairs which is creating a vast mass of people unable to do any of these things, and dependent for daily food, lodging and clothing upon the public. Our cities contain a congested mass of human beings that are a shame to themselves and to the age in which they are bred. While we can boast of

magnificent architecture, art, music, etc., we have to allow that the word city covers a sort of humanity that was not dreamed of when the Erie Canal was dug, or even when the Pacific Railroad was built. This congestion was brought about by the enormous development of manufactures in proportion to agriculture. What produced this disproportion we need not just now discuss, although history will tell us. In 1855 agriculture was still 10 per cent ahead of manufactures in the annual output of products; but in 1895 manufactures were 40 per cent ahead of agriculture in the market—a change of 50 per cent in fifty years. This was certainly not brought about by undisturbed forces.

However, the problem now is how to reverse this tendency, and get rid of the consequences. A good deal can be done by legislation in the way of preventing the depths of slum life, and the schools can do more in the way of leverage upon the young; still we have our astounding congestion, which can only be described by the word masses. The individual is being lost. Religion, social amenities, even common morals, pass out, and we are compelled to face the question. Is it a hopeless problem? Is this sort of thing to go on forever? The Socialist comes to us with the proposition that we pool our resources, and distribute under governmental control. If anything should come from this proposition it could hardly be anything better than a sort of universal Russian village life. There they have communism complete; the trouble already being that the individual is lost, and with the individual is lost the family. There is no salvation for human kind apart from family life. As a family we have made all of our headway from the deepest barbarism upward.

We believe that Mr. Booth is right, and that he is the best qualified man now living to pronounce on this subject. He has settled down to the conviction that colonization is the only remedy for our new barbarism; that we can only get rid of city congestion by moving the masses outward, and creating a new sort of home life. There is room enough in the United States easily to place five times the present population, giving to each family land enough, under scientific culture, to produce food, besides a large part of raiment.

We do not say that this can be done by devitalized and degenerated stock, such as constitutes quite a percentage of the dreadful slum world. It is true, however, that nine-tenths of the crowded herd is in a condition, with no more compulsion than that which takes their children to school, to earn their own living, and earn it well on the land.

The demand for help is astounding, and the wonder is that it is not promptly filled. That wonderment is greatly lessened when we study the component parts of our poorest class. They have been herded until they simply cannot stand the country. It is dolefully lonesome beyond endurance. They know nothing of trees or shrubs, and have not an acquaintance among the birds or beasts. To move these people into the country as individuals would not be worth the while. They would get back again as soon as possible. It is only possible to move them in families and groups of families. To do this is found quite possible, according to the testimony of the Salvation Army and of the German Government. Several of the other European governments are at work on the problem, and all report favorably.

This should become a national problem and a State problem, and the quicker the better. We cannot stand this congestion much longer. It is affecting the most sacred of all social convictions, the family; it is destroy-

ing morals; it leaves no place for economy, and none for betterment; it is making country labor impossible in harvest time; it is fouling politics, by creating a vast number of salable votes. If the State Legislatures would turn their attention in this direction, rather than to the importation of foreign laborers, and if they would legislate vigorously to dissolve rather than to increase the size of our cities, they would certainly be working on the right line.

We have got to have a social readjustment. The city has become a menace. Its bulk is no longer needed. The country gives all the privileges of a refined and progressive life. Every one of our starving thousands might be in possession of a competence. Slum life is Hell; it is intolerable as an adjunct of civilization. We must do more than believe; we must abolish. N. O. Nelson says, with pith and wisdom, that "the only solution of the city is to transport it to the country."

A holy impatience is on us to see this accomplished. Out with the shops, with the publishers, with the factories, and out with the people.—The Independent.



#### THE INSECT ENEMIES OF BOOKS.

More books and manuscripts have been destroyed by insects than by fire, water, rats and mice combined.

For many centuries librarians had observed depredations due to insects without knowing their precise cause. In 1721 Frisch of Berlin found in a crust of dry bread the larva of an insect (probably *Anobrium*) which bored holes in books, manuscripts, and paintings. In 1742 Prediger suggested methods of protecting books from the ravages of insects, and in 1754 the *Gentlemen's Magazine* of London recommended dusting the shelves and the fly-leaves of books with pepper, pulverized alum, and other insecticides. These palliatives proving insufficient the Göttingen Academy of Sciences, twenty years later, offered a prize for the discovery of injurious species and methods of destroying them. The subject has been thoroughly investigated by modern entomologists but no universal remedy has been discovered.

One of the most formidable of the insect pests is the bread borer (*Anobrium paniceum*) which is found in all climates, not only in libraries but in rye bread, whence its specific name. The beetle is one-twelfth inch long, downy, light brown, and striped lengthwise. The eggs are laid between the edges of the leaves, in scratches in leather bindings, chinks due to imperfect pasting of backs and flyleaves, etc. They hatch in five or six days, in summer, and the larvæ at once bore through the bindings, following the lines of paste. The worm is brownish white, cylindrical, slightly arched and has thirteen segments. The head is brown, scaly, and armed with mandibles which "only cast iron can resist," according to one naturalist. The worm bores long, narrow tunnels through paper, leather and wood, leaving a trail of sawdust mixed with white excrement. Growing rapidly and molting repeatedly, the worm finally enlarges its tunnel. Pupation occupies twenty days and takes place in enlargements of the tunnels very near the surface so that the perfect insects have to bore through only a thin shell, leaving the large round holes so common in old bindings. Pairing takes place in early summer in the tunnels which are not abandoned until the supply of food fails, when other quarters are sought. Sometimes not a single worm or beetle is found in a volume riddled with holes—a fact that has puzzled many a librarian.

Of the various methods that have been recommended



for ridding libraries of borers the only effective one consists in exposing the infested volumes to the vapor of carbon disulphide, by putting them in an airtight metal-lined box with a saucer of that liquid. Thirty-six hours of this treatment suffices to kill beetles, pupæ, larvæ, and eggs. The unpleasant odor of the disulphide disappears after a brief exposure to the air and the only objection to the use of the substance is its inflammability and the explosive character of its vapor when mixed with air. Hence the fumigation should be done in the daytime in a well ventilated room and the box should not be opened near a flame. On the other hand, the process possesses the merit of cheapness, as the disulphide costs only 9 cents a pound and an ounce suffices to fumigate a box of 70 cubic feet capacity.

Another species of *Anobrium*, the striped borer, found commonly in houses, bores through the shelves and furniture of libraries but does not injure the books directly, unless they are bound in wooden boards.

The larva of the *Dermestes*, on the other hand, has a particular fondness for bindings of leather and parchment. In May or June the females enter the library and lay their eggs, usually, on the edges of books in contact with the wall. As soon as the larvæ are hatched they begin their work of destruction, not making long regular tunnels like the borers but going in all directions and gnawing and disintegrating the bindings in an extraordinary manner. Sprinkling with benzine and fumigation with carbon disulphide have been recommended for their destruction.

Dr. Hagen, of the Museum of Cambridge, Mass., has found traps baited with cheese very efficacious.

Another beetle, the *Anthrena*, is occasionally very destructive to books, though it prefers skins, furs, and "stuffed" animals.

Far worse is the *Lepisma*, or "silver fish," so-called from its shape and shining scales. It is a little wingless insect of the order *Thysanura*, which undergoes no metamorphosis, and infests wardrobes and kitchen pantries as well as libraries. The most destructive species may often be seen scurrying away from a book suddenly opened in summer. It has a large head, from which the body tapers to a pointed tail, terminating in three bristles. Its favorite food is paste or glue, to obtain which it destroys titles, labels, and heavily sized paper, respecting only the parts that are covered with ink. It may be caught by cutting notches in the edge of a small box, and inverting the box on a plate containing paste spread on paper. This trap should be placed in the darkest corner of the room. The insects enter through the notches and are easily surprised and destroyed at their banquet. Pyrethrum powder also destroys or stupefies them, but perhaps the best way to get rid of them is to move and air the books frequently, and kill every insect discovered.

Psoques or book-lice are often dislodged from old books kept in damp places and may be seen on library shelves in summer. They are almost omnivorous but especially fond of paste and mold, in search of which they perforate bindings. Their depredations are often erroneously laid to the charge of bookworms. Pulverized camphor has some effect in driving away the book-lice, and they have a natural and formidable enemy in the *Cheyletus eruditus*. This blind acarion, or mite, which Latreille unjustly denounced as a bookworm, has an oval body, a soft skin, relatively large jaws, and long legs terminating in hooked claws. It swarms in old volumes but it destroys the book-lice, not the books.

The familiar cockroach attacks and devours in its nocturnal raids the paper and bindings of books as well as

flour, sugar, and other provisions. The species best known in Europe is the Oriental cockroach (*Blatta orientalis*) of Asiatic origin. In the male the true wings are well developed but the wing cases do not cover the abdomen. In the female both wings and elytra are rudimentary. The head is short and bent sharply downward. As in all *Orthoptera* the larva closely resembles the perfect insect, but is wingless. The female lays her eggs in April or May, and then dies. The larvæ grow slowly, undergoing six or seven changes of skin. Although the cockroach produces only one brood a year it increases rapidly, especially in the tropics. In the State library at Albany, N. Y., the bindings of a hundred volumes were destroyed by cockroaches in a short time.

Another species, the American cockroach, has become acclimated chiefly in hothouses and well heated dwellings in France and England, but it has long ravaged libraries in Brazil, Peru, and Mexico, where its depredations were mentioned by a missionary friar as long ago as 1654.

Among substances inimical to cockroaches we may mention, first pyrethrum powder. The powder, in as fresh a condition as possible, is strewn on the shelves. In the morning the cockroaches are found paralyzed, and may be swept up and burned. In Germany the gases produced by the combustion of gunpowder are used. The process, as described by Pergaude, consists in compressing slightly moistened gunpowder into cones like those used for Bengal lights, and igniting them, when dry, in the fireplace—a favorite resort of cockroaches. The poisonous gases drive the insects out of the cracks in which they pass the day, and suffocate them, so that they can be gathered and cremated. The process was devised for the purpose of destroying the cockroaches that infest fireplaces and chimneys, but it has also been applied, with excellent results, to libraries with cracked walls.

Traps for cockroaches have long been in use. They are of various forms but all are based on the same principle. The simplest is a glass tumbler or other vessel with smooth vertical walls, baited with a little flour. The insects easily reach the edge of the vessel from the floor by crawling up inclined flat strips of wood, placed there for that purpose. Then they fall into the vessel, from which they cannot escape by climbing its smooth walls. In the south of France regular cockroach traps are used. These are square boxes about two inches deep with the outside painted roughly to facilitate the ascent of the insects, the inside finely polished, and the edge curved inward. A saucer of flour and sugar is placed in the box as bait, and a hole in one side, closed by a cork, permits the game caught during the night to be emptied into the fire or a bucket of water in the morning. The destroyers of books that we have described have been selected, as the most important, from the sixty species which, according to Dr. Houlbert, live upon the productions of the human brain.—Scientific American.

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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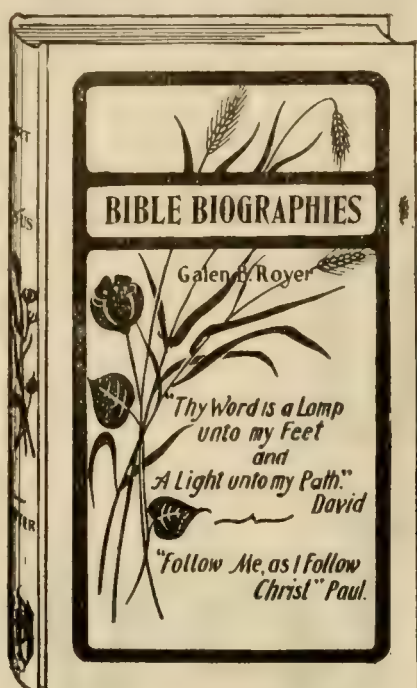
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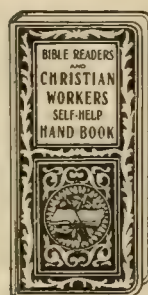
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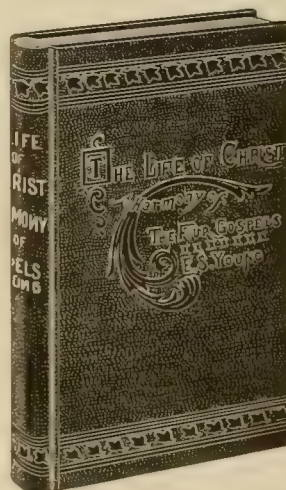
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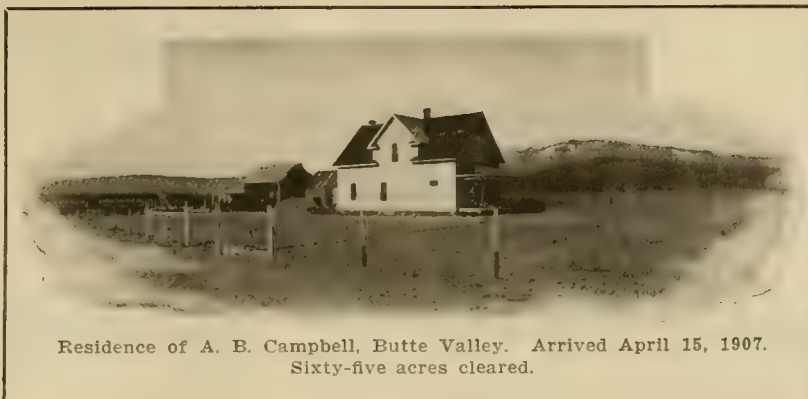
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Yours truly,

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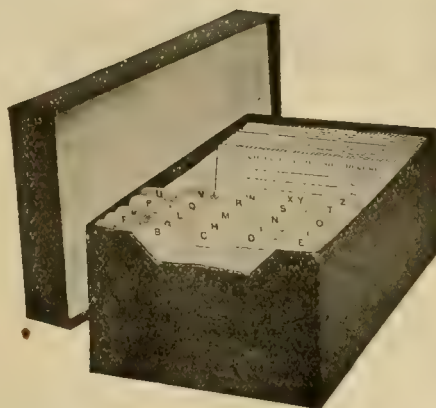
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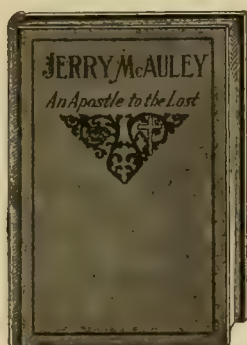
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Edited by R. M. Offord

The new and largely revised edition of the book just published is neither biography nor autobiography but the happy blending of both. The editor gathered together the fragmentary accounts of the man's own life and with suitable explanations wove the entire into a most complete story of one of God's humblest servants and yet earth's greatest men. Jerry's own account of his sinful life is put in that language which shows he was keenly sensible of his awful guilt. And while the reader gets a clear insight into his life, it is in such a manner as not to feed the baser of human nature, but rather to rejoice that one should be saved from such lower and devilish depths.



To read his "testimonies" and to stop and ponder on them is to find the clew to his power. Here is one of them. "I have nothing to be proud of; I am proud of my Savior and not of myself. I was a notorious drunkard and gambler. Even my wife does not know of some of the sins I committed, and she never will till the Day of Judgment. I don't know what to say to express my feelings of thankfulness. I know I have been converted, that is, if conversion is ceasing to love that which is evil and loving that which is good. I know that divine grace saved me from a drunkard's grave."

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It is a good thing to write and print and spread the life of such a man as the hero of this volume. It may kindle the flame in many other hearts. Christians in other walks of life than he trod may be stirred to better living. And some poor, sinning soul, some wretched and sinking soul, some poor sinner, almost as bad as Jerry was, may read it in his extremity, and cry out with this ransomed prisoner, "Lord, save me, I perish."

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# THE INGLENOOK

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## "Addition By Subtraction"

Mary E. Canode

PARADOXICAL expressions are always striking and instantly set one to examining their content in order to determine their full force of meaning. The term, "Addition by subtraction," here used as a theme of discussion was one of many impressive ideas presented in a lecture recently delivered by a prominent Chicago minister and lecturer.

The physicist tells us that nature abhors a vacuum. By means of the air pump he displaces the air from a bell-jar and then tells us that the jar is now filled with an invisible something which he calls ether, and that in its effort to rush in and again fill the space it has lately vacated, the air is exerting heavy pressure upon the outer surface of the jar. He removes water from a vessel and is able to prove to us that air has taken its place.

The twisting, whirling cyclone sweeps around a building and with its intense power draws the interior air from the building and at once Nature tumbles in the walls in its effort to fill up the vacancy. We dig a hole in the ground and at the earliest opportunity nature fills it with water, dust, snow, leaves, crumbling earth or anything available for its work. We plant the vegetable or flowering stalk or seed and remove and keep on removing the weeds and other obstructions to growth and the plant will have growth added to it. And so one might present an indefinite number and variety of examples illustrative of the fact that wherever we subtract, Nature adds. Indeed this seems to be Nature's way and God's way of helping us in everything of life. We to do the subtracting and it and he to do the adding.

Let us take for example one of a life's larger desires or aspirations. Let us say it is the desire for an education. The most apparent hindrances would doubtless be distance from a desirable school and lack of necessary means. Spurning the thought of moping and idly lamenting his seeming misfortune, the educational aspirant subtracts the distance in miles and by diligence and economy removes the other hindrance

and finds the opportunity for education right at hand. With opportunity added he starts on his desired course and day after day, month after month, year after year keeps on subtracting the naturally arising hindrances; impulses toward giving up the work, alluring events in the social world or occasional disinclinations to study, and he finds that education is added to the mind in proportion to the amount of subtracting of hindrances.

As in all vegetable life and growth, the tree, the shrub, the vine must be freed of its unnecessary or objectionable branches that Nature may add better and greater things, so likewise must we keep subtracting from our natures the objectionable things that are of riotous, uncultivated growth. Evil tendencies must be subtracted and good tendencies will be added. Wrong thoughts must be ejected and right thoughts will take their places. We must cut out the unkind words and kind ones will suggest themselves. Cut off, reject, expel, subtract anything and everything of an objectionable nature. Trim off, rub off, polish off the knottiness and the naughtiness from within and without and the better things for life will be added.

Subtract pain, and pleasure will be added. Subtract the tendency to eat and drink what is harmful to us, and add the desire for wholesome things. Subtract the inclination to read trashy literature, and the desire for good reading is added. Subtract the tendency toward Sabbath desecration and attending improper places of amusements and feel the addition of a desire to keep holy the Sabbath day and an inclination to go to proper places. The one self must keep up a continual warfare against the other self. We are living, active beings and cannot rest content with inactivity. The negative life is no life at all and is never met with in the absolute sense of the expression. Few, if any, persons advocate such an idea as that of doing nothing in order to avoid doing wrong. The impulse to *do* is ever with us and every one will admit the fact that it is right and proper to do in the line of getting rid of the objectionable things



rather than to do nothing and thus allow the objectionable things to continue.

The work of the teacher, the preacher and the philanthropist—of all workers in good causes, is to teach the various members of society how to subtract those things that hinder the addition of better things. The teacher shows children and youths how to subtract indolence and illiteracy that knowledge and intelligence may be added. The preacher and Sunday-school worker teach old and young the importance of subtracting evil works and tendencies that good works and tendencies may be added. The proper philanthropist advocates the removal of laziness and want that industry and plenty may be added.

It is always right to do the right and no one really deserves any particular praise for doing right because it is his duty to himself and to his fellow-men. But on the other hand it never harms any of us to praise or commend a good deed. It is good for us to grow enthusiastic over the knowledge that some individual, class, city, state or nation has put himself or itself on record by having successfully added to the cause of justice and righteousness by subtracting an evil that has perhaps long stood as an opposing force. To this end we may well congratulate the police force of Chicago on its recent stringent rules which are intended to cut out profanity from the language of its members. The ruling for punishment by expulsion from the ranks, made by decision of the members, shows how in earnest they were about the matter. It had been their duty to arrest citizens for profanity and the inconsistency was too apparent for them to arrest others for that in which they themselves indulged. On account of some other inconsistencies might many more vices be lopped off. At any rate, their action, if made practical, will mean the subtraction of a great and highly offensive evil not only from their body but largely from the entire city. The addition will be purer speech, more gentlemanly language and a somewhat more refined class of police and people.

At last! Our people as communities and states have awakened to the fact that we must subtract the saloon and all its associated evils from our midst. This once done, which means the subtraction of drunkenness and all its attendant vices, will add to our country sobriety and all its attendant virtues, just as truly as the subtraction of slavery from our land resulted in the addition of full freedom.

The kind of resultant addition always depends upon the subtraction. The addition of good is more natural than the subtraction of bad. For this reason the removal of the bad is of first importance. Where good is in place it is never safe to subtract that good lest bad take its place. For example, if the best institutions of our land, the churches and schools, should be subtracted we so well know what would be the horrors of the added conditions that we do not care even to dwell

upon the thoughts of such a possibility. France as a nation once decided to subtract all religion from its national existence. Infidelity with all its horrors in the form of the awful "Reign of Terror" was the addition to its experience and history.

Some of our greater cities have allowed Romanism, Judaism and various isms to so far dominate their laws as to rule out from their public schools the Bible and all Christian allusions from their text-books. (Or is it in the main the result of the schemes of some grasping book concern?) By this infamous act of subtraction of the only safe guide to righteousness, must the good people of the present see the children of the present and the future law-makers of our cities and our nation gradually turned to following after the lop-sided, half-way righteousness of those isms, or worse still, to the adoption of the things of infidelity? If such are not the resulting additions it will be because the evil results have been counteracted by the additional labors of the preacher, the Sunday-school teacher and the mission worker.

It is a peculiarity of our subject that it will not well bear reversion. We can easily grasp the idea of addition by subtraction but we cannot well think of subtraction by addition. The mind grows weary of trying to think it out. We sometimes have the crowding out process suggested,—that of forcing out a wrong by forcing in a good. But the experiment is never completely successful. It is much better, easier and more natural to think of first removing the evil and thus make way for the natural addition. The physician removes the cause of the illness that natural health may restore itself. We cannot expect to add a virtue by crowding out a vice by that virtue, but rather by removing the vice that virtue may take its place. The choice of addition is always with ourselves just because ours is the choice of subtraction. Generally speaking, that which we earnestly desire we in time can have. If we are in earnest about our desires we will strive toward them and that necessary strife is the subtraction of oppositions.

Our acquisitions are not so much the result of reaching out and grasping for them as they are the result of removing the hindrances that keep them from coming to us. The good things of life are God's gifts to men and are free, plentiful, boundless, always present and always ready to flow to and around us. What we need to do is to ever strive to subtract from our own lives and as much as we can from the lives of others, the wrong, the evil, the objectionable, the interfering things, and all good things shall be added.



THE child is God's unspotted jewel given to parenthood. It is impossible for it to defile itself from within. Defacement, if it takes place, must come from us—the parents.—*Adolph Zhan.*

# The Oregon Trail

M. E. Bruce

THE famous Trail, the original line of emigration to the Pacific Northwest, may be said to date back to the discovery of the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains in 1822 by Etienne Provost, although sections of it had been traversed by hardy adventurers in the early part of the seventeenth century.

This great roadway was trodden a distance by Lewis and Clark; Whitman and Spalding, missionaries, accompanied by their wives, bound for Oregon, and by many noted trappers and adventurers.

It was this great trail which the Mormons in 1846 followed for more than a thousand miles, as did the great gold-seekers of California in '49. So great has been emigration that in many places the trail is ten feet deep, and the wheels sink to the hubs in the deep ruts.

The Oregon Trail is without its parallel of picturesque sceneries.

Its tragedies and legends of heroism, that some say will lend a theme for an imperishable epic to go down into the history for all ages, as the physical marks have already been preserved along the way to point to the spots where the multitudes passed, suffered and died.

The Oregon

Trail began, as did the Santa Fe Trail leading to the Southwest, at the town of Independence, on the Missouri River. Practically, St. Louis was the eastern terminus, emigrants going up the Missouri River and there taking the "prairie schooner" and setting out either for the Northwest or the Southwest.

The two trails were the same for forty-one miles, when, as the historian Chittenden remarks, a simple signboard was seen which contained the roughly-painted words, "Road to Oregon." That signboard today with its lack of ostentation and epigrammatic clearness, would be worth more than its proverbial weight in gold to any State historical society.

There were branch trails that came into the road from Leavenworth and St. Joseph, striking it above the point of departure from the Santa Fe Trail; but

the Oregon Trail proper swung from this fort running steadily to the Northwest, part of the time along the Little Blue River, until it struck the Valley of the Platte, so essential to its welfare. The distance from Independence to the Platte is about three hundred and sixteen miles, the trail reaching the Platte about twenty miles below the head of Grand Island. The course thence ran up the Platte Valley to the two fords, near the forks of the Platte.

In these old days at the forks was a point of departure. If one chose to follow the South fork of the Platte, he might be led into the Bayou Salade, within reach of the Spanish settlements at the head of the Arkansas, or he might take the other arm and come out on the edge of the Continental Divide, much farther to the north.

The Oregon Trail followed the South fork for a

time, thence swung over to the North fork, at Ash Creek, about five hundred fifteen miles from Independence. It was six hundred sixty-seven miles to Fort Laramie, which was the post on the eastern side of the Rockies. Thence the trail wound its way up the Platte, keeping close as it might to the stream, till it reached the ford of the Platte, well up



Section of "Old Oregon Trail," Sweetwater, Wyo

towards the mountains, and 794 miles out from Independence, nearly the same distance from that point as was Santa Fe on the lower trail.

A little farther on, the trail left the Platte and swung across to the valley of the Sweetwater. The famous Independence Rock, eight hundred thirty-eight miles from Independence, was one of the most noteworthy marks along the trail. It marked the entrance into the Sweetwater district and was a sort of register, holding the rudely carved names of many of the hardy Western adventurers. By the Sweetwater the Oregon trailers were taken below the foot of the Bighorns, past the Devil's Gate, and up to that remarkable crossing of the Rockies, known as the South Pass. This is seven hundred ninety-four miles from the Missouri River.



Starting now down the Pacific side of the Great Divide, the traveler passes through lands which look as they did fifty years ago—unsettled, inhabited by coyote, elk, deer, bear, and the mountain goat.

Fort Bridger, the first resting point west of the Rocky Mountains, was a delightful spot in every way, and always welcomed by the Oregon trail-ers.

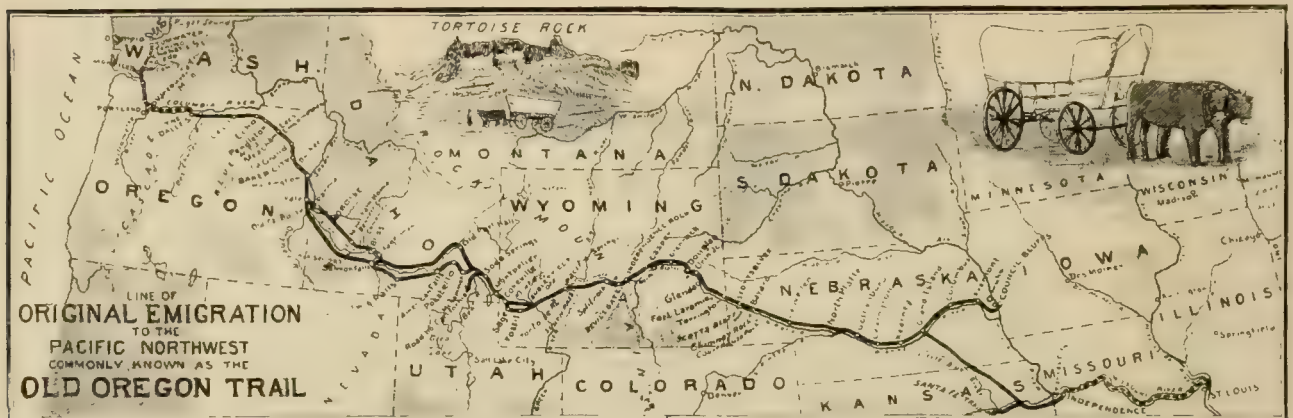
The trailers on reaching the Bear River, crossed over the height of land between the Bear and Port Neuf River, and reached the very important point, Fort Hall, the post established by Nathaniel Wyeth. This was the first point at which the trail struck the Snake River, that great lower arm of the Columbia, which came dropping from its source opposite the headwaters of the Missouri to point out the way to travelers.

At the Raft River was another point of interest;

across Iowa and Illinois to his Indiana home. Says Mr. Meeker, "I want to save the Oregon Trail from oblivion. Although the fathers and the grandfathers of the present helped to make it, the past was in a fair way to be forgotten." Between Puyallup and Omaha nineteen monuments have been erected. Thus after a year's travel, commemorating the Oregon Trail, Mr. Meeker reached his Indiana home.

After he left his Washington home, more than two thousand people contributed to the erection of Oregon Trail monuments. "At various places along the way," said Mr. Meeker, "with the aid of the people, we erected monuments—a huge stone boulder here, a cairn of stone there, a signboard or post in another place."

Mr. Meeker spent much of his time talking to public school children. "In Baker City, Oregon,"



for here turned aside the arm of the transcontinental trail that led to California. Working as best it might from the Raft River, down the Great Snake Valley, touching and crossing and paralleling several different streams, the Oregon Trail proper ran until it reached the Grande Ronde Valley, at the eastern edge of the Blue Mountains, then the ruts struck the Umatilla, and shortly thereafter the Columbia River.

It was one thousand nine hundred thirty-four miles to the Dalles, one thousand nine hundred seventy-seven to the Cascades, two thousand twenty miles to Fort Vancouver, and two thousand one hundred thirty-four miles to the mouth of the Columbia, though the trail proper terminated at Fort Vancouver.

Now the old trail, which was one of the great roadways of the nation more than a half-century ago, has been rescued from oblivion and marked with stone monuments, and is better known than ever before. This fact we owe largely to the work of one man, Ezra Meeker.

Mr. Meeker, starting from his home in Puyallup, Wash., on January 29, 1906, retraced his march of fifty-four years before, back along the Oregon Trail to the Eastern terminus on the Missouri River, then

said Mr. Meeker, "a monument was erected by the contributions received from eight hundred school children, all of whom were present when it was dedicated, and at Boise, Idaho, one thousand two hundred school children contributed to purchase a granite monument, which will mark the place where the old-timers passed through what is now a thriving city."

The Governor of the State and other State officers insisted that the monument be erected on the State House yard, and it was dedicated in the presence of more than three thousand people.

Such has been the Oregon Trail, blazed and tramped by traders, trappers, gold-seekers, missionaries, and colonists,—a mighty highway across which surged the advance tide of a nation's traffic. Years passed, and railroads supplanted the old Oregon Trail; its very whereabouts was forgotten; disputes arose. Then an old man, almost eighty, with his grandchild clambered into a prairie schooner, made in part of the one in which he had journeyed westward in 1852, and drawn by an ox team, and the Oregon Trail was retraced and marked with monuments, that a people and a nation may not forget.

*E. St. Louis, Ill.*

## WILD BERRIES AND BERRY-PICKING IN SOUTHWESTERN OREGON.

HOWARD D. MICHAEL.

IT may interest the readers of the INGLENOOK to know of the many kinds of wild berries growing in Southwestern Oregon, in the district known as the Coos Bay Region, or Coos County, so I will endeavor to give you their names and a short description of some of them.

There are blackberries, black-capped raspberries, salmon berries, thimble berries, black, blue, and red huckleberries, two kinds of elder berries and two kinds of gooseberries. But the red elder berries are poisonous and one kind of the gooseberries is covered with briars so they are not used for food.

Then there are service berries, sallale berries, blueberries, and a species of berry that is named the "Oregon Grape."

The above-named berries are all good to eat, with the exception of the red elder berries.

Then there are wild currants that are not used for food although they are not poisonous.

So there are several kinds of wild berries here, but we cannot boast of a good variety of wild nuts like there are in some of the Eastern States.

Hazelnuts are the only edible wild nuts, as the myrtle nuts and acorns are too strong to eat.

Returning to the subject of berries, the blackberries are the first to ripen in the early summer, and then may be seen pickers from small to great and from young to old, going toward their favorite place in some old logging woods or some place where there is small brush, for it is there that the blackberries grow the best.

The first pickers usually come back with their buckets about empty, as it is usually the case that they start going after berries about a week or two before any are fully ripe.

But after the berries are plentiful, crowds may be seen going in buggies or sometimes on an old hay rack, starting soon after daybreak to be the first on the scene of action, for although there are plenty for all, each crowd wants to carry off the honors for the largest pick.

Of course there is a picnic dinner near some nice creek or spring and a general good time is assured.

When those of another party come within hearing distance, it is easily told there are some jolly pickers out, as their hearty laughter rings thru the woods, and echoes and reëchoes, for everybody is happy.

It is a treat to be out with nature among the hills where there is nice green grass, large ferns as tall as a man's head, and small ones too, and beautiful flowers blooming all around, while the birds are singing sweetly in the trees near by.

But occasionally there is heard a cry of fear instead of the joyous laughter or singing, for although some

of the berry pickers are good at finding the best berries, they occasionally find a bear there picking when they come in sight. Then there is usually a scramble to get away as fast as those interested can run, though the bear runs in one direction and the berry-pickers in another.

The crowds usually get from four to five gallons of blackberries to the person, if it is a favorable season at all, and later in the fall they often get from two to five or six gallons of huckleberries to the person, in a day's picking, for the black and blue varieties grow in great profusion.

The writer has often picked from one to one and one-half gallons in an hour's time of an evening after a day's work.

The bushes of the black and blue huckleberries usually grow from five to seven feet tall, but those of the red variety often attain a height of twelve to fifteen feet.

The salmon berries are of a rich yellow color when ripe and a very nice-flavored berry. Thimble berries are a pretty red color when ripe and are a fine-flavored berry. They are well named, as the core inside is so large (the core is like that of a tame raspberry) that they are very thin and not of much importance.

The blueberries grow on small vines among the sand hills along the ocean beach.

The Oregon grape, Oregon's emblem, grows on a small tree-shaped shrub from two to five feet tall with one or two clusters of dark blue grapes or berries in the center of the top of the plant. Although they are very sour, they are fine to eat if plenty of sugar is used in cooking them.

The wild raspberries are about the same in size and looks as the tame black-capped ones and are of a very fine quality.

The sallale berries are very plentiful in some districts in the mountains here, and in the fall the bears feed on them while they last, then go to the oak woods to finish fattening, preparatory to hibernating for the winter.

*Myrtle Point, Ore.*



## OUT OF THE PAST (A FANCY).

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

JUST through the forms of the majestic oaks that have stood their guard on this knoll of a century and more, one can catch a glimpse of the weatherbeaten and veteran mansion. The shingles crowning it are dark in the center and framed about the edges with rich moss, while here and there in open places, where the wind and storms of years had stolen, these shingles grow tiny patches of lichen, living and thriving on daily decay.

The curious little panes have lost the crystal sparkle



of their youth, and now give forth dull lights of blue, green and yellow, like the dimmed glaze of an old man's eyes.

From below the many-eyed windows, on each side, little streaks of light brown, tinged with red, made delicate imprints like the path left on the cheek by tears. The row of colonial pillars, though their pure whiteness has long ago gone and their formerly erect bodies are slightly bent, still proudly support a roof under whose protection had often been seated in gay groups the wits and beauties of the colonial days.

Under the eaves now live a colony of bats, and in the evening, with the southing of the wind in the trees, one can hear the solemn hooting of an owl.

The side balcony still retains some of its quiet dignity, even though suffering the loss of more than half of the quaintly-carved pillars, though the roses and jasmine bloom as of yore and smell as sweet.

The once clear path, leading to the old mansion, is completely choked with weeds of rank and rapid growth, which, proud of the quiet ground in which they are given life, raise their foul heads so that they might better watch the two old rocking chairs so closely placed together on the wide porch. A porch whose paving had served as ballast, tradition tells us, for the bold little ship that had dared to sail the sea to the new world—the ship of our forefathers. Now a lizard may be seen sunning itself in a decayed crevice, or a toad blinking in comfort and peace in the glare of the noonday sun.

The wind had whispered it oft to the oaks—and they in turn trembling repeated it, through their messengers the falling leaves, who told it to the weeds—that the old house is haunted, that at dusk the two rockers are never still, but that they sway to and fro, as they creakingly sing in time with the changing tone of the wind, "Past Glory Gone, Past Glory Gone," and that the two chairs are occupied; one by a lovely dame, with her silver hair just peeping from out a lace cap, while a dainty kerchief thrown over a gray shining silk embraces her shoulders; her delicate white hand rests on the arm of the other chair, in which is seated an officer of the Continental Army.

His face is cleanly shaven, his head adorned with a spotless powdered wig; close by his feet rests the three-cornered hat of the period. A sword in scabbard lies across his knees. The silver buckles shine on his shoes, like two eyes peering into the gathering gloom. A little red stream flows from his temple down the right side of his face, dyeing the high lace ruffle about his throat, but the colonial dame does not see it.

This was the story the wind told the trees, and the trees the weeds, and they in turn told the dreamer as he lay, dreaming dreams, and his imaginings dwelling on the glories of the Past and Dead Romance.

## ALL RIGHT.

Waste of time to whimper when you see things going wrong;

For that's the time a fellow should be coming good and strong.

And it's not wise to be sobbing if your plans cease going right—

That's the time to roll your sleeves up and proceed straightway to fight.

Everything that's worth the winning is worth fighting for to get,

And if you will keep on fighting you'll be happy yet, you bet.

Every somber cloud that hovers has its silver lining bright,

So just keep agoing, brother, confident that all is right.

Rainy days may cause you trouble, but don't waste your time in sighs;

Just recall the bow of promise God has set upon the skies. Meet reverses in your fortunes with a strong man's cheerful laugh,

And you'll find them shrink before you till they measure less than half.

Only cowards sit repining when they fail to win the game; Only cowards try to shoulder on the world the weight of blame.

Roll your sleeves up to your elbows, then pitch in with all your might

With determination steady that you'll win out yet, all right.

Don't you try to trouble trouble till old trouble troubles you,

Then just face it fairly, squarely, and to trouble say, "Skidoo!"

Don't fret over opposition—kites must fly against the wind—

You will win out if on justice all your hopes are safely pinned.

Do the duty lying nearest, and be sure you do your best, Yours is but to do your duty, God will take care of the rest.

You may think success is often hidden far away from sight,

But the doing brings the winning—everything will come out right.

—The Commoner.



## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON THE BIBLE.

"EVERY thinking man, when he thinks, realizes what a very large number of people tend to forget that the teachings of the Bible are so interwoven and entwined with our whole civic and social life that it would be literally—I do not mean figuratively, I mean literally—impossible for us to figure to ourselves what that life would be if these teachings were removed. We should lose almost all the standards by which we now judge both public and private morals; all the standards toward which we, with more or less of resolution, strive to raise ourselves. Almost every man who has by his life-work added to the sum of human achievement of which the race is proud, of which our people are proud, almost every such man has based his life work largely upon the teachings of the Bible."



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XIII.

It was somewhere in the Wicklow mountains, on the coast road between Dublin and Cork. The hour was noon, the day cold and rainy. My only lunch was a half loaf of English bread, tied to the saddle. I leaned the wheel against a picturesque, tumble-down sod fence, and on the easy hospitality of the Irish, was admitted into an Irish woman's cottage.

I had paid a certain definite respect to the only other BIG inmate of the house,—a long, razor-back hog, with a nose three feet long,—that came out (the nose) as I went in.

For some pictures which I carried I wished to obtain some bacon and potatoes, a kindness never failing among the Irish, no matter how poor they may be or how scant in food, little thinking that the hog, whose rough, wriggling back I had so affectionately stroked at the door, had also the same delightful pain of hunger gnawing at his vitals, and was so soon to satisfy it, in part, at my expense.

"From America," said she, when I told her about my mission,—“whare yez hiv ivrything to ate and dhrink and whear on yer back and yer come iver here to stharve in this divil's land, when our boys and ghirls are all goin' to yer country,—there's nothin' doin' here for them what's got any backbone—what yer sez yer doin'?”

I had been listening and looking. The small chunk of peat lay on the open fireplace, smoking, but as usual, not giving forth any heat. A pair of tongs and a worn-out hand-bellows lay near by. In the center of the room stood a three-legged stool by a puddle

of water. An old clock that hadn't run for fifty years and a cheap crucifix were the only ornaments on a heather-bordered shelf by a dusty chromo of the Virgin.

“Yous look loike yer wuz big and sthrong, why isn't yer not home with the folks, rootin' the praties and raisin' your own hog-pig?”

I then told her more in detail about my mission,—that I was going to travel around the world to see how the people lived and learn the—

“To see how they lived! And hasn't yez any houses in Ameriky?”

I told her we had, that my parents lived in one just like her own, though I felt the absurdity of the comparison.

Then she crossed herself and gave the tongs a little kick, as a rooster, sporting a solitary tail feather, followed by two old hens, promenaded through the sole window of the cabin and down the log placed in position for them.

“Yes,” I said, “I am to study the customs and habits and sights and people and animals and laws and

mountains and rivers and lakes and churches, clear around the globe.”

“The globe! Now, what's that?”

“Why, you see, Mrs., I mean to go clear around this earth. I am going to travel to all the big cities and see the interesting people, like yourself. I am going to Rome to see the Pope! And I'm now on my way to see Cork!”

“To see Cor-k-k-k! And yez are goin' ter ride all the way jis ter see Cor-k-k-k? Can't yez see it *on the m-a-p!*”



Irish Man and Wife. House and Barn with Oats Stack Topped with Reeds. Notice White Cap Worn by the Good Lady.



There are some people who never see anything or get any place except *on the map*.

She had never learned of the value of travel. Her vision of the earth was limited to the wild hills around her cabin and a few "spots" on the map in the little old geography she once looked into when a girl.

Little did she prize that wonderful camera, the eye, made that we might see the beauties and wonders of creation, that human lens that photographs more in ten seconds that the human mind can comprehend in ten years!

Though I received no food from the Irish woman, I have no censure for her. Like many others, of superior advantages, she was content, though her head be as empty as her house, to find out things and to get to places, *on the map*!

Discouraged in spirit and hungry in stomach, I said "good-bye," and came out, to find that the hog had found my bread, upset the wheel, and was swallowing great portions of it,—the bread,—with the oilcloth wrapping.

"Can't yez see it *on the map*?" I was more than half inclined to believe that that was the best way to see Cork, or any other place. And often, in my lonely, dangerous and difficult touring, when the hours of night were dark and chill and late, I have been haunted by that raw but witty suggestion of my Irish lady, "Can't yez see it *on the map*?"



### BATS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

WHEN twilight falls the birds and dragon-flies cease from their labors. True, the toad is then in his glory, and the shrew and the mole may assist him; but they are terrestrial, and insects may circle a few feet above them with perfect immunity.

Are they then to have a free field? Not yet. See that bird flying and tumbling around in such an erratic manner. It is not a bird at all—it is a bat.

Bats (chiroptera), are generally insectivorous, although in other lands some are not, the flying fox for example being a fruit eater.

They are true flying mammals, the body being adapted to flight. The arm and fingers are prolonged to sustain a thin membrane which forms a wing. The thumb is free, enabling the bat to climb, though when at rest it suspends itself by its hind feet.

It hides by day in caves, lofts, hollow trees, etc., and ventures out in the twilight.

Its eyes are small and of little use, as it flits among bushes and intricate passages when blinded.

In capturing insects it uses the membrane extending from tail to hind legs as a net. Its flight is uncertain and awkward, and in taking the insect from the net it often turns a complete somersault.

The wings of the bat are free of hair, but the body is covered with hair like that of the mouse.

When winter comes they congregate in sheltered places, suspend themselves by their hind feet, and pass the winter in this position.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



### COST OF ACCIDENTS.

THE street *Railway Journal* says of the prevention of accidents:

"The cases are not rare where the amounts paid in damages annually equal from 4 to 5 per cent of the gross receipts. One cannot expect the casualties ever entirely to disappear. Human nature will continue fallible, and accidents are one of the prices which are paid for the enjoyment of the benefits of modern civilization, which include rapid transit. Nevertheless, in the last analysis all accidents, or practically all, are caused by negligence on the part of the public or the employé, or both. The pedestrian on the street will take chances about getting across the track before the approaching car reaches him, or will forget that another car may be coming in the opposite direction. The passenger will jump on or off the car while it is in motion and fail to do so safely. The motorman will start his car too soon or fail to stop it in time, the conductor will give the wrong signal, and so on down the list. These things are bound to occur, even under the best conditions, but there is no doubt some good will accrue from careful work in endeavoring to lessen them.

"A certain amount of instruction in the proper way of boarding and leaving cars can be given the public, but the principal remedy so far as the public is concerned is in making everything as nearly fool-proof as possible. It is for this reason that the Minneapolis gate has proved successful in reducing accidents from boarding and leaving cars. The same advantage is claimed for the pay-as-you-enter car, because the conductor remains on the rear platform and sees that passengers do not injure themselves. The possibilities of instruction, so far as the train crews themselves are concerned, are more favorable, because these men can be brought together and told explicitly what to do under different conditions to avoid accidents as well as how to manipulate the controller or collect fares. For this instruction the services of the claim agents of the company are most useful, because they are constantly dealing with accidents and know under what conditions most of them arise. This plan is being followed by several companies with satisfactory results."



JOSH BILLINGS once said: "My son, consider the postage stamp; its usefulness depends on its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there."

# Liberty Enlightening the World

Richard Seidel

It is the mission of Liberty to enlighten the world, to bear aloft her blazing torch, piercing through the darkness of error, leading the nations from shadows of ignorance to the perfect glory of righteousness and truth. And the people of these latter days, who have felt the inspiration of her presence, and shared the benefits of her blessing, did well in joining hands even over the great waters, to raise an illumined statue in her honor, an emblem of the future fraternity and peace of the nations.

But let us see, in part, in what our liberty consists. America has been justly eulogized "the land of the free and the home of the brave." It is true, we live in a free country, wrested from monarchical power and

We are free from God in the Constitution; free from the Inquisition, free from fanatical bigots who propagate new faiths by the sword; but alas! we are as far from right when in our independence we skip the bounds of conscience; too many irreverent, irreligious and infidel run the broad open road of wickedness to ruin. Oh that God might reign in the soul and his laws be written in the hearts of his people!

We have no curfew that tolls the knell of parting day, making retirement at that time absolute; but left to individual choice, we have allowed ourselves to be the slaves of pleasure, and to revel in midnight orgies regardless of consequences to life and health.

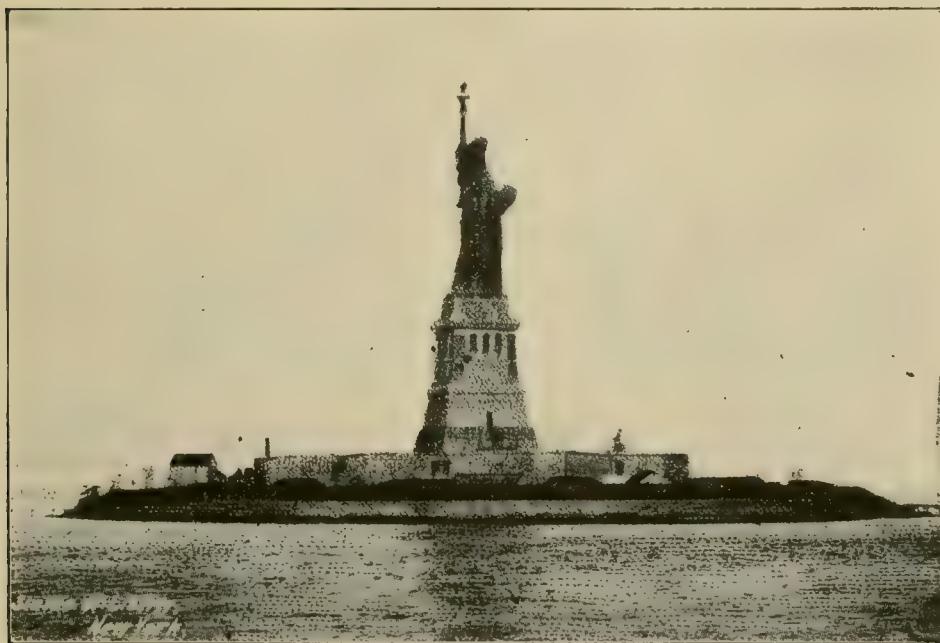
We are free from present civil strife, but not from standing armies, who only wait for the summons of action; but still the voice of Peace is in the land constantly entreating the nations to learn war no more.

From one thing we can boast but little freedom, and that is the dire curse of drunkenness; morbid appetite, insatiate, has usurped control and disease, quacks, poverty and death have followed in its wake; but behold the grand and noble army of Prohibitionists, they will yet conquer this terrible enemy.

O Liberty, lift still higher thy immortal light, shine abroad over the whole earth; let thy rays enter the dark places of voluptuous sin and habitations of evil; illumine the hearts of the people, and relieve from the shackles of false living and consequent care and crime; go to high places and destroy the insidious foes of God, and goodness; shine on, reign eternal, O beautiful Goddess, through the long twilight; nor will thy perfect work be finished before the dawning of that day when all will be free in truth.



THERE is one crop that will always be harvested in time, no matter what the weather may be—wild oats; and nobody ever yet was satisfied with the yield."



released from despotism, in a glorious Republic, formed and maintained by the people, and all the laws of the land passed and executed by the same.

We have a wonderful free press, truly the world's liberal education; but the terrible immorality of the matter which often passes through it is greatly to be regretted, the tendency of which is not to elevate in truth, but to enslave in evil. When will be uplifted a higher standard in literature by which all will abide? Not until there is universal goodness in the hearts of the people.

We have no feudal system of lords and serfs as in the tenth century; but we have the millionaire and many poor, the landlord and tenant; not until the giant god, Mammon, is slain shall we have justice and equity ruling in the land.



## SONG OF THE SOUTH WIND.

I am the breath of the summer days;  
 I lengthen the buds into leafy sprays;  
 I rock the fledglings in the nest  
 And rouse the old woods from majestic rest;  
 I roll the white clouds thro' the depths of blue  
 And shake from the flowers the lingering dew;  
 On my breath the murmuring bee I bear,  
 And lightly I toss the maiden's hair;  
 I send into smiles and dimples the stream,  
 Then fly to fields where the flowers teem,  
 Where thousands of odors sweet arise,  
 Breathed up by blooms of a thousand dyes.  
 Rustling and whispering thro' leafy bowers  
 I scatter like snow the catalpa flowers;  
 On my tremulous wings I bear along  
 The merry notes of the wild bird's song.  
 The plash of fountains, the lilt of the stream  
 That curls along with crystal gleam;  
 I breathe o'er the green earth, sweet and strange,  
 All sounds and scents from Nature's wide range.  
 And far, far out on the waves I play,  
 Roughening their crests and scattering spray;  
 I swell the sails as the white boats glide  
 Over the ocean's restless tide;  
 Spirit am I of the blossoming year,  
 When days are long and skies are clear.  
 But when the shortening days portend  
 The verdant year is near an end,  
 I bid farewell to bower and brook,  
 Of the birds and flowers I take one last look,  
 And breathing low thro' the fading grass,  
 Silently from the earth I pass.

—Anna J. Roberts.



## "AN ARRANGEMENT."

THE coast line between Canada and the United States, from the St. Lawrence River to Lake Superior, is about 2,000 miles, says the Philistine.

In the year 1812 there were 46 forts, big and little, on the United States side, and about the same number frowned at us from Canada.

At Fort Niagara alone there were at one time 6,000 troops. Altogether we had on the Great Lakes over a hundred craft devoted to the art of fighting—this in the interest of peace. In one little battle we had with our British cousins, on Lake Erie, Commodore Perry, a rash youth of 27, captured six British ships and killed 300 men. A little before this the British destroyed 10 ships for us and killed 200 Americans.

After the war of 1812 was ended and peace was declared, both sides got busy, very busy, strengthening the forts and building warships.

At Watertown, Conneaut, Erie, Port Huron, Cleveland and Detroit were shipyards where hundreds of men worked night and day, building warships. Not that war was imminent, but the statesmen of the time said there was nothing like "preparedness." In Canada things were much the same, and there were threats that Perry's famous message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," would be reversed.

Suddenly, but very quietly, two men in Washington got together and made an agreement. One man was

acting Secretary of State, Richard Rush of Philadelphia. The other was Charles Bagot, minister to the United States from England. Rush was of Quaker parentage, and, naturally, was opposed to the business of war.

Bagot had seen enough of fighting to know it was neither glorious nor amusing.

Rush wrote out a memorandum of agreement which he headed "An Arrangement."

The document is written on one side of a single sheet of paper and is dated April 28, 1817. Here is a copy:

"1—The naval forces henceforth to be maintained upon the Great Lakes shall be confined to the following vessels on each side.

"2—On Lake Ontario one vessel, not to exceed 100 tons burden, carrying not more than 20 men and one 18 pound cannon.

"3—On the upper lakes two vessels of same burden and armed in a like way.

"4—On Lake Champlain one vessel of like size and armament.

"5—All other armed vessels to be at once dismantled, and no other vessel of war shall be built or armed along the St. Lawrence River or the Great Lakes."

This agreement has been religiously kept for 91 years. Its effect was to stop work at once on the fortifications and cause disarmament along the Great Lakes.

So far as we know, the agreement will continue for all time. Both parties are satisfied, and, in fact so naturally has it been accepted very few people know of its existence.

Here is an example that our friends at The Hague might well emphasize. If those forts on the frontier had been maintained, and had the ships of war continued to sail up and down, it would have been a positive miracle if there had not been fighting.

Probably they would have forced us into a war with England before this. We have had several disputes with Canada when it would have been very easy to open hostilities if the tools had been handy. Men who tote pistols find reasons for using them, and the nations that have big armies will test their use when excuse offers.

If two countries can make an "arrangement" limiting the matter of armament, and this arrangement holds for 100 years, cannot nine countries do the same? All that is then needed is a few soldiers to do police duty.

Nations cannot afford to be savages any more than individuals.—*Exchange*.



I do not care what his clothes or his talk may be, he who is kind to all dumb brutes and birds, with a kind word for the old, is a gentleman.—*Davis*.

**WHAT BECOMES OF WORN-OUT MONEY.**

HAVE YOU ever wondered how long a five or a one-dollar bill stays in circulation, and what becomes of it after it is too much soiled to be handled, or has become torn, or worn into shreds?

Every bank has, or should have, a special section of the cash drawer, at the teller's window, where every piece of currency unfit for circulation is put aside from the clean, perfect money. After a certain amount of this "unfit" money has accumulated, say five hundred or a thousand dollars, it is made up into a package and shipped to the United States Treasury at Washington. Here it is sorted, and the national bank notes kept separate from the gold and silver treasury certificates. At regular intervals this money is taken into a room where a machine known as a macerator, first grinds this money into shreds, and then reduces it to a pulp, and new money issued for it.

Some banks are careless of, or uninterested in the subject of clean, perfect money. At our bank there is a strict rule compelling the discarding of every piece of currency that is badly soiled, or that is mutilated in any way. Only "fit" money is allowed to go out of our vault. Aside from the satisfaction of handling only clean, perfect money, the danger of contact with germ infected money is greatly lessened by receiving currency of this kind.—*The Savings Journal*.

**THE TALK ABOUT BOYS.**

IN the school there are a few boys who attract attention by their innate manliness; they are ambitious to improve their opportunities; they are industrious, orderly and respectful to their superiors, grateful for assistance given them, quick to accept advice or yield to admonition.

They are not goody-goody boys. They do not go around saying how good they are, comparing themselves with others, and reporting every trifling delinquency of their schoolmates to the officers; nor do they spend their time embroidering sofa cushions or doing drawn work.

They are earnest and hearty in play as in work. They are generally among the leaders of the foot-ball and base-ball teams and in all legitimate fun and frolic that may be going on. But they have the self-respect and self-control to behave themselves when the time and occasion calls for it. They may have many of the little failings we expect to find in a boy; their hair may not always be smooth or their clothes brushed, and they sometimes commit the heinous crime of putting their hands in their pockets; but there is no surly scowl on their foreheads; their minds are clean and in the right place. Boys such as these win the respect and affection of their teachers and of the great majority of their schoolmates, and when they graduate leave a gap that is felt for years.

Opposed to these are a few boys who appear naturally vicious. They are neglectful of their work, disrespectful to their officers and teachers, coarse and vulgar in speech and in thought and action. They consider it an evidence of smartness to disobey the rules and create disorder. They learn little themselves and do what they can to prevent others from learning. They bully the small children, quarrel with the older ones, and make themselves a nuisance to all about them. When such boys are retained in the school it is because there is no other place where they can get an education, and experience has proved that in many cases they can be reclaimed and made useful men. If, however, they are incorrigible and finally leave us, it is a disagreeable incident in the history of the institution.

Between these two small classes are the great body of boys, who are not especially inclined to good or evil. Their characters are in a state of equilibrium and may be overbalanced one way or the other by some trifling incident or condition of things. It is these who need to be carefully watched that the opportunity may be seized for directing them into the right path. In no way can it be better done than by bringing them under the influence of manly boys and by creating in them indifference to the friendship, and contempt for the actions of those who would persuade or bully them into wrong-doing.—*Mt. Airy World*.

**ANIMAL MEMORIES.**

KARL HAGENBECK, the famous lion tamer, insists that the power of memory is as well developed in animals as in human beings, and that wild animals are better endowed in the matter of remembering events and persons than are domestic ones. The story is told that he at one time visited a "zoo" to which he had sold some animals, and entering the lion house on tiptoe, he exclaimed, "Halloa!" in German; the larger lion jumped to his feet at once and it was but a moment before both lions and two tigers were greeting him and licking his hands in joyful recognition, although he had not seen them for twenty months.

Dr. W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York "Zoo," is very highly regarded by the tenants of the monkey house, and never enters, even when the place is filled with sight-seers, without receiving a hearty greeting and the outstretched hands of chimpanzees and orang-outangs. Last spring after a long absence on account of sickness, he walked slowly to the outer circle of spectators and said "Hello, Polly," and instantly there was a rush for the bars and a shout of welcome that could be heard a long way.—*The Circle*.



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## A MODERN HERO.

THE heroes are not all dead yet; neither have they all received Carnegie medals, nor had their names inscribed in the Hall of Fame. To be sure, many of the deeds of heroism are enacted in private life and the doers of them never will be known beyond their immediate neighborhood. But some of them belong to public life, among them the one we now have in mind, and the hero worshipers need not turn to the dim and distant past to find subjects worthy of their homage.

We have kept our readers somewhat informed on affairs in New York, where the reform governor, Charles E. Hughes, has been conducting a fight against race-track gambling. In the regular session of the Legislature the two anti-gambling bills were passed in the House by a large majority, but were defeated in the Senate, the vote there being 25 to 25. At the time the vote was taken there was one vacancy in the Senate owing to the death of the Senator from the Niagara Falls district. Governor Hughes ordered an election in the district, the people there were appealed to, and a Senator favoring the bills was elected. Then the Governor called a special session of the Legislature. But now another obstruction loomed up. Senator Otto Foelker, from one of the Brooklyn districts, had just passed through a perilous operation for appendicitis and his physician said his condition was too critical to allow of his being moved. Senator Foelker had voted for the bills in the regular session, and as there was no hope that any of the Senators had changed who had previously voted against the bills, Foelker's vote was necessary to their passage. It was a trying time.

But the hero was there and the day was saved. Senator Foelker said he would go to the Senate and cast his vote if it cost him his life, as his physicians said it would. He was confined to his bed at Staatsburg, sixty miles from Albany. On the day previous

to that on which the vote was to be taken "against his physician's advice, he was carried to Albany and lodged in a friend's house near the Capitol. That night he was very ill. But in the morning he rallied, and at noon he was borne to the Senate chamber, arriving just in time to vote on the first of the roll calls. His physician and a clergyman were by his side. The final proceedings consumed nearly an hour and a half. At times the Senator was extremely feeble and in imminent danger of collapse. But on the last roll call his vote was given distinctly. Then they bore him back to bed."

One is eager to know more of the man whose sublime courage secured the victory to a righteous cause, and when we do learn something of his history, we find that the hero has been in the making for a number of years, as heroes generally are. Senator Foelker is thirty-two years old. Penniless he came from Germany in his boyhood. While earning his living by serving as a baker's apprentice, he studied at night. It was by night study also that he prepared himself in later years for admission to the bar. His physicians now say that his visit to the Senate chamber did him no harm, and it is to be hoped that he may be spared for many years of usefulness.

We have already commented on the noble character of Governor Hughes, but we cannot let this subject pass without another word. It is to be doubted whether we have another man in public life who has so little regard for the influence his present acts may have on his future when he knows that these acts are toward the right and in harmony with the will of the people whom he is bound to protect. In all his relations with the forces of corruption, from the insurance investigations to race-track gambling, he has worked steadily and relentlessly toward one end,—the establishment of truth and righteousness. And in his work he has ever fought fairly and openly. In the words of the New York *Sun* on his recent fight, "he forced a legislature hostile to him and to any change in the racing laws to adopt the measures he advocated, and he did this without bribing, bullying, or influencing Senators or Assemblymen in any improper or questionable way."

It is worth much in these times to know that we have men of this sort to whom we can trust the issues of our national life.



## THE ESPERANTO LESSONS.

THE series of lessons in Esperanto closes with the twelfth lesson which appears in the next issue. The lessons have been followed by a number of readers. In order that the good received from the study may be permanent and practical it will be necessary for those following the lessons to continue in the use of the language in some form or other. Let us have your names for a post card exchange.

# LESSON IN ESPERANTO--No. 11

## Independent Words

Most of the words in Esperanto are taken from living European languages. There are a few original words,—forty-five pronouns, adjectives, adverbs and conjunctions. These words are so nicely correlated as to render most of them self-defining. These words have five different significations as indicated by the beginnings: "I," indefinite, signifying *some* or *any*. "Ĉ," distributive, or collective, signifying *each*, *every*,

*all*. "K," interrogative or relative, signifying *what*, *which*. "Nen," negative, meaning *none*, *no*. "T," demonstrative—*that*.

The nine different endings have nine different significations: Ia, ial, iam, ie, iel, ies, io, iom and iu.

The words given in the table can be readily translated after having learned the meanings of their thirteen elements.

### TABLE of CORRELATIVE WORDS.

|                                              | <i>Indefinite</i>                                        | <i>Collective<br/>Distributive<br/>General</i>      | <i>Interrogative<br/>Relative</i>                 | <i>Negative</i>                              | <i>Demonstrative</i>                                   |
|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Quality<br/>adjectival</i>                | IA<br>Some kind of<br>Any kind of<br>Any, Some           | ĈIA<br>Every kind of<br>Each kind of<br>Each, Every | KIA<br>What kind of?<br>(tia).....as              | NENIA<br>No kind of<br>No such<br>No         | TIA<br>That kind of<br>Such kind of<br>Such a          |
| <i>Motive<br/>adverbial</i>                  | IAL<br>For some cause<br>For any cause<br>For any reason | ĈIAL<br>For every cause<br>For all reasons          | KIAL<br>For what cause?<br>" what reason?<br>Why? | NENIAL<br>For no cause<br>For no reason      | TIAL<br>For that reason<br>For that cause<br>Therefore |
| <i>Time<br/>adverbial</i>                    | IAM<br>At some time<br>At any time<br>Ever               | ĈIAM<br>All the time<br>For all time<br>Always      | KIAM<br>At what time?<br>When                     | NENIAM<br>At no time<br>Never                | TIAM<br>At that time<br>Then                           |
| <i>Place<br/>adverbial</i>                   | IE<br>In some place<br>Somewhere<br>Anywhere             | ĈIE<br>In every place<br>Everywhere                 | KIE<br>In what place?<br>Where                    | NENIE<br>In no place<br>Nowhere              | TIE<br>In that place<br>There                          |
| <i>Manner<br/>adverbial</i>                  | IEL<br>In some manner<br>In some way<br>Somehow          | ĈIEL<br>In every way<br>In all ways                 | KIEL<br>In what manner<br>Like, How<br>As         | NENIEL<br>In no manner<br>In no way<br>Nohow | TIEL<br>In that way<br>So, As<br>Like                  |
| <i>Possession<br/>pronominal</i>             | IES<br>Some person's<br>Some one's<br>Anybody's          | ĈIES<br>Everybody's<br>Everyone's<br>Each one's     | KIES<br>Whose                                     | NENIES<br>Nobody's<br>No one's               | TIES<br>That person's<br>That one's                    |
| <i>Thing<br/>substantival<br/>pronominal</i> | IO<br>Something<br>Anything                              | ĈIO<br>Everything<br>All things<br>All              | KIO<br>What<br>Which                              | NENIO<br>Nothing                             | TIO<br>That thing<br>That                              |
| <i>Quantity<br/>adverbial</i>                | IOM<br>Some quantity<br>Somewhat<br>A little             | ĈIOM<br>All of it<br>All                            | KIOM<br>How much<br>How many<br>(tion) ....As     | NENIOM<br>No quantity<br>None                | TIOM<br>That much<br>So many<br>As many                |
| <i>Individuality<br/>pronominal</i>          | IU<br>Some person<br>Somebody<br>Anybody                 | ĈIU<br>Everyone, Each<br>Every<br>ĈIUJ. All         | KIU<br>What one<br>Which<br>Who                   | NENIU<br>Nobody<br>No one                    | TIU<br>That person<br>That one<br>That                 |





#### MORE HOURS OUT OF DOORS.

AN eminent physician has declared that there is but *one disease* and *one remedy*. That the former is simply retained waste, in the form of broken down tissue, undigested food, etc., and the latter is a four-fold compound whose constituents are Light, Air, Water and Food.

He might truthfully have added, "And the greatness of these is air."

Prisoners have passed half a lifetime in underground dungeons where noon was indistinguishable from midnight, and while mental decay supervened in most instances the bodily functions were only impaired by slow degrees.

Prolonged fasts for remedial purposes are by no means uncommon in these days when the world is beginning to realize that nine-tenths of us eat too much and too often. Man has demonstrated beyond dispute that he can live without food for a number of weeks. Deprived of water, life can be prolonged for a shorter period, albeit at cost of intense suffering; but let respiration cease for a few moments only, and the vital spark will have fled beyond recall.

Air, then, being vitally essential to existence in the body, and one of the very few commodities on which the market has never been cornered, so that the pauper may share equally with the plutocrat, it seems a pity that through thoughtlessness or indifference, the majority should limit themselves to a tiny fraction of their birthright.

Over and over again we hear people say, "I know I don't get half enough fresh air, but dear me! I'm so busy I just *can't* take time to go outdoors!" Yet by the exercise of a little ingenuity many of these same individuals could arrange to spend a generous portion of every twenty-four hours in the open air.

Housewives are the worst offenders in this regard, despite the fact that a large number of the necessary household operations can be performed quite as well outdoors as in—and with far greater comfort and enthusiasm. Washing dishes, for example, when conducted on a cool back porch is quite a different matter from the same operation performed in a sweltering kitchen. Even if the meals are served within doors, the dishes can be piled upon a large tray and carried outside with very little trouble, and when the table itself is transferred to the porch, not only is the work of clearing away minimized, but a gain of at least three

hours daily is effected in that single item. At his beautiful summer home, the famous peot, Edwin Markham, has a delightfully arranged open air dining room on the broad veranda, where he and his family practically live during warm weather. There are few who cannot adapt this idea in some fashion, even if it be only to hold frequent picnics in the back yard.

The drudgery incident to the preparation of the meals can be rendered less taxing; first, by increasing the proportion of fruits and uncooked or ready prepared foods in the daily dietary, and, second, by constructing a camp stove in the yard. This consists of a firebox of brick or rock, the interstices filled with mortar or clay, and an opening left in front. Upon this is set an old stove top purchased from the junk man, with a single length of stove pipe attached to direct the smoke upward. Any man or boy can build it, and I have seen a very creditable specimen constructed entirely by a woman. Portable camp stoves can also be purchased from camp outfitters for from three to eight dollars. The addition of an oven such as is used on gas or oil stoves enables the housekeeper to do every variety of cooking. Another useful adjunct is one of the modern fireless cookers which can easily be contrived at home, and will effect a saving in both labor and fuel.

From eating it is only a step to sleeping out of doors, and numberless are the devices for enabling all sorts and conditions of men—and women—to enjoy this privilege. The poor who sleep in the city parks which are thrown open for that purpose whenever a hot wave manifests itself, have an incalculable advantage over the exclusive rich, unless the latter are sufficiently progressive to desert their silk-hung chambers in favor of specially constructed sleeping balconies, as is occasionally done.

When one has once tried the experiment of couching directly upon the earth, with blankets for mattress and coverlet, and the spangled heavens for a canopy, he will be reluctant ever to return to even the most luxuriously appointed sleeping room, which will seem unendurably stuffy by contrast. The modern treatment for tuberculosis, whose distinctive feature consists in keeping the patient in the open air day and night, has been practiced with increasing success for several years. But how much better to forestall the doctors by adopting the open air mode of life in

season to maintain and promote health, rather than as a last resort after disease has secured a foothold!

Folding cots equipped with pneumatic mattresses are luxurious but expensive. The time-honored camp bed of spruce boughs is an agreeable substitute when living in the woods, but for the home veranda yard, or roof, a hammock answers every purpose, preferably a sailors' canvas hammock, which is swung from the four corners, and sags less in the middle than the ordinary type.

Possibly the theaters—in the effort to secure patronage during the heated term—were responsible for the invention of roof gardens. If so, their example was speedily followed by hospitals, and by fashionable hotels, which spared neither pains nor expense in the endeavor to outdo rival establishments in conveniences and attractions. Apartment houses and private residences of the flat roofed type soon fell in line, and by means of awnings, hanging baskets and potted plants, hammocks, and rustic furniture, the areas, formerly sacred to clothes-lines, are gradually being converted into ideal open air living-rooms. Here the older children play and babies nap peacefully in their go-carts, far above the dust and din of the streets.

Writers, artists and others who follow sedentary pursuits can easily fit up studios on the roof, veranda, or in the back yard, and the number of those who do so is rapidly increasing. One noted author has a delightful little "den" in a corner of her wide back porch. Bamboo screens baffle prying eyes, without interrupting the free passage of air. A writing table of generous proportions holds typewriter, ink bottle, reference books, and other impediments, and a hanging corner shelf supports a tea service of old Canton Blue, a five o'clock tea kettle of burnished copper, and a rotund teapot fitted into a padded Chinese tea-basket, which retains the heat. A revolving office chair and a cozy wicker rocker for the chance visitor complete the equipment of this inviting little nook.

Even more unusual is the tree-top study of a New England clergyman. A spiral stairway winds about the trunk of a giant chestnut tree behind his house, and gives access to a little platform perched high among the branches. A rustic chair and desk furnish this airy retreat, which commands an extensive view of the surrounding country side, with wooded hills rimming the western horizon, and the sparkling blue Atlantic melting in the eastern sky.

Yet another important problem of outdoor life remains to be considered. Thousands are condemned to spend from eight to ten hours a day at desks, in factories and behind counters, as a means of livelihood. These do not have the housekeeper's and writer's privilege of taking their work out into the open. In such cases there is all the greater necessity of making the most of limited opportunities. It is usually possible to walk at least a part of the way to and from one's

work, and to spend a portion of the noon hour in the open air, instead of idling it away in a superheated store or stuffy workroom. Better still, adopt one of the numberless outdoor ways of earning a living. Duck farms, chicken yards and turkey ranches have all proved winning investments when rightly handled. So have the raising of aquatic plants and gold fish. Early vegetables make money for those who have the enterprise to get their products on the market ahead of their competitors, and to pack them attractively. Bee-keeping is another lucrative industry to which women are particularly well adapted, since it requires little physical strength, and but small capital at the start. A special and particularly profitable branch of this work is the raising of queen bees.

Flower growing and preserving seem essentially feminine occupations, though men have made fortunes at both. Here again it pays to specialize. Devoting *all* one's energy to growing *one* species of bulb or blossom, or putting up a *single* kind of preserve or jelly—and doing it a little better than anybody else—will bring bigger results at less cost of materials and labor, than the attempt to handle a large variety.

Nearly every operation connected with preserving can be carried on outdoors, from the gathering of the fruits and berries, to the final sealing of the jars. The camp stove is, of course, utilized for the accommodation of the big preserving kettles.

Landscape gardening, canvassing, selling real estate, commercial traveling, surveying, fruit growing, and silk-worm culture, are all industries which enable a worker to spend a large portion of his time outdoors, and these are but a few out of a long list. All of which goes to prove that "where there's a will there's a way," and that the delights and benefits of a free, open air mode of life are to some degree within the reach of each one of us, if we will but set ourselves seriously to the consideration of ways and means with that end in view, and determine to make the most and best of every opportunity.—*Health*.



#### DAWN'S RECOMPENSE.

He begged me for the little toys at night

That I had taken lest he play too long,  
The little broken toys—his sole delight.

I held him close in wiser arms and strong  
And sang with trembling voice the even-song.

Reluctantly the drowsy lips dropped low,  
The while he pleaded for the boon denied.  
Then when he slept, too dream content to know,  
I mended them and laid them by his side  
That he might find them in the early light  
And wake the gladder for the ransomed sight.

So, Lord, like children at the evenfall,

We weep for broken playthings, loath to part,  
While thou, unmoved because thou knowest all,  
Dost fold us from the treasures of our heart.  
And we shall find them at the morning-tide  
Awaiting us, unbroke and beautified. —Selected.



### THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

Do not deny yourself the delight of a flower garden simply because you cannot afford or cannot give the necessary time and care to rare or the more exacting flowers and shrubs. What, after all, is so charming as an old-fashioned garden wherein are found in harmonious companionship the sweet clove pink, sweet william, phlox, stock, golden glow, poppies—the gorgeous ones that run the gamut of the reds as well as the golden California variety—sweet alyssum, mignonette, heliotrope, verbenas, dahlias, cannas, gladiolus and asters, with the shadiest nook—perhaps where the porch joins the house or in the crook of the bay window which keeps the sun from a small plot of earth—the shadiest nook given over to a riot of ferns? Even the hothouses of the great city parks, with their rare exotics and tropic beauties, have found a rival in the old-fashioned garden which every park that would fill the wants of its frequenters must possess. Here, in this old-fashioned garden, you will find those who come and linger for the very love of the flowers, not from curiosity. Here, you will notice, the children love to come on little journeys of discovery, because here you can, you know, watch the bumble bee, the butterfly and the humming bird flit from honey cup to honey cup in search of golden plunder. And here, in this old-fashioned garden, you will perceive the elder folk who find it sweetly reminiscent of the days of their youth when such a garden was found in nearly every dooryard, or are drawn here, perhaps, because the old-fashioned garden, void of formalism, with its fragrant atmosphere, its very abundance, is suggestive of those gardens they are so rapidly nearing, those gardens on the Hills of Day.

A sprinkling of cold tea every four days is beneficial to ferns.

Do you realize the beautifying virtues of woodbine? Properly trained it will yield a profusion of greenery that will add greatly to the charm of the house over which it runs. As a cover for a shabby building it has no equal.

Drenching your flowerbeds thoroughly every three or four days is better for the plants than the slight daily sprinkling that is ordinarily given. The more infrequent but thorough drenching is more like nature's showery method.

Flies are said to hate mignonette, and a few of these fragrant plants in a room will answer all the purposes of fly paper and be much less objectionable in every way. Seeds may be sown early in the summer, and plants for every room in the house obtained at a very small expenditure.

The women of England have taken up market gardening in earnest and are making a great success of it. The French way of planting in a small space and nursing the plants under frame covers has met with much favor, and many women are studying the particulars of the work under the direction of the pioneers in this sort of work for women in Berkshire County.

A small bed of lavender will yield sufficient sprays to supply your linen chest with sprigs that are unsurpassed as a perfumer of sheets, pillow cases, towels, and even wearing apparel. Our grandmothers appreciated the dainty refreshment it imparted, and our grandmothers, you know, had a few ideas worth while, in spite of the vaunted superiority of the new woman.

The blossoms of the peony are so heavy that a gentle shower often beats them to the ground; therefore, such a mishap should be provided against when the buds are formed. To do this, drive four stakes—more if the bush is a very large one—into the ground about the plant, being careful not to run them into the roots. Use these as supports for a stout cord bracing the stems in an upright position. The foliage will soon obscure the supports.—*Home Herald*.

### SELECTED HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A LITTLE sugar added to beets, corn, squash and peas either during or after cooking, will improve their flavor, particularly if they are not quite fresh.

Do not leave fresh meat wrapped in paper; it absorbs the juices. Put in a deep dish and turn a plate over it before putting it in the ice chest.

THOUGH love is supposed to enter a man by way of his heart, it often leaves him by way of his stomach, if his wife serves him too many poorly-cooked meals.

A GOOD way to get rid of ants is to hunt them with something they like to eat, and when you have a lot captured, drop the whole thing into the fire. A piece of sweetened bread is good to catch them with. You can soon clear your pantry in that way.

RASPBERRY and blackberry jams are much finer if the seeds are strained out with a sieve. Cook first, then run through a compound flour sieve; return to the fire and put in the sugar. Two-thirds as much sugar as fruit is the best proportion and the one most commonly used.

You can make better, clearer jelly, and with less trouble, by not straining the fruit, which is unpleasant

work, and makes the jelly cloudy besides wasting the fruit itself. After the fruit has begun to cook, remove the surplus juice, as it forms, with a shallow ladle, and make it into jelly; use the fruit for jam or marmalade. You will not miss the juice that has been taken out and it makes fine jelly.



ALWAYS make starch with soapy water, which will give better gloss to the linen and prevent the irons from sticking.



#### A SWIFT ANT EXTERMINATOR.

MANY flower gardeners and housewives are annoyed by ants. Here is a remedy, which, used according to directions, will never fail: Place two sheets of fresh, poison fly-paper in a shallow dish. Cover thinly with water and set aside for an hour or two until the water is well charged with the poison. Now stir in a teaspoonful or less of strained honey or sugar syrup; find where the colony of ants is located and set the dish on the ground nearby. If the weather is very warm, shade the dish to prevent rapid evaporation. If there are apiaries nearby or many honey bees about your premises, place a net-covered frame over the dish having a mesh large enough to permit the ants to pass and small enough to exclude the bees. Add a trifle of water from time to time, just to keep the paper slightly immersed. The ants will soon discover the sweet stuff and go at it with frantic haste. They will drink their fill and carry it down to their burrows to feed to the queen and the half developed larvae. In from one to two days the whole colony will be dead, root and branch. You can prove this by scraping the dirt aside with your foot or digging into their nest with a trowel. There you will find a mass of dead ants and larvae. Not one will escape.—*Floral Life*.

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### The Children's Corner

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#### WHERE DO THE FAIRIES DWELL?

JENNIE TAYLOR.

"Oh, dusty Bee, on restless wing!  
We pray you stop and tell,  
Have you seen that place of wondrous charm—  
The land where the fairies dwell?  
Have you heard them sing  
While the blue bells ring  
In the woodlands wild and free?  
Did you ever chance  
To see them dance  
In the moonlight on the lea?  
We've searched the garden through and through,  
We've roamed the fields of green,  
But the cunning little fairy folk  
We never yet have seen.  
We've climbed the hill  
Beyond the mill.

And looked through leafy dell.  
Among the flowers  
In summer bowers,  
Where they are we cannot tell."

"Oh, Sunshine fair, on your shining way!  
Have you found where the fairies dwell?  
Have you seen the home of the fairy queen?  
Bright Sunbeam, stop and tell,  
Have you seen her afloat  
In a sea-shell boat.  
Where the sparkling waters play?  
Are the coral caves  
'Neath the deep sea waves  
The place where the fairies stay?"  
Then the dusty bee and the sunshine fair  
Each made the same reply,  
As we watched for a sprightly Brownie band  
To go tripping lightly by.  
"You children dear  
All wish to hear  
Where the charming fairies dwell;  
Were I to say  
Where the fairies stay,  
'Tis a secret. I must not tell."  
Tipton, Iowa.



#### MOLLY'S PLAN.

"WHEN I get big I'm going to be a general," said Ted.

"And I'll be a nurse and take care of the wounded soldiers," said Dora, pinning a piece of red flannel on her arm.

"I'll be a great doctor and help sick soldiers," said Herbert.

"Children," called mamma from the kitchen, "which one of you will run to the grocery for butter for my cake?"

"You go, Molly," said Ted and Dora together. "You don't mind doing errands."

So the little girl ran off with her basket, and the talk went back to what the children would be when they grew up.

"Mamma, which one has the best plan?" asked Ted, when the cake was finished and they all sat together in the sitting-room. "Addie wants to be a great singer, and all the rest of us but Molly are going to war to help people. Molly says she is going to stay at home and help you always, so tell us which has the best plan."

There was a queer little light in Mrs. Kile's eyes as she took the baby on her knee and said: "You have all chosen good work for when you grow up, but I will let you decide which is best. While I was baking cake I noticed that the Red Cross nurse was too busy to untangle baby's foot when he caught it in the rug, and the famous general never saw the puppy upset him in his rough play. You know this general said he would help any one in trouble when he grew up, so the baby called loudly for aid. The general marched right past without ever noticing him, and the



doctor stepped on his fingers as the army retreated. After that the famous singer was too busy to sing 'Rock-a-by' for the baby, and he had a hard time generally."

"You left out Molly," said Dora, when her mother paused a few moments. "You didn't say anything about her."

"I thought you all knew what Molly did," said Mrs. Kile. "She picked up the poor baby and put medicine on his bruised fingers, she ran several errands, and then had time to sing 'Rock-a-by' for this little man. You see, she is working away at her plan right now, instead of waiting till she gets big."

"Molly's plan is the best," cried all the other children together. "We will try to begin now, too."—*Children's visitor.*



### THE SKY ROAD.

SOME time since a lover of children told a touching story of meeting three little urchins in a city suburb who, ragged, hatless, and shoeless, but quite unconscious of any deficiencies, were bubbling over with bits of knowledge picked up at the public schools, from which fragmentary lore their busy brains had wrought quaint deductions. They had been hearing scraps of Grecian mythology, and were full of the wonderful story of Pegasus, the winged horse, who, as the legend runs, first touched the earth on the Acropolis in Corinth, and finally flew back to heaven. The smallest of the trio explained that Pegasus couldn't travel on the dirt road because he was made for the sky road. Looking up at the lady, he said with a sly little nod: "We are made for the sky road." Dear little, ragged fellow! One cannot help wondering if he realized the marvelous, far-reaching truth of his own words.

The sky road! Another little one caught a glimpse of the beautiful, upper realm of living where child souls, in their sweet innocence, ought to be especially at home. A group was happily playing on the broad door stone, under the protecting shade trees.

"I'm the mother," cried the largest little girl. "There always has to be a mother, and I'm it."

Black-eyed Ned sat next. "I'm the father," he asserted sturdily. "Nellie and Rob can be the children, but I'll be the father, and, of course, I'll see to things."

A little blue-eyed tot of a girl saw a very good chance of being left out of this pretty family game.

"What am I?" she asked, a little pitifully.

"There has to be servants," said the self-elected father and mother. "That's all that's left that we can see."

"Well," remarked the wee girlie very sweetly, "I'll be a real nice one, then. Somebody has to do something for the rest, and it's just as good as anything if you do it nice."—*Exchange.*

It is not the profession of religion which creates the obligation for the performance of duty; for that existed before any such profession was made. The profession of religion only recognizes the duty.—*Albert Barnes.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### THEIR OWN COMPANY.

WHEN Peter and John were released from custody in Jerusalem—having been put into prison because they *would* preach the Gospel—"being let go," we read, "they went to their own company"—that is, to the set and circle of praying people in one of the wards of the city where they had been accustomed to worship. They went where they would feel at home. They were irresistibly drawn into the company of the faithful and believing, for they had persistently cultivated a love for Christ's people, and Christian fellowship had become habitual with them.

Every man has his "own company" for good or for evil, to which he is constantly attracted as by a kind of spiritual gravitation, and which he finds congenial to his taste. Each act of life makes another act of the same kind easier; each hope or ambition cherished, re-duplicates itself in a similar experience; habits are gradually formed, and thus great lifelong currents and tendencies are generated, which unless checked or reversed by some cataclysmic upheaval, such as conversion, finally fix the destiny of the soul in hard, fast lines.

It becomes then of great importance to influence the young as early in life as possible, to form such habits of holiness and to frequent such places of Christian assembly as will give them a lifelong trend Godward and churchward, so that wherever they are, they will be naturally drawn "to their own company," and find their chiefest pleasure in the society of the Godly.

The need is for such a deeply cultivated piety as will constantly revert to type—fall back upon itself, and carry within its own resources of joy—and thus be untempted by the competing allurements of the world. It is entirely possible for any one to get into the habit of having "a good time" in the society of Christian people.

Beyond this life there is also a particular place where each one severally belongs. Judas went to "his own place"—and so did Paul. Souls are sorted out in the other world, and go then to the company either of the lost or the redeemed—which amounts to saying that they go where they feel at home. Happy indeed are they who cultivate now and forever the circles of Christian fellowship, and who, adopting and adapting

the language of Ruth to Naomi, say, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!"—*American Messenger*.



#### HOW THE CUP WAS KEPT SHINING.

THE rocks rose steeply at the sides of the road, and, through a cleft, the spring bubbled out. The very drip of the water was music in the ears of travelers driving by on a hot day. And, however intense the heat, however parched the meadow, the spring trickled out to refresh the thirsty, as cool and delicious as if it came from some sunless cavern in the heart of the earth.

One day a passer-by drew his horses and stopped, not to drink, but to look and wonder. For a small girl, with a cake of scouring soap, was scrubbing away energetically at the tin cup which had been hung beside the spring for the convenience of travelers. She looked up and flushed under the man's scrutiny. "Do you want a drink? I'll hurry and finish."

"No, I'm not particularly thirsty," said the man. "But what are you doing?"

"Why, I'm cleaning the drinking-cup. It gets dirty and rusty standing here, so every few days I come over and give it a good scouring."

The man stared. "You don't get anything for it?"

"Why, no, of course. But thirsty folks enjoy the water so much better if the cup is shining."

"Why don't you leave it for somebody else to do? It's as much their work as yours."

The girl laughingly replied: "And it's as much mine as theirs. Besides, there's lots of things I can't do, but I can keep the cup shining."

The man took up the lines and his horses moved on. But he looked back over his shoulder at the slight figure busy with the self-appointed task, and in his heart he was thinking that it would be a better world if more people acted on that girl's principle.—*Girls' Companion*.



#### LIGHT-RUNNING MACHINES.

ONE of the commendations of certain sewing machines is that they are "light running." They move very easily, and require little strength or labor. A little girl said, "I like to sew when there is no thread on the machine—it runs so easy."

There are persons whose religion seems to be of the "light running" order. There is nothing difficult about it; no burdens, no heart-breakings, no "strong cryings and tears," no "groanings that cannot be uttered," but lightness, ease and airiness; a pleasant, comfortable way of putting things, which holds all orthodox opinions, but never loses any sleep over them.

Machinery runs easy when no work is being done. A belt upon a loose pulley runs easily, but accom-

plishes nothing; but when that belt is thrown upon a fast pulley, then at every turn machinery is moved and something is accomplished.

We need to get rid of this easy-going religion, these sewing machines which sew without thread, these faiths that are without works and are dead, the systems and creeds which stir no emotions in the hearts of saints, and work no conviction in the minds of sinners, and which produce no change in the lives of their professors. We need to come down to the facts, the realities, and the duties of a Christianity which is a reality as well as a faith, and a fact as well as a theory.

Life is short. We have little time for dreaming and dozing. With God's help, we are to do work for him for eternity—work which will require effort, sacrifice and zeal in the Master's cause, and which will tell on human welfare now and evermore. Let us be workers together with him, that when he shall appear we may appear with him in glory.—*The Christian*.



#### THE EMPTY HAND.

THERE is an old Arab proverb which says, "The empty hand is soiled." The empty hand is soiled because it is bare and open to all the dust that flies. Palm and fingers not closed about anything in fervent clasp may well collect the soot and grime ready to lodge wherever space offers. Friction is often a good cleanser, at least it prevents undesirable accumulations. The hand that is plunged into honest work and is kept busy has an advantage over the idle fingers. A good deal may be rubbed off by toil, where indolence but gathers soil. The hand that carries a gift is proof against contamination that might otherwise befall. There is no protection for one's self like service for others.

A Bible blessing is pronounced upon "clean hands." It is worth while to "wash them in innocence" and to keep them clean. To keep them clean, see to it that they are not empty. Again and again we find that the marginal reading for "consecrate" is "fill the hand," and God says, "None shall appear before me empty." But the question is, "Who, then, is willing this day to 'fill the hand' unto God?" It is to him that the consecration must be made. It will not do to load the hands with what he disapproves.—*Good Work*.



THE longer I live the less I think and fear about what the world calls success; the more I tremble for true success, for the perfection and beauty of the inner life, for the purity and sanctity of the soul, which is as a temple. As I grow older I feel the need of getting at the root of the matter—of being sure of the nearness of God, of being free from all the mistiness and doubts, and of throwing the increasing cares of life on him.—*Samuel Chapman Armstrong*.





# Echoes from Everywhere

Last year the Suez Canal had a total revenue of \$24,000,000, and paid \$14,000,000, a 28 per cent dividend, to stockholders.

The trustees of Wesleyan College at a recent meeting passed a resolution requesting all persons using tobacco connected with the college, to cease to use it, and that its use be prohibited about the buildings and grounds.

A convention of Esperantists is to be held at Chautauqua, N. Y., the last week in July, and all interested in the new international language are urged to attend. Courses of instruction will be carried on. It is hoped that the fifth "tutmonda kongreso" or "whole-world congress" will be held in this country next year.

The Supreme Court holds that a board of education has no right to bar a child from the public schools for failure to comply with the dictations of the board as regards vaccination. The decision is handed down in the case of the People ex rel Louise Jenkins vs. the Board of Education of Chicago.

The State Superintendent of Schools of New York declares that the value of New York school property had increased nearly \$2,000,000 in the last few years, owing to the improvement from the trees, shrubs and flowers planted by pupils and teachers on successive Arbor days. The total value of the State's school property is \$88,000,000.

The sum of \$148,902,130 was given away for the good of mankind during the year 1907. Of this amount, educational institutions received over \$70,000,000; religious institutions, over \$9,000,000; museums, art galleries, public improvements and libraries, \$20,000,000. The heaviest donors were John D. Rockefeller, Mrs. Russel Sage, and Andrew Carnegie, in the order named. Over \$30,000,000 were contributed by women.

Bermuda, July 2.—The act prohibiting the use of automobiles in Bermuda passed the local parliament by a majority of one and the council by a majority of two. A petition was subscribed to unanimously by American visitors last winter begging for prohibition. This had more to do with killing the automobile in this country than anything else. Owing to the Islands being small and the roads very winding they are unsuitable for auto driving.

The marked unrest and commercial depression which lately has characterized the territory of South China has been intensified recently by the sufferings of the bulk of the population in the lowlands surrounding Canton and along the rivers, caused by the biggest flood in three decades. A vast area has been inundated and many thousands of persons rendered homeless and starving. Great numbers are joining bands of brigands and pirates. Officials and the people in the unaffected parts are liberally donating food and supplies, but difficulty is experienced in distribution.

Jacob Sleeper, the American secretary of legation and charge at Caracas, Venezuela, and the attachés have gone aboard the gunboat Marietta, and sailed away from Venezuelan waters, thus virtually breaking off diplomatic relations. While the immediate occasion of this action is the admitted existence of the bubonic plague in the port towns, it is pursuant to a studied policy of ignoring President Castro since he refused to submit the question of American asphalt claims to arbitration last winter.

The Illinois Prohibition Chautauquas have begun with great enthusiasm in the southeastern part of the State. It is the plan of the State Committee to have the Chautauquas follow a general direction northeast of the Illinois River, taking five towns each week and reaching Chicago about August 1st; then proceeding north and west to Freeport, thence through western Illinois in the month of September, covering all the territory from Winchester south to Cairo. It is now planned to hold Chautauquas in at least one hundred and twenty-five towns before November 1st.

Brewers and wine growers are complaining of the falling off in the consumption of their goods in Vienna, and particularly the brewers. From figures recently published it appears that the Viennese in 1907 drank 1,750,000 gallons less of beer than in 1906 and 40,000 gallons less of wine, and this in spite of the fact that the population increased by 40,000. About twice as much beer as wine is drunk, there having been 27,860,000 gallons of beer consumed in the year, against 13,458,000 gallons of wine. The falling off in the quantity of beer consumed is relatively much greater than in the case of wine. The decrease is said to be due not so much to the growth in the temperance movement as to depression in trade and consequent reduction in the spending capacity of the working classes.

Starting only seven years ago, the new irrigation movement has already twenty-four projects in progress and has taken \$37,000,000 from the sale of lands, to be devoted to reclaiming other lands now useless. The government now owns 150,000,000 acres of irrigable land, by which is meant land that is not now cultivable, but may be made so by the introduction of water. Under treatment at present are 4,000,000 acres, capable of supporting 100,000 families. The settler pays 50 cents or \$1 per acre for this land and \$20 to \$60 per acre for perpetual water rights, the latter payment being divided over a period of ten years, so that the land itself earns it. Every forty acres of these new-made farms will support and probably enrich from five to ten people. The 4,000,000 acres now in process of redemption will be a more valuable addition to the national wealth than a hundred times that area of foreign conquest. The 150,000,000 acres to be redeemed will within a generation give homes and prosperity to a population as large as that of the United States two generations ago.

In the great cotton belt of the South are 848 mills engaged in crushing cotton seed for its oil and other products. In these mills are 2,608 presses and in connection with them 2,752 ginstands and 3,126 linters. It is estimated that in the production of cotton seed oil and by-products more than \$85,000,000 is invested. The mills annually use about 4,000,000 tons of seed, costing about \$60,000,000. When made into oil, cake, hulls and linters and other products, its value is about \$90,000,000. At the present time but little more than half the total seed product of the country is crushed.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which is to be held in the City of Seattle, Wash., next year, will be unique in more ways than one. No intoxicating liquors of any kind will be sold on the grounds, and no such liquors can be offered for sale or disposed of within two miles of the place where the exposition is to be held. The large, unoccupied campus of the State University of Washington is the site chosen for the exposition grounds, and, under the State law, no liquors can be sold within a radius of two miles of the university. At the time this site was being considered by the exposition board of managers, the liquor forces of the State of Washington urged that some other site be chosen, but the members of the board were practically unanimous in agreeing that the prohibition of the sale of liquors on the grounds or near the exposition would be a splendid advertisement feature, and this site was accordingly chosen. It is possible that the liquor forces may endeavor to secure a repeal of the two-mile limit law at the coming session of the legislature in Washington, but it is practically certain that such an effort will be unsuccessful, since the business interests back of the exposition would actively oppose any such attempt.

With the ice trust manipulating prices to suit itself and the iceman dealing short weight or sometimes ignoring the housewife altogether, it is strange that some form of making ice at home has not come into general use before this. In France there has recently been patented a machine which is said to be cheap and simple while it is at the same time very effective. It may be operated by power or by hand. Chemicals are sealed up in a cylinder and they do not require renewal, as they last about as long as the machine does. This cylinder revolves in the water and produces the ice. Probably the simplest ice machine is made use of in the German army. A five-gallon, double wall tin vessel is required, the space between the walls being about an inch across. Carbonic acid is gradually introduced into this space through an opening at the bottom and is allowed to enter the vessel proper through a tube. Ice can in this way be formed in about a minute, and in less time than that meats, fruits, and beverages may be chilled. This is caused by the rapid expansion of the carbonic acid, which reduces the temperature very quickly.

In these times of great drains on the timber supply, caused by the heavy demand for forest products of all kinds, Americans may see in Japan an example of what can be done in growing wood on small plots. That country contains 21,000,000 woodlots, about three-fourths of which belong to private persons and one-fourth to communes. The average size of the plots is less than 9-10 of an acre. They usually occupy the steepest, roughest, poorest ground. In this way land is put to use which would otherwise go to waste, and if unwooded would lose its soil by the wash of the dashing rains. From Japan's

woodlots, the yearly yield of lumber is about 88 feet, board measure, an acre, and three-fourth of a cord of fire-wood. In many cases the yield is much higher. More than 500,000,000 trees are planted yearly to make up for what is cut for lumber and fuel. Assessment for taxation is low, averaging for the 21,000,000 lots less than \$1 an acre. With all the care in cutting, and the industry in replanting it is by no means certain that Japan's forests are holding their own. If the preservation of the forests is doubtful there, it is evident that depletion must be alarmingly rapid in other countries which cut unsparingly and plant very little. On the other hand, it is encouraging to see what can be done with rough, steep and poor land. The United States has enough of that kind, without touching the rich agricultural acres, to grow billions of feet of lumber.

New York, July 1.—On Monday Commander Robert E. Peary's steamer, *Roosevelt*, will start from this port on another effort to find the north pole. Commander Peary will not leave New York with his ship, but will see her safely started and, after remaining a few days here perfecting his final arrangements, will go by rail to join his party at Sydney, Cape Breton, where the *Roosevelt* will stop to coal. The explorer had planned to have his ship leave New York today, but the uncertainty of raising the \$50,000 necessary to finance the expedition caused the slight delay. All but \$5,000 of the funds required has been obtained, and he is hopeful of raising the amount before he leaves the city.

Peary's plan for this expedition, aside from his expectation of placing the Stars and Stripes at the north pole, includes researches into the north coast of Grantland and Greenland. He will follow practically the same route as he did on his previous trip, but his tactics will be different, and he will utilize the "drift method" so that the moving ice will not carry him beyond the line of his goal. He has planned carefully to overcome many of the obstacles which were encountered in former expeditions, especially the "big lead," or open water, which nearly caused his death and that of his little band on their return from the "furthest north." Eskimos and dogs will be used.

Preparations for taking the next census have been put under way. The work will be different from that in the past. Since the census bureau became a permanent institution it has relieved some of the decennial work as to manufactures and the like. The mortuary statistics will be much reduced, since past results have not been satisfactory, and it is hoped to get the entire report into ten volumes and distribute them in time to be of more service to the people than has been the case of late. Statistics which are old lose much of their value. One innovation is that the census shall be taken in April instead of in June. So many persons leave the cities in June for Europe or the seashore that the results are not wholly satisfactory. Secretary Wilson is working hard on a five-year enumeration of agriculture. He feels that in the past the farmers have hardly been represented properly by a single year's computation and that a schedule covering five years would better illustrate the agricultural wealth and growth of the country. It will take an army of 70,000 men and women to do this work, and the cost will be about \$13,000,000, but it is a task worth doing and cheap at the price. Apparently, we shall number in 1910 more than 90,000,000 souls, not including any of our insular possessions. The richest and happiest people on earth. Who would not be an American?



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### IGNORANCE OF NATURE'S WAYS.

That the average boy or girl—and indeed the average man—is in surprising ignorance of the simplest physical processes and facts of every-day life, and that the prevailing mode of teaching is largely responsible, is charged by Willard Pyle, of the Morris High School, New York City, in a paper read before the New York Physics Club and printed in *School Science and Mathematics* (Chicago, June). The reason is, he believes, that most of our high-school teachers are pursuing the mistaken course of laying stress on the abstract or mathematical side of physics and mechanics, while neglecting the practical applications and illustrations. He emphasizes his conviction that the most effective, interesting, and profitable way of getting a high-school boy or girl to comprehend the significance of a physical law or principle is by studying the illustrations and applications of it in things more or less familiar, Says Mr. Pyle:

"Our pupils come to us with a surprisingly vague understanding of natural laws even though qualitatively express. What few definite notions they have about physical phenomena are often most erroneous. They all think that smoke settles on a humid day because the atmosphere is heavy, that the chimney draws air from the kitchen into the stove to make the draft, that an engine does work, that bodies in motion come to rest of themselves, that a horse pulls harder upon the wagon in drawing it than the wagon pulls upon the horse, that a body floats because it is lighter than the liquid or gas it floats in, that dew falls, that steam is visible, that ice is never colder than the freezing-point, that water boils because the heat continually drives air out of it, that a perpetual-motion machine is a most reasonable thing, that ice keeps a refrigerator cold because the ice itself is cold, the melting of it being a most unfortunate thing, that opening a door in winter lets in the cold, etc., etc. There seems no limit to it when we study these third-year boys and girls well enough to appreciate their actual state of knowledge. They are without exaggeration almost as ignorant of the true nature of common physical phenomena as the Irish servant who in the morning opened the shutters to let out the dark."

What is the matter? It is, according to Mr. Pyle, that we are "misplacing the emphasis" which should be laid more upon the illustrations and applications, and less upon pure science, exact relations, and physical constants. He goes on:

"It is generally admitted that the best-trained minds in this country today are the men who have been graduated from our engineering schools and schools of applied science; they are no longer the classical men. . . . We are influenced too much by the colleges, and we are doing too little to make physics of practical value to the great majority who will never go to college. . . . It is a disgrace, for instance, the way we slight electricity. Considering the age in which we live, it deserves twice the time at least. Year after year pupils come to us eager-

ly looking forward to the electrical applications, only to quit physics sorely disappointed. Physics as taught today is a fine example of a subject taking precedence over the claims of pupils."

The modern pupil, Mr. Pyle says, though he may be able readily to solve mathematical problems in physics, finds it impossible to tell why an elevator cable pulls more than the weight of the car and occupants while gaining velocity going up, and less than the weight of the car and occupants while gaining velocity going down; or why a falling body on striking the earth exerts a pressure in excess of that due to its weight. This, he says, is because the student has no real, vital, permanent understanding of the relation of force, mass, and acceleration. He was taught in a way to delight the college professor, but he "largely missed the idea." Passing on to another illustration, the writer says:

"I maintain that it is more valuable from the standpoint of intelligent citizenship for the average boy and girl in our high schools to understand refraction of light in a qualitative way, and be able to explain the rainbow, its circular shape, and the order of its colors, the illuminating of dark basements by pavements composed of glass prisms, the use of lenses for near sight and old sight, the accommodation of the lens of the eye, and the common optical instruments than it is to be able to do such things as define index of refraction, describe a method of determining it, and tell where errors are most likely to creep in.

"It is more important, for instance, that we teach expansion and contraction of gases in a qualitative way, and the applications of it in convection (drafts, methods of ventilating a room, sea-breeze, trade-winds, etc., together with a thorough study of the why and wherefore of the principal features of some direct or indirect method of heating a home or schoolbuilding) than it is to determine the coefficient of cubical expansion of gas and then solve problems involving the absolute zero. I do not advocate technical or engineering physics, but rather a study of those common applications that illustrate best the principles we are attempting to teach. What could be more interesting and valuable than a careful study of the whole process of manufacturing the rectangular slabs of ice that we all see everywhere about us in the city? . . . We deliberately slight that, however, while capillary tubes and floating needles are made prominent.

"Nothing should be retained in the physics course solely on the ground of mental discipline. If a topic is of no practical use or of small practical use, and at the same time does not furnish information that an intelligent citizen should possess, let us cut it entirely out of our teaching." —*Literary Digest*.



### BLESSED BE THE BUILDERS.

If I were going to write a new series of Beatitudes—which is the aim of every ambitious scribbler—I should begin it thus:

Blessed be the Builders.

Blessed be the Builders; the men who have conquered the wilderness, and put the mountains under their feet, and set their watchtowers in the midst of the sea. Blessed be the Builders; for they are the salt of the earth.

We have had enough of warriors. The only good end they ever served was to protect us from other warriors. We have had enough of bigots, trying to fetter the world with the gyves of dogma. We have had enough and to spare of the gilded fools of royalty. But we have never had enough of the Builders; and we never can.

When we trace the progress of human kind from its raw beginnings in the Mid Pleistocene to the twentieth century, we are mainly occupied with the work of the Builders. When we trace the periods in which the race went backward, we are largely busy with soldiers and kings.

Blessed be the Builders.

They have tamed the wild beasts; and taken tribute for man from the rocks of the earth.

They have broken the lightning to harness; and made fire and water lie down together that men might be served.

They have made gardens in the desert; and habitations for men in the sandy wastes.

They have cleared the forests, and drained the swamps, and gathered food from the land that brought forth pestilence.

They have pierced the mountains for their highways; and taught the rivers to walk in unaccustomed paths.

They have bound the continents with bands of steel; and the oceans with webs of copper.

They have given us temples instead of creeds; homes instead of thrones; cities in place of deserts.

They have had their faults, I know. They have spared neither themselves nor others. They have counted life less than work. But they have got the work done, and it was our work. They have paid themselves from the treasury of the earth, and have not stinted. But they have labored, and they have labored for us.

They have builded up faster than kings and warriors could tear down; and the gain is civilization. They have said to the bigot: "Thou shalt not!" and to the sluggard: "Thou shalt!" They have made houses of justice that kings might cease from troubling; and they have tied the warrior's hands with golden thread.

Whatever their cost, they have earned it a thousand-fold. Blessed, thrice blessed, be the Builders!—George L. Knapp, in July Lippincott's.



#### THE INTERCOLLEGIATE PEACE ASSOCIATION.

The Intercollegiate Peace Association consists, technically, of forty-seven colleges and universities of the Middle West, united for the promotion of organized activity among students and educators in support of the International Arbitration and Peace Movement. The organization had its beginning three years ago in a convention of college men, embracing both students and professors, initiated by President Noah E. Byers, of Goshen College, and held at Goshen, Ind. Eight colleges and universities, all of which were controlled by religious denominations fundamentally opposed to war, were represented.

The following college year, 1906-7, twenty-eight more institutions were added to the association, none of which were opposed to war on fundamental religious principles. Oratorical contests among students on International Arbitration and Peace were promoted, in which more than one hundred students took part. The best eight manuscripts were selected and their authors allowed to participate in an interstate oratorical contest held at the

University of Cincinnati in connection with the second annual convention of the Intercollegiate Peace Association, in May, 1907. During that year local prizes were offered for orations and essays in twenty-one institutions. Essays or orations were prepared by students in twenty-two institutions. Peace bibliographies were added to the libraries of thirteen institutions. A memorial representing 22,968 students and 1,668 professors was sent to the Hague Conference. Two thousand one hundred and sixty-nine dollars and thirty cents was raised for the work.

This year eleven institutions have been added to the association. The plan of holding oratorical contests has been enlarged upon. In Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, State contests, as well as local contests, have been held. In Pennsylvania and Michigan special arrangements were made whereby these States were represented in the Interstate Contest, together with the States of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio.

The third annual convention of the association was held the 15th and 16th of last month at De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind. The program consisted of the Second Interstate Oratorical Contest on International Arbitration and Peace, a business session, a meeting of college men and women, addressed by educators, including Dean W. P. Rogers, of the University of Cincinnati Law School; Acting Dean Roscoe Pound, of Northwestern University School of Law; Prof. Amos Hershey, of Indiana University, and others, and a public mass meeting addressed by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago.

The work of the association has been considerably enlarged this year. State committees are now being organized in the five States above mentioned and in Wisconsin. These committees will control the work of their several States next year. The chairmen of the different State committees, together with the president and secretary, constitute the executive committee of the association. The policy of the association is to promote local peace societies, consisting of both students and professors, in the institutions where this is feasible; where it is not, to have existing students' associations, such as history and political science clubs, foster the local interests of the association. Each institution is represented in the association by a vice-president, who is required to be a member of the faculty. Several local students' peace societies are now in existence. Others are being planned for next year. These are being affiliated with "Corda Frates" International Federation of Students, an organization of European students. This organization was founded at Turin, Italy, in 1898, and now has branches in sixty-three of the principal university centers of Europe, with a total membership of about fifteen thousand students.

The Intercollegiate Peace Association, through its local societies, is being affiliated with "Corda Frates" with a view to putting the organized student movement for international arbitration and peace on a truly international basis. The leading articles of the constitution of "Corda Frates" read as follows:

"The principal object of the International Federation of Students is to protect and promote the idea of solidarity and of fraternity among the students. . . . Each member, upon his entrance into the Federation, pledges himself upon his honor to employ unceasingly such means as his social position, his intelligence and his activity afford to promote the spirit of international union among the youth, and to second all the manifestations which he may believe useful in order to dissipate from any class of persons whatsoever the prejudices and hatred which render states reciprocally hostile and always on a war footing. The International Federation of Students proposes also to second by all the means in its power the work of



peace and arbitration between nations. It is also the object of the Federation to put in correspondence the students themselves, and in particular those who devote themselves to the same branch of learning, in order to facilitate means of information and scientific research, of which they may eventually have need, both before and after the doctorate; to insure reciprocally hosts and friends in the large cities, distantly located, upon the occasion of travels, individual and collective, in foreign lands—travels which will thus be more easily undertaken and accomplished."

Six international congresses of the Federation have been held, as follows: At Turin, 1898; at Paris, 1900; at Venice, 1902; at Liege, 1905; at Marseilles, 1906; at Bordeaux, 1907. The next international congress of the Federation will be held at The Hague in July, 1909. A special appeal will be issued to the students of every university in the world to attend this congress.

It is a coincidence that the students' peace organizations sprang up in Europe and America independently of each other, and neither knew of the existence of the other until their representatives met at The Hague during the Second Hague Conference. It does not seem idle to predict that these organizations have not sprung up and grown to their present extent to die a premature death. Neither is it unconservative to believe that their possibilities are practically unlimited.—The Independent.



### THE TENEMENTS OF TRINITY CHURCH.

Trinity Church is the holder of one of the greatest estates in New York or in the country. It owns in the city property worth, according to different estimators, from \$39,000,000 to \$100,000,000, from which it draws an enormous revenue, the amount of which is never made public. For many years no investigator has been able to obtain any more definite knowledge of these matters than that this is the wealth of Trinity which she holds for good purposes.

What? Expressed in wretched, rotten, old tenement-houses? Yes. Expressed in hundreds of such tenement-houses.

Some of these houses are brick, some are wooden. Very few of them are fit under any circumstances for any human habitation. Not one of them is fit for human habitation as at present it is inhabited.

Tastes differ. I know that the vestry of Trinity would be terribly shocked at a suggestion that the corporation should make money by administering arsenic to people, or carbolic acid, or deadly nightshade. But the vestry of the standing committee that represents it in these matters has no objection whatever to making money for the corporation by maintaining poisonous tenements.

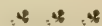
As between tuberculosis and arsenic, where lies the choice?

And what kind of people are these that dwell in such quarters? "Foreigners, likely, only lately recruited from the hives of Naples or Palermo, and finding even these habitations not much worse than those to which they have been accustomed." So you think. But these are not foreigners. These are Americans; respectable and industrious Americans. They are old-time residents of the Eighth Ward, most of them; their fathers lived there, they were born there; with that fatuity that is so common and still so hard to explain, they cling to the familiar regions of their youth. And not the least pathetic part of the unfortunate situation is the struggle they make against their environment, the painful effort to keep their poor little rooms neat and tidy; the cherished old pictures on the dismal walls, and the handful of ornaments on the shelf. You cannot crush out the instincts of the race by two decades

in a tenement house; but you can in four, or five, good gentlemen of the vestry.

But is Trinity, which draws hence so much mysterious revenue and disposes of it as mysteriously, indifferent to its duty as a benevolent institution? Not at all. Look in the year-book of the parish. You will see there that Trinity maintains trade-schools, parochial schools, Sunday schools, missions, many kinds of philanthropy. It teaches girls to cook and sew and gives military training to boys. Every summer it gives to the children of its Sunday school an excursion, up the Hudson, for instance, and I am assured that these excursions are delightful occasions, and the children are very happy, and it would do one good to see how they enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine. Every chapel in the Trinity organization has its guilds and associations for charitable work; every one of its clergy is thoroughly impressed with the idea of doing good in the world. But the fact from which I have found no escape is that the money for these excellent excursions is produced from a living inferno, and the greatest of all the mysteries seems to be this: that even for the religious and benevolent purposes specified by Trinity's charter the means should come in this way.

So runs this extraordinary story. Many strange features pertain to it. The managing forces of Trinity control a very great property. The real owners of that property are the communicants of the church. For ninety-four years none of the owners have known the extent of the property, nor the amount of the revenue therefrom, nor what is done with the money. Every attempt to learn even the simplest fact about these matters has been baffled. The management is a self-perpetuating body, without responsibility and without supervision. All these are strange conditions. But stranger than all is this: that a Christian church should be willing to take money from such tenements as Trinity owns in the old Eighth Ward.—Everybody's Magazine.



### BETWEEN WHILES.

The five-year-old daughter of a Brooklyn man has had such a large experience of dolls that she feels herself to be something of a connoisseur in children.

Recently there came a real live baby into the house.

When it was put into her arms the five-year-old surveyed it with a critical eye.

"Isn't it a nice baby?" asked the nurse.

"Yes, it's nice," answered the youngster hesitatingly. "It's nice, but its head's loose."—Judy Lippincott's.



Customer: "Is there as much genuine Vermont maple sugar on the market this spring as last?"

Dealer: "Just as much, but under the new food law we have to put a different label on it."

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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# EXCERPTS FROM THE CIMARRON CITIZEN

Cimarron, New Mexico, Wednesday, June 10, 1908.

## RESERVOIR COMPLETED

### FARMERS' DEVELOPMENT COMPANY COMPLETE BIG RESERVOIR

Last Wednesday afternoon, the last earth was moved in the big irrigation system that the Farmers' Development Company has been pushing through in the Rayado country. By this system, water is taken from the Rayado River just below the old Abreu place, and stored in a big reservoir which the company have just completed. The dam for the reservoir is over a thousand feet long, and over forty feet high. The storage capacity is over one billion gallons of water at a filling, and about three hundred acres are covered with water when the reservoir is filled. There are over nine miles of ditch in the system, and over ten thousand acres of land will be supplied with sufficient water to meet all needs.

Colt and Windburn had the contract for building the intake ditch and the reservoir dam, and this work

has been completed for some little time. The hills on the north side of the reservoir were found to be too low for the height of the dam, and it was necessary to build twenty-six hundred feet of dyke along the hill top in order to store the water contemplated, and the contract for building this dyke was let to Mr. W. C. Bosley. Mr. Bosley was in Cimarron last Wednesday and he stated that he had just completed his contract, thus finishing up the last work to be done on the whole system. The dyke as is stated, was twenty-six hundred feet long, and the highest fill was eleven and a half feet high.

The Farmers' Development Co. has already sold a large portion of its land to settlers from the middle west, and fine crops are being grown on the rich land. This company has shown its earnest desire to develop Colfax County, and is to be congratulated on the energy and push with which it has taken hold of such a large undertaking as was the building of its big irrigation project. In order that the purchasers of its lands may have every opportunity to raise big crops, the company has, at its own expense, employed two expert irrigation men to instruct the farmers in the proper manner of using the water for irrigation. These two men, who have made irrigation, in a scientific manner, their life study, spend their whole time in the interests of those purchasing lands from the Farmers' Development Co., and big results are being looked for.

## VIEWS PROJECTS

### TERRITORIAL ENGINEER SULLIVAN IN CIMARRON

Last Thursday evening Vernon L. Sullivan, territorial engineer, visited Cimarron, coming up from Springer, where he had been investigating the big work of the Farmers' Development Co., which has just been completed.

Mr. Sullivan, accompanied by E. H. Fisher, the engineer of the Cimarron Townsite Co., went out over several irrigation projects which have been planned in the vicinity of Cimarron by various parties, with a view of ascertaining what is necessary to be done in order to comply fully with the laws of New Mexico relative to the appropriation of waters. Before any waters can be appropriated in the Territory, full maps showing ditches, etc., must be filed with the office of the Territorial Engineer, and full working plans of all dams, etc., must also be placed on file and be approved by Mr. Sullivan.

Mr. Sullivan states that the natural opportunity for development of big irrigation projects, and the watering of lands here in Colfax County, can not be equalled by any other section in the Territory, and that in his opinion, Colfax County and the Cimarron Valley will be one of the garden spots of the southwest.

☞ A few farms with full water rights yet remain at from \$35.00 to \$70.00 per acre. Prices will soon be advanced.

☞ Low rate excursion to Springer, New Mexico, for Miami Ranch, via A. T. & S. Fe Ry the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

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**FARMERS' DEVELOPMENT COMPANY**  
**Miami, via Springer, New Mexico**



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of the

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## OLIVE BRANCH

OF

Peace and Good Will to Men

By S. F. Sanger and D. Hays.

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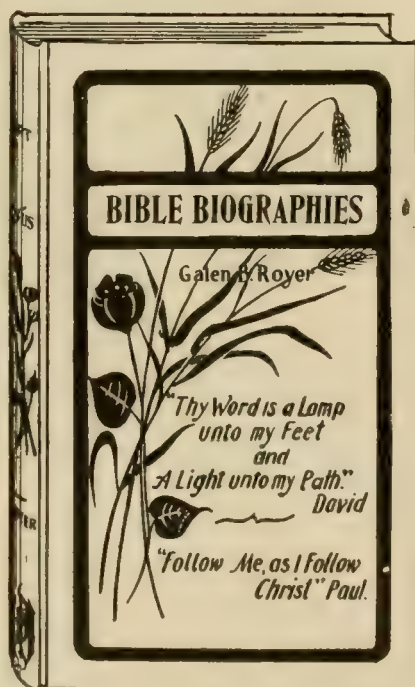
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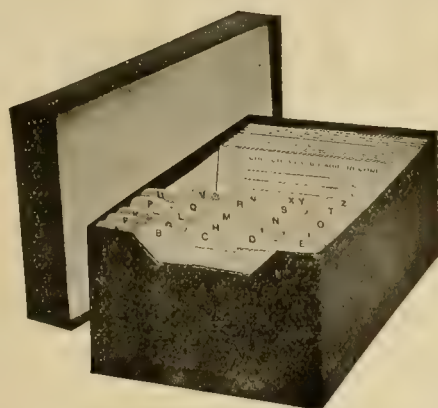
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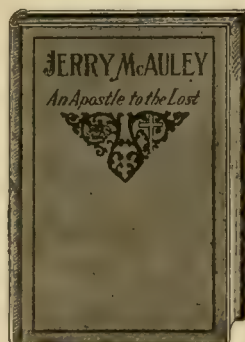
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# THE INGLENOOK

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## How to Measure a Teacher's Efficiency

Professor D. C. REBER,

Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa.

THIS is a question in school administration and constantly confronts the school director, trustee or superintendent. Of the vital forces affecting the school, the most potent is the teacher whom Seeley calls the High Priest of the future.

Although teaching power cannot be measured quantitatively, since it is a spiritual force, and although the value of a good teacher cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents, yet salary is more or less a popular standard of estimating the teacher's worth. It may be difficult to discriminate between the ability of a \$500 and \$550 teacher, yet a clearly distinguishable difference exists between a \$1000 teacher and a \$3000 or \$5000 teacher. If you were about one of each of the last named for a half-day, you would be conscious of this difference, although it might be difficult to analyze the difference and state explicitly what the elements of efficiency of a first-class and of a third or fourth class teacher are.

There are certain superficial tests or standards for measuring the efficiency of a teacher. One is superficial popularity. The patron soon asks, "How do you like your teacher?" The school authorities have their ears open to hear the opinion of the community concerning a certain teacher to determine his success. This is not always a safe guide. The question that should immediately follow the one just stated is, "What is the basis of his popularity?" Some teachers aim to become popular by resorting to injudicious means. The teacher may be somewhat partial to pupils of patrons of prominence. He may be able to make a show of learning and of skill in sugar-coated teaching which has a temporary effect of arousing interest in school work. He may even succeed in deceiving the employers with superficial results in examination or in public school exercises. Some teachers aim entirely at exhibiting immediate results of their efforts.

The problem of education stated geometrically is:

Given: Two forces:

(a) The pupil—a growing, imitating, self-active, vigorous being;

(b) The teacher—a controlling, directing, sympathetic, inspiring, ideal personality.

To find or achieve: The realization of the end and aim of education in that pupil.

Hence the true test of efficiency is: The degree or extent to which this end sought has been realized, that is, the *product*.

The efficiency of a hand craft is measured by its output; so the school. But humanity is a growing, ever-changing, complex something—never finished—can we ever get a definite product in education? If so, how long must we wait to see this product in order to use it as a criterion for estimating efficiency?

Certainly, immediate evidences or nearly so, are demanded to satisfy the one who is to sit in judgment over the standing of the teacher. Therefore, there are several points which must be *known* by the superintendent or employer in order to estimate the worth of a teacher.

1. The teacher's *personality*, *i. e.*, what he is—his health, freedom from bodily deformity, his personal habits, his nature, temperament, disposition, culture and character. The teacher should be the embodiment of what we want the pupil to become.

2. The teacher's *aim* or *motive*, *i. e.*, Why does he teach? Is it for the money merely, or as a stepping-stone to something else? Is he defective in person or feeble in health, and hence seeks the teacher's vocation? Or is he prompted by a realizing sense of his natural and acquired fitness for the work, by a consciousness of love for his race, and by a knowledge of the nobility and responsibility of the work, believing it the most acceptable field in which to render service to his Maker and to fulfill his destiny?

3. The teacher's conception of the *true aim* of education and of his relation to this aim as a teacher. Does he regard education as synonymous with knowl-



edge? Does he teach the pupil that education is desirable merely to go through life without working, or to take advantage of his fellow-man in business dealings? Or does he consider the end of education to be social efficiency, the formation of Christian character, and the perfection of his whole being to the end of glorifying God?

4. The teacher's *scholarship* or proficiency. This refers to his academic training. He should know more than he is expected to teach. Nowadays this means having completed a definite, well-correlated course of study in some school of recognized standing. A stream never rises higher than its source; so likewise a teacher cannot teach inspiringly unless his knowledge is well digested and comprehensive or even exhaustive.

Plato studied under Socrates for twenty years, and Aristotle for twenty years was a pupil of Plato. No marvel then that Grecian civilization is potent for twenty-two centuries after the death of these great teachers of antiquity. Be a master and you have attained the secret of true popularity as a teacher.

2. The teacher's *skill* or professional training. *i. e.*, the development of his natural powers resulting in the accomplishments for his work as an artist of the highest type. Teaching is the finest of the fine arts. This skill or acquired ability must form the basis of attaining certain immediate as well as more remote results which constitute his product.

In England the "payment by results" system is in vogue. A teacher's salary is there determined by the King's inspector who annually examines the pupils and fixes the salary of the teacher, according to the percentage of pupils successful in passing the prescribed examination. This standard of testing efficient teaching is arbitrary, formal and unreliable if it is used exclusively.

The efficiency of the teacher lies largely in his power to get results and is measured by his ability—

(a) *To control.* There are various kinds of discipline employed by teachers. Does he resort to the discipline of force, or to the discipline of tact or common sense, and to discipline of cause and effect and to the discipline of conscience or moral suasion? Again, to what motives does he appeal in disciplining? Is it fear of punishment which yields a slavish obedience? Or does he resort to sugar plums (bribery) to secure compliance with his wishes? Or does he manifest a loving sympathy in the welfare of each pupil and so constrain and not compel the pupil to yield true and cheerful obedience resulting in self-control and freedom? The elements of efficient government in school are scholarship, skill, steadfastness, sympathy, and self-control.

(b) *To teach.* What are the marks of efficient teaching? How can one secure teaching power? What is it to teach? Roark says, "To teach is to do consciously three things: to instruct, to develop, and

to train." Teaching is a spiritual process in which the teacher's mind comes in vital touch with the pupil's mind resulting in the birth of ideas and truths called knowledge. "It is a process by which one mind from set purpose produces the life unfolding process in another." Given a certain amount of natural ability to show, to utter, and to suggest, efficient teaching must be based on correct psychological principles. It does not proceed haphazardly, but always in accord with the laws and order of mental development and activity. Does his teaching produce interest and attention? Does his teaching arouse the self-activity of the pupil? Does it make the pupil think? Does he teach pupils how to teach themselves? What is the permanent result of his teaching? Does he create a many-sided interest in his pupils? How many of his pupils go to college? How many of his pupils continue their educational work after leaving school? What sort of occupations do they follow? Are they really and truly successful?

(c) *To inspire.* The greatest function of the teacher is to give the pupil a *life purpose* that is lofty and noble. The most important part of a teacher's work is to implant correct ideals of life and of their mission in this world. Hence the best criterion to judge the ultimate value of a teacher's work is the extent the teacher helps the pupil in forming good habits and a pure and noble character.

Therefore, to estimate a teacher's efficiency you must ascertain the kind of permanent impression on the pupil's character the teacher's personality makes. Among the great teachers of the past whose teaching stands the test of this standard are Thomas Arnold, Louis Agassiz, Mark Hopkins, and the master teacher, Jesus Christ.

In conclusion let us ask, What is the upshot of this whole discussion? In order then to estimate intelligently and fairly the teaching power of a teacher, you must answer the following questions:

1. What is he?
2. Why does he teach?
3. What does he aim to make of the pupil?
4. What does he know?
5. What can he do? *i. e.*, How nearly can he achieve what he aims to achieve?
6. What is his record to date as expressed by competent authority?

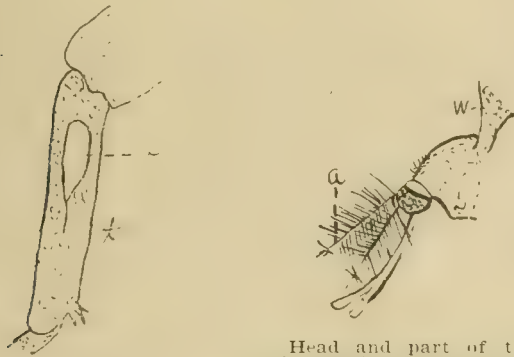


A DEAR friend of mine used to say of a fine old doctor in Philadelphia that his simple presence did his patients more good than his medicine, and was easier to take beyond all comparison. Well, such a presence is always a noble medicine in itself. The contagion of a cheerful soul helps us always to look toward the light, sets the tides of life flowing again, and cubes all our chances of getting well.—Robert Collyer.

# Sounds and Ears of Some Insects

N. J. Miller

NEARLY every one is familiar with the sounds emitted by at least a few of the common insects the charm of which renders the quiet hours of the day or night less monotonous. During a single hour one's attention may be called to the various calls in the insect world—perhaps the rattling or rasping of the grasshopper, the chirp of the cricket, the call of the katy-



The cricket's "ear," (e), situated on front tibia (t).

Head and part of thorax of mosquito. A, antenna with minute auditory hairs; w, part of wing.

did, the shrill note of the seven-year locust (cicada), the buzzing of a fly or bee, the music of a mosquito, the clicking of a water-beetle or butterfly or other sounds peculiar to the world of insects. In Japan one would not fail to hear "singing" insects, (especially the bridle-bit crickets, the notes of which resemble the rattle of bridle-bits) that are kept in cages just as is the custom with song-birds with the Caucasian races. Whether pleasing or distasteful to human ears, the variety of sounds is very great, and the mechanisms producing and perceiving them very interesting and sometimes intricate.

The fine notes of the mosquito are made by rapid movement of the wings and the passage of air in and out the spiracles, openings of breathing air-tubes

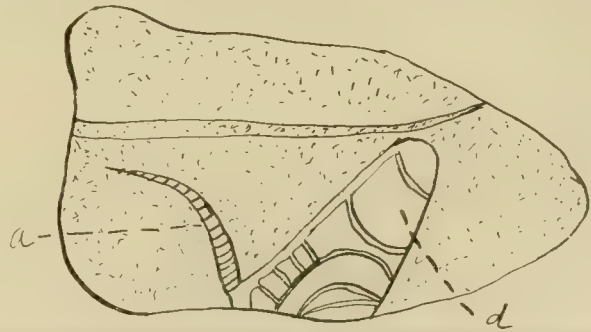


Lateral View of Grasshopper with Wings of one Side Removed. E, Hearing Organ; S, Spines on Legs.

permeating the body. The wings move very rapidly, making many simple movements in a second. During each stroke the wing describes a figure 8. The house-fly's wing, it has been determined, describes three hundred and thirty such revolutions, or six hundred

and sixty oscillations per second. The movement of the mosquito-wing is even more rapid, the vibrations of which, together with the movement of air in and out the breathing tubes, produce the music so familiar to all. The male, according to experiment, perceives the humming of its mate by delicate structures, the tuft of hairs on its antennae. These vibrate in unison with the tones made by the female. Even the sound of a tuning-fork or violin, if properly manipulated, will cause the hairs to vibrate. The stimuli received by the hairs are transmitted by means of a complex mechanism of nerve-cells and nerves to the brain.

In a way similar to that of the mosquito, the humming sounds of insects are produced. The vibrations of the wings and the leaflike structures in the air-tubes (produced by the passage of air through the spiracles) are responsible for the loud or delicate buzz of the bee. In this case the sound serves to frighten away enemies as well as to interchange information. Though one easily hears the vibrations of the bee's sound-making structures, some insects, it is believed, emit and perceive sounds inaudible to the human ear. Only vibrations in the air ranging



Cricket's Chirp-producing Organ. A, roughened Vein or Rasp; d, Drum.

between 16 to 40,000 per second are audible to man. Vibrations of higher frequency, it is believed, are emitted and heard by various insects, which have vibrating organs or a nervous apparatus analogous to the auditory structures of those which are certainly known to perceive sound. So the "talk" of such insects involving courtship, recognition of mates and species, warning friends and enemies, etc., goes on unperceived by the human auditory apparatus.

Very loud noises are made by some insects, especially the cicadas, a group including the seventeen-year locusts, harvest flies, etc. It has been determined that a single insect can emit a sound that can be heard a mile distant. This shrill and loud note—heard usually during July, August and September evenings—is familiar to nearly all living in the country. It is effected by "the rapidly recurring, contractions of



the fibers of a muscle inserted into a stiff chitinous membrane, the result being a series of crackling sounds, which follow one another so rapidly as to give rise to a continuous note." In the seventeen-year locust the thin chitinous plates concerned in the sound are on the under side of the abdomen.

Stridulation is another method by which some insects interchange information. The cricket's chirp falls under this category, the rate of which is determined by the temperature. Dr. Davenport says one may compute the temperature by means of the formula

$$T = 50 + \frac{N-40}{4}$$

in which T stands for temperature, and N the number of chirps per minute. The well-known sound is produced by the outer wings rising and rubbing rapidly against each other from side to side. The minute mechanism concerned in the chirp is as follows: On the under side of each wing is a roughened "vein" which serves as a rasp to be drawn like a violin bow across the wings or their oval membranous "drums." The vibrations of the "drums," produced by the rubbing, are perceived by the auditory organ, situated on the tibiae of the foremost legs. The oval chitinous covering is the tympanum or ear-drum. Also the "katydids" have the auditory apparatus located in the front tibiae of both sexes, but only the males, as is the case with crickets, are concerned in producing the well-known note so famous in story. It is produced by rubbing the base of the one large wing cover on the other.

The common locust or grasshopper stridulates when at rest by rubbing the inner roughened edges of the femurs of the jumping legs over the outer edges of the first pair of wings. Stridulation is also produced by the wings striking together in flight. Only the male produces sound by the first method. At least if the female stridulates, and some believe she does, the sound is too low or the pitch too high to be perceived by the human ear. Both sexes have a pair of ear-drums located in the foremost segment of the abdomen. "On the inner surface of this ear-drum there are a tiny auditory sack, a fine nerve leading from it to a small auditory ganglion lying near the tympanum, and a large nerve leading from this ganglion to one of the larger ganglia situated on the floor of the thorax."



A VERY observant gentleman was characterizing a certain school man and remarked, "He seems to be deficient in terminal facilities." This is a sad state of affairs either in the case of a railroad or a man: without terminal facilities neither can reach the destination—and so becomes greatly crippled in usefulness.—*Ohio Educational Monthly.*

## THE BACK ROAD.

My little garden spot is on the back road,  
But my little garden spot is full of sun;  
There's no such comfort and sweet peace on the high-  
road

When the long day is done.

There's a heap of dust upon the highroad,  
There's a lot o' folks a-passing by;  
There are shadows long and cool upon the back road  
Where there's only you and I.

Temptation's always lurking on the highroad,  
Nearly every man you meet is full of guile;  
But your thoughts don't run to scheming on the back road,  
With the thrush and blackbird singing all the while.

A man must toil to live upon the highroad,  
Till his shriveled soul grows dry;  
But there's work and life and hope upon the back road  
Where there's only you and I.

And as we pray, God keep us on the back road,  
Help us to measure out our life in work and love;  
According as we've dealt upon the back road,  
May he in mercy deal with us above.

—Leslie Fowler, in *Farm and Fireside.*



## PINS BY THE BILLIONS.

THE census bureau issues a statement to the effect that 33,000,000 gross of pins was the output of this country for the year 1905. Nineteen billion pins. It is not strange that mankind has for many years wondered where all the pins go; for 19,000,000,000 pins is surely a stock of pins, and these figures are for the common everyday pin and do not include some tons of hair pins, safety pins nor the imported article from other countries.

It takes a mathematical genius to even conceive 19,000,000,000 pins; but one has come to the front. He tells us that if we assume that the average length of pins is one inch, it appears that in a single year we produce 19,000,000,000 inches of pins, 1,600,000,000 feet of pins, 320,000 miles of pins; pins enough if laid end to end to go around the world thirteen times; pins enough to make a hundred-strand cable between New York and Liverpool. But why pile it up? It is enough to say that it is a deuce of a lot of pins. And the whole lot cost only about \$1,200,000. For the benefit of sticklers for exactness we will say that the figures are 132,632,232 gross, valued at \$1,129,006, for the year 1905 alone.

We have to take the mathematical genius at his own figures. It is all too much for the ordinary mind, but granting that he is right it seems a bit strange that the surface of the earth isn't strewed with pins. Certainly if the manufacture of pins keeps up proportionately for a few years longer, the earth will become a mere pin cushion for the ladies.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XIV.

IN Dublin the Irish still tell you of Mrs. Moriarty, an elderly dealer in tin-ware, who flourished about sixty years ago, on Exchange Street, in Dublin. This old lady was famous for a very bad temper and a bitter tongue. On one occasion some lawyers were discussing her peculiar trait in the court room at the noon hour, at which one of the lawyers challenged the great O'Connell to walk past her stand on the open street on the way home that night and engage her in a conversation, purposely making her angry, just to see "the fur fly." The other gentlemen, laughing in glee at the incident, were to follow closely and stop near by to witness the duel. A bet was laid down and accepted by O'Connell. Forthwith that night, after legal hours, he sauntered down the street, and, followed by the legal brethren, having roused the old lady's wrath, undertook to silence the virago by bursting in upon her, as follows, calling her mathematical terms, which she angrily mistook for blackguard:

"Why sure. Your neighbors all know very well that you keep not only a *Hypothenuse*, but that you have two *Diameters* locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them, every Sunday, you heartless old *Heptagon*!"

"Oh, hear that! Ye saints in glory! There's bad language from a feller that wants to pass for a gentleman! May the devil fly away with you, you Mister from Munster, and make celery-sauce of your limbs, ye mealy-mouthed Bosthoon!"

"Ah! You can't deny the charge, you miserable Sub-multiple of a Duplicate Ratio!"

"Go. Rinse your mouth in the River Liffey, you nasty old tickle-pitcher. After all the bad words you speak, it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Beelzebub!"

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded old Polygon! To the deuce I pitch you, you blustering *intersection of scenting superficialities*."

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw I'll—"

But here she gasped for breath, unable to cough up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell

had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"While I have a tongue I'll not cease to abuse you, you most Inimitable Periphery. Look at her, boys! There is Contamination in her Circumference, and she trembles with guilt, down to the very extremity of her Corollaries! Ah, you're found out, you Rectilinear Antecedent and Equiangular old hag! 'Tis with you the devil will fly away,

you Similitude of the Bisection of a Vortex (vertex)!"

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language Mrs. Moriarty was silenced.

Seizing a sauce-pan she was aiming it at Mr. O'Connell's head when he very prudently made a timely retreat, joining the friends who had now come close to the affray.

"Ha! ha! here's your bet!" cried the gentleman



Farm Scene, Northeast Coast of Ireland. A Dirt Wall Built 300 Feet Above the Sea Runs Along the Very Edge of the Field to Keep the Horses and Cows from Falling Off.



who had proposed the contest, as he placed into the great Irish agitator's hands a crisp new bill. He had well earned his money, and the people who most intimately knew Mrs. Moriarty are declared to have said that she was never quite the same ugly scold after that day.

For elocutionists good at interpreting strong emotions and powerful temperaments the above would be a rare bit of work, and because of that and the good humor it contains, I have refused to pass it by.

Ireland is a queer place, a place hard to be understood and more troublesome for solution. The man who pretends to have a specific for her people in the way of a form of government is to be carefully watched. For the size of the country there is no nation requiring so many different kinds of remedies for so many different, yet all but alike, ailments.

The Irish constabulary, honored for their manly nobility, and usually true to the letter as also the spirit, are kept, as a national guard, in every town and village, in constant readiness to prevent a riot, save broken heads or gather them up afterwards. Not the County Tipperary alone, but all of Ireland, is subject to an excitable fluctuation of pathetic moods and tenses. Emotions, not thoughts, rule. Passions, not ideas, stir into activity, this coldly-treated Celtic blood. As I rode through the villages I saw at nearly every corner a group of shabbily-dressed young men with faces wrinkled by a lifetime's hardships, whose spirits were crushed by an intolerable tyranny,—held down by forced poverty, pinching poverty, in deepest ignorance and with entirely undeveloped ideals. Standing in doors, huddling against boxes, Irish boys, shivering with starvation's gnawing,—hopeless, forlorn,—looking for a penny by earning it or by begging it, they were ready at the least provocation to empty themselves into the street. Like a volcano that to most people in the immediate neighborhood seems asleep forever, this outnumbering population in Ireland settles down into stolid indifference, caring little for life in the mere agony of existence, appearing to be contented with its awful fate. But from this lethargy the passionate patriot arouses the volcanic fire within. Impulse then is the throttle that opens the Irish machinery to the cyclonic power of an unregistered and unrestrained force. The engine runs well, on tangentials and into space, or off the track. After it has exhausted the supply of energy it drops back to a standstill, and Ireland is just where it was before,—to a generation's eye.

The Irishman is not selfish. He often becomes a great grafter in American politics, but he oftener becomes a good citizen. He craves liberty, for himself and for the world. He is too good at heart to long play the tyrant over his own fellows. Yes, he craves liberty, but it is often the liberty of self-government wrongly handled. This ideal, glorious free-

dom, automatic and spontaneous, sounding well in song and reading well in story, of the Irish patriots, unhampered by class law, and least of all by English law, is the condition dreamed of and hoped for by thousands of her sons.

This volcano of public sentiment, buried and restrained for years, then bursts in a tremendous upheaval, when orators only equaled by America's best, hearers only equaled by Americans for power of being magnetized, champions, with the fury of fanatics, control the hour. The volcano spits forth her flood in spots here and there, and vomits it in great streams over the fairer land below, and Ireland is again rent into a thousand sections, semi-organized, dislocated, helpless and hindering units of conflict. The country is then at war,—the city against the country, the country against the city; the farmer against the factory, the Land League fights the Home Ruler, leader attacks leader.

But I have all confidence in the Irishman's ability. He has great native resource. The man who said to me, "The top of the mornin' to you, sir!" when he met me on the road, he walking in the wet, I riding on my good wheel, has too much of the good cheer that captivates and too much of the hopeful and beneficent spirit of the Bible to be kept down always. He will rise sure as the sun rises.

Their admirable strength, their enviable health, their good nature, are sure to win for them a success in the end. The giant form, the frank countenance, the rosy cheeks, the blue eyes of Erin must win.

Any one who raises his voice against the Irish of Ireland must also raise the same voice against America, for there are four times more Irish in the United States than in Ireland herself.

All success to the glorious people of Ireland, the sons and daughters of the land of Saint Patrick, "the emerald isle of the silver sea."



#### ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

#### XVII. Josiah Quincy.

JOSIAH QUINCY was born in Boston, February 4, 1772, and was the son of Josiah Quincy, a noted orator of the Revolution. He graduated at Harvard in 1790, and then took up the profession of law, which he followed successfully, and entering politics, became an active factor in the Federal party in New England. He held various offices, entering Congress in 1805, where he at once came to the front as an able thinker and speaker, being especially active against the politics of Jefferson and Madison, opposing the Non-Intercourse and Embargo business, and the War of 1812. He was one of the earliest to denounce slavery, and declared that it was sufficient cause to dissolve the Union to purchase Louisiana.

He became a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and in 1822 was elected judge of the Boston municipal Court, and in 1823 Mayor of Boston. In 1829 he was elected President of Harvard College, which office he filled till 1845. He denounced the war of the rebellion in unmeasured terms, as his father denounced the British before the Revolution, and did all in his power to aid the Union. He died at Boston, July 3, 1864.

He wrote and published about fifty books and pamphlets, of which the following may be mentioned

as among the best: "History of Harvard University," in two volumes, 1840; "History of the Boston Athenæum, with Biographical Notes of its Deceased Founders," 1851; "Municipal History of the Town and City of Boston for Two Centuries," 1852; "Life of John Quincy Adams," 1858; "Essays on the Soiling of Cattle," 1859.

Worthy of mention: Josiah Quincy, political; Edward Quincy, sketches; James Quinter, theology; C. P. Quackenbos, history.

*Bryan, Ohio.*

## A Day With a Princess

Olive A. Smith

THE Princess was weary of the duties of her realm. She had been granted a fortnight's respite, and her cousin had sent the following urgent invitation: "Come to us, my dear Evelyn, and we will have a delightful outing. We will revel in the grandeur of the mountains, the canyons and the falls. We will go rowing and bathing. We will drift and dream on the still, blue waters of the lakes. We will fill our lungs with the invigorating breath of the sea, and we will know all the sweet enchantments of sunrise and moonlight on the beach. Your country is pretty enough,—in its own quiet way,—but you have no real scenery there. So come to us for your vacation.

But the Princess did not go. Her conscience forbade her, and the voice of conscience must sometimes be considered. The fortnight had passed,—all but one day, and she was still weary. Nothing seemed worth while, when one really considered the price to be paid for it. On the eve of that last day, as she sat alone in the gray gloaming, she formed a plan for the morrow. She smiled as she rose, and began her preparations for carrying it into effect.

She was awake early the next morning. She crept to the east window to see what manner of day had dawned. The sky was clear and blue, the air as fresh and sweet as only the air of a perfect June day can be. House wrens and sparrows chirped and chattered under her window. She wrote a brief note stating that she would not be home until late in the evening, pinned it to her door, and stole softly down stairs and into the street. After stopping at a restaurant for a bit of breakfast and a package of lunch, she soon came to a low wooden building marked "Livery." "Give me a gentle, intelligent horse and a buggy," she said to the groom. "I want them for the day."

Half an hour later, the hoofs of a dappled-gray pony clicked merrily over the last of the paved streets, and the vehicle rolled into the soft, dustless loam of a suburban road.

The wise little pony seemed to understand her mis-

stress perfectly. With never a hint of whip or rein, she raised her small head higher, pointed her sensitive ears forward, and sped along toward the land of the Princess' dreams. The city, which lay behind them, nestled at the junction of two rivers, like a bird's nest, snugly ensconced in the branch of a tree. Thus the road to the westward was a gentle ascent from the river valleys to the higher levels beyond.

Gradually the houses on either side grew farther apart, the fields and orchards larger. The Princess met many of the owners or tenants, and, while she was usually courteous and pleased to meet people, she wanted, for one day, to indulge a delightful repugnance toward the entire family of human beings. This fact, too, the little pony seemed to understand. She tossed her head, and eyed the intruders scornfully, as if to say, "You tiresome creatures, why do you persist in annoying my princess with your presence? I am taking her out of your sight, and now I will take her still faster."

"Thank you, Dapple-Gray," said the Princess, as they glided on, after passing the owner of the last of these fruit farms, and turned south into a stretch of undulating roadway, flanked by rustic rail fences and hedges. Enclosed by the fences were orchards of apple, peach and cherry trees, broad fields of wheat, corn, and oats, with an occasional expanse of young rye or cane, and meadows, green as the emerald isles, starred with daisies and mayweeds. Dapple-Gray trotted briskly, but the Princess often stopped her while she listened to the voices of the morning, watched the robins and blackbirds feast on the ripening cherries, or alighted to pluck some strange, way-side blossom.

Once she stopped to remove her hat, and yield her every sense to the delights of the fresh June breeze,—the breath of a hundred perfumes—which fanned her cheeks as softly as a mother fans her tired child. Even the fragrance of the peach and apple blossoms, long vanished, seemed to linger with the wild rose,



the field lily and catawba, and only a few rods ahead were the snowy drifts which crowned thickets of wild plum and hawthorne.

"The breath of God," murmured the Princess, as the long grasses bent, seemingly in reverence, possibly to let the zephyrs pass without hindrance. Farther ahead, a line of blue flags paid her homage, bowing in stately harmony. Brilliant orioles flashed among the leaves of the orchard trees, uttering clear, martial notes, as if challenging the claims of royalty. A brown thrush perched on a fence post, whisked his long tail and warbled deferentially, until made shy by too great nearness. Close to a hedgerow, she stopped to listen to a mild chorus of song sparrows, gold finches and yellow warblers, varied by an occasional red-bird solo, and the chuckle of a rollicking catbird, who peered at her from a clump of bushes where he kept guard over his family.

At the approach to the plum thickets, a rustic bridge spanned the ravine which ran zigzag—as streams persist in running—through a clover field on one side and a wooded pasture on the other. There the sleek, dreamy-eyed cattle looked up from their grazing in respectful surprise, some of them coming as near as the fence would permit. Regardless of their curiosity, the Princess drew rein on the floor of the bridge, and sprang from the buggy to peer into the water below. It was clear and swift. Directly under the bridge, a pile of stones sent it gurgling to the lower level on the other side. On the banks were flowers and vines in abundance. Purple violets, which should have disappeared weeks ago, had, by some mysterious dispensation of shade and moisture, been preserved. Honeysuckles swung their bells in time with the monotonous song of the water, and the arbutus, like the violets, had forgotten that its day had passed. An occasional wild rose lifted its pink petals timidly, as if blushing in the presence of royalty.

The Princess captured a cluster of pure white pond lilies, and Dapple-Gray carried her swiftly up the incline for a few rods. Then they turned westward again, picking their way through a series of bosky hollows and hills. There a narrow lane led to a place where they must choose between two roads. The Princess knew that one led to the woods, and she turned the pony's head in that direction.

It was warm on this open prairie, but the Princess drew her wide hat over her eyes and walked slowly, dangling the reins. The midday heat seemed a purifying, refining fire of sunlight, detaching her from the very discomfort it produced. At the entrance to the grove, the trail grew wider. They crossed a bridge, and worked their way toward the ideal lunching spot, the ruins of a pioneer mill. Parts of the enclosing walls still stood, overgrown with moss and vines, a pathetic protest against oblivion. Piles of

stones lay as they had fallen in submission to wind and flood, embedded in the shallows of the stream.

The Princess unhitched the horse, gave her water and grain, then opened her package of lunch. She ate leisurely, stopping often to throw bits of bread and cake to her small neighbors. Gray squirrels chattered and scolded from the branches overhead. A chipmunk peeped from behind a hickory, his cheek pockets bulging with the food which he was carrying to cold storage. Timid rabbits peered at her from the thickets, and a blue jay ranted from a neighboring tree-top.

She lingered long in the forest, and it was with reluctance that she prepared to continue her journey. "Good-bye, dear little forest," she whispered. "I shall remember you forever—if I shall be forever." Then she urged the pony forward into the golden blaze of the afternoon.

For several miles they followed a series of rough bottom roads, then a turn to the north showed them again the peaceful wideness of the prairies. On the east was a gently undulating sea of alfalfa, waving and rippling to the breezes which had seemed to rise with them from the region of trees. Over this grassy sea, there hovered myriads of butterflies. Some were milk-white, others white with flecks of gold and crimson; others were yellow and gold, and some wore coats of sober brown with bright-hued borders.

As the Princess stopped to watch this spectacle of diurnal fairyland, she heard the clear, penetrating note of a meadow lark. Then there came an echo to the call. From yonder hill, another lark had answered. The Princess was half indignant at an unromantic quail who persisted in mingling his matter-of-fact "Bob White" with those melodious responses. Farther up the incline was a clover field in full bloom. There, too, the butterflies flitted and floated, drawing the sweetness from the crimson-purple blossoms. The Princess stopped again to listen to the song of the larks. Four times came the responses, "dreamily, faint and far." Then she drove on.

"One thing more, Dapple-Gray," she said playfully brandishing the whip. "Do you see those conical mounds? It is said that they are the work of the mound-builders. I cannot vouch for the truth of the theory, but I must stand, or sit, on the summit of that first one, and view the landscape o'er."

Half an hour later she gained the summit, and was trying to fix the scene so that it would stay with her; the grandeur of the solitude, the peaceful expanse of the prairies, the endless diversity of hill and valley, woodland and stream, the matchless blues of sky and distant plain, blending with the gray and purple of the hills and forests, the hundred tints and shades of verdure upon which her eyes had feasted since morning.

Far to the northeast the city rested like a blur of dolls' houses, against the horizon.

"It's many a bonny mile, Dapple-Gray," she said, rising as the pony looked anxiously toward the mound, "and we want to take our time, so we had better start."

After the eastward journey began, the Princess strove to be oblivious to details. She did not want to think or observe. She wanted to allow thoughts and emotions to drift over her spirit as lightly as those zephyrs had drifted over the seas of green and purple; as lightly as the ships of pearl were then drifting on the sapphire sea above.

Only once did she turn her face westward. It was to see the crimson flame of the sunset; to watch the regal lights of gold, and orange, and amethyst, burn lower and lower, fading at last into the gray opalescence of twilight.

She paused often to listen to the wayside orchestras and vocalists, giving special applause to the fiddling of the crickets, the bull-frog's masterly handling of the bass viol, and the rich contralto of the katydids. When a sudden turn of the road brought the electric lights into view, she experienced a strange feeling of mingled joy and rebellion. Then she noticed how the white moonlight filled all the void between the earth and the watchful stars overhead, and the rebellion was gone. There remained only the joy of the home-comer.

When the Princess awoke the next morning, she knew that it was late and she must make haste. Her dreams had been a strange series of evolutions. Her forest voices had deepened into the clang and jangle of trolleys. The notes of the birds had grown less and less musical, until they had merged into the shrill cries of hucksters and venders. The purling of the waters was only a monotonous grinding of wheels on pavements, and the voices of the wind in the fields were the tones of the King whose dictations she translated through the "clickety-click-click" of the typewriter. The meadow-lark's call proved to be the elevator boy's automatic twang of "Daown-going daown." Then the voices were all put to flight by a very real slightly querulous voice which said, "Evelyn, why don't you hurry? You'll be late to work!"

"I'm coming, Mother," she answered brightly, and there was a smile on her lips, a happy light in her eyes, when she descended the stairs. Some people said that it was "too hard"—this support of a home and invalid parents by a fragile girl, but the Princess' weariness was gone. Everything seemed worth while. The day had been well spent.



EVERY duty which is bidden to wait, returns with seven fresh duties at its back.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

## THE BOOMERANG AND HOW TO THROW IT.

IN this short treatise I do not intend to discuss the boomerang from a scientific point of view, but merely to give my personal experience of it as a very curious and interesting weapon, with a description of its construction and flight. The boomerang is a weird and erratic form of missile, and though I have about fifty, and have continually practiced with them for many years, I have not one that, it may be said, closely resembles another in its behavior. It is impossible to reproduce with even approximate accuracy a good returning Australian boomerang, owing to the numerous twists and indentations contained in its outlines. These curious twists and hollows represent the experience of generations of native boomerang artists. Nor can we obtain any wood with a natural curve in its grain which is nearly as hard and heavy as that from which the boomerangs of Australia are fashioned. This hard wood allows the Australian to finish off his boomerang at its edges to almost the sharpness of a knife blade. As the material he employs is also very heavy, his weapon can be made so thin that it offers but slight resistance to the air when it is cast, while at the same time it has sufficient weight to give



EXAMPLES OF BOOMERANGS.

The four upper ones of the left hand column and the two upper ones of the right hand column are Australian returning boomerangs. The three center ones in the picture are Australian war boomerangs. The remainder are of English manufacture.

it the necessary momentum to travel a long distance. The only suitable wood with a natural curve that grows in northern latitudes is old and dry ash. If a boomerang has not the grain of its material running evenly from one end to the other it will soon fracture, though if made from naturally curved wood, the best of all, or even from wood that has been steamed and bent to shape, it may strike a road or a tree without being damaged. When a boomerang is constructed from a piece of wood that has been steamed to a curve, it is essential that it should be kept flat in a press or else between two boards with a weight upon them. If a boomerang of this kind falls on wet grass or is thrown in rain it is certain to lose its contour, and the slightest warp or twist will at once convert a first-rate weapon into a useless one, though the true cause of its deterioration may not be suspected. For this reason it should always be stored away perfectly flat when not in use, and, if



necessary, retained in this state by means of pressure. Though the Australian returning boomerang has several twists in it and is never flat throughout its length, such twists are one and all purposely designed to assist the weapon in its flight. On the other hand, a casual twist or warp, caused by damp, has an opposite effect.

There are two distinct kinds of Australian boomerang—the one used in warfare and the returning one. As the latter is always more or less flat on one side it may easily be distinguished. If, however, we make one exactly similar as regards its size and curve it will make no attempt to return when thrown.

The Australian war boomerang is nearly twice as large and heavy as the returning one, has no twists and is rounded on both sides. It does not return to the thrower. This weapon will travel, skimming low over the ground, to a range of from 150 yards to 180 yards, and the blow it gives a tree trunk at 100 yards is as if the latter were violently struck with a blunt and heavy sword. As an instrument of savage warfare it would have a terrible effect on a scantily-clad opponent. Though the returning boomerang was chiefly employed by natives for killing, as food, birds flying in small numbers or in flocks, it was also constantly used as an amusing plaything, just as a sling for pebbles or a bow and arrow might be carried by a schoolboy. All the best Australian boomerangs are closely notched on both surfaces. They are, in fact, roughly honeycombed all over, except on their edges. The notches are everywhere in contact, and run laterally along the surface of the wood. They appear as if they were scooped out with a tool like a quarter-inch gouge, though the little hollows thus formed are not deeper than the thickness of paper.

The Australian gave his boomerang this rough surface that it might "bite" the air in its flight. For the same reason the outside or cover of a golf ball is indented or pitted, as when golf balls were made with a smooth china-like surface (as was formerly the case) it was found they would not fly far or accurately. There have been many diagrams in various periodicals describing the flight of a boomerang, none of which, in my opinion, has ever clearly indicated its career in the air. I will endeavor to elucidate this subject in a manner that I consider is easier to understand than one conveyed in a series of confusing lines and figures. For example, take up your position facing the north and throw your boomerang northeast. It should travel from right to left—the north being the far apex of its circular route—and return from the northwest. It should then pass close to you toward the southeast—for a score yards or more behind your back—and, returning again, spin down to the ground within a yard or two of your feet. In this case the most favorable wind would be from the northwest. To put it shortly—throw the boomerang to your right

front, or at an angle that is halfway between the point of your right shoulder and the direction you are facing, standing so that the wind blows toward your left front.

If thrown downward a boomerang will never return to the thrower. If thrown straight against the wind, especially a strong one, it will usually soar high in the air and come down edgewise with great force, almost perpendicularly and close to you—a most dangerous return if the sun happens to be in your eyes or in those of any friends near you. The perfect throw is the one in which the boomerang comes sailing back at a few feet above the ground, takes a dip just as it passes you—in which it almost scythes off the grass stalks—then rises and continues its flight for some 40 yards behind you, to return again and finally drop at your feet, spinning like a falling leaf or the winged pod of a sycamore tree. The best Australian Boomerangs will now and then settle with such a slow butterfly-like flutter at the end of their flight that, when spinning but 4 or 5 yards above you, there is time before they reach the ground to look at your watch, count five seconds, and put it back again in your pocket!

In a strong wind a boomerang will never fly properly, as, though it may return past the thrower it will probably conclude its flight at 150 yards behind or to one side of him. A boomerang can be thrown a long distance if there is no wind, but will not return nearly so well as when there is a slight breeze to assist it to do so. If thrown downward it will travel still farther, but, of course, will not come back against the wind. The best throw I ever made downward was 270 yards. When throwing a boomerang, the great secret is to throw it with the wrist. The wrist can alone give the drawback snatch to its handle end which gives the weapon the rapid spin it should commence its flight with and without which it will never behave as it should do. The usual fault with the uninitiated is to throw a boomerang flatwise, as if casting a quoit or an oyster shell. This method is fatal to success.

Directly a boomerang ceases to spin or commences to spin slowly it falls to the ground like a wounded bird. The weapon should be thrown with the inside edge of its curve toward the ground as if cutting downward with a scimitar, its flat surface outward and its rounded one next to you. It should be aimed as if to strike the ground (which of course it will not do) at a spot some 30 or 40 yards distant from the thrower. The angle at which it should leave the hand, should be halfway between the right shoulder and the direction the thrower is facing, i.e., to his right front, the wind blowing gently toward his left front, or in any event from his left side. The first two fingers and thumb should alone grasp the handle.

As the boomerang thrower becomes proficient he may indulge in many curious feats, though some of

these require years of practice before success is attained. For instance, a boomerang can be thrown so as to ricochet along smooth ground like a flat stone over water, and after making thrée or four contacts return to the thrower—a pretty exhibition of skill. Again, several boomerangs can be thrown in rapid succession, each keeping its proper course and returning to the thrower, one after the other, like a number of birds wheeling to change their direction. I have even had a dozen spinning about me all clear of the ground at the same time, and all thrown by myself within eight or ten seconds. As a variety, three boomerangs may be held together in the hand and then thrown simultaneously, or, three may be thrown round a tree, at intervals of two or three seconds, and caught in the air as they return one by one to the thrower, dropping gently to the ground as they spin over him. They should, of course, be taken at arm's length, as if allowed to descend near the face unpleasant consequences may result to the features.

A curious use for a boomerang is to throw it over a covey of partridges, if they have alighted in a field of roots or other cover late in the season when the birds are wild and will not suffer approach with the gun. As the boomerang sweeps over them, and flies round about in a large circle like a hawk, the birds will squat close to the ground and can often be walked up within easy gunshot. Two or three small holes drilled in each of its ends causes the boomerang to emit a slight whistle or scream as it rushes through the air, which no doubt adds to the alarm of any birds it passes over.

Though the English imitation of the Australian weapon has not all the tricks and antics of the aboriginal one, yet if carefully shaped it will act quite well enough to cause great amusement and interest. The home-made boomerang always requires to be sharply curved, so that this curve may in some degrees take the place of the non-understood twists and indentations of the genuine article. I have an excellent form of returning boomerang made for me by Messrs. Buchanan, 15, Pall Mall, London, who keep a stock of them for sale. They are small and light and hence are not dangerous to use as often are the larger and heavier ones. They can easily be manipulated by a lady. This boomerang I evolutionized after several years of modeling, for a chip here, a shaving there, a trifle too little or too much curve, a quarter of an ounce in weight one way or the other or even too thick a coat of varnish, will make or mar one of these fanciful and fascinating playthings. Playthings it is indeed hardly correct to call them, as the flight of a boomerang is a scientific puzzle that is never likely to be solved, though many scientists have presented us with learned though usually divergent solutions.—*Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, in Country Life (London).*

## GREAT MINDS AND MONEY.

MONEY has, since the time that trade began, been a subject of much discussion. Everybody has to come in contact with it, some people are having too much contact, others not enough. The following are a few opinions gleaned from the views of prominent men on the subject of money:

A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—*Dean Swift.*

Money does all things; for it gives and it takes away. It makes honest men and knaves, fools and philosophers.—*L'Estrange.*

He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.—*Shakespeare.*

Money is like manure,—of very little use except it be spread.—*Bacon.*

Make all you can; save all you can; give all you can.—*John Wesley.*

Ready money is Aladdin's lamp.—*Lord Byron.*

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having it.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Men are seldom more innocently employed than when they are honestly making money.—*Samuel Johnson.*

Money is a handmaid if you know how to use it,—a mistress if you do not know how.—*Horace.*

It happens a little unluckily that the persons who have the most infinite contempt for money are the same that have the strongest appetite for the pleasures it produces.—*Shenstone.*

Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding. It dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant, accomodates itself to the meanest capacities, silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible.—*Addison.*



## OYSTERS ON TREES.

THE natives of the West Indies tell travelers, when they make their first trip to the land where the mangrove tree flourishes, of oysters which can be purchased on branches, so many to the branch. The oysters there grow on trees. Most of the islands in the South are fringed with mangrove trees. Some of them grow in the salt water, and their branches droop until a part of them is submerged. Oysters will cling to any surface in the water to which they can fasten themselves, and as there are few shells or stones along the shores the bivalves attach themselves to the branches. When the natives go oyster gathering they lean over the side of the boat, find a branch to which oysters are clinging, and cut it off.



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## THE RESULTS OF A GOOD DEED.

WHILE all of us are well acquainted with the truth, that we reap as we sow, we are in some degree surprised anew at every literal demonstration of it. Perhaps this apparent unbelief in the truth accounts in part, at least, for the fact that we do not sow as much as we might of the seeds of goodness and so insure a bounteous harvest of good.

The illustration that has brought this subject to mind at present is that growing out of China's indemnity refund. In the negotiations between China and the Powers at the close of the Boxer uprising in 1900, the former agreed to pay the latter the sum of \$300,000,000 in gold. This was an enormous sum for China to pay, and in the case of some of the Powers, their share of it was much greater than their actual loss through the Boxer uprising.

At least this is the way the United States looked at the matter, and in June of last year "President Roosevelt notified the Chinese minister that, with the approval of Congress, the United States would voluntarily relinquish the difference between the total expenses and claims incurred in the suppression of the Boxer revolt of 1900 and the amount which China agreed to pay this country in satisfaction thereof. The difference was officially fixed at \$27,000,000. The Chinese Emperor cabled his thanks to President Roosevelt for having taken the lead in a matter of international justice."

And now here is the beginning of the result of this "matter of justice." No one can foresee the end, or compute the good of the total results. We give it in the words of the *Washington Post*.

"It is never possible to estimate the consequences of an action, whether good or evil. It was supposed when we returned to China the surplus over actual expenses to us of the Boxer indemnity that China would recognize it as a friendly act, prompted by a desire to do the square thing by her, and that the

time might come when it would redound to our benefit.

"No one had a very definite idea as to how this would come about. Hardly, however, has the act authorizing the release to China been placed on the statute books, when we are informed that the Chinese government intends to spend the entire amount in sending students to this country to be educated. It is said that it is sufficient to enable two hundred to come every year for ten years. That would make in all two thousand young Chinamen, presumably selected for their superior promise and ability, educated here, imbued with our ideas, taught our methods of government, and familiarized with our institutions and civilization. Such a body of men, returning to their native land at a time when its government and civilization, so long stationary, are in a transition state, may well determine its entire future; and whoever it was who suggested and carried through the Chinese indemnity act may have shaped the destiny of a continent and millions of people in a way and to a degree he little imagined."

Would it not be well if as a nation and as individuals we would trust more to the future's promise of good for present well-doing? The promise is sure, and besides the habit of well-doing will grow into something more than a means to an end.



## GOING FISHING.

WHILE there are thousands of people who follow the business of fishing as a means of livelihood, a greater number perhaps, take it up now and then as a means of recreation; they take to fishing when there is nothing else to do, or as a rest from more strenuous labor. Of course there is another class, insignificant in some respects, though hardly as to numbers, who go fishing, apparently, for fear there might be something else for them to do, and yet do not derive a support from the business.

Of the last class the least said the better, so we will not contribute with them to the wasting of time by stopping to discuss them. As this is the season when those of the second class are most in evidence, we shall note a few things concerning such recreation.

In the first place, the main object of the would-be fisherman is to find such diversion from his regular tasks as will put him in possession of the strength and vigor his work as well as his own welfare demands. To do this, he must attend well to that in which he engages himself. This does not mean that he shall go fishing with the zeal and energy with which he has prosecuted his daily tasks, but let him go at it faithfully,—cut himself off from the distracting features of his regular work and give himself over to the mind and body-curing influences of the diversion.

Fishing is not the only sport which promises real rest to the weary toiler, but it easily stands at the head, and when taken alone or with a solitary companion it affords excellent opportunities for the right adjustment of oneself to the essential and the non-essential things of modern life. And such adjustment is of vital importance to one who would do his part in the world.

There is one thing against which almost every seeker after diversion needs to be warned. That is, the inclination to prolong the pastime till it becomes a dissipation. Recreation in the way of fishing and the like is good, but its benefits do not continue to pile up in corresponding ration *ad infinitum*. In many cases more harm than good comes from the summer vacation.



### OF MORE THAN ORDINARY INTEREST

At this season, when many schools are changing teachers, is the article on "How to Measure a Teacher's Efficiency." It should be read by teachers as well as members of school boards.



### LESSONS IN ESPERANTO.—No. 12.

#### VOCABULARY.

- Montri,—to show.  
It,—(past participle passive).  
Vorto,—word.  
Konsili,—to advise.  
Fari,—to make, to do.  
Serio,—series.  
Aldoni,—to add to.  
Ricevi,—to get, obtain.  
Demandi,—to ask, to query.  
Komuna,—common to several.  
Proksima,—near.  
Diri,—to say, to tell.  
Litero,—letter of the alphabet.  
Tiama,—contemporaneous.  
Ĉiama,—eternal.  
Kioma,—how much.  
Tiea,—there.  
Ĉi tiea,—of this place.  
Tieulo,—a person living there.  
Tiamulo,—a contemporary.  
Rilati,—to relate to.  
"Ajn,"—ever (not in reference to time, but as "Kiuajn," whoever).  
Diferenci,—to differ, to be different from.  
Sen,—without.

#### EXERCISE 25.

Ia, ial, iam, ie, iel, ies, io, iom, iu, La montritajn naŭ vortojn ni konsilas bone ellerni, ĉar el<sup>1</sup> ili ĉiu povas jam fari al si grandan serion da<sup>2</sup> aliaj pronomoj kaj adverboj.

1. *El*, the meaning is, out of, from among: *ellerni* means to learn thoroughly.

2. *da* instead of *de* after *serio* used collectively.

Se ni aldonas la literon "t," ni ricevas vortojn montrajn: tia, tial, tiam, tie, tiel, ties, tio, tiom, tiu.

Se ni aldonas la literon "t," ni ricevas vortojn montrajn demandajn aŭ rilatajn: kia, kial, kiam, kie, kiel, kies, kio, kiom, kiu.

Aldonante la literon "ĉ," ni ricevas vortojn komunajn: ĉia, ĉial, ĉiam, ĉie, ĉiel, ĉies, ĉio, ĉiom, ĉiu.

Aldonante la prefikson "nen," ni ricevas vortojn neajn: nenia, nenial, neniam, nenie, neniel, nenies, nenio, neniom, neniu.

Aldonante al la vortojn montrajn la vorton "ĉi," ni ricevas montron pli proksiman; ekzemple: tiu (pli malproksima) tiu ĉi, (aŭ ĉi tiu) (pli proksima); tie, (malproksima) tie ĉi aŭ ĉi tie, (proksima).

Aldonante al la vortojn demandajn la vorton "ajn," ni ricevas vortojn sendiferencajn: kia ajn, kial ajn, kiam ajn, kie ajn, kiel ajn, kies ajn, kio ajn, kiom ajn, kiu ajn.

Ekster tio, el la diritaj vortoj ni povas ankoraŭ fari aliajn vortojn, per helpo de gramatikaj finiĝoj kaj aliaj vortoj (sufiksoj); ekzemple: tiama, ĉiama, kioma, tiea, ĉi-tiea, tieulo, tiamulo, k. t. p. (=kaj tiel plu).

Tia is a demonstrative of quality—*that, such a, such kind*.

With the relative *kia*, it translates *such as*.

Io, tio, kio, ĉio, nenio, all refer to objects and are not used as modifying words: Kio estas tio? Nenio.—What is that? Nothing.

Ia birdo,—any kind of birds. Ciuj birdoj,—all birds. Kiajn librojn vi havas?—What *kind* of books have you?

Jen estas du floroj; kiun vi deziras?—Here are two flowers; *which* do you desire?

#### EXERCISE 26.

His brother is very diligent and thrifty, but is very talkative. Tell me your unhappiness for possibly I shall be able to help you. The act of Joe's is very praiseworthy. Nellie fell asleep on the chair. One spark is sufficient to explode gunpowder. Two flashes of lightning flashed across the dark sky. I saw many men in the street. Put on your overcoat and go away from here. I gave to him the remainder of the cake (pastry). Fruit, something made from fruit, jam. To fry, fritters. To throw, to throw away. To call, to call again. Crime, criminal. A laughing woman.

And God said, Let there be a firmament between the waters and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.





## Obedience

Catharine Beery Van Dyke

### Part one.

"WILLIE, give me that hat; you'll spoil it." Willie was playing with his papa's hat, banging it against this object and that while the parents were trying to talk with a friend. "Willie, don't spoil papa's hat." The play and banging continued. Then the father tried: "Willie, give papa his hat," with no more response than was given the mother. Then in order to make further conversation possible, the father took the hat and the mother the rebellious child. The scene was the occasion of humility to the parents and of embarrassment mixed with indignation to those attempting conversation.

While this child was not more than three or four years old, it was evidently not the first time he had paid no attention to the wishes and commands of his parents. Nor was the child at this time altogether to blame. This state of affairs between these parents and this child was the result of habit on the part of both.

There is such a difference in the ways in which parents work or fail to work with their children. Some seem to consider the advent of children into the family as an intrusion. These can never appreciate their own children with sympathy nor fairness until they change their attitude and feelings. Some take the situation as inevitable and try to perform their "Christian duty" by keeping the child in a state of subordination by fair means or foul. Good it is for the race that some see in the coming of children into the home the opportunity to project through them into the future years all that is noble and true in their own characters and also to inject into their dispositions—into their very nature—an ambition to stand for something, a propelling force which will be in them a constant impulse to carry out both the purpose which God gives to individual lives and the desire which their parents have that they shall reach the highest possible standard of truth, purity and power.

The first class is a type of ignorance often combined with selfishness. The second, a type of dogged submission to the laws of nature. The third not only accepts but welcomes the new relationships which

children bring and intelligently plans for the future good of the child as an individual and for this future good as he shall become related to other individuals in society, in the state and in the church.

But what has this to do with obedience? It simply shows some of the different view points through which parents *come at* the end of obedience or disobedience.

And what was the matter with Willie and his parents? Ignorance of the situation, principally, and ignorance of the laws which govern the human mind and soul.

"To obey is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry." Obedience is said to be activity under control, yet Saul deliberately planned his disobedient act. Was not that also activity under control? Yes. But under control of self. Obedience, then, must be activity under the control of an external person—power or principle.

Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness.—Rom. 6: 16.

Parents are responsible for their children's conduct and characters through the years of childhood, at least, and it is therefore evident that theirs is the external power to bring about obedience in their children. In other words the child's activity needs to be directed and controlled by the parents' intelligence. Think of that for a moment and then don't attach so much blame to your children when they swerve from the erect line.

How many a person would have reached a more honorable end in life had his activity been directed by careful parents in his years of immaturity—of unaccountability. How many persons who are now weeping over their backslidings and failures would be joyous ministers to others for good had they had in their early life their activities controlled by wise and loving parents. We are only beginning to learn that this matter of child culture can be reduced to and

really is a science, a science which we should teach to our children while they are children, before they have a chance to assume in ignorance the duties of parents.

Now there are different methods to accomplish obedience in our children, but certain common principles underlie all the methods.

One is this: "He who rules must first learn to obey." When our children see, as they ought to be able to see, that we, too, are under law, and are striving to honor, at the expense of selfish desires, our great Lawgiver, then they will be strongly impelled by our example to listen to the voice of authority.

Another instance is this: My father used to tell us children that if we followed what he told us to do, even to the letter, but did it with an unwilling, stubborn spirit, that was not obedience. The psychological interpretation is that the heart must be in the hand. Let me illustrate further. For some reason a door is open that ought to be closed. The mother says, "Walter, close the door." Either the tone of her voice, his own preoccupation or some other thing puts into the boy's mind that he simply won't do it. (And a boy that's going to amount to anything in the future will at times manifest a pretty strong mind.) The command is given repeatedly with no expectation on the part of the child to heed it. With the conviction that her command must be obeyed the mother, by force, leads the boy to the door, places his hand upon the knob and causes the door to be closed. She accomplishes the fact of a closed door, but makes no point of obedience in the child's character. The point for the mother to make is to create in the mind of her child a willingness to do her pleasure, not alone for the sake of pleasing her, but also because what she commands is right. In this case it might require some time and much judgment but the point, once sprung, must be settled and settled according to the laws of rectitude, and when this is done both the child's character and the mother's will have new beauty and strength.



### SING ME TO SLEEP.

CARL NELSON.

Close to your heart  
O mother, my own one,  
Sing me to sleep, O sing me to sleep;  
Your little boy  
Is tired and dreamy,  
Sing me to sleep, O sing me to sleep.  
Out in the lane  
All leaf-hung and shady  
I have been playing all the day long;  
Now it is night  
And back to the cradle,  
Sing me to sleep, O sing me to sleep.  
When by the way  
Of life I must tarry,  
Sing me to sleep, O sing me to sleep;

May thoughts of home—  
The angels of mem'ry,  
Sing me to sleep, O sing me to sleep.  
Dangers are nigh  
And evils are lurking,  
Dimly the sent'nels of prayer surround;  
Safely enshroud  
Awake or in slumber,  
Sing me to sleep, O sing me to sleep.  
If from the strife  
They broken return me,  
Sing me to sleep, O sing me to sleep;  
Whether with crown  
Of fame or contumely,  
Sing me to sleep, O sing me to sleep.  
Out in the night  
A whippoorwill crooning  
Carries a note of heaven in his song;  
Close by my side  
May loved ones be watching  
So may love tenderly sing me to sleep.  
When at the close  
Of life's happy journey  
Angels are sent to call me to sleep,  
Down by the church  
Mid grass, leaves and flowers,  
Spirits unseen will sing me to sleep.  
Flowers of spring  
Will tell the grand story,  
Story of life's immortality.  
So may I rest  
In nature's kind bosom,  
Sing, O sing, O sing me to sleep.  
Cando, N. Dak.



### IS THE MODERN MAN A POOR FATHER?

WHAT the father of today should be to best develop his offspring and at the same time create for himself an abiding source of delight is set forth pleasantly and convincingly in an article in the German magazine, "*Deutsche Monatsschrift*," of Berlin. The writer maintains that neither in the school nor in the home do the children as a rule obtain the training which fits them later to discharge the duties of a father. He remarks at the outset that the haste and unrest of modern life leave little time for paternal joys. Some are too weary from the day's work to pay attention to the children's training; others are pre-occupied with social duties, and many there are who are really indifferent about the whole matter. In this way the coming generation loses those priceless hours when the father is also the educator, friend and ideal; and the latter is robbed of the rejuvenating, vivifying force, the spiritual expansion, that spring from contact with one's own child.

The number of fathers that are able to satisfy their children's thirst for information is steadily decreasing. Even when a father is willing to devote his leisure to their interests the modern parent is no longer capable of coping with the situation. The world of surrounding objects has undergone a fundamental change. Germany, for example, from being pre-



ponderatingly agrarian, has become an industrial country, and modern German life fairly bristles with technical problems. On every hand the child observes phenomena whose solution he is eager to learn—electric roads, gas pipes, telephone wires, aqueducts, demand elucidation. One must not try to satisfy him with foreign words and vague phrases; the explanation should primarily be clear and simple. Here the child becomes the educator; he compels us to reflect about things, and, above all, to realize how little commensurate our knowledge, our culture, is with the demands of the time.

The writer says he trains his own boys—of eight and nine—to be keen observers of the things about them and of apparently simple or insignificant objects, and these reveal a world of wonders and surprises. He himself has grown conscious of his own insufficiency, for in his years of study of Nature but little attention was paid to the plant and animal life of his immediate surroundings. The naturalist never took his pupils into the open where they could question him about the myriad things that met their gaze—plant, beetle, stone; nor does the writer think that even at present instruction is imparted in this profitable, vitalizing way. He shows what a fruitful source of interest and knowledge a mere pond might be, with its many odd forms of animal life.

"The frog might teach us the secret of submarine navigation; the enlarging wave circles, ceaselessly shaped by the water beetles, picture to us the light waves and those that serve as messengers of news in wireless telegraphy. There were mineralogists as far back as five thousand years ago; every boy should be something of a mineralogist today. By proper observation beautiful specimens may be gathered in field and road, and what pleasure to find shells embedded in stones, to strike fire from the flint. A knowledge of mineralogy affords pleasure in a thousand ways—the color of sea and river, the forms of mountains, of landscapes, the material of which most of our industries are the product, all these would be better comprehended through a knowledge of the mineral world. And there are things still closer to us—the house fly, for example, of which we know nothing, in spite of constant contact with it. Instruction usually follows the rule of proceeding from the known to the unknown. Should not a father, too, begin with teaching his little ones in a natural, unconstrained way, about objects which are the most familiar, but about which there is often total ignorance? It may be rejoined that the school is there to instruct the child regarding the things around him, to develop his powers of observation. With all due respect for the school, its actual teaching is done *en masse*; with the best will it cannot accomplish everything. Besides, the child spends only a portion of his time in school, and learns things there which, though indispensable,

tend rather to dull than to sharpen his faculty of observation. The father is the appointed teacher, who in the home, on walks, can develop his senses, which cannot be awakened too early, to be sure, in an easy, pleasurable way. The incitement to exact observation is an incitement to the discovery of unsuspected things in the heavens, in grass, tree, stone."

If one knows through experience how rejuvenating, stimulating and full of delights it is to live in close contact with a child, to investigate, to learn along with it, one is tempted to cry out to the other fathers:

"Ah, did you but know the joy it affords! You can give your children something better than your gold—yourselves, provided you renew and increase your knowledge. And if it be too late for that, see to it that your sons receive a better training for fathers than was vouchsafed to you, and this by having them taught above all about the things that lie nearest to them—in other words, more natural science and technics in the school!"—*Selected*.



#### COURTSHIP.

THERE comes a time in most young people's lives when they lose all their natural common sense, and act generally as though they were fit subjects for a lunatic asylum. In other words, they have the courting fever. For such, and others who may be exposed to contagion, the following is written:

In the first place, courtship is a time for getting acquainted,—for finding out each other's hopes, ambitions, opinions, ideas and theories on and about any matter which is likely to come before them during their future partnership. Many act as if it were a time for concealment, for putting on shams and keeping up pretences, which must be taken down as soon as the knot is tied. That is why so many marriages end in disillusionment. Be sensible; be yourself.

Whatever else you do during your courtship, be frank. If you are poor, don't ride out in a rubber-tired buggy; don't dress on borrowed money; don't give expensive presents or treats. Courting can be carried on without money if the parties concerned have a reasonable amount of common sense. Don't be afraid to have your intended see you at work, or in your working clothes. Do you not expect to work after you are married? Do you think you can be dressed in your best clothes all the time then? Dress according to your means and your work; don't try to seem what you are not.

Know each other's faults as well as virtues. You will have to see them sometime, and the sooner you do the better it will be for all concerned. Don't try to hide them from each other. Love is usually stronger before marriage than after, in expectation than in realization; it will condone more. But if you feel that your friend would not marry you if he or she knew

your faults, is not that the strongest reason in the world for frankness, that you may avoid a marriage which can only end unhappily?

Make your courting a time for friendship, not "spooning"; be comrades. Only in this way can you know each other as you should. Make friends of the other members of the family. Remember that in marrying one of a family you, in a sense, unite yourself with the others. Are you willing to do it? Make your own friendship for your intended so strong that it will last throughout your lives, whether you marry each other or not. If you cannot do this during your courtship, you ought not to marry. A marriage founded on friendship, and the community of interests which that fosters, will last longer than one based on a strong sentimental attachment. And if, for any reason, you find that you two, while remaining friends, ought not to marry, you can look back with satisfaction on the friendship which brought good into your lives and made you stronger.

There is another thing to remember—marriage is a contract, a partnership; moreover, it is a partnership for life. If you were going into a business partnership with another person of your own sex for a term of years, you would insist upon seeing and understanding the terms of the contract; and, to avoid possible disagreements, you would wish to be certain that the other party understood them as you did. Then, how much more important such a frank understanding is when two people of opposite sexes are contemplating a life partnership. Make up your minds what you want to put into the contract, what you are going to contribute toward the business partnership which is to be owned and controlled in common, and then abide by your contract. Don't expect to reform each other; the chances are that it can't be done outside of a novel. Don't expect the marriage vow to take away all your troubles; maybe it will only be the beginning of them.

Aim to own your own home. Don't have an expensive wedding; a showy, gaudy, expensive wedding is in as bad taste as a showy funeral. It is not the time nor place for display. Cut out the honeymoon trip if you ought not to afford it. Anyway, isn't it better to go quietly to work at the homebuilding, setting up sort of a "Honeymoon Ranch," than to have a costly wedding and then go away to exhibit yourselves to strangers? You will be happier if you can own your own home, however small or humble. House rent is much like borrowed money,—takes away a part of your happiness.

There is another point—don't get the idea into your heads that one or the other of you must be boss. There is no more unfortunate person in the world than a boss-ruled woman or a henpecked man. If you have based your marriage on friendship and comradeship, you probably won't make such a mis-

take; if not, you may. This is a democratic country. Make your home a little center of democracy, not a Tzardom; give each other the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Some married people don't live; they exist. Don't make your partner one of them. Cultivate patriotism, love of home and country. Make your home worth loving. Don't require some of its inmates to sink their individuality for the benefit of others. You will disagree sometimes, of course; talk things among yourselves, and then be careful how you act. You are partners, remember; don't either of you do anything to injure the partnership. Give each other the rights you claim for yourselves. Turn about is fair play, you know.

There is another thing that a young man ought to remember, both in choosing a wife and afterwards: Great men are the sons of great women,—women of spirit, energy, brains and character. Choose for your life friend a person of solid worth. A nation may rise to power and glory, but, if it enslaves its women, it cannot long flourish. Its men are the sons of its women; like mother, like son. Boss-ruled women in the homes, boss-ruled voters at the polls. Take away the spirit and individuality of your wife and you take it away from your sons. Let married men who are tempted to act "Caesar in their own homes" think of this.—*Grace V. Silver, in Farm Journal.*



#### CANNING CORN IN GLASS.

"A PLEASED READER" sends the following as her method of canning corn in glass:

Have the corn as freshly gathered as possible, and in good condition for the table. Cut from the cob raw, scraping lightly over the cob to get the rest of the grain, but do not get the bran. Take good, sound self-sealing jars (Mason's preferred), with new rubbers and well-fitting lids. The lids should be tested by filling the jar with hot water and screwing down the lid tightly and standing it bottom up to see that it does not leak. Those standing the test are then ready to wash. Nail strips of wood together and lay in the bottom of a wash boiler, with cross pieces down. Place lids and jars on this and pour over them to cover a cool suds made with a good soap powder and water, and bring to a boil. Then let cool so as to handle, and as soon as the heat will allow, empty the suds out and fill the jars with clear, boiling water, rinsing good and turning bottom side up to drain and dry. They must be perfectly dry when filling begins. Have new rubbers adjusted; then take your prepared corn and pack into the jar, a little at a time, as solidly as possible, pounding down with a little pestle prepared for the purpose, or a small potato masher; fill all crevices and exclude all air. When it is as full as the pressing down will admit, take the corn up in your hand and crowd down hard, rounding it up on top. Then put



on the lid and screw down nearly tight; set in the boiler on the rack in the bottom, and fill the vessel with cool, clean water up to the shoulder of the jar, cover the boiler with a towel, then with the lid, and bring to a boil, after which keep boiling for three or four hours. Then set the boiler off the stove, remove the cover, and let cool until the jars can be handled, when the top must be screwed down tightly, and the jars left to stand in the water until cold, when it is to be tightened again. Then wrap the jars in brown wrapping paper, each to itself, and if possible pack in boxes and cover to exclude all light. Use no salt or anything but the corn, when canning.—*The Com-moner*.

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## The Children's Corner

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### WHEN TO CRY.

THERE are millions of little boys and girls in the world who want to do just the right thing and the very best thing. But they do not always know what just the right thing is, and sometimes they cannot tell the very best thing from the very worst thing.

Now, I have often thought that there are little boys and girls who cry, now and then, at the wrong time; and I have asked many of the older people, but none of them could tell me the best time to cry.

But the other day I met a man older and wiser than any of the rest. He was very old and very wise, and he told me:

"It is bad luck to cry on Monday.

"To cry on Tuesday makes red eyes.

"Crying on Wednesday is bad for children's heads and for the heads of older people.

"It is said that if a child begins to cry on Thursday he will find it hard to stop.

"It is not best for children to cry on Friday. It makes them unhappy.

"Never cry on Saturday. It is too busy a day.

"Tears on Sunday are salt and bitter.

"Children should on no account cry at night. The nights are for sleep."

I wrote down the rules just as the old man gave them to me. Of course, they will be of no use to boys and girls that are past six, for those children do not cry. The wise man meant them for the little ones—the millions of little boys and girls who want to do the right thing and the very best thing.—*Mary Elizabeth Stone, in St. Nicholas.*



Father—Johnny, what are you making that racket for?

Johnny—So I can go and play tennis, pa.

Father—Then you'll need a bawl, too. Bring me the trunk strap, young man.

## For SUNDAY READING

### HEAVENLY PEACEMAKERS.

GOERGE S. GRIM.

THERE are some lovely people in this world of ours, who remind us of fragrant flowers. Whenever they come near to us we are glad, but know not why. They may not possess physical beauty, nor riches, nor marvelous intelligence. The atmosphere in which they move is like themselves,—pure, lovely, holy and righteous. They are the embodiment of love; they inspire us, for they are full of peace; they attract us, for they are full of inspiration of the highest order. Such people are like a quiet lake, beside which grow beautiful plants, which, when reflected in the water, make a pleasing picture. There is no jarring, no commotion, no, not a ripple on the mirror-like waters. Birds love to sing softly in and around their presence. The world with its din is only a sweet song to them. They themselves breathe out love and harmony to all such as come near to them.

We meet these soul-inspiring persons as we pass through life, but little do we appreciate their worth until they have passed away. Then we feel as though we have lost a good friend. Oh, we watch them with solemnity as they pass beyond! Their influence will be wafted to us through troubles, trials, and conflicts with sin in coming days, as we are going down with declining age. We miss them greatly when they are gone. We are made better by their living in the world.

Louisville, Ohio.



### COMMON SENSE vs. THE DRINK EVIL.

THE Federation of Labor is of course taking the selfish and not the moral or patriotic view in denouncing prohibition because it would relieve so many bartenders, brewery workers and others of their present jobs. God knows there is better work awaiting these men than making and selling concoctions to steal away the brains of their fellow-men. The unions dwell strongly on the "brotherhood" of labor, but it is but the brotherhood of Cain for Abel which leads men to pass poison out to the day-laborer who has toiled for his meager wage that should be taken home to his family.

A contractor we know went a couple of weeks ago to one of the union headquarters in Washington in search of men to employ; he found six candidates and all were drunk. The union hall is over a saloon, and what a fatal juxtaposition is this for the unemployed. Of course the sober and industrious men are mostly at work. The labor unions are in the most favorable position of any organized body to fight the drink evil,

and it is a pity that they will not fight it instead of bolstering it up. What if thousands of barkeepers and the like find their occupation gone; is there not a demand for their help on the farms and would they not there do more toward building up the country and working out their own salvation than they ever could in handing out drinks over the bar? What if the government does have to suffer a big crimp in its revenues; is there any sense in worrying over a leak at the spigot while the barrel runs to waste at the bung-hole?

No, this argument that evil needs to be tolerated because someone gets a profit out of it is a prompting of the devil. Personally we are not in love with prohibition; we hate to think that people have to be made good by law—but it is a fact that they do have to be. We would gladly give up any desire we might have to get drunk and wallow in the gutter; we would even resign the noble privilege we now enjoy of taking a glass of beer now and then or leaving it alone, in order that the poor sot who has not the will power to choose should be saved from himself. We believe we are our brother's keeper to that extent, and we have little respect for any sort of "brotherhood" which is not willing to make such a personal renunciation for the good of all.

The sale of poisons, firearms, fireworks, gasoline and even razors is restricted and in many cases prohibited by our laws, and why should not the sale of liquors which make beasts and criminals of men be similarly safeguarded? We do not have to be "temperance cranks" in order to see that intoxicating drinks do more harm to society than all the poisons and other interdicted articles put together. The better classes of citizens everywhere are rapidly recognizing this fact, and even though many resent the idea of having their personal liberty interfered with they are very generally recording their willingness to make the sacrifice in the common weal.

This drink question has come to be a matter of plain business common sense, freed of sentimentality, and now that the people of this country are roused up on it they are going to dispose of it in a plain, common-sense, businesslike way. Even if this is done at the cost of millions of government revenue and of driving thousands of men into honest calling it will be well done.—*The Pathfinder*.



#### WHAT THE VOICE SAID AT EVENING.

Rest, life, and be still. The task of the day is done.  
What you have sown God trusts to the soil, rain and the sun.

What you have dreamed is his thought of days that are yet to be.

What you have hoped he counts in the sheaves of eternity.  
Rest, life, and be still. For you falls the night—sweet boon!

Truth lives in eternal day—like the sun, in eternal noon.  
Touch, O soul, the soul of the infinite, patient God,

Who plants the seed of the ages in the moment's molding sod.

Rest, life, and be still. God gave this sunset hour  
That, watching, you might feel the peace of His quiet power.

In lights and colors of life no dusk of death can mar,  
God paints this day in heaven, and over it hangs a star.

—Charles P. Cleaves, in *Youth's Companion*.



#### THE LOVING-KINDNESS OF GOD.

GOD never casts off anyone. His love never fails. Sometimes people speak as if he had cast off the Jewish people, but he did not—he never did! The trouble was that they cast God off. Yet even at the darkest hour there was a remnant of them who were faithful and received the blessing. God never fails in his promises. His word is, "The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed; but my loving-kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall my covenant of peace be removed, saith Jehovah that hath mercy on thee." This covenant of peace never has been broken with anyone who trusted in God. But there are two parties to every covenant. God's promises are conditioned on our obedience. If we fail in our part, it is we who break the covenant. Then when the blessings promised do not come, we cannot say God has forgotten us. The truth is, we have forsaken God, and the blessings of his love have been withdrawn because we have rejected them.—*J. R. Miller*.



#### CHRIST'S LOVE FOR US.

WE know how to love our friends because they are no worse than we; but how Christ can stoop from without the circle of blessed spirits to love us, who are begrimed with sin, and bestormed with temptation, and wrestling with the lowest parts of humanity—that is past our finding out. He has loved us from the foundation of the world; and because heaven was too far away for us to see, he came down to earth to do the things which he has always been doing profusely above. Christ's life on earth was not an official mission; it was a development of his everlasting state, a dip to bring within our horizon those characteristics and attributes which otherwise we could not comprehend—God's pilgrimage on earth as a shepherd, in search of his wolf-imperiled fold. And when I look into his life I say to myself, "As tender as this, and yet on earth? What is he now then?"—*Henry Ward Beecher*.



THERE is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, and the most steadfast happiness.—*Chesterfield*.





# Echoes from Everywhere

The Russian Council of Empire has adopted the naval budget, including an item of \$5,500,000 which was not sanctioned by the Douma.

The Municipal Traction Company of Cleveland, Ohio, which is operating all the city's car lines on the 3-cent plan carried out by Mayor Johnson, reports a deficit of \$54,916 for May. But Mayor Johnson says that this is due more to the prevailing strike than to the reduced fares.

There are twenty-two Prohibition counties in Nebraska; 14 others with but one wet town each; 7 more with but 2 wet towns apiece, and only 11 wet counties. There are 44 dry county seats. Four hundred fifty towns, large and small, out of 850 are without saloons. Three-fifths of Nebraska is dry, territorially considered.

The Prince of Wales on June 12 opened another tunnel under the Thames, connecting Rotherhithe with Stepney and the eastern districts of London. The tunnel cost \$10,000,000. The total length is 2,294 yards, of which nearly a third is the open approach. In the center the tunnel boring is only 7 feet below the bed of the Thames, which is at this point 500 yards wide.

A New York ironmaster, who desires to reside near his foundry, has retained the services of an architect to fit up a suite of seven luxuriously appointed rooms, which will be so thoroughly soundproof that the noises from the adjacent foundry will not become a nuisance. In warm weather the heat from the foundry is insufferable, so special devices have been installed for cooling the suite of apartments.

An interesting attempt to diminish the force of the waves has been tried recently at Havre. The inventor is Baron d'Alessandro, an Italian, residing in Paris. The apparatus consists of a network of waterproofed hemp, 360 feet long, by 50 feet broad, anchored on the surface of the water. It flattens out heavy waves, and prevents them from breaking, after the manner of oil spread upon the sea.

Tokio, July 12.—The news of the action of the Democratic national convention at Denver, including in its platform a plank favoring the exclusion from the United States of Asiatic laborers, is taken here to be directed against Japanese and is causing considerable surprise and displeasure. In some quarters indignation is expressed and the declaration is made that such a course is an infringement on the treaty rights of Japan and opposed to the principle of humanity that should govern the relations of nations. It is generally believed, however, by those familiar with political conditions in America that the majority of democrats are not anti-Japanese in sentiment and that the exclusion clause was incorporated in the platform for the purpose of satisfying the labor element.

John Henniker Heaton who was greatly interested in arranging the penny post between the United States and Great Britain is now predicting a penny-a-word cable service between the two countries. He says that he has succeeded in interesting some great electricians in the matter and that it will soon be possible to have this cheap service between the two countries.

The salt deposits of Chile are the greatest in the world. The Salar Grande mine in the province of Tarapaca, about 60 miles south and east of Iquique, covers an area of 80,000 acres to the depth of 25 feet. This body of salt is nearly pure and contains more than 14,000,000,000 tons, or enough to supply the world's demands for many decades. There are several other deposits in the interior that cover two or three times the area of the above.

Sea water is the greatest medicine of the age, according to Dr. B. S. Arnulphy of Nice, who lectured recently at Hahnemann Medical College, where he was at one time an instructor. He professed his amazement that little had been done in this country in the way of demonstrating the wonderful medicinal properties of sea water when injected into the blood. In France it is no longer an experiment and the medical profession has become enthusiastic over the miraculous cures, he said. There are two dispensaries and thousands of injections are made every day. And the end is not yet, in his opinion, for it was only a few years ago that the remarkable properties of the ocean were discovered by a layman. Already it has been found to be a sure cure for cutaneous tuberculosis, and good for insomnia, boils, all skin diseases, malaria and typhoid. Best of all, it is a great cleanser of the complexion, and the doctor predicts that in a short time it will become the popular remedy for ladies with poor complexions.

The reports received from various sources of the conditions in Cuba indicate, to the surprise of no one who is familiar with the operations of the army medical department, that there has been a restoration of the conditions which insure the public health of the island. When Cuba was under the control of the United States government before the island officials undertook to administer their own affairs, there was established a protection against disease which it would have seemed to the casual observer might easily have been maintained by the Cuban government. This was very far from the result, however, and with the advent of the army of Cuban pacification it was found there had been, by virtue of carelessness and indifference, a return to the unsanitary situation. Since the army has been in Cuba discharging its office of pacification the conditions have visibly improved and the sick rate of the island, according to the latest reports, is quite as good as that of the United States, which shows that Cuba need not be at any time, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, a place which is hopelessly ridden by disease.

July 8 a call was issued at Pittsburg for an eastern interstate negro press convention to be held in that city during the first three days of September. After reciting that the meeting will bring together the colored press of the country the convention call states: "The political situation, as it now confronts the negro, will be one of the foremost questions of discussion. We believe the political situation, as far as the negro is concerned, is in a critical state, and that something must and can be done by the united effort of the negro press."

How much do you suppose the people of this country pay out for the simple item of illumination? Well, the total bill is \$360,000,000 according to recent figures. That is to say, the tax is \$4 apiece a year for every man, woman and child. Electricity leads with a charge of \$156,000,000. Then follow kerosene with \$133,000,000, gas with \$60,000,000, candles with \$11,000,000, and acetylene with \$6,000,000. Candles, it seems, are steadily coming back into use, contrary to what most people would imagine. It is because candle light is the easiest on the eyes and candles are less liable to cause fires than most other means of lighting.

The latest development in the way of an incandescent lamp is the tungsten lamp, tungsten being a rare metal and difficult of preparation for use in an electric light bulb. But when once ready for service it saves more than two-thirds of the current used in the ordinary lamp; three times as much light is given with the same current and for the same cost. The fundamental value of tungsten as a lamp filament lies in its wonderfully high melting point. It is almost impossible to melt it. As a metal tungsten is practically unknown. It cannot be made into ingots, bar or wire. In its usual refined form it appears as a fine, steel-blue powder. Because it cannot be drawn into wire, the lamp filaments from the metal have to be made in a roundabout way. The powder is mixed with an adhesive paste and squirted through a die in a fine thread. This "thread" is baked in an electric oven at a high temperature until the particles of tungsten are practically welded together. The filament is then looped and anchored in the bulb.

The department of agriculture is expecting to accomplish a good many things with its appropriation of \$15,000,000 for the ensuing fiscal year. The forest service will get nearly \$4,000,000 of this and the bureau of animal industry gets \$3,000,000. For the testing of paper plants \$10,000 is appropriated. This money was appropriated to enable the secretary of agriculture to test plants as to their availability for making paper. The high cost of paper will cause the department to exert unusual energies toward discovering new sources of supply. The department itself is interested in this matter, as it annually sends out millions of printed documents. Forty thousand dollars also is available for the establishment of a bison range, near the confluence of the Pend D'Oreille and Jocko rivers, on the lands embraced by the Flathead Indians in Montana. It is the intention of the president to establish a permanent reservation at this point, and \$30,000 of this amount will be used toward paying the claims of the Indians for the land to be taken from them for this purpose.

#### Neglect of Our Teachers.

America with all its prosperity probably neglects its teachers as much as, if not more than, any other nation. In New York state the Association of Collegiate Alumnae has been trying to get the legislature to adopt a bill calling

for retirement annuities for teachers in state institutions, but so far without avail. So poorly are the teachers paid that men are refusing to pay attention to the profession of giving instruction and some children go through the entire public school course without ever having classes under a man. The association called the attention of the legislature to the way the Argentine Republic pensions its teachers and submitted the following statement:

"There are now in the United States retired teachers drawing for the remainder of their lives \$2,000 per year and upward from the Argentine Republic, and next year will see some more Americans added to their number. The occasion of the retirement of a teacher is made the crowning day of his life. Greater honors could hardly be shown a human being. Moreover, there is the disposition as the term of service draws to a close to advance the salary, so that the teacher may retire on a larger pension. Is it surprising that one will forego the larger financial gains of other professions to follow teaching under such conditions? Is it surprising that with men and women of eminent ability and high character to develop an educational system that affords the most thorough training for every child, even in the most remote valley of the Andes, the Argentine Republic has made such phenomenal advance, or that, in matters where intelligence counts, such educational facilities, free libraries, public sanitation, pure food and water supply, and low death rate, Buenos Ayres leads New York? Liberality in education has proved to be the truest economy and the wisest state policy."

#### London Fogs Insuperable.

The great city of London has long been famous for the heavy fogs that settle down upon it, and a good many theories have been advanced as to how these accumulations could be dispersed, notable among which was the recent proposition to drive them away by means of acetylene gas explosions sent up through a great funnel-shaped sort of cannon, an illustration of which was recently given in these columns. The scientific columns of the London Morning Post consider this suggestion as extremely inadequate and fallacious. It declares that any mechanical or engineering devices are incapable of producing dynamic effects equal to those which daily take place in the atmosphere.

The foggy atmosphere over London, it says, spreads out for 60 square miles and weighs at least 3,000,000,000 tons, and the amount of energy required to remove this mass and prevent it from settling down again would call for more motive force than all the English railways possess or all the artillery developed in the campaign in Manchuria.

Fog frequency in London is closely allied to the occurrence of days of small air movement observed at Greenwich. On any day in winter when the air movement at Greenwich is less than 200 miles in the day a fog in London is a foregone conclusion. Now 200 miles a day is rather more than 11 feet a second. The moving London atmosphere on a comparatively clear day represents a force equivalent to more than 10,000,000,000 foot pounds a second. What amount of horse-power energy would be required to keep that force in existence? Stated in this way the problem furnishes some idea of the dynamic forces of the atmosphere which are continually in action. It may be noted that the mean daily horizontal movement of the air over London is 281 miles. The least daily movement on any one day of a year averages 80 miles, or less than four miles an hour; but the greatest daily movement has been known to rise to 800 miles.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### ANOTHER BLOW AGAINST RACE-TRACK GAMBLERS.

The passage of the anti-betting bill, as it is called, by the Louisiana senate is a welcome surprise to the enemies of race-track gambling throughout the country. Only about a week ago the information from Baton Rouge and New Orleans was to the effect that the bill would "all but pass" this year, and that was considered sufficiently encouraging and significant in a state which not many years since encouraged lottery gambling and resented federal efforts to interfere with the exploitation of so rich a source of revenue.

But the anti-gambling elements were stronger than even benevolent bystanders suspected. They continued the fight, they quietly won over the senators relied on by the opposition to vote against the bill, or at least to stay away from the critical sessions, and under dramatic and exciting circumstances, which strikingly remind one of the New York struggle between Hughes and the gamblers' allies, they put the bill through.

The parallelism alluded to, curiously enough, embraces even such exceptional features as the casting of a deciding vote by a sick senator scarcely able to sit up and follow the proceedings. In one respect, however, the Louisiana victory for decency and public morality is more remarkable than that of New York. In the latter state Governor Hughes was able to rest his case on an explicit provision in the constitution requiring the legislature to enact proper measures against all forms of gambling, and to show beyond all manner of doubt that the legislature had actually legalized and abetted gambling under the guise of prohibition. In Louisiana the matter was absolutely within the discretion of the legislature, and the question was comparatively new.

It is believed by some that the bill is weak and defective. But if that shall prove to be the case the forces which have secured it will attend to the necessary amendments. Where there is the right kind and amount of sentiment there will be the right action. Sufficient unto the day is the moral victory thereof.—Chicago Record-Herald.



### A PROTEST AGAINST REFRESHMENTS.

The writer has often been designated "a crank," because she has a deep-rooted objection to the time-worn custom of "having something to eat" on any and every social occasion, in season and out. Every time a woman's club meets, every time there is a social, an informal entertainment, or any assembly of any kind, it is made an excuse, or seems to be considered indispensable, to have refreshments. And so everybody eats—and a lot, too—simply because it is offered, and it tastes good. Certainly, when refreshments are served at nine o'clock in the evening, say, those present who indulge do not do so because they are hungry, for undoubtedly every last individual has dined within two or three hours before. Why, then,

is it still considered the proper thing to have something to eat on such occasions? The only valid reason that has been discovered is that "refreshments" always attract a crowd and bring people together who otherwise would not come. A sad commentary on us when people have to be bribed, through their stomachs, to be instructed or entertained! One should suppose that persons who have to be corralled in that fashion are hardly worth gathering, but the idea still seems to prevail that they must be got together and that only something to eat will accomplish that end. Then, again, another reason advanced for having something to eat is that it promotes sociability. "Why," said one lady whom I was quizzing on the subject, "the ice is never broken at our club until the plates are passed for refreshments, and then everybody draws up their chairs and begins to be sociable." Important, if true, surely. How about the poor abused stomachs of the individuals gathered? Ice cream, cake and coffee coming a few hours before or after a heavy dinner is apt to disturb the functions of the stomach, to say the least, but often the "refreshments" are not of such a simple character, for they may consist of a heathenish Welsh rarebit, lobster salad or any of a dozen other villainous compounds now so fashionable. No wonder so many pills are needed to keep the American digestive apparatus in even passable shape, and no wonder that bad breaths, muddy complexions and ill tempers are so common. The sociability that depends on overloading an already full stomach, is not of a very high order, surely. Would that hostesses and entertainers would break away from the thralldom of thinking they must "pass something" to tickle the palate every time they have a social gathering! If you must feed people, invite them to dinner or luncheon, where eating is the chief and principal business, but it will be a happy day when it shall become the fashion to ignore the pampering of the appetite without any legitimate excuse, on every social occasion. Let us each one begin now to have the courage of our convictions, and not continue to serve refreshments with the consequent expenditure of time, money and energy, to say nothing of abusing our friends' stomachs, simply because "everybody does so." It is safe to assume, usually, that the majority of people get enough to eat at home; in fact, most of us get too much for our own good, without being tempted to tickle our palates with more every time we go anywhere. As the refreshment fad is so prevalent, it is almost impossible to escape this everlasting feeding, even if one is inclined, for if one goes where refreshments are served, one must at least hold the plate and go through the motions of eating, or else be punished continuously, for those who serve are so watchful and kind, and are so fearful that a guest might be slighted, that if one declines goodies at the hand of one fair waitress, there are always several others ready to rush up and make good the seeming deficiency. And most of us have not sufficient self-control to abstain from eating when one has a plate of tid-bits before one. We will hail the day when it will be considered the acme of bad

taste to serve refreshments at ordinary social functions. When hostesses make up their minds that the thing does not have to be done merely because everybody else does, and they will be thought queer if they don't, the emancipation day will dawn. May it arrive speedily!—Health.



## TWO VIEWS OF "YELLOW RELIGION."

The Rev. "Billy" Sunday, the ex-base-ball-player, is described as "a recognized power in the religion of the West," though there are some who think him rather too "yellow." His revivalist campaigns in Western cities have had wide-spread renown, and such results as demand that they, and not his eccentricities, be taken as the gauge by which he is to be judged. So argues The Presbyterian Banner (Pittsburg), which, though deploring the "coarseness and extravagance of his language," expresses its pride that "the Presbyterian ministry is roomy enough to give scope and service to the singular genius of such a man, though he violates all our traditions and shocks all our proprieties." Mr. Sunday has just closed an extraordinarily successful campaign in the city of Sharon, Pa., seventy miles north of Pittsburg. With a population of 25,000 people, this city announced that "as one of the results more than three thousand persons had publicly signified their desire and purpose to profess Christ as their Savior and to unite with his church," and "a good majority of the adults, who constitute fully two-thirds of this number, are men." The methods of Mr. Sunday are thus described by the organ of the church of which he is a member:

"As a preacher and evangelist Mr. Sunday is in a class by himself. He has never been a pastor, and could not be one. His methods of preaching and working are as picturesque and unique as his personality, and as striking as his temper. He is not like anybody else, and is proud of it. As a revivalist he is no more like Moody than the raging of a cyclone is like the steady roll of the tides. Moody could never have done what Sunday is doing, and a good deal of it he would not have done if he could. One is often asked by those who have not heard him, but have read the newspaper reports of his exaggerations, worse exaggerated, if he is not like Sam Jones. He says a good many things that read like some of Jones's speeches when you see them in print, but they do not sound like them when you hear them, and the man himself is as different from Sam Jones as he is from Moody or Torrey or Chapman or Finney or any other evangelist of whom the modern world knows. Sunday is nothing of a cynic, and Jones was one all over. Jones cut the sins of the day with cold-blooded irony; Sunday pounds them with a bludgeon. He is always in the thick of the fight. We cannot think of him as a disinterested spectator of any kind of a fray, whether it be a baseball game or the ceaseless war between sin and righteousness. He is bound to take sides; he was born a partizan. There isn't a flabby muscle in his body or an inert power in his soul. He is alive all over and all through. As has been said of him, he walks the platform 'with the springiness of a cat,' with his muscles set for a leap in any direction. We are not surprised to learn that when he was a baseball star he was the 'fastest base-runner the National League ever knew.' All that he was in energy, alertness, and dash as a ball-player in those days he is now as a winner of souls.

"His audience is never surprised at anything he does or says. He is just as likely to sit on top of the pulpit as to stand behind it, and to take off his coat as button it up. It is nothing unusual for him to give directions to his assistants while he is praying, or to stop in the mid-

dle of a petition to command some enthusiastic brother who has waxed too loud with his 'amens' to 'shut up.' And if he doesn't 'shut up' and stay 'shut' he can look for a worse thing to befall him before the prayer is through. From the time he announces his text until the sermon closes he storms and rages up and down the platform, whacking the pulpit and twisting and working his body until we are as much amazed at the physical endurance of the man as at the resources of his tongue. He outrages every rule of church decorum we have ever been taught, and slaps in the face all our traditions of dignity and reverence in worship. One of the reasons he assigns for the failure of some ministers to win souls is that they 'preach the Rev. John Smith and him dignified instead of Jesus Christ and him crucified,' an indictment Sunday will never be open to himself, especially in its first count. But not for a moment is he a clown, much less a mountebank. On the contrary, he impresses those who hear him as one of the most earnest, serious-minded, and deeply spiritual men they ever have listened to; and this estimate his work abundantly attests."

Another view of Mr. Sunday is given by a paper that is at the opposite end of the spectrum from anything suggesting a saffron hue. It takes to task not only the communities that have followed him, but the ministers and religious journals that have condoned his methods. During his work about Pittsburg, the ministers of that city invited him to address them, and according to the New York evening Post "he assured his clerical hearers that they were mostly 'fudge-eating mollicoddles.'" Few clergymen, he is reported further to have said, "are anything but 'stiffs and salary quacks.'" As for professors in theological seminaries, the thing to do with them is to 'stand them on their heads in mud-puddles.'" The Evening Post, commenting on his "yellow religion," says:

"The renown of his revivalist campaigns in Western cities was what led the Pittsburg clergy to invite him to address them; and it was doubtless their awe in the presence of one who had, as he would say, 'delivered the goods' in a hundred churches, which led them to sit silent under his insults. The Rev. Mr. Sunday has swept everything before him in town after town of Illinois, Minnesota, and other States. He has gathered all the Protestant denominations in a given place into his work, had them build him a 'tabernacle,' and in it has held meetings three times a day for weeks at a time, kindling enthusiasm and winning converts by the hundred. Yet throughout his preaching, and, indeed, his praying, he uses every vulgarity and irreverence of language, addressing his hearers, and the Almighty, in the idiom of the saloon, the gutter, and the yellow newspaper. One Western audience he recently carried by storm with the assertion that he was going to stay in that city and preach 'till hell freezes over, and then I'm going to get a pair of skates and keep on soaking it into Satan.'

"All this is surprising enough, but the really amazing thing remains to be told. This garrulous blackguard of the pulpit, who is all adrip with street slang; who claps the dread Jehovah on the back, and smears the most sacred things with his coarse blotch of vulgarity—this man is admired and endorsed by religious leaders. Clergymen vie with denominational journals in lauding his wonderful works. Some of them feel compelled to disclaim approval of all his 'methods,' but they confess themselves stricken dumb by his extraordinary results. He makes religion the sensation of the hour. His sacrilegious quips are echoed in the yellow newspapers, for whom he makes the best pious 'copy.' He gives to the Gospel an im-



mense publicity of a kind it never enjoyed before. How, then, can those interested in the spread of Christianity fail to rejoice at the marvel of thousands of people who will not go to church, thronging to hear Mr. Sunday tell them about the religion of Christ in the language and with the reverence of a newsboy or a 'longshoreman? There have been many tearful ejaculations, in connection with the Rev. 'Billy,' about God having chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise."—The Literary Digest



#### SCOPE OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION.

To the great public the Carnegie Institution of Washington is little more than a name. Beyond the bare fact that it was founded for the advancement of knowledge, the aims and purposes of this great organization, the objects for which its funds are available, the methods by which those funds are expended, the special provinces of the domain of science in which its operations are conducted, are matters quite beyond the ken of the average newspaper-reading American. By the scientific world, however, the Carnegie Institution is recognized today as an important factor in the furtherance of scientific investigation and the general increase and dissemination of knowledge. While its work very largely involves abstruse scientific subjects, yet it is also of the greatest practical value, and represents the results of modern methods of study and research carried on with a view to the greatest possible efficiency. Indeed, the Carnegie Institution in science and letters represents modern business methods in so far as they aim at coöperation, system, economy, and efficiency, though of course there is no attempt to stifle competition or to supplant existing agencies for research and study, as might be found in commercial life. While the scholar and investigator may once have boasted of his freedom and independence and ascribed discoveries to unaided and individual efforts, it requires but little thought to realize that such conditions have passed away, and while genius and intellectual attainments accomplish as much as ever and are no less appreciated and respected, yet it must be admitted that today the advance of science and exact knowledge can be secured in large part only through such agencies as vast and special libraries and the accumulation of bibliographic data, by the lengthy search of hidden archives, by expeditions to distant or inaccessible regions, or by the construction of special laboratories or experimental plants often with elaborate apparatus and staffs of trained observers and experimenters. It is unnecessary to say that these all require not only large capital outlay and funds for maintenance as well as the coöperation of the workers in any given department of science or knowledge, but also in order to carry on the work economically as regards both expense and effort a thorough and efficient organization is essential.—From "The Carnegie Institution of Washington," by Herbert T. Wade, in the American Review of Reviews for July.



#### BETWEEN WHILES.

Gyer—"Isn't it queer that the bump of benevolence is located exactly at the top of a man's head?"

Meyer—"What's queer about it?"

Gyer—"Why, it's as far from the pocketbook as possible."



Mrs. Blank, wife of a prominent minister near Boston, had in her employ a recently engaged colored cook, as

black as the proverbial ace of spades. One day Mrs. Blank said to her:

"Matilda, I wish you would have oatmeal quite often for breakfast. My husband is very fond of it. He is Scotch, and you know that the Scotch eat a great deal of oatmeal."

"Oh, he's Scotch, is he?" said Matilda. "Well, now, do you know, I was thinkin' all along dat he wasn't des like us."



Bella—Prof. Muggins tells me that the first principle of socialism is to divide with your fellow-man.

Tom—Not as I understand it. On the contrary, the first principle of socialism is to induce your fellow-man to divide with you.



#### The Likeness.

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"

"Because," said the Swede. "it rises out of der yeast and it sets behind der vest."—Christian Guardian.



"The other day," said a man passenger in a street car, "I saw a woman in a street car open a satchel and take out a purse, close the satchel and open the purse, take out a dime and close the purse, open the satchel and put in the purse. Then she gave the dime to the conductor and took a nickel in exchange. Then she opened the satchel and took out the purse, closed the satchel and opened the purse, put in the nickel and closed the purse, opened the satchel and put in the purse, closed the satchel and locked both ends."



Two young merchants who occupied adjoining stores in a small town were intimate friends. When business was dull they visited back and forth from one store to the other. Each was fond of a joke. The Brooklyn Eagle gives their names as John Bruce and Clint Pease. One cold blustery day, when customers were few, Clint sat behind the stove in John's store. A young woman—a stranger—came in, and John stepped forward to wait on her.

"I am soliciting subscriptions for the Fresh Air Fund," said she.

Now, solicitors for one charity or another were numerous, and the merchants usually tried to evade their claims, since it was poor policy to refuse to contribute. So John was greatly pleased with himself when a happy way out of his present difficulty suggested itself to his quick mind.

"You'd better speak to the proprietor about it," he said, politely. "You'll find him a very liberal man. He is back there by the stove."

John grinned as the young woman approached Clint and restated her case.

"How much are the merchants generally giving?" Clint asked, with grave interest in the cause.

"Some are giving as much as a dollar," she answered, "but we are grateful for any sum, however small."

"John," said Clint, with an air of authority, "give the young lady two dollars out of the drawer." And John, of course, had to obey.



Mr. Batch: "I have my doubts about this idea that the more you give away the more you have."

Mr. Phamleigh: "No question at all about it. I gave away my daughter two months ago, and now she's returned to me with her husband."

# EXCERPTS FROM THE CIMARRON CITIZEN

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Cimarron, New Mexico, Wednesday, June 10, 1908.

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## RESERVOIR COMPLETED

### FARMERS' DEVELOPMENT COMPANY COMPLETE BIG RESERVOIR

Last Wednesday afternoon, the last earth was moved in the big irrigation system that the Farmers' Development Company has been pushing through in the Rayado country. By this system, water is taken from the Rayado River just below the old Abreu place, and stored in a big reservoir which the company have just completed. The dam for the reservoir is over a thousand feet long, and over forty feet high. The storage capacity is over one billion gallons of water at a filling, and about three hundred acres are covered with water when the reservoir is filled. There are over nine miles of ditch in the system, and over ten thousand acres of land will be supplied with sufficient water to meet all needs.

Colt and Windburn had the contract for building the intake ditch and the reservoir dam, and this work

has been completed for some little time. The hills on the north side of the reservoir were found to be too low for the height of the dam, and it was necessary to build twenty-six hundred feet of dyke along the hill top in order to store the water contemplated, and the contract for building this dyke was let to Mr. W. C. Bosley. Mr. Bosley was in Cimarron last Wednesday and he stated that he had just completed his contract, thus finishing up the last work to be done on the whole system. The dyke as is stated, was twenty-six hundred feet long, and the highest fill was eleven and a half feet high.

The Farmers' Development Co. has already sold a large portion of its land to settlers from the middle west, and fine crops are being grown on the rich land. This company has shown its earnest desire to develop Colfax County, and is to be congratulated on the energy and push with which it has taken hold of such a large undertaking as was the building of its big irrigation project. In order that the purchasers of its lands may have every opportunity to raise big crops, the company has, at its own expense, employed two expert irrigation men to instruct the farmers in the proper manner of using the water for irrigation. These two men, who have made irrigation, in a scientific manner, their life study, spend their whole time in the interests of those purchasing lands from the Farmers' Development Co., and big results are being looked for.

## VIEWS PROJECTS

### TERRITORIAL ENGINEER SULLIVAN IN CIMARRON

Last Thursday evening Vernon L. Sullivan, territorial engineer, visited Cimarron, coming up from Springer, where he had been investigating the big work of the Farmers' Development Co., which has just been completed.

Mr. Sullivan, accompanied by E. H. Fisher, the engineer of the Cimarron Townsite Co., went out over several irrigation projects which have been planned in the vicinity of Cimarron by various parties, with a view of ascertaining what is necessary to be done in order to comply fully with the laws of New Mexico relative to the appropriation of waters. Before any waters can be appropriated in the Territory, full maps showing ditches, etc., must be filed with the office of the Territorial Engineer, and full working plans of all dams, etc., must also be placed on file and be approved by Mr. Sullivan.

Mr. Sullivan states that the natural opportunity for development of big irrigation projects, and the watering of lands here in Colfax County, can not be equalled by any other section in the Territory, and that in his opinion, Colfax County and the Cimarron Valley will be one of the garden spots of the southwest.

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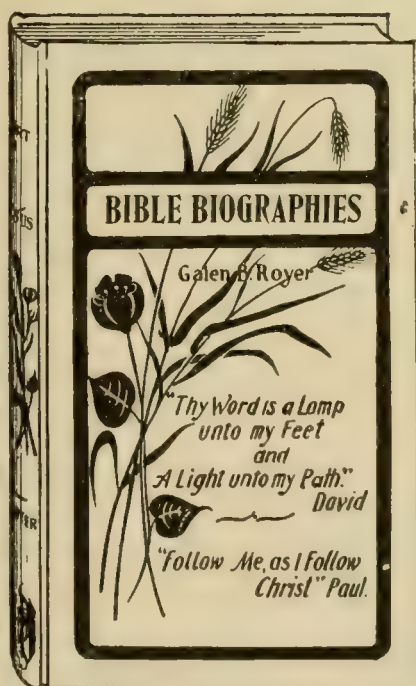
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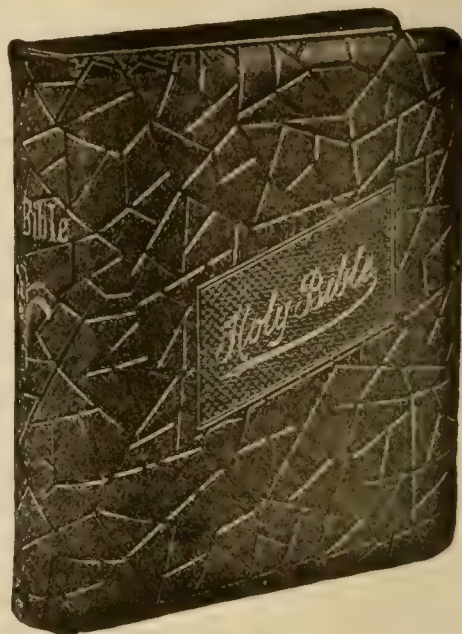


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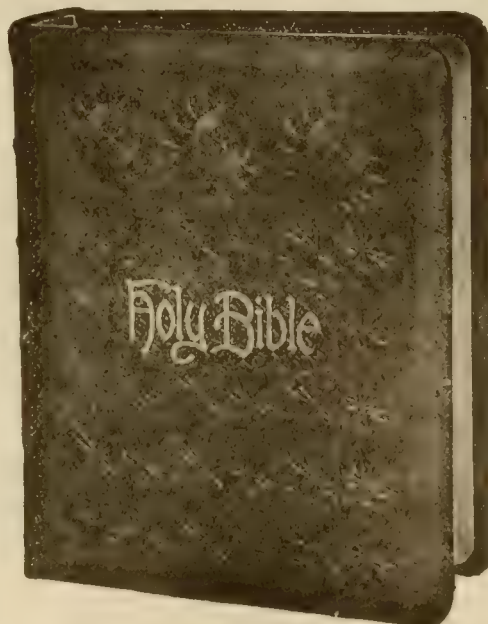
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# THE INGLENOOK



Street Scene in Berlin.

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July 28, 1908.

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Vol. X. No. 30.



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Omaha, Wednesday, August 5, 4:00 p. m.

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# SUMMER ADVANTAGES OF BUTTE VALLEY

The topography of northern California shows what is offered as summer sports to the people in the vicinity of Butte Valley. Here is a clipping from a Siskiyou County paper which tells of a trip to Mt. Shasta which will be read with interest by those who love to see something of nature.

On the morning of the third the party started with a four horse team, two light spring wagons and one saddle horse. They passed the copper mines on the Yellow Buttes about half past nine, and in a couple of hours they stopped to eat a lunch and pack their provisions on the backs of the horses and make other preparations for further ascent. All afternoon they labored up the ashy mountain side without anything but muddy water to drink. At last when the sun was almost down they reached their camp ground at the upper timber line. Dry wood was gathered and a fire started to guard against the cold winds which began to blow.

On the morning of the Fourth they began their climb toward the lofty summit, which though it seemed near was far above them. They were soon high enough to look down over a bank of white clouds, dazzling in the morning sunlight, which hung over Butte Creek Valley, and hid it from their view. Of Shasta Valley they had a splendid view. As they went higher they passed great cracks in the snow and ice, the bottom of which could not be seen. The cameras were used extensively while they prodded their way through the snow. At length it became too steep to climb on the snow so they took to what appeared to be a large rocky ledge on the side of the mountain projecting above the snow, but it proved to be nothing less than a mass of rocks on top of a huge body of ice. This is part of the glacier that people tell about on Mt. Shasta. At certain times rocks could be heard or even seen rolling down the mountain side. The party supposed that snow melting from around and underneath them had allowed them to start. As the party neared the summit they were able to see down into the rugged crater on the west side of the mountain. There they could see ponds of green stagnant water or ice in the bottom. The next points of interest were the hot sulphur springs boiling and steaming from the ground near the summit. Beautiful rocks formed from the minerals in this water lay scattered near by. After filling their pockets with these they went on, the party being much scattered by this time because a few of the youngest and strongest had gone far ahead.

At about ten o'clock four had reached the summit; at eleven five were there; then before the other three successful ones got there seven men from Weed who had been toiling up the south side arrived. Later out other three arrived and finally came one man from Sacramento. Altogether there were fifteen who reached the top on that day and were the first of the season to write their names in the register. Among these fifteen was Miss Barbour, who was the only lady who stood the trip. Together they viewed the country around and told their experiences climbing the mountain, although some of them had never met before.

On the night of the Fourth all nine of our party were circled around the camp fire talking about that "snow clad mountain peak" which they had just climbed. They discussed and argued about the different questions which suggested themselves to them until almost midnight. They all agreed that Mt. Shasta is wearing away with great rapidity. Rocks are rolling down from steep sides, streams are carrying great loads of gravel down into the lava beds, while the glacier is bringing down great loads of dirt and rocks. In time the whole mountain will be nothing but a huge bare point of solid rock still crumbling and falling away.

## NEWS ITEMS.

The Moore-Nine sawmill was disabled last Thursday. While sawing a short log the rear dog was left in the way of the saws. The saws were taken to Weed to be repaired and the mill will resume operations the first of the week.

D. S. Buterbaugh has been employed to teach the Macdoel school.

D. M. Snider drove to Yreka Sunday.

H. W. Allen and Arthur Teegarden were in Doris Sunday.

Born, July 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Whedon, a baby boy.

W. N. Nine preached at Long Prairie Sunday.

**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND COMPANY**

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# PRACTICAL HINTS

## For the Summer Season

The illustration here given shows the cover page of an interesting little pamphlet, bearing above caption, just issued by Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons of Chicago, Ill. It contains much valuable information in regard to the treat-



The great success which attended Dr. Peter Fahrney's medical practice in the early sixties and the renown which he since gained as a manufacturer of family medicines can only be attributed to the sterling merits of the remedies he prescribed and later on prepared and supplied to the public. Among these remedies, Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer, the old blood and constitutional remedy, is, of course, best known.

The purpose of this little brochure is, however, to call attention to Dr. Peter's Stomach Vigor, a remedy likewise of his preparation which has been used for many years with the most striking success but which has never been advertised. A word about this preparation is, at this time of year, most timely, adapted as it is, specifically for those ailments which are so characteristic of the summer and fall, such as diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, cholera infantum (summer complaint), bloody flux, cramps and all relaxed conditions of the bowels.

Dr. Peter's Stomach Vigor is a purely vegetable preparation and contains no opiates or narcotic substances but only such ingredients which will do good and can therefore be administered to the most delicate child as well as adult with absolute safety. It checks the unnatural movements of the bowels at once, not violently, but gently. It soothes the irritated mucous membrane. It allays the inflammation. It corrects the acidity. It strengthens the relaxed conditions and gives ease and comfort. A dose has no sooner been administered than its beneficial results are experienced. It is a remedy which never disappoints. The properties of the Stomach Vigor cannot be better set forth than in the words of a celebrated medical author, who, in speaking of its formula, said: "It is an invaluable remedy for cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhoea. It is Anti-acid, Anti-dysentric, and I may say, Anti-choleraic. Nothing I have ever seen can compare with it in cholera morbus, dysentery, and other diseases of the stomach and bowels.

Everybody is subject more or less to disorders of the stomach. Young and old are liable to attack. Young children, however, who have but little strength to withstand the terribly weakening effects, suffer most severely. The mortality among infants during the summer months is really appalling, and yet these ailments are not in themselves necessarily fatal or even dangerous.

What, then, is the trouble? Simply lack of proper treatment at the outset, coupled with neglect of the ordinary rules of health and hygiene. We consider the treatment of these bowel troubles, especially in the case of little children, of such vital importance, that we have published in this pamphlet under the caption, "A Word to Mothers," a special article which every mother should read and profit by, etc., etc.

ment and cure of those ailments which are so characteristic of the heated term.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons enjoy a well-earned prestige as manufacturers of standard family medicines. Neither they nor their remedies are strangers to Inglenook families. Copies of the pamphlet together with other interesting literature will be sent gratis on request. We print herewith a portion of the introductory article:

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# THE INGLENOOK

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Vol. X.

July 28, 1908

No. 30.

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## The Tale of Six Cities

O. H. Kimmel

### CITY IV. Berlin: Militarism vs. Socialism.

BERLIN is the embodiment of Co-operativeism. It is also the center of militarism. While the people are working out what they consider is the best thing for their civic good, the tramp, tramp of troops, and the clang of the implements of militarism can be heard on the great thoroughfares. While the city is the embodiment of Co-operativeism or Socialism, it is said to be one of the most beautiful cities, and the best governed city in the world. Its great civic pride, its good moral atmosphere and its cleanliness are almost proverbial. The city from center to circumference seems to be the very embodiment of system, and of uniformity in architectural skill and natural surroundings.

The city administration, as is shown by the very appearance of the city itself, is as systematic and clean and artistic in its direction of the civic affairs of the city as human ingenuity can make itself to be. The city council is made up of good men of clean character, who are successful and upright in their vocations in life, and men who serve the city absolutely without pay. When a man is chosen to be a member of the council, in all probability, if he does not decline, he may remain in the official position until death, for the German seems to feel that the longer a man may serve in such capacity the more useful he becomes to the municipality. This American idea of passing the thing around so that many citizens may be equally honored receives no sympathy from the average German, who desires a well-administered city government.

Graft, too, is not known in the city government. Corruption and graft are absolutely discountenanced by either officials or people. When any city improvement is needed, the officials determine what procedure would be best for the general public, and, when this is figured out, the official course is determined. No influence, except the will of the general public, influences the council in any degree whatsoever.

This condition is a surprise to the American public,

which has grown accustomed to at least a small amount of dishonesty and graft in a public office. An American knows, from home experience, very little about honest administration of public affairs, and the general free and easy anarchical non-observance of law that is found in this country, especially in our cities, seems to have become a part of our national existence. Yet our people are waking up as if conscience-smitten and are swinging toward righteousness. Whether this "swinging" will continue until graft, avarice, and corruption are driven from our public administration, is not known, and nothing except the trend of future events can reveal it to us; but we can hardly imagine a great people, rising in its wrath against an octopus of evil, and then reclining again in sleep, to permit the enraged evil to devour the very vitals of our institutions. We believe that it is a permanent swing toward respect for law, toward patriotic observance of public good and toward a conscientious sense of public decency.

Such a sense as this exists in Germany. The city of Berlin has many laws, and all of its citizens respect and obey them. And every thing in the city is a product of the municipality. It owns and controls its railroads, its car lines, its lighting and heating and watering equipments; it owns and controls every public utility and operates them all at a profit and at a small cost to the general public. German railroads are better than American railroads because they make better time, run on easier schedule, and, because the roadbeds, rolling stock and employees are up to the standard, and they have fewer accidents and run on time more than our roads. Their depots and station grounds are more beautiful, and public crossings are made safe because the railroad is not on the same grade level as the thoroughfare. The street cars are well operated and at less cost than if run by private individuals under franchise; the same thing is true of all the public utilities, and the equipment is for the convenience of the general public, and not so made as to throw the least cost on the installing of the



utility. An example of this is seen in the trolley wire poles which, instead of being great pine poles, the very scepters of trees, are ornamented iron posts which have the street lights artistically arranged thereon. The telephone pole, such a horror, danger and nuisance to most American cities is obliterated by laying the wires under ground. In fact, so great is the contrast between Berlin and our American cities that it is said, that Berlin's most homely streets are nicer and more cleanly than the best streets in any American city.

In order to cleanse the streets, they are flooded and scrubbed periodically, and effectively. Public waste boxes, beautifully decorated, catch anything that would thoughtlessly be tossed into the street in American cities. No one throws anything into the street in Berlin. If he should do so he would prompt-

and all other expenses that might be attributed to it, and pays a handsome profit besides.

Garbage and ashes are removed from the houses in closed buckets, and are dumped into an especially prepared receptacle, mounted on a vehicle, without being exposed to air or wind, thus entirely doing away with the dust that would otherwise arise. The German has also solved the tramp question and he does not appear on the German streets.

Street advertising, too, is of a milder nature than that seen in America. The great billboard with its red lines, lewd pictures, advertisements of malt liquors and brewed goods, so common in our cities, is unknown there. Small pillars are erected at regular intervals upon the street corners which contain about all of the advertising matter.

The public noise nuisance is also well under con-



Heidelberg Castle, on the Rhine, Germany.

ly be arrested, and, what is worse to him, such is the public pride in this city, he would be looked upon with scorn by all his acquaintances. So clean is everything everywhere that it is said an American traveler in Berlin wonders what has become of the dirt and waste, for he cannot conceive of such tidiness day after day, week after week, and year after year.

The sewage, even, is a source of profit instead of expense to the city, so well is the city administration wrought out. This sewage is carried to the outside of the city onto a large tract of land owned by the municipality. Upon this land the sewage empties, thus fertilizing the municipal farm until the fruit and vegetables grown there under the influence of this fertilization are sufficient to go upon the market, pay all the expenses of the sewage, the farm operation,

trol and the discordant yell of the newsboy, or news man, the peanut vender's uncanny whistle, the over use of the street car bell, the bell and whine and grind organ of the beggar, the megaphone, the umbrella to mend and scissors grinder fellow, or the boy with the tin whistle—all are controlled by ordinance and ever-zealous policemen.

The clean street cars run without jerks and bounds, and the noisy ringing of fares is replaced by a receipt system. The conductor is courteous, and sees to the comfort of the passengers. No one is permitted to stand in the aisles and only a designated number on the platform. The cars stop at regular intervals, at which places posts are erected on which are stated the routes and times of city cars. The whole arrangement, from every viewpoint tends toward the in-

insurance of the happiness of the people of the city, and the idea of combining the beauty in architecture with the beauty in nature, and the practical belief that cleanliness is next to godliness has given to the world, in the city of Berlin, a beautiful, moral and wholesome city.

Besides looking after the public welfare of its people, the municipality does all within its power to encourage and promote individual and private thrift and enterprise. It has established municipal savings banks, municipal pawn shops, old-age pensions for working men, municipal life and accident insurance, municipal slaughter houses, municipal market halls and municipal sanitary inspection, besides all of the municipal utility services that have been mentioned.

It seems that all the essentials of happiness that

we find the two opposing forces in government, Militarism and Socialism both worked out to their highest points of effectiveness.

But the military display in Berlin is of the nation and not of the municipality. Berlin is the capital of the German Empire, and its military display is the pride of the Emperor and the boast of his friends throughout the world. In the German army is found the most effective organization and discipline in all the world.

The Emperor is the embodiment of militarism. He does not countenance the socialistic movement in Germany as Franz Josef does the democratic movement in Austria. He believes in absolutism, and is a rather belated exponent of "the divine right of kings." "In his opinion the object of education," says Val-



Dürer's House, Nuremberg, Germany.

any city could control are in the hands of the city council of Berlin. Co-operation seems to be the general spirit of the city in its every sense.

In Austria we noticed that Franz Josef combined democracy with feudalism to make his reign effective. Here, in this German city we see the triumph of the co-operative system, and the people are realizing the very blessings that come from such a system. It is rather strange to say that, in a city which governs itself on a co-operative basis,—and in doing so, governs itself better than any city in the world,—we see displayed the greatest array of militarism found anywhere in the world. The German army is the pride of the Emperor and the boast of the Empire. All Europe arms itself to cope with the great military power of Germany. In this condition in Berlin

bert, "is to create obedient subjects and loyal supporters of the crown." He sees, in Berlin, a city almost as large as Chicago, in actual operation the form of government which he dislikes, but he is sincere in the feeling that such a form of government extended to the entire Empire would assure its utter ruin. He reverences the spirit of his militarist grandfather, William the First, but he treats the democratic ideas of his father, Frederick the Third, with much indifference. More than any other ruler in Europe, except the Czar, William is ambitious, and, in order to carry out his ambitious desires he feels that he must have behind him a great military power. Hence he idolizes his army and is very desirous of constantly improving it in strength and effectiveness. And thus in Berlin, the beautiful city of Europe,



where co-operativeness and the spirit of municipal pride have established the museums and art galleries, the beautiful Unter den Linden, the University, and the Avenue of Victory, we see the royal palaces, which carry its ruler back to the days of the early Hohenzollern family, when it proclaimed itself an adherent of "the divine right of kings," or to the days when it embraced the faith of Martin Luther, and thus sprang into a house of power and influence which has culminated in the great German Empire, and we find the present ruler desiring, not only to add to the glory of his family, but to extend his Empire until this house shall lead the world in power and influence.

And the Emperor has much in his favor. He is still a comparatively young man, and he is an effective diplomatist. He has formed a friendship with the old Sultan of Turkey, and, as a result of this friendship, is permitted to extend German franchises and enterprises into Turkey. He seems to throw the strong arm of protection around the Turkish government, and assist in holding its tottering remnants together. This, the world believes, is done, to insure Germany a safe footing on the inside track when the international carving knife is applied to Turkey, after the old sultan has passed this life. He sees, too, in the possible impending dissolution of Austria-Hungary a rock thrown out of the road and more wheat thrown into his till which will enable him to carry out the desires of his heart.

His doctrine is the doctrine of force and absolutism. It is strange that so intelligent a people as the people of Germany permits itself to be so ruled, yet the Emperor does not molest his people greatly in their pursuits. The German mind has taken to science rather than politics, hence it, nationally speaking, is little concerned about the government, so long as it is stable and not cruel. The people who are interested in government in the empire represent,—as one should judge from what has been said,—the two opposing parties, the military and the socialist parties. Another thing that figures in the German politics is the religious question, and in studying the situation it develops that the Catholics are overrepresented, while the Socialists are underrepresented. This fact, judging from recent events and the attitude of the Emperor, seems to be to the Emperor's liking, for he is doing all within his power to keep down the strength of Socialism. Bismarck has said, "The unity of Germany is to be brought about, not by speeches, nor by votes and majorities, but by *blood and iron*." This idea is thoroughly infused in the Emperor, yet for all this the socialistic idea is growing more rapidly in Germany than anywhere else in the world, and if we are to judge the future elections, by the past, it can not be many years until "votes and majorities" shall rule the Empire instead of "*blood and iron*." In

this the Emperor sees defeat for his plans of extending the German domain to the Bosphorus and beyond the Golden Horn into Asia. Hence his attitude is to discourage the spread of Socialism, and to encourage any power that may tend to bar its progress. Thus, at the present time, he has partially joined hands with the religious party which stands opposed to the Socialist party. If he can stay the progress of Socialism until the time when he can extend his empire, he feels that he can give it a crushing blow, but, if it should gain control of the empire, and embody its doctrines as laws, then his power would be lessened, the great army would be destroyed, the caste system would be attacked, the present collective system of ownership would be extended from city to empire, and last of all, the throne would have to be given up.

And the Emperor has reason to be alarmed. We do not see political and civil strife in Germany as in Russia, but we see there this general world-wide feeling of unrest. The people are thinking in Germany, and Germans are good thinkers. They are educated and cultured, and orderly, and are home lovers. They will think it all out before they strike, and they will be sure that they are right before they make a forward movement.

Among the great Socialist leaders of Germany we would name William Liebknecht—who did much for the cause of Socialism before he died—and August Bebel the present Socialist leader in the Empire.

The Socialists see victory for their cause ahead, and they have the proof that their form of government is the better, in the city governments in the Empire. The cause is growing rapidly and what the outcome will be only future years can tell. But while Emperor William is ambitious to extend his domain into Asia, August Bebel and his followers are ambitious to extend Socialism to every part of the Empire, and to show to the world, what they consider will be the best government that has ever existed on the face of the earth.



DR. WILLIAM DE HYDE, president of Bowdoin College, gives this advice to teachers:

"Live in the active voice, intent on what you can do rather than what happens to you; in the indicative mode, concerned with the facts as they are, rather than what they might be; in the present tense, concentrated on the duty in hand, without regret for the past or worry about the future; in the first person, criticising yourself rather than condemning others; in the singular number, seeking the approval of your own conscience, rather than popularity with the many."



WHEN a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one reason for letting it alone.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

# The Pretty Brown Thrasher

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

THE brown thrasher belongs to the family which is composed of thrashers and wrens. This is divided into two sub-families. One of these includes the thrashers, southern mockingbirds, and cat birds, and the other is composed of the wrens. This classification places the thrasher among our best singers, where it certainly belongs.

The earlier bird writers described this bird as being so shy that it rarely left the tangled undergrowth of the woodlands. But birds, as well as other creatures, change their habits to suit changed conditions, and now we frequently have the brown thrasher near our homes in towns and villages. No doubt it prefers dense thickets near water. The more thorny and interwoven with vines these are, the more they are preferred by the thrashers; as here they are best protected from their enemies and are sure of finding abundance of food.

The brown thrasher is a bird of many names, as, brown thrush, tawny thrush, ground thrush, brown mockingbird, English mockingbird, etc. Its length is about eleven and one-half inches.

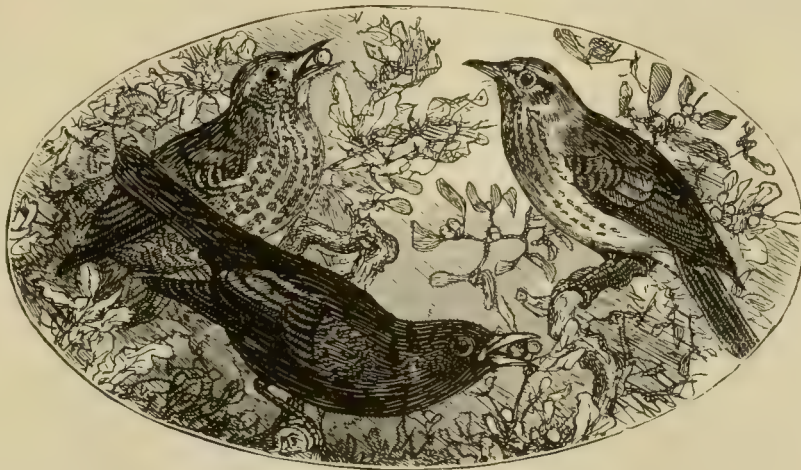
The bill resembles that of the cuckoo, being long and heavy at the base, curved, pointed, black above, yellowish below. In addition to these peculiarities of the cuckoo, strong bristles grow at the base of the bill. Above it is a bright reddish brown, darkest on the wings; below white with black spots forming longitudinal streaks. The tail is long, well rounded and opens and closes like a fan. Undeniably it shows its relationship to the wren family by the constant twitching and wagging of its tail, which Miss Blanchan says it does to help express its emotions. The feet are long and well adapted to a life of scratching for a living in the thickets among the leaves. In appearance the male and female are much alike; the latter may be distinguished by the spots on the breast being smaller than those of her mate.

Its range of migration extends from the Gulf States north to southern Canada and Maine, and west to the Rocky Mountains. It comes North the latter

part of March and in April. The first pair to arrive at our village home this year greeted us from the top of an apple tree near the house on the afternoon of April 10. They remained but a few minutes, the male singing his most pleasing notes by way of an introduction to the season's chorus. They flew to an arbor vitæ hedge on the grounds of a neighbor and repeated the performance. The song of the thrasher, at first, is heard only at intervals; but as soon as spring has poured out its wealth of blossoms and warm breezes, and all the smaller songsters have arrived, its song is heard from all sides. The song consists entirely of original notes, those of other birds never entering into the composition. The variety is wonderful, also the manner in which the notes melt into one another. During the season of incu-

bation the male repeats his song, hour after hour, from the topmost limb of some tree near by where his mate is sitting, reminding one of Browning's lines:

"He sings each song twice over,  
Lest we should think he never  
could recapture  
The first fine, careless rapture."



About the middle of May, in the Northern States, the male and female will often be seen flying about bushes and hedges. They follow each other closely as they skim over the ground. In the Osage Orange hedges which surround many of the farms in Illinois and Indiana, and which sometimes extend miles along the country roads, often five or six nests can be found in a mile's walk. In these close and thorny hedges the nests are built at a height of three to five feet from the ground, and so carefully are they concealed in the dense foliage that they can not be seen without bending the branches aside. Here they are well protected, for it is difficult to reach them without scratching one's hands. Cats, squirrels and other small animals, are likewise unable to get at the nest in such a situation.

The nest is roughly built of small twigs and rootlets, and lined with finer rootlets and hair. By the latter part of May the usual number of eggs, which is



from three to five, has been laid. The ground color varies from a white or a creamy color to a very pale greenish blue, which is speckled over the entire surface with reddish brown.

Professor Judd says that "two-thirds of this bird's food is animal; the vegetable food is mostly fruit, but the quantity taken from cultivated crops is offset by three times that volume of insects. In destroying insects they are helping to keep in check organisms the undue increase of which disturbs the balance of nature and threatens our welfare."

*Spiceland, Ind.*



### THOUGHTS ON NATURE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

WHY is sunshine so conducive to dreams, and why do dreams so often take on a reminiscent turn? I suppose I might as well ask, Why are the stars set without order in the heavens, or why do April showers bring rainbows?

It was a most commonplace thing that started my reverie. A toad—a great ugly, blinking toad, sitting in the shade of a geranium leaf snapping flies. How I do abominate toads! But that is what set me thinking. What place, I wondered, could so hideous a creature have in the plan of the universe? Not that of beauty, not—

But the flash of a red tongue gave answer,—to rid plants of insects! But what, in turn, were insects good for? My head began to swim, and I said to myself, "Let's change the subject." But it was not so easily done, for there still sat his Majesty, the toad, and though I shuddered at the fate of each victim of his insatiable hunger, I somehow could not take away my eyes or thoughts.

Soon, by a psychological train of thought, I was back to my zoölogy days—the days of the red-backed notebook and the little case of shiny instruments, and gracious! even the memory of those crawfish in alcohol was so strong that my handkerchief instinctively went to my nose. And I remembered with what keen regret I used for the first time the little scissors, that I might discover the mysteries of the crawfish's anatomy. Mystery it was, to be sure, and it was the discovery process that taught me to understand why the professor of science so often chose for his chapel reading, the psalm beginning, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

Aye, his handiwork. Even the earthworm, the clam and the grasshopper, exemplified the same great wisdom in fitting out each created thing for its particular purpose. Then the scene of my reverie shifted, and it was spring.

Spring and student days! The smell of moist, fresh earth, of green growing things, leisurely walks along

budded ways—and a search for botany specimens. But the searcher forgot to analyze in the joy of finding the little wild beauties, forgot to sketch out of sheer happiness in being alive, and had the gaining of knowledge depended on this season of dreamy languor, then alas for knowledge!

But as the trees stored up their energy in the winter, so the secrets of nature were being stored for the oft-dry pages of a text-book while skies were leaden and before the brown grass beneath the snow had felt the stir of life.

There was one chapter, however, more fascinating than an Egyptian novel—the chapter setting forth the theories of the "struggle for existence" and the "survival of the fittest." What food for thought they afforded! And in the light of these theories, how almost heroic seemed the cacti of the desert and the sagebrush of the plain. Foolish? Perhaps, but would it not be more foolish to shut eyes and ears to the lessons Nature so unobtrusively teaches?

But again the scene shifted, and behold, the greatest of revelations—geology! Not for the names of those prehistoric animals (does anyone ever remember them, I wonder?) for the fact that the horse was originally five-toed and several sizes smaller than it now is—but because it unfolded the panorama of the earth's history from the time when it was hurled as a fragment into space through the eons of ages of which man cannot conceive. Metals and precious stones—gold, silver, diamonds, the baubles for which men sometimes sell their souls—became but incidental results in the working of the force that makes and un-makes worlds. Through them we heard the groanings of the earth, felt the upheaval of its mighty bosom, saw the play of savage waters, and realized the relentlessness of time.

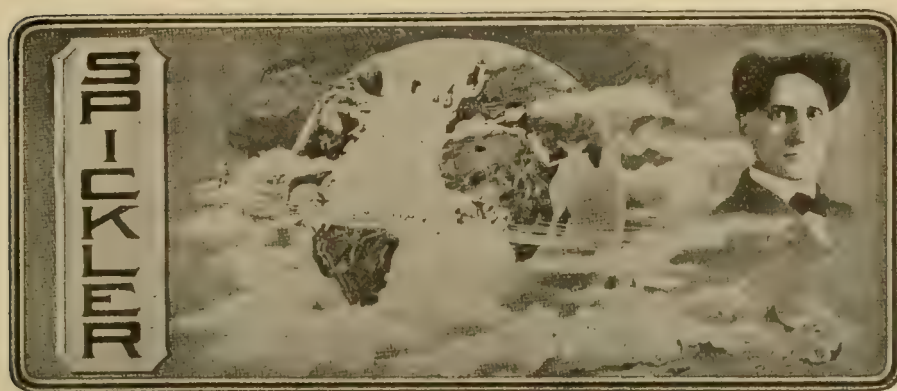
But I should soon have been stalking mastodons, had not my thoughts been interrupted just then by the appearance of a serpent in my little garden of Eden, and gathering myself together, in a move which was at once rapid and scientific, I proved one of the few things my memory retains from geometry—that *a straight line is the shortest distance between two points*, the points in this case being the ground on which I was seated and the hammock.



It was not God's purpose that people should be crowded into cities, huddled together in terraces and tenements. In the beginning he placed our first parents amidst the beautiful sights and sounds he desires us to rejoice in today. The more nearly we come into harmony with God's original plan, the more favorable will be our position to secure health of body, and mind, and soul.—*Selected.*



"GREAT minds have purposes; others have wishes."



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XV.

It is the old story over again, everywhere and for all time, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and, "You must work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

The man with money seeks to get the most out of it. The man with muscle seeks to get the most out of that. The man with capital becomes hardhearted and cruel toward those whom he ought to employ. The man with the muscle of industry grows fearful of the same capital that controls him, is crushed by the contempt of the man of wealth above him and learns in time to cultivate a hate for him and his heartless power. He is also a shirker and does as little as possible. The gentleman of leisure with the money that wins his independence becomes arrogant, selfish, coldhearted and unfeeling. The more he makes, the more he is led to believe that God has been blessing him in direct ratio to his own goodness. He is apt to think that the Creator endowed him with better reason, a finer imagination, and a more worthy destiny than the brother who does his work for him. Unheeding the text of Scripture, "Rob not the poor because he is poor," the rich man lords it over the workingman, and in the nefarious spirit of the trust, compels him to work for a mere living, and when that wage rises above his living, then the trust, by some hellish ingenuity, known only to belong to the brutal knaves of high finance, finds a means to reduce his wage, or raise his expenses, and thus contrive to keep that man poor and

a slave and an abject dependent upon their wage.

The English landlord has lived at home,—in England. He seldom pays a visit to his land in Ireland. For several reasons he does not want to see his farms there. One is that he has little or no respect for the Irish. The other is that he is afraid to visit his farms. He usually sees them through another's eyes. Wider and wider grows this gap between the English and Irish, between two temperaments so different as never to become reconciled by law, court or Gospel,—reconciled to anything short of liberty, right to self-

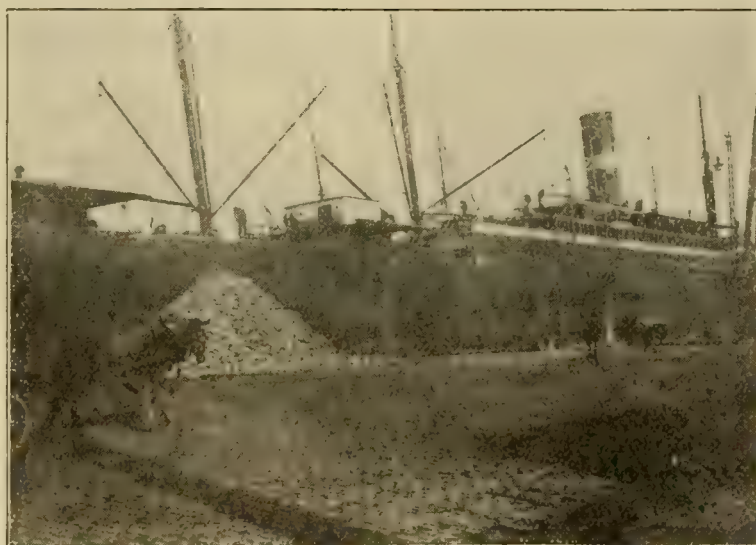
government, and taxation only by perfect representation,—the primary fundamentals granted by the Gospel.

But the English landlord does come once in a while. When he does come, it is to ride, with many of his hale companions, over the farms of his renters, in the hunt of the fox, or the hare. It is usually denied the renter in Great Britain to take the game that

feeds upon his own crops, and to fish in the streams that flow right by his door is a misdemeanor.

The warm influence of the Gospel of the Master might soften the heart of the peasant and win him to a righteous life and to an equity that was honorable, but it has never, in the two thousand years of progress, made any great impression upon hardhearted capitalists whose minds and hearts were corroded with the lust of great wealth. "It is hard," the Bible says, "for the rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." And the Bible knew.

*Three Remedies.* There are three remedies pro-



Shipbuilding in Belfast. Ship about Ready to Sail on her Maiden Voyage. Coaling Up.



posed for the vexing land question. Do any of them meet the needs of the Irish peasant whose prosperity must be guaranteed?

First, land purchase to be universal and compulsory.

Second, conciliation by joint conference.

Third, a land bill, seeking to bring both landlord and tenant to good terms with one another and the government.

As to the first remedy,—compulsory sale presupposes a compulsory buyer. The tenant on the farm would be compelled, by this law,—for he it is who is meant to be the purchaser in the sale,—to buy the farm. But if he couldn't and didn't buy it, a mortgage-writer would often become the new and more impertinent landlord.

As to the second,—is this possible? Could so conflicting parties be reconciled? Echo everywhere answers, "I don't think so." The reply of the conference, which might meet in Dublin or Cork or Belfast, would be for all Ireland. It could not, without going, beyond its prerogative, its power or, at least its ability to judge, take into consideration the details of differences of localities and circumstances and objects. But different parts

of the Island require different treatments,—special treatments, that would not be wanted, much less demanded by other parts of the country.

I have formulated at least seven conditions of relation between tenant and landlord in Ireland:

1. Both are content to remain the same. The peasant is willing to stay on the farm—he couldn't get away without starving, often, if he tried. The landlord is willing to have him stay. He couldn't receive so much interest on his investment by any other means of cultivating it.

2. Both are content to remain the same in general, but not in particular. He is willing to pay the landlord the stipulated sum, but he is unwilling to live in the cold, wet cabin without repairs, or carry the drinking water a half a mile from a spring.

3. Landlord willing to sell to tenant unwilling to buy.

4. Landlord wishing to sell to tenant willing but unable to buy.

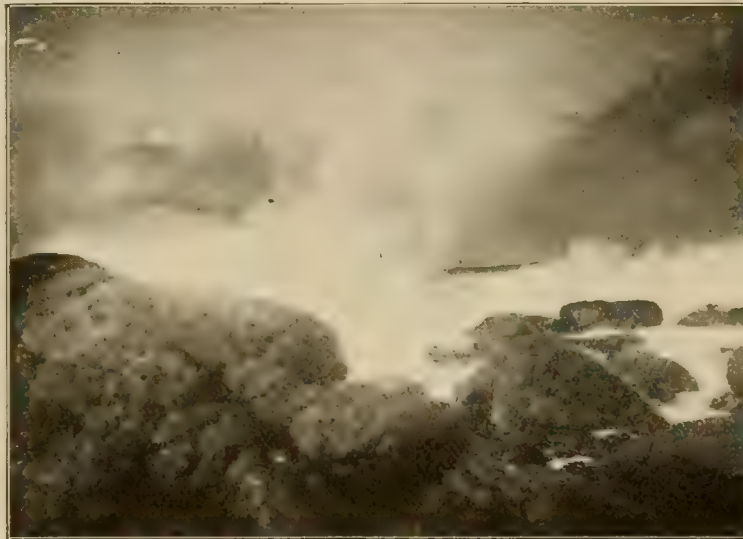
5. Landlord wishing to sell to tenant willing to buy but unwilling to buy it at the high price asked.

6. Landlord wishing to sell and tenant wishing to buy, and at the price asked, but not on the terms of payment.

7. Tenant wishing to buy, but landlord refusing to sell. This is the most important one of them all.

I found some farmers paying as much as twenty-five dollars rental for three or four acres of very poor ground. But there were others who had better land for less rent. Many of the peasants have contracted the disease of morbid discontent until they imagine their conditions bad whether they are so or not. It is a case of chronic grouchingness. They are born to hate the government and the English landlord.

I found some most excellent farmers, farmers and not peasants,—gentlemen with fine families, living in comparative comfort, delighted with their farms, enjoying the fine air of that splendid climate, finding in the Irish hills the love of patriotism that burned bright in their breasts. But these were the exception, for the greater part of the country districts of



Sea View in Storm, Northwest Coast of Ireland, near Giant's Causeway.  
This Wave Broke over the Rocks Making Mr. Spickler  
Flee for His Life.

Ireland are sadly out of repair, barren looking and in need of something that it seems impossible to supply.

But the country and people require much study. Only the superficial visitor might be able to suggest a workable remedy,—workable to his own mind.

Ireland must be critically studied, sympathetically studied, by honest students, reliable politicians and far-seeing statesmen. People looked at through telescopes require cannon-balls to reach them.

#### Chapter XVI.

Just listen at these names! I crossed the Glashogarriff stream, romantic in beauty, rode thru the town of Carrigadrobid, across the River Lee, and wheeled among the Derrynasoggart Mountains to Macroom where a long while ago nine Irishmen were hung for the murder of an inoffensive man, the heads of the men remaining impaled on spikes over the jail

door for over thirty years afterward,—most terrible examples of ironic vengeance of the law.

Then I crossed a sedgy swamp to the town of Inchigeelagh and allowed the Carrynacurra Castle to frown down at me from its rough escarpment near the Gouganebarra Lake, crossed the pass of Keimaneigh, and with the Knockmealdown Mountains at my back coasted towards Glengariff. Why it's enough to scare you to have a native say "Gouganebarra" at you. And if the wheeling wasn't fine and the scenery majestic, and the people interesting and kind, few tourists would venture through places with such names as these!

I was nearing the most beautiful lakes in the world,—Killarney.

From Windy Gap in the mountains I coasted right down into the lakes for eight miles, over the most glorious of roads, riding in my shirt sleeves, in the winter time, with my cap tied to the handle bars, and the fresh air fanning my flushed cheeks.

Who would dare to attempt to pay, in cold cash, the value to the tourist of that first impression, as the panorama of the lakes, smiling below there in silver-mirrored faces, gradually unfolded their full surface to the enthusiastic cyclist! A dim, mysterious vale of cloud and mist hung in places over them, as if by their tantalizing disclosures their half-concealing, half-revealing coquetry they would increase my fascination. The gradient became steeper and steeper. It glided from rocky gulches into open views and under arching trees, then around and around and back again, turning, winding, twisting, but falling all the time and leaving behind me the grand and terrible mountains, reaching up into the sunset of evening. I no longer doubt the reality of fairies. Fairy books are as real as science books. I was in fairy land, and a man who has been there, ought to know. This earth, crunched and crumpled by the titanic might of geology, devastated by flood and by army, sinned against by its crowning creation, is a Garden of Eden yet to those whose eyes are opened.

At a little less than a mile a minute I glided along the silent lakes, among the sweet shrubs that hid them from my gaze as I rode in this natural cove of overarching trees and trailing flowers.

That night I went to bed, as I usually do,—at night. But after I found I could not sleep, for the intoxicating ecstasy of the spell, when the others had all fallen asleep, I left the house of my host, silently, and stole out into the perfect night.

The light of a full moon and the stars was so remarkably brilliant that the shade cast by the trees along the bank of the lakes was as decided as at day. It was one of the few but real midsummer-nights' dreams. It was such a night in which sleeping would have been a sin. Here, walled in by great moun-

tains, lying under the fair face of the moon, the lakes lay dreaming. It was the sweetest and softest picture of delight God ever painted for me at night-time. I could see across the lakes as easily as in the daytime. A bird flying across it was plainly discernable as it actually chirped a few notes in a song made to order for the night.

Here, among the big trees, breathing the strange fragrance of flowers never seen before, as they mixed their rare odors with the balsam of the pine and other trees whose names I had yet to learn, I walked or loitered, dreaming in the dream all around me.

It was extraordinary that I should leave the house of my host after he had put me to bed. But the night was extraordinary, and the scene before me was still more so. There was good reason for my being there. With the promise from Lord Clommel to send me over his big game preserves to see the wild deer, on the following day, the mellowed light of night, with the hand of silent power, pressed my forehead into a soothing slumber of wide-awakeness that was more restful than the deepest sleep. I was at Killarney! I had found it a paradise beyond the words of travelers before me.

I had passed several gurgling waterfalls that came from the mountain sides to find their cradle in the lake. Birds, awakened by the bright night as much as by my footsteps, fluttered in the green tree-tops above me and with a few rebuking twitters, sought another leafy bed.

It was so still I could hear my heart beat. Only the gentle murmur of the waterfall left behind, broke the silent quiet rest of nature, man and beast.

While thus sauntering, musing, glad that I was around, there came to my startled ear the noise as of approaching footsteps.

Abruptly I stopped in my tracks, on tiptoe, listening and looking in the direction of the noise. Who was it that was coming? It might be the night policeman who patrols the roads here to take into custody any suspicious-looking stranger and to keep the lives and property of the natives from danger.

I would be required to explain why I was out here, all alone, who I was, and where I came from. It was bad to be arrested. It might be worse to miss the glorious scenes of the night before me.

I could go back with the policeman to the Keeper's House, and calling the gentleman from his repose, could explain, before the policeman why I had been found out there along the lake, after he had given me shelter for the night. But the fact that I had deliberately left his house, after he had shown me my bed, without speaking to him about it, and a total stranger, too, to walk out along the lake and be found sneaking around the palaces of rich gentlemen,—at night, might not be the easiest thing to clear up.



A stranger, after having retired at a private house, found after midnight, loitering around the game preserves, by a policeman!

Stranger dilemma can hardly be imagined. I wondered why I had done it. "Can't yez see it on the map?"

The noise might have been made by a tramp. Or, a cow, living on the green grass along the lake, might have been grazing even now. But the noise was like moving feet. The dense shade of a bushy tree came almost to my feet. Into this covert of shade I glided noiselessly, and breathlessly waited for something to happen.

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### THE FAILURES.

We who have failed, remember this of us—

O you whose hands have grasped the luminous  
And lovely thing that is your soul's desired,  
Though once we fell and blundered on the way,  
Though now we turn shamed faces from the day,  
Remember this, that once we, too, aspired.

We who have failed through weakness or surmise,  
Be gentle with us if we turn our eyes

Sometimes from sight of those victorious,  
Crowned and exultant on the farthest height,  
Seeing that once we watched our arms by night,  
Seeing that once we dreamed to triumph thus.

We who have failed in life and love and task,  
Surely not overmuch this gift we ask.

Be not too scornful, you whose glorious  
Undaunted souls passed on through flood and fire,  
Of those too weak to grasp a great desire.  
We who have failed, remember this of us.

—The Cosmopolitan.



### A THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF A GOOD SAMARITAN.

NEARLY all of our readers must have heard of Dr. Grenfell, who for years was the only physican for six hundred miles along the bleak, lonely coast of Labrador. What could possibly have induced this brilliant man, who was assistant to the Queen of England's physician, to fling his life away among those ignorant, uncouth deep-sea fishermen and the half-civilized Eskimos?

About two years ago he visited Chicago and spoke nine times to crowded houses in less than four days. He then told us that when he was an ambitious, worldly-minded young doctor, not appreciating there was any thing in life except eating, drinking, the theater, football and athletics, he happened to go by Mr. Moody's tent. Out of curiosity he stopped.

He came away feeling that Moody had something that was worth having, and also with the thought that his own life was unpractical and useless. With it came a conviction that his religion had been a humbug. He made up his mind to take Jesus Christ by simple faith to help him to do good in the world.

He learned of that most inhospitable part of the earth with brief summers, intense and long-drawn-out winters of terrible cold and fierce storms, and he decided to bestow his life in this, the most needy place he could find and there commend Christ to the fishermen.

We have not time in this article to tell of the co-operative stores that he started, the mills that he built to furnish employment in winter when there was no fish, the hospitals that he has founded up and down the coast, the orphan asylum, the schools that he has established, the breaking up of the iron rule of the grasping trader, the banishing of the curse of the saloon power and many other things that he did, even too numerous to mention.

In other words, he tried to preach the Gospel to these folks as he would like to have it preached to him if he had been in their place. He tried to do just what he thought Christ would do if he had been there.

Today every fisherman, every woman and child on that bleak coast know him. They have his name constantly on their lips, and he did it all just to *commend Christ*.

Perhaps a fisherman's wife is dying two hundred miles away: the poor, despairing husband starts out over mountain and valley to call Grenfell. No matter what time of day or night, he merely hitches up his dog team and starts out.

News has just reached civilization of the most thrilling experience of his life while on one of these errands of mercy:

"He was traveling over the ice with a pack of dogs, when he found himself driven off the coast by a moving ice field. Before he realized it he was in an area covered only with broken drift ice, and before he could stop the dogs the animals had carried him into the water. The dogs attempted to climb on Dr. Grenfell's back, and he was obliged to fight them before he was able to climb onto a solid piece of drift ice. The dogs also succeeded in saving themselves.

"With the wind blowing a gale from the north-west, the temperature ten below zero, and night at hand, the doctor would have been frozen to death, for his clothing was saturated, but for the originality and ingenuity he displayed. Taking off his skin boots, he cut them in halves and placed the pieces over his back and chest to shield those parts of his body from the blast.

"As the wind and cold increased when night came on, he determined to kill three of the dogs to afford him more warmth and to supply the other beasts with food, fearing that, becoming hungry, they would tear him to pieces.

"As it was they attacked him savagely and he was bitten terribly about the hands and legs. He spent a

trying night. He wrapped himself up in the skins of the dead dogs but still found it so cold that he repeatedly had to run about the ice to keep up the circulation of the blood.

"Hoping that next day he would be in sight of land, though the ice was fast receding from the shore, the doctor took the legs of the dead dogs and, binding them together, made a pole, to the top of which he attached part of his shirt, to serve as a signal, and this eventually proved to be his salvation, for the flag was seen by General Reid, and they effected a rescue."

Paul gives an explanation for such a life: "For the love of Christ constraineth us." Human love, which we have in common with the brute creation, merely looks after *me and mine*. And some are so destitute of natural affection that they do not even do that. But this divine love is a heavenly plant. you can't originate it by yourself any more than you can develop a case of smallpox, but you can catch it just the same as you can smallpox, and after you have caught it it is wonderful how others can catch it from you.

Dear reader, are you going about destitute of that love? You are missing the sweetest thing in life, for you are not getting by any manners of means all that is coming to you even in this life. Pray God that you may have his love shed abroad in your heart. (Rom. 5: 5.)—*The Lifeboat*.



#### THE ELECTROLYTIC PURIFICATION OF SEWAGE.

THE installation has just been completed at Santa Monica, Cal., of the first electric plant for the purification of sewage to be erected in the United States. The system is known as the Harris magneto-electrolytic process. It will be ready for operation just as soon as the necessary outfall pipes can be laid. The plant consists of two wooden tanks, each thirty feet long, two feet wide, and eighteen inches deep. Each tank is equipped with ten sets of electrodes and ten electro-magnets weighing three hundred pounds each. The electrodes are fitted with steam pipes for use in cleansing them. The electric energy is supplied by a direct-current generator of special construction, equipped with a motor and separate exciter. A generator of this pattern is required to obtain perfect results, as the requisite is low voltage and high amperage, in opposition to the requirements for power and light.

The plant is located in a concrete chamber which is equipped with two compartments sealed tight, into which the sewage is pumped from the receiving basin. The purpose of these chambers is to secure an equalized flow through the electric tanks, and their combined capacity is one million gallons per day. After

leaving these sealed chambers, or forebays, the sewage is allowed to flow into the tanks in sufficient volume to cover the electrodes and the magnets to a depth of three inches. The current is turned on as the sewage flows steadily over the wires and enters the outfall pipe. By that time it is supposed to be odorless and perfectly harmless.

What actually happens as the sewage passes through these charged tanks has not been scientifically determined; but experience has demonstrated that as the electric energy required for the operation of the plant is held, the effect is to immediately release the hydrogen, and as it leaves the water the oxygen is released. The constituents of water being oxygen and hydrogen, the releasing of the latter precipitates all of the inorganic matter, and the releasing of the former forms an ozone, which is responsible for the burning or oxidation of the organic matter. The result is that the sewage becomes immediately purified, and if passed through sand or other filter appears as pure sparkling water.

Experiments have demonstrated that the cost of the electric energy required for the operation of the plant will not be in excess of fifty cents for each million gallons treated. The plant is being installed by C. P. Chandler and L. G. Lautzenheiser, who have contracted to operate it during a period of sixty days to the satisfaction of the city council. At the end of that test period, should the system prove to be a success, the city will purchase the plant, the approximate cost of which is \$12 000.—*Scientific American*.



#### DATES THRIVE ON COLORADO DESERT.

RECENT experiments made at the government farm at Mecca, Arizona, with the date palm have proved that dates can be cultivated on the Colorado desert with equal the facility reached in the Sahara desert, from which the palms for the 15-acre Mecca farm were brought.

Although this farm has been in cultivation for only three years, already the palms are bearing well; and this season contain from one to three branches of dates, each bearing upward of twenty pounds.

A year ago it was believed that the Salton Sea was to overflow and submerge the Mecca farm, and the government officials purchased ten acres of land near Indio, to which the Mecca palms were to be removed. The water was stopped, however, and now the two farms will be utilized, suckers from the Mecca farm plants being transplanted at Indio.

Of the ten or more varieties there, some are very rare, and as soon as they come into their full bearing it is proposed to establish a packing house, and experiments with packing and shipping the fruit will be conducted on the extensive scale.—*Scientific American*.



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## AS YOU WOULD THAT OTHERS SHOULD DO.

THE campaign for a sane Fourth is gaining adherents at each return of Independence Day, and it is safe to say that before many years the papers at this season will have other events to chronicle than those which tell of the loss of life and limb as the result of a perverted observance of the day.

The editor of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, commenting on the efforts made to bring about a sane Fourth, urges the taking up of another "sanity" problem—"the problem of eliminating unnecessary and insincere violence of speech, offensive personalities and wholesale indictments from the national campaign of the summer and fall."

We have before us at present an example of our folly in following this uncharitable course toward those who do not agree with us in every particular. Mr. Cleveland as chief magistrate had bitter and savage detractors who refused to concede him any intellectual or moral virtue whatever. Today these very ruthless critics are exuberant in their praise of his character and services. There is not a trace of partisanship in the estimates of his life and personality.

"It is true that events and time are great teachers, and it is idle to ask militant and earnest men to be as impartial and deliberate in their first thoughts as they often are in retrospective judgments. Still, a great deal of campaign abuse and campaign heat are artificial and gratuitous, and a little common sense and justice will go far."

Continuing, the editor quotes from *The Century* which "makes a plea for a campaign of light and fact and is sure that a word from each of the presidential candidates might place the contest on a higher plane than it has ever occupied and help us to a more rational solution of public questions. Intemperate and hypocritical abuse only vulgarizes politics, befogs issues and confuses instead of educating the

people. We boast of the value of our campaigns as courses in economic and political questions, and with ample reason. Why not enhance this value by discouraging all unworthy and objectionable features?"

This is noble sentiment and it is to be hoped that it will find a response in the earnest efforts of the people who love truth and justice. And why not extend this sanity campaign further? Are we not, in our everyday relations with our fellow-men, too much inclined to belittle those who differ from us and to distort their acts into deeds of infamy? It is a characteristic of the truly great that they are able to consider their opponent and his position in an impartial manner, and did we but think of this, though we were wanting in the true essence of greatness, it might help us to rid ourselves of some of the things that bespeak the little and narrow minded. This kindly-feeling course which leads us to give our opponent every consideration that we ourselves would claim does not have in it anything of the nature of compromise. We may hold tenaciously to our principles and defend them in every legitimate way, and we can do it "with malice toward none and charity to all,"—a course that will bring us more supporters than any other.



## THE ABUNDANT LIFE.

THERE are two reasons, at least, why indigestion in one form or another is so prevalent in these days. One is that we exercise little control over our appetites and eat either too much or too often, or take of food improperly prepared or unsuited to our needs. The other is that we have fallen into a sort of semi-unconscious state of existence and work, eat and sleep with only about half our faculties in action. In other words, we are only about half alive.

Of course it isn't the digestion only that suffers because of this condition. It generally manifests itself first in an aversion for all kinds of work requiring the close application of one's powers, and for the work the person is then engaged in in particular. It somehow gives a rosy tint to some job "farther on" which naturally makes the present one distasteful. The inevitable result is that the work is bungled, and from work done in a slipshod, half-hearted manner it is not a long step to indigestion and unrefreshing sleep. And along with these results comes that of discontent which accounts largely for the unrest in the social and business world.

The abundant life, which means life with all the faculties of the body, mind and soul keenly alive, does not, on the other hand, require that we go at our tasks in the strenuous, galloping, mile-a-minute manner characteristic of the twentieth century. We can have a wholesome interest in our work and a love for it and be awake to the activities about us, and yet we can possess the calmness and deliberateness that will

give evidence of our devotion to our tasks and at the same time help us to avoid the risks and follies of a headlong gait.

Only the abundant life can assure to us real happiness. The joy of living is the accompaniment of a wholesome, hearty view of life in which even drudgery is looked upon as a grand opportunity for giving expression to this joy. With the abundant life we have the bouyant, springing step, the sparkling eye, the charitable disposition. And with these influences there is no place for indigestion, sleeplessness and discontent.



### GROVER CLEVELAND.

Grover Cleveland had the good fortune to be three times nominated for the Presidency and twice to be elected. We do not mean to claim that he was one of the greatest men the country has produced, for we do not think he was; but he was one of those many citizens of superior ability who have measured fully up to their opportunities, having taken them as they came. When General Kosuth was in this country, in 1852, pleading the cause of Hungary, begging our nation to seize this opportunity to help a people struggling for freedom, in one of those wonderfully eloquent addresses the orator, who had acquired his extraordinary command of English by studying Shakespeare in prison, stumbled into an expression more vigorous than literary when he begged his hearers to "seize the occasion by the—the—**front-hair**." Cleveland always remembered that, as an old Latin poet tells us, "Opportunity wears a forelock, but the back of her head is bald."

Mr. Everett P. Wheeler tells our readers what were the great achievements of Mr. Cleveland as a public man; and they were great. We venture the untimely merit of praising him for his victory over himself, although we remember how Secretary Taft has been blamed for calling attention to the virtue of self-conquest achieved by General Grant.

Mr. Cleveland's earlier life in Buffalo, and his association with merry companions, made it necessary to excuse and defend him. But if he had been something of a Prince Hal, when he became the servant of the people he lived worthily in the public eye. The companions of his youth complained that he slighted and forgot them. It was probably as well. President Roosevelt pays particular attention to the friends of his undistinguished days; but no stain ever attached in rumor to those companions or to those days. He was no Prince Hal.

It must have been a great resolve which Grover Cleveland took when he was chosen Sheriff, and then Mayor, and again Governor, and so soon President. It was the resolve to do his full duty honestly for the people, and not for low partisan or personal success. Henceforth no stain was to attach to him, no aim lower than patriotism to control him. He had had experience enough of low ways in politics to despise and reject them. It was a day

when the reform of the civil service, as against the spoils system of Andrew Jackson, was much urged, and as Governor and President he was the greatest champion the good cause has ever gained. Perhaps this will be his chief claim for fame, even greater than his opposition to the silver crase and his defense of honest money.

The rise of Grover Cleveland was almost meteoric. Nobody out of his own city had heard of him when, in 1881, he was elected Mayor of Buffalo, and nobody would ever have heard of him again if he had not used the opportunity which others had abused, and vetoed corrupt appropriations. That made him Governor of New York the next year, and his similar honest course as Governor elected him within two years as President of the United States. This is nothing less than astounding, from a commonplace lawyer in three years to be President of the nation. It was extraordinary opportunity, extraordinarily well improved. It does not mean that he was a very great man, certainly not brilliant, but he had the moral courage and sanity to take the honest, straightforward course, after full, deliberate consideration, without regard to immediate political effects. The people said, "There is an honest man," and they chose the honest man rather than the man of vastly greater brilliancy and ability and political experience. His career is evidence that the people at heart put character before shrewd intellect. It is no evidence that such success may come to any one else of equal ability and honesty, for a thousand times has that failed; but it does show what are the opportunities which may come to a man, and which, courageously improved, may lead to the highest distinction.

Although not a literary man, in his somewhat ponderous way he hit on some phrases that have caught the public ear and become part of the common stock of the language. They mostly had occasion in the discussion of the civil service reform. It was he who told us that "Public office is a public trust"; who resented the "pernicious activity" of officials in the public service, and denounced them as "offensive paritsans." It was as a practical statesman that he declared that "it is a condition that confronts us, not a theory." The expressions "ghoulish glee" and "innocuous desuetude" were his; but nothing better indicated his political doctrine than his utterance that "party honesty is party expedience." It was that principle that gave him his prominence and honor. They say that he lacked tact, that he broke up his party; if he did, his party returned to him and again made him President after wandering far away. He had bitter enemies in his party, but that fact gave occasion for the **bon mot** at the Democratic convention: "We love him for the enemies he has made."

So we do not eulogize Cleveland as one of the greatest of American statesmen, nor are we oblivious of his personal weaknesses; but as a public man he would allow no taint to attach to his service of the State. His standard was the highest, and he lived long enough to attain the credit of an honest man and a sage.—The Independent.





## Some Things About Our Bodies

By H. D.

DAVID, in the 134th Psalm, says of himself, "I will praise the Lord, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made." So are the rest of us and so let us all praise the Lord.

The marvels of the human body are not all known, but enough are known and some are understood: sufficient indeed to excite our interest and admiration. The more we know about the body, the more we are inclined, as David was, to praise the Lord for his excellent wisdom.

It would be interesting to know how and where-in the body differs now from the way it was as it passed from the Creator's hands. It is hardly to be supposed that the body has remained unchanged, while such marked changes have come to man spiritually.

Water forms fifty-eight to sixty per cent of the body and it is essential that all the tissues—especially the soft tissues (muscles, nerves, secreting organs, etc.) be continually bathed in a watery solution. Most of the solutions and secretions of the body are alkaline in reaction, such as the blood, lymph, pancreatic juice, saliva, etc.; but some are strongly acid in reaction, as the gastric juice of the stomach and the secretion of the kidneys. The bile is neutral in reaction. When these normal conditions are changed, derangement of function and sickness usually follow. But the body is constructed in such a way, and with such a tendency to health, that it maintains, and, when interfered with, restores this equilibrium, unless the evil influence is too great.

The blood is a powerful antitoxic fluid. Not only does it constantly contain elements that destroy toxic (poisons) substances that gain access to its current, but its ability to immediately manufacture much more antitoxic material is a perfect marvel and a wonderful safeguard to life. The artificial toxins, such as those used for diphtheria, cerebro-spinal diseases, and tetanus, are only the human effort assisting the powers of the blood. The reason some of them, especially diphtheritic, is so powerfully effective against diphtheria is because it is so similar to the natural process.

The greatest advance in caring for and curing bodily ailments has for some time ceased to be in the

line of surgery. Indeed surgery never was and never will be a great curative factor in the strict application of the term; but following Jesus' suggestion, of cutting off and casting away offending members, brings comfort to numberless sufferers who would otherwise perish from their diseases. But serum and antitoxine treatment has robbed surgery of its once first place in interest.

Diphtheria and smallpox (once more dreaded than tuberculosis and cancer are today, because they destroyed more lives than these diseases do) bubonic plague, cholera, sleeping sickness of Africa, tetanus—the horse sickness, hydrophobia—the dog sickness, malarial fever and some others are positively under control. Some of these are controlled by sanitary science.

Tuberculosis, "the great white plague," cancer and scarlet fever, are now the dreaded foes to life; but that these will shortly be conquered seems certain. The best trained men in the world are working on them and God will reveal to whomsoever he will the method of cure. Even the cause of decrepit old age is earnestly being sought for and can anyone say the time will never come when there will be no more death? Warriors are honored to the ends of the earth because of their power to destroy vast armies, but there seems to be tardy and scant praise for the men who have sacrificed their own lives in order to save others from suffering.

With regard to the skeleton, some animals have their skeletons on the outside of the body, such as lobsters, shell fish, clams, turtles, etc.; but in the human animal—and many inhuman—the skeleton is covered with muscles and skin: the nails, hair and teeth being remaining fragmentary suggestions of the exo-skeleton of the other variety. But for mechanical advantage, in the pulley, levers, bony unions, braces, etc., through the arrangement of bone and muscle attachment, the best philosopher and the wisest scientist is far outdone. No man can begin to equal the supple and agile hand with its exquisite form and diversity of movements.

The joints of the body are wonderfully planned so as

to combine strength, usefulness and beauty of form. They need to be oiled, accordingly those allowing the greatest freedom of motion are most abundantly supplied with synovial fluid. The five—sometimes there seem to be six—special senses are each one a marvel in itself. The eye, capable of examining almost microscopic objects, is in the next instant capable of seeing objects many, many miles away without the conscious effort of changing the lenses or readjusting the mechanical arrangement; and, by the aid of the powers of the mind, of estimating the size of the object, if something as to the distance is known: or, if the size is known, of telling something as to the distance away. It is comely in appearance, being spherical and decorated with a beautiful color,—blue, brown or black. By it we are able to give expression to our mental state,—love, hate, anger, reverence, etc.

The whole body is dominated and controlled by the powers of the mind. In its influence upon the body it is nearly equally divided into conscious and subconscious activity. The subconscious plays a more direct part in maintaining life than does the conscious. God has wisely arranged it to be so. By it the heart actions, respirations, secretions and many of the so-called reflex functions of the body are maintained. By the conscious mind social, moral, scientific and religious questions are weighed and evolved.

It is known that our bodies emit rays of light. In fact it is said that all organized bodies are luminous; but those emanating from the human body, though they have not yet been carefully studied, are called "N" rays, and can be detected by a delicate camera. And, while they were known to Christ, this is clearly not the light he had reference to when he said, "Let your light so shine," though each was placed in the body by God,—one at the making of the body, the other at the redemption of the soul.



#### HOME TRAINING.

A FEW years ago, having been asked to go quite a distance from home to take part in the laying of the corner stone of a large new church, I was invited, after the ceremony, to go home, a few miles further away, with an old friend and college mate, and spend a day with his family. We had been very intimate in our earlier ministry, had frequently taken our holidays together, and it did not require very much urging to persuade me to go.

We reached home late at night. The children had all gone to bed, but they were up bright and early in the morning and gave the visitor a most hearty welcome.

There were two girls, one about twelve and another about ten, and two boys younger. We formed a hearty, pleasant company as we sat down together at the breakfast table.

After breakfast the books were brought on, a Psalm was sung, a chapter was read from the New Testament, each one reading a verse in turn; and once, after the elder daughter had read her verse, her father asked her, "What was that passage that you read, Mary?" Mary looked at it again for a moment and then said, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." "Can you repeat that, Martha?" the father asked the next little girl; and she also repeated, "For all must appear before the judgment seat of Christ." "Can you, John?" And John repeated it, and then the little fellow sitting on his mother's knee, with a little help from his mother, was able also to repeat the same passage. Then the reading went on until we finished the chapter, when we all knelt together in prayer.

When family worship was over, the children gathered around their father and asked to be allowed to stay home from school that day because an old acquaintance and former companion, who had baptized many of them and had been with them in many a frolic, happened to be with them for the day; and after a little coaxing this was graciously agreed to, to the delight of more than merely the little children.

In a little while the minister, the children and the visitor all went into the study, and the father was showing me some books he had lately been purchasing. We were discussing the books, when suddenly we became conscious that a spat had started among the children. (My experience is that a minister's children are neither better nor worse than anybody else's children.)

My friend took the commotion very coolly. He was in no hurry to say anything. Indeed, he seemed to give them a little lee-way. But when he thought it had gone far enough, he quite deliberately said, "Mary what was that passage that you repeated at worship this morning?" Mary's cheeks turned red. She looked down, she thought a little, and then said, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." Martha was asked, and she repeated it; John and the little fellow, also. There was nothing more said. The children went on with their play and the parsons with their conversation. There was no more spat that day; but we had a day of rare enjoyment together.

That happened about fifteen years ago. Last autumn the minister and his two boys, now grown and both teaching school, drove into our yard quite unexpectedly, and there was, of course, a very hearty handshaking and many kind inquiries. We had about a day together. You wouldn't blame an old friend if he had mischief enough to ask the young men, when their father's back was turned, "Boys, what was that passage that you all repeated at the breakfast table the last day that I spent with you at your house?" And you would not be astonished if they were ready



at once, both of them, to answer, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ."

Thus Christian parents are called upon to teach their children diligently, "when thou art in the house and when thou art by the way."

That family is a model family, commanding the respect of all who know them. How could it be otherwise, brought up under such auspices?—*Home Herald*.



#### WEARIED OF SHAMS.

"DIDN'T you have a pleasant time at Cousin Maria's?" the grandmother was asked, when she returned several days earlier than was expected from a long-talked-of visit.

"Yes-s, oh, yes," but she breathed a little sigh of relief as she looked about her at the home belongings. "Everything was nice at Maria's, and she and the girls as kind and hearty as could be, but it was all a front-door sort of life—just studyin' how things would look from the front door—and seemed like I wanted to get home again. I didn't mind sleepin' on a bed that had looked like a piano all day, nor keepin' my clothes in a box that was rigged up for a sofy, nor eatin' my meals on a table that slid out from what looked like a fireplace. You see, they live in a flat, and Maria says all them things is conveniences; I s'pose they are. Both the girls work downtown, and when Annna packed her patterns and dressmakin' tools into something that looked like a music roll, and Lidy put up her dinner in a box that looked for all the world like a camera, seemed 's if I'd got into a place where I didn't belong. I wanted to get back where things are real; where good, honest work ain't a thing to be ashamed of, and the food it earns is a blessin' to be thankful for."—*Exchange*.



#### A BOOK FOR BABY HANDS.

FOR the little one who loves pictures, but cannot be trusted with the books and magazines, try a picture book. Any soft cloth will do for the leaves; old flour sacks are good. Cut the cloth into pieces just twice the size you want the book to be, and let the book be of a size for baby to handle. Cut as many of these pieces as you wish, each piece making two pages, but eight to ten pages will be enough; it is better to make several small ones than one large one. Starch these pieces very stiff and iron smooth; then lay them evenly together and stitch through the middle of the length crosswise. A darning needle and twine may be used, or the stitching may be done on the machine, with a very loose tension and long stitch. If four pieces were cut, this will give eight leaves. The pictures should be such as appeal to the child's fancy, and at the same time awaken thought in the right direction. The advertising pages of the monthly

magazines, pamphlets, newspapers, catalogs, and price lists, which are no longer valued, will furnish many beautiful and instructive pictures and these may be pasted on the leaves as they are gathered. Let the children help in the selection. But let me beg of you, do not make a book for your child, big or little, of the "funny pages" of the Sunday dailies. Try to cultivate in the child a taste for the beautiful and elevating.—*Exchange*.



#### SELECTED RECIPES.

*Banana Toast*.—Toast six slices of stale bread in a slow oven until of a golden brown throughout. Then dip into a little hot cream or milk just long enough to moisten a little on the outside of the slices. Peel half a dozen bananas, and put them through a colander. On each of the slices of moistened toast, place a spoonful of this banana pulp. This makes a very wholesome breakfast dish.

*Baked Peaches*.—Baked peaches are excellent either for breakfast or as a desert at lunch or dinner. Select good-sized freestones, pare, cut them in halves and remove the stones. Place a single layer in a baking dish, hollow side uppermost. Into each half put half a teaspoonful of butter and the same amount of sugar, or a little more, if the family like sweets. Sprinkle nutmeg generously over the whole, and bake twenty or thirty minutes; when soft the peaches are done. Serve hot.

*Rhubarb Jam*.—Melt five pounds of sugar in the preserving kettle, add six pounds of rhubarb, washed and cut into small pieces, and one pound of figs, washed and shredded. When this has cooked very slowly for eight hours, add four lemons, sliced thin. Remove the seeds but do not peel the lemons. The Jam should be cooked nine or ten hours. When it is a smooth paste it is done.

*New Orleans Omelet*.—Two potatoes are peeled, sliced, and fried in bacon fat or lard. When they are nearly tender enough half a small finely minced onion is stirred in and cooked with them until they are quite tender. Then three or four well-beaten eggs seasoned with salt and pepper are turned over the potatoes and spread evenly. When the under side is done, a plate is put over the pan, the omelet is turned out bottom upward and slipped into the pan for the other side to brown. Boys approve heartily of this dish.



#### HOW TO COOK POTATOES.

SOME experiments carried on at the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station have shown that a considerable loss of material results from the cooking of potatoes from which the skins have been removed. In the boiling of peeled potatoes, three per cent of carbohydrates and four per cent of albumin-

iods were lost. When the skins were left on, the amount of nutrient material lost was infinitesimal. Baking or steaming are on this account preferable means of cooking potatoes as well as other vegetables.

One of the most valuable elements of the potato and other fresh vegetables is the considerable amount of alkaline salts found in these esculents, which are largely lost when the vegetables are boiled in water after having the skins removed.

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## The Children's Corner

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### THE MESSENGER ROBIN.

"WHY, what has happened?" asked Aunt Fannie, as she came into the sitting room, where a very rainy-day pair of twins stood looking out of the window.

"This is the very worst summer that ever happened," replied Charlie. "It just rains all the time." "Yes, and we can't do anything," chimed in Carlotta.

The two children had been at grandma's for a week, and it really had rained almost all the time. The vacation days went so fast, and it was hard not to be able to go fishing, or after flowers, or even out in the woods.

Aunt Fannie thought a moment. "Wait till I get my knitting," she said, "and I will tell you about one summer that it did not rain."

The twins were soon perched on the arms of her chair, and the clouds were all gone from their bright, sunshiny faces.

Aunt Fannie was such a busy woman that it was a great treat when she could take time to tell stories. They often read a story in the paper that said, "By Fannie Allen"—that of course meant that Aunt Fannie, but that was not like having her really tell one, and she did tell the splendorous stories.

"Will this be a true one?" asked Charlie. "Yes, every bit true." "O goody, goody!" exclaimed Carlotta. "That kind is best."

When they were settled, Aunt Fannie began. "Once upon a time, but not a very long time, two robins came flying through the woods. They went first to one tree and then to another, and the way they flew about and chirped told everyone that they were going to housekeeping, and were looking for a good place to build their home. After a good deal of hunting, they found just the best place in the world—an old maple tree where the branches were so thick one could scarcely see through the leaves.

"They went right to work, and for several days were very busy carrying twigs, grasses, thread, and many other things to weave into their pretty home. At last it was finished, and they moved into it.

"It must have been their first housekeeping, for Father Redbreast was so happy that he sang all the time. One morning he seemed as though he would

split his little throat he was so full of joy. He seemed to have a new song. Over and over he sang:

"Twee, twee, come and see  
My beautiful nest and blue eggs three."

"Had you peeped into the nest you would have found it was all true. There, sure enough, were the three blue eggs. For several weeks Mother Redbreast spent all of her time taking care of the eggs and keeping them warm.

"After a time Father Redbreast began to look very important, and puff up his feathers as though he was most too proud to fly like other birds; so no one was much surprised one day when a baby robin held its bill over the edge of the nest for his dinner."

"Where were the others?" asked Carlotta. "There were three eggs."

"No one knows what happened to the other eggs, for there was but one baby bird. Having just one little baby, Father and Mother Redbreast were very careful to teach him everything that a little robin should know, and young Robin was such a smart little fellow that long before the summer was over he really seemed to know as much as they did.

"Did I say as much? That was a mistake. There was one or two things that he had not learned. Again and again Father Redbreast showed him how to keep his feathers all smooth, and tight, so as to make a cravanette when it rained; and how to ruffle them up when he wanted to take a bath and feel the cool water on his little hot body. Then, too, Mother Redbreast walked about in the grass and told him how delightfully cool and refreshing it was to bathe his feet in the dew in the early morning.

"Robin listened to all this very respectfully, but sometimes he almost wondered if it was a fairy story. Not once had he felt the cool dew, or the raindrops beating against his feathers and trying to get under, and in his short life he had not had a chance to even take a bath.

"All that long hot summer there had not been any rain or dew. The springs had dried up, and it was all the birds could do to find a drink. Sometimes they would have been very thirsty had it not been for the berries.

"Just on the other side of the forest lived Charles and George Frost. Every evening a beautiful shower kept the grass in their yard fresh and green.

"One morning, just as Robin was starting for his morning fly, Charles's mother said, 'It is so very warm I believe we will turn the water on the front lawn this morning.'

"The hose was taken out, the sprinkler set on the lawn. Then the water was turned on, and a delightful spray gave a fresh drink to everything.

"Master Robin often visited this yard, for the apples on the big tree were fine. This morning, in-



deed, he started out with an apple lunch in mind. As he flew out of the woods, such a strange sight met him. He was so surprised that he forgot to use his wings, and almost fell to the ground. Was it? Could it be? Yes, it surely must be a shower. But how strange! It was like his father had said it would be, and yet it wasn't what he had expected.

"He quickly decided that he would try it anyway. Down he flew. How cool the damp grass was, but he couldn't stop for that.

"The boys looking from the window saw him hop into the spray. For a moment or two he had just the best time of his life. Then something happened. He stopped, tipped his head on one side as though he was thinking, flew out just as fast as he could go, scarcely stopping to shake the water off as he went.

"Back he flew to the woods, and then—what was he doing? Instead of going straight home, he stopped first at one tree and then at another, talking apparently for a few moments with the birds in each. As soon as he left the birds would come out and fly away. A few moments later, Charlie looking out the window, called, 'Mamma, mamma, come and see!'

"From every direction the birds were coming for a bath. Charlie counted over a hundred, then he exclaimed, 'Why, mamma, that first robin must have been a messenger boy and told all the others.'

"Did he, Aunt Fannie, did he?" exclaimed Charlie, almost tumbling off the arm of the chair.

"Yes," said Aunt Fannie, "that was just what he was doing, when he stopped first at one tree and then at another.

"When he felt the cool water and was having such a good time, he happened to think about Father and Mother Redbreast, and flew out in a hurry to tell them."

"Couldn't he find them?" asked Carlotta. "Was that why he went to so many trees?"

"No," said Aunt Fannie, "he knew where they were, but he was so happy he wanted all the birds to find his shower.

"But something else happened. The next day the Frost boys put the hose out at just the same time and then went in the house to watch. Pretty soon Master Robin with Father and Mother Redbreast came flying out of the woods. Then another bird and another, till the spray seemed just full of them. Every day while the dry weather lasted the robins came for their bath, and each time they found the shower waiting for them."

"I guess they were all glad the little robin was such a good messenger boy," said Charlie, with a long breath as he slipped down from the arm of the chair, while Carlotta threw her arms around Aunt Fannie,

exclaiming, "Why, Aunt Fannie, your story made the sun come out, see! see!"

"I wonder," said Aunt Fannie, "if the robin carried that message, too."—*Emma A. Robinson.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### ONWARD, UPWARD.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Onward, let our motto be,  
Striving for the right;  
Upward is the way of God,  
Leading into light.

Onward, upward let us march,  
With a zeal that's strong;  
Never faltering in our ranks,  
Courage urges on.

Who will stand the fiery test?  
The battle, who'll endure?  
Who will ever onward go  
In the path that's sure?

There's no time for doubting now,  
Onward is the song!  
"Gird the shining shield of truth  
While you march along!"

Though the cross seem hard to bear,  
Upward we must go:  
'Till we feel its weight grow less,  
Conquering every foe.

Moving upward, leaving all  
Worldly dross behind;  
Press we onward is the call,  
Winning peace of mind.

Toiling on with courage brave,  
Trusting in our God;  
Noble souls who've gone before,  
In this way have trod.

God will lead us upward sure,  
Through the golden gate,  
Onward, upward, friends so pure,  
There in love await.



### BEAUTY.

GRACE LONGANECKER.

GOD is a lover of the beautiful, as are men his creatures.

Look at the flower and tree, the mountain and vale, the clouds,—any part of God's creation, for, as "there is beauty in mud," there is beauty in all.

In speaking of beauty of person, there seems to be natural in man a desire to be beautiful and by many there is no sacrifice too great to enhance this beauty.

Much time and money are spent, sufferings endured, by woman especially, to obtain this coveted possession. Diogenes called it "woman's most forcible letter of recommendation." Aristotle said that

"beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation."

But, methinks it is not alone through the force of features that this beauty is so powerful, but it is through that interior beauty which perishes not, which we may all possess even if with homely features.

Who has not beheld a person, beautiful in the extreme,—eyes as diamonds, teeth as pearls, skin of snowy whiteness, magnificent hair, an ideal form, combined with that expression of innocence? Has this same being still appeared beautiful when you beheld the narrow life, the selfish soul, and the repulsive nature?

Have you met a homely face, through which the more you see the beauty of soul shining forth, the more beautiful it becomes?

If God has bestowed upon you that beauty of person or not, cultivate that inward beauty which will never perish. "Pretty is that pretty does." No one can be really beautiful without a beautiful soul and character, beautiful words and deeds.

Hartville, Ohio.



#### FRIENDLY ADVICE TO THE BREWERS.

WHILE the brewers of the United States were holding their recent panic-stricken convention in Milwaukee, the *Journal*, one of the leading daily papers of that city, printed an editorial in which it told what it would do if it were a brewer. The *Journal*, being a Milwaukee paper, is a brewery paper. It doesn't want the brewery business wiped out of existence. These are some of the things the *Journal* would do if it were a brewer:

"It would thoroughly investigate and inform itself as to the causes of the astounding growth of anti-saloon sentiment

"It would accept as a fact that the so-called Anti-Saloon League could not have possibly reaped the harvest it has, were not the soil fit for the sowing and the growing.

"It would insist that the brewers in the national conventoin devote their whole time to considering the case. It would honestly and fairly weigh the facts it had discovered, and if there were wrongs that should be righted it would right them."

The *Journal* adds:

"It is a mighty problem that the brewing interests are facing. \* \* \* The first thing necessary in a fight is to know what you have got to fight."

The Illinois Issue can save the Milwaukee *Journal* and the brewers the trouble of making the investigation. It can tell the brewers that the thing they "have got to fight" is the Christian Church of America, reinforced by a whole army of good men who belong to no church.

This is the cold hard fact.

And the fact is not changed by the mere circum-

stance that here and there you can point to an isolated case of a Christian clergyman or a good moral citizen who is not an out and out anti-saloon man. The very fact that the brewers shout so loudly over every pulpit utterance in their favor shows that such utterances are not the rule, but are very rare exceptions.

This is the appalling fact that the brewers have to face—The church of the living God is against them.

They can't toss that fact aside with a sneer or a jeer about fanatical preachers and emotional women.

The brewers are face to face with the most powerful foe that was ever met by mortal man.

If the brewers really want to know what they "have got to fight," all they need to do is to move up to a little higher ground, where the vision is not obscured by the fog that rises from the moral marshes and swamps, and they will see arrayed against them the armies of the Lord of Hosts.

In the face of such a foe, how idle, how utterly foolish to talk of either resistance or compromise. Utter annihilation can be avoided only by unconditional surrender.

Lay down your arms. Cease your silly snivelling about weeding out the bad saloons. They are all bad. Get out of the business. Beat your swords into plowshares. Turn your breweries into mills to grind corn and wheat to make bread for the children who are now being starved that their drunken fathers may have money to buy the poisonous products of your plants.

There's no hysterics in this. It is cool, calm advice and counsel, the wisdom of which is as sure to be vindicated as the sun of tomorrow is sure to rise.—*The Illinois Issue*.



#### THE STUDENT'S PRAYER,

To God the Father, God the Word, God the Spirit we pour forth most hearty and humble supplications that He, remembering the calamities of mankind, and the pilgrimage of this our life, in which we wear out days few and evil, would please to open to us new refreshments out of the fountain of his goodness for the alleviating of our miseries. This also we humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice such as are divine; neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense and the kindling of a greater natural light anything of incredulity or intellectual might may arise in our minds toward divine mysteries; but rather that by our minds thoroughly cleansed and purged from fancy and vanities, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the divine oracles, there may be given unto faith such things as are faith's.—*Lord Bacon*.



MANY men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—*Spurgeon*.





# Echoes from Everywhere

July 9 Senor Veloz, Venezuelan Chargé d'Affaires in Washington, is recalled by President Castro, thus completely severing diplomatic relations between the United States and Venezuela.

A genealogical history of the Manchu imperial family of China, has been compiled under the direction of two imperial commissioners. About one hundred twenty-three literary officials were employed. The work contains over two hundred thousand pages, and is bound in six hundred forty-seven volumes.

The Iron and Steel Trades Journal announces the most gigantic industrial combination the world has ever known—the completion of an international steel trust. The international agreement will control about three-fourths of the world's output of steel, namely, those of America, Belgium, Russia and Germany.

July 16 Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy completed her eighty-seventh year. She is remarkably vigorous, mentally and physically for a woman of her years. In accordance with the oft-expressed wishes of the leader of the Christian Scientists, there was no official observance of her birthday, she herself following her regular routine on that day.

The saloon partisans of West Virginia are organizing alleged "business men's" anti-prohibition leagues, to fight prohibition, provided the amendment is submitted, which is promised during the coming year. The name is an impudent assumption, since not a tithe of the "business men" of the State is comprised in these pro-saloon clubs.

The British Government has ordered the suppression of opium dens in Hong Kong and Ceylon, and is therefore no longer open to the charge that she overlooks the viciousness of the opium traffic because of the revenue accruing from the sale of the drug. Until this step was taken, forty per cent of the government revenues collected in those localities were opium born.

The American Society for the study of Inebriety and Alcoholism held a two days' session at Saratoga during the recent Centennial Temperance Congress. Nineteen papers were read of unusual interest. Prominent among them was review of the medical pioneers and their work in the temperance cause during the last century, by H. O. Marcy, M. D., of Boston, and Dr. T. D. Crothers of Hartford, Conn. The Canteen was discussed in a most exhaustive paper by Dr. Grosvenor, in which he showed that scientifically and economically it was the most dangerous element in the soldier's life, and from the present evidence, the restoration of the canteen will be a step backwards, and have no support in science, common-sense, or economy and the best interests of the soldier.

Pressed to take some action to prevent the American beef combine from obtaining control of the the retail beef trade in Great Britain, Winston Churchill, president of the board of trade, has informed Lord Robert Cecil in the House of Commons that the operations of the six firms constituting the alleged beef combine were receiving the careful attention of the government. Mr. Churchill said that his investigations thus far had not convinced him of the necessity of appointing a House of Commons committee of inquiry.

The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research has just received from John D. Rockefeller another \$500,000 for the erection of a hospital building in which the nature and treatment of individual cases can be studied with a thoroughness not now possible in other places. It is not to be a general hospital, but a place for the development of new and more exact methods of treating disease. The gift is in recognition of the discovery by the director of the institute, Dr. Flexner, of a cure for epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis.

Sioux City, Iowa, July 16.—Special reports collected from various points in the tri-state territory around Sioux City, which includes the greatest corn county in the world, indicate that corn is from a week to two weeks ahead of its growth at the corresponding period last year.

Incessant rains during May and June caused alarm among the farmers of Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota, but the popping weather of last week has brought corn out in great shape. Even in the low lands of the Missouri Valley which were inundated by floods corn has picked up remarkably and the loss will be but slight.

Conditions are especially promising in South Dakota; wheat, oats and other small grains are doing exceedingly well, and in some sections harvesting has begun.

Recently Senator Otto G. Foelker, whose vote in the State Senate made possible the passage of the anti-race-track gambling bills, demonstrated that quality of heroism which prompted him to leave the operating table at the risk of his life and come to the assistance of Governor Hughes on the floor of the Senate. At the risk of his life Senator Foelker rushed into a burning tenement in Williamsburg near his home and saved two young girls who were partially overcome by smoke. The senator would have gone back into the burning structure to help out other tenants imprisoned in the rear of the first floor by smoke and flame had not two policemen, noticing his weakened condition, prevented him from entering the burning house. Senator Foelker is still suffering from the effects of the operation for appendicitis which he underwent a short time before his vote in the senate.

Eugene W. Chafin, of Chicago, is the nominee of the Prohibition party for President. The shortest platform on record and one containing for the first time in the history of important national parties in this country a declaration in favor of equal suffrage was framed for the candidates to stand upon. Mr. Chafin was not a candidate for the nomination when the convention convened at Columbus, Ohio, but won the nomination by an eloquent speech delivered to a convention of delegates.

Prof. David Eugene Smith, of Columbia University, mathematician of wide fame, and author of Smith's Arithmetics and other mathematical texts published by Ginn & Company, is meeting many pleasurable and profitable experiences in his travels through the Orient. He reports that the Buddhist priests have displayed much interest in his search for mathematical material among the Burmese, and that he has succeeded in obtaining from them a considerable number of interesting manuscripts. Some valuable casts of old numerical inscriptions secured from the Calcutta Museum will make a worthy addition to Professor Smith's already large and unique collection.

The day of the telegraph for the operation and dispatch of railroad trains is rapidly passing and the day of the telephone is at hand. The substitution of the telephone for the telegraph in train service is progressing rapidly, the movement having been accelerated greatly by the passage and operation of the nine-hour telegraph law.

That the statement made by operating officials, when the nine-hour law was pending in the legislature, to the effect that the railway telegraphers were digging their own graves was not an idle threat, is seen by the fact that four railroad systems in Chicago will soon have a total of nearly 3,000 miles of lines operated by telephone systems. The Northwestern, the Illinois Central, the Rock Island and the Burlington railroads have in operation telephone systems covering nearly 1,400 miles of railroad.

These same railroads are preparing to install within the next two months telephones for the operation of more than 1,600 miles of additional road. In addition to this work every railroad in the United States is making careful investigation of the subject of train operation by telephone with a view to installing the best system possible. It is the purpose and avowed intention of each railroad to equip its entire system with a telephone plant as soon as it can be conveniently done, and no doubt the movement of the Telegraphers' Union to secure better hours and more pay has advanced the telephone movement from ten to twenty years.

#### RAILROAD PRESIDENTS MEET IN NEW YORK TO CONSIDER ADVANCE.

NEW YORK, July 16.—A conference of railroad presidents on the subject of the proposed raising of freight rates extended through long morning and afternoon sessions today at the offices of the Trunk Line Association here.

Considerable divergence of opinion appeared in the

discussion as to the policy of raising the scheduled rates at the present time owing to the dullness of trade and the opposition that already has been displayed on the part of shippers to the proposed increase.

On the one hand, it was argued, the necessities of the railroads were urgent, and, while strict economies were being practiced in working expenses, the reduction of wages on a large scale had not been resorted to. On the other hand, the effect of raising the rates before any marked improvement in general freight traffic had set in, it was reasoned, might be to retard the flow of rising business that is expected with the fall.

This consideration appeals more strongly to the eastern lines than to the western, which can rely on the usual shipments of fruit and grain. It was reported that officers of the Pennsylvania who hitherto had advocated an early raising of the scheduled rates had now changed their opinion in the matter. Reading and Lehigh Valley were opposed to an immediate advance, and in this attitude were decidedly at variance with the policy advocated by Mr. Harriman and the lines allied with him.

The discussion brought out very clearly the fact that a great difference of opinion existed among the railway authorities themselves on the question whether rates should be increased. The matter of a reduction of wages was not discussed by the conference.

#### REFRIGERATOR CARS.

A new refrigerator car, the design of two Liverpool experts, has been put upon the English market. The London Times, in describing it, says:

"Up to the present practically no improvement has been made in the ordinary iced box car for carrying perishable produce, a system which has decided limitations. The car now introduced accomplishes the cooling by means of a mechanical refrigeration plant, which consists of a small inclosed type ammonia compressor of special design mounted on one end of the car; an ammonia condenser designed for cooling by the air current produced by the motion of the car and placed on the roof; an expansion valve arranged to keep, automatically, a constant pressure in the evaporators within the car, and consequently a constant temperature therein, and ammonia evaporators placed in suitable positions inside the car arranged to provide a regular supply of cold to keep the car temperature constant during stoppages. The compressor is driven from one of the axles by chain gearing, a change speed gear and disengaging mechanism being interposed between the axle and compressor. The driving wheel placed on the axle may be arranged to allow the toothed part to swing in either direction, and thus keep in the same plane as the driven wheel on the intermediate shaft.

"The advantages claimed for this type of car over those now in use are that it is independent of any ice supply whatever; it is available at any point on the line and at all times; it obviates delays due to icing, and, in addition, the expense attached to ice storage and filling; it effects a lower temperature than is possible with ice tanks; it can undertake any length of journey without renewals; and it is free from the risks due to careless or insufficient icing."—Scientific American Supplement.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### MENTAL MEDICINE.

With nervousness so common that it has come to be called "the American disease," it is remarkable that the United States has been behind European countries in the study of its phases and treatment. We have good insane asylums, but little has been done to keep people from qualifying to enter them. The Church in America has relinquished its historic function of ministering to the mind diseased, chiefly through fear of being led into the old superstitions. Our medical schools have neglected to provide opportunities for the student to specialize in such lines or even to become acquainted with what has been done elsewhere. Collegiate psychology has kept severely aloof from such lines of investigation as might relieve the afflicted. The field thus neglected by the established organizations has produced an unprecedented crop of religions and medical fads and fakes, undeniably beneficial in some cases, but involving such a break with the scientific thought of the age as to be, fortunately, unacceptable to many people.

Now there seems to be a change in the institutional attitude to such subjects. John Hopkins has received from Mr. Phipps a donation of half a million dollars to found the first psychopathic hospital in America. Dr. Morton Prince—he who puts together the dissociated and quarrelsome personalities of Miss Beauchamp—in his commencement address at Tufts College advised that institution to develop courses in the treatment of nervous diseases by suggestion. In the University of Pennsylvania Dr. Witmer has opened a psychological clinic and is doing wonders in the reform of backward children. And the Summer School of Psychotherapy, which has just closed its two weeks' session at the Emmanuel Church in Boston, showed what a deep and widespread interest there is in this unique attempt to combine the forces of religion and science.

Drs. Worcester and McComb, in their two years' work, have had to make heavy drafts on the subliminal reservoir of energy which they claim we all have at our disposal, for they have sometimes worked sixteen or seventeen hours a day. With eight, and sometimes ten, persons assisting them they have found it impossible to see, even for a single conversation, one out of four of those who presented themselves. They had all sorts of cases to handle: a big policeman who was afraid of the men and boys on his beat; a Harvard candidate for Ph. D., who feared that he could not pass his examination; an opera singer who was troubled by wanting to swallow while singing; a man who could not undress himself because he could not decide which button to unbutton first; a schoolteacher who was kept awake nights by the fear that she might have locked in one of her pupils; boys with bad habits; men enslaved by alcohol or morphine; and women tortured by headaches.

The most encouraging feature of the Emmanuel Movement is not its numerous and remarkable cures of functional nervous disorders, but its demonstration that such

cures can be accomplished in a rational manner and under the guidance of trained physicians. There has been hitherto a feeling that the field must be left to the charlatan, because he alone possessed the necessary qualifications. Were not the loud voice and dogmatic temper essential for success? To impress the patient with the saving faith must not the physician have confidence in his own infallible power to heal, and how could he have such confidence when he realized the limitations and lapses of his power? And could an honest man deny the existence of a very real pain and say, "You are sleepy," when he knew you had insomnia? But so far the Emmanuel Movement seems to have been conducted with admirable restraint and to have avoided the temptation to achieve spectacular results by questionable methods. The danger is now that its numerous imitators in other cities will not be as wisely controlled. Dr. Worcester's remark that he "would rather be sick than crazy" is a wholesome maxim.

Nervous sufferers should not be contemned nor neglected. A disease of the imagination is not an imaginary disease. Any physician would rather undertake to cure a broken leg than a case of melancholia. If suggestion, hypnotic or ordinary, can do what dietetic and medicinal treatment fail to do, we ought to know it. In many different ways now the world is being taught the old lessons of the Church; the close relation between sin and disease, the physical advantages of a faith in God, and the benefits, immediate and practical, of prayer and of the forms of worship.—The Independent.



### HOW ELECTRICITY AND STEAM MAY DIVIDE THE FIELD.

The proposal that steam railways shall ultimately be used for freight only, leaving passenger-transportation to the electric roads, is advanced by The Manufacturers' Record (Baltimore, June 4). An editorial writer in this paper notes that wherever high-speed interurban electric railways have been introduced in regions of reasonably large population they have met with liberal patronage and popularity. He says:

"The latest of these to find a place in public esteem is the line between Baltimore and Washington, which is now operating through cars between the two cities at intervals of thirty minutes in each direction, besides conducting an independent service to Annapolis. The success with which this enterprise is meeting again directs attention to the possibility of electricity entirely superseding steam as a motive power for passenger service. The Baltimore and Washington electric line parallels two first-class railroads, namely, the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore & Ohio, each of which operates trains between the two cities at frequent intervals, the Baltimore & Ohio running them for half the day every hour, and the Pennsylvania practically as often. Notwithstanding this, the electric railway, beginning with an hourly schedule, has found itself obliged to start a car every half hour from

each terminal. "While statistics are lacking concerning the growth of business on the high-speed interurban railways which have been operating in other parts of the country, particularly the Middle West, for several years, there is no doubt that they have had very similar experiences. To connect two large cities such as Baltimore and Washington by an electric railway capable of making practically the same time as a steam road is only one of the many evidences of the popularity of superior electric service, and it may be that the time will come when passenger travel will be performed on railways equipped with electricity, steam roads being reserved for freight haulage alone. This, of course, is a glimpse far into the future, because there is no electric railway of sufficient magnitude to handle heavy trains over long distances, such as the run from New York to Pittsburg and Chicago. But the practical demonstration of the ability of first-class electric roads to perform their service with speed and punctuality is a hint of what the future may have in store for the transportation world."

The advantages of separating passenger from freight service by using different tracks were long ago discovered, and this plan is now in frequent use. The complete separation of the two services over an entire system would be of such benefit to all concerned that it would not be surprising, the writer thinks, to find it realized some day, and perhaps before many years have passed. We read further:

The business needs of the country are making greater and greater demands for fast-freight service. On some lines vast improvements have been made, particularly with respect to fruit and vegetable trains, which are sent through on schedules closely approximating in speed those arranged for passenger traffic, and perhaps, in some cases, equalling the latter in rapidity. But the great bulk of freight is handled on most lines subject to passenger schedule. Through freights are obliged to lay off on sidings from time to time to give way to passenger-trains, so that the movement of most freight-trains takes two, three, and four times as long as does the movement of passenger-trains. If the freight service could be conducted on one pair of tracks and the passenger service on another, each would be subject to delays only in its own department, and the operation of trains could be greatly facilitated. Moreover, the movement of trains could be accomplished with a much greater degree of safety to travelers and employees than is now attainable.

"To bring about some such result as this would be a crowning achievement for electric railways. Their comfort and cleanliness are now so well known as to demand no particular remark, but these features are likely to compel their more general adoption where the best passenger service is required. Notwithstanding all the improvements which have been made on the steam lines, it is not to be expected that the public will indefinitely be content to have its eyes filled with smoke and dust and its clothing fouled when both these evils could be avoided by driving cars with electricity. On the contrary, it would be surprising if the newer motive power failed to bring about a greater degree of cleanliness and comfort to travelers."—Literary Digest.



#### DOES PROHIBITION PAY?

With the current number of Appleton's Magazine is inaugurated a series of article under the above caption, concerning which the editor, in his introductory note, says:

In almost every consideration of what we characterize broadly as "the liquor question," the point really at issue is prohibition, whether or not that word comes to the fore. People are not discussing temperance in the sense of moderation, on which there is no respectable difference of opinion. . . . Few now deny the wisdom of some restrictive legislation as to the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. . . . Altogether outside the common range of discussion as to the efficacy of legislation there is a question truly American and deserving of reply: Does prohibition pay?

Applying the individual test, Mr. George C. Lawrence discusses the question from the economic side. He begins his article with a reference to a notable dinner which was given twenty-two years ago to a famous physician. There were nineteen guests, all of whom applied themselves assiduously to the rare wines placed before them. The host meanwhile sat at the head of the table nibbling dry toast and sipping mineral water. "Isn't that pathetic?" said one of the guests to the famous physician. "Yes," was the cynical reply, as the medical man poised his glass of wine in midair. "Nineteen fools and one wise man."

It appears that eighteen years later the twelve survivors of this gathering met at another dinner. **Ten out of the twelve drank mineral water.** For reasons of health or of business they had become convinced that liquor-drinking did not pay. In that incident, Mr. Lawrence thinks, is to be found the true explanation of the present wide-spread legislation against liquor-selling: "Look around among your friends and associates in business," he says, "the men you know and meet, and note the change within your own recollection." In the army at the close of the Civil War practically every officer drank; "to-day one-third are total abstainers, and drunkenness costs a man his commission."

Economic conditions,—in common parlance, "It doesn't pay,"—form the great underlying factor of the anti-drink movement, which is primarily neither moral nor religious, but "a cold matter of dollars and cents." Steadily man has been forced to the conclusion that he cannot afford to drink.

The economical aspects of the anti-drink movement are many. There is the all-important one of productivity.

Man is, if you will, simply an engine, and the question of running that engine most cheaply and efficiently is the question of its highest productivity,—its greatest economic value. . . . Purchasers of labor,—whether that labor be of a sewer-digger or a Senator,—want results from the human machine. And it has been demonstrated that the human machine run on alcohol falls far behind that which is not. . . . No one has ever made a practical internal explosive engine operated by gunpowder, though many have tried. No one has ever evolved an efficient human machine working on alcohol, though millions have tried.

In discussing the aspect of longevity, Mr. Lawrence presents some remarkable figures prepared by the eminent English actuary, Sir Victor Horsley. Where the average mortality among adult males of all classes is 1000, that of saloon-keepers is represented by 1642, and of total abstainers by 560. Out of 100,000 inhabitants at thirty years of age, only 44,000 ordinary persons reach the age of seventy years, whereas 55,000 abstainers do. Consequently, reckoning the population of the British Isles at 44,000,000, it is evident that if they were all abstainers the kingdom would be the gainer every year by more than 4,000,000 work-years; and, figuring the aver-



age annual earning capacity at \$500, temperance, if adopted in England for economic reasons, would increase the labor output by \$2,200,000,000 annually!

In the United States, according to life-insurance tables, the percentage of the actual death loss to the expected loss was: among abstainers, 78 to 100; among non-abstainers, 96 to 100. The increase in mortality among the Indians, when alcoholic liquors were sold to them, is a matter of common knowledge.

The economic waste of alcohol is recognized by many classes of professional men. Lawyers are no longer drinking men, as many of them were in the days of Aaron Burr and Daniel Webster. Fifty years ago many a doctor steadied his nerves for an operation with whisky. To-day few, if any, do so. Why? Simply because it doesn't pay. With the workingman the question is still more vital. Figures show that he, too is decreasing his consumption of drink. He has found that alcohol is not the right kind of fuel for the human machine, and that therefore it is an economic waste to use it. In many cases the use of intoxicants while on duty is prohibited. Some firms require their employees to sign a pledge.

The higher one goes in the social scale the more general is the acceptance of the fact that the use of liquor is economically wrong for the individual; and the same economic law applies to groups of individuals, the towns and cities. "This is the explanation of the national spread of prohibition which has made 55 per cent of the country, with 33,000,000 inhabitants, 'dry territory.'"—Review of Reviews.



#### THE MAN BEHIND THE PLOW.

There's been a lot to say about the man behind the gun,  
And folks have praised him highly for the noble work  
he done;

He won a lot of honor for the land where men are free—  
It was him that sent the Spaniards kitin' back across the  
sea.

But he's had his day of glory, had his little spree, and now  
There's another to be mentioned—he's the man behind  
the plow.

A battleship's a wonder and an army's mighty grand,  
And warrin's a profession only heroes understand;  
There's something sort o' thrillin' in a flag that's wavin'  
high,

And it makes you want to holler when the boys go march-  
in' by;

But when the shoutin's over and the fightin's done, some-  
how

We find we're still dependin' on the man behind the plow.

They sing about the glories of the man behind the gun,  
And the books are full of stories of the wonders he has  
done;

The world has been made over by the fearless ones who  
fight;

Lands that used to be in darkness they have opened to  
the light;

When God's children snarl the soldier has to settle up the  
row,

And folks haven't time for thinkin' of the man behind the  
plow.

In all the pomp and splendor of an army on parade,  
And through all the awful darkness that the smoke of  
battles made;

In the halls where jewels glitter and where shoutin' men  
debate;

In the palaces where rulers deal out honors to the great,  
There is not a single person who'd be doin' bizness now  
Or have medals if it wasn't for the man behind the plow.

We're a-buildin' mighty cities and we're gainin' lofty  
heights;

We're a-winnin' lots of glory and we're settin' things  
to rights;

We're a-showin' all creation how the world's affairs  
should run;

Future men'll gaze in wonder at the things that we have  
done,

And they'll overlook the feller, just the same as we do  
now,

Who's the whole concern's foundation—that's the man  
behind the plow.

—S. E. Kiser.



#### BETWEEN WHILES.

"Pa, what is a political leader?"

"A man who is able to see which way the crowd is  
going, and follows with loud whoops in that direction."  
—Home Herald.



#### Not He.

"The papers are afraid to say anything," sneered the  
first citizen.

"Some people don't feel that way about it," replied the  
other. "Ever run for office?"

"No; but I wrote a letter roasting some fellows that  
needed roasting, and the paper didn't print a line."

"Did you sign your name?"

"Certainly not. D'ye think I'm a chump?"—Phila-  
delphia Ledger.



#### Played Bad.

"What makes Cummerly look so sad? He's got millions  
and ought to be happy."

"He's sore over a mistake he made."

"What was it?"

"He fooled the assessor into believing he had very little,  
and then, when he was haled into court for violation of  
some law or other the judge happened to remember seeing  
his name on the assessment roll and thought he didn't  
amount to much in the business and financial world.  
Cummerly is now forced to go to the Supreme Court  
at big expense to escape a jail sentence."—The Com-  
moner.



Old Gentleman—Do you mean to say that your teachers  
never thrash you?

Little Boy—Never. We have moral suasion at our  
school.

"What's that?"

"Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and  
locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word  
a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and  
that's all"



Mrs. Wickwire—"Wasn't it Shakespeare who said that  
'the apparel oft proclaims the man,' or something of the  
sort?"

Mr. Wickware—"I don't remember, but probably you  
are right. I suppose they had clothes loud enough to  
make proclamations in his day the same as now."

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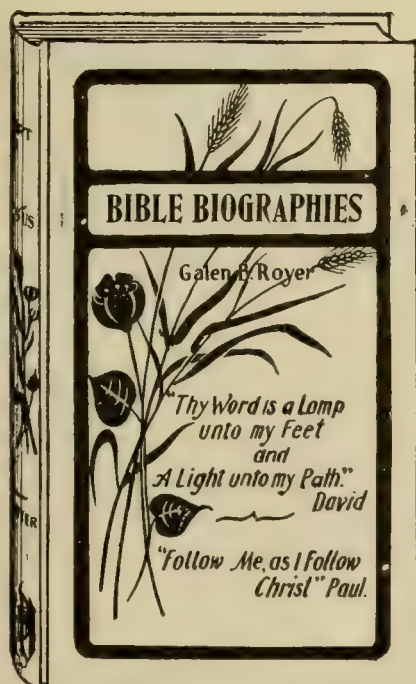
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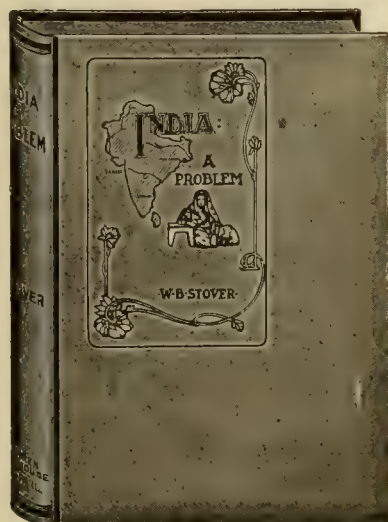
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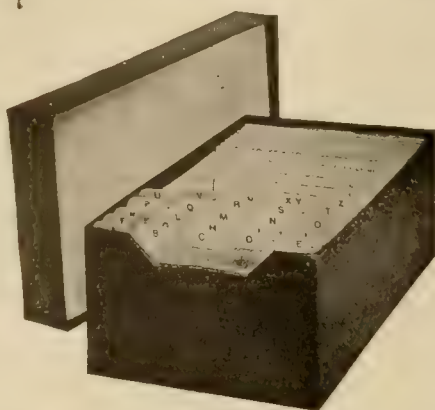
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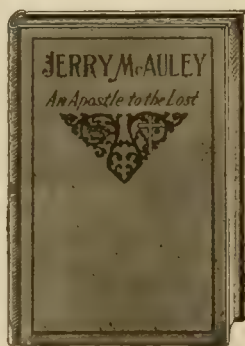
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Assistant Traffic Manager,  
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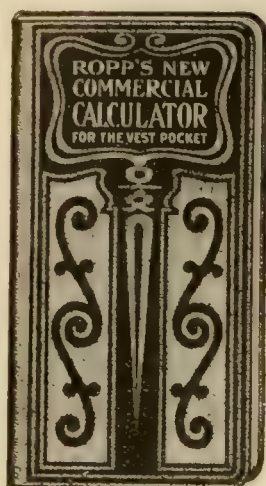
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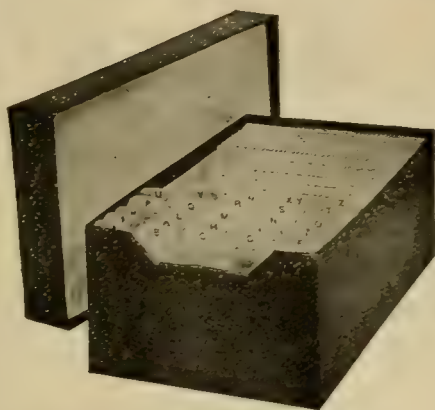
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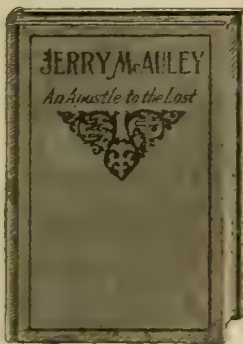
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# THE INGLENOOK

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## How the Home Can Help the School

Prof. O. T. Corson, Columbus, Ohio

### In Two Parts.—Part One.

THE two most potent factors in all progressive civilization are religion and education. In order that the highest type of manhood may be developed these two great forces should move on hand in hand, each one supplementing the work of the other. Religion, so-called, without education has a tendency to develop a dark, narrow-minded, ignorant, bigoted superstition, while on the other hand mere wisdom of the head without that higher wisdom of the heart, is apt to produce a race of skeptics, infidels, and atheists, whose teachings are misleading, whose example is unsafe, and whose whole influence is demoralizing and debasing.

Our forefathers recognized the truth and importance of these fundamental principles which underlie all free government, and they not only founded churches, where pious souls could worship God in prayer and thanksgiving, but at the same time also established the free public school, which is doing so much to aid the church in the great work of elevating humanity to a higher plane of happy, useful, and purposeful living.

It has been only a few years, comparatively speaking, since this free public school system was founded, and yet from these small beginnings it has grown and broadened and deepened in its hold upon the life and affections of the American people until today the schoolhouse is found wherever American civilization is found—in every township and hamlet and village and city—even in the far-off islands of the sea where it is deemed by all as a prime necessity in preparing the people for that citizenship in our Republic for which they long and wait and hope.

In imagination it is not difficult to hear in the ringing of every school bell the echo of that grand old bell in Independence Hall which a century and a third ago rang out freedom to all mankind, and the firm conviction arises in one's soul that so long as the public school is permitted to do the work for which it was intended by its founders, untrammelled by either

sectarian fanatics or political demagogues, our great Republic will be safe.

Closely related to both the church and the school and, in some respects more important than either, is the home, whose influence in building character is of primary importance. These three institutions are so interrelated and interdependent that it is impossible to determine, even if it were desirable, the boundary line of the influence of any one upon either of the others.

It is the purpose of this article to discuss in as practical and helpful a manner as possible the relation of the Home and School and how the former can best help the latter in its extremely important work.

In the first place the home can help the school in a clearer realization of the fact that, in aims and purposes, their work is one and the same, viz; the development of all that is highest and best in character, and in so directing the thought of the child toward the school that the teacher will be considered as a friend in the best sense of that word.

It is encouraging to think that in perhaps the majority of instances the relations between home and school and parent and teacher are growing more cordial as the years go by, but it is sad to relate that there are still too many instances of a lack of this cordial relationship which is so essential to success. As an example of this lack, the following personal experience seems in place:

A few years since in one of the smaller towns of the middle west, I was walking along one of the streets in the evening. A short distance ahead of me, a small boy was playing upon the sidewalk. A shrill voice, pitched in a high key, coming from some one inside the adjoining house and commanding the boy to cease playing and come in, attracted my attention, but did not seem to have any effect on the boy who played on. The voice grew louder and harsher in repeating the command, but the boy still played on apparently indifferent to any call from any source. By this time a woman—undoubtedly the mother—ap-



peared at the door, with broom in hand, and in an angry and excited manner addressed the boy in substance as follows: "You won't mind me, won't you? Well, you just wait till next September when I'll start you to school and then I guess you will catch it."

In my youthful days I occasionally heard of parents who used "rats" to frighten their children into obedience and in rare instances even the "devil" himself was summoned to help them in securing good behavior, but this fond mother had so far advanced in her work of parental control that she was enabled to renounce all such inferior helps, as the two just referred to, and call to her aid the public schoolteacher, several months in advance, in an attempt to enforce family discipline.

With such home preparation as this the child would enter school with the feeling that the teacher is an enemy to be feared and shunned rather than a friend to be honored and loved, and not until such feeling is eradicated from the heart of the child can the teacher's influence be what it must be, if good results are to follow.

The home can also help the school in the important work of discipline—that discipline which produces good behavior and makes for good character. No sane person doubts the necessity of wholesome discipline in the training of the child, and the occasional statements of sentimental theorists, that in this progressive age, no discipline of any kind is needed can well be ignored. To come in contact with a "modern" child reared under the direction of a "modern" mother who has applied the "modern" idea that no discipline is essential to the development of character, will convince anyone of the absurdity of such a course.

That methods of administering discipline have greatly improved within even the last quarter of a century; that the number of both parents and teachers who can tell the difference between mischief and meanness has greatly increased; that, as a rule, school is a happier place than it once was; that the child's nature and motives are gradually becoming better understood as the years go by—all these things are important indications of real progress in the training of children; but as a fact that the world is getting better is not to be considered as an argument, for relaxing our effort for the right, but rather as an incentive to greater diligence in well-doing, so improved methods, resulting from a better knowledge of child nature and more humane ideas of discipline, must not lead us to imagine that the child is no longer in need of discipline, or that punishment is never necessary.

As a rule, the intelligent, tactful teacher whose head is clear, heart warm, and will strong, can succeed in discipline without resorting to the rod, whose too frequent use in the past is a matter of sincere regret, and whose much less frequent use in both

the homes and the schools of today is a source of congratulation.

For either a parent, teacher, or board of education to announce that, under no circumstances, shall corporal punishment be resorted to is but to encourage the occasional outlaw—and there are a few such to be found even in the best communities—to such acts of disobedience and insubordination as can be properly met only by the punishment which has been prohibited.

The wise parent or teacher does not indulge in threats as to what will be done, or in promises as to what will not be done, fully appreciating the meaning of the injunction—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,"—and the home which is to help the school, or the board of education which is to sustain the teacher in the work of discipline, will also show wisdom by not announcing, in advance, opinions and policies.

It is related that in the Southland a negro farmer at one time missed several chickens from his hen-house, and on another occasion two shoats mysteriously disappeared from their pen. To determine, if possible, the source of these thefts, he seated himself one night with a shotgun in hand, at a good point of observation and awaited developments. Shortly after the midnight hour he was surprised to see one of his colored neighbors stealthily approach his premises and proceed to help himself to several more choice fowls and another pig. At the "psychological moment," the farmer pointed the shotgun in the direction of the thief, ordered him to replace the stolen property where it belonged, and then to get down on his knees and promise never again to steal any more chickens or pigs. The darkey replaced the stolen property as ordered and turning to his neighbor remarked that, while he was willing to carry out that part of his order he did not propose "to sign away any of his rights."

Some day, parents, teachers, and boards of education will become wise enough not "to sign away their rights," and as a result the school will be helped and not hindered in its discipline, as sometimes happens today because of unfortunate outside interference on the part of home influence and the unwise action of boards of education.

That the problem of school discipline is difficult is evident to any one who has given the question even a moment's thoughtful consideration. The old saying that it is hard to manage forty children—not forty acting like one, but each one acting like forty, helps us to a realization of what the problem really is.

The marvel is that the public schools of any of our great States, with their hundreds of thousands of pupils and their thousands of teachers, run with so little friction in their discipline. So seldom is there serious trouble in their management that when any-

thing outbreking does occur, the newspapers always announce it to the world as a choice morsel of news.

It is within the bounds of truth to state that the average public school runs with less friction in its government than the average home. Parents who may read these lines will admit, no doubt, that scenes sometimes occur in their own homes with their own children which they would not like to see described in the newspaper, and their own experiences should make them more sympathetic with the teacher in her difficult task and less critical of her actions when she, a human being like themselves, may happen to err. If the parent cannot always be patient with the acts of his own child, he should not be too severe in his denunciation of the teacher who may occasionally temporarily lose self-control, with forty or more of different dispositions and temperaments to contend with.

Parental anxiety—and what parent is not anxious about his own children?—may well stop and ponder the anxiety of the teacher as she tries, knowing that failure sometimes results from her most earnest effort, to devise ways and means to help the children in the struggles which must always accompany growth in character. The sympathy of parent with teacher is one of the greatest needs of the public schools of today. Because of a lack of this sympathy many an earnest teacher fails.

Perhaps, few people realize the great value of the public school to any community simply as a disciplinary force. In too many instances the public school is the only place where children are compelled to obey anything. In my own experience I have known a father and mother to bring a small boy to the office of the superintendent—it took their combined efforts to bring about the result,—and hold on to him while they made confession of their inability to secure his obedience in any particular, at the same time expressing the hope that the teacher might succeed in doing what they, as parents, had failed to do; but I have yet to know of the parent who has totally failed in home discipline who is willing to support the teacher in her work. Where obedience is taught and enforced in the home, the problem of school discipline is an easy one, but where there is a lack of parental control, coupled with constant fault-finding with the teacher who insists upon a proper regard for the authority of the school, the work is rendered exceedingly difficult.

The very safety of our Republic lies in a willingness on the part of its citizenship to respect and obey law. One of the first public addresses delivered by Abraham Lincoln was before the Young Men's Lyceum of his home city of Springfield, Illinois, on January 27, 1837, the subject being, "The Perpetuation of Our Political Institutions." In that address he said:

"Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

In this commercial age when the cry against our brave President's attempt to do his plain duty in the enforcement of laws against dishonest practices on the part of those who are high in authority, is so often heard from persons who claim that such just enforcement is a menace to the "business interests" of the country, it is well to stop long enough to think of what a policy of non-enforcement of law would inevitably lead to, and Lincoln's burning words can be seriously pondered by all parents and teachers to the end that both homes and schools may dedicate themselves anew to the great work of training up a citizenship ready to obey the laws of their land as a matter of right principle and never willing to have these laws ignored or trampled under foot at the dictates of a selfish business policy.

In the very important work of securing the application and industry necessary on the part of the pupil to obtain an education, the help of the home is an absolute necessity for the success of the school.

In these days of marvelous progress in science and invention, great care must be exercised by those in educational authority lest the people become inoculated with the notion that there is after all some royal road to learning over which the child can be carried, without effort, to an education. We now talk so far and with so great ease, travel so rapidly and comfortably with so little expense, and enjoy so many material comforts of every kind that it is hard to resist the tendency to conclude that there ought to be some way of getting an education without effort.

My first trip of any extent, as a country boy, was to the Philadelphia Centennial, less than a third of a century ago. I spent nearly all of my time while visiting the exposition, in machinery hall. I well remember three electric novelties exhibited there which were of intense interest to me. There was an electric light, a telephone, and a very small trolley car which was exhibited at certain hours each day. I always had a front position at this show and watched with deepest interest the short trips made by the little car backward and forward along the short table on which its miniature track was laid. I can still call



to mind the appearance of an elderly man who expressed my own thoughts when he observed, "You can't fool me. There's somebody somewhere pushin' that thing." Very few of the observers, with the possible exception of the scientist with prophetic vision, ever dreamed that any one of these electric novelties would ever come into general use.

What were novelties then are prime necessities in the social and business life of today. The electric light is everywhere literally turning night into day; we use the telephone constantly, wondering how we ever lived without it, and have a hint that in the near future we can take our stand at any convenient point, and "hello" to our friends anywhere and everywhere with no "hello-girl" to intervene, or "automatic busy-buzz" to interfere. Trolley cars are no longer con-

fined to cities and towns but carry their thousands of passengers everywhere throughout the country.

It is perhaps not to be wondered at that in the midst of all this rapid change and progress there should be many parents who conclude that, by this time, some educational genius should have invented some kind of an electrical educational railway on which children can be deposited at from four to six years of age, a few nickels dropped in the slot to pay the passage, and no attention be paid to them by the home until they are *graduated* at the other end of the line, with a diploma as a sort of remembrance of the pleasure of the delightful journey. In too many instances parents seem to be more anxious to have their children go through school than they are to have the school go through their children.

## A Pair of Brown Eyes

Mary I. Senseman

MRS. HARPER thought those eyes were beautiful,—so dark, rich, deep, glowing; they seemed always to outpour joy and sweetness.

The lady found many little excuses for going into the store where the owner of the eyes was clerking. A sight of his bright eyes was good for her faded old ones. She drew from him the little story of his hopes, his aims, his daily life. Lawrence Selzbee lived altogether upon his salary. He saved a little. He was attending night school, to learn stenography and typewriting.

Mrs. Harper grew to know, after awhile, when he had had harder lessons at the school or had opposed something difficult elsewhere. The life that streamed from those eyes showed power as well as unquenchable hope.

Lawrence's clothes were shabby long before they were outworn. He told of the dollar he saved every week. And sometimes he asked advice about a boarding place.

"You see," he explained, "my mother could fix such dishes! And she raised eight of us to be more healthy than Durbans' three and at half the expense that they were put to. And cheap board that's wholesome is hard to find. The landladies seem to think they don't get much money, they won't take much time to cook, either. So my economy must be on my clothes."

On education there was no economy, either, altho no unnecessary expense; nor on laundry bills and toilet soap.

Mrs. Harper guessed at those things. She felt he was so wise for his nineteen years. She fancied she could detect the delicate odor of the cleanliness of his soft, glossy black hair.

At last Lawrence showed his friend the strip of paper that proclaimed him a full-fledged stenographer. Yes, he had a position, too, at triple the salary he now received. With Days & Days, wholesale furniture dealers. He would go there in half a week. He had been offered another place, but the money they would pay was so little, only two dollars more than that of his clerkship, the heads of the firm were old and old-fashioned. He would have to keep himself well-dressed at Days & Days. Only the expense of that made him give a second thought to the other proposition. But now his decision was final in favor of the wealthier establishment.

One morning Mrs. Harper awoke troubled in mind. No recollection of any unpleasantness relating to herself could account for her state.

To get rid of the feeling she thought to walk to Lawrence Selzbee's old place of daily work. He was not there, of course, and the surety of his absence only made the old lady feel more downcast.

She next went into a greenhouse and, with a thrill of joy that was greater because so unexpectedly occasioned, she beheld Lawrence himself within. He had just purchased some flowers and she heard him direct that they be sent to Miss Evelyn Days, — — Avenue.

He had turned then so that he faced Mrs. Harper; and his new suit was so becoming, his self-confidence so evident, and, above all, his eyes so rivaled brown gems, that the little cloud on Mrs. Harper's mind was dissipated into vapor.

She permitted herself only a roguish, knowing smile as he nodded to her, and walked briskly out ahead of him.

Out of his generous salary the boy could afford to spend a little on flowers for a young lady, she thought, and that one a daughter of one of the wealthy and well-known Messrs. Days. How well those men must regard the young stenographer to receive him into their own homes. Ah! with what wisdom for his twenty years had he placed himself in such a position of culture and advancement.

Mrs. Harper did not again see Lawrence for several months.

When she did, he was among a laughing, chattering group of youths and maidens. And of all the latter, she who now and then stood beside our young friend was the most bedecked with gay, fluttering ribbons.

Lawrence had the same old air of self-confidence. He was less jovial than the others. He seemed to be enveloped with a sort of pride that contained no haughtiness.

The old lady slipped behind a hedge near enough to see the boy well without being seen.

The shock she received as she looked into those brown eyes made her seriously doubt, for an instant, that their possessor was the person she had supposed.

Were those eyes, calm, shallow, cold, those that had sent out their warmth and gladness steadily, full-brimmed?

Mrs. Harper had to believe what she saw at every encounter with Lawrence. She saw his eyes flash or sparkle, and then some of their depth showed again for a moment. But the old look, that had been so restful, so cheery, seemed to have been lost.

It was more than two years after Lawrence's first week with Days & Days that his old friend espied a handsome seal ring on one of his fingers. She suspected enough to make her look closely at Miss Evelyn Days' small white hand at the first opportunity.

Yes, there it was,—a slender circlet set with a small, clear gem that Mrs. Harper knew to be a diamond.

The young man had long said only "How do you do?" to the little old lady, but by right of those past half-confidences the woman found an opportunity one day to speak further with him.

"You are staying a long time here. Have they increased your salary?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Harper! I'm an expert now. They needed one, and if I hadn't learned some one else would have taken the place. I'm valuable to them now and they pay me quite liberally. It's a high-class company, you know, and they demand high-grade employees."

She wished he would not speak so crisply, like one of his own greenbacks.

"And you're engaged to Miss Days?" quizzed the determined old lady.

"Yes, Evelyn and I are to be married after awhile.

She's a very nice little girl. Her father says she uses up lots of money."

"Can she cook and sew?"

"Oh, no! Evelyn's a butterfly."

"You'll have to run your home with money. How much can you put aside then for a rainy day?"

"Now, Mrs. Harper," Lawrence said, fidgeting, "I get better pay with every promotion."

"Are you saving a dollar a week now?" she queried relentlessly.

"I have saved enough for a small new house."

And he would have to save enough for servants and carriages and entertainments and for new things constantly. How well she knew! She, who always had known luxury. But she had been a trained homemaker, ready for any financial emergency that might befall her.

"The money comes so easily," she thought as she went homeward. "He cannot appreciate it as he did. He meets no difficulties. *That* is making him a weakling, robbing him of his warm, young blood."

The next news Mrs. Harper had of Lawrence was a letter to her, requesting her to come to see him at a certain lodging place. The writing was not his, and there was a postscript stating that his right hand was injured.

The old lady found her young friend wretched with mental and physical pain.

His right hand had been so mangled by a revolving electric fan that it had had to be amputated. He had stumbled, and, to save himself, clutched the fan.

"And my position is gone; my engagement is broken; the new house is not to be finished. I have only a hundred dollars of my own, and this, which I shall sell." He held out the diamond ring.

Mrs. Harper's presence was tonic to the young man. She talked little, but she lifted up the left hand, and said, in her most matter-of-fact way, "This is good yet, Lawrence."

She did not offer him money of hers. She left him at the cheap hotel. But she visited him often, and watched, with thankfulness, the depth and earnestness and gentleness come back to make those brown eyes beautiful again.

And after months that Lawrence devoted to inducting some of the swift skill of his mind into that sound left hand, Mrs. Harper permitted herself only one bit of moral:—

"Things outside are to increase the inner beauty. They are wrongly sought and used if they steal it from us."

"I hadn't thought of that one," Lawrence said, in a way that indicated to her that he had himself drawn little lessons from his experience.

How proud Mrs. Harper felt to hold acquaintance with so youthful a philosopher!

*Pleasant Hill, Ohio.*



## ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

## XVIII. Whitelaw Reid.

WHITELAW REID is the son of Robert C. Reid, an elder in the Cameronian Covenanting Church, naturally of Scotch descent, and was born in Xenia, Ohio, October 27, 1837. He went to the Xenia Academy, and then to the Miami University, where he graduated with high honors in 1856. Soon after his graduation he became the sole owner and editor of the *Xenia News*. Disposing of this, he went to Cincinnati, where he became a reporter on the *Gazette*, and under the name "Agate," reported the State legislature's proceedings for his paper.

His Vigorous, terse, racy style of writing, and his faculties of observation led him, at the outbreak of the Civil War, to be sent as war correspondent along with the Ohio troops in their campaign in western Virginia. Then he returned to Cincinnati and wrote editorials for the *Gazette* except on occasional reporter trips for field work. He was present at Fort Donelson, and went up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh), in 1862, with the northern troops, being the only correspondent present on that terrible scene of slaughter, leaving a sick-bed to follow the army. He spent the first night with the private soldiers on the bluff, and the next night in the tent of Gen. Lew Wallace.

He went to Washington and took charge of the *Gazette* Bureau, and among all the pens pushed in Newspaper Row, there was none, if occasion needed, to be more dreaded than that of "Agate." He was always more ready to criticise than to praise, more eager in attack than defense. He saw and reported the battles of Fredericksburg and the second Bull Run, and Gettysburg. He was appointed Librarian of the House of Representatives on account of his political services and scholarly taste.

At the close of the war, his health being impaired, he went south with Chief Justice Chase, and as a result, in 1866 published "After the War," a book giving a careful and considerate account of the condition of that section of the country, which was of great value. In 1866 he went to Louisiana with Gen. Francis J. Herron, of Iowa, and undertook the culture of cotton, believing that the end of the war meant peace. They planted 2,500 acres, which included three farms, and employed three hundred hands to do the work. The year was a disastrous one for planters, yet they so skillfully managed that they came through without loss. A second book soon followed; it was, "Ohio in the War," two octavo volumes of 1000 pages each, which besides being a most eloquent tribute to his native State, was a very valuable addition to the history of the war.

Mr. Reid became one of the proprietors of the

*Gazette* and spent two years on the old homestead at Xenia, and in 1868 went to New York at the invitation of Horace Greeley, to accept an editorial position on the *Tribune*. In 1869 he became Managing Editor, and on Mr. Greeley's nomination for President became Editor-in-chief. Under his management it became one of the leading journals of the world, and by this means he became very wealthy.

October 26, 1881, he married the daughter of Mr. D. O. Mills, of California. He has served as President of the Lotus Club, and as Regent of the University of New York State. He refused the office of Minister to Germany tendered to him by both Presidents Hayes and Garfield, but in March, 1889, accepted the office of Minister to France, tendered him by President Harrison, serving three years with the greatest dignity and satisfaction. Being an active Republican, Mr. Reid was nominated for Vice President on the ticket with President Harrison in 1892, but the ticket was unsuccessful. He has been for several years the American Ambassador to Great Britain, and fills the position with the greatest credit to himself and country. Other books he has published, are "Schools of Journalism," "The Scholar in Politics," "Some Newspaper Tendencies," and "Town-Hall Suggestions."

Worthy of mention: Dr. Benjamin Rush, medical and essays; E. P. Roe, novels; Dr. James Rush, medical; Theodore Roosevelt, history; Susan Rowson, "Charlotte Temple"; J. W. Riley, poems; T. B. Read, poems; J. R. Randall, poems; A. D. F. Randolph, poems; William Russell, elocution; Wm. J. Rolfe, science; Dr. D. M. Reese, education; W. J. Rivers, South Carolina History.

Bryan, Ohio.



## OPPORTUNITY.

They do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

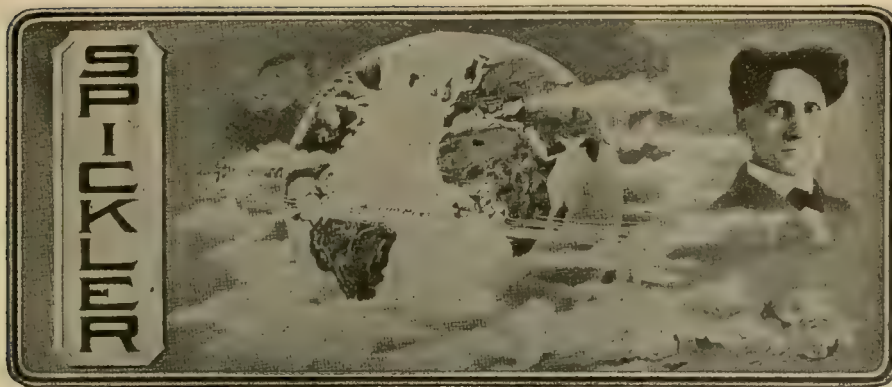
Wail not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!  
Each night I burn the records of the day;  
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;  
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hand and weep;  
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"  
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep  
But yet might rise and be again a man!

"Art thou a mourner? Rise thee from thy spell.  
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.  
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from Hell,  
Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven."

—Walter Malone.



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XVII.

THE sound continued, now regular, now irregular. By the side of the mountain road there grew a clump of trees and shrubs. The noise came from these. In the shady outline there stood what resembled a small cow that seemed to be chewing, not at the grass, but at the bark of the shrubs near the ground. From a distance of fifteen feet I moved up to within eight feet of the slender object. Its head was from me, its hind feet just in front of me. Still it munched. The noise it made, barking the tree, prevented my being heard.

A moment later I experienced the most thrilling of sensations,—at three o'clock in the morning. I had read of elk and other animals eating twigs in snow-covered winter. Not until this moment had I known of deer feasting upon bark in what was the equivalent, in climate, to summertime. Before me stood the fleetest wild animal of the forest, the first wild deer I ever saw, right in the act of getting its breakfast. I raised my voice in self-defense, for I was frightened. At once it ceased chewing, raised its beautiful antlers and looked around. For ten seconds, it seemed, it looked at me, intruding so ruthlessly upon its innocent life, then, with a bound, the beautiful stag shot away into the darkness of the dense foliage, up the steep hillside and across the gully, in front of me. The surprise fairly lifted my cap. I felt the electric force in finger and back, as that lithe creature fled, its antlers laid back over its graceful neck, full of the wild

poetry of motion, and he leapt over the brush with the flying ease of the athlete.

Then I wondered why I had not grabbed it by the hind feet and held on! Yes, held on! But I really believe I could have held it, thrown it down, and in the tussle, been able to seize its glorious antlers and to hold it until I had—killed—no I could never have killed that innocent deer. I'm glad I let it go!

But how it neither heard saw nor smelled me, with its keen senses and wild instinct, I puzzle yet.

A little after six o'clock I returned to the house, locked and bolted the door after me and lay down on my couch to sleep until a breakfast was served

of cured venison and oatmeal.

No one but the deer had known of my leaving the house. The host and his wife and three children had slept so soundly.

I awoke, like a child, with the invigorating memory of the night's quest and the hopeful prospects of the day before me in the hunt promised by Lord Clonmel, of Muckcross Castle.

The sun was shining. The sky was as clear as a diamond. There was no stir of air. It was neither warm nor cold. A more perfect day never dawned.

At ten I paid my second visit to the Castle,—entering, with the keeper, by way of the kitchen, just the way I wanted to go in. One of the waiting maids was preparing a lunch for me of nicely spread bread and a roll jelly cake, and the announcement to Lord



Palace Grounds of the J. & P. Coats Needle Millionaires, Scotland. They wondered what Mr. Spickler was doing daring to take a picture there!



Clonmel by the butler brought me from him a sovereign in gold and his good wishes.

I lost no time in looking around, I tell you, for I had always read about the scullions in the kitchens of these big castles and palaces and of the great expense in such a home. There was no end to servants, some men, some women, some young, others old, some homely, some pretty. Some were in scullion dress, others in showy livery. A tailor was ironing out a black suit for the lord. Another man was packing up the hunting outfit. Still another was looking after the dogs. They were all talking and laughing and quite probably getting more joy out of the castle than the Lord and Lady Clonmel.

An intelligent, well-dressed young fellow was dispatched as my guide through the wildest parts of the mountains back of the lakes.

Into the balmy air at ten o'clock, amid the still sparkling gleams of dewdrops, plucking wild flowers that grew everywhere, he went, along the lake, then straight up the mountain to its very top. The sight from the mountains, down over the lake, cast a spell of poetry over my soul and made me wish I could love everybody in this great, big round world. Of all ideal days, and of all sweet pleasures, this day was the best,—that is, excepting those in which sweet-hearts have figured. The towering mountains around the lakes rising in dark, heavy masses, contrasted most sharply with the clear, calm, smooth water below. There was the purple haze, perfectly transparent, that hung shimmering over the lakes through which the golden sunshine streamed in torrents. The water itself was as of many tints as the directions in which it was viewed, from the brilliant flash to the softening, mellow color that passed here and there into a deeper blue. The mountains and trees were

reflected as perfectly in the water as though they grew there. The sculling of the little boat on the other side stirred the lazy surface into a million curls, and the pebble dropped into the water at the stern by the lady in the boat, was heard by us as plainly as though we stood right there by the boat.

"Are we near the deer, now?" I asked my guide. "Yes," he replied, "we are liable to see them here anywhere."

"Look!" I whispered, "there's one, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's one, sure."

I was as much excited as when I got within gun range of my first Mallard ducks on the Seven-Mile Branch in Northern Illinois.

It was a young fawn.

And through all the day, far back in the wilds, and along the edge of the hills overlooking the prettiest of lakes, we chased up droves of ten or twenty fine deer, watched them run and stop and graze again. I did my best to photograph them singly and in groups, but though I had good chances for fine pictures, for some reason or other, every single exposure was practically a failure.

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"PEOPLE who eat of the tree of knowledge should be sure of perfect digestion if they would attain to symmetrical development. Otherwise, they attain veneer and veneer in education is bad, yea, very bad. The knowledge that we gain must leaven the whole lump, must permeate the whole being, must change the entire structure in order to be effective. If put on with a brush it becomes grotesque and transforms an ignoramus into a hypocrite. Every tissue must be saturated with it. Then it becomes both strength and ornament."

## In Summer Mood

Olive A. Smith

I'm pining for country sights and voices,  
For the scent of fields where the mother-  
earth  
Bares her breast to the patter of summer  
showers,  
And gives to a million wild flowers birth.

I long for the sound of waters, purling  
Through banks where the honeysuckle  
twines,  
Round the maple bough, and the dappled  
sunlight  
Tangles the shade in the wild grape-vines.

I want to see the hills and valleys,  
In the drowsy rest of the noontide hush;  
To dream their dreams, that are broken only  
By the song of the lark, and the sweet-  
voiced thrush.  
Emporia, Kans.

# The Foreigner

H. M. Fogelsonger

THE subject of immigration may be of interest to many readers, even though they do not rub elbows with the foreigner in their daily life. We speak very generally of the newcomers when we refer to them simply as foreigners, unqualified, because there is a great difference between a man from Germany and one from Italy or between a Swede and a Chinaman. We must also remember that great as our coast line is, New York City is the chief port for the immigrants and that the multitudes that pour through Ellis Island are only a few when scattered over the whole country between the Atlantic and Pacific.

Statistics of Immigration form an interesting study and below is a list of figures to think over. They give the number of aliens coming to this country during the years specified.

|                 |           |
|-----------------|-----------|
| 1821-1830 ..... | 143,439   |
| 1831-1840 ..... | 599,125   |
| 1841-1850 ..... | 1,713,251 |
| 1851-1860 ..... | 2,579,580 |
| 1861-1870 ..... | 2,282,787 |
| 1871-1880 ..... | 2,812,191 |
| 1881-1890 ..... | 5,246,613 |
| 1891-1895 ..... | 2,219,793 |
| 1896 .....      | 343,269   |
| 1897 .....      | 230,832   |
| 1898 .....      | 229,299   |
| 1899 .....      | 311,715   |
| 1900 .....      | 448,572   |
| 1901 .....      | 487,918   |
| 1902 .....      | 648,743   |
| 1903 .....      | 857,046   |
| 1904 .....      | 812,870   |
| 1905 .....      | 1,027,421 |

During the decade ending 1900 there were 3,687,564 immigrants. For the year ending 1907 the number of immigrants reached one million two hundred and eighty-five thousand, three hundred and forty-nine, but during the same year some three hundred and fifty-four thousand returned to their native country, so that the net figures would be something less than a million. The number of foreigners coming from each country varies from year to year and yearly conditions must be taken into consideration; but I have selected the year 1905, and during that year the seven countries from which most of the immigrants came are:

|                       |         |
|-----------------------|---------|
| Austria Hungary ..... | 275,693 |
| Italy .....           | 221,479 |

|               |         |
|---------------|---------|
| Russia .....  | 184,897 |
| England ..... | 64,732  |
| Ireland ..... | 52,945  |
| Germany ..... | 40,576  |
| Norway .....  | 25,064  |

No other country has the immigrant problem to deal with in such magnitude as does the United States. Just think, over one million men, women and children have to be taken care of by the government inspectors every year. If all the foreigners were honest, hard working and healthy people the prob-



Europeans Who Have Become American Citizens.

lem would not be so difficult, but it is not so. Criminals of the worst type, men who are seeking a living without work, feeble-minded, those afflicted with a contagious disease, all seek shelter in this country. Notwithstanding the vigilant inspection by the government officials, many undesirable persons enter the United States as anarchistic societies give evidence. Perhaps you would be interested in knowing the questions asked every newcomer before he is allowed to land. They run something like this: 1.—What is your name? 2.—age? 3.—Are you married? 4.—What is your occupation? 5.—Of what country were you a citizen? 6.—Race? 7.—And what was your last permanent residence? 8.—Give the name and address of your nearest relative or friend in the



country from which you came. 9.—What is your destination? 10.—Did you have a ticket through to your destination? 11.—By whom was your passage paid? 12.—How much money have you with you? 13.—Is this your first trip to the United States? 14.—Are you going to join a relative or friend in this country? 15.—Were you ever in prison, an insane asylum or almshouse? 16.—Are you a polygamist? 17.—Are you an anarchist? 18.—Have you made any contract for your labor? 19.—What is the state of your health? 20.—Are you deformed in any way? 21.—How tall are you? 22.—Complexion? 23.—Color of your hair? 24.—Color of your eyes? 25.—And where were you born?

A man could almost be made to order on such specifications could he not? The inspector also makes note of any marks by which the individual might be identified, and the complete record is kept on file for future reference. Of course many puzzling cases come up for the inspector to settle. For instance, a sickly or crippled man may be traveling alone, his fare having been paid by his relatives who have already been in this country. According to the immigration laws his physical condition would prevent him from landing, but he may be coming over here to live with his brother who may or may not take care of him. Such difficult cases are usually carried up to some higher official for decision. The physical examination is an important one. Specialists in the several diseases examine each alien individually and if there is any temporary sickness the individual is detained in the hospital until recovered.

There is also another important check upon the flow of immigrants into this country. Many steamship companies and labor organizations import labor. They make it a business to induce foreigners to settle in the United States. Now the return passage of all persons not passing the inspector's examination and the extra expense of detaining persons in the hospital is paid by the company that brought them over. That stimulates closer inspection where the foreigner embarks.

As to the harm done by the foreigner coming to this country it may be put under two heads, first, remaining in groups or settlements instead of scattering out; and second, replacing American labor. Of the two evils I think the first is by far the greater. Too many of our large cities have districts called "Germany," "Polander Town," "Chinatown," etc. The potent feature in this country is that it is democratic and every citizen should support good government and public schools. A settlement in which all are of one nationality and cling to their native language almost invariably works against good government and public schools. Now I know there are settlements in which the foreigners are peaceful and patriotic, but they are very few. You cannot transplant a

patch of Russia bodily into the United States without evil results any more than you could put Massachusetts over into Russia without causing trouble. Country settlements of foreigners are usually beneficial but in the city conditions are different. Here labor troubles and municipal government work evil results among foreigners. We need foreign laborers but there ought to be some way to distribute them over the country. The farmers out west should not suffer for help when men are standing about the gates of factories asking for work. There is a movement on foot now to turn farm labor towards the South instead of leaving it drift to the cities and already many Italians have settled there.

The fact that a large per cent of criminals and inmates of almshouses are those of foreign birth has been used as an argument against excessive immigration. I will not burden you with more statistics, but it is very true that too large a per cent of criminals and beneficiaries of charity is foreign, and yet that argument against immigration ought to be qualified. Consider for a moment where most of our foreign labor is employed,—in mines, furnaces, steel mills and in various dangerous manufacturing industries. The case is obvious. The scale of wages is based upon the living expenses and *almost invariably* does not include the possible chances of injury. In extreme cases where it is difficult to find men for the job, wages are high enough to allow for doctor bills. Too often does the poor man in the factory or mine have to cry "Me hurt, me no good. Me no have money for wife and babies." Many employers pay for dressing the wounds but the rent and grocery bills must be met. You ask, Why don't they save? The average foreigner does save even though his wages are small. But here is how he often saves. An industrious real estate dealer or furniture man gets a hold of the ignorant foreigner and persuades him to buy on the installment. All goes well until sickness or injury stops the payments when the little home and occupant are separated. Do you wonder that the poor man in desperation is often driven to crime? Nearly every life has its tragedies and the European laborer who risks his fortune in the United States has more troubles than the average.

The accompanying photograph shows an average group of foreigners neither of the worst nor of the best types. The group is made up of a Russian, Russian Poles, German Poles, a German and Hungarians. The two in the front row with mallets in their hands were born in this country and are above the average in intelligence and morality. Three or four others whom I will not indicate are almost too ignorant to be worth anything as common laborers. I could tell you an interesting life story of each man if space permitted.

Thousands of worthless characters come to this

country and settle in New York, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee and other manufacturing cities. The worst characters are those who are unwilling to do honest work and who by their superior ability as leaders stir up trouble among those that do work. I once formed a personal acquaintance with an anarchist and in several conversations purposely drew on him to tell me many things of that class I never knew. You have no idea what deviltry those men plan and believe in. Only more civilization will eradicate such relics of barbarism.

It is true that many of our foreign population live almost like animals. If you walk through the Hungarian quarters of any of the above cities mentioned you will find many so-called boarding houses. I saw one that was so full that some of the men slept in the "dining room" on mattresses. The whole house was filled with beds excepting where the table and cook stove stood. Mike, the landlord, worked in a shipping house for one dollar and forty cents a day and his wife cooked for ten or eleven boarders. You see Mike and his wife were industrious. They charged each man three dollars a week for board and a place to sleep. In such localities there is abundant room for home mission work in regard to right living.

We have strict immigration laws and a worthy commissioner in New York City, but we are in urgent need of some regulation in regard to the locating of these strangers who want to live with us. Many Russians and Poles who come over here are farmers and there is no reason why they should not continue their farm work in the United States. Many foreigners never become really Americanized because they spend their whole life in a settlement where only their native customs exist and only their mother tongue is heard.



#### NO AWARD OF THE PRIZE FOR HUMANE SLAUGHTERING.

No award will be made for some time in the competition for a humane slaughtering device for which a prize of \$500 was offered by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Of the numerous inventions submitted in the competition, none came within the exact provisions of the competition. A large consignment of new inventions is expected from Europe in a few days, and will be given a complete and careful trial before a final report is published.

Some progress has been made from the very fact that general attention has been directed to the subject, and the committee hopes within a short time to determine which, if any, of the inventors is entitled to the \$500.

The competition was instituted by the A. S. P. C. A. in these words: "Painfully conscious of the cruelties

inflicted upon animals by the present methods of slaughtering, and desirous of preventing, as far as possible, the sufferings of animals at the moment of giving up their lives for the benefit of mankind, the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, through its board of managers, offers a reward of \$500 for the device or apparatus not now in use which will best accomplish the humane destruction of animals for food purposes."

As a result a great number of models and drawings were submitted prior to June 1, on which date the entries were closed.

Some years ago a German woman offered a reward of \$3,000 for the best method of killing food animals, and this had proved a great stimulus to invention. Then the German government undertook the supervision of all abattoirs, as the American government has since done, appointing specialists of distinction to various posts created for safeguarding both humanity and the dumb creatures, taking the advice of skilled veterinarians, and compelling the strictest observance of the laws enacted to govern abattoirs. Among other inventions the "Behr pistol" was brought forth as an instrument for quick and humane destruction, and this weapon is now generally employed throughout the German empire.

In France, where government supervision is now equally strict, what is called the "Bruneau mask" is placed over the head of the animal to be slain, buckled behind the ears, and a blow from a mallet drives a chisel held in the mask into the animal's brain, causing instant and painless death.

In Spain the spine of the animal is severed with the thrust of the spear, and this is the method in Cuba and other Spanish speaking countries, except that a dagger is sometimes substituted for the spear.

In Great Britain, where the matter of a reform in abattoir methods was agitated some years ago by the Royal Humane Society, an admiralty commission was appointed to make an investigation, and in due time this commission reported in favor of the pole ax, which is also employed in Austria-Hungary.

In no other country on earth which makes a pretense of civilization do such methods as those now in use in America prevail.

An amazing variety was shown in the devices submitted in this competition. The guillotine idea had obsessed many of the inventors, but it was adapted to the use of the abattoirs in several instances with great ingenuity. Rapidity is a prime essential in the big packing houses. The guillotine is not fast enough.  
—*Scientific American*.



THE time will come when the civilized man will feel that the rights of every living creature on earth are as sacred as his own. Anything short of this cannot be perfect civilization.—*David Starr Jordan*.



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## WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

WHILE all our readers are more or less acquainted with the history of our presidential candidates, it might not be amiss to give a brief account of the lives of those of the two leading parties. Both men have been much before the public for some time and much has been written about them. What is given here is selected from various sources with the aim of giving to our readers a fairly good view of the man without going into detail.

In brief the Republican candidate's history is as follows: Born at Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 15, 1857; son of the Hon. Alphonso Taft, Attorney-General in President Grant's cabinet; graduated at Yale, 1878, married at Cincinnati, June 1886, Helen Heron; assistant prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio, 1881-2; collector of internal revenue, first district of Ohio, 1882-3; assistant county solicitor, Hamilton County, 1885-7; judge of the Superior Court of Ohio, 1887-90; Solicitor-General of the United States, 1890-2; United States Circuit Judge, sixth circuit, 1892-1900; President of the United States Philippine Commission, March 13, 1900, Feb. 1, 1904; first civil governor of the Philippine Islands, July 4, 1901-Feb. 1, 1904; Secretary of War of the United States since Feb. 1, 1904.

Mr. Taft's father was not wealthy, as few men are who spend their whole lives in the public service, but the parents occupied a position of prominence in the city which brought the children into contact with the best people. The father was a man of unusual force and ability, Judge Alphonso Taft, a Yale man and successively Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati; secretary of war, attorney-general, and United States minister to Russia. Both he and Mrs. Taft were Baptists. However, after some years spent in pleasant association with the Baptists, during which "Willie" attended the Baptist Sunday school, they moved their membership to the Unitarian church.

With that denomination Mr. Taft has his connection today.

William Howard went through the regulation course in the city schools, graduating from the Woodward High School in 1874. The next year he entered Yale. His wide range of interests gave him an excellent training for his actual later political life. To the "greasy grinds" he was as a "greasy grind," contesting their honors with them from the start, and graduating second in a class of 120. To the class strong men he was as a brother, being stroke on the class crew, anchor in the tug of war, and the prize wrestler of the class who matched the weight of the sophomore Goliath with science and successfully put him in rout; the "jolly good fellows" found in him a kindred soul, who could always be counted on for a good time, and was respected all the more because he never allowed the good fellowship to verge on dissipation. His career stands as a successful denial of the oft-repeated assertion that it is always the man who stands at the bottom of his class in college who finishes at the top of the column in life.

When he had delivered his class oration, said goodbye to the beloved campus scenes and come back to smoky Cincinnati, he found his brother editing a newspaper and he accepted at once the position of court reporter at the staggering sum of six dollars per week. It was a long drop from the high ideals set forth in that class oration to six dollars a week, but Taft took the fall philosophically and landed on his feet. In the work of the courts he was very much interested, and his column became known throughout the city. When, after a time, there came an offer from another paper in the city of \$25 a week for the same work, his brother acquiesced in his acceptance. Later he went to law school and finally was admitted to the bar.

Here is where the "he-never-could-have-done-it-if-it-hadn't-been-for-his-dad" men began to get in their deadly work. And there is a certain amount of truth in what they say, but only a half truth. If it had not been for the acquaintanceship which he had made through his father it is probable that he would not have been appointed collector of internal revenue by President Arthur at the rather premature age of twenty-five, or judge of the Superior Court by Governor Foraker. That is the half truth. The other half is that he made good as collector of revenue, and that he was so much approved as a judge that he was elected for a full term by a majority of over five thousand. The power of a great man is only half shown in his ability to get started in public life. Some *get started*, and some have to dig down and start themselves. The other half lies in their power to make good after they attain their start, and Taft has made good.

It was while he was preparing one of his decisions

in Cincinnati that there came a summons from President McKinley in Washington. Mr. Taft obeyed the summons and found Mr. Root and the president at the White House. "I want you to go to the Philippines," said Mr. McKinley.

"But, Mr. President," said the big Ohian, "I don't want to go. I'm sorry we have the Philippines."

What Mr. McKinley said in answer to that represented his honest thought and it represents also the conviction of the majority of us throughout the country. "Mr. Taft, I, too, am sorry that we have them, but we had to take them; there was no other way. And we have a duty toward them which we must discharge. You must help me to train those people to govern themselves."

And so he threw off the ermine to don the white duck, and with his big body tortured by the heat, with every pore working overtime turning out the streams of sweat, he set out to work the discordant racial elements of the Philippines into one harmonious medley.

We are not in a position to appreciate the value of the work which Mr. Taft did down there. We see what he has done, but we will never realize how hard he had to work to do it. We know that the Filipinos have made thus far a progress which has surprised us all. We never will know how much blood has been sweat, how much nervous energy has been expended in this successful effort to "hurry the East."

Mr. Taft's mother considers her son best fitted for a judicial position, and for a long time has desired that he might attain to the Supreme Court. This desire was shared by Mr. Taft, and while he was in the Philippines the opportunity came to have that desire fulfilled. President Roosevelt informed him that he had decided to appoint him to the vacancy in the court, and congratulated him on the realization of a life-long hope. But here the real man revealed himself. He felt that it was no time for him to let go affairs in the Philippines, acquainted with them as he was, so he turned away from perhaps his only opportunity of ever becoming Justice of the Supreme Court, though it was only after a second communication with the President that he was able to convince him that his decision was the wiser.

Mr. Taft was married a good while ago to Miss Helen Herron, of Cincinnati, who has enough accomplishments herself to justify the writing of an article about her. She is a fine musician and a graduate of a conservatory in Cincinnati. She reads and speaks the modern languages well, so that should her husband become our president she would not be shut out from the delightful diplomatic associations of Washington. Mrs. Taft is not fond of functions and display, but she is very careful to carry out her part in the social obligations of the capital city, and few of those who attend functions with her suspect that

she is not enjoying them just as much as the rest. She pleads guilty of one vanity only—she is very proud indeed of her children. Two boys and a girl, the oldest, Robert, a sophomore at Yale; the second, Helen, about to enter Bryn Mawr College, and the youngest, Charles P., in Washington public schools, and a member of that base ball team of which Quentin Roosevelt is the captain.

The only real home which the Tafts have is in Washington, if one excepts their home at Murray Bay, Canada, where they spend the summers. It is there that Mr. Taft has his own church membership in the Union Church, whose members are partly Presbyterians, partly Episcopalians, and partly Unitarians. Mrs. Taft is a Presbyterian, and Miss Helen has recently joined the Episcopal Church in Washington. The secretary has a pew in both the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches, and attends one about as often as the other.

He has not identified himself actively with any temperance movement, and he is not taking any chances with temperance interviews. In former years he has put himself definitely on record in favor of total abstinence, and just as definitely as opposing prohibition. There are a good many and well-meaning people who do not believe that prohibition lessens the evils of the liquor traffic. Their number is growing constantly smaller as the march of events proves their belief false, but so long as they hate the traffic and oppose it where they can, we need not condemn them utterly because their method of opposing it differs from ours. On one count, however, Mr. Taft does stand condemned; in advocating consistently the re-establishment of the army canteen, he has put himself in the path of progress and against the forces of righteousness.

It is a popular belief that a man can hardly attain to great things in our public life without the support of numerous fraternal organizations. The great mass of politicians are great "joiners," but Mr. Taft does not belong to the number. In Yale he was a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, and of Skull and Bones, the great senior society to whose membership all Yale men aspire and few attain. He has since his graduation joined numerous clubs in Washington, Cincinnati and other cities, but no order carries his name upon its roll.

Mr. Taft is not an orator; he can hardly be said to be even an engaging speaker. He says little that is striking or new; he speaks without fire and he does not thrill his audiences or leave behind him a body of converts to his cause. In this he is in the most thorough contrast to Mr. Roosevelt, and particularly to Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan never appears before an audience without convincing men against their will. Mr. Taft's public appearances are usually a disap-





### LOVE'S HEALING.

Dear little love-hungry baby, craving a kiss for your hurt,  
 Begging a balm for your bruises got when you fell in the dirt,  
 Standing with pleading palms lifted up to the ones that would do  
 All in their uttermost power, keeping the sorrows from you—  
 Dear little love-hungry baby, fly to your haven of rest,  
 Sob out the ache as I hold you snuggled up close to my breast.  
 Dear little love-hungry baby, all of the cares that you know  
 Flee as the dark flies at dawning, leaving no vestige of woe.  
 Soon through your teardrops will glisten gleams from the mirth that must dwell  
 Aye in the deeps of the child-heart—mirth that but age may dispel.  
 Dear little love-hungry baby, here, in the breast where you lie,  
 Sorrows are slower departing, griefs have more leisure to die.  
 Dear little love-famished baby, here is the kiss for your hurt.  
 Love heals the bumps and the bruises got when you fell in the dirt.  
 Sometime the Arms Everlasting will cuddle you close as my own,  
 Driving each ache from your bosom, turning to laughter each moan.  
 Dear little love-hungry baby, glad should I be if I knew  
 All of life's wearisome burdens love would make lighter for you.

—Author Unknown.



### CHAINED TO LOATHSOMENESS.

IN a recent sermon at the Majestic theater, New York, Rev. Madison C. Peters took for his theme "The Drinking Man." He said:

How often you will see your pure-minded girls giving their hands with their hearts in them to men who perhaps love them warmly in return, but whose habits and associations in life are well known to be such that a pure-minded woman ought to shrink from them in horror.

A young woman in a New York police court, standing before the judge, disillusioned, weary and worn by wretchedness and woe, in telling the story of her husband's brutality and neglect, among other things, said: "I knew my husband drank before I married him, and would like to tell any girl if she thinks she can reform a man by marrying him she is mis-

taken and had better hang herself. All I want in this great world is a place to work." Cases like this might be multiplied indefinitely from the thousands of police courts throughout the land, pointing out how foolhardy the act to marry a man to mend him or reform him.

There are 18,000 wife desertions every year in Chicago, there were 5,825 desertion cases last year in Philadelphia, while the average number of desertions in New York is about 8,000 a year, and, according to the testimony of the police magistrates in these and other cities, the cause at the bottom in the majority of cases is drink.

It is all nonsense to say that love is blind—blind to the faults of one loved. If the man were not deformed, he would not need to be reformed.

If a man will not reform to please his sweetheart, he will never do so to please his wife. Court records show that marriage as a step to man's reform has almost invariably resulted in failure. Women hope that their influence will be greater after marriage than before and too often find with breaking hearts that it is less. The martyr spirit seldom brings the martyr's reward. If the possession of your love and the hope that you may become his own are not enough to reform him, there is little probability that he will turn from his dissipation after you have surrendered your liberty to him.

The man habituated to evil, yielding to strong drink, governed by selfishness, cannot be a genuine lover. He may make the solemn promise to love, honor, and cherish his wife, but a specter of ominous mien portending heartache, sorrow and disaster, follows the hapless woman from the altar to the grave.

I know silly women who imagine a little wickedness is a sort of spice in a young man's life. Mark my words, you will find those habits after the wedding day to be anything but pleasant spice. Love is not only blind, but deaf and dumb in the case of the woman who marries a man to reform him. The risks are great enough for any woman when she marries a man who does not need reforming. If the man reforms before marriage, put him on probation for two years to prove that the reformation is genuine.

Of all the curses ever inflicted on woman and child there is none so unmitigatedly hellish as intemperance. It has nerved the hand that once gave the wedding

ring to deal the deadly blow. It has inspired the lips that once spoke only of love to pour forth the foulest curses of the pit. It has made children fly from the father's approach as they would from a devouring monster. If I could gather into my lips the language of angels and consult cherubim and seraphim on forms of forceful speech, I could not express the deep wretchedness of the drunkard's wife. The most terrible punishment spoken of in antiquity was that devised by Mezentius, who sometimes put a person to death by chaining him to a corpse face to face, the putrefaction of which gradually killed the living man. The drunkard's wife is chained in this way to a loathsome horror—chained with no hope of release save that which the grave may bring to one or the other or to both.

Tamerlane asked for 160,000 skulls with which to build a pyramid to his own honor. He got the skulls and built the pyramid, but if the bones of broken-hearted wives could be piled up it would make a pyramid blushing to the very skies. And when these inebriate husbands are fathers, as most of them are, it is impossible to frame a statement of consequences that will give an idea of their enormity—sending out into the world children, hideous caricatures of the living God, who reel through life insane, imbecile, diseased and depraved, when they should be men and women born in the image of the Father.  
—*Faith and Works.*



#### WHAT A MOTHER CAN DO.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

A MOTHER on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with the love of sea. And as she stood by the garden gate one morning she said:

"Willy, they tell me, for I never saw the ocean, that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you never will drink liquor."

"And," he said, for he told the story, "I gave the promise, and I went the globe, over to Calcutta and the Mediterranean, San Francisco and the Cape of Good Hope, the North and South Poles. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes, and today I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half. "For," still continued he, "yesterday there came into my counting room a man forty years old."

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well," said he "I was brought drunk into your presence on ship board; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and

kept me there till I slept off my intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother; I said I had never heard a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate; and today I am master of one of the finest ships in New York harbor, and come to ask you to come and see me."

The mother's words on the green hills of Vermont! God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word!



#### WHERE THE RESPONSIBILITY LIES.

THERE were 1,181 students at Wellesley during the past college year, and only 206 of them, it is stated, were accustomed to attend church on Sundays. They attended chapel on most of the days required, but the majority found life too strenuous to get up on Sunday mornings to attend church. The same, with slight changes as to figures, might be said of many other educational institutions besides Wellesley and we are impelled to ask, What and who are responsible? The things, perhaps, which go to make up college "life" are much to blame; the various activities and amusements—social and athletic, for instance—which exact a heavy toll on the physical being and often leave one in a state of collapse on Sunday. Then, again, there is the sheer laziness that impels many a person to lie late in bed Sunday mornings just because there is no work or duty for that time so insistent that it cannot be shirked. But besides these causes, and the more serious is this one, since it seems founded on a worthy ambition, is the great desire for knowledge which impels a student to carry so many studies that it requires the seven days of the week to keep up in them, or, being content with six days, leaves the misguided enthusiast so exhausted mentally and physically that Sunday finds him spent of all energy and desiring nothing but rest. But back of this over-fondness for amusement and back of the mistakes of faculties which allow students to carry too heavy and too many studies, is the neglect of mothers and fathers to make attendance at Sunday service sufficiently important, more a matter of convenience or inclination than an obligation. Are you training your boys and girls so that, when they are out of the home fold and surrounded by the many distractions of college life, they will remember this little time God has asked them to set apart in which to hear the message He has for us all, is no longer theirs to be dissipated in worldly pursuits?—*Home Herald.*



#### DRINKING AT MEALS.

To drink or not to drink at meals is a question long and warmly discussed by dyspeptics, and one concerning which there is no general agreement among authorities in dietetics. Some dyspeptics have declared themselves much benefited by drinking a glassful or



half the quantity of water at the close of a meal, while others have declared that a few sips of water within an hour or two after eating are sufficient to set up a whole train of woful symptoms,—acid, gas, eructations, heartburn, etc.

In other words, it has seemed that moderate drinking at meals has been beneficial to some, and equally harmful to others, so that the old rule forbidding water to dyspeptics at meals has been laid down a little less vigorously of late years. But no one has been able to say in advance definitely to one person, Drink, and to the other, Drink not.

Recent experiments have thrown new light on the subject, and now we know the why and the where of drinking at meals. The great majority of dyspeptics are suffering from one or the other of two opposite conditions, viz., *hypohydrochloria* or *hyperhydrochloria*. That is, too little gastric acid or too much acid. When too little hydrochloric acid is present in the gastric juice, the digestive process is too slow and the food remains too long a time in the stomach, giving opportunity for fermentation and the formation of lactic, butyric, and acetic acids.

When too much acid is present, the action of the pepsin is somehow interfered with and digestion is hindered, as well as when there is a deficiency of acid. This is the newly discovered fact which sheds light on the question of drinking at meals.

When there is a deficiency of acid, drinking aggravates the difficulty by diluting the gastric juice. When there is an excess of acid, however, the contrary effect is produced, for by the dilution, digestion is encouraged.

Here is a rule, then: Those who have too little acid, should drink very little or not at all at meals; those who have too much acid, may drink moderately at meals, and will be especially benefited by drinking one or two glassfuls of hot water two hours after eating.

One exception must be made. Persons who have dilated stomachs should at all times avoid burdening their feeble stomachs with large quantities of liquids, and will do best with a dry diet.

It is best not to drink while eating, but afterward. Drinking while eating interferes with mastication and salivary secretion. Liquids should be taken at the close of the meal.—*Modern Medicine*.



#### STICKY FLY PAPER.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

MANY of the annoyances of using sticky fly paper may be overcome by a very simple device. Make a hollow cylinder of the paper, by sticking the ends together, sticky side outward. Stand a common glass fruit jar on a plate and place the cylinder over the jar. The plate will catch all the drippings from the

paper, and the weight of the jar will prevent the paper from being blown over by a stray gust of wind.



#### HOW TO KEEP WATER COLD.

"HAVING tried it, I recommend the following mode of keeping ice water for a long time in a common pitcher," says a writer in *Woman's Home Companion* for July. "Place between two sheets of thick brown paper a layer of cotton batting about half an inch in thickness; fasten the end of the paper and batting together, forming a circle, then sew or paste a crown over one end, making a box the shape of a stove-pipe hat minus the rim. Place this over an ordinary pitcher filled with ice water, making it deep enough to rest on the table so as to exclude the air, and you will be astonished to see the length of time that the ice will keep and the water remain cold after all the ice has melted."



#### ONE THING AT A TIME.

A YOUNG housekeeper was bemoaning one day the pressure of work confronting her. "And it's all got to be done," she added in a tone of anxiety. "How one pair of hands can do it is more than I can see."

A placid old body who had "summered and wintered" the requirements of a great family for years, remarked bluntly, "You haven't got to do but one thing at a time."

"Yes, but where am I going to find time to do all this, even taking one thing at a time?"

"It'll come. Nobody ever gained a moment by worrying yet, and precious few by hurrying, either. What are you going to do today?"

"I've simply got to do a lot of mending. It can't be put off any longer."

"Then go about it. And while you're doing the mending don't think of anything else except just to decide what you will do next the very next thing. Then think of the last book you read, or the next place you're going to, or anything you please apart from work or worry. Goodness me! I should have gone raving distracted about ten times a year if I'd taken to counting over the things I'd got to do and the time it was going to take, when the family was all together, and I expected to keep everything going straight. I just kept saying to myself, 'Take your time, Susan; you can't do but just so much in a day, so don't trip yourself up a-hurrying.'—*Christian Work*.



"If the world's a vale of tears,  
Smile till rainbows span it;  
Breathe the love that life endears,  
Clear the clouds to fan it.  
Of your gladness lend a gleam  
Unto souls that shiver;  
Show them how dark sorrow's stream  
Blends with hope's bright river."

## The Children's Corner

### ELEANOR'S HOUSE.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

When mother's busy with her work,  
I take my dolls and play  
That I am keeping my house, too,  
In the arbor 'cross the way.

Sometimes I take my picture book,  
My pencil and my slate,  
And read some wonder-story there,  
Then try to illustrate.

Sometimes I wander through the fields,  
Sometimes I scale the hills  
Where I can see so far away,  
And rivers look like rills.

The houses look so very small,  
The animals like toys;  
And then to climb some lofty tree  
Is one of my chief joys.

I think some time when I get big—  
When I'm a woman quite,  
I'll have my house built wide and high  
Upon some dizzy height.

I shall not in the arbor stay,  
But live up near the sky.  
Won't that be nice to entertain  
My friends there, by and by?

Tipton, Iowa.



### BETTY'S PLAYTIME.

"O, PSHAW!" said Betty, when mamma called her from play, "somebody's always a-wantin' me to do something!" She ran into the house with a frown on her face.

"Betty," said mamma, "if you can't obey cheerfully——"

"Well, I always have to be doin' somethin'," burst out Betty. "I never can play——"

"You may play this whole day long," said mamma, quietly.

"And not do anythin' else?" asked Betty.

"Not do another thing," said mamma.

"O goody!" cried Betty, and she ran and got her doll things and began making a dress for Cora May, her new dolly.

Grandma came into the room while she was sewing.

"Betty," she said, "will you run upstairs and get granny her spectacles?"

"Yes ma'am," cried Betty, jumping up in a hurry, for she dearly loved to do things for grandma.

"No, Betty," said mamma; "you keep on with your doll things I'll get grandma's glasses myself."

Betty returned to her sewing, but somehow it wasn't so interesting as it had been. She threw it down the minute little Benjamin waked from his nap and ran to take him.

"Nursing is too much like work," said mamma, taking the baby out of her arms; "you must not do any today."

Betty's cheeks turned rosy. She thought of the times she had grumbled when mamma had asked her to hold baby. Now she would have given anything just to hold him a minute.

Mary Sue, Betty's best friend, came by to get her to go on an errand with her.

"I am sorry but you can't go," said mamma. "Running errands is not play, you know."

Jack came running in with a button to be sewed on. Betty put on her little thimble and began sewing it on. But mamma came in before she had finished.

"Why, the idea of your sewing, child!" she said, taking the needle and thread out of her hand. "Run along to your play."

When father came home to dinner, Betty started, as usual, to open the front door for him. But mamma called her back.

"You forget, Betty," she said in her pleasant way, "that you are not to do anything for anybody today."

"Then I guess I'd better not ask her to drop my letter in the mailbox," said cousin Kate; "it might interfere with her play."

"I'm tired of playin'!" cried Betty. She ran out to the kitchen. Callie, the cook, would let her help her, she knew. But, for a wonder not even black Callie would let her do anything.

"I's agwine ter a fun'ral," she said "an I's in a mighty big hurry to get off. But, law, honey! wouldn't hab you 'rupted in your play fer nuthin'!"

Poor Betty! She thought the day would never come to an end.

"O mamma!" she cried as she kissed her at bedtime. "do wake me up early in the morning. I want to get a good start. Helpin' is so much better than playin' all the time."—*Mary Callum Wiley, in Pearls.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### SYMPATHY.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

What though my body, all too earthly frail,  
Be spurned and buffeted and broken here;  
Thy hands have felt the piercing of the nail,  
Thy side received the torture of the spear.

What though my human heart be sorely tried,  
And waves of chilling doubt sweep over me;  
Thou, too, hast battled with the strong, cruel tide,  
Thy soul hath had its dark Gethsemane.

O! matchless One, in gentleness and love,  
In perfect faith and radiant purity,  
Speak quickly as I turn my eyes above  
And tell me, "I have borne it all with thee."



### FORGIVENESS AND LOVE.

Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.—Luke 7: 47.

THE pathos and beauty of the story of which these words form a part appeal to every reader of the Gospel in which it is found, and it will be well for us to read the narrative carefully through before attempting to learn the lesson it is intended to teach us. That lesson may be summed up in a single sentence: the measure of forgiveness is the measure of love.

Before, however, dwelling on the lesson itself it will be well briefly to consider two difficulties which have sometimes been felt by those who read our Lord's words to this fallen but penitent woman. It has been thought, first, that Christ here makes love and not faith the cause of forgiveness, as he says, "Her sins.....are forgiven, for she loved much." A moment's thought will remove the apparent difficulty.

The conjunction "for" is used in our language, as well as in the Greek, with two opposite meanings. We say, for example, "The snow will melt, for the wind is in the south;" in which case we clearly mean the warm south wind is the cause of the snow melting. On the other hand, we say, "The weather will be fine, for the glass has risen;" but no one imagines the rising of the glass is the cause of the expected fine day. We mean that the rising of the glass is the effect and sign of the weather being fine. It is in this latter sense Christ used the word "for" in our text. He means that the love of the forgiven woman was the effect and sign, and not the cause, of her forgiveness.

That this is the case appears at once, if we remember that in the second half of the text a little love is declared to be the result of a little forgiveness, and in the last words our Lord speaks to the woman (verse 50), he says, "Thy faith," not thy love, "hath saved thee." This is the invariable order in the New Testament. Faith, not love, is the condition of forgiveness. Love is its effect, for "faith that worketh by love" is the spiritual order everywhere.

Then, again, it may be asked whether when Christ says that a great love is the result of a great forgiveness, he does not imply that it is necessary for us to be what this woman was, a great and notorious sinner, to be "forgiven much" and to "love much." The answer to this question will be found, if we ponder the meaning of the second half of the text, "to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little." Are there any people anywhere who have little to be forgiven? The question answers itself. Just as the finest silk beneath a stronger power of vision than we possess would look like sackcloth, so the life that is outwardly purest when seen in the light of God is all marred with imperfection and sin. If Simon knew himself as God knew him, he would have found that he, too, as well

as this woman of the city, had much to be forgiven.

One of the most striking proofs of this truth is the fact that in every age it is the greatest saints who have been most conscious of their sin. St. Paul, with his lowly words, "Of whom I am chief;" St. Augustine in his confessions;" Catherine of Sienna, whose life seemed as pure as a white lily, but whose acknowledgment of sin sounds almost exaggerated to our ears; Charles Simeon of Cambridge writing in his diary: "Lord make me to know the vileness of my own heart;" these are the types of saintly experience in every age. The nearer a man lives to God, the more he will discover he has to be forgiven. As the light shines more and more fully upon us the more will it reveal "the vileness of your own hearts."

When Christ speaks of those to whom little is forgiven, he is thinking not of the amount of forgiveness really needed, but of the amount that is thought to be needed; and in this sense it is always true that a great forgiveness and a great love, and little forgiveness and little love go together. A great love to Christ is never found in those whose consciences are unenlightened, and whose heart is dead to their own sin, just because they never realize the depth and greatness of their own sin. It is the humble, broken, contrite heart that is always most filled with love of Christ, for it has learned in tears how much he has forgiven it.

The lesson comes home to all who profess to belong to Christ. If we are living far from God, in the twilight of the ordinary religious life, if we never see our hearts and our lives as God sees them, we shall love but little, because there will seem so little to be forgiven. If we are living near to God, day by day we shall discover more and more of our own unworthiness and sin; day by day we shall know more and more of the greatness and forgiveness we need and because we have been "forgiven much" we shall love him who has "freely forgiven us" all our sins.

And the lesson touches also those who are unsaved. An old legend relates that Satan once presented himself at the gates of heaven, and asked to be admitted with the multitude of the redeemed who were entering there. "These souls," he said to God, "have offended against thee a thousand times, I only once."

"Hast thou once asked forgiveness?" was the answer of God.

May each reader of these lines have that same question sounding in his own heart, "Hast thou once asked forgiveness?"—*From "Musings for Quiet Hours."*



### IT TAKES TWO.

A LAD of seventeen had been sent to a saloon to take the measures for a new counter. It was very cold and he arrived with his teeth fairly chattering, for his coat was very thin. The saloonkeeper mixed a hot drink, and pushed it over the counter to him.

"It'll cost you nothing," he said, "Drink it down, and you'll soon stop shivering, my boy."

"He meant it kindly too, and didn't think any harm," said the apprentice as he told the story. "That's what made it harder to push it back and say I didn't want it."

"It must have been a big temptation," said a friend.

"Well," replied the lad, frankly, "I'd rather have had it than some other kinds. You see, it takes two to make a temptation. There's no saloonkeeper and no cold weather can make me drink when I don't want to. The temptation I'm afraid of is the one I'm ready for before it comes, by hankering after it. It takes two every time to make a successful temptation."

"He tempted me" only explains one side of the temptation. The other side—the personal side—we must answer for, and no excuse will save us.—*Selected.*



#### ECONOMIC FACTS FOR PRACTICAL PEOPLE.

THE cost of a first-class battleship equals the valuation of all the land and the one hundred buildings Harvard University has accumulated in two hundred and fifty years plus all the land and buildings of Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes. A modern battleship becomes practically useless in fifteen years.

We have fought European foes only three years in the one hundred and twenty-four years since the Revolution. In every foreign war we made the first attack. With less danger from attack than any other nation, we are now spending more for past war and preparation for future war than any other nation in the world.

1. Since 1800 our population has increased twenty-two times. Our expenditure for armaments has increased two hundred and twenty times, while our danger has diminished.

2. We are spending sixty-five per cent of our national revenue for armaments, pensions and interest on war debts, and have only one-third for Congress, the judicial and executive departments, coastguard, lighthouses, quarantine, customs, postoffices, census, waterways, forestry, consular and diplomatic service and all other constructive work of the national government.

3. In four years we have killed by accident, largely preventable, eighty thousand more persons than perished by bullets on both sides in four years of the Civil War. Every year we destroy vastly more life and property by the internal enemies—ignorance, preventable disease and crime—than in all our six years of war with foreign powers. We are blind to the enemies at home and show an ignoble fear of suppositious enemies abroad who have never attacked us or shown ill feelings toward us. Were we to put our taxes

into the improvements of education, commerce and agriculture, instead of into explosives and new battleships, we should do a thousand times more for real defense.

4. Our agreement with Great Britain in 1817 to remove forts and battleships on our three thousand miles of northern frontier ensured peace and thereby saved hundreds of millions of dollars in needless defense.

5. A million dollar bills packed solidly like leaves in a book make a pile two hundred and seventy-five feet high. One thousand million dollars—less than Europe's annual expenditure for armaments in time of peace—equal a pile of dollar bills over fifty-two miles high. This sum also represents one thousand million days' labor at a dollar a day. A second pile of dollar bills over fifty-two miles high represents Europe's annual payment for interest and other cost of past wars.

6. To these sums, which transcend human power to imagine, must be added the lost earnings of the millions of able-bodied men in European armies and navies who are thus made nonproductive, while the women in the fields toil in their stead.

7. Since 1850 the population of the world has doubled; its indebtedness, chiefly for war purposes, has increased from eight billions to nearly thirty-five billions.

8. Armies take the very flower of youth. Did war consume the weaklings and criminals instead of the best workmen, perhaps something might be said for its "keeping down surplus population." It saps virility. Napoleon's wars, it is claimed, have left the French soldiers of today nearly two inches shorter than their ancestors.

9. Military equipments must be new. One may use an old sewing machine or reaper, but not a gun that is out of date. A new invention turns millions of costly, burnished arms into old junk.

10. The constant increase of standing armies and navies, accomplishing no result but increased burdens on the people, means inevitable bankruptcy to nations that are our customers, unless a halt is soon called. Is it not time for thinking beings, who have abandoned tattooing, the eating of raw flesh and all other savage practices except organized slaughter, to take for their motto, "In time of peace prepare for permanent peace."?—*The Advocate of Peace.*



SORROW, grief, agony are realities. And no vote of the company that they ought not to exist is going to lighten their pressure or soothe their pang. What the good God offers is strength to bear sorrow. In place of happiness, which is gone, very likely forever, he offers blessedness—he offers the certainty of his infinite help and present stay. — *Edward Everett Hale.*





# Echoes from Everywhere

President Roosevelt has appointed three commissioners to represent the United States on the joint international commission to investigate the opium question in the Far East. The commission will meet at Shanghai on Jan. 1, 1909.

A national referendum in Switzerland on the question of prohibiting the manufacture and sale of absinthe resulted in a majority of 80,000 in favor of the prohibition. This will mean a loss to the government revenues, as the most famous brands of absinthe are made in Switzerland.

The local laws that have been enacted have made it difficult for those addicted to the cocaine habit to get a supply of the drug at home; hence they were compelled to order it by mail. The postoffice department has now issued an order which bars cocaine from the mails. Reports gathered by the department show that an enormous amount of cocaine in one form or another has been passing through the mails. A large proportion of the stuff has been sent in the guise of snuffs and medicines.

July 22 the Minneapolis, Red Lake and Manitoba Railroad Company served notice on the State railroad and warehouse commission that beginning Aug. 1 it would charge a passenger rate of 3 cents a mile, thus ignoring the 2-cent fare law. This is considered a forerunner of similar action on the part of all the smaller roads of the State. The larger roads in the State are stopped from taking similar action, as they have brought the 2-cent rate into litigation.

In continuance of its plans to provide for some of its future requirements in timber and crossties the Pennsylvania Railroad forestry department has completed its spring forestry planting for this year. It set out 625,000 trees. These make up to the present time 2,425,000 trees which have been set out by the railroad since it undertook tree planting upon a comprehensive scale. Economically to prosecute tree planting operations on a large scale has necessitated the importation of much European plant material, which owing to the degree of perfection to which the European foresters have brought their work and the cheapness of labor can be purchased at a much lower price than in America.

The saving Japanese, who are forced to play a close game with life because of the narrowness of their islands and the tremendous yearly increase in the population, have learned to take cunning advantage of every by-product of nature. They rake the sea beaches for seaweed to use as fertilizer, and grub the mountains for twigs to burn into charcoal. Now they are turning the many and troublesome volcanoes to good purpose by manufacturing the volcanic ash into cement. To them belongs the credit of discovering that the scoria that sweeps down from volcanic vents and sears the neighboring countryside may at least be tolerated, if it has to come, as an

economic asset. A Japanese company organized to work volcanic ash into cement has already paid a dividend of 9 per cent for the first half-year on a capital of nearly \$200,000, and it has more orders in sight than it can fill. The Mitsu Bishi and Kawasaki dockyards, the two great privately owned dockyards of the empire; the government naval yards at Sasebo and the Wakamatsu Iron Foundry are all being supplied with the new ash cement. The government recently granted a contract for 60,000 bags of the stuff, to be used in the new harbor works at Keelung. Quantities have already been exported to North China, Formosa, and Korea. The ancient Romans used volcanic ash as the basis of their cement.

Papers for bringing suits to annul between 3,000 and 4,000 deeds to Indian lands in Oklahoma which the government alleges are fraudulent have been issued by the department of justice at Washington. Many thousands of acres of valuable lands owned by the Indians of Five Civilized Tribes are involved. The federal government has realized for some time that big land grafting operations are going on in Oklahoma and it is making vigorous efforts to put a stop to them. In the present cases more than 1,700 white defendants who are scattered all over the country are to be proceeded against by the government as having obtained deeds from Indian allottees in violation of the law.

The remains of a prehistoric elephant of mammoth proportions were unearthed recently in the bed of a small creek in Puddingstone Canyon, half a mile north of San Dimas, by Prof. A. J. Cook, head of the department of biology of Pomona College, Cal., and Edward P. Terry, a student. The bone frame, which is in a fair state of preservation, measures 26 feet in length, and 16 feet in height, and what remains of each of the enormous tusks is 10 feet long. The parts of the huge skeleton that could be safely handled, were removed carefully to Claremont, and are to be placed in the museum of Pomona College. The discovery was accidental. The skeleton lay diagonally across the stream with only six inches of ground over it.

The Rhodes scholarship trustees announce that the qualifying examination for the Rhodes scholars to be elected for 1910 will be held in the autumn of 1909, instead of in the month of January, 1910. It is believed that an examination held in October will interfere less than one held in January with the regular work of American university students, and that the earlier selection, which it is hoped can be completed by the beginning of the year, will give a better opportunity for the selected scholars to direct their work on lines most advantageous for their course at Oxford. It has also been found that when the examination is held in January, the selections are frequently made so late that satisfactory arrangements for the entry of the men at the Oxford colleges cannot be made, and the prospect of an earlier elec-

tion is welcomed by all the college authorities. The holding of the examination in October is experimental, and the question of making it permanent will be decided later.

The attorney-general of Texas has seized several million barrels of oil and other property owned by the Standard Oil Company, and has prevented collection of funds due that company in an effort to compel the payment of penalties imposed to the amount of \$6,000,000.

Experiments by the Danish government with windmills for electric power generation for industrial and agricultural purposes have demonstrated that those of the four-wing type are the most successful in operation because they give the most power for a given area. With a wind velocity of 20 feet per second (13½ miles per hour) one horse-power may be developed on 65 square feet of surface. With a velocity of 26 feet the power is doubled.

July 22 the United States Court of Appeals unanimously reversed the decision of Judge Landis imposing a fine of \$29,240,000 upon the Standard Oil Company of Indiana for accepting concessions from the Chicago and Alton Railroad, and remanded the case for rehearing. The next day Secretary Loeb gave out the following statement for President Roosevelt: The President has directed the attorney-general to immediately take steps for the retrial of the Standard Oil case. The reversal of the decision of the lower court does not in any shape or way touch the merits of the case excepting so far as the size of the fine is concerned. There is absolutely no question as to the guilt of the defendant or the exceptionally grave character of the offense. The President would regard it as a gross miscarriage of justice if, through technicalities of any kind, the defendant escaped the punishment which would have unquestionably been meted out to any weaker defendant who had been guilty of any such offense. The President will do everything in his power to avert or prevent such miscarriage of justice. With this purpose in view the President has directed the attorney-general to bring into consultation Frank B. Kellogg in the matter and to do everything possible to bring the offenders to justice.

#### Sultan Grants Constitution.

Prompted by the growth of the Young Turkey movement, which has almost assumed the proportions of a revolt, the sultan electrified his people July 25 by issuing an irade granting a constitution and ordaining the assembling of a chamber of deputies.

Throughout the realm the news was received with extreme manifestations of joy. Thousands of people paraded the streets and held public meetings in all the larger cities. The irade was communicated to the valis and the district lieutenant governors with instructions for holding elections.

The immediate cause of the sultan's raising of the white flag was the receipt of a telegram addressed to him from the Albanians of Uskub informing him that they had taken their oath to favor the re-establishment of the constitution. This message landed like a thunderbolt at the Yildiz Kiosk. The sultan had been under the impression that he could depend upon the Albanians under all circumstances.

The irade comes after thirty-two years of autocratic rule under Sultan Abdul Hamid II, and the new consti-

tution is practically a restoration of the one proclaimed Dec. 23, 1876, by the present sultan immediately following his elevation to the sultanate after the violent death of Sultan Abdul Aziz June 4 of that year and the deposition of Sultan Murad V. on Aug. 31, 1876.

#### Japanese Boom Seen.

The trade of the United States with the Orient, Australia, and New Zealand, amounting to over \$250,000,000 annually, and of Canada with the same countries has been dealt a severe blow by the transcontinental railroads, which have decided to abandon a large portion of this business.

By the same action the railroads controlled by Edward H. Harriman, James J. Hill, the Berwynd syndicate and the Canadian government have made it possible, it is asserted, for the Japanese government to realize speedily its ambition to become the master of all the trade on the Pacific seas, as the Japanese will likely buy the line of steamers these roads have maintained in connection with their lines.

The Canadian Pacific, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Oregon Short Line and Santa Fe roads have served notice upon the shippers that they will go out of the export trade to China, Japan, New Zealand and Australia Nov. 1, and practically will abandon the import trade.

In so doing the roads are carrying out a threat which was made to the interstate commerce commission at the time that body issued what is known as rule 86.

This rule requires the railroads to publish the inland proportions of their import and export rates and as subsequently modified by the commission not to change these rates under a three days' notice for lowering and a ten days' notice for an increase.

#### Anti-Saloon Activity in Mexico.

The temperance reform on the Western Continent is evidently not confined to the United States and the Dominion of Canada. Old Mexico is feeling the effects of the crusade throughout the United States, and steps have already been taken throughout the republic to limit the evils of the liquor traffic.

In Mexico City a large number of restrictions have recently been passed on the liquor traffic. The sale of liquors to minors has been prohibited, and the federal and local license has been increased.

In Morelia, the capital of Michoacan, the sale of liquor is now prohibited, except in original packages or in unopened bottles. No liquors can be drunk on the premises and drinking over the bar has been entirely done away with. Chihuahua has just adopted the same policy, and the law will go into effect there in September.

The law passed by the last legislature of North Carolina, which was ratified by the people on May 26, by the overwhelming majority of 44,000 votes, prohibits the manufacture of all intoxicating liquors within the State with the only exception that sales may be made upon the prescription of a reputable physician for medical purposes only. Recognizing the possibility of an abuse of this provision of the law, the State Medical Society of North Carolina, which recently held its sessions at Winston-Salem, took the following strong stand: "Resolved, That we condemn as unprofessional and grossly immoral any lax or unfaithful conduct in the members of this society in the exercise of the privilege conferred in this (prohibition) law."



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE DIGNIFIED LIFE.

There are fashions in character as in the cut of the beard; in the conduct of life, as in the giving of dinners. It was once good form among well-bred people in the United States to cultivate in manner, and if possible in character, decorum and dignity. The example had been set by the great men of the Revolutionary age, Washington and Franklin, Jefferson and the Adamsses. Of late, dignity and decorum, if not lost sight of, have at least not been much insisted on. This is the age of efficiency, and, of course, of that make-believe efficiency which consists in "hustle" and vociferation. The "strenuous life" has been the up-to-date thing.

Fashions are in nothing more true to their nature than in the suddenness with which they change, in obedience to a cause which to the unthinking seems curiously trivial in proportion to its effect. Some little trick of mode or manner operates as a potent suggestion upon the minds of thousands, and before one can realize what is happening the outward aspect of a nation is transformed.

The marvelous unanimity and sincerity with which the whole civilized world has paid its tribute of admiration and respect to the life and character of Grover Cleveland afford substantial ground for hope that we may once more witness a popular preference for the dignified life. It would seem that such spontaneous and such genuine praise of the modesty, the simplicity and the rugged integrity of a great man who in his lifetime was thought cold and unmagnetic, could hardly have been rendered if the American people had not arrived at certain new valuations of personal qualities. There is indeed much evidence that, partly because of business misfortunes freely attributed to the policies and the individual influence of the President now in office, the nation has become somewhat weary of the "strenuous life" and ready to give heed to a very different model.

The life of keen activity, of ceaseless striving to achieve, is one always to be respected so long as it attains its ends by just and honorable means. It is not, however, the highest type, and has never been so regarded in the greatest ages of high civilization. To accomplish much, but to do so with a certain grace and decorum, to combine the proprieties and an unflinching respect for self and others with the dynamic power to do, is a finer thing than to achieve noisily and crudely. This was the supreme lesson of Greek civilization; it should be the supreme endeavor of our later civilizations, none of which has as yet quite measured up to the standard of the Periclean Age.

When a college president lately complained that a college teacher could in these days hardly open his mouth without being lampooned for his utterances by the press, the reply was made by one of our leading journals that the press never lampoons President Eliot or President Hadley or President Woodrow Wilson. Every one sees in their discussions of events, whether educational or sociological, a dignity, a quiet but weighty

and self-resecting reserve, which maintains the noblest traditions of more stately days.

We cannot prophesy that these events will turn the tides of men's thoughts and feelings, and mark the beginning of a new insistence upon the dignified life, in contrast with that which is "Strenuous" only. Yet we dare to hope that they may.—The Independent.



### "THE BLUES" AS A STATE OF MIND.

One of the strangest things which the average individual has to contend with in his daily life is his tendency to recurrent fits of depression, commonly known as "the blues." They occur with equal impartiality among the rich and the poor, the young and the old. Poor health, mental uncertainty and overwork are commonly given as the reasons, but these do not always apply. Gray weather seems to have considerable to do with them, as also do the states of minds of those who are about us. Whole communities can be apparently simultaneously affected, and the individual, whether the community is affected or not, or whether the day be dark or fair, can suffer intensely.

A recent examination of some three hundred girl and boy students of the Minnesota State Normal School brought to light some interesting evidence. "Rainy weather always makes me feel blue," wrote one. "I am more susceptible to the blues in the latter part of the day," wrote another. "Monday is the most dismal day in the week," answered a third.

Forty-two per cent report blues associated with some physical ailment; twenty per cent with overfatigue; twenty per cent with loss of sleep; eighteen per cent with discouragement due to failure to reach ideals or to succeed as well as they desired in their work. There are really all sorts of reasons given, however, and it is not actually proved that any of these things cause the blues. There may be subtler forces in nature which play upon our minds and bodies as the vagrant winds upon a harp.

There is one thing which should be considered by all those who are so afflicted, and that is that the resolute human will, which is in all of us, has something to do with the making or breaking of this physical and mental condition. The mind in its make-up is not necessarily tied down to any one state. It can think, if it chooses, of forces which are larger than any petty earthly forces, of influences which are subtler than any which play about us in our petty human condition, and it may be possible that in thinking we have the power of drawing that which we desire. If the clouds are gray is there not sunshine beyond them? And can we not actually draw from oceans of physical force, which are running in mighty streams on every hand, the strength we need? The thing that makes a tree grow, that causes a flower to bloom, that draws water in mighty cataracts to the earth—is not that available? It would not do any harm to think so, would it? And since "as a man thinketh,

so he is" it may be possible to fight off the influence of undesirable weather changes, of supposed or threatened dangers, even of failure and pain itself. You might try. "There is neither good nor ill but thinking makes it so."  
—The Delineator.



### THE NEW PATHS OF EDUCATION.

The note of the practical is the one oftenest sounded in a congress of opinions from our leading educators relative to the educational trend of the present. Under various guises this is the generalization that covers the majority of replies received by The World's Work in answer to their inquiry stated in this form:

"What new subject or new method, or new direction of effort or new tendency, in educational work is of most value and significance and now needs most emphasis and encouragement?"

Among these replies a general survey of educational tendencies is given by Elmer Elsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education. He writes:

"The following twelve concrete suggestions which I present below refer to definite and typical manifestations of educational advance:

"(1) The interest in education of a hygienic sort has culminated in the organization of the American School Hygiene Association, and in the Second International Congress on School Hygiene at London, August 5-10, 1907. The past year accordingly marks an epoch in the hygienic aspect of our education.

"(2) The Third International Congress for the Advancement of Drawing and Art Teaching, to be held in London in August, 1908, shows the strong interest which has already grown up on the side of education which it represents. With drawing there is now closely associated the so-called arts and crafts movement which has faddism mixt in with it, but has a good deal also that is better than fad.

"(3) The National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education, that was organized November 16, 1906, shows that we have become seriously interested in the making of trade-schools; and the two commissions in Massachusetts and legislation in two or three other States further emphasize this.

"(4) The interest in rural schools has taken a new turn. The effort to make a really new type of rural education is represented by the establishment of agricultural high schools in Wisconsin, Georgia, and Michigan; by the introduction in Congress of the Davis Bill and the Burkett Bill, for national aid to education of this kind; and by numerous other special efforts in various parts of the country.

"(5) The recent International Congress on the Welfare of the Child, brought together at Washington by the Mothers' Congress, gave new points to the long-standing desire for a training of women for the specific duties of the home. Several of the European nations are now able to point to successful schools for the training of mothers. We have not gone so far, but the growth of interest in these European experiments is manifest.

"(6) Closely connected with this movement is the recent growth of organizations for bringing the school and the home nearer together. Especial interest attaches just now to the experiment being made in Philadelphia, under which the school-building becomes a social center for the neighborhood in which it stands.

"(7) The fourth Camp Conference, held on the 26th of April, 1905, showed that this effort at a real outdoor education in the time commonly called vacation has be-

come an undertaking of considerable importance, and one to be reckoned with in the future.

"(8) The publicity given to the recent playgrounds Banquet in New York City calls attention to a group of movements concerning themselves with provision for wholesome play, which have undoubted educational value and are likely to become increasingly important.

"(9) The experiment now being made at Cincinnati University, in a combination of apprenticeship with technical study of collegiate grade, is representative of a far-reaching endeavor to bring together two kinds of education which for centuries have gone apart, namely, the education of the school and education by the actual doings of the things of ordinary daily life. The further progress of the Cincinnati experiment and related experiments in Pittsburg and Boston calls for close attention.

"(10) In college education the attention of thoughtful observers is still turned to Princeton, but there have been experiments and happenings in other institutions which have to do with the same general tendency. Colleges are seeking with all earnestness to secure adequate training for individual students under fair conditions. Princeton is showing clearly some of the difficulties of the situation and is also contributing thought and experience which will furnish at least suggestion and perhaps more than suggestion to other institutions.

"(11) International education keeps cropping up in new forms. Just now it is proposed to interchange teachers between the secondary schools and colleges of this country and the secondary schools of Germany, under the management, on this side of the water, of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

"(12) The endeavor to get at higher and better defined educational standards has been making itself manifest in too many directions to be enumerated. The attempt by the Association of American Universities, at its meeting in Ann Arbor in January last, to make the conditions of membership in that body objective and automatic in their working, is one of the most recent phases of this movement."—Literary Digest.



### WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

(Continued from page 633.)

pointment to those who had admired his public acts and had come prepared to be captivated. Mr. Bryan owes his whole leadership to his platform appearances. Mr. Taft owes his to the work which he has done and the confidence which the people have in Mr. Roosevelt's judgment.

Taking a long-distance view of his whole career we must conclude that for a man who has been in public life for so long a time, Mr. Taft has opened himself to criticism at singularly few points. He has been square, personally clean and straightforward in his private life. He was a righteous judge; he has been a conscientious and faithful public servant. He is a man to whom fortune has been very kind, but he has merited her favors and shown himself worthy of them. He is not a man of transcendent ability, but he has what will be of value in the White House in the next four years, one of these never-worry-keep-smiling natures which smooth out the rough places and reconcile antagonistic elements,



### USING GOOD ENGLISH.

VERY few pupils who have supposedly finished the work of the grades, and not very many who have finished the work of the high school, have acquired the habit of using good, straightforward English in speaking and writing. The word *habit* is used advisedly as it seems probable that the incorrect, slovenly use of English so prevalent today is in large measure the result of carelessness rather than of ignorance. Somewhat extended observation leads to the conclusion that teachers are not always as careful as they should be about using English in all their schoolroom work. Questions asked by teachers are not always put into the best possible form. It would be an excellent resolution for any teacher to make, were she to resolve that in her schoolroom work her language should be plain, pleasant, distinct, and as near to absolute correctness as her knowledge of grammar and constant watchfulness could make it. The pupils, especially the older ones, would be sure to recognize the care manifested by their teacher. Consciously, or unconsciously, they would to some extent imitate her.

It would be hard to overestimate the importance that attaches to the use of good spoken English—perhaps difficult to exaggerate in making statements concerning the extent to which its cultivation is neglected. Even those who do much writing use spoken language much more than they do written language; and much more attention should be given at school to the cultivation of correct spoken language. Much of the written work called for in our present State text in grammar is of very doubtful use as written language work, but may easily be made the basis of some valuable oral work.

Whatever of truth there may or may not be in what has so far been said, it is very certain that the boy or girl who leaves the high school with the ability to say what he has to say in distinct, plain, pleasant, direct, correct language is the fortunate possessor of an accomplishment as rare as it will be serviceable. Is it the fault of the school that more young people are not of this sort?—*The Interstate Schoolman*.



### A PUZZLE.

WE have never conducted a puzzle department in the INGLENOOK, not having any desire to test the skill of our readers along that line. But sometimes we are made to do things against our wishes or better judgment. For instance, in the issue of July 21 the pages of the Nook are so misplaced that it would be asking too much to expect the readers to have the patience necessary to find their way through the magazine, especially in this July weather. The mistake was made by feeding a bunch of sheets into the press the wrong way. Fortunately there was not a large num-

ber in the bunch, but as it was the second side, the number of good ones was limited, and it was necessary to send out some of the mixups to cover the list.



### FAME.

The incumbent of an old church in Wales asked a party of Americans to visit his parochial school. After a recitation he invited them to question the scholars, and one of the party accepted the invitation. "Little boy," said he to a rosy-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?" "Iss, surr," was the smiling reply. "'E was a 'Merican gen'ral." "Quite right. And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?" "Iss, surr. 'E was remarkable 'cos 'e was a 'Merican an' told the trewth." The rest was silence.—Cassell's Journal.



### HURTIN' BIZNESS.

"Don't you know you're hurtin' bizness," said the red fox to the hound,  
 "When instead of sleepin' peaceful you come snoopin',  
 sniffin' round?  
 What's the good of all your barkin'? What's the use of all this fuss?  
 What were chickens ever made for if they weren't made for us?"

"Can't you see you're hurtin' bizness?" said the South Sea savage chief  
 To the fearless missionary who was sitting on the reef;  
 "I have seven white men captured that I want to sell as meat;  
 What were white folks ever made for if they weren't made to eat?"

"Don't you know you're hurtin' bizness?" said the robber in the jail  
 While the stubborn sheriff listened to his almost tearful tale;  
 "Those who make and sell the jimmies, don't you see, are losin' trade  
 While you foolishly confine me where no get-aways are made?"

"Can't you see you're hurtin' bizness?" said the devil to the man  
 Who was steadily progressing on the live-and-let-live plan;  
 "You are keepin' men from fallin' who, if sorely pressed, might fall;  
 Why, if all men done as you do I would have no job at all."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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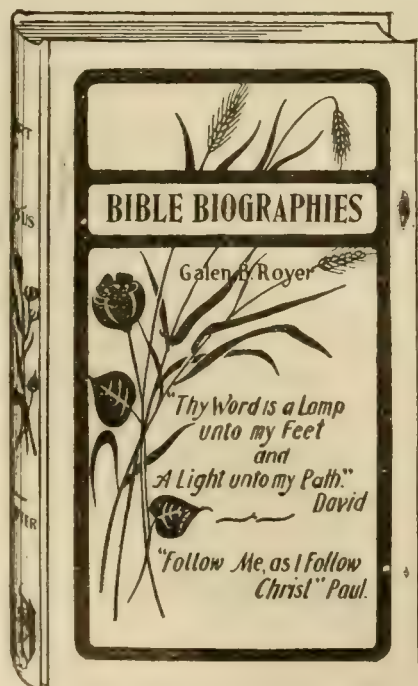
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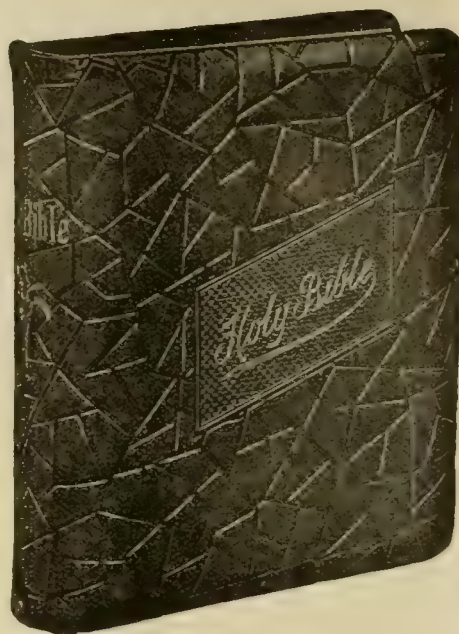


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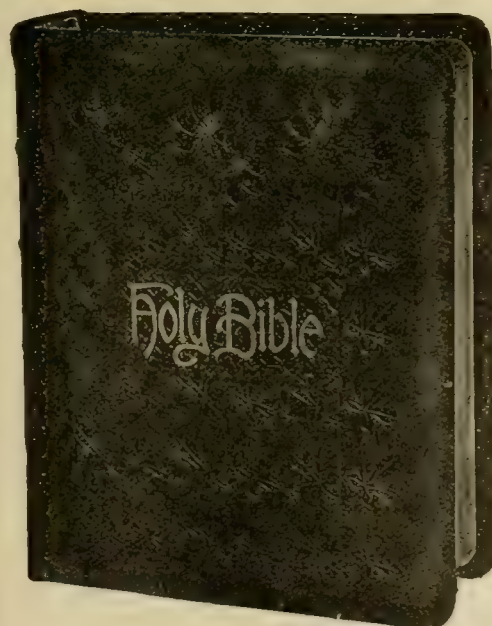
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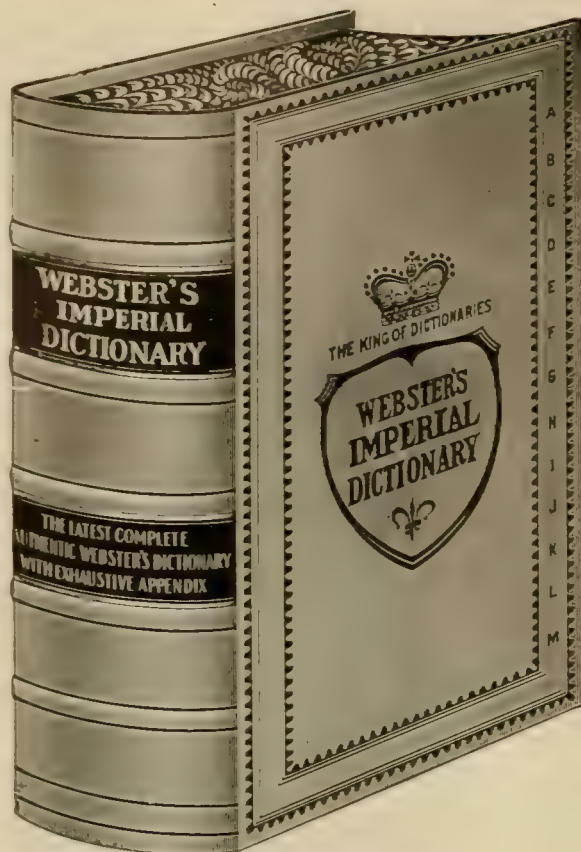
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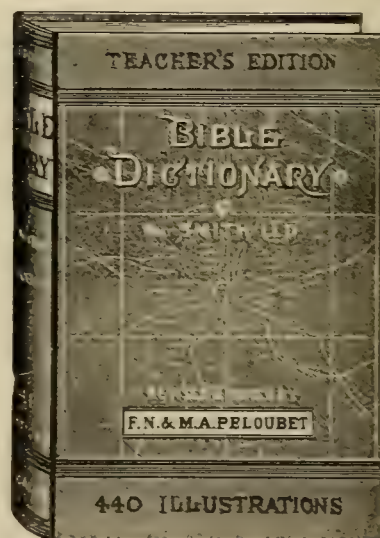
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Chicago, Tuesday, September 1, 10:45 p. m.

Omaha, Wednesday, Sept. 2, 4:00 p. m.

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# BUTTE VALLEY GARDEN

Summer 1908



❑ Some of you remember that last year we brought a single cabbage head from this valley to the International Stock show at Chicago, and some of you saw it, and it looks as if there were going to be another crop like that this year. Do you notice the cabbage in this picture? This photo was just taken the other day on the Meiss Ranch, Butte Valley, California.

❑ Do you see D. C. Campbell and Geo. L. McDonaugh standing there between the rows of onions? Say! the whole thing looks like living doesn't it? Mr. S. P. Bowman and wife of Southern California were there too, and although they have already bought some land in Butte Valley, they both said while there, that they were going to sell their place in the southern part of the State and buy more land in this beautiful valley. Mrs. Bowman says it looks good to her. There are others.

❑ Say! One thing more. The excursion of the 4th is postponed until the eleventh. If you are going on that date, you will find the party at the Chicago and North-Western depot in Chicago on Tuesday evening, the 11th, at 10:45 P. M., bound for Butte Valley.

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# COLLAPSED

The history of Venice, the queen of the Adriatic Sea, one of the most picturesque cities of the world, dates back to the beginning of the Christian Era, when the mighty Romans fortified the coast of the Mediterranean as a protection against the invasion of the barbarians. Although stripped in a measure of its political power, it is still one of the proudest of European cities and its many palaces, historical monuments and Campanili or bell towers, gray with age, speak eloquently of its past grandeur. Among its many world-famed towers was the Campanile of St. Marc, whose gilded steeple extended high over the stately church below and which had stood for centuries as a landmark for the seafarers and the thrifty fishermen who dipped their nets in the blue waters of the Adriatic Sea.

The foundation of the Campanile of St. Marc was laid in the 9th century A. D., but it was not completed until about 300 years later. For centuries it has stood, the pride of the Venetians, rearing its lofty tower 323 feet above the ground. It braved the biting winds and storms of the sea and won the admiration of the traveler. On the morning of July 10, 1902, at half past 10 o'clock, a sudden rumbling, followed by a fearful crash, startled the city of Venice. The artisan left his bench, the gondolier rested his oar and everybody rushed out of his home and asked, with blanched face—"What is the matter?" A heavy cloud of dust hung over the square of old St. Marc. The Campanile, the pride of the city, had collapsed. A huge pile of stone and mortar, ninety feet high, marked the place where the famous tower had stood. The celebrated Campanile was no more. In a few minutes the telegraph was busy flashing the news around the world.

Many theories have been advanced as to the cause of the sudden and unexpected collapse of this grand piece of architecture. The consensus of opinion is however, that its foundation had become weakened by the attacks of climate and possible changes on the earth's surface. It was recalled that sometime before, a Board of Supervisors, appointed by the government to look after and inspect such buildings and structures had recommended, after a close inspection of the Campanile, that certain repairs be made. This board was composed of distinguished

architects and engineers. It seems however, that their recommendations passed unheeded, at least for the time being. With the usual governmental red-tape, the matter was delayed and when finally the repairs were ordered, the Campanile had collapsed.

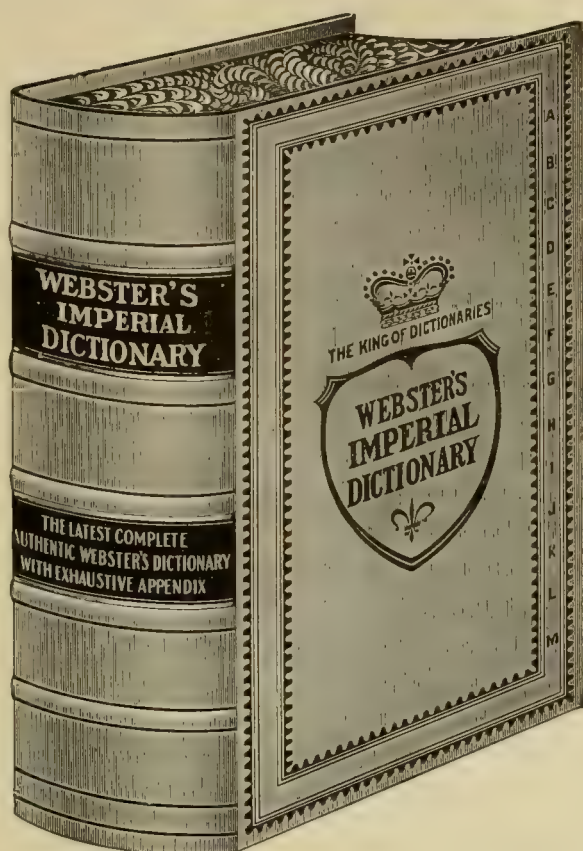
What a striking similitude between this Campanile and our own bodies! We feel frequently a disturbance of the foundation of our bodily structure. We know and realize that it has become weakened by the inroads of disease, impure blood and loss of vitality, but instead of giving it immediate attention, we neglect it until the collapse has come. When your body shakes with pain and your nerves tremble, when your blood is thin, weak or impure, and you feel you are not well—but that something is wrong, that is the time to brace up the foundation, and strengthen the weakened portions. The blood is the elementary principle of life. It is the foundation. If it is not pure and vigorous all organs of the body will suffer and a general collapse will sooner or later take place. It is our duty to look after this and keep our blood in a condition which insures good health. There is only one safe, sure and effective way of doing this and that is through the remedial agents found in Nature's botanical storehouse. That is the only natural way. From pre-historic times, man has by instinct,—and who can say that the All-wise Creator did not plant it there,—sought the herbs of the field as a cure for physical ills.

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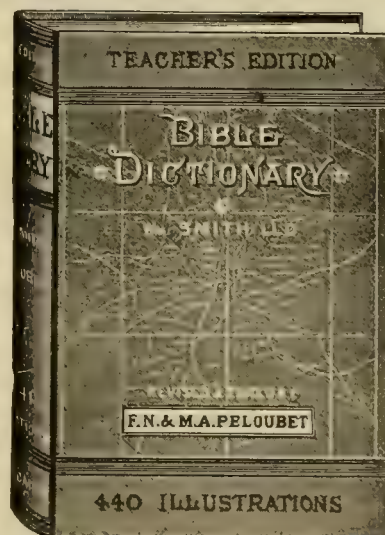
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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

August 11, 1908

No. 32.

## How the Home Can Help the School

Prof. O. T. Corson, Columbus, Ohio

### In Two Parts.—Part Two.

THE school cannot *give* an education to any one. If it could, no doubt, the percentage of educated people would be much larger than it is. All that any school can give to any pupil or student is a *chance to work out* his own educational salvation. There are not, and cannot ever be any short cuts to an education nor any easy ways of learning to think. Work may be made pleasanter by better methods and wiser teachers, but hard work will ever remain a prime necessity in winning honorable success either within or without the schoolroom.

It is difficult to be patient with some of the criticisms of public schools and their teachers, made by persons who seem to think that boys and girls should learn, in these modern days, without effort and that all the wrongs of modern civilization have their origin in the schoolroom.

One of the most recent attacks made upon the public schools, is in the form of a circular, signed by Francis B. Livesey, Skeysville, Maryland, U. S. A., printed with startling headlines, and distributed in the Teachers' Institutes of Pennsylvania. It reads as follows:

*"Child labor in the mills is better than child study in the schools."*

"It is not the factories that are killing the children, but our boasted and beautiful schools."—*Mrs. Lew Wallace, Crawfordsville, Ind.*

"Fifty thousand children are killed yearly by the public schools, and double as many more are injured for life."—*Edward Bok, Editor of Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.*

"Too often our schools train away from the shop and the forge."—*President Roosevelt, at Lansing, Mich.*

"Away with the cry that the child must be idle—  
That the sweat of its brow is the drain of its life—  
That the capitalist never will his avarice bridle—  
That its wages are wanted by husband and wife.

"By the wisdom of God it has long been decreed  
That man by his labor must eat daily bread,  
And what is the child but the small man indeed,  
With performance demanded in proportionate stead?

"I plead for a moderate work for the child,  
For fresh air and sunshine and natural play,  
For a little bit more of Dame Nature wild,  
And less of the fashion and fads of the day.

"Hark ye, who deplore the grind of the mills,  
Why leave ye the schoolhouse in utter neglect?  
Where are the figures to show which the most kills?  
They've been duly sounded with none to reject.

"Did you ever hear tell of a suicide child  
That worked in a mill, large, airy and light?  
But sad are the records, as in papers filed,  
Of plunges from schools into suicide's night.

"And what of the health of the child of the book,  
When life is vouchsafed to drag sadly along?  
Has not the whole country roused up to look  
At what the physicians call killing and wrong?

"Did you ever hear tell of a factory closed  
Because of disease 'mong the workers within?  
Why, thousands of schools are stopped by such woes—  
All, all the result of the school system's sin.

"It's not for the children the zealot does cry,  
It's only a fetich he worships, you know.  
The school is the Juggernaut he has in his eye—  
For victims for that he will lay nations low."

The unfairness of putting side by side the sensational and untrue statement quoted from Mrs. Lew Wallace and Edward Bok, and the sane, conservative, and helpfully suggestive sentence from one of President Roosevelt's recent speeches, will be evident to all fair-minded persons. Such unfairness is characteristic of too many attacks made on the public schools.

It is amusing even to think of Edward Bok and Theodore Roosevelt at the same time. A debate between them on the subject of the "Overworked Boy" in the public schools would be interesting.

The purpose of this circular is evidently to turn away the attention which is being focused upon the evils of "Child Labor," by a false cry against the



public schools. It is ever the policy of the guilty to accuse the innocent. "Stop thief!" is the exclamation often used by the burglar.

To the credit of many employers of labor, it can be said that they are working hand in hand with the other friends of the children to secure the enactment of laws which will protect them from the avarice and greed of those who would traffic in childhood to increase their fortunes; but unfortunately there are still too many men without heart who are willing to sacrifice even innocent children upon the altar of their ambition to become rich at any cost. We must not permit attention to be turned from them by a false accusation against the public schools.

It is true, of course, that the schools are far from perfect. Since it is necessary to employ teachers who are *human*, mistakes will be made. No doubt, occasionally children are overworked and very frequently such overwork is due, not to the teacher or to the system, but to the ambitious parent who drives the child beyond his ability in order that advanced standing may be reached.

The "suicide child" is not the product of the public school, but the natural result of the conditions of modern society for which the school is not entirely, nor even largely responsible. This child may come from the home of poverty, the result of the grinding despotism of cruel capital, or from the home of wealth and luxury where "society" reigns supreme and where life is so artificial as to seem to the child not worth living. To speak of "plunges from schools into suicide's night," indicates a lack of sanity which is alarming.

The school is *not* the "Juggernaut" which is crushing the child, but in many instances his only haven of safety.

The schools are doing all they can to provide "fresh air and sunshine and the natural play" for the children, and "Dame Nature" is receiving marked attention in every community. Occasionally "fads" may have more consideration than they deserve, but the follies of "fashion" are certainly not to be charged up to the account of the teachers of the public schools.

In fact it is "fashion," as interpreted by so-called society, that is the greatest hindrance to good work in the schools. For one instance of "nervous prostration" due to overwork in a grammar or high school, there are scores due to cigaret smoking or to premature entrance into society which takes the child out to parties, dances, and theaters several nights each week, when there should be substituted for these, at least an hour or two of home study, followed by a long night of wholesome sleep to prepare for the work of the next day.

The public school with all its faults is one of the strongest factors in existence today in securing for

the child the rights which are his due, and in many instances teachers show more unselfish devotion to the best interests of the children—physical, mental and moral, than either the home or society.

The success of the country boy is constantly referred to and there is no denying the fact that a large majority of the best and most successful business and professional men of all our cities were reared in the country in the midst of many apparent disadvantages. Two factors have entered into their early training which will, in a measure at least, help to explain their success, sometimes credited to the supposed mental and moral superiority of the country boy as compared with the town or city boy, which superiority does not exist.

In the first place, as a rule, the country boy is so trained early in life, both by direct teaching and surrounding experience, as to cause him to assume responsibility which naturally leads to his taking the initiative in the performance of duty. The many chores which are incident to the life of the farm, such as carrying in wood, caring for stock, and helping parents and other members of the family in scores of different ways, all tend to develop this sense of responsibility and the habit of taking the initiative in doing things. The country boy does not, as a rule, have any greater longing for such performance of duty than his city cousin, but in the experience of the one the task is present and must be performed, while, generally speaking, in the different life of the other, the absence of all such demands tends to develop the inertia of rest rather than that of motion.

Then the constant presence of work of some kind, which must be done, is a powerful factor in the training of the country boy in the habits of industry so important in winning success, while the almost complete absence of work for city boys in the unoccupied hours of their school days and, especially vacation periods, is a constant source of anxiety on the part of parents who realize that the "devil always has something for idle hands to do."

A few years since, a prominent citizen of one of our cities made the remark that he did not know what to do with his three boys during the summer time—that he was afraid of the idleness of the vacation, and well he might be. Knowing that his father was reared on the farm, I inquired whether, in his boyhood home, there was a similar anxiety on the part of those in authority. Anyone brought up in the country can well imagine the answer. I am certain that every farmer of my boyhood acquaintance had work mapped out at least twenty-five years ahead for every boy under his direction, even the rainy days being fully provided for.

In many cities much is being done to improve the opportunities of children for work. Vacation schools are being established and industrial training intro-

duced, but none of these things can ever take the place of home training that insists upon home work in the preparation of lessons in school—home work, not on the part of the parent for the child, but on the part of the child by himself and for himself.

One of the inexplicable things which every teacher is compelled to witness with sincere regret is the constant effort on the part of many parents, strong in ability and character, because of having been compelled to win their own way in the midst of extreme difficulty, to remove every semblance of difficulty from the educational pathway of their children, by practically getting their lessons for them, thus robbing them of the chance to grow strong by their own efforts. In too many instances the benefits of home study are practically lost to the child because of the mistaken kindness of an over-indulgent father and mother.

Many children of wealthy and prominent families turn out to be worthless in life because they are neither taught to work nor to respect those who do work. If the public school insists upon honest effort as the only condition of success, such children are usually withdrawn from it and placed in some fashionable private school, where money is supposed to be able to purchase what the child is too lazy to learn. In all probability, the father worked his way through college, but the indolent son must be sent to the most expensive institution of learning the country affords, given all the money he wants, to be squandered as he sees fit, and, when vacation comes, has to be sent to some seaside resort, to recuperate exhausted energies for another season of educational effort.

Sometimes a child of real promise is spoiled by being made to feel that because he is bright, hard study is not necessary. Perhaps no more dangerous notion can enter the head of a young person than the notion that he can succeed by his wits without honest, persistent effort. Thomas Edison has been quoted as saying that success is made up of five per cent of ability and ninety-five per cent of hard work. The probabilities of accomplishing something worth while in the world are much greater for the student who puts forth one hundred per cent of effort in connection with seventy per cent of ability than for the one who has one hundred per cent of ability but uses only seventy per cent of effort.

If class honors, usually conferred on commencement day, were deferred for fifteen or twenty years, after graduation, perhaps, a more just recognition of ability and worth could be given. It would then be made plain that not simply native ability alone is essential to success, but that constant use and application of that ability in persistent hard work on the problems of life and living are even more important.

Right here is a danger point in our school work.

The tendency is to let down the standard of effort and assume that, if the child goes to school with reasonable regularity, he will absorb knowledge and the ability to use it. To guard against this fallacy, the home and the school should unite in instilling the old-time lesson of the absolute necessity of old-fashioned hard work as the only means of getting an education which is to be of any use in practical life.

Fairness and justice to the school demand that the teacher should never be condemned without a hearing. Our constitution guarantees that the worst criminal shall be confronted by his accusers, be given a chance not only to defend himself, but also to have the best legal talent to conduct his defense, at the expense of the state, that the trial be under the direction of an impartial judge, and that the final decision as to the guilt or innocence of the accused be determined by a jury of twelve men sworn to render a verdict in strict accordance with the evidence presented.

The public schoolteacher is not always accorded this courtesy. Too frequently he is the victim of unfair criticism on the part of parents who act upon "hearsay" evidence which would not be permitted in any court of justice engaged in the trial of even a horse thief. Too often he is condemned without a hearing upon silly reports of what really never happened. Because of these unfair criticisms and unjust condemnations of the teacher, I plead for that help which the home owes the school, which will result from paying no attention to the idle rumors afloat in every community regarding the work of the school, or to the necessarily one-sided reports of the partiality or injustice of the teacher, brought to the home by the child, who has been corrected for some act which he will naturally claim has been, in no sense, a wrong one.

I can recall very vividly a game which was quite popular in the country school I attended as a boy. This game was played on rainy days when out-door sports were not possible.

How distinctly I can recall the appearance of that circle, formed in the old brick schoolhouse, and composed of two or three scores of country boys and girls. There at the head of the circle, seated together were the boys and girls who had reached that age of great interest in each other. Next in order came the girls seated by themselves who had not yet reached that period, and last of all came the forlorn boys who did not think they ever would reach it. I always occupied the extreme foot of this latter class.

To this day, there is no being who so thoroughly arouses my interest and enlists my sympathy as an overgrown boy who does not know what to do with head, hands, feet, or any of the rest of his anatomy. Boys of this type and age need all the help that can



come to them from all possible sources, and the home and the school should unite to help them in this crisis. A boy who is too old to be interesting to the old women of the community and not old enough to be interesting to the young girls, is in a precarious condition.

But to return to the game. The girl who sat at the head of the circle whispered into the ear of the boy who sat next to her a long meaningless sentence, with such haste, and in such an indistinct, incoherent manner, as to render the understanding of it almost impossible. He in turn passed on what he pretended to hear to his neighbor, always adding a little, on his own account, to the rumor, which thus rapidly traveled round the circle, and finally reached me at the foot. Silence then reigned for a brief space of time as all eyes and ears were turned, first to the head of the circle as she slowly repeated the statement which she told to her neighbor, and then to the foot of the class as I, in turn, related what had come to me at the other end of the line. After the shouts of laughter, which followed, had died away, the game was repeated, the fun seeming to grow with each round, due, of course, to the fact that there was never any resemblance between the original statement of the pupil at the head of the circle and the final report of the one at the foot.

*We called the game by name of Gossip*, although but few, if any of us knew what the word meant. All who have since engaged in teaching school have, no doubt, learned the meaning by experience, for all communities, unfortunately, have too many homes where rumor, no matter how unreasonable, is certain to find sympathetic listeners and the tongue of gossip an attentive hearing. Many an earnest teacher has been the victim of misrepresentation and abuse because of homes in the district where gossip is permitted to run its harmful course.

Instances could be multiplied to illustrate how the most foolish reports, concerning what really never happened, originate. The following will suffice: A little girl upon her return from school one evening startled her mother with the remark that the special teacher of music had lost all her senses. The mother remonstrated against such language but the child further stated, as a reason for her remark that the teacher referred to, had stopped the entire school in the midst of a song and had asked the foolish question — "How many turnips are there in a bushel?"

To this the mother replied, "Mary, we shall not mention this again until we have seen your teacher" — a sentiment which might well find its way into the mind and heart of every father and mother who is tempted to criticise the teacher, in her absence, but in the presence of the child.

A few days after, mother, child, and teacher met when the report of the child concerning the supposed

question of the teacher was related by the mother with the suggestion that there was probably some misunderstanding. The teacher greatly amused at the report laughingly replied, "Yes, a very strange misunderstanding, indeed. I did not ask 'How many turnips there were in a bushel,' but 'how many *beats* in a *measure*.'"

How frequently the little misunderstanding which exists between home and school, and parent and teacher would vanish if only the home would refuse to listen to the idle reports which are so often circulated in the community, and parents, instead of criticising the teacher in the presence of the child, would be fair enough to go with the child direct to the teacher and in a friendly spirit seek to know the truth.

As the severest critic of the church is the man who never enters it and knows nothing of the spirit of its mission and work, so the most unreasonable critic of the public school is the parent who knows the least about it. Every community has its citizens who assume to know what is going on in the school which they never visit and of whose real work they are totally ignorant.

The teacher should constantly strive for an intimate acquaintance with the home life of the child, and the parent should, in every way possible, learn all that can be known of the work of the school. In this way home and school will grow into a more sympathetic relation with each other and the life of the child will be made brighter and happier.

When parents sustain teachers in the discipline of the school, coöperate with them in all reasonable regulations and requirements which have for their object the development of studious habits and an appreciation of the value and necessity of hard work, and refuse to pass judgment upon the work of the school and the success of the teacher without any knowledge of either, the educational millennium will be near.

On every hand can be found evidences of educational progress. There is no doubt that the world is growing both wiser and better as the years pass. Each tidal wave of progress bears us onward and upward, higher and higher, to an ideal civilization. In that ideal civilization there must, of necessity, be many important factors, but chief among them all will ever remain the three named at the beginning of this article — the Church, the Home, and the School.

It is not necessary to determine which of these three is greatest. In fact neither one is great except as it is willing to lend a helping hand to the work of the other two. Let the members of the church, the parents in the home, and the teachers in the school all consecrate themselves anew to their work and thus be prepared for one constant, united effort to give the world what it needs worse than it can ever need anything else, and that is a true, strong pure, noble, Christian manhood and womanhood.

# Charity Work in China

C. F. Appleton

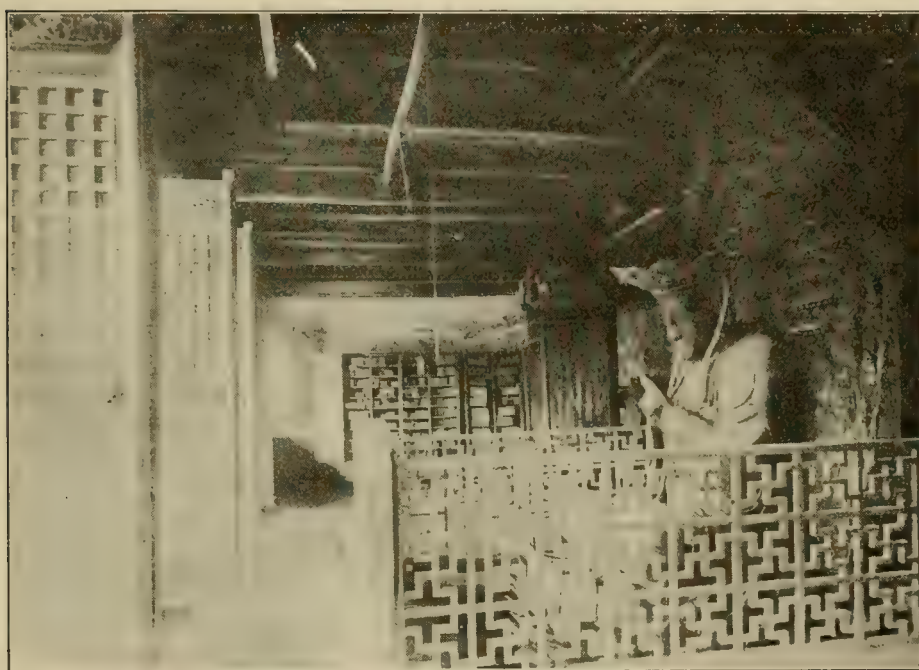
As a result of the teachings of Christianity, the poor not only have the Gospel preached unto them, thus providing for their spiritual needs, but provision is also made for their temporal needs. One noticeable feature of most Chinese cities as contrasted with those in Western lands, is the number of beggars—the lame, the halt, the blind, the leper and the slug-gard—who wander about the streets piteously pleading for a few cash to purchase food to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

During the famine of 1907, the Chinese Government contributed five hundred thousand dollars (Mexican), and two native famine relief Committees

temple grounds, at another point in an old soldiers' barracks, but any public property may be used for the purpose. We visited two of these places recently and were kindly received by those in charge of the work. It reminded one much of the old Roman public food cribs where the multitudes of voters received free meals. It also reminds one of the work of distribution of foodstuffs in the famine district of 1907. The work here, however, is entirely under native control and seems to be well managed. Separate compounds are provided for the men and women. In the men's compound there are separate passageways for children, for old men and for those in the prime of

life. At the entrance to the distributing place each child is given one and each man two bamboo tally sticks, each of which entitles the holder to a bowl of cooked millet. A large yard is walled off inside the compound where the people remain while eating their portion and until the work of distribution is over for the day—usually about ten o'clock or earlier in the morning. The millet is cooked in large Chinese kettles, fourteen of which we counted in one kitchen. From these it is poured into large water jars whence it is distributed to the people.

Another line of charity work has recently been opened in the old examination halls which have become use-



Joss Idol.

raised nearly one million two hundred thousand more for the relief of the starving multitudes. These were in addition to the generous foreign contributions.

In the city of Kai Feng Fu, Honan Province, the central government for many years has made provision for the feeding of several thousand poor people for the three winter months of each year, viz.: the eleventh, twelfth, and first moons, corresponding nearly to our December, January and February. The population of this city is estimated at half a million and the people who receive help from the poor fund annually number several tens of thousands. There are six distributing points for the relief work—three for men and boys and the same number for girls and women. The distribution takes place at one point on

less since the passing away of the old régime of education. These buildings are now turned to better use. A normal school of three hundred students now occupies about half the old compound while the other half has been turned into an industrial school for the poor. About a dozen trades, including carpenter, blacksmith, tailor, shoemaker, making straw mats and weaving, are being taught by experienced men. The last-mentioned trade is especially interesting and employs a large number of men and boys, some of whom soon become quite skillful and turn out some beautiful designs of a cheaper grade of carpet. The inmates are provided with food, shelter and clothing for the first few weeks and as they become skillful in any line of work wages are paid them. The expenses of this



institution also are paid from the Emperor's treasury. Yet in spite of all the efforts being put forth for the alleviation of suffering, on the streets of this city are still heard the piteous cries of the poor, the sick, the homeless and the opium fiend.

*Kai Feng Fu, Honan, China.*



### AN OUTING.

CARL NELSON.

Sky of blue,  
Sunny, too,  
Gauzy clouds are scudding;  
Fields of flowers,  
Woodland bowers,  
And cherry blossoms a-budding.  
Freshening breeze,  
Rustling leaves,  
Through them sun shafts gleaming;  
Crowd of three,  
Lucky three,  
Wander lakeward dreaming.  
Wind is high,  
Joyous high,  
White-capped waves are brimming;  
Push from shore,  
Swing the oar,  
Through the waves we're skimming.  
Mabel aft,  
Lill abaft,  
Amidships sits the oarsman;  
Rhythmic ride  
O'er the tide,  
Then we camp in woodland.  
Restful shade,  
Grassy glade,  
Spread the viands over;  
Picnic lunch,  
Hungry bunch,  
Three little pigs in clover.  
Evening tide,  
Home we glide,  
Sun-kissed waves are foaming;  
Fragile shell,  
Rides the swell  
Like a pigeon homing.  
Dying breeze,  
Whispering leaves,  
Mellow sunlight gleaming;  
Crowd of three,  
Lucky three,  
Ramble homeward dreaming.

Cando, N. D.



### HISTORY OF PRINTING.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

To tell just when printing was invented is very much like stating the precise moment when night ends and day begins.

The Egyptians engraved on tiles and cylinders, and impressed them on clay tablets, which were afterwards hardened by fire.

The ruins of Nineveh and Babylon yield many volumes of books made of burnt clay on which the characters were stamped while the material was soft. The characters were triangular, from which the writings are called "cuneiform," which means wedge-shaped.

The Chinese have printed for centuries, but as in all their other arts, have made little or no progress. The blocks were cut by hand, each one being a page.

Some think the Romans knew of the art of printing, but were afraid to use it, for fear that the spread of knowledge would cause the people to revolt. It was at least true that their emperors had stamps and signets to affix to public documents as seals.

For the antiquity of this kind of printing read Ex. 28: 11; 1 Kings 21: 8; Job 38: 14.

Who was the inventor of printing as we know it? The Dutch claim Lawrence Koster, of Harlem, and the Germans declare for John Gutenberg, of Mentz.

Others claim Gutenberg invented only a press, while movable type was the invention of one of his workmen. Gutenberg is said to have rewarded him by giving him an interest in the business and the hand of his daughter in marriage. He is said to have taken one of the blocks, sawed the letters apart, and used them in other combinations.

Gutenberg's first book was Luther's translation of the Old Testament.

After the death of Gutenberg the business was carried on by his son-in-law, and John Faust, a goldsmith of Mentz.

Faust printed Bibles, which he sold for sixty crowns, while manuscript copies sold for five hundred. He supplied all demands, and even reduced the price.

The type was in imitation of the script of those days. Because of the exactness of the copies and the fact that he used red ink the superstitious people accused him of being in league with the devil and of using his own blood.

To save himself from the stake he revealed his secret to the Parliament of Paris.

The art spread rapidly, and in a few years presses were in operation in the principal cities of Europe.

The first press in America was set up in the City of Mexico in 1569, and the first in what is now United States in Harvard College in 1639.

The first Bible printed in America was John Eliot's Indian Bible. The type for this book was set by an Indian and required three years to complete on the Cambridge press.

The first strictly American Bible was printed by Christopher Sauer, who was a member of the Church of the Brethren. He cast his own type and I think made his own paper. I have read that several copies of this Bible, which was in the German language, are yet in existence in Pennsylvania and neighboring States.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XVIII.

AFTER Killarney I rode to the north, passing among the quaint western people. The country people live in queer old stone houses. In fact almost every house here is of stone. Lumber is an unknown article in building material. Some of the houses were convex in form, rising from the ground like the upper half of a ball, the stones fitting into one another so perfectly as to be able to endure the weight of themselves for hundreds of years. The door is so small that on entering you must stoop low, and when once in you see no windows. The fuel here is peat that is digged from the ground, from the surface down to a depth of five or ten feet, cut out in the shape of ordinary bricks.

At one of the country houses where I was entertained over night the upstairs was reached by a ladder. The big white pig came into the dining hall and nudged my elbow while I was cutting the bacon and mixing it with the potatoes which the people usually call "spuds." I was unwilling to share any of my meal here in a strange house with so strange a guest, and the hog came closer, working its clean, white snout into all kinds of grunt wrinkles and trying to talk to me in its pig language. Just as I often squeeze a dog's nose, so I dared to pinch the grisly nose of the Irish hog which I was allowed to do,—under conditions.

At another place the donkey stayed in my sleeping room, which was the parlor of the home. One night on going to bed in the dark, something struck me on the hand as I carried something into my room. I lighted a match, standing still in my tracks, when I saw just in front of me the family donkey getting ready to fire away with both feet if I approached nearer. It had been in the dark room all evening and could see me as I came in. I had come in from the lighted room and so could not perceive it. Neither of us was to blame, the donkey or I. My eyes hadn't yet adjusted their focus for the dark room, and the donkey hadn't used his reasoning powers relative to the results obtained in passing from a lighted to a darkened room. He thought I was going "to walk over him" and like most human donkeys, he was going to resent the intrusion by a couple of kicks. Although no harm is meant, some people at once resent an act of another as

if it had been meant to harm them. Many an insult is received but not given. Snubs fall from snobs, but never come from gentlemen or are received by them. "Thinketh no evil." Men, like donkeys, floundering about in the dark, often kick those who come to them.

So I thought as I drew the damp covers over my tired muscles and slept in the "spare bed" of the interesting Irish family.

The wild waves were beating upon the cliffs in the northwest, smashing the rocks as if they were eggs. From my room I could hear their angry howl all night long. The house stood so near the beach I was told that in the greatest gales the spray of the waves dashed into the house. At times the roar was deafening. Along in the afternoon I caught some excellent snap-shots of rough sea-breaking effects, and was nearly drenched by the billows several times before getting out of their ponderous way.

At Galway I saw the finest fishing-place, probably, in the world, where, to catch salmon, the fishermen must pay five dollars a day and give back two-thirds of the fish caught. Even at this high price the fishers make money. The salmon jump over the ford in great droves.

After a dozen recitals in rope-making, ship-building Belfast a little steamer carried me to bonny Scotland where I was received as an honored guest before a number of inspiring audiences in the elegant city of Glasgow.

With the gentle breeze of spring kissing my cheek I pedaled into the Burns country, stood where Robbie and his Highland Mary had plighted their troth, never again to see one another in life, walked into the field where he plowed up the "mouse" and into the meadow where he plucked the "daisy," and where I plucked one and sent to my mother and another to my sister, and fastened one in the lapel of my coat,—the same kind of a daisy, the descendant of those Burns sang about; crossed the Brig o' Doon, where Tam O' Shanter's mare lost her tail, and after dreaming along the

"Banks and braes of Bonnie Doon  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,"



I rode to the extreme south of the island, through Scotland and England, and on a morning after disembarked from a French steamer, at Dieppe, France.

That night, sixty miles from the coast, I was arrested as the possible *murderer* of two Paris policemen.

Riding into a provincial town I inquired for a cheap lodging. No one could speak English and it was difficult to make them understand. In fact they were a little frightened at me. They wondered why a tourist dressed in a good bicycle suit and riding a good wheel should ask for a "cheap" lodging.

Finally, after asking here and there about town, and not securing any supper or lodging, two official-looking men took me in charge, one the mayor, the other the superintendent of schools, and both acting as policemen. I wasn't sure they meant to detain me, but when I attempted to mount and ride away, the mayor forcibly seized my wheel and I changed my mind about going just then.

In France,—at night, under arrest!

The trial was conducted in French and English. They used the French, I the English.

The schoolmaster asked most of the questions, which he did in the usual vehement, excited, nervous way of the voluble French.

"Avez-vous des papiers delivres par l'autorites civiles? Respondez!" (Have you any papers delivered by the civil authorities? Answer.)

"Oui, mon passeporte des Etas Units." (Yes, my United States passport.)

But they were too excited to understand me. What they had asked for was an interior passport showing the city in France to which I belonged. Such a paper is not demanded in Britain or America.

"Pourquoi ne vous etes vous pas presents du Consul Americaine?" (Why did you not present yourself to the American Consul?)

A chill passed over me when I noticed with what bated breath they awaited my answer to this decisive question.

But the holder of a passport is protected by virtue of its possession without the need of looking up the consul everywhere to have it visaed. Besides I had arrived at the French port that morning at four o'clock and had ridden at once into the country. Outside of Spain, Turkey and Russia there is no great need of a passport.

"Vous avez commis une negligence qui causera une nuit de retard." (You have committed a negligence which will cause you a night of delay.)

A night of delay! That meant the jail for me that night. Although tired, hungry and sleepy, I was now compelled to draw upon my wasted strength in self-defense for my liberty.

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## ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

### XIX. Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

LYDIA HUNTLEY was born in Norwich, Conn., in 1791, and was an only child. She was a descendant of Elder William Wentworth, who came over in the Mayflower, and was the father of the American branch of the famous House of Wentworths, who are able to trace their ancestry back to the Saxon, Rynald de Wyntewade, or Reginald of Wentworth, in Strafford, England, about 1066. This House reached royalty itself. In 1339 Sir John Wentworth was Lord High Chancellor and Bishop of London, and later on came Oliver Cromwell, and a Wentworth married Sir John Seymour, whose daughter Jane married King Henry VIII, and became mother of King Edward VI. The American Wentworths and their families are of this immediate line.

Having been carefully educated, at the age of nineteen Miss Huntley with her friend, Anna Maria Hyde, established a school for young ladies, and two years later she removed to Hartford to pursue the same occupation. In 1819 she married Mr. Charles Sigourney, a Hartford merchant. She made a trip to Europe in 1840, and on her return wrote her "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands." Her habits of system and order were such that she was able to accomplish much that to others would have been impossible. "She was famous among her neighbors for her domestic thrift and for active coöperation with her sex in deeds of social benevolence." She has been designated as "the American Hemans," from the tone of her writings. "Along the calm, sequestered vale of duty and usefulness, her writings like a river fresh from its mountain spring, gladdened many a quiet home, stimulated into activity many a generous heart." She wrote much prose in the way of tales, sketches, essays, instructive letters, yet is remembered always as a poetess of no mean quality.

Her first published work was a small volume of poems in 1815. In 1822 she published a descriptive poem on the "Traits of the Aborigines in America," and in 1824 "A Sketch of Connecticut Forty Years Since." Other works were, "Pocahontas and Other Poems," "Lays of the Heart," "Tales in Prose and Verse," "Whispers to a Bride," "Letters to Young Ladies," "Letters to Mothers," "Letters to My Pupils," etc. "Past Meridian" was written when the shadows of life began to fall about her, and her fiftieth book, "Letters of Life," a sort of autobiography, was ready for publication at the time of her death in June, 1865.

"When count shall be made of the various agencies, moral and intellectual, which moulded the American mind and heart during the first half of the nineteenth century, few names will be honored with a larger credit than that of Lydia H. Sigourney."

Worthy of mention: W. G. Simms, novels; E. C. Stedman, poetry; Harriet B. Stowe, novels; R. H. Stoddard, poetry; Rev. J. L. Spalding, education; Henry W. Shaw, humorous; A. Schuyler, mathematics; Epes Sargent, poetry and history; H. E. Scudder,

stories; John G. Saxe, poetry; Philip Schaff, theology; N. C. Schaeffer, education; Jared Sparks, history; Charles Sprague, poetry; F. R. Stockton, stories; Levi Seeley, education.

*Bryan, Ohio.*

## Protective Resemblances and Mimicry of the Arthropods

Charlotte Davis

THE Arthropodia, meaning joint-footed animals, is one of the seven great branches in the animal kingdom, and is divided into five classes, namely: Crustacea, Onychophora, Myriapodia, Insecta, and Arachnida. In many of the animals of this extensive branch we find "Protective Resemblances and Mimicry" beautifully illustrated.

First, I will explain to my reader the meaning of the term "protective resemblances"; by this is meant the harmonization of colors and markings of an animal with soil and vegetation so that it is nearly indistinguishable as long as it remains at rest, thus protecting it from capture and death. By "mimicry" we must not take the broad meaning of the word, which suggests the exercise of volition or intent on the part of the mimicking animal, but must ascribe to it a technical meaning, which excludes any such suggestion. However, each case of mimicry is the result of a slow gradual change thru a long series of ancestors. The mimicry may indeed include the adoption of certain habits of action which strengthen and make more pronounced the deception of shape and color. But these habits, too, are the result of a long development and are performed without the exercise of the will or reason.

Let us now look at the first class of Arthropods, the class, "Crustacea," which is divided into two subclasses, the Entomostraca and the Malacostraca. In the former subclass we find the fairy shrimp or branchipus which is especially interesting because of its protective resemblances. It is said that in certain parts of the Atlantic Ocean which are covered with great patches of sea-weed, called the gulf-weed, many of the shrimps, also some of the crabs, belonging to the subclass Malacostraca, live. The gulf-weed is of an olive-yellow color and these crabs and shrimps which live among the weed are exactly the same shade of yellow and have small white markings on their bodies which are characteristic of the weed. However, we need not go to the Atlantic Ocean for illustrations. Let us notice the common crawfish, found in any of our fresh-water streams. Is it not precisely the same color of the rocks and sand among which it lives? General protective resemblance is very widespread among animals, but is not easily appreciated when

the animal is seen without its natural environment. Along almost any coast, the lobster, a decapod, another species of the Malacostraca, are to be found, often beautifully colored and harmonizing with the sea-weed among which they live.

In the class Onychophora, we have the little animal Peripatus, the seeming link between worms and insects, which is very dark in color, making it difficult to detect when lying on the moist earth where it makes its home. Among the class Myriapoda we find the same thing true of the thousand-legged worms and the centipeds.

Now, of all the classes the Insecta come first in possessing the greatest number of remarkable illustrations of protective resemblances and mimicry. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the insects have been made a special study by entomologists, but it may also be due to the fact that the great class "Insecta" includes more than two-thirds of all the living species of animals known. The struggle for existence among the insects is especially severe and bitter and since insect colors and patterns are especially varied it is only to be expected that this useful modification that results in striking protective resemblances and mimicry should be especially widespread among insects. Moreover, they are mostly deficient in other means of defense, and seem to be the favorite food for many different kinds of animals. Protective resemblance is their best and most widely-adopted means of preserving life.

The class "Insecta" includes seven subclasses, namely: Aptera, Orothoptera, Hemiptera, Diptera, Coleoptera, Lepidoptera, and Hymenoptera, nearly all of which claim various species bearing some form of protective resemblances. Let us notice some of the four-winged species, belonging to the Orothoptera. The common grasshopper is a good example. It is so like its environment in color that it is very hard to locate altho you may think you know exactly where it hopped. The pretty little katydid is also of a bright green color resembling closely the shade of foliage whereon it stays during the day. Going to the next subclass, Hemiptera we all know how hard it is to detect the little green plant lice which sometimes ruin our plants before we know they are on them. Espe-



cially is this true of the phylloxera, a plant louse which causes annually the loss of millions of dollars among the vineyards of this and other countries. While many animals are variously colored so as to resemble their surroundings, generally or specifically, many other animals are very brightly colored and patterned. Many animals, as we well know, possess special and effective weapons of defense, as the poison fangs of some snakes and the sting of bees and wasps. Other animals, and with these cases most of us are not so well acquainted, possess a means of defense, or rather safety, in being inedible—that is, in possessing some ill-tasting substance in the body which renders them unpalatable to predaceous animals. Now, it is obvious that it would be a great advantage to such animals if they could be easily recognized by the different animals likely to prey upon them and this advantage of being readily recognized is possessed by many, if not all the ill-tasting animals, by being brilliantly colored and marked. This is clearly illustrated by the lady-bird beetle, one of the Coleoptera. This composes a whole family of beetles which are brightly colored and spotted. Not only is this true of the beetles but many caterpillars possess these warning colors.

Noticing the subclass of moths and butterflies, we notice that some of these possess special protective resemblances. The larvae of the geometrid moth, called inch-worm or span-worm, are twig-like in appearance and have the habit, when disturbed, of standing out stiffly from the twig or branch upon which they rest, so as to resemble in position as well as in color and markings a short or broken twig. There are also many butterflies that resemble dead leaves. All of our common meadow brown and reddish butterflies with ragged-edged wings, that appear in the autumn and flutter aimlessly about like a falling leaf, show this resemblance. But the most remarkable of all is a large butterfly of the East Indian region. The upper sides of the wings are dark, with purplish and orange markings, not at all resembling a dead leaf. But the butterflies when at rest hold their wings together over their back, so that only the undersides of the wings are exposed. The undersides of the wings are exactly the color of a dead leaf and the wings are so held that all combine to mimic with extraordinary fidelity a dead leaf still attached to the twig by a short leaf-stalk imitated by a short tail on the hind wings, and showing mid rib, oblique veins, and, most remarkable of all, two apparent holes, like those made in leaves by insects. With the head and feelers concealed beneath the wings, it makes the resemblance wonderfully exact. It is also true that many brightly-colored butterflies are not edible. These species are mimicked by other different species which are edible, but the deception is not detected by the birds and so they are not molested.

Bees and wasps are protected by their stings. They are usually conspicuous, being branded with yellow and black. There is also a peculiar species of ant, found in the Amazons, which have the curious habit of cutting off, with their sharp jaws, bits of green leaves and carrying them to their nests. In carrying the bits of leaves the ants hold them vertically above their heads and thus to some extent, hide themselves.

In the subclass, Arachnida, it is found that many spiders that live habitually on tree trunks resemble bits of bark or small irregular masses of lichen. A whole family of spiders, which live in flower cups lying in wait for insects, are white and pink and party-colored, resembling the markings of the special flowers frequented by them. This is a special resemblance not so much for protection as it is to aid the little animal in securing its food; the insects coming to visit the flowers are unable to distinguish the enemy and fall an easy prey.

Protective resemblances and mimicry are a great benefit to all animals possessing them and they play a great part in the preservation of a great many different species.



#### THE GREAT ROOSEVELT IRRIGATION DAM.

THE irrigation dam in construction on the Salt River in eastern Arizona is one of the greatest projects of its kind which has yet been undertaken by the United States Board of Reclamation. The Roosevelt dam, which is to create the Tonto reservoir, will be with one exception the highest constructed by the Board's engineers, while exceeding all other of their works in capacities. The dam will form a storage basin holding sufficient water to flood 1,300,000 acres to an average depth of one foot. This quantity is much larger than the volume held in storage by the greatest Nile reservoir. The supply will be secured from the Verde and the Salt rivers, which drain a watershed of 6,260 square miles. The average yearly rainfall over this drainage basin is not over 20 inches. The annual rainfall upon the territory to be irrigated ranges from 3 to 10 inches; and the rapid evaporation of moisture is indicated by the fact that the temperature in the summer ranges as high as 120 degrees, although the elevation varies from 1,000 to 1,300 feet altitude. The dam will impound sufficient water to fully irrigate 270,000 acres of soil. This soil is known to be fertile when water in sufficient quantities is applied; the Department of Agriculture having tested a few experimental tracts, with the result that the crops have been remarkable for their quality and yield.

A feature of the undertaking is the power canal. Water power or electric current has before been secured from dams intended for irrigating purposes by utilizing the waste water. Such power, however, is only available when the flow of water into a reservoir is more than sufficient to fill it. The power at Roose-

velt is obtained independently of the irrigating scheme, the canal being separate from the reservoir and one of the first works completed. The head of water secured by means of the canal actuates waterwheels connected to electric generators at present developing over 1,500 horse-power. From the power station extends a transmission line conveying current to the plant for the manufacture of cement, the stone-crushing plant, for lighting, operating the aerial railway, and for other purposes. Under a head of 250 feet, hydraulic jets with nozzles of 11 inches have been used to wash away the loose formation and accumulation of sump above the bedrock upon which the dam proper is being built, and have greatly facilitated progress. Much of the gravel thus secured has been utilized for construction material. To remove the gravel, elevators have been placed in service.

This canal, which is twenty miles in length, is one of the permanent works. Most of it is lined with concrete, and it includes several extensive tunnels, aggregating nearly 10,000 feet in length. It is carried over gulches by concrete pipes. The dams used for diverting the water to the power canal represent a cost of \$40,000, while the canal, including its pressure pipe and auxiliary structures, represents a total of nearly \$1,000,000. When all the generating sets are to be installed for service, it will develop no less than 4,400 horse-power, which will be used for pumping water for irrigation.

A cement mill has a capacity for manufacturing 10,000 barrels a month when the machinery is working to its complete capacity. Much of the raw material necessary for the cement has been found in abundance locally, and cement is manufactured at a cost of \$2.25 per barrel, less than half the cost of cement from the outside. The mill is operated entirely by electric power, as already intimated, the current being transmitted from the power house at the end of the canal.

Work upon the construction of the dam proper has been in progress only since September 20, 1906, owing to the immense amount of labor required in making the excavation to bedrock. When it is remembered that the height of the dam above the rock is 284 feet, the length at the bottom 235 feet, and the length at the top 1,080 feet, the time and labor required in preparing the site for the wall do not seem excessive. The work is what is technically known as a masonry arch dam with a gravity section arising from the foundation. It will range in thickness from nearly 175 feet at the bottom to 16 feet at the top—sufficient to provide a highway for vehicles.

As soon as the blocks of stone are quarried, they are carried to the site and placed in position by boom derricks, while the aerial tramway conveys the cement in which they are set. An enormous quantity of rock, set in concrete, is required for filling in behind the face, and boulders as large as can be handled are used.

Nearly 400,000 cubic yards of masonry will be placed in position when the dam is completed, and the reservoir which it will create will form a lake  $25\frac{1}{2}$  square miles in area. As soon as the dam is finished, the cement mill and other construction plants will be stripped of all machinery which can be profitably removed and the buildings abandoned, as they will be many feet under water when the reservoir fills.

An interesting feature of the work is an outlet, which has been constructed through the walls of the canyon a distance of 500 feet. This tunnel will not only carry off much of the surplus water, but also the silt which is brought down the channels in such large quantities during the flood height. The question of removing this silt was solved by the engineers by planning the tunnel in question. The current through it will be so rapid, that it is believed the sediment will thus be removed without difficulty. The tunnel contains no less than six gates, which will be required to regulate the flow of the water. They are built to be operated under a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch, and including their operating mechanism will weigh in the aggregate nearly 400 tons.

Considering the extent of the project, rapid progress has been made. On July 1 of last year but three per cent of the construction had been completed. At the end of 1907, however, the great wall had reached a point nearly 20 feet above its base and extending from side to side of the canyon. This work has been accomplished in a climate where the temperature reaches 120 degrees, and operations have been carried on during the intense heat of the summer.

The diversion dam to be constructed 30 miles from the main dam is almost as important in connection with the reclamation of this section of Arizona as the construction at Roosevelt. Work has been in progress upon this for over a year. It is intended to keep the water of the Salt and Verde rivers at a certain level, and will increase their depth to the extent of 15 feet over the present low water average. An idea of the dimensions of this dam can be gained when it is stated that it will be nearly 1,300 feet long, and will require 40,000 cubic yards of concrete before it is completed. A distributing canal is being built in connection with regulating gates, which will have a flow of at least 2,000 feet per second. This is located upon the north side of the dam. Another canal with a capacity of 1,000 feet per second is being constructed on the south side. The site of this operation is at what is known as Granite Reef, about thirty miles from Phoenix. It will furnish the water which will be served by the electric pumps already referred to, the service covering 40,000 acres. — *Scientific American*.



WHAT is the use of health or life if not to do some work therewith? — *Carlyle*.



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## WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

LAST week we printed a sketch of the life of the Republican candidate for the presidency. The sketch of the life of the Democratic candidate, as that of Mr. Taft, is adapted from several write-ups of the man.

William Jennings Bryan was born March 19, 1860, at Salem, Ill., and was the second of the nine children of Silas and Mariah Jennings Bryan. Silas, the father, was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, in 1822, and is described as a man of exceptional character and excellent education, being a graduate of McKendree College and a lawyer of distinction. He also occupied a judicial position and was a member of the Illinois convention of 1872, which framed the present constitution of the State. He was a member of the Baptist church, and was very devout. It was his habit to pray morning, noon and night. He was a firm believer in providential direction in the affairs of life. He was not a narrow sectarian, however, as is evidenced by the fact that his broad and tolerant sympathies found expression every year at harvest time when he sent a load of hay to each preacher and priest in Salem, his neighboring town. This information is interesting, since it suggests the origin of Mr. Bryan's deep and broad religious faith. It was the earliest ambition of the son to become a minister, he having been converted at the age of fourteen in special meetings in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which explains by the way, how he happens to be of a different church connection from that of his parents. His passion for public life, however, was also inherited from his father, and on completion of his academic career at Illinois College where he was graduated with the honor of the highest rank in scholarship, being also elected class orator, he determined to begin the study of law, which he pursued at the Union College of Law in Chicago. On his admission to the bar, he practiced four years in Jacksonville, Illinois, and removed to Lincoln, Nebraska, his present home, Octo-

ber 1, 1887. Here he has been in partnership with Mr. A. R. Talbot, a classmate in the law school, who has attained considerable prominence in the Republican politics of Nebraska.

From 1891 to 1895 Mr. Bryan was a Representative in the national congress where he made several effective speeches on free trade. From 1894 to 1896 he was editor of the Omaha *World-Herald*. For a short period in 1898 he served as a Colonel of volunteers in the Spanish-American war. All are familiar with his public appearances as Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1896 and in 1900.

Mrs. Bryan, who was Miss Mary Baird before her marriage October 1, 1884, is a most worthy companion of her husband. She was valedictorian of her class in Jacksonville Female Seminary, as Mr. Bryan was of his. She also has pursued a thorough course in the Supreme Court of Nebraska. Her talents are not exercised actively at the bar, but she is of incalculable assistance to her husband in the multiplied activities, both political and personal, in which he is engaged. There are three children in the family, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, William Jennings, Jr., and Miss Grace D. Bryan, the youngest child.

It will be evident from the above that Mr. Bryan bears a good family pedigree. His ancestors were all people of the middle class, if we must recognize class in our American social order, but they were without exception industrious, law-abiding, God-fearing people.

It is evident also that, besides having the advantage of being well born, Mr. Bryan has the benefit of a liberal education, which has been extended in later years by world-wide travel, in which he has been received with distinguished honor by foreign governments and by men of large caliber in all parts of the world. Indeed, there has been no American since the days of Grant who has received a more generous tribute of respect from foreign people, and there has been no man since Lincoln who has borne his honors with more discretion and humility. In the city of Lincoln he is still on familiar terms of respect and confidence with all classes. This is illustrated by a recent conference between two citizens of Lincoln, which is reported to us by Mr. C. M. Mayne, general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city, to whom we are indebted for much of the local information which appears in this article. These two townsmen were discussing the invitation which Mr. Bryan had received to attend the recent conference at the White House. One said, "I tell you, Mr. Bryan is getting to be a great man." The other replied, "Well, anyhow, he never shows it off around here." One need not be in Lincoln an hour before finding that, irrespective of creed or party or class, Mr. Bryan has the genuine respect of the entire community in which he lives.

His religious faith is as simple as a child's, yet deep and powerful. Its enunciation in his address, entitled the "Prince of Peace," which has been heard in the last two years in all parts of the land, is clear-cut and comforting and of great practical value, especially to all young men. His confidence in the overruling power of God in the affairs of men is the only explanation for his calmness and repose when facing great odds or enduring defeat. His religious life and his ability as a speaker have led many to wish often that he might devote his life to evangelistic work. A well-known member of an organization of Christian traveling men said to him recently, "I am a Republican, but I will vote for you next time if you will promise to devote your life to religious work after you have served for one term in the White House." Mr. Bryan retorted, laughing, "No doubt! You are not the first Republican I have met who wished to have me enter the ministry."

Not only has Mr. Bryan's public influence as a Christian been of great and positive aid to the cause, but his public and private example as a man of clean life and habit has been of immense assistance, especially to the cause of temperance. He is absolutely and always has been a teetotaler, not only at home, but abroad. While traveling in Japan, for example, he was the guest at a banquet given to welcome Admiral Togo. When the American visitor arose to toast the victorious old seaman, somebody called his attention to the fact that his glass contained only water instead of champagne. Mr. Bryan said, "Admiral Togo won his battles on water. When he wins them on wine it will be time enough to drink to him in that beverage."

In consequence of his public declaration of personal aversion to the use of liquor, as well as his condemnation of the army canteen and his suppression of it in his own regiment during the Spanish War, Mr. Bryan is almost sure to incur the united hostility of the liquor interests in the presidential campaign. Four, eight or twelve years ago they would have been largely indifferent to his public attitude on the drink habit, but now that the saloon has become the dominant moral issue of the times it is bound to have a large place in determining the results of every election henceforth until this issue is settled and settled right.

The statement has been made that the Bryan of today is not intellectually or ethically the same Bryan who carried the Chicago Convention of 1896 off its feet with his "Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns" speech.

This assertion is only about half true. The Bryan of 1896 had youth and its fire. The Bryan of today has more maturity, more knowledge of the world, and more poise. But it is to be questioned whether there has been so much change in Bryan as there has

been in the temper of the people to whom he made his appeal twelve years ago, and to whom he is renewing practically the same appeal, with the exception of one issue, today.

Yet he is a new man in many ways. When first nominated, barely beyond the constitutional age prescribed for a President, he knew his own country, but none other. Since that time he has made frequent trips abroad, has made one trip around the world, has visited every one of our colonial possessions, and indeed is better equipped to discuss the foreign relations of the United States and its colonial problems than any man in public life.

This statement may be objected to by some who have in mind Mr. Taft's work and travels abroad. But the difference in the relations under which each man traveled gives the advantage to Mr. Bryan, since he went as an unofficial American citizen and was permitted to see things as they were, while Mr. Taft in his official position was made to see conditions in as favorable light as possible.

And there is, too, another difference between the new Bryan and the old, though this is a material and not a moral difference. The Bryan of 1896 was ridiculed very unjustly for his poverty; the Bryan of 1908 is attacked very unjustly for his wealth. Mr. Bryan has always owned his own home. In '96 it was an attractive and not too small a frame house within the town limits of Lincoln. Some people then sneered at him because he did not live in a style more befitting a Presidential possibility. Today they sneer because, with advancing years and as the result of indomitable energy and the utilization of his mental power, he has built himself a beautiful house outside of the city of Lincoln. In brief, while the first Bryan was by no means a pauper, the new Bryan is prosperous, but his prosperity has been coined from his own brain and is in no way dependent upon speculation, investments, or legal retainers from trusts or monopolies. Such prosperity as he has today comes from hard work on the lecture platform and from a weekly newspaper which he founded and to which he gives all the attention which it is possible for a man continually traveling to devote.

If Mr. Bryan cared more for money and less for ethics than he does, the income which he derives from his paper, the *Commoner*, might readily be tripled. His advertising manager in Chicago some time ago almost wept as he spoke of the obstacles which were put in his way when he attempted to secure advertising. It is only a guess, but the circulation of the paper probably exceeds 200,000 copies weekly. Any journalist or publisher knows what might be done with such a circulation. But the *Commoner* carries only a beggarly two or three columns of advertising. The reason is that the owner of the *Commoner* clings





## Before Nellie Was Married

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

"A GREAT chef once remarked, speaking of women as cooks: 'Women—women are no good; they haven't the brains!' And he explained that the greater number of women who entered kitchens are too uneducated, too mentally inferior to make cooks, therefore, sister mine, I foresee a troubled future for you," and Arthur Hadley drew his sister Nellie down on his knee to comfort her for the shortcomings of woman as a class.

Nellie laughed a merry, whole-souled laugh in which her brother joined. "And I say that I should like to cook some dishes for your old chef that would make him conclude that at least these were seasoned with brains."

"Bake some apple-dumplings then," said her brother remorselessly, and that was "the most unkindest cut of all," for Nellie's apple dumplings needed a label in order that they might not be mistaken for something else. She could not make the seams join, and so the apples usually burst their narrow bounds, escaped from their moorings, and were scattered all over the baking pan.

"You might have recalled a more pleasing memory, but I don't care, my chocolate cake is better than any ever concocted by a French chef. You'll have to admit that," retorted Nellie.

"I am afraid there is where the trouble lies," continued her brother soberly. "You can bake fine cake, and maybe make fudge and other candies until a fellow yearns for them. But how about broiling beefsteak and preparing every-day things for a hungry man?"

"If I don't know how, at least I can learn before we get married," said Nellie courageously.

"See that you begin soon, for there is no time to lose," answered her brother as he went down the street to his office.

And Nellie sat still, thinking more seriously about the domestic duties of her home that was to be than she had ever done before. She knew that a knowledge of housekeeping did not "come by nature," and as she thought of all the things that must be evolved from the kitchen to fill the dining table three times a day, her ignorance came over her with a rush.

She had a wild desire to take lessons in cookery, and after a while she could astonish her brother and the household generally by her skill and proficiency. She decided to begin at the beginning and learn from the foundation up. She knew a good deal about the frills of cookery, but her brother had opened her eyes to the fact that she knew very little about the fundamentals. Yes, she could go to a cooking school and she soon decided that she would go and learn all she could, how to make apple dumplings and broil steak as well as how to make *parfait*, *frappe*, and all those dainty desserts with which she was familiar.

But after some time spent in the cooking school, Nellie decided it was not enough. She was learning how to cook, the instruction was excellent, but she had no practical idea of the workings of a kitchen. So she decided to take a turn at keeping house in her mother's home before leaving the dear old place for her own home. And in doing this she learned many things of which she was ignorant before. She found that not all the knowledge demanded concerning housekeeping was concentrated in the kitchen; and a familiarity with cooking did not make up for ignorance in other respects. The marketing class was affiliated with the cooking class at her school, so by the help of this instruction, Nellie learned what to buy. Her teacher in marketing showed her how to judge of poultry, and how to distinguish fresh fish; she took her to the meat shop and described the different cuts of each animal, she showed what piece should be taken for one purpose, what cut is demanded for another. And then the vegetables, cheese, butter and eggs, had to be investigated, and Nellie felt that she knew how to judge fresh things, nothing either stale or rancid should find its way to her table.

Will you be surprised when I tell you that Nellie determined to learn how to wash and iron clothes? Her mother had always hired a woman to do this work and supposed that Nellie would also hire her washing done; but Nellie said, "If I never need to stand at the wash-tub, I want to know how to wash and starch shirts and shirt-waists, how to do up thin curtains and lawn

dresses." Then Nellie learned how to sweep, how to polish silver at the least expenditure of energy with the best results; how to wash wood-work without taking off the paint as well as the dirt. And she was happy because she believed that in all the world there is no higher or more noble office, because none having a wider influence than that of the home-maker.

And when people spoke of Nellie's approaching marriage, they asked, "Will she do well?" meaning "Is she going to marry a rich man?" And if that question was answered truthfully, the reply must be, "No, he is a poor man, holding a good position, and hoping to be promoted." But in every way he was worthy of her and her efforts to be a fitting helpmeet for him. No piled up wealth for either of them, no splendid palatial home awaiting them, only an ordinary seven-roomed house, to be made into a home.

"Locust timbers, brick and stones  
Are its bones;  
And I saw them wrought together  
In the keen autumnal weather  
Joint by joint and bone by bone to fit a plan,  
As sages build of fossil forms some unremembered man."

"So my house there reared its head,  
Cold and dead,  
With a chill to linger always—  
Till Love breathed along the hallways,  
Laughed and wept there, toiled and dreamt there  
in the gloam;  
Now those window eyes are brimming with the  
wakened soul of Home."

Nellie and her husband found it so. He possessed honesty and courage and was willing to work hard, and she counted responsibility a privilege and was able to adjust herself to all the new relations of her own home. There was no place in her heart or mind for the unkind word or thought which is likely to halt another soul, she came to her husband bringing delight and serene strength, deep in her emotion and capable in her actions. As the good Book describes her, she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. And as the years went by these two weathered life's storms together and were blessed.



#### HER NEW CURE.

MRS. MCADAM'S home was surely a bit of paradise, so her friends all said, and so she daily acknowledged. In business her husband was prosperous, and even the most critical agreed that the couple were well mated. Sudden sickness attacked the husband, and his death brought sorrow and change. Nurse Ball had been a school friend of Mrs. McAdam and was a great admirer of the dear woman.

"I must crochet as fast as I can," said the nurse to her sister. "I want to finish these slippers before I am able to take another case."

"Why do you hurry? I do not think you ought when your hands are lame."

"They are for Mary McAdam. She gets cold so easily; they will be just the thing for her in her room. The house she has taken is not the same she has been accustomed to and she is frail. How strange things turn."

"Why do you make them of red yarn when she wears black?"

"Red looks warm and cheerful, and in one's room it does not matter." The slippers were finished and sent with a loving note.

Thanksgiving Day came in the changed home, but Mrs. McAdam tried to keep good cheer with her young boy. They had a nice dinner, and late in the afternoon a caller came and said: "I have thought about you all day. We have had a glorious day; had our first invited guests in our new housekeeping. As soon as our company went I started out to see you. I had thought of you before, and got mamma to knit you a pair of bedroom slippers. I put the soles on myself. I think mamma knits them very prettily. I hope they will fit you."

Mrs. McAdam was delighted with the thoughtfulness of her friend, and said the gift was as dainty as could be. The slippers were knit in a small block pattern of black wool, with a crocheted row around the top for a tie ribbon.

"I hope the slippers will keep you from catching cold. Do not try to save them. When they are worn out we will make another pair," were the words at parting.

A little later, in spite of the two pairs of slippers Mrs. McAdam was down sick in bed. When she began to recover, her friends were kind in sending her dainty jellies and tempting things to eat. One day one of her choice friends sent her a small package and a dear note. In the note her friend said:

"I send you these bedroom slippers of my own handwork. I know how easily one takes cold after any sickness. I beg you will wear them out as fast as you can."

That pair of slippers was so pretty that Mrs. McAdam put them on that same day. They were made of black wool and lined throughout with soft lavender silk, and a large knot of lavender ribbon trimmed the toe of each.

Winter wore on, and Mrs. McAdam received a letter from a favorite cousin living in the West. This letter expressed much sympathy. In the letter she said that she was sending under separate cover a pair of bedroom slippers. She added:

"I have knit into the slippers such loving thoughts of you, and such hopes for your health and happiness, that I look to the shoes as a sort of cure-all for you."

When it neared Easter, and the large number of



flowers at the florist's rivaled each other in their delicate purples and lavenders and white, Mrs. McAdam received a package from a very dear friend. In this package there was a delicately perfumed note, telling how the writer had seen the flowers but desired to send some more lasting gift, so had made a pair of slippers of shaded wools of the colors, lavender and purple with white, and the note added:

"I can only wish for these slippers:

"Like violets blooming in the wayside grass,  
Some subtle hope and strengthening to bring."

Mrs. McAdam arranged the five pairs of slippers on a low shelf in her clothes closet, and called the shelf her medicine chest. Several months later a few mutual friends met for a cup of four o'clock tea, which was always brewed at Mrs. McAdam's house. They discussed the various new cures that had interested them, and remarked how the best physicians now gave little medicine. They talked of drinking a great deal of cold water, and the hot water drink, of the old "grape cure," and of things both new and old, when Mrs. McAdam said:

"Did you know I have my own special cure? Come with me and I will show you." They followed her, and she opened her closet door and told the story of the slippers.

"The red pair, sent by the nurse, I call my 'rest cure,' for she warned me to take needed rest, and often to rest instead of depending upon tonics. The next pair are my 'joy cure,' for they came from a happy bride and recall to me my own happy life. The third pair serve for ministry; the friend thought of me, so I can always find some one to whom to show kindness and favor. The fourth one, from a cousin, is 'kinship,' and recalls the privilege of remembering those bound to you by relationship; and the sight of the beautiful colors of the fifth suggests faith and hope, with the warning of sweet humility."

One friend exclaimed: "Whether the slippers are a cure for you or not, your story of them has cured me of fault-finding about presents I do not need. I see it does not depend entirely upon the spirit in which things are given, but much upon one's own spirit in receiving."—*New York Observer*.



#### TELLING NOT TRAINING.

TELLING is not training. The one is but thin air, the other is substance.

It is easy for us to remember this in a material way, but not hard to forget it when it comes to training the child spiritually.

A mother could not expect to train her daughter to sew by merely telling her to get a needle and "do it right." She knows very well she must sit down beside the little girl, take her hands and guide them

time after time, until she can thread the needle. Then she shows her how to hold the cloth, how to take a stitch, and the way the seam should go.

This she does many times, encouraging, correcting; but sympathizing and comforting when the tears of failure come.

That is training.

No mother would expect her son to become a carpenter by merely being told to "do it right."

His hands must be taught to guide the saw until it will follow the line. Week after week, here a correction, there an encouragement from his teacher must pass before he can even join two boards as they should be joined. Then months of practice under the guidance of the one who knows before he is a skilled workman.

That is training.

Could you make a great musician by merely telling the child to go and "do it right"? Certainly not. Months and months and even years it takes of patient showing, explaining, guiding, encouraging, sympathizing.

Even to give knowledge is not training. We know a long time before we can do.

Not a sense, not a muscle, not a faculty can be trained by merely telling what to do and what not to do. It must be surrounded and upheld, guided and led corrected and encouraged, strengthened and fortified.

The moral training of a child is no exception. It is not only the most important, but the most difficult part of the child's training.

To tell the child what is right and wrong is only a beginning,—a small beginning of his training.

A child is inclined by nature to do everything it can, either right or wrong. The object of moral training is to teach it which is right and which is wrong; lead it to prefer the right, then strengthen and develop its powers until it can do the right in spite of temptation.

The qualities above all others required for this training are justice and sympathy—sympathy all the way, even more when the child is wrong than when it is right.

The justice keeps the mother from shielding the child from the punishment which its wrong acts bring. It causes the mother to make it plain to the child that "being found out" is not the punishment for wrong doing, but that the very act itself will bring punishment.

The sympathy keeps her in vital touch with the child. The most dangerous thing of all is to associate the child in your mind or allow it to associate itself in its mind with the wrong it has done.

That is, no child should be made to feel that because of a bad act it has become an exile, that it is a "bad little boy" or an "ugly little girl."

That is the start that leads to deception in an effort

to cover up its wrong acts, and causes the child to ally itself after awhile to wrong deeds, and making that its policy, fight for and justify its evil ways.

The child must feel that the evil itself is its enemy. It should know that the wrong will bring punishment that hurts, but that the mother will help bear it, and show how to keep from doing it again.

Many a tragic battle goes on in a little soul when the spirit and flesh are at war. It is both unwise and cruel to make it feel when the tears of defeat tell that the flesh is victor, that it is bad like its act and is cut off from love and sympathy.

Then of all times it should be mother's child, and while it should be allowed to pay the full penalty of its misconduct, in the fullness of her sympathy she should show it the way to avoid or overcome next time the enemy—the common enemy of mother and child—evil.—*American Motherhood.*



#### SEASONABLE RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS.

**BEETS**—Wash, boil, and skin white or red beets; slice and cut in small squares; to one pint add one pint of milk, two eggs well beaten, a little salt and pepper; put in buttered baking dish and bake till custard is firm, fifteen or twenty minutes. Beets are especially valuable as an article of food on account of the sugar they contain.



**RICE AND TOMATO SOUP**—A good summer soup is made by boiling one-half of a cupful of rice in two quarts of water until reduced to a thick starch. Add to this a pint of reduced stewed tomatoes, season with salt, pepper and onion juice and rub through a sieve. Reheat and serve with croutons, sprinkling over it, when in the tureen, a little finely chopped parsley.



**WHEN** on your outings, if you wish to bring flowers or plants home with you, lay a piece of wet newspaper in the bottom of your pasteboard lunch box, lay the flowers or plants on this, sprinkle them well, and lay another wet paper over them, and put on the cover. They will keep fresh and sweet for a considerable time, or until your home is reached.



**FRUIT CANNING**—A correspondent of the *Agricultural Economist* says an old colored woman, brought up in the South, taught her a point in fruit canning. She says: "She advised me to buy a roll of the very best cotton batting, cut rounds out of it just the size of the top of the fruit cans, and place one on top of the fruit as soon as I had filled the can, and seal it immediately. I have tried this plan for five years and have found it excellent for preserving the fruit, as the cotton excludes all the air, and if any particles of mold form at all they can be lifted out without spreading into the fruit."

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## The Children's Corner

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### O SUMI SAN, A GIRL OF JAPAN.

O SUMI SAN was only eight years old but she was sorrowful, for her mother was very very ill. Each day O Sumi San had prayed to the heathen gods, "Make my mother well, make my mother well!" but no comfort came to her, and each day her mother was weaker. Sumi's heart ached. She had no brothers or sisters. Her father was very dear, but how lonely it would be if her mother should die!

"I will climb up the 'hundred steps' of the temple," said Sumi to herself, "then the gods will listen." So she slipped out of her home early one morning, not telling anyone of her purpose—it was too sad to talk about. Wearily she climbed the steep flight of stone steps leading to the temple, and all the while she was praying: "Make my mother well, make my mother well!" But the gods did not seem to hear. "Over and over will I do it, then will they listen," thought Sumi.

Morning after morning she climbed the temple steps with heavy heart. Each day her mother seemed to be slipping away. "I must deny myself something, then the gods will hear," thought Sumi. "I will deny myself sweet potatoes." (Sweet potatoes are to Japanese children what candy is to Americans.) No help came even then. Her dear mother died and little Sumi grieved and wondered why the gods did not hear.

One day Sumi's father said to her: "My little daughter, I have found a pleasant school where you may live with other girls. You will not be so lonely, and the foreign ladies will teach you English. Our people must learn English if we are to meet the Western nations."

In a few days Sumi started off with her father to the foreign school. She was sorry to leave him, but she was eager to see the strange ways of foreign people. The school was a mission boarding school for girls, and the missionary lady who welcomed Sumi was so kind and sweet that Sumi loved her at once.

That night Sumi nestled in the missionary's arms and told her her sorrow, told her of her dear mother who had died and of the gods who would not listen. Very gently the missionary told Sumi of the loving Jesus who cares for all our sorrows, and who has prepared a beautiful home in heaven. She read the words, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." How sweet these words sounded, how different this from the careless priests and the idol gods who never loved!

Each day Sumi learned more about Jesus and each day she grew more fond of the teacher who



was her loving friend. When she became older she asked her father's permission to confess Christ. This he allowed her to do. Several years later her father also became a Christian.

When some years had passed and Sumi had finished school we said to her one day: "Sumi, how long was it after you heard of Jesus before you became a Christian?"

"How long?" She seemed hardly to understand. "How long?—why, as soon as I heard, I loved him."

Many people say that the religion of the heathen satisfies them, that it is not necessary for us to give them our own, so one day we asked: "Sumi, suppose you had never heard of Jesus, you had your own religion, would not that have satisfied you? Would it have made any difference if you had never heard of Jesus?"

Sumi looked at us with grieved, astonished eyes. We felt ashamed to ask, but we wanted her answer. Big tears came into her eyes as she said in low, earnest tones: "*Any difference? The difference of darkness and light!*"—*Over Sea and Land.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### ALONE WITH GOD.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Alone with God in silent prayer,  
My heart will find content,  
While through the power of his love,  
Rich blessings will be sent.  
My soul will resignation learn,  
To what must be his will.  
He all my loving, trusting heart,  
With faith and trust, will fill.  
Then, when the trials of life will come,  
Dear Lord, alone with thee,  
Let me commune in silent prayer,  
To thy blest wisdom, see;  
For thou wilt guide me through each night,  
When dark may seem the way;  
And when I'm guided by thy light  
The night will turn to day.

Moorestown, New Jersey.



### CONCERNING THE NEEDS OF THE CHURCH.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

FOR quite a number of years now attention has been drawn to the unsatisfactory condition of the spiritual side of the church and many thoughtful persons regard the matter with apprehension. The fires are burning low. They are not extinguished. They are low, and must be fanned into flames of activity, enthusiasm, praise and worship. There is need of personal work which will ignite the dead-wood out-

side of our church edifice. We are in need of a widespread, far-reaching and sweeping revival.

The defects may be traced to the coldness and apparent deadness of spiritual life. Many of our ministers and their congregations are in a rut; in a lethargic state. The churches are strong in membership; there are funds in the treasury, there is good attendance. There is, however, a "come Sunday, go Sunday" feeling about it all. The Gospel, of course is spread, but most of it is held in the narrow confines of four walls. We sit and listen to it every Sunday. We are content to have it so. Outside there is a sister or a brother who would like to hear it. Do we bring it to them? Do we make an effort to bring them to hear it? No, I believe not.

There is a certain deadness, we said. We are not going to write an obituary, and we do not regard the prevalent languor as premonitory of dissolution. Such a period of depression is not a novelty in the history of the Christian Church; and the condition of things may be vastly improved by a small effort; by a little individual work. We write, to suggest remedies.

The first and best of remedies is giving attention to the evil by a vast body of well-intentioned and thoroughly loyal Christians who have hitherto more or less neglected religious work for reasons best known to themselves perhaps; for reasons that have seemed sufficient but are really altogether inadequate. Religious duties are supreme; nothing should be allowed to interfere with them. The fact that multitudes of good people *do* allow everything to interfere with religious work is the first fact in the case. If such persons will look about them and note the general decay of church life, they will probably be startled into activity. If in any church two score of such Christians would begin the treatment of the claims of the church, and zealously enter into all the work of God, a revival would inevitably follow; and by a revival here, we do not mean the sensational, hysterical, psychological kind but a revival, a resurrection of sleeping spirituality; a quickening of the pulse, and expanding of the soul.

So long as large numbers of influential members are irregular in church attendance, habitually absent from social meetings, and, to be perfectly plain, spiritually *dead* and *useless* in the church there will be increasing lack of interest and devotion; and a general tumbling down of the institution. This is an age of progress. The slogan of the twentieth century is *go ahead*. Do, dare, achieve. Everything to be modern, and worth while must keep abreast of the times. Very much so the Church.

A special trouble these days is our inappropriate intellectuality. The pulpit deals too much with opinions and a very little with religious experience.

*Opinions, as a form of intellectual life, are too apt to encroach upon activity in all fields.* It is one thing

to desire knowledge; it is quite another thing to make all intellectual life a study or a defense of opinions. What one knows is a very different matter from what conclusions he has come to. It often happens that a man's strenuous opinions have no relation to his knowledge. He knows how to manage a farm; but his tenacious concern is free-will and foreordination, of which he knows nothing. As a Christian he ought to know his own heart, and his own penitence, faith and love toward God.

The pulpit ought to press upon our attention the facts of inner knowledge, the aspects and possibilities of experience, the personal and spiritual divine life in man. This cannot be done by rote, by catalogue and nomenclature. The preacher must think it out for himself and present it in his own way. The Lord has need of a preacher's personality. The oldest truth is fresh and animating when it is poured through the personality of the preacher.

We have been well-nigh undone by orthodox formulas, by careful and exact repetition of phrases, and sentences which once had *men* behind them, and have become tedious and depressing by lifeless iteration. We need orthodox experience in living forms of speech. We need originality, naturalness, and modernness, in the verbal dress of spiritual things.

We also need a like freshness in methods of doing religious work. A minister ought to be alert to devise ways of doing things. Conducting social meetings, Sunday schools and conference meetings. A bit of novelty is like a summer shower on a parched field. The monotony of a perpetual motion deadens the interest of the people; they grow weary of unchanging order and stereotyped system. It is not necessary to change everything; but give us now and then the refreshment of some small change, some bit of new method. Better still, do not change anything. Give us everything in a new way, in a new light and a stronger one. What we need is a mental interest in spiritual concerns. How to give or get, that is a proper subject for study by pastor and member. It is very certain that unvarying method becomes to most minds fatal to sustained interest. It will do the pastor a world of good to study himself out of sameness, and his people out of ruts of routine.

When there is a quickened interest and earnestness in the work of God, a revival which shall thrill the church with divine life may be confidently expected. The preacher needs a devout rather than a theological mind. The layman needs religious experiences rather than opinions about religion. We are plentifully stocked with theology and religious opinions; we ought to lay in a store of sound and earnest piety. We have the skeleton, but the bones are very dry. The dry bones must be clothed with spiritual life. They must be alive, and throb with vitality and animation.

### LIKE THE RAGS.

A WICKED woman working in one of the great paper mills of Glasgow was converted through the efforts of a city missionary, and became a person of great devoutness of character. She described the process of her salvation in these terms: "I was like the rags that go into the paper mill. They are torn and filthy, but they come out clear, white paper. That is like what Jesus is doing for me." That is, indeed, the work which the great Redeemer is doing for millions of our race. That is the method by which the kingdom of God is being made triumphant in the earth.—*Selected.*



### LET YOUR SOUL DELIGHT ITSELF IN FATNESS.

"If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land." Isa. 1: 19. "Eat ye that which is good and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Isa. 55: 2. How lean some Christians are! Like Pharaoh's kine, they can scarcely cast a shadow. Why be so lean when there is plenty to eat and to spare? Is there any lack in your experience? Get into Canaan. Do you lack power? Tarry in the upper room, and you shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost. Acts 1: 8. Do you lack boldness? Perfect love is the remedy. "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses." Joshua 1: 3. They could have all they claimed. If they were content with an acre, all right; if they wanted realms, they were simply to move on, and they owned them. How contented some people are to be staked out with a twelve-foot rope until they have eaten all the grass off and are nearly starved! Where are your feet treading—in green pastures beside still waters? "With joy shall ye draw waters out of the wells of salvation." Isa. 12: 3. "A well of water springing up into everlasting life." John 4: 14. No more working away at the rusty old pump, pumping and priming and working to get a little joy, but like an artesian well bubbling up and running over, watering the dreary wastes around. The fountain that makes every whit whole. Deep? A deeper work of grace. Surely deeper than stains of sin. If the atonement of Christ in his cleansing blood can not get as deep in the soul as the devil has put sin, surely it must be a failure. Is it a failure? "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1: 7.—*Selected.*



"WHEN" the Bible is thrown open we find the whole tone of it, the keynote to which all its song is pitched, is that of prayer offered and answer given. Its very praises are prayers; its epistles are interrupted with outbursts and overflow of prayers, so that the Bible is the prayer book of the world."





# Echoes from Everywhere

Mr. Burbank is said to have perfected his thornless cactus, so that he will be able to offer plants for sale in the spring of 1909. He thinks it will become a great food-producing crop for both men and animals.

Temperance victories are the more cheering when it is considered how powerful is the foe from whom they have been won. The liquor traffic of the country has a capital of \$3,500,000,000 invested in 3,632 distilleries, 17,111 wholesale houses and 225,000 saloons.

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 2.—More than 100 lives are known to have been lost as the result of bush fires, which have swept over an area of one hundred square miles in the east Kootenay country. Whole cities and towns have been laid low and the flames are spreading throughout other places. Already the loss in property is estimated at more than \$10,000,000, and this may be swelled enormously before the fire burns itself out.

It is reported that the Czar has ordered the expulsion from the Russian universities of all female students. It is said that the order will affect no less than 22,000 women, many of whom are nearing graduation. Hereafter no women are to be admitted as students. The reason for this drastic action lies in the open encouragement of the revolutionary propaganda on the part of the women students. The edict will doubtless go into effect, but the result of it is yet to be seen.

The associated chambers of commerce of Japan have passed resolutions pledging themselves to invite a party of one hundred representative business men from our leading cities to visit the Island Empire in October during the beautiful chrysanthemum season, and look into the industrial and commercial conditions of the country. Such a visit, they hope, will promote trade and cordial relations, and possibly help to increase Western faith in Eastern ideals and promises.

A total abstinence league has been organized in the Alton, Illinois, Diocese by Catholic priests. The members include twenty-five priests, one-sixth of the number in Alton Diocese. The league has pledged itself to emphasize in sermons the declaration of the Council of Baltimore that all Catholics should refrain from engaging in the saloon business and those now engaged should get out of the business as soon as they can.

As the result of a cave-in in a coal mine at Crows Nest Pass, twenty-three miners are buried in the workings of the mine and may all succumb before aid can reach them. A large crew of rescuers it at work endeavoring to dig a tunnel through the 400 feet of earth which separates the imprisoned miners from daylight, in order to give them air and sustain life until they can be reached. It will take several days to dig them out or send them food.

The Vienna Academy of Sciences has spent nearly \$9,000 in working 10 tons of uranium ore for radium. The yield was three grains of pure radium—the largest amount ever secured at once, the value being \$20,000.

London, July 31.—The old age pensions bill passed the house of lords this afternoon in the form adopted by the house of commons. The bill was sent back to the commons yesterday, and the commons rejected the amendment added by Lord Cromer and other members of the upper house. The house of lords passed also the Irish universities bill, so both measures now are law.

The new rail specifications of the Pennsylvania Railroad contain one requirement which should result in some decidedly interesting information concerning the cause of failures of rails in service. This is the marking of each rail with a letter indicating the portion of the ingot from which it came. It has been found by the Philadelphia and Reading Railway that two-thirds of all the rails which fail are rolled from the top of the ingot, and the next largest percentage of failures is among the rails from the bottom of the ingot.

Preparations are being made for the opening of a forestry school in Mukden, for China is beginning to realize that she must begin to endeavor to save her trees. To the lack of forests more than to anything else is assigned the cause of the destructive floods that sweep down the denuded mountains. Despite the fact that Chinese soil is well adapted to raising trees these members of the vegetable world are scarcer in that country than in any other in the world.

Measures have been adopted to limit and finally prohibit the importation of Turkish and Persian opium into the Celestial Empire. Permits for the importation of Turkish and Persian opium will be issued only to firms now importing it, and the maximum amount allowed to enter the empire during 1908 will be the amount imported last year, and this amount will, beginning with 1909, be reduced one-ninth each year. After 1916 no permits will be issued, and Turkish and Persian opium will be denied admission, as will the Indian product under the agreement with Great Britain.

Hawthorne's famous "House of Seven Gables" at Salem, Mass., has been purchased by Miss Caroline O. Emmerton of that city, to be used as a social settlement center. The old building on Turner Street will be completely repaired, but in keeping with its original colonial architecture. Miss Emmerton is the daughter of a sea captain who amassed a fortune in the coast trade. The old house belonged to the family of Captain Samuel Ingersoll, relatives of Hawthorne. Like numerous famous landmarks, the authenticity of this house of seven gables has been questioned.

With the announcement by the Chinese of their plans to erect a \$100,000 Confucian temple in New York's Chinatown, comes the information that Y. M. C. A. workers have already made plans for a Chinese Y. M. C. A. branch in the same neighborhood, which they will make a valiant competitor of the temple.

It is mentioned in an item in the Horseless Age that the city of Milwaukee will, in a short time, use no horses for municipal purposes, except to draw fire engines. The city officials are convinced that the automobile is so far in advance of the horse in cost, maintenance, and utility, that there is hardly any room for a comparison.

Havana, Aug. 3.—Examination of the ballots in last week's election is still unfinished, only fourteen out of the 143 existing election districts having been examined. The result, based on calculations by leaders of each party, seem to indicate that General Zayas, liberal, is in the lead for the governorship of Havana province, and for mayor of Havana Julio de Gardenas, conservative, has the advantage. In the rest of the island the conservatives are leading in three out of six provinces.

During the past year the Intercollegiate Prohibition movement reached 48,000 students, enlisted workers and leaders for the cause in every section of the country, put 75 young men into Minnesota campaign, 60 in Illinois, furnished many others for Indiana, Iowa, Texas, Washington and other States, and conducted a systematic study of the liquor problem in the colleges and universities of 17 States. It is announced that General Secretary Harry S. Warner has published the entire study course of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association during the past three years in a comprehensive and ready-for-practical-use arrangement. One of the best points of this new publication which is entitled "Social Welfare and the Liquor Problem," is its exhaustive and accurate bibliography covering practically every point of special interest and importance in the sixteen chapters dealing with the general subject.

#### Providing for Future Railroad Ties.

The Santa Fe system is perfecting plans for a forest of eucalyptus trees in San Diego County, California, from which to obtain a steady supply of crossties. A ranch of 8,000 acres has been purchased for this purpose, and as a start 600 acres will be planted. It is estimated that in eighteen years the company will be able to harvest from six to eight ties to a tree, and keep up the harvest thereafter continually. At present the Santa Fe system uses about 3,000,000 ties annually. In eighteen years the company thinks it will be able to obtain from its forest 7,000,000 annually.

The growing scarcity of timber suitable for ties, with a resultant increase in their cost, has led eleven roads, including the Santa Fe, to start forests. Ten roads in the East have already planted in their respective forest sites thousands of catalpa, black locust, red oak, pin oak, and chestnut. The Santa Fe has selected the eucalyptus because of its rapid growth and adaptability to the climate of California, New Mexico, and Texas.

Eucalyptus ties in Hawaii are said to last fifteen years. East of Albuquerque the Santa Fe is using Georgia pine. At present both the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific are using many thousands of redwood ties on the coast. They are also getting oaken ties from Japan.—Scientific American.

Work on the Government's petition for a rehearing of the Standard Oil case is progressing rapidly. District Attorney Sims, and his assistants, James H. Wilkerson and Harry A. Parkin, are confining practically all of their attention to work on the plea which will be presented to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

It is said the Government will set up as one of the causes why it should be granted a rehearing on the reversal of the \$29,240,000 fine against the oil company that the Court of Appeals' opinion contained many discrepancies of fact. Meanwhile Attorney-General Bonaparte is said to have instructed Special Government Counsel Frank B. Kellogg to prepare for the certiorari proceedings to be filed in the Supreme Court.

Henry Farman has been making a number of successful flights recently with his aeroplane, a machine heavier than air, at the Brighton Beach racetrack. After several flights in a straight line Farman made an attempt to turn his machine. The huge birdlike apparatus answered the helm readily, turning in a semi-circle and then flying clear across the track, where the aviator made it alight. In one of the trial flights an attempt at the spectacular was made by Farman's managers when they introduced a speedy automobile, for the purpose of having a race between the flying machine and motor car. The first attempt resulted in a failure, as the automobile found soft ground and many obstacles. In a second trial the driver used the racetrack. It was, however, no race at all, for the airship easily left the car in the rear. After a flight of 800 yards Farman alighted. The automobile was at that time about 300 yards in the rear.

#### A New Salt-Refining Process.

The British salt-manufacturing industry is deeply interested in a new refining process that has been evolved, and one which promises to completely revolutionize the trade. By its utilization the involved and expensive evaporation process is completely superseded. The crude salt combined with its impurities is dumped into an open-hearth furnace, where it rapidly becomes converted into a molten condition. The furnace is then tapped, and the molten mineral is drawn off into a huge iron mold or converter. A stream of compressed air is then projected through the mass, which precipitates the impurities, owing to the agitation of the mass, to the bottom of the converter. This operation occupies about an hour, and then the salt is permitted to cool and recrystallize. The converter is then discharged, and the mass is secured with the impurities lying caked at the bottom, while the salt itself is snow-white and pure, ready for grinding and shipment. In a recent test some 4,000 pounds of the crude article were charged into the furnace, of which eighty per cent ultimately yielded pure salt, the balance being various impurities associated with the raw mineral. During the smelting operation the temperature of the furnace is raised to between 1600 and 1800 deg. F. The cost of production is very low, averaging \$1.25 per ton. In this particular experiment the fuel used was slack coal, a ton of which is sufficient to produce 15 tons of pure salt. One advantage of salt obtained by this process is the destruction of its absorbent quality, the salt crystals being very fine and absolutely free from moisture, so that it does not cake by coming into contact with and so readily absorbing atmospheric moisture as does the article produced by the ordinary evaporative methods.—Scientific American Supplement.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### "UNCLE REMUS."

It is being said of "Uncle Remus" that "there was never another just like him in all our history, and there will never be any one else who can exactly take his place." This observation in the Charleston News and Courier may be explained perhaps by another to be found in the Detroit Free Press, that "men of wide fame have died in the recent past, and among them have been some who may have influenced the nation more than Joel Chandler Harris, tho none has been closer to the hearts of his countrymen." Comments on the death of the Southern writer whose identity has long been merged with "Uncle Remus," the figure he created, all partake of personal affection. He passed away at his home in Atlanta, Ga., on July 3. Young and old are represented as his friends. "He did not 'write down' to children," says the Indianapolis News, "and the result is that the stories of Mr. Harris have delighted all classes. . . . They captivated, not only the children, not only their fathers and mothers, but the sober students of folk-lore as well."

The following sketch of Mr. Harris's career is quoted from the Springfield Republican:

"Harris was born at Eatonton, Ga., December 8, 1848, and was thus but halfway along in his sixtieth year—he ought to have lived longer, for there was visible no diminution of his genius. He was educated in the common schools of his region and at the Eatonton Academy. He began work as 'printer's devil' on a Confederate newspaper, *The Countryman*, published on a plantation nine miles from the nearest postoffice. The paper was edited by Joseph Addison Turner, to whose memory Mr. Harris dedicated his book, 'On the Plantation,' as 'lawyer, editor, scholar, planter, and philanthropist.' This journal, a weekly, was published at \$10 a year in the early part of 1864; then the price was raised to \$15, and later to \$20—in Confederate money of course. Turner had a good deal of wit, and an insouciant way of bearing the brunt of war. His place was plundered by the 'bummers' of Sherman's army, and yet he bore it in a good-natured way that was wonderful. Harris the man remembered with gratitude his boy's experience with such a man. He wrote items for *The Countryman*, and occasionally verse; nor should it be forgotten that Uncle Remus's 'Songs and Sayings' showed a clever facility in riming, which Harris seldom indulged in. After the burning of the little 'shanty' printing-office Harris went to Savannah, and thence to Atlanta. He was a reporter on the Atlanta Constitution when he wrote the first Uncle Remus sketch, at the urgent encouragement of Evan Howell, long the editor of that able paper. Immediately it caught the attention of the country, and he remained attached to *The Constitution*, becoming its chief ornament and distinction. His plantation stories and sketches are genuine, and he did an inestimable service in preserving them. Since he showed the way, there have been many to follow, and among the few who have done this

successfully is Martha Young, many of whose beautiful or quaint sketches have first appeared in *The Republican*, and are since issued in book form.

"Mr. Harris was, besides all this original work, an editorial writer for *The Constitution*, and was excellent in that work also. Most of his work was done outside the office of the paper, at his home, in a cottage embowered in sweet gums and pines, in the little village of West Point, where the mocking-birds sang, and in whose grounds his Jersey cows and his bees and his kitchen and flower-gardens had room. The cottage had generous hearths and many windows; his library was but a small one, his pictures were few, but his children had the run of the house and the place. There dwelt his mother, his wife, four boys, and one daughter. He cared nothing for society, and was indeed the most natural and informal of men. Harris was an American as well as a Southerner, and he was an idealist; his great hero was Abraham Lincoln."



### BOYS OUT OF SCHOOL AND FACTORIES OUT OF BOYS.

The commonest sight of our American cities today is the boy who has nothing to do. If you watch the street corners or alleyways of crowded neighborhoods, you will see them in groups of six and a dozen. They are not in school and they are not at work. At the same time, if you enter the factories and stores where trades and industries of our times are learned they are not there either. Machine shops today do not contain apprentices. You do not see blacksmiths, and bricklayers, and carpenters, with helpers. Our American boys are above that—or we think they are—and they do not go into factories. Add to this the movement to secure a uniform child labor law which will take boys under the age of fourteen out of the factories and from the labor of all sorts of trades, and you will readily see where the man of the future who is not intellectually superior is going to land. "Out of work" will be a commoner cry in twenty years from now than it is now, if something is not done to modify this condition.

At the same time, it is not the part of either good sense or good judgment to advocate a return to or continuation of the child-labor system as it is maintained in certain portions of the world at this date. The child should be educated and not be injured in a sweating labor system. Neither should he be allowed to be seized upon by disease or deformity for want of early medical attention. How he should be educated is another matter and that is where the solution, if any, lies. A boy who is not capable of a very exceptional development ought to be taught a trade, and he ought to be taught that trade in our public schools. And he ought to be taught a trade whether he wants it or not, for if he were equipped to take a position as an iron-molder, a wagon-maker, a plasterer, a carpenter, or any other worth-while doer of the technical details of the world, he would not so easily fall a prey to a variable labor market, and be seen drifting about wonder-

ing where he is to get the next meal. Labor is no less a matter of mental and technical ability than the work of any other profession. You must know how to do before you are allowed to do, and this can only be learned in a school or factory. If we will not send our children into the factories we must send them into the schools, and our schools must teach them what they are fitted to learn. This is not always Latin and Greek or any other of a score of things we now insist on teaching. The manual and technical training schools of our day have the right idea. If they were brought forward out of a background of uncertainty and given a front place in our array of educational or social training institutions, it would be a great thing for the oncoming boy, and the country as well. —The Delineator.



### A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

We refer—we more than refer, we point to, we inculpate, cite and arraign Richmond Pearson Hobson as a public nuisance, who fails to be a menace to public peace solely because the sensible American people, startled at first by his positive assurances of what he “knows,” will not take him seriously. He has been going over the country preaching an unholy war, slandering a peaceable nation, swinging Bellona’s torch, and mouthing the abuses of Shimei or Thersites. He is a public nuisance and a national disgrace.

We have had him first prancing and dancing over the country, ridiculous as the most bekist of martial heroes, but of late as the panoplied apostle of militant peace, making a new campaign around the Chautauquas and the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.’s of the land, no longer as le baiseur, ringed with lovelocks, but changed to a frenzied godkin of battle, flying over our peaceful heavens, swinging the red thunderbolts of battle, and his head horrent with spired serpents, spitting flame and shaking pestilence and war. “War! war!” has been his strident cry, till we could think that the three Fates, and the three Furies, and the three Gorgons, and nine devils, and the dreaded name of Demogorgon, were in his train. We had hoped that the stout shaft of our correspondent, Dr. J. H. De Forest’s logic might have quenched his madness, as it has given confidence to all intelligent people, but he has steered his flight westward and found resting for unblest feet at Denver, and there, to the makers of the Democratic platform, for a full hour and a quarter he prophesied and threatened war, declared it was coming from Japan within four short years, declared that already Japan has a huge army of trained soldiers in Hawaii, that on the Pacific coast there were as many who are practicing the military art in shooting galleries, that the Philippines will be as easily snatched from us as will Hawaii, and that then terrible Japan will rule ocean and continent as far as the Rocky Mountains, while we, poor fools unprepared, our ships blown up, our harbors captured, our coasts ravaged, will be driven back to the Mississippi or the Atlantic to bemoan our deafness in not listening to this modern Tiresias of Greensboro, Alabama.

The committee on platform listened to him with open-mouthed wonder. Some believed and some doubted. He begged them to put in an ironclad plank for a big navy. The next day he was called to the platform to address the convention and the galleries. He began to repeat his well-worn tale of terror, but this time they were not impressed. When he looked to curdle their blood, telling them that “not so very long ago the President of the United States said in my presence, ‘There exists

the greatest possibility of a war with Japan,’” the disrespectful audience called out, “Come off!” “Rot!” “You’re crazy!” and he had to subside. Then the chairman, Mr. Bell, said, “The Chair hails from the Pacific Coast, and up to the present moment he has seen no occasion to enlist,” and the people roared with laughter. The next day President Roosevelt elected him an active member of the Ananias Club.

Congressman Hobson is ridiculous, but his campaign of slander and war is no laughing matter. He has been supported by lyceums and associations that have the curiosity to see and hear the man who scuttled a coal-ship and was supposed to cultivate kissing bees. He has the gift of speech and he has one mischievous obsession. There are people enough in Alabama who believe his insanity is not obvious enough to require confinement in an asylum, but they thought he would yield to the constraint required of a new member in the Capitol. He has escaped, he is rabid, foaming and frothing, his tumult and wrath in; he is a nuisance.

When Wali Dad—

“His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,  
His dam was a clucking, Khuttuck hen——”

carried his curse of an unstaunched speech to the Red Chief, Gholam Hyder, at Cabul, and told him the army of the Russ was coming, then the King smiled a smile as dark as death, and bade the babbling mischief-maker climb a peach tree and shout when the Russians came, and stay there till they came:

“‘The Russ is upon us,’ the clamor ran;  
‘Surely an hour shall bring their van  
Wait and watch.’”

and twenty bayonets ringed the tree to catch him if he fell. But that was in Cabul, and the King’s jest befitted the olden days. We cannot so utilize one of our peach trees.—The Independent.



### AN AMERICAN HERO.

“One morning in January, when the ice in the Hudson River ran unusually heavy,” says F. Hopkinson Smith, in the August Everybody’s “a Hoboken ferry-boat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes, until the thickness of the pack choked her paddles in mid-river. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men and the driveways choked with teams; the women and children standing inside the cabins were a solid mass up to the swinging doors. While she was gathering strength for a further effort, an ocean tug sheered to avoid her, veered a point, and crashed into her side, cutting her below the water-line in a great V-shaped gash. A moment more, and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam, helpless. Into the V-shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would lunge headlong below the ice.

“Within two hundred yards of both boats, and free of the heaviest ice, steamed the wrecking-tug Reliance of the Off-shore Wrecking Company, and on her deck forward stood Captain Scott. When the ocean tug reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheel-house of the ferry-boat, he sprang forward, stooped down, ran his eye along the water-line, noted in a flash every shattered plank, climbed into the pilot-house of his own boat, and before the astonished pilot could catch his breath, pushed the nose of the Re-



liance along the rail of the ferry-boat and dropped upon the latter's deck like a cat.

"With a threat to throw overboard any man who stirred, he dropped into the engine-room, met the engineer half-way up the ladder, compelled him to return, dragged the mattresses from the crew's bunks, stripped off blankets, snatched up clothes, overalls, cotton waste, and rags of carpet, cramming them into the great rent left by the tug's cutwater.

"It was useless. Little by little the water gained, bursting out first below, then on one side, only to be calked out again, and only to rush in once more.

"Captain Scott stood a moment as if undecided, ran his eye searchingly over the engine-room, saw that for his needs it was empty, then deliberately tore down the top wall of calking he had so carefully built up, and, before the engineer could protest, forced his own body into the gap, with his arm outside, level with the drifting ice.

"An hour later, the disabled ferry-boat, with every soul on board, was towed into the Hoboken slip.

"When they lifted the captain from the wreck, he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the floating ice had torn the flesh from his protruding arm from shoulder to wrist. When the color began to creep back to his cheeks, he opened his eyes and said to the doctor who was winding the bandages: "Wuz any of them babies hurt?"

"A month passed before he regained his strength, and another week before the arm had healed so that he could get his coat on. Then he went back to the Reliance."



#### WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

(Continued from Page 757.)

to the idea that its advertising columns are just exactly as much a part of the paper as its editorial columns, and that if he is responsible for the editorial "we," he is equally responsible for any advertisement which appears in the paper which secures its circulation through his national prominence.

There is nothing new in this attitude on the part of Bryan. From his very earliest days in public life he has insisted upon making his private affairs run parallel with his public utterances and beliefs. There are men in public life who believe that they can sit in the United States Senate or the House of Representatives and represent all the people while as attorneys they represent a very few of the people whose interests are necessarily opposed to those of the many. Mr. Bryan is not of this sort. He discontinued the practice of law when he went to Congress first, and has never resumed it.

In these latter days a sense of his responsibility to the millions of people in this country who have put their trust in him, and who look upon him with an admiration amounting almost to idolatry, has impelled him to give up any sort of legal work, any kind of personal activity which would withdraw him in any degree from the fight for the people in which he has been enlisted. Mr. Bryan's entrance upon this campaign means to him a struggle, a task. While the Bryan of 1896 was a youth flushed with ambition,

eager to rush to the forefront as he then did, the new Bryan is a man not desiring so much the honors that are proffered to him, but rather feeling, with a solemn sense of responsibility, his duty to take up the battle for true Democratic principles and to lead a party long out of power to ultimate victory.



#### TO OUR READERS.

If you did not read the first article in last week's issue, "How the Home can Help the School," hunt up the magazine now and read the article and then read the remaining part of it in this issue. The author, Professor O. T. Corson, ex-state school commissioner of Ohio and editor of the *Ohio Educational Monthly*, has spent many years in the educational field and his experience makes him an authority on the subject. Let all parents read the articles and keep their points in mind during the coming school year.



#### BETWEEN WHILES.

A Scotchman, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After spending the entire day at the telegraph office he was finally rewarded late in the evening by an affirmative answer.

"If I were you," suggested the operator when he delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"Na, na," retorted the Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rates is the lass for me."—Everybody's Magazine.



"An artist," said the man with pointed whiskers, "must not think about money."

"I suppose not," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Every time I buy a picture the artist wants enough to keep him from thinking about money for the rest of his life."—Washington Star.



**He Found Out.**—Gentleman (to cigar dealer)—"Have you any So-and-So brand in stock? How are they?"

Dealer—"First-class, sir. This last lot is an extremely fine one."

Gentleman (departing)—"Thanks; you wrote that they were very poor, but I am pleased to find you were mistaken. I am the manufacturer. Good-day."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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### WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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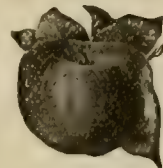
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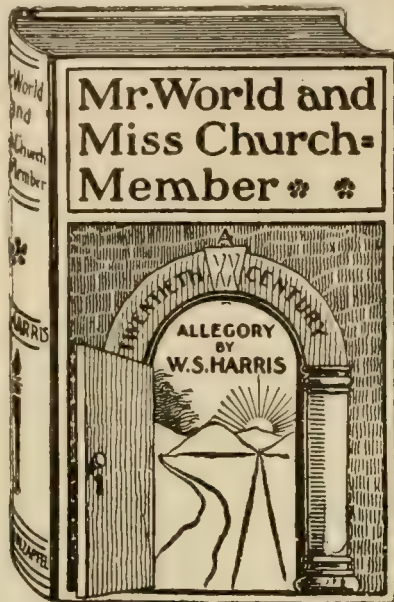
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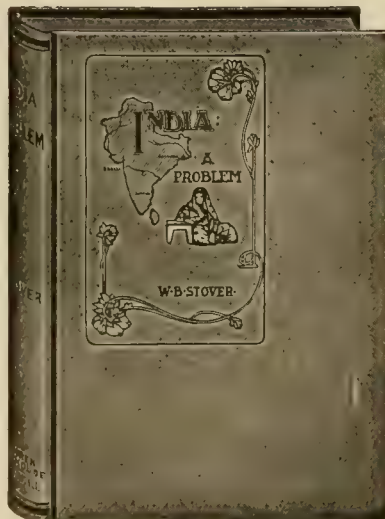
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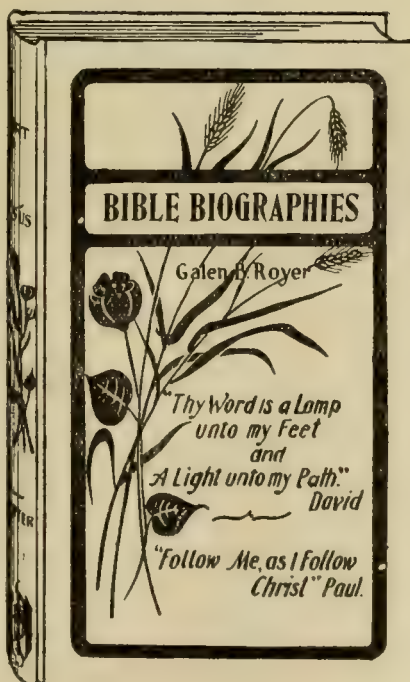
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# THE INGLENOOK



Cascade of Swift-current Creek, Glacier National Park, Montana.  
(Photograph by U. S. Geological Survey: B. Willis.)

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

August 18, 1908.

Price, \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol. X. No. 33.



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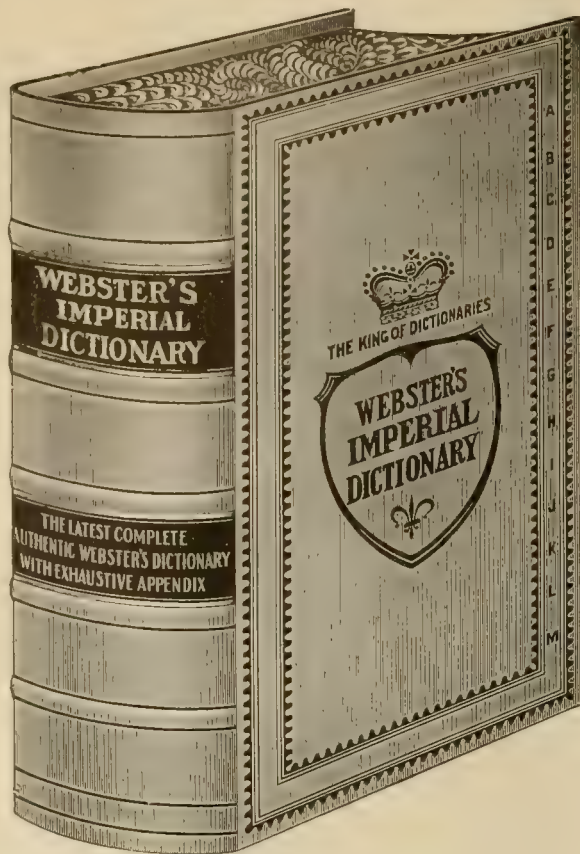
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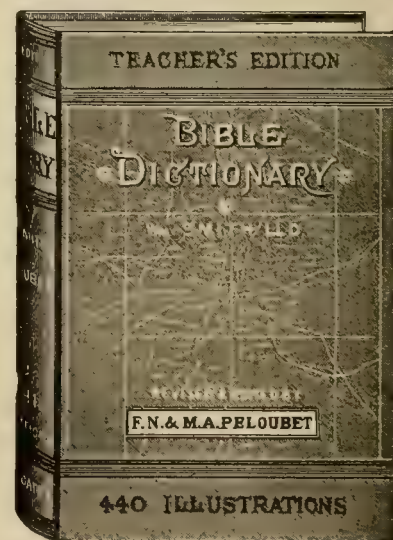
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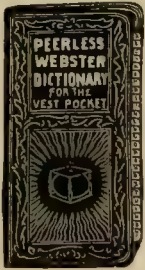
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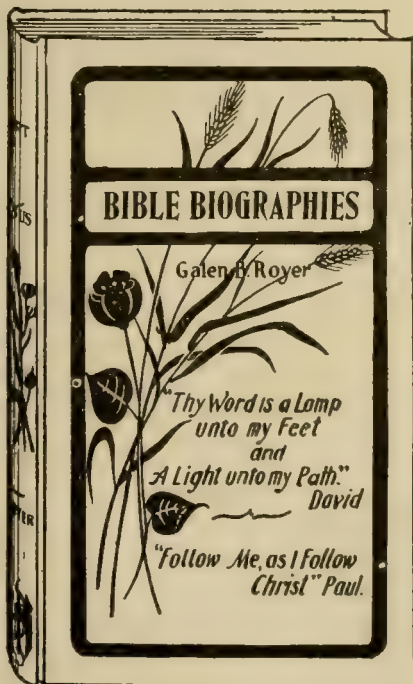
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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

August 18, 1908

No. 33.

## Responsibility of Fatherhood

Elizabeth B. Grannis

President National Christian League for Promotion of Purity.

No new thought, only suggestions on old time lines, which I trust may lead others to express their thought in regard to higher and better methods by which responsibility of fatherhood shall be more fully understood and accepted. In view of the importance of this subject, many of us probably feel that discussion should be opened by a father with an unquestionable record for accepting and discharging the duties and privileges of fatherhood; not only one who has been acceptable to his own family, but he should stand out a grand and noble public example of all that true fatherhood embodies.

Our right to speak, however, lies in the fact that we women have been daughters of fathers, and a large majority of us have had experience more or less of responsibility in being wives and mothers, which is in close touch with fatherhood.

Some of us realize that environment and heredity are closely related and that each is dependent upon, or, in great measure the result of, the other. The environment of today develops largely the heredity of tomorrow, much in a sense that our heredity is to a great extent the result of the environment of past generations.

There can be nothing indelicate in teaching young children all the way from infancy to maturity, that they are building characters, training themselves and being trained, to become the parents of their own children. Such teaching invariably develops self-control, righteous ambition and helpfulness to coming generations.

We need the equipment of vast thought, research and discussion along lines of scientific and spiritual mating, in preparation for a wise discussion of Responsibility of Fatherhood.

Secular and divine laws which refer to mating in the human family, have been ignored by theologian and scientist, down to the least intelligent of the common people. If the Church has failed to render helpfulness along these lines, to whom shall we appeal

if not to wise thinkers wherever they may be found? It is well known that scientists and really learned thinkers, from the best of evangelical faith to those who appear to spurn all faiths, are subject to mistakes in thought and action, each akin to the other.

What of the lack of parental responsibility in the record of more than 800,000 defective offspring in public institutions under this government, added to the number in secret seclusion from among the powerful and wealthy of society, down to the reckless, lawless, alley-house unprepared propagators of offspring? A very large majority of defective children in public institutions are born out of wedlock.

The time is at hand when persons of little and much influence, should unite in agitating for merciful treatment by expert surgeons, for hopeless criminals, degenerates, idiots, and all such persons as scientific and competent judges admit ought never to reproduce themselves.

The National Christian League for the Promotion of Purity has a bill at the present time, in the hands of the Legislature of the Empire State, which is an exact copy of the new law which is being successfully enforced, in penal institutions of the State of Indiana, for special criminals. We hope the day is not far distant when this new law will be placed on the statute books in every State in the Union.

All helpless people, without ways and means or capacity for self-support, and who are utterly unfit to perpetuate the race, should be provided for by the paternal care and at the expense of the Government. They should have all that is necessary for their well being. Segregation in most cases is a relentless cruelty, and is often practiced in many public institutions.

We certainly should advocate no measure which must necessarily increase the miseries of dependent, wretched children, precipitated into human life without natural affection, home protection, or rights of



heritage, even of their father's name.

Children born in wedlock inherit the name and property of the father, so they should not be deprived of this right out of wedlock. Why should an innocent dependent child be punished and condemned to legal illegitimacy for the sin of illegitimate parentage, in addition to the inevitable deprivation of natural home and family affection? Is not the law regarding offspring a strong ally to lessen responsibility of fatherhood? Every Christian, ethical organization, and every individual striving to promote mercy and justice towards dependent motherhood and worse than orphaned children, should unite in appealing for and demanding that legal responsibility be placed upon fathers out of wedlock.

The following resolution has been adopted by several National organizations, and it should speedily become the law of every land. This resolution was first adopted by the National Christian League for the Promotion of Purity, and was subsequently sent to the National Council of Women, and adopted by that body representing 1,500,000 people, after having been discussed at three meetings of its resolution committee:

"Resolved, That any child born out of wedlock, the name of whose paternal parent is definitely known either by proof or admission, shall be entitled to the name of its father, and a share in his property, the same as children who are born to legal parentage."

We have reason to believe from past experience that this resolution could not have been approved up to within the past few years, save by individuals who have given serious thought to this subject.

A number of the daily papers have discussed it intelligently, while some bright, flippant writers of the male sex have ridiculed the idea of placing legal responsibility upon fathers out of wedlock. The editor of one of our Sunday dailies gave a column and a half to this discussion in which he drew special attention to the fact that no father in the history of civilization had borne any legal relationship whatsoever to offspring born out of wedlock. Many readers of daily journals have never realized that children of illegitimate fathers have never inherited kinship, name, or any other legal heritage, save through the maternal parent. Few women or men have comprehended the abominable wrong of this injustice to the victimized child which is certainly entitled to the love and responsibility of a father as truly as of a mother.

I have never met a boy, mature man, or any one in the evening of life, in private conference, who did not express his earnest desire to produce the best of himself, if he contemplated becoming a father in wedlock. Why is it then, that so many men fail to practice according to their highest desire or best intention? Why is it that they do not seek to marry women who they believe are able to aid them and their offspring

to the higher, all-around development, and why, too, does not each husband seek to be the one man who can by daily association aid the woman of his selection to higher achievement in wifehood, motherhood, and Christlike citizenship?

A thoroughly well-informed woman is a far more instructive and helpful mother of children, and vitally a more interesting companion in wedlock, than her flippant and semi-senseless sister, to whose effeminate prattle some men claim they prefer to listen rather than to converse with a well-equipped, intelligent woman.

Heart and brain forces of women are not hindrances to lessen their graces, their daintiness of attire, or any sort of fascinations which are considered most attractive to the opposite sex. It is no light responsibility that a man assumes in selecting his life mate to be the mother of their children. The right of the children to be well born, involves the duty of the man contemplating marriage to select a mate that shall ensure this result.

Responsibility of fatherhood does not all rest in bread-winning, or money-making qualities, and not a few women place too high a value on this requisite. Industry is equally valuable and desirable for women as for men; each should supplement the other in financial provision in various ways, when circumstances require. Male-men have wrought out most of the valuable inventions, and have made more of the scientific discoveries that have been of the highest importance to the world, yet in many cases the benefits thereof have failed to bring comfortable financial returns to the individual researchers.

It is equally as unjust and rational to humiliate husbands for not having the ability to make money, as to ascribe unwomanliness to wives because they seek to aid financially in support of the family when they have the ability to make money, and their service is needed.

The first public address I ever heard upon responsibility of fatherhood, was given about twelve years ago by the Rev. Samuel H. Virgin, from the pulpit of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, at an annual meeting of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Purity. The subject was discussed at my suggestion, and the address dilated on the evolution in sentiment with regard to responsibility of fatherhood, during the last century. The speaker referred impressively to the progress gained since his boyhood, when a majority of fathers manifested their chief sense of responsibility by supplying financial necessities, and by flying buttons from their son's clothing in the woodshed, illustrating a lower order of paternal parenthood than at present exists. Texts of Scripture such as "The chastening of the Lord" or a fanatical and ignorant interpretation of Solomon's command not to "spare the rod" and similar

ones were exemplified with a whip in the hand of a stalwart human father, which he applied upon the smarting, writhing flesh of his own boys (who are in reality himself once removed). Such teaching is largely being supplanted by friendly counsel and appeals to the child's reason, coupled with various forms of moral suasion.

The emotional nature of a child ought not to be calloused by physical punishment.

The man who uses tobacco or alcoholic stimulants and stupefies his olfactory nerve, and the acute perception of his palate, ceases to enjoy the natural odors and tastes with normal acuteness.

Every physical appetite is injured and benumbed by any excess in gratification. All parents should be taught that every hurt they give the nervous system of a child in punishment is not only a cruelty, but is blunting and deadening to their sensibility, and proves a detriment rather than a quickener to their higher and nobler development.

Children should be taught to preserve and cultivate to a high degree every nerve of the "House Beautiful," constructed by the Creator of the Universe.

Many a college athlete and spanking parent have but a one-sided idea of the highest achievement in self-control and true Godly courage attainable, even by very young infants.

There were fathers in past generations, and there are more in the present, who practice the better methods of convincing children that their father is their most tenacious friend. Such fathers pledge themselves to help each son and daughter through every form of error and sin, the result of which is a self-inflicted punishment of mental suffering, if nothing more, which must ever follow the yielding to any form of evil temptation.

Does any sensitive, refined person at thirty, forty or seventy years of age, enjoy the memory of physical punishment, inflicted wisely or unwisely by a parent? The men and women who say they were not whipped enough in youth or childhood, are only victims of coarse ignorance, or exaggerated and perverted doctrinal truths.

What of the recent discussion and its significance for re-establishment of the whipping post? The irrational sympathy expressed for the wife who is beaten by what is erroneously termed the "brutal husband" is absurd in the judgment of many humanitarians and Christ's Gospel Christians. There are wise observers who realize that in lower animal life, the male has never been known to degrade itself or its species by abusing and maltreating its feminine mate. Yet there are truly great minds, leaders in Church and State, who are exhausting themselves in fantastic expressions in defense of the beaten wife by the "brutal husband." What of the inconsistency

in teaching and advocating physical chastisement by beating, spanking, strapping and display of frenzied emotion or the premeditated, payed-over practice of corporal punishment of children, all the way from infancy to youth, and even well into the teens? What about the logic of unwise advocates of the whipping post for "brutal husbands"? Is not every wife better fitted for self-protection against any masculine coward than is the dependent, confiding little child, against either its father or its mother? What punishment then shall we advocate for the mother who descends to the degrading practice of beating her own child because of her lack of knowledge to help it overcome its inherited tendencies to manifest impetuous weakness, or sin in its own little personality? What of the mother's weakness and her want of control and her "brutal" or well-trained sainted husband who may not have acquired any high degree of self-government until after the advent of these natural human wee miniature likenesses of their parenthood?

Let us look well to the symbolic whipping-post for the spanking mother and cowardly father, before we attempt to re-establish the literal whipping-post for "brutal husbands."

It will never be possible for any woman to possess or exercise too much judicious mother-love towards her children; and it is probable that generations may be required to attain satisfactory father-love and sympathetic, tender, compassionate companionship with his offspring, which is essential in order to accomplish the higher development of the race.

No success in life is a compensation for natural affection. There is no substitute for delightful companionship of wise fathers with the parents of their grandchildren, who have presented one by one the facsimile of themselves in infancy in the relationship of grandchildren to the arms and bosoms of their grandparents.

The best woman who ever becomes wife or mother has never been endowed with gifts by nature or the Creator that she might fulfill the responsibilities of both parents. Children should never be deprived of the inalienable right to the loving care and tender training of a father who realized his responsibility in habilitating an immortal soul, after the best possible fashion of himself physically, mentally and spiritually. Certainly no father is assuming his full responsibility to his children after birth till death, by simply providing them with funds for physical, social and intellectual needs and comforts.

Personality in fatherhood is more powerful for good or evil than in all other human relationships save one. Not nearly enough fathers appreciate the fact that they are daily building their likenesses into the lives and memories of their children either for inspiration or suffering for many future generations, in preparation for the real life everlasting.



# A Day With an Editor

Olive A. Smith

THE editor's desk was piled high with letters, manuscripts and circulars. At one side was a bundle of clippings which he had been arranging with a view to use in his autumn numbers. Unopened exchanges lay on a small table near the desk. He had come very early to the office, for the work was accumulating too rapidly for a pleasant outlook at this season.

But the editor could not compose himself to work. Judge LaMont, whose office was across the hall, had dropped in for his usual morning chat, and George, the office boy, was throwing up the windows. The sounds of a July morning in the city came rushing in with unusual force and distinctness.

"What's the trouble Mr. Beatty?" inquired the lawyer, as the editor threw aside the letter which he had been reading; "you don't seem to find the editing of a religious weekly congenial employment this morning. Such a beautiful morning, too! I never knew such cool July days before."

"That's the trouble," exclaimed the editor, wheeling about impatiently in his chair. "I'm so humiliated! Here I am, two weeks behind with work, and you know what I've always said about vacations."

"Yes," said the judge, "that it is all nonsense; that if a man is in the right place, and enjoys his work, he needs no more vacation than every day's rest brings."

"Exactly," admitted the editor with a grim smile. "I'm still of that opinion about long vacations, but"—he turned and began piling up the envelopes—"it's no use for me to try to work today. I'm going to the country and I'm not coming back till dark!"

"Good! Take my auto. I'll phone right away," and the judge reached for the receiver. "You can take Mrs. Beatty and the boys"—

The editor waved his hand with a deprecatory smile. "I know you'll bear witness to the fact that I'm a *fairly* good husband and father, Judge, and I do thank you for the offer, but I'm going alone and"—

His voice was drowned in the chorus that was wafted through the window, the shriek of a locomotive on the Illinois Central, the clang of four trolley cars, and the wild signals of the autos, the clatter of hoofs and rattling of wagons.

The editor tried to look calm until the din had subsided. Then he continued fiercely, "I won't have a town sight or sound near me! Everything that rattles, or jangles, or talks, or shrieks, or screeches, or clangs, or *houks*, has got to be—"

"Cut out," suggested George, who had learned to anticipate the editor's wants.

"Thank you, George," smiled the editor. Then he quickly covered the smile with a frown. "You know, George, that I don't approve of slang. You may have a holiday now. Put a card on the door saying, 'out for the day,' and be off."

A few moments later, an intelligent-looking bay pony was trotting briskly along the beautiful Hampshire road, north of the city, and in the phaeton behind her, lounged a city-tired editor, drinking in the rich fragrance of the morning air, and revelling in the beauties of field, orchard and meadow, as they lay spread before him.

"It's late for the songsters," he had thought, as they left the city limits, and he was delighted when he found that he was mistaken. The unusual coolness of the morning had so inspired the thrushes, the song sparrows and robins, that the editor was favored with solos, choruses, and the sweetest of antiphonies from the meadowlarks. A pair of blue-birds who had constituted themselves an editorial escort, fluttered from their resting place on a rail by the roadside, circled coquettishly over the pony's head, and alighted in the branches of a tree on the opposite side of the road. Thus they had kept watch over the equipage for many miles. The Hampshire road was not a long highway, but more than two hours were consumed in its travel, because the editor so often stopped to listen to the scores of voices, to pluck some strange wayside blossom, or to watch the robins and orioles getting breakfast in the orchards and berry patches.

The time of wheat harvest was at hand, and the bay pony often stood still while the editor watched the great yellowish-green seas waving, rippling, swelling and receding in response to the growing fitfulness of the westerly winds. When they came to the corn fields, these pauses were longer, for the editor had removed every barrier that existed between his usually practical mind and the wildest of poetic fancy. To him, on this beautiful July morning every object spoke with the gift of tongues, every faint appeal to the senses was an appeal to the power of imagery, which had been starved for expression through the world of nature. In these glorious fields of corn, the breezes were, to him, the voices of the wandering wind, full of mystery, of pathos, sometimes of dread, or of apprehension. There was ever a surprise, a fresh suggestion, something to ponder and dream over, in the aspect of the corn field. The long emerald blades were extended, drooping, as if in benediction over the rich soil that had given them birth. Yet

the corn, like the cottonwood trees, seemed to whisper secrets understood by no other living thing.

In the orchards, the time of blossoms had passed and the trees had acquired the sober permanence of the color which was in perfect harmony with their stage of usefulness. The tiny peaches and winter apples were but prophecies of a rich harvest time, the red Junes blushed in profusion on their boughs and the pear trees wore their usual air of unpretentious virtue.

Near the end of the road, the editor discovered the object which he had been longing for, a clear stream

bend in the stream. There the pensive willows on either side drooped lower, as if listening to the whispered confidences of the stream and guarding the innocent blossoms. But the editor secured them, returned to the bridge, and rewarded the whinnying pony with a lump of sugar.

When they reached the top of the incline at the further side of the stream, the editor turned to view the long line of trees, and to notice, as he had never before noticed, the individuality of each. The oak was like a sentinel, grim and unresponsive. The elm was esthetic and tasty in the carriage of its beau-



Nature's Realm—Not a "town sight or sound."

of water. It came from the higher regions to the eastward, descending with considerable force over a wall of rock near the bridge.

"Be good, pony," he said, reining the horse to the right side of the bridge, "and wait for me. It would be an insult to tie you." He slipped and clambered down the steep bank, working his way through networks of vines and bushes until he reached the spot that suited his purpose; the spot where he could stretch himself upon the bank, and quench his thirst as he had been wont to do when a boy. For several minutes he wandered along the banks. Then he spied another object which challenged his efforts,—a cluster of pure white pond lilies that gleamed from a sharp

tiful plumes. The catawba seemed to have a protecting instinct, but it was a vain creature at this season, and the box elder was eager and aggressive, seemingly ambitious to excel in size and foliage. He liked the social nature of the maple. It seemed to be always bowing and whispering, "How-do-you-do?" Best of all he loved the simple, unassuming cottonwood, whose silvery-olive leaves were ever turning, glinting, shimmering in the yellow sunlight, even when there seemed to be no breath of air to which other trees and grasses responded.

As the horse's head was turned eastward, the editor noticed that the sun was higher in the blue vault overhead. He must hasten on, for he was not yet satisfied.



There was a fuller and deeper consciousness of height and space, of freedom and beauty, to be gained from the wide prairies and hills beyond.

Their eastward course lay through an up-hill prairie region, where the beautiful fields of white and red clover were the chief attraction. Then a narrow lane took them to a junction of two roads. One led to a thickly settled farm region. The editor could see the men in the fields, the women and children gathering the early fruits. He heard the sharp, clear song of the mowers, where the harvesters were busy with the early crops of grains and grasses. He knew that the other road led to the river. In a meadow directly south of this junction, a score or more of sedate horses and playful colts picked daintily among the grasses, as though glutted with the rich pasturage. The bay pony was allowed to receive and return the friendly overtures of the animals, who, in their turn seemed to appreciate the privilege of becoming acquainted with a city horse. The editor hesitated several moments, then started down the river road. "It's the solitary way, horsy," he said, "and it's solitude we want today. It's lunch time, too, and you may have a long rest."

It took some little time to find an ideal lunching spot, but at last the pony was provided with water and grain, and the editor, seated where he could command a satisfactory view of river, blue sky and woodland, opened his lunch. The inmates of the woods seemed, at first, to resent the invasion of their home by these denizens of the city, but the editor betrayed so much unobtrusive friendliness that they soon accepted him in the spirit of toleration, at least, and proceeded to entertain him with their everyday antics. Squirrels, rabbits and birds, seemed to vie with one another in rousing his interest and holding his attention. Through the dense foliage of a beech tree, he heard a curious "rap-tap-tap," and saw a fluff of gray and white feathers which caused him to leave his lunch while he investigated. It was only a downy woodpecker, his tiny red cap set jauntily on the back of his head, and never falling off, though he used his bill with great vehemence. The editor did not care to see him dine on living creatures, even though they were but ants or larvae, and he turned away, to find himself challenged to a game of hide-and-seek with a tiny brown creeper. The plaintive little call was interesting, and the editor chased round and round the tree. But always the bright eyes and hard little bill peeped from the opposite side of the branch.

"All right, little midget," he laughed. "You've won the game and I'm going to finish my lunch."

"Now for the hills," thought he, half an hour later, as he climbed into the phaeton, and the pony, refreshed and eager, started off at a brisk trot. Then he suddenly drew rein and listened almost breathlessly. It came again, the sound he had not hoped to hear at

midday; soft, sweet and clear, like the note of a silver flute inspired by a Godlike intelligence—the song of the woodland thrush. He waited, and the music grew fainter and more distant, dying away at last as if lost in the depths of the woodland. It may have been a small subject for a special prayer of gratitude, but the editor did not think so.

There was a definite object in view when they came to the hills. The editor knew exactly what *they* had to impart, that matchless sense of wideness, and space, and fullness of life, that sacred emotion that fills the soul when it realizes that there are no barriers between its life and the Life from which it sprung. "Here I can see Him face to face," murmured the editor reverently as his own being seemed to expand in keeping with the surroundings. While he was rejoicing his horse, a couplet kept ringing through his brain,

"I want to be no more myself, but be  
Made one with all the beauty that I see."

"We're to have a new route home, horsy," he said, patting the pony's head, "and it's time to be off."

The magic word "home" brought its train of delightful thoughts. During the entire ride, the editor's mind vacillated between the pleasant cottage on Harrison Street, and the disorderly office from which he had fled that morning. Millie and the boys, his paper, his readers, his contributors, crowded thick and fast in his mind. New plans, new ideas, new hopes and longings burned in his soul. The road seemed long. The pony was slow. He wished he might have even an hour before dark with that delightfully littered desk, but no, he *must* have that hour with Millie and the boys! It seemed like an age since he had seen them. How they must have missed his telephone messages! He never could get home to lunch, but he always called them up several times a day.

Still, his conscience utterly refused to voice a condemnation for that selfishly spent day.

"There's no use in talking," he said to himself, playfully brandishing the whip over the pony's head. "I just had to get out of there today, and I had to go alone. Next time I'll accept the judge's offer if it comes—and we'll all go. Won't Millie and the boys enjoy it!"

It was twilight now. There seemed to be no breath of air; the leaves of the wayside trees hung motionless. One by one the stars appeared in the cloudless blue overhead, and a tiny crescent moon hung above a clump of pine trees on yonder hill. There were the voices of the twilight, as there had been the voices of the day, but the editor scarcely heard them, for the lights of the city were twinkling not far ahead. Every turn of the wheels brought them nearer, and the editor's thoughts were of the two great sources of joy in a good man's life—his work and his home.

*Emporia, Kans.*



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XIX.

At the thought of lying in their jail over night, or possibly for many months, I rolled my eyes in excited wonder at what the mayor had said to me in his determined, decisive way,—“You have committed a negligence which will cause you a night of delay.”

Then the schoolmaster asked: “What have you to say to that?” He had been studying English as I had been studying French, only I was far more able to understand his language than he to understand mine.

What had I to say to that?

My imagination painted the future in dark colors. The false imprisonment of the innocent Alfred Dreyfus arose in my mind. Possibly my own country had insulted the French Government in some diplomatic question, and these men were about to wreak vengeance upon poor me, just as unthinking Americans might feel like chastising the few Chinamen who happen into our country, because of the outrages of the Boxers. Maybe I had broken

some French custom or law in my day's ride, for it is a crime, in England, to walk upon the railroad track, to cross it, or to stand upon it. The penalty is arrest, and fine or imprisonment, or both, the fine being a goodly sum. In order that this law may not be broken, depots, in city and country throughout England and Scotland, are usually set high above the tracks so that the people can walk right off the platform into the coaches without climbing up the steps. When the tracks are to be crossed, the people

look for the overhead foot or wagon bridges and go across by means of these. In the country the tracks are usually laid far above the road, so that the people walking and driving may pass through under the tracks. Because of these wise precautions there are so few railroad accidents and so few lives lost on the railroads in Britain. Of course, as there is no one allowed upon the tracks or to cross them, the engineer does not need to blow his whistle at every crossing as in this country, but runs right along, at full speed, with no signal of fear to startle the people who wish to cross the tracks.

One after another the door of escape seemed to close upon me. This was intensified by my weary muscles and sleepy eyes, for while crossing the English Channel the night before I had slept little or none.

“What have you to say to that?”

“Just as you say, gentlemen,” I replied, “but do not forget that I am an American citizen.”

This they seemed unwilling, for some reason I could not understand, to believe.

Then the teacher said: “Monsieur le Maire croit vous demander de vouloir bien rester a sa disposition jusqu'au moment on il aurait de reçu des orders de l'autorité supérieure. Que pensez-vous?” (“The honorable mayor thinks that he will have to detain you at his disposition until such time as he has heard from the civil authorities. What think you?”)

This question they wrote out in legible French and I read it easily. I understood it only too well. But it was the “que pensez-vous?” that hurt. I



Charming Railway Station in Scotland. Tracks Sunk  $3\frac{1}{2}$  Feet for Safety. Passengers Not Allowed on Rails. They Use Overhead Bridge When Crossing Track.



was the mouse in the paws of the cat and it looked as if I would have about as much chance for escape. But I was given no reason for the detention. Failing to understand one of the questions, I quickly asked:

"Qu'est ce que cel que vous dit?" ("What did you say?")

"Ah, bah!" exclaimed the schoolmaster, "pour-quois pronounce vous bien le Francais quand le voulez-vous? Ah, bah!" ("Ah, bah! How is it you can pronounce the French language so well, when you want to? Ah, bah!")

"Ah, monsieur," I replied, "my teacher taught me to pronounce that one sentence perfectly. He knew I would need it. Je ne parlais pas Francais beaucoup." ("I do not speak much French.")

I then insisted on a reason for my detention, but the more I insisted, the more they persisted in plying their questions. At last they asked me if I had an American passport, to which I replied in the affirmative.

"Why did you not show it?" they asked.

"You gave me no chance to get it," I replied. "Besides, you suspicion the man too eager to show his credentials. *I travel on my face. I am my passport.*"

The villagers had crowded into the little room and pressed close to the table around which we sat, I on the farther side, facing the mob, and my examiners on the other side. An elderly woman, wearing a plain muslin cap, dusted about the room and looked tenderly into my eyes from time to time. She believed I was innocent. So did I. But when I looked into the face of the mob, they made me believe I ought to be hung. The more intellectual faces showed me some sympathy, but the two in the crowd who did me the most good were a little boy and girl who stood at the edge of the table on the side from me, looking into my eyes as about to cry. I recognized the little girl as one I had seen as I entered the village, to whom I had bidden the time of day, with a "Bon jour, mademoiselle." ("Good evening, little girl.") She was crossing the street with milk-pail in hand, and she replied to my salutation with a merry smile and a twinkle in her eye, "Bon jour, monsieur." ("Good evening, Mister.")

When I needed strength to combat the mob I just looked into her sweet face. Her truer interpretation of character is only another lesson taught us of children who know innocence from villainy when their grown-ups are often mistaken.

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### THE PERNICIOUS MULLAHS.

EVER since the beginning of the now constant troubles in India, a good deal has been heard about the Mullahs. A Mullah, or, as it is more properly written,

Mollah, is a title given in India, and throughout the East generally, to a religious leader of any description.

Thus, the Sultan of Turkey is a Mollah, because he is the supreme head of the Moslem world. The hostile Somali leader, who caused us so much anxiety between 1901 and 1905, and whose name occasionally crops up even now in the daily papers, was also a Mollah. And there are hundreds of others. To most of the more conspicuous among them we prefix the adjective "mad." This, however, must not be taken to mean that they are insane, the word being used rather in its oriental signification of "inspired."

The influence wielded by the Mollahs, who are now stirring up against us the border tribes of Afghanistan, is enormous. Clad in their sacred robes, bearing aloft the green standard of Islam, they go up and down the valleys shrilling the Mohammedan war cry, and woe be to him who refuses to heed. The person of the Mollah is sacred. True, the Amir the other day was reported to have ordered that any of them caught preaching the jedad (holy war) should have their tongues torn out. But if he really issued such an edict—which is extremely doubtful—it was merely meant for European ears. Not even the mighty Habibullah himself would care to lay a sacrilegious finger on one of these saintly personages. If he were to venture such an unheard-of thing vengeance would surely overtake him. For it is the cardinal principle of the Ulima—as the Mollahs are collectively termed—that an injury purposely caused to one of their number can only be atoned for by the death of the individual inflicting it.—*Pearson's Weekly*.



It is the high privilege of every child to have a healthy body and, allowing in full for all influences of heredity, almost every child may have such a body if nature is permitted to do her perfect work. It does not follow, however, that the idle child is the healthy child. Activity is fundamental in child-life and the activity of school need not militate against the child's health if conditions at home and at school are kept right. But right here enters the responsibility of the teacher in this whole matter. If the child is deprived of wholesome food, pure air, abundant sleep, and freedom from carking anxiety at home, then the school must counteract these influences as far as possible. The teacher must be quick to note these conditions at once, else much time may be lost. The happy child is the one who does good work, and this happiness may come as the result of hard work, if antagonistic conditions are warded off. Every recitation in whatever subject should be a recitation in physiology in that the children are trained to habits of right living every hour of the day.—*Ohio Educational Monthly*.

# Glacier National Park

Guy E. Mitchell

THE first step toward the creation of the beautiful Glacier National Park has been accomplished in the favorable recommendation of the Glacier Park bill by the Senate Public Lands Committee and the printing of the report. It is expected that Congress will soon pass the bill and thus define one of the grandest nature spots in the world. The territory embraced covers nearly a million acres of the wildest and most majestic mountain scenery on the North American continent, including numerous rugged and snow-capped peaks from 6,000 to 10,000 feet high, many glistening glaciers and crystal lakes, cataracts and foaming torrents.

The United States Geological Map accompanying the report shows the famous Lake McDonald to be

regions of the world. It is bounded on the west and south by the Flathead River and on the east by the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, and extends northward to the International Boundary Line, being reached by the Great Northern Railroad, which parallels the Flathead River on the south. To the east of the mountains, the great plains, drained by the Missouri and the Saskatchewan river systems, stretch for miles upon miles—a region of open grass land and practically treeless. The glacier-born waters of the park find their way into three oceans, the Atlantic through the Missouri's channel, the Arctic Ocean through the Saskatchewan and the Pacific through the Flathead River.

In sharp contrast to the plains, says Mr. Chapman in describing the park, rise the mountains, which, seen from a distance, present a rock wall of great steepness, extending apparently unbroken for miles. This, the eastern face of the range, is actually cut by long, deep, U-shaped canyons, largely formed by the great glaciers which once flowed from the mighty snow-covered peaks and ridges forming the divide between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. In the canyons are roaring streams, which head in the melting ice and snow, flow into placid lakes and eventually into the arroyos of the plains. Between the canyons the long, finger-like ridges rise to considerable heights, the timber-covered foot sloping steeply until a regions of brush-covered broken rock is reached, which in turn leads to the base of



U. S. Geological Survey Party in Approach to Glacier National Park.  
(Photograph by U. S. Geological Survey: R. H. Chapman.)

the largest body of water in the area, and such suggestive names are shown as Vulture Glacier, Goat-haunt Mountain, Citadel Mountain, Wild Creek, Swift-current Pass, Trapper's Peak, etc. The park area is already included in the Lewis and Clark National Forest and the large portion west of the Continental Divide is heavily forested. Under the bill, this forest will be subject to the regulations of a Forest Service with respect to timber cutting.

Robert H. Chapman, of the U. S. Geological Survey, the author of the Glacier Park map, describes the proposed park as one of the most exquisite mountain

precipitous cliffs. The canyons at the head usually terminate in great amphitheatres, rising cliff over cliff in stairways of tremendous proportions, many steps of which retain ice masses slowly flowing across them, each fed from a large ice-field above, until a region of huge snowbanks is reached. The main Rocky Mountain mass is actually made up of two principal ranges, generally parallel, Lewis Range and Livingston Range. These ranges are the remnants of what was once a much wider, plateau-like region of rock, which has been carved and shattered by the forces of erosion, principally those of the glaciers.



Upon this great mass are the higher peaks, huge pyramids and blocks with cliffs and precipices hundreds and in some instances thousands of feet high, plunging away to the roaring streams of the valleys, or ending in the great crevasses at the heads of the glaciers.

To the westward the mountains break precipitously, and from the foot of the steep, long, timbered ridges reach out toward the valley of the Flathead. Between these ridges and extending up the canyons of the higher ranges are many miles of lakes, joined by rushing streams similar to those on the eastern side.

The entire region is inhabited by wild animals, some of them noble types which are fast disappearing, and the streams and lakes abound in fish of many species. In the higher barren rock areas the retiring white goat is found in great numbers, while on the slightly lower ridges, where some protection is afforded by stunted timber growth and brush the Rocky Mountain bighorn has his haunts. In the valleys and on the lower spurs are many deer and moose; in a few places elk are found and over the whole area from high glacier and snow field to the huckleberry region of flat and valley, roams the great grizzly. All the game animals occupy the higher mountain districts for summer range only, as the area is too high and the snowfall too heavy to permit of winter use, but the park includes valley land which supplies feed under all circumstances.

At one time prospectors for copper flocked into the region, but no finds were made that warrant the belief that the region is one of any value for this metal. Indications of oil have been found on both sides of the range, but none of the explorations have proved productive.

There are numerous passes through the higher ranges. Across these the game trails lead from valley to valley; following the game came the Indians; the hunter and the trapper, looking for easy routes of travel, followed the Indians; then came the Government engineers exploring and mapping, and finally the hardier of the tourists and lovers of nature. Most of these passes are closed for many months of each year by snow; some of them are available only after the use of the axe to give footing on the hard ice of glaciers lying close to the divide; but one or two of them are of such nature as to eventually accommodate wagon roads, by which persons disliking the strenuous efforts now required to reach the higher country may have opportunity to view it at close range. None of the passes south of the Canadian boundary, Mr. Chapman thinks, will ever be used for a railway route. At some future day the locomotive may cross from Canada to the waters of the Flathead River and wend southward to the towns and farming valleys adjacent to Columbia Falls and Kalispel and form a link with the Great Northern Railway.

Within the boundaries of this great park there are 250 lakes varying from ponds of a few hundred feet to sheets ten miles in length; there are more than sixty glaciers ranging from a few acres in area to five square miles, and there are rocks, plants and animals in numbers and quantity to satisfy the most ardent student, and views of great variety, beauty and grandeur to gratify the artist and lover of nature.



#### ANOTHER DAY.

D. D. THOMAS.

Lose not your taste for nobler things,  
Stoop not to love the low,  
Give of the substance labor brings,  
Mind not the winds that blow.  
Heed not the cadence of the call,  
For solemn as the wordings fall,  
It strikes the heart to take away  
The glory of another day.

The bugle sounds the call for war,  
The horse and rider seek the fray,  
The strokes but weaken love and power,  
And take the better life away,  
Oh, may we hear the bugle call,  
The strains from fields Elysian fall,  
And as the heavenly music play,  
Give promise of another day.

How sad I live with those I love—  
Hear both the laughter and the wail;  
The cry of pain the senses move  
And weaken force so that I fail.  
Oh, that a sturdy heart were mine  
To reap the good for which I pine,  
Might get at least for which I pray—  
Love unalloyed another day.

God grant the glory of an hour  
To cheer me as the days go by,  
With all its brilliancy and power  
Be but a foretaste of the sky.  
May I but reach the fruit of love  
That hangs in vineyards fair above,  
And take the pangs of heart away  
Forever, in another day.



#### THE RUBY-THROAT—GEM OF THE GARDEN.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

FROM early May to October, the ruby-throated hummingbird forsakes the warmer climates to spend the flower months with us. Its diminutive size, the dazzling splendor of its plumage, its unequalled and beautiful flight, and its constant connection with the most brilliantly colored flowers cannot fail to excite the admiration of all who see these tiny denizens of the air.

Hummingbirds are found only in the Western Hemisphere and are almost exclusively confined to the warmer parts of it. Something like four hundred species have been identified, and of this large number, the ruby-throat is the only one found in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. It ranges from

Central America, where it winters, north to the fur countries of British Columbia. It appears in this part of the country about the first of May, and begins nesting nearly a month later. The nest is a most beautiful cup-shaped creation of plant fibers, especially the down of the mullein and ferns. The outside of the nest is adorned with grayish-green lichens which give it the appearance of the branch upon which it is built. It is lined with the very softest material the bird can obtain, consisting of thistle down and the "silken sails" of the milkweed seeds. The nest is almost invariably saddled on the branch of a tree, several feet from the ground, and so constructed as



Nest of Hummingbird.

to have the appearance of a knot on the branch, and to make it difficult to discover it. In June two pearly white eggs about the size of a pea, and rather more elliptical than oval in shape, are deposited in the nest. These are hatched in about ten days and are near the size and look much like half-grown honey bees. In three weeks they are ready to leave the nest. While the mother bird is sitting the male renders no aid, but does his full share in procuring food for the little ones.

Only those familiar with this fairy-like creature can form an adequate idea of its surpassing beauty. Yet all its beauty does not arrest our attention to such a degree as does its incomparable flight, a flight that is in every respect different from that of any other bird. It somewhat resembles the flight of the hawk moth, or sphinxes, and, indeed, the hummingbird is often confounded with these insects by superficial observers. As the moths are of nocturnal habits, only searching the flowers in the twilight of the evening, while the ruby-throat is a child of the sun, rarely being seen after sunset, it is easily distinguished from these insects. While flying from flower to flower its tremulous motions of the wings are so rapid that the eye is unable to follow them. The bird flies backward and to the side with equal ease and dexterity. It does not, however, remain long on the wing, taking frequent short rests and choosing for this purpose a small twig at the extremity of a tree or shrub. At such times it is busily engaged in trimming its plumage, and stretching and preening the feathers of its long wings.

Owners of flower gardens have the best opportunities to study these birds. With whirring wings they remain suspended before a blossom, then—buzz—and they are examining the next, with bill lost in its depths. The family of hummingbirds gets its name from the humming noise made by the rapid vibration of the wings.

"Hear thy soft humming  
Like a sylph's drumming."

The food habits of the hummingbird are very interesting. The food consists of minute insects and nectar from flowers, which it extracts from them and the sap which it obtains from the trees where the sap-suckers have perforated them. The tongue is especially adapted to this work. It is long, thread-like, and divided into tubes which run through its entire length, and is capable of being extended a considerable distance beyond the point of the beak, and can be bent in any direction. The tongue acts like a suction pump, giving the bird the power to draw nectar from the deep-throated flowers and to capture the tiny insects that are in them. It was once thought that hummingbirds required food no more substantial than nectar, but upon examination of the stomachs of many of them the presence of the remains of insects, especially spiders, prove that their requirements are, at least partially, the same as other birds. Some naturalists give insects as their main food.

Flowers most frequented by the ruby-throat are the most showy ones. The twining honeysuckles, the vase-like flowers of the red clematis, the pretty flowers of the pentstemon, and the gorgeous flower-trusses of the trumpet creeper are especially sought after. In August when the gladioli and canna beds are in full bloom these "winged jewels" are most abundant. The jewel-weed offers a feast to these birds after the cares of family life are over.

The changeableness in the color of the ruby-throat is due to the construction of the feathers. A careful examination of these will show them to be composed of a multitude of facets, which are so arranged as to present various angles to the falling rays, and thus absorb or reflect the different colors, according to the position in which they are held.

The hummingbirds are great fighters. Their temper is out of all proportion to their size, for they will dash at an intruder much larger than themselves, and generally come off conqueror. Their angry twitters and squeaks are amusing and surprising as are their excitable actions.

These beautiful birds are common in our gardens during summer, and they should be protected in every way as they are not only beneficial but also form a great ornament of the garden.

*Spiceland, Ind.*



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## OPPORTUNITIES FOR WINNING SUCCESS.

In comparing the conditions of the present with those of the past, the question is sometimes asked, Does the present hold out as many and as great opportunities for winning success as did the past? Did the fathers of the present generation stand a better show in the struggle for high places than do their sons?

In the first place it will be necessary to say what is meant by success. The word has different meanings, depending on one's view-point. In what is said here reference is had to success in material things,—success as the world looks at it. It might be said, before entering upon any discussion of that question, that opportunities for winning success as it relates to the inner religious life are much the same in all ages. The helps or hindrances have about the same power to ennoble or enslave as they had in other times.

In looking at the many lines of activity in which marked progress has been made in the last generation, the youth of today may feel that his father had the advantage of living in the age of opportunity, and Alexander-like he may sigh because there is nothing left to be done by which he might achieve the desired degree of success. But if the son has taken this view it is because he has faced in the wrong direction. He has looked toward the past instead of the future. With the achievements of the past the possibilities of the future become the greater, for in no step forward has the worker felt that the limit of progress has been reached in that line.

In the modes of travel and communication great things have been achieved, but do not these very achievements hint at still greater ones that are possible? Important advancement has been made in the treatment of diseases, but the things yet to be accomplished in this field are so many that it would seem only a beginning has been made. We have climbed to

great heights in the educational field, but present methods and results indicate that we have not yet reached the top, even the question as to what constitutes an education being a live one and apparently not yet solved. In the field of agriculture great progress has been made and many inventions and improvements of recent date have helped to bring success to a large number, but the possibilities in this field, as yet unrealized, are even greater than those already enjoyed and they offer a strong attraction to the would-be successful youth of today.

We have mentioned only a few of the many activities which offer exceptional opportunities to the youth of today for winning a signal success. But a man may come to success by employing his efforts in proving and perfecting discoveries and improvements already made as well as by pushing forward over an untraveled road, and the field for such intelligent, earnest effort is almost boundless.

With the multiplicity of ways by which one may apply his powers successfully it must be confessed that the ways by which he is tempted to spend his time and money uselessly have likewise multiplied. On every hand there are avenues by which one may be led from the path of success, and he needs to be wise and well fortified if he can discern the spirits and withstand the temptations.

Taking it all in all, the youth of today has no reason for considering his chances unfavorable as compared to those of his father, while the father has no reason for lamenting over the dearth of opportunities in his day. The ways of winning success may increase, or change, but the fact remains the same in all ages, that there is no royal road to that goal. He who is determined to win will always have difficulties to overcome, but they have been overcome in the past and they can be overcome now.



## A LITTLE FIRE.

A LITTLE fire goes a long ways in this August weather. In fact it goes a long ways in any kind of weather if it happens to be where it is not needed. Ordinarily, in the everyday affairs of life, we give little thought to the nature of fire. It is only when it has broken over its bounds and left destruction in its path that we bring ourselves to study it and the means of controlling it. It is at such a time, too, that we are most open to the lessons which it points.

The Apostle James tells us the tongue is a fire, and we do not need to study his statement long to agree with him fully. Of all the agents by which people may be aroused and set on fire there is none that can work so quickly and effectively as the tongue. A large per cent of the troubles from which we suffer as a people and as individuals is the direct result of words spoken. And worst of all, it is the result of

useless speaking,—of words that had no legitimate reason for being called into existence.

Of this useless speaking Christ says, "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Some would interpret this to mean only the light, trivial words, but it means more than that. It includes all unprofitable and unimportant speaking, all vain and fruitless words. What an accounting some of us will have! How some of our public speeches and even sermons will appear in that last analysis!

But it is good that the Master gave us this warning, knowing as he did "how great a matter a little fire kindleth," and it was his desire that we avoid the destruction that such a fire brings. If these tongue-produced fires continue to rage, it is because we do not think of their direct results and of the Master's warning.



#### ESPERANTO STUDENTS.

It has been some time since our series of Esperanto lessons came to an end, but we feel that most of those who followed the lessons carefully have continued the study thus begun and are reaping some of the fruits of efforts.

Several weeks ago we printed the names of a number of Esperantists who are desirous of becoming acquainted with others who are studying the language. Following are the names and addresses of three more.

(Miss) Maude Berry, Route 1, Portage, Ohio.

A. A. Berry, Portage, Ohio.

David C. Bosserman, 3538 Vista Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

If there are others who would like to join the list, send us your names.



#### THE CALL.

I'm weary of toiling and worry,  
Of living the strenuous life;  
I tire of the struggle and hurry,  
The tumult, the noise, and the strife.  
I long for a sight of the flowers,  
The song of the murmuring stream;  
I long for the forests where hours  
Will pass like the woof of a dream.  
I'm weary of plotting and scheming  
That lay out the map of the game;  
I'm tired of make-believe seeming  
That oft is mistaken for fame.  
I long for the lake and the river  
That shimmer and shine in the sun;  
Where leaves in the warm breezes quiver,  
And rest is the goal I have won.  
I'm weary of sepulchres whited  
That harbor but moldy old bones;  
I see childish toil unrequited  
And listen to widowhood's moans.  
I long for the day to be dawning  
When right with the sceptre shall reign;  
When men now at Mammon's feet fawning  
Will rise in their manhood again.

I'm weary of false prophets crying  
Their wicked, inscrutable lies;  
While thousands of helpless are dying  
As Mammon's and Greed's sacrifice.  
I long for the day and the hour  
When greed shall be flung from the throne;  
When man in his right and his power  
Again shall step into his own.

I'm weary, but duty is calling,  
And only the sluggard will shirk;  
The tasks that are set are appalling,  
But honor says simply, "Go work!"  
I long for the woods in their beauty,  
But over the call that they give  
I hear the stern calling of duty  
That bids me be worthy to live.

—The Commoner.



#### THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair!  
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;  
I've bedew'd it with tears and embalm'd it with sighs.  
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.  
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there;  
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
The hallow'd seat with listening ear;  
And gentle words that mother would give  
To fit me to die and teach me to live.  
She told me shame would never betide,  
With truth for my creed and God for my guide,  
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,  
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray;  
And I almost worship'd her when she smiled  
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.  
Years rolled on; but the last one sped—  
My idol was shatter'd; my earth-star fled;  
I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now  
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;  
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;  
And memory flows with lava tide.  
Say it is folly and deem me weak,  
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;  
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear  
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

—Eliza Cook.



"WHATEVER else we do this vacation, we should see to it that each day affords us an hour or so of solitude. In solitude the soul grows and the mind gains the mastery of itself. Solitude gives pose and poise and gains for us a bank-account of reserve power that proves a mighty agency in times of sore need. Frittering, fluttering, and flustering may have their uses, but an engine without a balance-wheel is a poor affair at best. Solitude is the balance-wheel of the soul and unless vacation gives us many hours of solitude it will not be a good vacation."





## The Sign of the Soul

Adaline Hohf Beery

WHEN Gladys awoke, the sun was high, and several audacious beams were dancing a jig on her Marseilles counterpane. She turned over slowly, blinked, yawned, tossed the covers back, and began to make her toilet. Two robins in the apple-tree outside were having a lively conversation.

"Lazy! so lazy! that girl in the bed!" That is what Gladys thought they said.

"Mind your own business," she replied. "You make a good deal of racket, it seems to me."

The robins laughed. "Ha! ha! you're missing a lot of fun." And they kept up their teasing until, her primping finished, Gladys descended leisurely to the dining-room.

Her breakfast had been set aside for her, and while she daintily picked it over, from the kitchen came the sound of merry voices and clattering dishes.

"I don't see what they find out there to laugh about," she grumbled to herself. "I despise dish-washing. The very sound of it gives me the shivers. And such loud laughing! Those girls need a little training in etiquette."

Folding up her napkin, she sauntered out to where the hammock swung between two splendid Norway maples. Adjusting her fluffy skirts so they would wrinkle the least, she sat down and looked idly about.

At the far side of the lawn stood a row of bee-hives, and the citizens of that busy village were crossing each other's airy paths, everywhere, in search of the day's measure of provisions. Several flew past Gladys' head, and one lit on a twig beside her.

"Oh! you ugly bee! get out of here!" she cried, throwing up her hands deprecatingly. The bee obeyed, its wings humming back in response, "You'd better be doing something too—something too!"

Presently she heard the sound of a wagon approaching the end of the lane. The wind being at the rear, she saw a cloud of dust first, then a gray horse and a sorrel hitched to a hay-rack, on which sat a brown farmer lad in a broad-brimmed straw hat with a hole in the crown, whistling lustily, "I was seeing Nellie home." Gladys watched him turn into the gate of the far meadow.

"Dear me! he must be queer, to be jolly at that kind of work—dust flying, sun broiling, and such old clothes on! And the click of that mower all day long, and the rumble of those heavy wheels, and that everlasting whistle—it makes me tired!"

Back in the orchard she heard a calf bleating. She saw only a little red animal, propped up at the four corners with the most ungainly legs. On the other side of the barn she heard its mother responding with a sonorous bawl with an upward circumflex.

"Of all things!" exclaimed Gladys; "that cow and her youngster would better join the brass band."

The sitting-room clock was striking ten. It was one of the "grandfather" kind, and had stood in the corner for a generation. Sometimes it got a little "rattled." Just now it seemed somewhat fatigued as the slow tones floated out to the hammock.

"I think," mused Gladys, "if that were my clock, I'd sell it for junk, and get a modern one—with an ebony case, and chimes."

In the basement Norah was churning gayly to the tune of "Michael Roy." Gladys could hear the monotonous "swish, swish," of the cream, as it gurgled pleasantly to itself at Norah's determination to dash it into butter.

"Here she is!" announced Norah, "and a fine yellow hunk too;" and she appeared in the doorway a moment for a breath of fresh air.

"Norah's face is as red as a beet," commented Gladys; "and her apron is torn, and her shoes all broken. I wouldn't slave like that. I'd die. But some people can actually get enjoyment out of it!"

With that she went into the cool parlor, as it was getting warm on the lawn, and sat down to one of Schubert's melodies. The music of her own fingers (and she was well advanced in technic) was the first she had heard since she got up that morning, and she went off in a rapture while the dinner was preparing over the torrid range.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was half past two in the afternoon when Phyllis rang the bell at the home of her old school-friend, who lived in a good-sized manufacturing town. As she

waited a moment for the door to open, a passerby could see a frank, fresh face, with merry brown eyes and a mouth turned up at the corners, looking as if ready to break into a smile at the least provocation. The smile "broke" the next moment when the door flew wide and she fell into her friend Clara's arms.

"It's such a treat, dear," and "I'm so glad you have come at last," were the greetings at the same moment. Then Phyllis was drawn into the sitting-room, and the front door closed.

The girlish chatter went on in a key vibrant with pleasure.

"I had such an interesting trolley ride," said Phyllis. "It's a good ways out here from the station, and I got a good five-cents' worth of satisfaction. There was a fleeting panorama of houses on both sides, brick, wood, stone, big, little, gabled, narrow, squatty, a square yard of grass here and there, lines full of clothes across the back yard sky, yellow dogs on the porch, dirty babies on the curb, and some interesting fellow-passengers in holiday colors. And the breeze as the car bounded along was very refreshing this hot afternoon."

"Don't make so much noise," announced a big green parrot from the bay window. At which the girls laughed even more merrily.

"Where did you get such a fine bird, Clara? His feathers are gorgeous, and his words so distinct. I wonder what he would say if I should bring my canary and hang his cage alongside? I suppose it would be, 'Give a fellow a little peace!'"

There was a slight sound of bare feet, the portiere was held aside, and there stood Clara's little sister Marjory, her shy, round face framed in wayward, blond ringlets.

"Come here, dearie," said Phyllis, holding out her arms, with her compelling smile, and Marjory gave herself up at once to the influence of the gracious visitor. In ten minutes they were chums, and Phyllis was on her way to the back yard to inspect a wonderful pair of kittens. The mother-cat looked a little suspicious at first, but was disarmed when a gentle hand stroked her and complimented her on her bright children.

The odor of supper in the making came through the kitchen door. Clara excused herself that she might assist her mother. A number of whistles were heard simultaneously through the town, and soon after her father came in from the shops, dressed in soiled overalls, with an unmistakably smudgy face.

"This is my father, Phyllis," said Clara.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Derland," said Phyllis, in a genuine tone, reaching out unhesitatingly for his grimy hand.

At the supper table, with his clothes changed, Mr. Derland looked almost handsome. His pleasant voice and intelligent conversation delighted Phyllis, and she

asked him many questions about his work at the shops. He promised to take her and Clara to the works next day, and have them shown around.

"I want to add as much as possible to my stock of knowledge," laughed Phyllis.

"Now, Mrs. Derland, let me take your place," she said, when they rose from the table. "I am used to washing dishes at home, and I know Clara and I will have a jolly time over it. Do you and Mr. Derland go and sit on the veranda."

To her winning manners the mother could make only a mild protest, and so the banishment was accomplished.

Later the whole family walked to the park, a few blocks away. The strains of an amateur orchestra greeted them.

"Do you notice that pale young man with the cornet, Clara? Doesn't he handle his instrument well? The trombone is a trifle off, sometimes, but I suppose he has to work long hours, and doesn't get much time to practice. I like to see a fellow *try* to do things, don't you?"

That night Phyllis went to bed in a plain little room, with white muslin curtains, a braided rug in front of the dresser, and an alarm clock on a little shelf.

"O, but this is cozy!" said Phyllis. "I know I shall sleep like a log. You'd better wind that clock up to the limit!" And she laughingly bade her hostess good-night.

*Huntingdon, Pa.*



#### A LIFE IDEAL.

Not with eye-service, Lord,  
May this, my task, be done;  
But ever unto thee,  
That, with each setting sun,  
To me may be the worthy prize  
Of sure approval in thine eyes!

O may no fatal flaw  
Destroy this life of mine,  
But may it perfect be  
As grace alloweth! Thine  
The glory, Sovereign of all,  
If any glory shall befall!

—Thomas Curtis Clark.



#### THE FATHER IN THE HOME.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has again "spoken out in meeting" regarding the duty of the father in the home. Very recently Mrs. E. H. Merrill, of Syracuse, N. Y., wrote to President Roosevelt, asking for suggestions for a council of mothers to be held at Newburg, Mrs. Merrill being state president of the New York State Mothers' Assembly. In reply, the President said, in part:

"For one of your topics, how would it do to speak of the place of the father in the home? Now and then



people forget that exactly as the mother must help the breadwinner by being a good housewife, so the father, in his turn, if he is worth his salt, must in every way back up the mother in helping bring up the children. Just as the highest work for the normal man is work for his wife and children, so the highest work for the normal woman is the work of the home, where, heaven knows, the work is ample enough."

As usual, our President speaks with no uncertain sound. It is characteristic of President Roosevelt that he speaks with a clearness and a definiteness that leaves no doubt as to his meaning when he speaks at all. He stands for the best in our American life, and particularly for the best in our home life. He is a man who believes in the dignity and duty of fatherhood, and he has given many a clear message to the fathers of the world. Like all broad-minded and conscientious men, he believes that the father's duty to the home and to the children in that home is a duty the mother cannot assume if she would, and there are many men who agree with him that the father is not "worth his salt" who is unwilling to "back up" the mother in her bringing up of the children. The place of the father in the home is too often forgotten by the father himself, and it might be a very good thing if the fathers would now and then come together in a congress or convention of some sort and discuss the affairs of the home and the duties they owe to their children, just as the mothers are getting together for this purpose.—*The Mother's Magazine*.



#### HE WAS SO BUSY.

ONE year ago today I sat at my desk busy with the month's bills and accounts, when a bright-faced, starry-eyed lad of twelve rushed in and impetuously announced, "Say, pa, this is your birthday; you are fifty-five years old and I am going to give you fifty-five kisses, one for each year." And he began to make good his word when I exclaimed, "O Andrew, don't do it now, I am so busy!" His silence attracted my attention, and, looking up, I saw his big blue eyes filled with tears, and apologetically said, "You can finish tomorrow." He made no reply, but was unable to conceal his disappointment, his face wearing a grieved expression as he quietly walked away.

The same evening I said, "Come and finish the kisses now, Andrew," but he did not respond to the invitation.

Two months later, in consequence of an accident, the waves of the Fox River closed over his body, and we carried him away to sleep near the village where he loved to spend his summer vacations. The robin's note was never sweeter than his voice, and the turtle-doves that coo to their nestlings where he sleeps could not be more gentle than my little boy who never finished his love-imposed task.

If I could build a ladder to the skies and find him there; if I could only tell him how much I regret the thoughtless word spoken; if I could be assured that he understands and knows how my heart is aching because of the unkind request, there would be no man in all this wide world so inexpressibly happy as the one who sits today and thinks how he prevented an act that love inspired, and grieved a little heart as tender as the mercy of God.

"And, be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted."

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.



#### CARE OF PETS.

THERE is no time in the year when animals need so much care as in the summer. Then they must not only be kept clean, but must be fed and watered properly, for on this depends their health.

Dogs should be given little or no meat during the warm weather, and water should be kept where they can get at it any time. Dog biscuits are the best form of food for them; milk and oatmeal are also good. A bone with very little meat on it may be given for them to chew, but it is better to let the biscuits take its place. Dogs should be washed at least once a week to keep them in good condition. A soap containing tar is best for the purpose.

Cats should be fed mainly on milk and mush; and, strange to say, they are very fond of some vegetables. Corn on the cob does not hurt them, and a great many like it very much. There have even been cats which like cantaloupe. These animals also should have water where they may get it, and some cats may be washed with good results—to the cat—although it is a very dangerous operation for the unfortunate person who is detailed to perform the feat. Some cool place should be provided for them to sleep, but the cellar is not always good, for it is too damp.

Dogs should not be allowed to sleep in the house, particularly in summer. The stable is the best place, or, lacking that, the dog kennel would be all right.

Canaries should be provided with a daily bath. Drinking water should be kept in their cages at all times. Lettuce leaves, celery tops and chickweed should be provided for them about twice a week, and a bit of red pepper will do them no harm. Cuttlefish, of course, is always kept in the cage, which should be lined with gravel. Hempseed is very fattening, and should not be given to the birds very often. They should be fed on bird seed and rape seed, with a lump of sugar as an occasional treat.—*Floral Life*.



#### SELECTED MEAT DISHES.

PRESSED BEEF.—Boil 3 or 4 pounds of lean beef until the meat drops from the bones. Use as little water at the last as possible. Season to taste and add sage, celery seed or onion if liked. Pack neatly in a

small crock and when cold cut in thin slices. This makes an excellent supper dish on warm evenings and is easily prepared while ironing or other work is going on. It can be prepared Saturday for Sunday, thus making an ideal dish for a day of rest.

**PRESSED CHICKEN.**—Prepare in the same manner as the beef, taking care to remove all gristle and skin. Old fowls may be disposed of in this manner to good advantage. Try to have just enough broth to moisten the meat well.

**CHOPPED HAM.**—This dish uses up the odds and ends of meat on a boiled ham bone very nicely. Chop the meat very fine and add a little pepper. Beat two eggs for each cup of chopped ham, loosely measured, with 1 tablespoon of flour and half a cup of sweet milk. When the eggs, flour and milk are well blended add the ham and proceed as with omelet. Have the fat in the frying pan very hot and turn your ham often. To be nicely done the egg should be in large flakes filled with the ham. This is a good dish for quick breakfasts or suppers, as the ham may be chopped the day before it is needed.

**SCALLOPED SALMON.**—Remove the bones from a can of salmon and break in small bits. Place in a baking pan a layer of cracker crumbs dotted with bits of butter, then a layer of the fish, seasoning to taste, and another layer of crumbs until the dish is full. Squeeze over the whole the juice of one lemon and add enough hot water to moisten. Bake one hour in a steady oven.



#### TOY FURNITURE.

SOME time ago, when several juvenile members of our household were recovering from a severe attack of measles and were clamoring for "amusement," my thoughts went back to the days of my own childhood, which I spent in Germany, and memory presented me with a suggestion of which I proceeded to make instant use for the benefit of our little invalids. I purchased a lot of dried green peas—whole ones—which were put to soak in lukewarm water. When they were thoroughly softened I used them in the manufacture of toy furniture and the like, with the aid of pointed toothpicks—capital substitutes for the headless matches supplied to me for the same purpose long ago, when I myself was an invalid in a nursery. My little band, after watching me attentively for a while, was soon earnestly at work, and the question of amusement was settled for many a day to come.

For the benefit of many little sufferers all over our broad land and their harassed mothers—sufferers, too—I send this simple and satisfactory entertainment. It is also inexpensive, and will be entirely harmless if an older person will cut the toothpicks into shorter lengths (and point them) when such are required.

Remember, children, you must let the peas soak in warm water until quite soft, preferably over night. Do not take hot water, as this will cause the skin to come off and the peas will become split and useless. Then pick out the perfect ones, have a supply of toothpicks on hand, and make all the pretty furniture your dollies may require. You may also make canoes and sleds, or even a workbasket or handkerchief box for mamma, ribbons supplying the necessary hinges for the latter.—*Selected.*

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### The Children's Corner

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#### A GOOD INVESTMENT.

JOHN and James were twins, fourteen years old. Their father was very wealthy. On every birthday they expected a rich present from him. A week before they were fourteen they were talking over what they most wanted.

"I want a pony," said James.

"And what do you want, John?" asked his father.

"A boy."

"A boy!" gasped his father.

"Yes. It doesn't cost much more to keep a boy than it does a horse, does it?"

"Well, no," replied his father, still very much surprised.

"And I can get a boy for nothing to begin with."

"Yes," replied the father, hesitatingly, "I suppose so."

"Why, papa, I know so. There are lots of 'em running around without any home."

"Oh, that's what you are up to, is it? Want to take a boy in and bring him up, do you?"

"Yes, sir; it would be a great deal better than the Saint Bernard dog you were going to buy me, wouldn't it? You see, my boy could go about with me, and do all kinds of nice things for me—and I could do nice things for him, too, couldn't I? He could go to school, and I could help him with his examples and Latin."

"Examples and Latin? God bless the boy, what is he aiming at?" and Judge Roding wiped the sweat from his bald head.

"I know," laughed James. "He wants to adopt old drunken Pete's son."

"Yes, papa, 'cause he is running about the streets as dirty and ragged as he can be, and he's a splendid boy, father. He's just as smart as he can be, only he can't go to school half the time, 'cause he hasn't anything decent to wear."

"How long do you want to keep him?"

"Until he gets to be a man, father."

"And turns out such a man as old Pete?"

"No danger of that, father. He has signed the



pledge not to drink intoxicants, nor swear, nor smoke, and he has helped me, father, for when I have wanted to do such things he told me his father was once a rich man's son, and just as promising as James and I."

"Do you mean to tell me that you ever feel like doing such things as drinking, swearing, smoking, and loafing?" asked his father, sternly.

"Why, papa, you don't know half the temptations boys have nowadays. Why, boys of our set swear and smoke and drink right along when nobody sees them. I am trying to surrender all—every vice, every bad habit. I don't see how I could enjoy a dog or a pony when I know a nice boy suffering for some of the good things I enjoy."

"You may have the boy, John, and may God bless the gift!"—*Pure Words.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### LOVE'S OFFERING.

MARY C. STONER.

May my heart for all thy mercies  
Yield its greatest gift to thee,  
For the lofty God of Heaven  
Gave his greatest gift for me.

Yes, he gave this precious offering,—  
Life celestial, life sublime,  
Life of triune God and Spirit  
Son incarnate, life divine.

See, he yields his crimson fountain,  
Yields to Satan's dread control,  
For the healing of the nations,—  
Heaven's cleansing of the soul.

Can the life of human longings  
Find a recompense to bring  
For the priceless gem of glory,  
For her great eternal King?

Ah, the soul can find no treasure,  
Humbly bows beneath the cross,  
Naught to give for all its anguish,  
Naught for all the death it cost.

But with deepest awe and rev'rence,  
Touched with fervor from above,  
Brings the offering small but precious—  
All the gifts and pow'rs of love.

Ladoga, Ind.



### THE SUPREME VENTURE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

FAITH is the supreme venture of the soul, the hazard of life, the investment of personality, the daring fling of the heart into the bosom of eternity. It is dealing in futures on the large; the inward conviction of a divine imperative to risk with Jehovah. Not credence nor contentment is faith: neither has it pre-empted the field. Sentimentality must be disbarred and every vestige of superstition expunged, if we would

grip the imperial idea. Heroic spirits—men with rich, red blood thumping through their veins—have been turned away by spiritless creeds and formulas, the spirit of the forum, the arena, the emporium is theirs, the genius of our complex civilization has seized them, and they dare and do things, and if the Gospel becomes good news to them it must appeal to the strenuous. Does faith offer an outlet to these virile souls? Is it a slogan as well as tonic? An armory as well as hospital? In truth is it for intrepids or invertebrates?

Now it is just such a test as this that the Lion-Lamb covets and his answer to the fearless is the challenge contained in this story:

The economy of faith is like a non-resident prince of finance who commits his money to his agents, and though absent, exults in anticipated gains and joys over expected profits, for he trusts his men and knows the investment. Returning, he reckons with them, receiving with suitable comment, the splendid returns of all save one who becomes the object of pitiless but deserved scorn. "Your gains?" queried the Master. "Sir," replied the crestfallen culprit, "I knew that you were hard to please and exacting of your agents, and, fearing loss through devious ways of business I therefore carefully wrapped my portion and hid it in safety. Lo! here is the identical coin!"

With him safety, security, was supreme. With the Master it was gain, enlargement, and this involves risks, venture, faith. Had it been a question of safeguarding and keeping, the owner had himself carried it away. Its possible loss would have been retrieved by the large gains of others, or generously forgiven. No, he was faithless because he refused to venture for his master. The sin of this frustrate man was the "unlit lamp" and the "ungirt loin."

It was the lack of this daring element which Jesus so much deplored in the twelve. Having trained them so long he is astonished and grieved.

A small boat is struggling in the waves. The storm king raids the night, riding his inky clouds. Down sweep the winds from all quarters, the chinks suck in the horrid flood, nearer comes the midnight monster and Death takes a seat beside each oarman. Meanwhile the Master of earth and sky sleeps on—the dreamless slumber of innocence and childhood. But filled with terror, rude hands arouse him and they catch his note of disappointment—"Have ye not yet faith? Could you not dare to command the tempest in my name?" The embarrassed winds retired to the hills, while the calm becomes so oppressive that the bewildered fishermen heard nothing save the beating of their own faithless hearts.

If the twelve were lacking in this determining element, Abraham, the sky-pilot of the Hebrews, was not. In him the supreme venture was orb'd. The divine dictum is "By faith he went out, not knowing whither

he went." There is something majestic about this shrouded figure coming up out of the mystic land of the Chaldee; with his pilgrim rod and staff he stalks across the horizon of that shadowy past seeking ever the city of foundations. He may not stay to set his stakes or fix his cords for the divine impulse urges him on.

Abraham is not only the primitive apostle of faith, but he is the symbol of humanity and manhood. The seeker after truth is ever going out of us toward the light, not knowing where he shall rest, but ever trusting the inflexible guide within. What young man knows what he will believe ten or twenty years from today? Do you say that you have found the truth, that your faith is fixed? The Psalmist sings, "O God! my heart is fixed." That is, "I know not where the vision shall lead, but I am fixed in my confidence that it will lead to the light and all will be well."

"I know not where his islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air,  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care."

The difference between faith and recklessness is: Faith is the supreme venture without a knowledge of the time, place and definite description of the final outcome—but with an inwrought assurance that the outcome will be a fit climax to all. While recklessness, without this element of assurance, ventures its all upon the present throw, or sits passive and inactive when it should be marching, thus either paralyzed or fired by Fate.

To Abraham once more: When it is said that he saw Christ's day and was glad, it does not mean that he became a long drawn-out telescope that saw the literal Jesus walking on the shores of Galilee. But it means that he caught a vision of human development, of the progress of civilization. Living among idolaters, steeped in sin, himself a polygamist and slave-holder, a warrior, red-handed—a prevaricator, double-tongued, a would-be son-killer, he saw in imagination, by faith, a day coming when mankind would have no polygamy, no idols, no lies, no bloody sacrifices to God, but with a great eternal life, and he was glad. Small wonder! This is faith: "All will be well—not only with me personally but with the world." And the man of faith ventured his life on this ages before it could be realized.

The writer to the Hebrews tells us that Abraham dwelt in tents but looked for a city. Wonderful statement that he lived in the tent age of the world, but he saw the cosmopolitan age. Looking over the plains of the Jordan, at the booths, tents and rival flocks, seeing the various caravans traversing the valley in their restless search for trade and wealth, he saw the day afar off when men would dwell together in cities, bringing together all nations, all products of all climes and God would rule over all! Faith makes

optimists out of tent-makers, whether the name be Abraham or Paul.

Once more. The Book says he might have returned to Ur of the Chaldees if he so desired. There is nothing compulsory about faith. You need not venture unless you so will. But Abraham preferred the tent, the venture, the growth, "Wherefore," says the apostle, "God is not ashamed of him." Slowly the walls of his tent become the walls of a great city, slowly his bosom becomes the paradise of every sainted Lazarus. He had escaped the thralldom of the present age and its conditions though he dwelt in a tent.

Shall we, then, fear the venture of faith with Jesus? Shall we look backward to Ur or forward to Canaan? Are we to live by the ideas, creeds and dogmas of the past or look ever toward the sunrise for a new light? Under the stress and strain of new discoveries, new inventions, a new industrial and scientific age, many of the old landmarks are being swept away. Many old beliefs which we held as truths are trembling to the fall. Many hearts are terrified lest our religious structure totter and crumble. But faith shines like a beacon light through it all. Truth is invincible. Only its forms perish.

"God hath set eternity in the heart of men" and they will not turn backward. Trust God; see all, nor be afraid.

Man is a Childe Roland on the pilgrimage to the Tower of Truth. Through briars of error, in the darksome, chilly plain, o'er nature's barren wastes and futile answer to the soul, past wrecks of men, and skeletons strewn along the sands, cross the temptation serpent-river from the pit, over the somber hills of silence and struggle, through the valley of darkness and sorrow, at last we shall to the tower come! Till then keep faith, O man! And when the venture's o'er, rest thee on the bosom of thy God.



It is said that John Wesley was once walking with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone wall to a meadow, over which a cow was looking.

"Do you know," asked Wesley, "why that cow looks over that wall?"

"No," replied the one in trouble.

"I will tell you," said Wesley. "Because she could not look through it; and that is what you must do with your troubles—look over and above them."



"An astronomer does not turn his telescope to the skies with a more reasonable hope of penetrating those distant heavens, than I have of reaching the mind of God by lifting up my heart at the throne of God."





# Echoes from Everywhere

A test case in the supreme court of Chicago resulted in the decision that a child cannot be debarred from the public school for not complying with a demand of the school board to undergo vaccination.

Germany holds the record for best attendance in the public schools. A recent census shows that ninety-four per cent of all the children of school age attend the public schools, leaving only six per cent for other institutions and home training.

According to the terms of an act of the last session of congress, removing the restriction on the alienation of land owned by members of the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians in Oklahoma, which went into effect recently, about 9,000,000 acres of land which has been tied up has become available to purchasers.

June made a bigger showing in fruit shipped East from California than any previous month on record. In that month 4,100 cars went out of California to points in the East, among which were 1,000 cars of canteloupes which were raised in the newly reclaimed Colorado desert; 4,100 tons of ice were required in the refrigerator cars to protect the fruit.

The hot, stormy weather experienced in Paris during the last few weeks has led to the appearance of unusual numbers of bright and multi-colored moths, which at night time swarm in millions around the street lamps in certain districts of Paris. According to officials at the natural history museum, some very rare specimens of moths, of which there are some 600 varieties in Paris, have been caught during the last few days.

On account of refusing to obey legal authority, Governor Folk decided, August 2, to send the State Militia Troops into St. Louis County to enforce the Sunday liquor law and preserve order. Liquor men in the State continue to show their lawlessness by assaults upon prominent officials. Judge John Wiehaupt of the St. Louis County Court was assaulted without warning July 27 in the corridor of the court house by Henry Niemoyer, a saloon-keeper who was angered because his petition for a saloon license had been rejected.

"Off in a flash" is a time-honored expression that has become literally true, for on some of the gasoline motor cars which some of the railroads have adopted the old-style shot gun cartridge, which was used before the breech-loading guns came into service, is being utilized to give the gasoline engine the boost which is necessary to start the machinery. A breech is supplied into which the cartridge is fitted and fired, and then the engine is ready to do work. This method is pronounced superior to the "cranking up" method of the automobilist.

The Illinois Central Railroad, through its General Passenger Agent, Samuel D. Hatch, announces that the sale of liquor will not be allowed hereafter in any of its diners or buffet cars South of the Ohio River. "There are so many local option stations along our road," he says, "that we have decided not to permit the sale of any intoxicating drinks on our trains south of the Ohio River."

The oil field fire, near the San Geronimo River, 75 miles southwest of Tampico, Mexico, has increased in fury. Several subterranean explosions of gas have occurred the last three days, causing new openings, through which the burning oil is now flowing. According to the government engineer who was sent to the scene of the fire a few days ago, the flames maintained a height of 1,000 to 1,500 feet, and the estimated flow of oil that is being destroyed is 90,000 barrels a day.

The presence of an unusual number of white butterflies caused a collision between two tramway cars at Florence, Italy. The rails were made slippery by hundreds of thousands of the butterflies falling on the rails and being crushed by the cars. The cars that collided had the windows broken, many of the passengers were bruised and the drivers were injured. The work of clearing the line was rendered difficult owing to the appearance of fresh clouds of butterflies. The presence of the swarms of butterflies is attributed to the great heat and to the amount of electricity in the atmosphere.

Railroad employes throughout the middle West are organizing to prevent the passage of legislation hostile to the railroads. Local branches have already been formed in thirteen States, and organizers are now at work among the men perfecting details. The fear of a reduction in wages is behind the move of the employes to assist the roads in opposing hostile legislation. The railroad brotherhoods, as such, will take no part in the agitation, but the men composing them are joining the Railway Employes' Protective Association formed to look after railroad legislation.

Parisians are now using a new envelope which is practically proof against the prying person who would open it and reseal it without leaving traces of his dishonesty. Two envelopes are used, a blue one, and a white one, which is small enough to fit into the blue one. The letter is placed into the white envelope which is then slipped into the blue one, except that the flap is left out and is sealed down upon the outside of the blue envelope. The flap of this latter is much larger than the white flap and reaches down over it to a star shaped opening in the blue envelope, through which the white envelope is visible when the blue flap is sealed; it covers the white one, sticks to the blue envelope and also to the white one through the star shaped opening. The letter is thus practically locked in securely.

Under the last revision of the list of retailers of alcoholic drinks in Belgium the number appears as 210,340, or one to every thirty-four inhabitants. This frightful number does not include the places that sell liquors as a side line, such as grocers, confectioners, etc.

After years of thorough testing and experimenting, the officials of the Burlington Railroad have come to the conclusion that the use of concrete for ties is not satisfactory, and that the most satisfactory solution of the tie problem is to treat wood so that it will withstand the action of the elements. Accordingly they have decided to construct a large plant for treating ties, bridge timbers, etc., with creosote. This plant will be the largest and most complete of its kind in the world. It will cost about \$270,000.

Power generated at Niagara Falls is to be distributed all over Canada. Bids have been asked on ten thousand tons of structural steel for the Canadian government. The steel is to be used for towers which will support the cables used in transporting the current. Already power generated at Niagara is being sent a distance of more than one hundred and twenty-five miles, and it is the intention of the Canadian government to increase this distance. Towns in every direction about Niagara will be supplied.

American manufacturers are much worked up over the new British law requiring that foreigners who have British patents must establish factories in the British Isles in order to protect such patents. This law goes into effect Aug. 28. A number of American concerns have already arranged to put up factories of their own on the other side or have their goods made in existing British factories. Many, however, do not have enough business to warrant this and will therefore have to sacrifice their rights. The British have always professed that they do not believe in "protection" of any sort, but they have been forced to adopt this protective legislation in order to save their home producers from American and German competition. The new law will be even more effective than a high tariff would be, as it will force all goods to be made in British territory with British labor. This will be quite a blow to American manufacturing interests. There is talk of retaliation, and the Democratic platform in fact advocates this.

By the coming of the autumn no insignificant change will have been made in the forest service, if the plans now counted upon mature, as they probably will. These plans look to the moving of the greater part of the service to the actual scene of operations in the West and will leave only a nucleus of the service in Washington to carry on the executive work of the bureau. This change means the establishment of so-called division offices in six of the large cities of the big Western States, in all of which large forces of the forest service will be quartered. These various divisions will report directly to the head of the forest service in Washington. The cities selected for these division headquarters are San Francisco, Denver, Salt Lake City, Portland, Missoula, Mont., and Albuquerque, N. Mex. This change in the forest service organization has been decided on, it is said, to bring the service into closer touch with the field in which its operations are carried on. Already preparations are under way for the change. There are between 500 and 600 members of the forest service at present stationed in Washington.

Sheet iron is rolled so thin at the Pittsburg iron mills that 15,000 sheets are required to make a single inch in thickness; light shines as readily through one of these sheets as through ordinary tissue paper.

Vienna and Budapest are manifesting a constantly increasing interest in the temperance movement. At a recent series of conferences conducted by the International League of Good Templars, Dr. Forel, editor of *L'Abstinence*, addressing audiences of 3,000 and more persons, said that despite the hostility of officials of these cities, all classes were becoming enthusiastic. In Hungary he had found even the government favorable.

A great world's congress on tuberculosis is to be held in Washington from September 21 to October 12. It is good to know that the expectations of those who planned the congress are to be more than fulfilled, according to present indications, which show that nearly every country on the earth will have its representatives there. Within the last few days the secretary-general has received assurances from Cape Colony, Spain, Newfoundland, Russia, England, Scotland and France that all will have delegates on hand, and the list is growing daily. Lafge good cannot fail to come of this gathering for the consideration of a great world problem.

Lisbon, Aug. 11.—The insistent rumors that the revolutionary propaganda is taking a firmer grip in this country and needs only a master hand to bring about a crisis are given importance by the discovery that recently there has been much smuggling into the country of arms and bombs. The government's efforts to locate the contraband goods have been generally unsuccessful, though today's raids brought to light 100 revolvers and fifty rifles in houses in the suburbs of Lisbon. A suspicious packing case arrived yesterday from Barcelona and was opened outside of Lisbon. It was found to be filled with bombs. The *Seculo* claims that thirty anarchists, recently arrested in Portugal, belong to an important secret society whose headquarters is in New York and which has branches in the leading European cities. It is known in Portugal as the Black Cross Society, and to it belonged the regicides.

With the view of ascertaining the opinions of the business men of the United States on the money problem for the guidance of Congress and its commission on currency reform, the Merchants' Association of New York has taken the first step toward the holding of a convention at which the whole question of currency readjustment may be considered. Circulars have been sent to 7,500 leading firms throughout the Union, suggesting the holding of a gathering in some principal western city. Should the answers prove favorable, the chambers of commerce, boards of trade and other mercantile organizations of many cities will be called to a preliminary conference at which the details of the larger meeting will be arranged. More than 800 business organizations—all those in the United States, in fact—will be asked to send delegates. The chief outcome of the proposed convention is likely to be a currency reform league, which will work for desired changes. It is suggested that the convention be held either in the fall of this year or next spring. The circular expresses the opinion that the currency laws have heretofore been shaped too largely by expediency and too little by the experience and views of business men.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### WARS AND WARNINGS OF WAR.

We referred the other day to a remarkable bulletin of the German military staff on the probable cost of the "next European war." That bulletin was an impressive peace document—in effect, if not in intention. Yet it did not prevent Lord Cromer, whose authority is very great, from solemnly informing the British lords that the danger of a great conflict in Europe in the near future was real and serious, that England would have to fight for its very existence, and that therefore the highest and most immediate duty of any intelligent and patriotic British government was to prepare for war.

These words, though uttered in a speech directed against old age pensions, caused some apprehension and anxiety. They were taken "literally," and the newspapers naturally said: "He refers to Germany." The weight attached to the warning was the greater since Cromer added that "most people who can speak with authority on foreign affairs" fully agreed with him, though discretion imposed limits on his citations and illustrations.

But England was not long left in dread suspense and gloomy fear. Sir Charles Dilke, an authority on foreign politics, boldly contradicted Cromer. There was neither danger nor likelihood of war, he declared, in any direction, and no menacing clouds on the horizon. As for Germany, there was no cause or reason for war between her and England. Cromer himself, noting the comments on his warning, said he had been misunderstood. He had not alluded to Germany and had no particular present "menace" in view; he had been making a legitimate argument against pensions and for "defense" appropriations instead, and meant to remain in the domain of mere generalities.

The man on the streets breathes freely again. War in Europe, after all, is not imminent. The warnings even of the leading statesmen must be taken with plenty of salt. Opposition to pensions, to expenditures on social reform generally, may inspire a terribly "grave" speech which the stock market and the partisan press take too seriously.

The fact is that the world situation is peculiarly favorable to peace just now. The new "understandings," the royal and presidential visits, the arbitration treaties, the progress of constitutionalism, the difficulty of floating foreign loans, the demand for internal reforms, the burdens of taxation are each and all peace factors. The rumors and warnings of war often prove nothing more than the desire to add emphasis to an argument or eke out a thin speech.—Chicago Record-Herald.



### YOUNG TURKEY.

The powers have been busy for many months past in planning the foreign and domestic policy of the Turkish Empire. Austria wanted to run a railroad thru the country from west to east; Russia said if so she must be allowed to go across from north to south; Germany wanted

to build to Bagdad. Great alarm was felt lest some one of the Powers should object to these startling proposals, but to everybody's surprise nobody did, except the Sultan, but he was not consulted. Then Great Britain called attention to the fact—which has been filling the newspapers for the last ten years—that Macedonia was in disorder, and proposed a plan for the virtual administration of this unruly district by the Powers, in the interests, of course, of the Sultan and his subjects. Another flutter in the chancelleries, the proposition preposterous, but again all come to a speedy agreement, and are ready to urge it upon the Sultan with the necessary insistence, when now these fine plans have to be pigeonholed on account of the appearance of a new factor in the problem which the Powers, for all their care, had failed to take into consideration—that is, the people themselves. The Sultan decided that if he had to share his sovereignty he preferred a Parliament to the Powers, so he has granted a constitution and called for the election of a national assembly.

Abdul Hamid knew what to do in this emergency because he had been there before. He himself had been put on the throne by a Young Turkey party after the reigns of his uncle and brother had come to tragic ends within three months. Most of his empire was in revolt, and the Powers were arranging for its partition to their mutual satisfaction.

The new Parliament did not do anything except to find fault with the administration and, having served his purpose, that of giving a vocal outlet to the discontent of subjects and of ameliorating the action of the Powers, it vanished and was heard of no more till now. It only held two sessions, the first opening March 19 and the second December 13, 1877. On the latter occasion, immediately after the fall of Plevna had left Constantinople defenseless before the Russians, the Sultan delivered a speech from the throne filled with such excellent sentiments as the following:

"The salvation of the empire depends entirely upon the complete and sincere carrying out of the constitution. Our greatest wish has been to see all classes of our subjects enjoy the benefits of complete equality and our country profit by the progress of modern civilization. . . . It is by means of complete liberty of discussion that one can arrive at the truth in legislative and political questions and thus protect the public interests. The constitution renders this a duty on your part."

The Sultan could do no better than use the same speech when he assembles his new parliament. The constitution, too, could hardly be improved upon today. It is as good as new, having never been used.

Nobody expects much of Abdul Hamid. He is now sixty-six years old and has spent nearly half his life fooling the people and the Powers. Whether a constitutional government can exist in Turkey depends, not upon him, but upon the men of younger generation who have long been striving to get a share in the government of their country. They

have been deprived of all opportunity for political training and nobody knows whether they have the ability and sobriety essential for their exceedingly difficult task. They have been tolerably successful at assassination for many years. It appears, from the events of the past week, that they have carried a mutiny to a triumphant conclusion. But this does not imply the possession of the capacity for self-government as the present condition of Russia and Persia shows. The young Turks have at last their chance, and if they can give the country a decent administration and keep these turbulent races from cutting each other's throats they will do more than absolutism or benevolent intervention has been able to accomplish.—The Independent.



### AN ENGLISH EULOGY OF OUR TECHNICAL TRAINING.

Our methods of technical training are spoken of in terms that must be gratifying to every American educator, in an address on "Technical Education in America," delivered by Sir William H. Preece before the Royal Society of Arts, London. We quote from an abstract in The Engineering Digest (New York, June). The American boy, the American instructor, and even the American capitalist who finances the schools, all come in for a good word. Says this eminent electrician:

"It is difficult, if not impossible, to make any just comparison between the methods of technical education in America and those at home. The conditions are totally different. Climate, race, commerce, industry, fashion, wants, and aims are different. We are a conservative, archaic nation, well provided with inertia, not wanting in wealth, accustomed to grandmotherly attentions, subject to the traditions of the past, and swayed by the precedents of our grandfathers. America is a congeries of numerous self-governing States, intensely ambitious, enjoying a champagne-like climate, formed of a mixture of all the Celtic, Teutonic, and Latin races of Europe, inspired by a rapid and excessive flood of the wealth of the soil and the demands of a phenomenal inroad of aliens; abounding with advancing commerce and growing industry, and suffering from a great inroad of wealth and an immature system of finance.

"The American boy possesses the energy and smartness of a new race. The European boy is mentally two years behind him. His precocity is assisted by his keenness and his vivacity. He works with an object and a determination to succeed. He throws the same determination into his studies that he applies to his games. He is irresponsible and sometimes a terror. The absolute unfitness of these characteristics to the British boy must be self-evident, but they will account for the differences in the curricula, and the paper set for examination provided for these boys when they become students in colleges and universities. Teachers, like poets, are born, not made.

"The teachers differ but little from those in Europe, but they are excited to great energy by their natural enthusiasm, by climatic influences, and by the reflected encouragement of their receptive pupils. Indeed, many are imported from France, Germany, and the United Kingdom, and I should like to see the reverse operation, for there is much to be gained by a process of blending in professional ranks. We want new blood at home. We have made a bold start here by appointing Dr. Henry Bovey, of the McGill University (Montreal), the rector of our new Imperial College of Technology in South

Kensington, and there is every reason to anticipate complete justification.

"It is in the behavior of the employers and captains of industry that even a greater characteristic is evident. They, in America, not only appreciate, but assist in noble ways, the acquisition of scientific attainments in their employés. The premium system, such a serious check at home, is abolished, and they select only those who can submit diplomas. They fully recognize the advantage of technical attainments, they encourage research. They equip their own laboratories, and they support college and university by financial help and by the gift of machinery.

"The marked distinction in American practise is the adoption of the four-years' course—which we certainly ought to adopt at home. Tho not specified, or even regulated, it is quite evident that in America all are working on fixed methodical lines, and that gradually a national coördinated system will be evolved which will make the United States the best secularly educated country in the world, and its educated policy thoroughly organized."—Literary Digest.



### THE SATISFACTIONS OF THE FARMER'S LIFE.

WHAT I think we have a right to say in behalf of a greater exaltation and love for an agricultural life is this, that in the main it is better adapted to establish in the human heart composure, self-reliance and a general knowledge of wisdom for the mass of wealth producers than any other. If to this we add the dignity, the sense of proprietorship, of him who owns the ground his house is built upon, the gardens that surround it, and the field whose yellow fruits he stores in barns and granaries, we invest the primal calling among men with that "historic nobility that rests upon the possession and use of land."

The Talmud says that "He who walks daily over his estate, each time finds a small coin." We may well agree with Mr. Lowell, who thought the builders of the republic great because they "gave every man the chance to be a landowner, who made the transfers of land easy, and put knowledge within the reach of all." They clearly understood what legal powers of manhood were ministered unto when men were able to hold fee-simple title to their estates, and possessed the Promethean fire to guide and illumine their way.

If the farmer's returns are not great, they possess a degree of certainty by which he is sure to keep the wolf from the door. The fallacy in all of this bewailing the meager income from the fields and orchards of the land lies in the assumption that happiness depends upon goodly possessions. Diogenes, with his tub and shirt, asking Alexander to remove from his sunlight, incited the Macedonian conqueror to cry out: "If I were not Alexander I would be Diogenes." The seat of peace, of content, is in a man's own bosom and not in the mine, the warehouse, the granary, or bank vault.

It is an old test not yet obsolete, "Better is a little with righteousness than greater revenues without right." At the bottom of many a dazzling fortune



lie dishonor, infidelity, falsehood, robbery, betrayal of a friend, and the wreck of the possessions of the unwary. What the farmer gains is laden with sweet sunshine, the zephyrs of spring, and the fostering love of all nature's gentle ministry. So that when one takes account of the compensations, mental and spiritual, that come to him whose daily bread comes from honest toil, over him who lives by his wits or is the Robin Hood of Society, the balance throws high into the air the one who lives by speculation or adventure.

This paper must not end without a brief recognition of the progress in knowledge already made by our farmers, and of the urgent need of larger advances in the same direction. Macaulay tells of the state of agriculture among our English ancestors three centuries ago. Over their rude implements and careless husbandry, their dim perception of the value of the rotation of crops, we are more advanced than were they beyond the primitive tillage of Egypt and Syria. And yet we are assured by Professor Rogers, of Oxford, that the Plantagenet kings, sedulously enacted laws to stimulate and foster industrial and agricultural life.

In our own age we are like the enchanted youth, who woke from deep sleep, the result of a dusty and sun-heated journey, to find himself clothed in royal robes and lord of a palace of wide domains. The sacredly guarded secrets of nature almost in a day had been revealed, and now as in no preceding years are the potent agencies of earth, sea, air and sun bent to the service of man. Occult laws emerge from their dead abode, to become handmaids of industrial life or of refined enjoyment. Isolated facts have fallen into scientific statements. The very nomenclature of the new truths and teachings staggers our memory and the inventions that minister to human need or desire fill ample pages in government reports. While every department of human exertion has been stimulated to intense energy, in no one does this seem so vast, so commanding as in the production of the fields and pastures.

The prodigious possibilities of this great campaign in the western part of the State of Kansas, when a soil so exuberant with plant life is touched by fructifying waters, is now brought before us in a new and urgent form. Beneath a fervid and genial sun there sleep millions of acres of land as rich as the delta of the Nile, and, like that historic valley, whence the storehouses and granaries of the old world drew vast supplies, this western plain demands canals, dams, reservoirs and large machineries, to transmute the spare herbage into carpets of living green. If the watering of our great plains ever becomes a reality, the truth and teachings grouped under the word hydrology must pass into the theoretical and practical possession of our western farmers.

Successful irrigation means an acquaintance with

hydrostatics and hydraulics, with meteorology, in its most extended sense, the laws of heat, light and electricity, geological and geographical facts, and, beyond these, involves a familiarity with plant life and nutrition, and a long train of related sciences, each and all of which join hands with the patient tiller to produce the purple alfalfa, the fragrant garden, and the rustling harvests.

Higher and wider knowledge is the imperative demand of the hour. Thirty-five years ago, when Kansas had hardly one-sixteenth of its present population, the framers of our constitution implanted within that honored document the duty of each succeeding legislature to protect the cause of education, not alone for the children, but for the youth who had passed through the routine of the common schools. This benign provision reflected the sentiment of our people then, and it still holds the lofty regard of those who have since that time made Kansas great and prosperous. The farmer of today ought to be one whose mental prowess and discipline equal the most successful business man, the brightest lawyer, and the most sedate and erudite clergyman. To his vocation science lends her wings, the laboratory opens its doors, invention beckons him forward, and great nature, a loving father and mother, holds out to him a helping hand.

"Honor waits o'er all the earth,  
Through endless generations—  
The art that calls her marvel forth  
To feed the expectant nations."

—*Solon O. Thatcher in Maxwell's Talisman.*



#### BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

**Logical.** A little five-year-old was begging his mother to buy him a knife. She said, "We will wait and ask papa, for you know a part of you belongs to him."

After a moment's silence he looked up and said, "But the part that wants the knife belongs to you." He got the knife.



Little Ray, four years old, stood by the window, eagerly watching a gopher or squirrel sitting on its haunches, eating from its fore-paws. Suddenly, as it ran off, frisking its tail, Ray called, "Oh, mama, see! he can wiggle his handle and walk on his hands."

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#### WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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**FOR SALE**—Three shares of Albaugh Dover Co. stock. Has never yielded less than 10%. Will sell for 20% less than Market Value if sold before Oct. 1st. Address J. S. N. care Inglenook.

## WANTED

A steward, with business experience to administer the boarding department and to take care of the property of Juniata College.

Also,—An Experienced Cook to take charge of the college kitchen.

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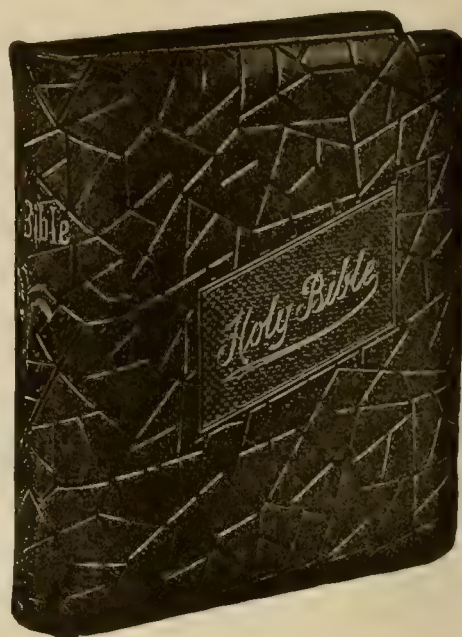


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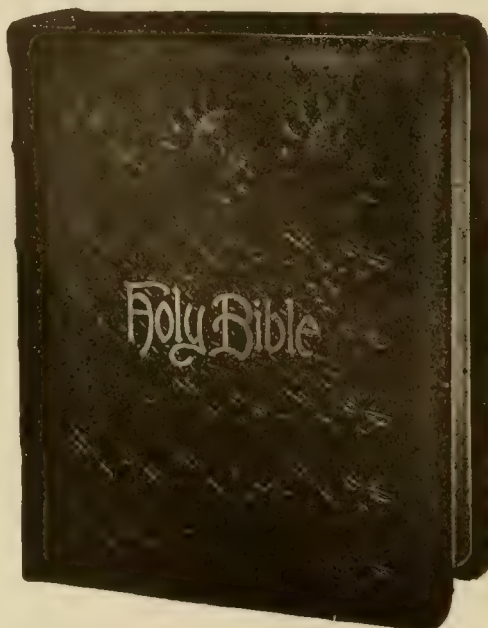
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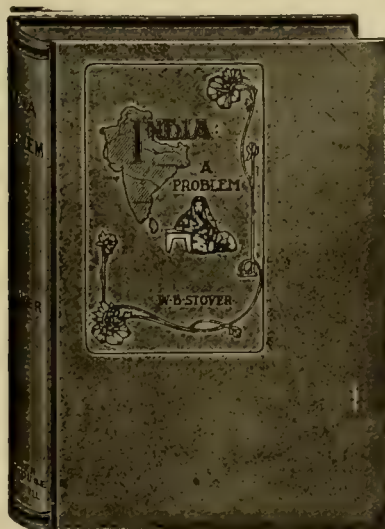
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## The Oldest College Y. M. C. A.

John W. Wayland, University of Virginia

THE Young Men's Christian Association is said to have had its origin at London, England, in 1844; and the beginnings of the general movement in America were made at Boston and Montreal in 1851; but the first organization of the name among the students and teachers of an educational institution was made at the University of Virginia in 1858. It was during the session of 1857-1858 that the first steps were taken; and in the fall of 1858, soon after the opening of the session of 1858-1859, the organization was completed. Very soon after the movement took shape at Virginia, an organization was made at the University of Michigan; but the one was not an outgrowth of the other, since the Michigan men did not know of Virginia's organization at the time they made theirs.

During the years shortly preceding the Civil War the number of students at the University of Virginia was not only large, but among the numbers were representatives of different religious denominations. The men of different faiths came to see one another, as one of them recently said, "eye to eye and face to face." They of course could not agree on all points of doctrine; but they came to respect one another for their moral worth and their devoted piety. A desire for a closer fellowship took hold of them. Under the system of independent schools, then existing much more strictly than at present, there could be no class organization, as in other colleges, with its consequent association in educational spirit and work; the literary societies, the fraternities, and the other associations of various kinds could not supply the opportunities for co-operation in religious activity. So the University Young Men's Christian Association was a natural outgrowth of the spirit and needs of the time. In the spring of 1858 the desire on the part of the Christian men in college for some method by which they could unite in Christian worship and work became so strong that a number of conferences were held and plans were studied. Of course the organizations at London and elsewhere were known of; and special study of those associations already established convinced the students

of Virginia that similar methods could be very well adapted to the needs of college men.

During the session of 1855-1856 or the following year a temperance hall had been erected at the entrance to the University grounds. This afforded a meeting place for conference and organization. For a dozen years or more it had been the custom to hold a weekly prayer meeting in one of the lecture rooms. Moreover, the faculty and students were accustomed to contribute to a common fund for the support of the college pastor, or chaplain, who in turn devoted himself to stimulating and developing the spiritual instincts of the community. Thus we see that a number of conditions and influences combined at the time under consideration to favor organized activity. A half dozen or more of the professors were warmly sympathetic in the movement, if not actually promotive of it. "The sound of a going" was in the world at large and in the smaller circles of the University.

The conferences of the spring of 1858 were followed by more definite steps the succeeding fall, after the students returned from the summer vacation. On October 12—a date memorable in American history—a constitution was adopted, and thus was formally established the first college Young Men's Christian Association in the world. The objects of the organization were declared to be the promotion of Christian sympathy and brotherhood, the advancement of the moral and religious welfare of the students of the University and surrounding institutions, and the benefits of united effort.

The first president of this first college association was John Johnson of South Carolina, who later became well known as the engineer of Fort Sumter and as the author of "The Defence of Charleston." He died at Charleston April 7, 1907. The second president was Thomas Hume, who still lives. He, together with Herbert Harris, L. M. Blackford, and J. William Jones, took a leading part in the work of organization and in the formation of the constitution. Blackford and Jones also survive, and live at Alexandria and Rich-



mond, Va., respectively. Dr. Jones is well known—famous, indeed—as the author of “Christ in the Camp,” a history of the United States, a life of Robert E. Lee, and of numerous historical papers.

The Association at the University of Virginia was efficient from the beginning. Its workers went out not only into the college at large, but also into the town and surrounding communities, in effective missionary endeavor, Sunday-school work, and kindred forms of activity. Some of these Sunday schools and mission stations were established in the adjacent “Ragged Mountains,” celebrated by the pen of Edgar Allan Poe, where similar forms of religious ministra-

work than can be claimed by any other State university in America.

On October 19, 1905, the excellent new building, Madison Hall, presented to the University Y. M. C. A. by the Dodge family of New York City, was dedicated. The original roll of charter members, as signed in October, 1858, was called, responses being made either in person or by letter. Of the ninety-two men who were members of the Association during the session of 1858-1859, thirty-five are still living; and nearly all who could not be present in person sent letters of remembrance. At a reminiscence meeting Prof. Francis H. Smith, one of the teachers of '58 who gave sym-



Old Temperance Hall, University of Virginia, where first College Y. M. C. A. in the World was Organized.

tion are still continued by teachers and students of the University.

Since its organization the Young Men's Christian Association of the University of Virginia has had in its membership nearly four thousand men. This number would be much larger were it not for the fact that the total number of students was comparatively small during the period of the Civil War and Reconstruction. In recent years the annual Y. M. C. A. membership has much increased. During the session of 1906-1907 the number of members was 430; last year, 1907-1908, nearly five hundred men were enrolled. These figures are said to give to the University of Virginia a larger percentage of its student body enrolled in Christian

pathetic aid to the movement, presided; Dr. J. William Jones made a prayer; Dr. Thomas Hume, second president and one of the founders, made an historical address. Dr. John Johnson, the first president, was still living, but was not present.

In closing this sketch of the oldest college Young Men's Christian Association, it may be of interest to note the names of a few more of the men, taking part in the organization, who afterward became widely known. Dr. John Johnson, Dr. John William Jones, and Professor Francis Henry Smith have already been named. Dr. John B. Minor (1813-1895) the famous professor of law, Albert Taylor Bledsoe (1809-1877), philosopher and author, and Dr. William

H. McGuffey (1800-1873), widely known as the author of a series of school readers and spellers, were among the other teachers who co-operated with the students in the work under consideration. John Cowper Granbery (1829-1907), afterwards a distinguished Methodist bishop, was university chaplain from 1859 to 1861; and John Albert Broadus (1827-1895), president later of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., and author of several standard books, was influential in the movement. James M. Garnett, the Anglo-Saxon scholar and the editor of

*Beowulf*, Thomas R. Price, late professor of English in Columbia University, and Charles Augustus Briggs, the famous Hebraist and exegete of New York City, were among the students who took an active part in founding the Association at the University of Virginia. They all builded better than they knew; for the organization that they started has grown through the half century since, until today it is one of the vital and directing forces in the life of the University, and reaches out in its influence throughout the State and into many parts of the nation.

## Westward Empire's Course

Elmer S. Shank

DURING the spring of this year Japan asked the United States to restore some forfeited school privileges to Commodore Perry's fifty-three-year-old America of the Pacific. Since that time thousands of eastern heads have turned more concerned eyes toward our western coast. The writer was one of them. Today still more thousands are watching Rear Admiral Robley Evans as he guides the Atlantic fleet on its peaceful cruise around Cape Horn into the vast and unruffled Pacific. Peace is the mission of that fleet although the world is at liberty to call it an enforced peace.

It is to be hoped that eastern Americans will learn more actualities concerning the residents and the resources of the Pacific coast States during the next four months than all the vagaries they have harbored before. Let it be known from the start that, to the writer, born in Maryland, reared in Illinois and educated in the University of Michigan, together with two years of Ireland, England, Scotland, Holland and Germany, the EAST of my native land is to the WEST what Æsop's dog in the manger was to the hungry horse. The pride of especially the eastern East must gradually go, because her fall—relative to the West—is more imminent than many radical minds contend. While the aging Puritan and Cavalier, Atlantic thoroughbreds, are snuffing away their spare contentment and selfish hoard of narrowness and dollars, the cosmopolitan West is nationalizing, broadening in spirit, in wealth, in political power and commercial strength.

The West is not arrogant. It respectfully tenders its thanks for the capital of the East that started the western railroads and for the greater burden of the public revenue that built the same flower of the American navy now headed this way. But that railroad money was spent here because it would pay better interest than eastern interest, and that fleet comes here because the Pacific coast is the future's valuable coast and therefore the future field of action.

To the people of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, we, of the far West, are especially indebted. It is you who have helped us most. By populating our districts with enterprising men whose capital built our factories or whose hands cultivated our raw products, the Middle West fathered the youth of the rugged child of the Pacific. From Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin the majority of our immigration has come. Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Louis today make our eastern commerce healthy. In consequence they have become more like Portland and San Francisco than like New York, Philadelphia or Boston.

But in the next ten years this youthful West will repay its middle western parent. The coming Alaskan exposition and the outburst of exports to Asiatic ports will astound the Atlantic patrons. The East has already caught the habit of taking its vacations and outings in the West. Each summer it is Yellowstone Park, Mounts "Hood," "Rainier," and "Shasta," the salmon and trout fishing, the health of the mountain forest and the game of size that stirs the blood when met face to face. In the winter it is Yosemite, Los Angeles, Pasadena or Southern Oregon. The vast extent of all that is western comes out in the very topography of the country itself; mountain ranges, valleys, rivers—Columbia for length, volume and beauty,—forests, truly the grandeur is on a plan so great that one may well say that the West is built to the scale of a king while the East was fashioned after a schoolboy.

The geographical location has fashioned a climate unique and unexcelled. The warm Japan Stream has its breezes tempered as they float across the snow-capped coast ranges and drop down into the innumerable large and small valleys beyond. The Willamette Valley has been a paradise to many former Easterners now passing into the threescore decade. The Hood River Valley has become the famous apple climate of America. The Yakima Valley of Wash-



ington, in climate adapted to diversified horticulture, saw a jump of \$1,000 an acre in lands within three years. The Rogue River Valley of Southern Oregon for apples, pears and Tokay grapes is the true Italy of America. The Puget Sound cities, 400 miles north of Chicago's latitude, can almost raise semi-tropical fruits. Throughout Southern Washington, Oregon and Northern California, from rivers, over valleys and foothills to mountains—all that country lying just back of the first coast ranges—is one delightful dream of health all the year round. The climate is a cross between the two season and four season climates with delightful cool nights in summer and almost general freedom from snow in winter. The belts of excessive rain in winter are almost identical with Southern Ireland where rain falls 138 days in the year and than which there are fewer healthier spots in our own world. Clear streams of pure water full of fish that try not to be caught are certainly enchantment above those questionable waters of the Mississippi and Missouri, of which to walk upon the waters of the latter would be no large present-day miracle.

But of more important immediate interest to the average citizen than the ethical beauties of nature and charms of climate are the means of gaining the common man's livelihood. Be it known to those whose narrow view has carped them within some selfish county outside of which they have never been, that Portland is the greatest wheat exporting market in all the world. This means that the Washington and Oregon farmer reaps fifty bushels of wheat to the acre while his eastern relative raises fifteen to twenty-three. When that wheat leaves Portland it is paid for there or at San Francisco and not in Wall Street, New York. If you will examine the effects of the recent financial brainstorm you will notice that after the outburst not one important Oregon or Washington bank went to the wall. Even San Francisco with her titantic undertakings successfully weathered the blizzard.

When Wall Street can see a horizon as distant as this coast and allow some capital to build needed railroads, factories, smelters, lumber mills, power plants, and electric lines instead of tying it up in wildcat stock gambling, cornering or otherwise distorting legitimate grain markets, then the country at large will advance in wealth. An unfortunate circumstance prevents the United States at large from realizing her opportunities in the West. Wildcat mining schemes and tenderfoot blunders of egotistic eastern speculators, who jump at every glittering hillside, then hire incompetent friends to develop mines or lumber propositions, have caused failures and the dissemination of untruthful reports about this country. Another bad situation is the writings by representatives of certain enterprises on the Pacific coast who have axes to grind in some particular locality and in order to exalt cer-

tain small sections falsely decry other localities. If each eastern man who needs a new field for his capital would personally investigate the various coast localities and exercise more sanity in the choice of his associates in less than ten years that territory west of the Rocky Mountains could feed all the United States east of the Ohio River.

Oregon and Washington lead the world in apples. In Liverpool, London, Shanghai, and Vladivostok Oregon fruit has brought the highest price ever paid. The income from Spitzenburg and Newton Pippin apples of Oregon and Washington will be sufficient to build and maintain the American navy henceforth. Therefore, be it remembered that this country cannot afford to insult the Orient. Neither can it afford to neglect the Orient, abuse it, or ignore the lessons it teaches. China's four hundred millions of people are learning to eat our apples, Japan eats them, the Sandwich Islands eat them and so does all Russia that can buy them. W. B. Gafke of Portland seven years ago introduced our apples in the Orient. This year he dispatched 10,000 boxes of Oregon apples to Vladivostok, Mukden and other Siberian points. Today he has fruit in nearly every important city on the Trans-Siberian railroad between Vladivostok and St. Petersburg. America is too strong to live longer merely at home. She must have foreign markets for her surplus products both raw and manufactured. Would that it could be burned into the heart of every American exponent of commerce that the United States needs the friendship of China and Japan. The country at large cannot afford to be deaf to the possibilities of Pacific commerce. It means revenue for the national coffers and quadrupled taxpaying power west of the Rocky Mountains.

Driving the price of United States Steel, Amalgamated Copper, New York Central and May wheat up and down does not increase either the wealth or the resources of this country, but selling abroad the products of our rivers and our soil does increase that wealth. When America sells China \$5,000 worth of steel rails and yellow apples China has what she needs and we have \$5,000, but now when we have the apples and she has the \$5,000 she has what she doesn't need and so do we.

Apples are and will be the leading export fruit. Following them are pears for which the Southern Oregon town of Medford has already received as high as \$4.65 a box in the New York market. Following pears in the Rogue River valley come Tokay grapes raised upon south and west hill slopes under climatic and soil conditions similar to the Johannesburg district on the German Rhine where one seventy-acre vineyard produces \$50,000 to \$75,000 annually. The writer has examined every good American district and that on the Rhine and he finds the Rogue River district best of all. The fruit has already passed the

California Tokay in quality and price. After the three great fruits follow prunes, cherries, nectarines, apricots and figs; the latter producing in some valleys several crops each year. Prunes are the greatest staple. The berries that give two to five crops a year are raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, loganberries and phenomenal berries. Peaches grow like guinea pigs. Such markets as Portland and Seattle furnish good prices for all fruits. In the growing of nuts California is being chased by Oregon in groves of almonds and English walnuts. Peanut fields are no longer uncommon. The residents of the Rogue and Willamette valleys would howl their protest were one not to give a prominent place to Oregon's first great crop, the harvest of the hop yards. Hop picking is the one September industry that calls men, women and children to its home. From town, country and city they flock to engage in the gay and healthful rush of the hop-picking season which is a three weeks' outing and picnic with one cent a pound for picked hops as wages.

It would be vain for one not a veteran to treat in any general discussion mining and lumbering. Enough is said when we speak of the mere genesis or introduction that has been made in removing the billions of dollars that lie hidden or stand mute in the mountains and forests that form the Gibraltar foundation of the wealth in this fathomless West. Copper, gold, coal, zinc, lead and iron can only be bounded by the unmeasured forests of pine, fir, and hemlock. All Americans are wont to boast of the motive power of Niagara. Realize, then, that the power of two Niagaras is today running to sea unmolested in the Rogue River alone.

The Pacific Northwest issues its call to the Anglo-Saxon race in Christian spirit and fervent tones. To those whose duty it is to remain at home it asks a fair study of its political and commercial situation.

*Grant's Pass, Oregon, December, 1907.*



### CHARACTER CULTURE.

C. A. HELM.

THERE was a time when man looked only on the past, when he was sure that all that is desirable in life was the peculiar heritage of ages gone by. He loved to dwell, yet with sadness, on that time in the history of the world when all was peace, happiness and contentment. When the earth produced its bounties without the labor of man, when the attributes of the Evil One had not yet found lodgement in the human breast, when it pleased the gods to leave their exalted abode above the Olympian Mountain and to walk and to talk with the sons of men. Their golden age was in the past, our golden age is in the future. They conceived it to be their highest privilege to extol the past; we know that it is the duty of each one of us to do our

part (and we have a part) toward ushering in that period which we have called "The Golden Age."

And so we as Christian boys and girls are not working without an aim in life, we are not without ideals to which we aspire, we are not devoting the best years of our lives to the drudgery of our books without a well-defined purpose. We are resolved to the extent of our ability to render back to the Giver the talents entrusted to our care, increased twenty, thirty, yea, a hundredfold. While we are resolved to become all that a wise Creator intended us to be, we do not expect to become Lincolns. Our country has needed but one such in one hundred years. Indeed, the world needs but few great men, great in the sense the world calls great, but it does need millions of boys and girls, men and women, who are great in the highest and best sense of the word. We might fail were we resolved to become great in a way that would emblazon our names on history's pages, but we need not fail if we resolve to become great in the purity of our lives, in the honesty of our motives, in doing good to our fellow-men.

As is a people so is a nation. Given a righteous people and there must needs follow a righteous nation. Instantly the highset duty of each one of us becomes clear. It may never be our lot to take an active part in fighting the great battles of the world, but we know that every day there are fought in our hearts, between the contending forces of right and wrong, battles that are making either for our good and our country's glory or for our destruction and our country's dishonor. The winning of these battles is the development of character. Character is a development. Character is a growth. It is not like a garment which can be laid aside at will, but rather like the wool on the back of the sheep it is an integral part of our being. We do right not because it is the best policy, not because it is commanded in the Holy Book, not even because it is right, but because we can't do wrong. It is contrary to our very nature. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit." Can a precious stone be both a diamond and an emerald? A man is either honest or he is dishonest. He is either true or he is false. He is either right or he is wrong. There can be no compromise between the forces of good and the forces of evil. They are in deadly conflict. Under which banner are we fighting?

When a great battle is to be fought it becomes necessary for the commander to acquaint himself fully with his own resources, to find out all he can about the enemy and to reconnoiter the battle field. Just so it becomes necessary for us to examine carefully our own lives that we may know not only our strong points but, also, wherein we are weak, wherein we are most easily tempted, and, then, holding constantly before us a clear conception of an ideal character, by the help of Omnipotency, the victory will be won.



Let us, then, notice briefly some of the elements of an ideal man. First, as the keystone of the arch of character building we must place that, without which everything else falls in ruins,—*Honesty*. With this there is hope, without it there is none. How often a man must say, "I have a position, but I stole it," "I have honor, but I stole it," "I have a reputation, but I stole it." But no man can ever say, "I have character, but I stole it." Accuracy has been called the twin brother of honesty. The two are logically connected. You may have read of David Maydell. In conversation with James Parton, the historian, he said "Yes, I have made hammers in this little village for twenty-eight years." "Well," replied the great historian, "by this time you ought to make a pretty good hammer." "No, I can't," was the reply, "I can't make a pretty good hammer, I make the best hammer made. My only care is to make a perfect hammer." Take the word hammer out and put the word character there and you have the secret of success of every truly great man.

Accuracy is impossible without industry. It is said that a lazy man is no better than a dead one and he takes up more room. Through infinite wisdom man is not born into the world with fully developed intellect and boundless knowledge. What he will become is left largely to himself. Though he has been given a crude mind he has been surrounded with mysteries, the unfolding of which fits him for his sphere in life. As gold and silver were placed deep in the earth away from the gaze of man, so have those principles, the unfolding of which has been the crowning glory of intellectual achievement, been hid from the human race. When primitive man dwelt on the earth he was surrounded by innumerable mysteries. If he gazed at the heavens by night, the crescent moon gliding noiselessly among the fixed stars was a mystery. If by day, he wondered whence came the sun with its gleaming, fiery disk and whither it went at night. The land, the sea, the air he breathed were practically unknown to him. The race had to prove itself worthy of a knowledge of these things by ages of arduous toil before it obtained the blessings they were designed to bestow and each individual must, to a large extent, repeat the history of the human race before he attains to that position in life which he was designed to occupy. "Genius is nine-tenths hard work." The person of moderate ability who labors faithfully, moment after moment, hour after hour, day after day, is far more likely to win a prize than the brilliant person who labors in a half-hearted way.

Space cannot be taken to dwell on purity, unselfishness, courtesy, generosity and the many other elements that are necessary to make an ideal character. Let us study them as exemplified in the life of Christ, incorporate them into our lives and following humbly in the

footsteps of the Master, we may be sure of success in this life and a successful entrance into the life to come.

*Waynesburg, Ohio.*



### A SONG OF SUMMER.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

Sing a song of Summer, sing it sweet and low;  
Winds, their winding trumpets, softly, softly blow.  
The noisy little streamlet is voiceless in the glade,  
The lazy cattle seek retreat in depths of cool, grey shade;  
Bees among the clover sip honeyed nectar rare,  
The skylark wings his joyous flight to floating cloud-lands fair.

A tangled mass of flowers has scaled the garden wall,  
Floods of sunshine coaxed them, they followed at the call.  
Now and then the raindrops tumble from the sky,  
With the cheery greeting, "Heigh-Ho! Here am I."  
Lads and lassies, happy, through each long, bright day,  
Love the smiling Summer, and wish for her to stay.  
Then sing a song of Summer, sing it low and sweet;  
She, from her store of plenty, strews treasures at your feet.

Tipton, Iowa.



### ALASKA'S NEW INDUSTRY.

THE report of the superintendent of the agricultural station on Kodiak Island shows something of the possibilities before Alaska in the line of agricultural development, up to the point, at least, when the territory can raise the main portion of its own food supply. Particularly of value is that portion of the report which deals with success in cattle raising. The station has a herd of pure-bred Galloway cattle, which is increasing as fast as any herd of its kind anywhere in the United States. They have proved to be fairly good milkers and are good rustlers. In addition to this, their thick hair makes their hides valuable for robes and overcoats. The superintendent insists that a fine Galloway hide grown in Alaska for these purposes will discount the bear skin in beauty and service.

The government plans to raise and sell cattle to settlers at a reasonable figure, and thus encourage, as far as possible, other people to enter into the cattle industry. The superintendent says he has some years of experience to guide him, that the climatic conditions along the southern coast and along the islands are favorable for cattle raising and that there are excellent opportunities for the right men, with some capital, to make a start in it. The country is new and the range is unlimited.

As the range is becoming depleted in other parts of the country it is strange that greater attention has not been directed toward the islands to which he refers, both for cattle and sheep breeding. English companies of large capital have gone into sheep raising in the distant Falkland Islands, which do not present one-half the advantages of the islands of the Aleutian Peninsula, and have been good dividend payers for years.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XX.

I HAD found the passport on my wheel and delivered it into the hands of the mayor.

The little girl and boy, evidently well acquainted and on familiar terms with the mayor, leaned against his knee, looking over the paper as intently as the big man studied it.

While they were thus examining my passport, I arose from my chair, drew myself to my full height, pulled back the lapel of my coat and revealed there a little silk flag, the Stars and Stripes, pinned there the day I left by a young woman in Illinois—sixty-two years old.

"Arrest me, if you please," said I. "When you trouble me, you trouble my country and Mr. Roosevelt. I am guaranteed support and protection in every country to which I may come. In the morning I will cable to London, to my American Ambassador, Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary! I write for the American press. I propose to tell them of this."

And the little boy and girl wanted to clap their little hands.

The effect was startling. All of my pride of country, her power and prestige, and my own innocence and good will reinforced me. Courage like a bolt of lightning, electrified my words, looks and bearing.

They begged me to forget their undue haste, shook hands with me, and treated me as if I were the President.

Then they told me they were looking for a Frenchman who had escaped from France after killing two policemen! And that did make me feel good!

That night I dined at the mayor's. At his table also sat that little boy and girl, his own children. When the roast veal was put upon their plates as upon mine, they did not eat, but just sat looking at me. The mayor, seeing this, and being humiliated by the lesser intuition he had shown in my personality than his own children had used, would nudge them and say, "Mange, Mon garçon!" (Eat, my boy!) But their appetites, like mine, had been *scared* away.

The next morning I awoke at nine o'clock. The sun was streaming in through my window and strange-

voiced birds were singing in the blossoming cherry trees.

At the home of the teacher that morning I took my breakfast, having the choice of chocolate or wine. While sipping the second glass of rich, aromatic, French—*chocolate!* the master passed across the table a fancy box of cigars from which I was asked to draw several and smoke to his health. These I refused, after which his good wife made me set my feet upon one of her dining-room chairs while she cleaned and polished my shoes with her own hands.

When ready to leave, the villagers came out into the square to see me off. Tears trickled down some of their cheeks. And the little girl wanted to go along with the murderer!

But I must hurry on, as I pass out of the French custom house into the Belgian, where I ride over the country roads paved with large square, blocky stones, making it very rough for the wheel. The dog is the popular "horse" in Belgium, and sometimes as many as four or five dogs are hitched to a wagon, some of them at the tongue, some underneath and others behind, and every one pulling, and not shirking as do horses or cows. There are almost no fences in Belgium. The farms are tended like gardens, or more like flower-beds. Every inch of soil is utilized, and the biggest and best crops are raised in Belgium.

By my guidebook I discovered, as I rode along, that the famous battlefield of Waterloo was just on my right a mile or so to the south. I turned aside and took half of the day to meditate upon this historic ground. A French bullet was picked up here by a guide who showed me around and given to me to carry around the world as a souvenir of the place on the globe where one of the meanest, if also one of the greatest men went down in eternal defeat.

Hurrying on I rode into Holland, where the Dutch wind-mills try to sweep up the earth and fan all of the water out of the Dutch canals, riding all night and all day to reach Germany.

The ride along the Rhine was ideal. On my left was the emerald river, dotted with passing steamers, the banks on both sides rising to mountainous heights, purple with vineyards and crowned by frowning old



castles. The scenery was so wonderful I had no desire to stop when night came but kept riding on through the moonlight.

Some time after midnight I fell asleep on a bench by a wayside inn, and was rudely awakened by a gruff fellow who flashed a dark lantern into my eyes. In the darkness near by I saw the form of another. I was asked questions in German which I could not, or did not care to, understand. "Haben sie gelt?" He asked. (Have you any money?) I thought it was none of his business whether I had any money, or not, but I didn't know what to answer. In Germany you are arrested, when caught out at night, if you have no money. In Chicago you are "held up" if you have it. If I said no, and he was a policeman he would arrest me. If I said yes, and he was a robber, he would take it, and that dark lantern hurt my eyes and somewhat biased my judgment, so I said, "Yah—Nein!" (Yes-No), pretending not to understand his question.

Then he placed his lantern on his arm, like a conductor, and went—not through the train, but my pockets, taking out every single thing I had in them. My money was in a safe pocket, one of the last he would find, so I let him go, just as though I was tickled to have this midnight stranger fumbling me over.

(To be continued.)

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### HOP-SCOTCH.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

IN this hustling age it is not so long a cry from the old to the new, in the matter of years, as we are wont, at first thought, to think, but in the matter of methods the changes amount, in many instances, almost to a revolution.

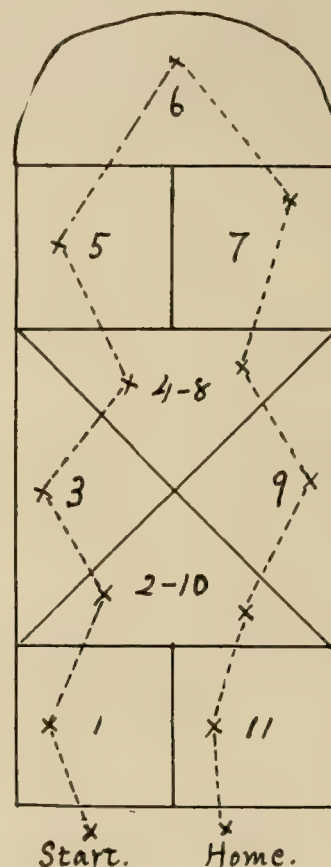
Within the memory of many now living the home-made held sway and simplicity ruled, but now even the simplest everyday articles are factory made, and the more complicated the arrangements the nearer "up-to-date" are they considered. This is seen in the realm of outdoor sports, in the popular game of golf and the more modest lawn tennis and croquet as compared with their predecessor, hop-scotch, which, in its day, was a favorite game of the young folks. In golf the implements of the game are so numerous that each player must have an attendant, or caddy, to carry along the outfit, while the field, to be acceptable, must be large, elaborate and expensive. And the player who, through ignorance or mistake, uses a stick not having exactly the proper curve or shape for the particular play in hand loses caste among the devotees of the game. The etiquette of the golf stick is only exceeded by that of the spoon at the high-toned dinner, where it is said that many of the guests hardly take

their eyes from the hostess, for fear of using a spoon of a pattern one and three-eighths inch wide when the one next to it, which is one and a quarter, should have been used.

of a pattern one and three-eighths inches wide when the such complications and no costly outfit. The "field"

could be laid out by any one by the use of any stick that would make a mark in the dust of the road, doorway or garden, and in any place where a spot five feet by ten could be found reasonably smooth and free from vegetation. The only appliances of the game were a small stone, or "quoit" for each player. The plan of the field was as shown in the accompanying diagram, sometimes slightly varied in the details, the squares being anywhere from two to three feet each way.

The game could be played by any number of persons, from two upward, either on sides or individually. The first player laid his quoit outside the square



end of the field, and, standing on one foot, kicked the quoit into the space marked "1," and from thence to each of the others in the order as numbered. He kept going until his quoit rested outside the proper space, or he was obliged to put down his other foot to rest. As each player missed, the others followed in turn, the first to get around and out being the winner. In playing by sides the totals of the numbers on which the various players stopped when the winner went out made up the score of the game. A home run was of rare occurrence.

While the game was hard on shoe leather, it was cheap as compared with modern games, even croquet, the simplest of the lot, requiring a factory-made outfit, and a grassy lawn, which must be gone over with the lawn mower frequently, while fashion demands a certain suit of clothes, which must be used for this game alone, and must be changed before the player begins golf or lawn tennis, goes boating, or sits down to a lunch with a few friends.

Belfast, Me.

### THE MUSIC OF OUR WOODLAND BIRDS.

MAN thinks that he is the originator and possessor of all art, that only he has individuality and the capabilities of making advancement. But the animal world around us reveals the fact that many of the things we are proud in the possession of are also, to a limited extent, known to other forms of life than that of man. While it is true that man is the only animal that has been endowed with enough ingenuity to invent instruments that will produce combinations of sounds in which he can pour forth his yearnings and his passions, he is not the only living creature endowed with a voice that may range up and down in liquid notes, trilling and uttering themes and phrases that are a delight to the ear and a solace to the soul. Any mere partial observer who has walked through the woods in the early morning can say something of the "unpremeditated art" of the forest songsters.

Students of bird life tell us that birds have individuality in their singing, that some of the same species will produce more and prettier notes than others, and that some are natural composers, while others go no further than the short range of notes that nature gave them, and others still are mere imitators, unable to produce anything original, but perfectly uttering the notes of other birds. The author of "Wood Notes Wild" declares that he frequently listened to a chewink that sang a theme which was based upon the tune of "Rock of Ages," while a black-throated green warbler sang a slightly modified version of a phrase occurring in "Larboard Watch Ahoy." A Baltimore oriole, according to Mr. Henry Oldys of the U. S. department of agriculture, sang with such similarity to a modern composition that he was prone to think the songster had heard the old tune, "Not for Joe"; a Kentucky bird to which he listened sang a brilliant carol suspiciously like a passage in the late Edvard Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite.

Mr. Oldys has made a careful scientific study of bird notes, bringing to the aid of science the sympathy of the poet and the skill of the musician. He has transcribed many of the carols of the woodland songsters and can whistle them with a high degree of accuracy from his transcribed pages. No instruments, he says, can correctly reproduce these notes, although the violin and flute come near to doing so. In writing of the birds Mr. Oldys says: "Very often we are wont to ascribe to a bird a character in keeping with the quality of its voice. The sonorous tones of the grosbeak suggest strength and power; the quiet meditative notes of the wood thrush seem to indicate a philosophical, sober-minded nature; the rich, tender contralto of the bluebird is suggestive of a peaceful, affectionate disposition; the plaintive melody of the wood pewee seems to be the sad sigh of the grief-worn soul. Some birds—the song sparrow, the bobolink and the house wren, for instance—appear to be

bubbling over with happiness. Others, such as the meadow lark and field sparrow, are apparently oppressed with the weight of this life's sorrows; while the poor little screech owl utters a wail that might come from the depths of a most profound despondency."

This naturalist has a great liking for the cardinal grosbeak which possesses a remarkably strong clear whistle, only to be heard when he is at home in his native woods; he has powerful, velvety tones without self-consciousness and sings with less premeditation than the thrush, which produces good phrases and beautiful low chest tones, but introduces each of his phrases with a sort of series of clucking notes. He is popular, though, probably because he is a friendly little fellow. "Chicka-dee-dee-dee!" All of us are familiar with the notes of the fluffy little songster, among the earliest birds that come when spring begins to open. He sings a simple little lay at first but later on is able to produce several others, among which is one made up of two clear notes preceded by a remarkably sweet and high note, sounding as if it came from the very source of inspiration.

Mr. Oldys finds more than interesting the individual differences between birds which belong to the same species. In the great Rock Creek park in the District of Columbia he found a wood thrush whose song was made up of a combination of notes that he had never known a wood thrush to use. It seemed to have a fine repertoire of its own composition. He finds more and more as he studies the songs of birds a strong resemblance between them and those of the human voice. Bird and man, he says, are the only two creatures that have separate notes of a determinate pitch in their music and birds alone, of all the animals, are capable of learning to reproduce some of the melodies which have originated with man. Birds of the same species, says Mr. Oldys, have almost as wide a diversity in musical capabilities as individuals of the human race have. "Wood thrushes," he continues, "song sparrows and chewinks particularly show every gradation from mastership to mediocrity in composition, execution and temperament. It is a far cry from the chewink that knows only one short, simple phrase to another chewink that after an effective pause follows a melodious theme in a major key with another in its relative minor key. Some birds, like the canary and mocking bird, have beautiful voices and great skill in using them, but show little or no appreciation of musical form. Others like the wood thrush and chewink, with smaller compass and far less brilliant execution, rank higher as composers."

He notes that the catbird is merely an imitator but a brilliant performer and within certain limitations can imitate any song that he hears. The mock-



ing bird is even more proficient in imitating, and, also, is not a composer.

This naturalist claims that some of the birds are plagiarists and accuses the chickadee of filching notes from the phebe and the katydid. He has met with a meadow lark which sang a song "evidently borrowed, with a slight alteration in time from Handel," while later on another produced a bar or two which bore a remarkable similarity to Sousa's "Washington Post March." These little items serve to introduce a little effervescence into the serious study of nature and anyone who delights in getting into the woods will find it an instructive and amusing avocation to learn to recognize the bird notes and see what similarities to human compositions can be found in them.—*The Pathfinder*.



#### POWER OF THE GOSPEL HYMN.

FOR fourteen years I have had the joy of singing the Gospel, and leading thousands in many lands in gospel song. During this time I have made many discoveries in the realm of sacred song. It has been a fascinating study to watch what songs appeal most quickly to the people and meet their need. From experience I have found that the first quality needed in a gospel song is pathos. The hymn that lacks this soon dies. This is the heart of the secret of the two songs that have become popular all over the world: the "Glory Song" and "Tell Mother I'll be There." In a short space of time they have traveled to the remotest corners of the earth. The "Glory Song" has been translated into seventeen different languages and "Tell Mother I'll be There" into almost as many.

During my recent trip around the world I was going around the mountain peak in Hong-Kong, China, in a native chair, when I met a man who was whistling the "Glory Song." A few days later I went across to an orphanage at Kowloon, and heard the Chinese orphans there sing most sweetly the "Glory Song" in their own language. On the Sunday night we had a gospel meeting in the largest theatre in the city. Those who had arranged the meeting were fearful that we would not have a crowd to such a gathering. They never had secured the building full of white people to such a thing in the history of the city. I went down a half an hour before the advertised time, and they were turning people away by the hundreds because of the pack inside. They piloted me up a back way to the stage. To my surprise the audience were singing of their own accord, the "Glory Song," and just before I went on the platform they started up "Tell Mother I'll be There."

One of the greatest surprises I ever had in my entire work has been in connection with this song, "Tell Mother I'll be There." A friend of mine who is a Christianworker, and a wise one, cut this song

out of a little magazine and sent it to me with the suggestion that I try it in my work. I pasted it in my scrap book, more because of the recommendation of my friend than because I thought there was any merit in it. I often looked at it and thought it was a waste of space in my book. For a year I carried it around and never once sang it. One night I was called on to sing a solo, I looked at the great audience, and saw that the majority were men, and many of them, railroad men. With a longing to help, but with some doubt as to which song to use, I sang "Tell Mother I'll be There." Many men confessed Christ immediately after. One big, hearty engineer who decided for Christ that night came and shook hands with me at the close of the meeting and said: "The sermon never reached me. Their talks did not touch me, but when you sang 'Tell Mother I'll be there,' the thought of my dear old mother on her deathbed two years before broke my heart. I had made her a promise that I should meet her in heaven, and prepare for it. Instead of that, after the funeral I sank deeper and deeper into all kinds of sin, until tonight. Now I have taken her Savior, and am all ready, when God calls, to go to my mother in heaven. Sing that song every night. I will bring the men in and if you will sing that song, we will get them." Every night after he would call out for "Tell Mother I'll be There," and many were brought in through the song.

I have been using it ever since, and have seen as many as one hundred and sixty men at a single meeting rise and confess Christ during the singing of the hymn, before the sermon had been preached.

Everywhere it has been the same. It reaches all classes, because everybody has had a mother. It has been criticised from a musical standpoint and from a literary standpoint; but no song has ever been written to take the place of it. Those who criticise it are unable to replace it with a better.

New hymns are as much needed as new clothes. Many people in religious work fail to discover the power of a bright new gospel hymn. Properly introduced, they will transform a poor Sunday school into a good one, or a dull audience into a bright one. When I choose a hymn the first test I put upon it in my own mind is, will it win men and women to Christ? I seldom use a hymn that does not have a picture in every line of poetry. Even when we have good words and a picture in every line, and the tune does not flow properly and in good range for the average voice, it is a failure. A gospel hymn must have some deep, strong touch that will reach the people in everyday life. The words must follow each other in rhythmic succession. I have often seen a good hymn spoiled by a few ill chosen words. The chorus must have at least one line that clings persistently to the mind, and at the same time carries help for the hard places in life. I have never discovered any kind of songs that touch

the hearts of people, change their lives and brighten their homes like the hymns popularly known as gospel songs. They have such a wonderful way of reaching everybody because they touch the soul. Nothing will so bind and weld an audience together, and make them forget their differences, as a good gospel hymn. I recently heard the Rev. J. H. Jowett say in a speech how quickly our differences would vanish if we were compelled to get up and sing them.

One morning during our mission in Philadelphia I was opening my letters when I came upon the manuscript of a short hymn, and with it a letter saying that the writer had noticed in reading the reports of our meeting in the daily papers that we spoke so constantly about prayer, that she ventured to send a hymn she had written, entitled, "Don't Stop Praying," which had been refused by other publishers. She said that if I thought it would be useful, I might have it and welcome. In a few days I began to use it, and wherever it has been sung it has proven helpful. In a conversation with the composer I asked her what had suggested the thought for the song. She told me that she had had a great deal of trouble, and was so overwhelmed by it she felt that no human power could bring relief. After days of prayer, one morning at breakfast she opened a letter which completely removed her trouble. As she finished reading the good news, the thought came to her which is the title of the hymn, "Don't Stop Praying," and before she had left the table the song, both words and music, were running through her mind, and she sat down and wrote it out that day. The song appeals at once to people who are perplexed and in trouble, and I might say in passing that the majority of people come under one of these heads.

Wherever I use this song I have printed along with it the story from my own experience: I was standing at a bank counter in Liverpool, England, waiting for a clerk to come. I picked up a pen and began to print on the blotter in large letters, two words, which had gripped me like a vice: "Pray Through." I kept talking to a friend and printing until I had the big blotter filled from top to bottom with a column of the words. I transacted my business and went away. The next day my friend came to see me, and he said he had a striking story to tell me. A business man came into the bank soon after we had gone. He had grown discouraged with business troubles. He started to transact some business with the same clerk over that blotter when his eye caught the long column of "Pray Through." He asked who wrote those words, and when he was told, exclaimed: "That is the very message I needed. I will pray through. I have tried to worry through my own strength, and have merely mentioned my troubles to God. Now I am going to pray the situation through till I get light."

Among the many people whom I have met in mission work the last five years, one of the most interesting was a Bible teacher and writer named Miss Ada R. Habershon. She was an earnest worker and helped largely in our meetings whenever her health would permit. One day in conversation with her, I asked her if she would not try to write the words to a gospel hymn. She said she did not do that but would make the attempt if I wished it. As the result of suggestion and conversation she wrote, "Oh, What a Change!" which became one of the most popular hymns of our London campaign. Since then, although frequently suffering great pain, she has developed into one of the greatest living composers of gospel hymns. Some of her songs which have been received with great enthusiasm in America, England and Australia during the past year are: "He Will Hold Me Fast," "The Pilot Song" and "No Burdens Yonder."

These, and many others of Miss Habershon's hymns have been set to music by my friend, Robert Harkness, who, though still a young man, is the best pianist for evangelistic meetings now living, and since he is constantly in the heat of Christian work, his melodies are practical, warm, strong and flowing. He accompanied me during my recent visit to Australia, and a great audience of ten thousand people in Melbourne eagerly caught up one of his songs entitled "Shadows," of which he wrote not only the music but the words. The pathetic words and melody diffused through the audience like a rare perfume which clings insistently. Everywhere it has since been used, in America as well as Australia, it has become an immediate favorite. At the Christian Workers' Conference at Northfield last summer, it was called for constantly. Mr. Harkness gave me the following account of how he came to write it: "I was driving with a friend along the banks of a quiet river on the outskirts of Philadelphia on a delightful April afternoon. The sun was setting, and as we rode along I looked into a placid stream, and saw reflected some magnificent shadow effects. I stopped and drank in the beautiful scene. The outline of the trees bursting forth with new foliage; the tints of gold, and red, and green, combined to make a picture of rare beauty. As I peered into the water, Psalm 23: 4, came into my mind: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' 'Yes,' I thought, 'there are shadows in the water, but for the Christian the shadows and the gloom are dispersed. In him is no darkness at all.' On returning to my friend's home I remarked, 'I want to write a song which came to me while admiring the shadow effect in the river.' Asking the Holy Spirit for guidance, I wrote the words to the first two verses, and the chorus, and also the music of the song. The third verse was written several weeks later."—Charles M. Alexander, in *Ladies' World*.



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## THE TRIUMPH OF RIGHT.

ONLY an abiding faith in the triumph of right will insure to one the full possession of all his faculties for his part in the struggle.

On all sides there is the brandishing of arms and show of strength in the enemy's ranks, and the bold assaults on our strongest citadels and the stealthy laying of mines right under the feet of our bravest men almost paralyze us with fear. But after the day's struggles are well-nigh past, upon our senses falls the "All's well!" of the One who watches over all, bringing peace and rest, and the new day finds us eager for the fray, with the light of victory in our eye.

Where now the haunts of sin flourish and openly lay their snares for unwary feet, there will be found the retreats of those who "watch for souls as they that must give account." Where now the dishonest heap to themselves ill-gotten gains, the honest toiler will enjoy his rightful reward. Where now the profane and blasphemous go unbuked, every tongue shall praise him who has created us and redeemed us.

"For right is right, since God is God,  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin."

Let us, therefore, face present difficulties and seeming defeats with an eye single to the ultimate triumph of right. Our courage cannot weaken when we know that "Victory for the Right" is written over every event,—even those in which wrong seems to be conqueror.



## GLIMPSES OF A PAST AGE.

In public speech and through the medium of various publications there is talk, long and loud, about the curses of our present civilization, and the conditions of primitive man are painted in the most attractive colors. Without stopping to think, one might be led by these

extremists to believe that our boasted advancement is such in name only, and that we have gone from unalloyed blessings to incurable woes.

While it is true that civilization has brought with it some things that are in every way undesirable, on the whole its blessings far outweigh the few, even when these are many times magnified, which made the life of primitive man endurable. We have only to notice the results when men of the present day let go of themselves to see whether civilization has been an advancement or not and how far on the road we have come.

One of the blessings of civilization is the great value which it places on human life, bringing into existence the many means for its preservation and protection. And we get a very fair glimpse of primitive man when we see the results where lynch law has prevailed. A few years ago the frequent use of this law caused general alarm and severe measures were sometimes resorted to in order that certain classes might understand that such a law has no place in our present civilization. Not only has it no place in our civilization, but no place where justice and right rule. Sometimes its crimes have been even greater than those it would avenge.

Later, improvement seemed to be made, but recent manifestations of man's ungoverned passion indicate that this mode of lawlessness has not yet been dealt with as it should. Not long ago four negroes were murdered because they were supposed to be in sympathy with a negro murderer. With this precedent it would be difficult to draw the line for such outlawry. Where the trouble has been taken to trace down these men, who have gone back to the ways of primitive man, it has been found that this is a natural outgrowth of their character—that they are about on a level with the worst of the race they would exterminate.

Not only does the country need to use vigorous measures to show how utterly it repudiates such lawlessness, but we as individuals, quiet and harmless as we appear, need to be on our guard, for our hasty and intemperate opinions may fall into soil that will bring a harvest of even greater wickedness than that which we now condemn. If we will be as temperate in our expressions as we would have others be in their actions, we will likely have little to answer for in the way of lawlessness.



## PRESIDENTIAL AND VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES ON THE PROHIBITION TICKET.

HERE are two brief sketches, epitomizing significant details in the careers of the Prohibition national standard-bearers for 1908:

Like many others nominated for president of the United States, Eugene Wilder Chafin, the Prohibition nominee, comes from the farm. And like other nom-

inees, he is a lawyer with a record of success behind him. For seven years he has been a resident of Chicago, and when nominated for president was the candidate of his party for governor of Illinois. Before going to Chicago he lived at Waukesha, Wis., and he was no less popular in his party in that State, for there he was also honored with the gubernatorial nomination. That he met defeat did not discourage him a whit in his great and thorough belief in the final triumph of the Prohibitionists.

Born on a farm near East Troy, Wis., November 1, 1852, he grew to young manhood there and by money he earned and saved through work on a neighbor's farm, paid his way through the University of Wisconsin, from which he received the degree of bachelor of laws. Then he went to Waukesha, where he practiced twenty-five years and although it might have been expected that his light would have been hidden there, he arose to prominence in his profession. He appeared before the supreme court of Wisconsin in fifty cases.

He has been quite active as a lawyer in Chicago also. Last winter, when the United Societies of Chicago, comprising the saloonkeepers and the liquor interests, got up a petition signed by 175,000 people urging the election commissioners to submit to a vote the question whether the State law, on Sunday closing should be repealed, which question in reality was whether it should be enforced, the Prohibition party immediately attacked the proposal, saying that the enforcement of a law was not a question to be submitted to vote and won out in its contention, with Mr. Chafin as their leading attorney.

Nominations for governor have not been the only ones received by Mr. Chafin, for he was nominated for attorney general and congress both in Wisconsin and Illinois. In both States he was active in the society of Good Templars, a total abstinence organization, and in both States was accorded the highest honor, that of grand chief templar. Although a Prohibitionist only since 1881, when he left the Republican party, he always has been a total abstainer. For years he has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. He was at one time State president of the Epworth League in Wisconsin.

Mr. Chafin is a writer quite well known. He is considered an authority on Lincoln. A new book, "Lincoln, the Man of Sorrows," which he wrote, is just off the press. He has collected one hundred and fifty lives of Washington and fifty lives of Lincoln. Twelve years ago he published a book, "Lives of the Presidents."

Aaron Sherman Watkins, the vice presidential candidate, is of Quaker ancestry and a product of the farm. He was born in Logan county, Ohio, near Rushsylvania, November 29, 1863. He is the son of William W. and Rebecca Elliott Watkins. He was

educated in the common schools and at the Ohio Northern university at Ada, and at Taylor university of Upland, Ind. He is now vice president of the Ohio Northern university and professor of literature and philosophy, which positions he has held for three years. Prior to going to Ohio Northern university, he was pastor of Methodist churches for twelve years. He taught school six years before he entered the ministry. He studied law with his brother, Judge Watkins, at Huntington, Ind., and passed the bar examination in that State.

Prof. Watkins has had previous political experience. Four years ago he was a candidate for Congress in the Ninth Ohio district and polled 1,100 votes, the most ever counted for a Prohibition candidate in that district. In 1905 he was the Prohibition party's candidate for governor, against Herrick, the Republican candidate, and Pattison, the Democratic nominee. He was again nominated for that office at the State convention of the Prohibition party in Columbus, Monday, July 13. He will withdraw from the State ticket to accept the nomination for the vice presidency. The vacancy will be filled by the State committee.—*The Associated Prohibition Press.*

#### THE MODERN PRAYER.

O Lord, I come to thee in prayer once more;  
But pardon that I do not kneel before  
Thy gracious presence—for my knees are sore  
With too much walking. In my chair instead  
I'll sit at ease, and humbly bow my head.

I've labored in thy vineyard, thou dost know,  
I've sold ten tickets to the minstrel show;  
I've called on fifteen strangers in our town,  
Their contributions to our church put down.  
I've baked a pot of beans for Wednesday's tea—  
An "Old Time Supper" it is going to be.  
I've dressed three dolls for our annual fair,  
And made a cake which we will raffle there.

Now, with thy boundless wisdom so sublime,  
Thou knowest that these duties all take time.  
I have no time to mend my husband's clothes,  
My children roam the street from morn till night.  
I have no time to teach them to do right.  
But thou, oh Lord, considering my cares,  
Will count them righteousness, and heed my prayers.

Bless the bean supper and the minstrel show,  
And put it in the hearts of all to go.  
Induce all visitors to patronize,  
The men who in our program advertise,  
Because I chased those merchants till they hid  
Whene'er they saw me coming—yes, they did.

Increase the contribution to our fair,  
And bless the people who assemble there.  
Bless thou the grab-bag and the gypsy tent,  
The flower table and the cake that's sent.  
May our whist club be to thy service blest,  
The dancing party gayer than the rest.  
And when thou hast bestowed these blessings—then  
We pray that thou wilt bless our souls. Amen.

—Ogden Examiner.





## Obedience

Catharine Beery Van Dyke

### Part Two.

The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. 2 Sam. 23: 3.

BLESSED are those parents who have heard the Lord thus speak to them whether the message has come to them through the "still small voice" or through some terrible conflict. Blessed is that father or that mother who has learned to regard the children as people, as men that are to be. We must get this vision and hold it else we will often fail to be just and miss our own foothold—that of ruling in the fear of God; and yet we are not to treat our children as though they were already full grown but on their way to maturity.

I wish to show here the folly of two extreme lights in which it is possible to view the immature child. First, to see him only in his undeveloped state as if he were always to remain in that particular stage of growth—to make his clothes, select his playthings and think of his associations and surrounding in reference only to a particular time of his life.

In this light the parents (the mother particularly) are inclined to revel in selfish enjoyment of their baby as they make much of his cuteness and beauty. On the other hand, if they are not specially fond of children, they will consider the worry and bother of dealing with a child that can give so little in return, forgetting that the child is only a baby a very short time, in either case not holding in mind the shifting changes that come with the child's development of body, soul and spirit.

In the second place, there is danger of underestimating the different periods of a real young child's development by having the mind too definitely fixed upon what he shall be when the years of full growth are reached. For instance, I have met mothers who would not punish their children for fear it would cause the children to "hold it up against them" in future years. They would "reason" with their baby rather than to discipline it sharply when sharp discipline was indicated. This shows shortsightedness, weakness in child management, callousness or at least indifference to the best interests of the family and the child.

The golden mean here lies in following (and what more interesting thing can employ a careful parent than to adjust himself to and equip himself for the requirements of the ever-changing disposition, age and character of one who is of his own flesh and blood?) the child's requirements day by day, month by month and year by year with an adequate intelligence, sympathy and force.

Now, some will be almost impatient with this setting of obedience and will be inclined to say: "Why in the world doesn't she tell us how to get our children to obey?" If it were possible to answer this question by giving a recipe the same as for angel cake, I seriously doubt if it would even then be followed. The mother who would attempt to raise her children by recipe and some other person's recipe at that—would certainly make a lamentable failure of it. Before I pass judgment upon a child I try to get hold of the attitude and methods of the mother. A mother who had raised five children was once asked: "What method did you use to train your children so well?" I used five different methods," she replied, "one for each child."

When I see a young mother, however inexperienced in practical contact with children, earnestly and conscientiously striving to delineate in her child's life some noble ideal of her own, I can look beyond the rough exterior of the child, if such should appear, and see the seeds of good implanted which will sometime break the rough shell and spring into beauty and power.

It is not always the child that has been strictly taught to say: "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am" that grows to be the most useful member of society nor, I may say, the most civil or polite or pleasant person in reality. In fact, it has been said that the kindergarten children are not the *good* ("goody-goody," perhaps) children. Yet the principles of child development followed in the kindergarten are taught more systematically than any course of training one is likely to find in the homes of today and the principles themselves are better than most parents are able to formulate.

A few directions may prove helpful to some who are

not inclined to reason with themselves so deeply about these things or who think they are too busy to study the matter scientifically.

1. Try to teach your child to obey by having him follow you. Does that frighten you? If so, well, for it will keep you from being a tyrant.

2. Commands to do distasteful, unpleasant or hard things, those especially which call for self-sacrifice should be kindly and cleverly clothed in requests to execute the thing desired to be done. "Will you close the door Johnnie, please?" Or, "May I bother you, Johnnie, to close the door?" Another way: "I will do this thing while you do that or if you will do that." It is not natural for children to be stubborn when approached in a masterful and respectful way even when asked to do things which they do not want to do or to keep from doing, that upon which they have their desires set. There is so much depending upon the manner.

The other day a lady came to my cottage here in Winona and spoke about being disappointed in getting a certain vegetable she wanted. I happened to have some of the kind in my own garden for sale. I carefully counted out and fixed up a bunch for her and mentally put the price on them. When I handed them to her she said so sweetly and appreciatively: "Now, let me pay you for them, Mrs. Van Dyke, won't you?" That knocked my props out and I said: "No, indeed, I won't." What would you have done? If she had said: "How much are they?" I should have said: "Five cents." I am sure you see my point.

3. When a command is reasonable and has been wisely given, see that it is obeyed from the very youngest to the adolescent, though figuratively the earth quake and the heavens fall.

4. These things I hold most emphatically: Begin when the child begins to grow. Be reasonable, wise and firm.

*Winona Lake, Ind.*



#### CORRECTING HIS OWN FAULTS.

"BUT, mother," said the perplexed young sister when implored not to keep nagging brother so about his faults, "how will he ever get over them if we don't correct him?" It was the very question that the mother had asked herself again and again. Now, like an inspiration, came the sudden answer to her heart and lips, "By and by he will begin to get over them himself." It was a comforting thought, and justified by the experience of many households. Sooner or later, sometimes very suddenly, the young will rouse itself, and without great apparent effort throws off habits which have withstood persistent and wearisome attacks on the part of others. In all minor matters, so far as possible, it is wisest and happiest to wait with patience and hope for this blossoming time, letting

in more of the sunshine of approbation, and forbearing the continual faultfinding which is so chilling to the domestic atmosphere.—*The Congregationalist*.



#### FACE OF A CHILD.

It may not have mattered much,  
And it really was nothing at all—  
A child with that infinite touch  
Of a child with her arm 'round a doll,  
But somehow, wherever I went  
And whatever took place all day,  
Her face was a sacrament sent  
To keep me from going astray!  
Some would not have given a thought  
To so purely a commonplace thing,  
As a child with her visage enfraught  
With the light and the bloom of the spring;  
But it followed me, haunting and sweet,  
And her laughter rang on in my ears,  
And I smiled through the dust and the heat  
And forgot there were sorrow and tears!

It might have no meaning at all,  
Mere fancy, a flash and a gleam,  
But I felt all the day in the thrall  
Of a radiant and lovable dream;  
Just that of the face of a child,  
A glimpse of it passing and then  
The laughter of lips, ringing wild,  
Kept me sweet in my battle with men.

—Baltimore Sun.



#### THEIR DAY.

"WE must have chocolate cake," said fifteen-year old Dot, decidedly, "and no one can bake one like mother."

"And she can make some chicken salad," put in Florry.

"And rolls," said Laura.

"Don't forget the sandwiches," cried Ben.

"Let me see; there's father, mother, Nell, Florry, Laura, me, Billy, Ruth, Daisy—"

"Ben Markham, hush!" said Dot. "Aren't there enough of us Markhams without calling a roll. When we were out in the yard the other day I heard old Mrs. Primrose say to Miss Featherstone that our place reminded her of an orphan asylum, so don't go over our names again, please. Instead of *seven*, we are *eight*—that's all you need to remember."

"Now, about this lunch. I declare this yearly picnic is harder on mother than staying at home."

"I have noticed she looks paler than ever lately," said Nell, a quiet, brown-eyed girl of seventeen and the oldest of them all, "and I've thought of something."

"Divulge your secret," cried Ben, dramatically waving the butter knife.

"All right, I will. You won't like it at first, but if you're the children I think you are, you'll agree."

"Proceed," said Ben, gravely.



"Well, it's about this picnic. We all love picnics, I know, but we love mother better. Now, last year, instead of a pleasant time, what a hard day mother had. Laura fell into the lake, Ben got his ankle hurt, Dot lost her gold ring, and the baby got a fever from the hot sun and was sick a week afterwards. Poor mother, it took her two good days to get that lunch ready, and the day we started off she looked more like a ghost than a good, respectable specimen of motherhood. She looked even worse when it was over. Now, my plan is this: Let us give father and mother the day we had planned for our picnic and let them spend it together."

"Without us?" wailed Laura.

"Without us," solemnly responded Nell.

"We'll tell them we don't want to go."

"And you pretend to be a follower of the 'Father of your Country,'" said Ben, reproachfully. "He never told a—"

Nell laughed. "Well, we don't want to go when we think about it."

"Not that we love picnics *less*, but mother *more*, is that it?" demanded Ben.

"That's it exactly," was the reply. "If mother gets all the things ready for this lunch, she'll be more fit to go to bed. Do let her go alone, dears, just this once. We can go later, and she is so tired."

"All right, we will," chorused the young Markhams. "This one time."

"Mother, dearest, we want you and father to have one free day," said Nell a few minutes later, "so we've decided to send you both to the lake next Thursday without us."

"Without you!" repeated mother, half rising; "but I thought you loved this yearly picnic?"

"We do, but we love you better."

"Last year all day you never had a single peaceful moment, and it took nearly three days to get enough things cooked to fill eight little stomachs. Now, this year you're not able to do it. We children propose to send you and father away for the day. You shan't be bothered with a lunch. There's a little café now on the grounds, and you can order what you like. You are simply to get up, dress and go away with no thought of your unworthy children."

"It sounds lovely," sighed mother, "and, dear, I must confess it, I have been dreading that lunch. I'm almost ready to go to that land where there is no eating or drinking, I'm so tired of it all. But how about your own disappointment?"

"There isn't going to be any," replied Nell, stoutly. "The season is young yet; we can go afterwards. This is to be your day absolutely, yours and father's."

Nell told her father about it that night.

"And you propose to send mother and me away for the day all by ourselves?" he smiled. "I hadn't thought of it, but I would like it. It's been over eigh-

teen years since we've had a holiday alone. You came first and then the others followed so quickly, your mother has been submerged. You're a good, unselfish child to think of it, and I thank you."

Nell helped mother dress for that eventful day. she herself arranged the soft, beautiful hair and adjusted the white waist.

"There!" she exclaimed, as she surveyed the slight, graceful figure, "there's no one so beautiful as my mother. Now, let me pin on this pink rose and you will be finished. Who would imagine," she added, after another fond look, "that you are the mother of eight?"

"Here, father she's ready."

Father took mother in his arms.

"Our day, really?" he said, smiling. "It brings me back to my courting days. You were the sweetest girl!"

"Time's up!" called Ben from the stairway. "The car's coming."

The children all watched them as they walked away, mother leaning on father's arm.

"I wish I could have gone," said little Beatrice, wistfully.

"No, you don't!" cried Nell, lifting her in her arms. "You're going to have cherry pie for dinner. You wouldn't want to miss that."

Arriving at the pretty park on the lakeside, father made mother sit down. It was a clear, beautiful day in midsummer, not too warm, for a cool breeze blew in from the lake. The flower beds glowed with nasturtiums and scarlet geraniums; there were even a few late roses. Everywhere there were groups of people scattered about under the trees, while out on the lake the boats glided back and forth.

"It's beautiful!" sighed mother, lifting her face to the refreshing breeze, "only won't the children—"

But father stopped her.

"I had you before I had them," he answered, gaily. "Now that I've come into my own I intend to keep her for this day. Forget all about bumped heads, bruises, aches and pains that might arise from possible contingencies. Nell will take care of them. No calamity will happen. I've got my sweetheart back again." And so he talked.

Later they went for a long boat ride, and when they came back, father even swung her in one of the great swings. He bought her a box of chocolates and a new book, and by and by, under the fresh, invigorating air, her pale cheeks began to take on a tinge of color, and the old weariness fell away with the hard years; mother's youth came back.

"It's such a lovely world, Harry," she said to father, "and I'm so happy."

And seeing her face, father then and there stooped and kissed her. After a while, in the little café, they had dinner together.

"Anything you like," insisted father, happily laying the menu before her.

"I wonder if fried chicken would be too extravagant?" said mother, doubtfully.

"Not a bit of it," said father. "There's ice cream, too, and watermelon."

And so they dined like a veritable king and queen in the quiet, shady spot, and more than one person looked at the sweetfaced woman in white whose husband was so devoted to her. Few would have guessed that they were the parents of eight healthy, happy children.

Later there were more boat rides, and the sweet companionship that never seemed so dear. The day drifted into evening, and they began to think of home. Father folded mother's shawl gently about her. "Nell," he said, half reluctantly, "we must go, dearest. Has it been good to be here?"

"Good?" Mother lifted her happy face. "It's been the most beautiful day of my life, a second wedding day. I'm going back so strengthened."

The children were waiting for them.

"Mother looks so happy," said Dot, as she came toward them, smiling.

But only Nell understood. "I knew father would help you," she said, as she kissed her mother. "Now that I've found a cure you sha'n't slip back. I'll send you away again, and I'll prescribe allopathic doses of father for your ailments, supplemented by homeopathic doses of your lively, healthy, unreasonable eight."

"Good, Doctor Nell!" cried father, with a tender kiss, putting his arm about his eldest born.—*Home Herald*.



#### BEWARE OF PAMPERING.

It must be borne in mind that the real attractiveness of the home does not in the end depend upon the number of costly things put as toys into the hands of our children. If there is any pitiful sight on earth, it is the sight of a nursery stuffed full of luxurious machine made toys, lavished upon children who rapidly tire of each new possession. The child of the poorest laborer, making mud pies in the back yard, is more happy than some child of the very rich who is possessed of a thousand-dollar toy battleship.—*Selected*.



#### OLD TIMES.

CHILDREN are greatly interested in the events of their parents' early lives. "Distance," in such cases, "lends enchantment to the view." The grandmother often renders important service to the children by telling stories of old times. Those early days have romantic fascination to the little ones whose life has but recently begun. If the story be one of pioneer life in the olden time, children appreciate it intensely,

They become linked to the past by weaving the chain of memory for them, and they gain a sense of solidarity with their ancestors. The family traditions, ideals, and sentiment are conveyed to them, and perpetuated in their thoughts and actions. It uplifts children to be brought into the line of heroic men and women, who stand out on the distant horizon in ideal and beautiful figure. We cannot estimate the effect on the character and standards of children when their ancestors are exalted before them. It is true that such may have been ordinary men and women, but when idealized they become the saints by whose deeds children are impressed and elevated for life's struggle.

—*The Watchman*.



#### SUGGESTIONS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

COLORED goods should be ironed on the wrong side.

Embroidery should also be ironed on the wrong side of a piece of flannel and it should be kept long enough under the iron to dry it thoroughly.

Try rubbing needles up and down in a piece of oiled silk before putting them in the needle book, or keep them in flannel that has been slightly oiled.

Do not lay the scrubbing brush with the bristles upward. The water is allowed to leak into the wooden part and the bristles very soon become loose. Always place it with the bristles down.

Low shoes, when new, often blister the heels by slipping just a little as the wearer walks. To prevent this it is well to rub the inside of the shoe at the heel with soap before putting it on.

Rubber bands are most useful for keeping sleeves out of the way when doing housework. Pull your sleeves up as far as you want them to go and put the bands round your arms over the sleeves.

If a teaspoonful of concentrated lye with a cup of water be put in a kettle whose contents have burned on the bottom and left to stand for a few hours there will be no trouble in removing the burned substance.

To clean paint, dampen a clean cloth in hot water, dip in whiting and rub the paint until the dirt is removed. Rinse well in clean water, dry with a soft cloth and polish with a chamois leather. Paint cleansed in this way looks like new.

To remove blood stains from denim or cretonne pillow covers and pillow ticks where soap and water cannot be used make a thick paste of laundry starch and warm water and cover the soiled place with it. Let it remain until perfectly dry, when it can be brushed off. If the stain has not entirely disappeared repeat the process.

Kerosene is very useful and does wonders for many a housekeeper. A soft cloth moistened with it and used on the furniture in regular dustings will brighten the wood. Many laundresses put a little into the water in which soiled clothes are soaked, and a little



added to the starch will keep the irons from sticking. Kerosene is also good for cleaning enameled bedsteads, bathtubs, sinks, etc.—*Chicago Daily News.*

## The Children's Corner

### HOW GLAD ARE YOU?

ROB AND AMY were perched on either arm of mamma's big chair, looking at the pictures as she cut the leaves of a new magazine. "Oh!" cried Amy, "that's funny!" and she pointed to a little barebacked boy sitting under a stream of water which came from a big pipe just over his bent head.

"Japanese boy washing away the lies he has told," read Bob. "As if he could that way! and I'd rather go in swimming, anyway."

"So would this boy, I don't doubt," said mamma. "The Japanese are very clean people, and spend a great deal of time in the water. But think of his being taught that a lie can be washed away! Poor little chap! It isn't really 'funny' after all, is it, Amy?"

"No, it isn't. It seems 'most as bad as the Chinese children sticking paper prayers on their ugly old idols. Miss Carey was telling us about that one Sunday. If the piece of paper stays on, your prayer is answered; but if it falls off you must buy more of the priest and try to stick them on. And in India—"

"What about India," mamma asked, as Amy paused, her big, dark eyes growing more sober.

"Oh, it's worst of all for little girls there, Miss Carey says. One day a missionary heard a little girl screaming, and there was an old woman pinching her till she was all black and blue, and a man stood and just looked on, and they said the little girl had been married to him, and his mother had a right to pinch her or whip her, and it was all because the man had been sick, and they said the gods were angry with the little girl for something. But the missionary made the old woman stop."

Mamma's arm tightened around her little daughter. "Be thankful every day you live that you are a little American girl instead of a wretched little Hindu child-wife," she said fervently.

"Or a Chinese girl, with your toes doubled under," put in Rob.

"I am glad," said Amy. "I'd just as rather be born in America as you would, Rob."

"Are you both glad in your pockets?" asked mamma, practically.

"Pockets?" chorused the children, wonderingly. Then Amy laughed. "You mean pocket-books, don't you, mamma? Yes, we've been saving up for the missionary collection next Sunday."—*J. C. G., Children's Missionary Friend.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### THE WANDERER'S PRAYER.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Great God, who rules through boundless space,  
Yet marks the sparrow's fall,  
Though thou from us hast hid thy face,  
Thy love is over all.

Guard me Lord. Hear me now.  
Unto thee I call.  
Humbly at thy cross I bow,  
Prostrate let me fall.

Thy watchful care upholds me still,  
Rebellious though I be.  
Though I have scorned thy holy will  
Thy love hath sheltered me.

I've wandered far from truth and right—  
I've trod the path of sin.  
My ways are evil in thy sight,  
For evil reigns within.

I feel my weakness and I know  
Temptations press me sore.  
My heart is wrong. I fain would go  
The way of sin no more.

Support me, Lord, my courage fails,  
No other hope I see,  
But cast my sins at Jesus' feet,  
And leave the rest to thee.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.



### THE DEVELOPMENT OF DOCTRINE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

JACOB did not know so much about God as did St. John or St. Paul. The wanderer toward Padan Aram was surprised to find Jehovah out of Canaan, but Paul announces to the Greek Gentiles of Mars' Hill that he is Lord of all the earth and more than that has made of one all races of men. True, David in his highest flights claims that the earth is Jehovah's, but what earth? A flat one, the center of the universe—bounded by the mountains of Lebanon and the Red and Mediterranean seas—other adjacent territories were to be tributaries to the Psalmist's earth. There has been as great a development in the idea of God and kindred topics as there have been discoveries in science and inventions in art. If navigators have discovered new continents and countries, so also new volumes of Divinity are found in every age.

One of the greatest helps or hindrances is the concordance. The old method of Bible study is to take a topic, *e. g.*, Faith, then with concordance in hand, run the references, and wherever faith is found, note it down. A passage in Genesis is considered as good as one in Revelation. The idea is to find faith in as many places as possible. No account is taken of the date or authorship of the several books

containing the word—it is all Bible, all unimpeachable! Remembering that the Bible is literature—not a single book, what would be thought of a man who should use such a plan as the one mentioned above, in searching through general literature for some topic, for instance wife or mother just as we sought faith? Now if for faith we search sixty-six different books and forty different authors with thousands of years between and make no allowance for development and progress within that time, let us use the same method in secular literature for wife and mother! But we soon become confused, for we find wife occupies a nondescript position in the different writers, countries and ages. Now she is just a little better than the author's dog; here she is one of a dozen claimants at her master's table; yonder she is the hewer of wood and drawer of water, and here she is the joy of the heart, the light of home, the only one companion of life! Surely the man who quotes indiscriminately and with equal authority from Homer, Seneca, Poe, St. Augustine, John Calvin, Browning and John Wesley and Bernard Shaw, is not far removed from the one who flits unblushingly from Job to St. Peter, from Esther and Judges to the Epistle to the Hebrews, from the imprecatory Psalms to the Sermon on the Mount.

Many of our great thinkers and honest investigators have been driven from the church and from the pales of Christianity by this non-progressive, standpat literalism. When men have questioned Abraham's and Isaac's deflection from the truth, Jacob's craftiness and deceit; Samson's cruelty and lust; Saul's baseness and treachery; David's licentiousness; the Divine permission of national slaughter and revenge, of slavery and polygamy and petty idolatry (of household gods), our fathers bade them lay their fingers on their mouths, saying: "We may not mention the Lord's work—this is the Lord's doings and it is marvelous in our eyes." We have apologized for God, threatened the doubter with ex-communication, etc., when the simplest child of progress might have settled the question by asking the time of day. Shall we never learn that some books are dated "B. C."?

Under the old idea men were moved by the Holy Spirit and were simply graphophones or machines through which the divine spoke. All were agreed on this—disagreement came only in interpretation, hence so many different denominations and sects and creeds.

May we not expect that when men see the beautiful principles of progressive revelation that there will be a manifest movement for unity among believers and thus usher in the answer to Christ's great prayer—"that they all may be one"?



PRAYER is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.—*Phillips Brooks*.

### GRACIOUS INFLUENCE.

A WOMAN after complaining much about finding unsound fruit in her supplies, was one day offered a basket of peaches and a basket of gem melons, accompanied with this assurance, "You will not find a single damaged peach or melon in either of these packages. If you do I will gladly refund the money you paid for them." She found every peach and melon perfect. The housekeeper reported this on her next visit to the dealer's store, and asked why he was so positive in warranting his goods. "Why, because I have found that the farmer who furnished those baskets never sends dishonest packages to market." The farmer's number, among the commission dealer's consignments, was "135." After that the lady always bought No. 135, and the contents of the baskets never failed in measure, condition or quality.

Admiration for the conscientious farmer grew upon her, and literally made her more conscientious herself. She felt ashamed whenever she was tempted to slight her work. Number 135 seemed to be looking at her.

One particular that deepened this impression was the non-appearance in market on Mondays of any baskets bearing the favorite mark. Farmer 135 would not pack fruit on Sunday, the dealer said. The housekeeper's face flushed when that was said. She had never been so scrupulous. His beautiful example represented to her the presence of the sinless Teacher. A good man's life is one of the moral tonics of society. His silent example, is in itself a blessing to the world.—*Faith and Works*.



### THE CRUELTY OF THOUGHTLESSNESS.

MOST of the cruelty of the world is thoughtless cruelty. Very few people would intentionally add to another's load or make his burden in life heavier or his path rougher. Most of the great heart-wounds are inflicted by thoughtless thrusts, flung out often in a moment of anger, when perhaps, we are too proud to apologize or to try to heal the grievous wounds we had made.

Can anything be more cruel than to discourage a soul who is struggling to do the best he can, to throw stumbling blocks in the path of those who are trying to get on in the world against great odds?

No life is just the same after you have once touched it. Will you leave a ray of hope or one of despair, a flash of light or a somber cloud across some dark life each day? Will you by thoughtless cruelty deepen the shadow which hangs over the life, or will you by kindness dispel it altogether? No matter how you feel or what is disturbing your peace of mind, never allow yourself to send out a discouraging, a cruel or an unkind word or thought.—*Success Magazine*.





## Echoes from Everywhere

The total Porto Rican trade during the past year, according to statistics, compiled at the treasury department, amounted to more than \$56,000,000, about \$207,000 over the preceding year.

The combining of the Harriman and Gould railroad lines which was effected recently has called for a good deal more rolling stock, and at least 10,000 steel cars will be supplied within the next three years, the cost approximating \$10,000,000.

In but four Tennessee cities is whiskey openly sold. The persistent violation by the saloonkeepers of every law enacted to regulate the liquor traffic forced the legislature to attempt to drive the saloon from the State. Success is almost complete.

A company of stockdealers in Pennsylvania are making purchases of mountain lands upon which they mean to raise large herds of grass-fed cattle. Already five thousand acres have been purchased and it is their intention to purchase at least five thousand acres more. They claim that the mountain regions of Pennsylvania are as capable of producing grass for grazing as the prairies of the West.

Canada may well pride herself on the great celebration of the founding of Quebec, which has so recently drawn to its close. No untoward incident marred the impressiveness of the occasion. It served to direct the attention of the world to the wonderful development which the Canadians have achieved, and fulfilled its further purpose of drawing more tightly the bonds which join together England and France and the United States.

Old Orchard, Me., August 10.—Amid wild scenes, which at times approached the abandon of zealots of the Middle Ages, 5,000 men and women, alternately shouting and praying, crying and laughing, gave up nearly \$70,000 in support of the missionary movement of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, of which A. B. Simpson, D. D., of New York, is leader. When it was over many of the congregation had all but beggared themselves. Besides the amount collected, one hundred people pledged themselves to go as missionaries to India.

The leading experts of Great Britain, Germany, and Belgium in the prevention of mine accidents have been invited by the American geological survey to come to this country to assist in establishing this line of work here with experimental stations, such as exist in Europe. Last year 3,200 men lost their lives in the mines of the United States, and this is two or three times as great a proportion as were killed in the mines of any European nations. For the year, Pennsylvania alone had 1,514 killed. George S. Rice, consulting coal mine engineer of the geological survey, has gone to Europe to study methods there.

Sculptor Brenner has been called into consultation with the President to design a medal bearing the profile of Mr. Roosevelt to be presented to all employes who see one year or more of continuous service on the Panama canal. It will be about the size of a ten-dollar gold piece, and will be cast in bronze. On one side will be a picture of a ship passing through the canal and the words "Presented by the President," with space left for the name of the recipient.

A singular case under the inheritance tax law is reported from Pennsylvania. A brother and sister were in a railroad accident, the brother being killed and his sister dying several hours later. The brother's property passed to the sister and the State collected \$1,200 inheritance tax; then the property went from the sister to collateral heirs, and another tax of the same amount was levied. Thus the same property paid two taxes the same day.

Paris, Aug. 16.—The naval lieutenants, Colin, Jeance and Mercier, the inventors of a wireless telephone apparatus which recent tests have shown to be superior to anything existing, achieved remarkable success with their new instrument yesterday when they communicated with the wireless station at Raz de Sein, Department of Finistère, a distance of about 310 miles. The transmitted words were somewhat faint but could be plainly distinguished, and the officers are confident that they can make great improvements in the apparatus, which has been the result of only four months' experimentation, enabling the exchange of conversation up to 600 or 700 miles.

For two whole days, Aug. 14, 15, Springfield, Ill., was in the hands of a lawless mob who by murder and destruction of property sought to avenge a brutal assault made by a negro man. By a clever ruse the officers succeeded in taking the man, supposed to be guilty, to the jail in Bloomington, but the brute instincts of the mob found vent in beating several innocent negroes and killing two. Three white men also were killed and a number wounded. Calls were made for State troops, and with fifty-five hundred armed national guardsmen patrolling the streets the mob began to get their sober, second thought.

The Sultan's recent order granting general amnesty to all political offenders who have sought refuge in the United States is looked upon as the most important step he has yet taken, in so far as it relates to refugees in this country. There are about 400,000 Turkish subjects here, of which number more than half are political offenders. Many of these have longed to go back to their country and friends, and may now do so without fear of prison or punishment. It is said by the Turkish consul in Chicago that the proclamation is likely to be followed by a general exodus of Turks from America, and that the number who leave may easily reach 100,000.

Three sharp earthquake shocks, which knocked down more than a hundred chimneys, shattered about forty plate glass windows in the business portion of the city, broke much crockery in the houses and sent people scurrying from their beds into the streets, occurred at Eureka, Cal., Aug. 18. The first and sharpest shock came at 2:58 A. M. It was almost as severe as the one felt there on April 18, 1906. At 3:08 another lighter shock was experienced, followed by a third at 5:30 o'clock. On the Seazy ranch, six miles north of Eureka, the earthquake caused a big fissure in the earth for half a mile. The shocks extended as far north as Blue Lake, twenty-five miles from Eureka.

The international free trade congress is now in session in London. Delegates are present from the United States, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Italy and Great Britain. Lord Welby, president of the congress, said the idea of protection was advancing in an aggressive manner, but in spite of this the policy of free trade ultimately must prevail. "Free Trade and its Bearings on International Relations," the subject for discussion, was introduced by Winston Churchill, president of the board of trade, who argued that Great Britain was an object lesson. She had pursued the free trade policy, yet she remained prosperous and powerful and it has been found that British goods entered all other countries on as good terms as was secured by any nation by the most elaborate of fiscal weapons.

The last two years show a remarkable falling off in the number of students in the medical colleges and also in the number of such colleges. A recent issue of the journal of the American Medical Association, published in Chicago, contains elaborate statistics from every recognized medical school in the United States. The total number of medical students (matriculants) for the year ended June 30, 1908, was 22,602 a decrease of 1,674 compared with 1907. The decrease over two years ago is 2,602. It is the lowest number since the journal commenced the compilation of such statistics. Several reasons are given for this falling off. The entrance requirements are more rigid; the cost of medical education has been increased, also the length of time required for matriculation; and the demand for physicians does not equal the supply, the profession, therefore, not being as lucrative as it was.

Ira D. Sankey, author of "The Ninety and Nine" and constant companion of Dwight L. Moody in his evangelistic work, died at his home in Brooklyn, Aug. 13. For five years Mr. Sankey had been blind, and nervous prostration and other ills combined to make him a prisoner in his home for even a longer period, so that some people have been under the impression that he had passed away soon after the death of his famed associate. From 1870 until the death of Mr. Moody, eight years ago, the two men carried on evangelistic work together, the one winning people to Christ by his gospel songs, the other by his wonderful power as a preacher. Mr. Sankey was 68 years old. Seven years ago he became a Presbyterian, after having been a member of the Methodist church since boyhood. He left a considerable estate, which had been derived from the sale of several hymn books that he published in later years. "The Story of the Gospel Hymns," his latest work, was dictated to an amanuensis after his blindness incapacitated him. A widow and two sons survive him.

With the work now in progress toward remodeling all of the double-truck cars on the lines of the Chicago City Railway Company into the pay-as-you-enter type a long step has been taken, it is declared, toward reducing the number of street car accidents in Chicago. Orders have been issued to push the work as rapidly as possible, and it is expected that results will be noticeable within a short time. The company now has 300 pay-as-you-enter cars in operation and owns a total of 805 double-truck cars, all of which will be turned into the new model. The Chicago City Railway Company was the first street railway concern in the country to adopt the pay-as-you-enter type of car. Since then they have been put in use in New York, Buffalo, Kansas City, Newark, N. J., and Jersey City.

After a recent meeting of the officials of the Chicago and Alton it was stated that a contract would be placed for a new equipment to the value of about \$1,500,000. The equipment includes 1,000 steel cars, which are required to handle the Alton's increasing coal tonnage. Purchasing agents of the company were in New York for several days, arranging the details of the order. It is understood that the contract for the construction of the cars will be made with the Standard Steel Car Company. Considerable interest was displayed in railroad circles in the Alton's car order, which was taken as an indication of an early revival of the railroad business. There has been no very pronounced improvement in the steel rail situation, but orders placed during the last two weeks are larger than for any similar period for several months. Four railway companies have contracted for about 60,000 tons of rails, while smaller orders will bring the total up to between 75,000 and 100,000 tons.

A great irrigation plan has been laid out for that interammanian country known as Mesopotamia, the supposed cradle of the human race. At one time it was a veritable garden spot, being watered by irrigation from the Euphrates and Tigris rivers. But on account of war, demolition of forests and neglect, the canals have fallen into ruin and no longer do service. It is also claimed that alkali got into the soil, as has happened in some cases in the western part of the United States. But a plan has been put forward for the reclamation of this beautiful region. The center of the country which it is proposed to irrigate is Bagdad and the cost of the two projects put forward will be about \$20,000,000 for one and \$17,000,000 for the other. A return of 16 to 19 per cent on the outlay is expected.

It has often been remarked that there are comparatively few deaths from tuberculosis in mining communities, and scientists assert that this phenomenon may be due to the physiological effects of carbon monoxide, as they notice also that men employed in blast furnaces and gas producers are generally free from pulmonary troubles. It has been suggested that the presence of carbon dust in the lungs may be a cause of production of carbon monoxide, and that this will serve to explain the immunity of miners from the disease. The tubercle bacillus is a creature of extreme tenacity of life. It is encased in a waxy integument and is proof against even nitric acid, but gases are so penetrating in their powers of diffusion that it can well be considered that carbonic oxide might reach the tissues of a creature in a subtle manner, for the gas cannot be perceived.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### MACHINE CHARITY.

With the rapid increase in population and the multiplication of the interests and complexities of life, there is a constant tendency toward system, toward regulation and toward ironclad rules, says the September Delin-eator. Charity, which in its most beautiful interpretation means love, the sympathy and tenderness of one human heart toward another, has become more and more mechanical, affected by the modern impulse, until the term "machine charity" has a sinister and significant meaning.

Machine charity—it denotes the work that is purely official, the work for others from which the inspiration has been banished, in which the individual touch is of the most perfunctory character. The woman who comes for bread needs, also, the touch of the friendly hand, the cheer of the kindly voice, the breath of sisterhood that passes when charity spells love. And, if the woman needs it, how much more the child who is thrust, dependent, defenceless, upon the world? Yet in the grasp of machine charity are nine-tenths of our homeless children. The other tenth—but a small part of the entire number—have through various home-finding agencies found homes where there is no machinery, where they have become sons and daughters of the household happy in a mother's love.

But the nine-tenths—why are they consigned to the machine charity that feeds them, clothes them, teaches them by the ticking of the clock, when homes are waiting, empty, to do all this, and to add to this what machine charity can never give—human love.

This is the age of progress. Ere long the movement to place a child in a home will be a national movement, and the State which neglects this wisest provision for its dependent children will bear a blot upon its escutcheon.



### TO TEACH MORALS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Distinctive efforts to be taken in the direction of moral training in the public schools were recommended at the recent annual meeting of the National Educational Association in Cleveland. "The forward march of the teachers in this direction is quiet, but it is determined," says the editor of the Chicago Interior, "and it is going to bring about the solution of this great problem." Their principle of action is stated by the writer in these words: "Today the teachers say that the next advance in the school life of the country must put conscience-training decisively above mind-training." The association voicing this demand is described as "preëminently the organ of expression of the common-school teachers of the land," though it has also "a considerable contingent of university and college men." The paragraphs of its resolution which touch this subject read as follows:

"We earnestly recommend to boards of education, principals, and teachers the continuous training of pupils in morals and in business and professional ethics, to the

end that the coming generation of men of affairs may have a well-developed abhorrence of unfair dealing and discrimination.

"The National Educational Association wishes to record its approval of the increasing appreciation among educators of the fact that the building of character is the real aim of the schools.

"We hope for such a change in public sentiment as will permit and encourage the reading and study of the English Bible.

"The highest ethical standards of conduct and of speech should be insisted on among teachers."

The further comment of the Interior is in this vein:

"The outspoken declaration herein for the Bible is especially satisfactory. Many church people, apparently with a sort of fetish faith in the bare sound of the words, urge nothing more than a mere daily reading of the Scriptures in the schoolroom. The teachers, with the brighter light of experience to advise them, put no trust in a routine reading, but recognize that if the Bible is to do any good in the schoolroom it must be studied.

"The only uncertain sound in their declaration is the rather pessimistic allusion to the present state of public sentiment, which they tacitly concede to be against such use of the Bible as they would like to introduce into their work. But they should not misconstrue the quality of that feeling.

"It is not an essential opposition to the book itself. The majority of American parents would be personally most happy to have their children receive the sort of instruction from the Bible which the teachers would like to give. But there has been industriously disseminated through the country the idea that any use of the Christian Scriptures in the schools would infringe the rights of conscience of those who do not believe the Bible as a religious book. And the typical American father, wishing above all things to 'play fair,' will rather forego a desired benefit for his own children than to trench upon the liberty of his neighbor.

"This forbearance is most admirable, but it is not altogether intelligent. The introduction of moral teaching into the public schools, with the Bible as at least one recognized textbook thereof, would, if sincerely managed, not offend the proper principles of religious liberty in the slightest.

"Religion as a personal experience and as a personal hope the State can have nothing to do with. But the social morality which covers justice and truth between man and man in the life here present and visible the State has not only the right, but a positive duty to inculcate.

"That the State is bound to uphold that morality through the wording, spirit, and execution of its laws nobody denies. The laws embody the State's ideals of citizenship. It is the simplest and most impregnable logic to hold that the State should not wait until those ideals are violated before bringing them directly to the attention of its citizens. What it intends to maintain as the

standard of conduct necessary for a just social order in a stable commonwealth it should duly inform its citizens in advance of any temptation to break those standards."

Without controversy the place for the State to set forth its moral requirements so as to most deeply impress the masses of its people is in the common schoolroom, continues the writer, with these additional words:

"The State does not teach the wrong of a selfish and evil act primarily because it is a personal sin. The Church must deal with that phase of human responsibility. The State's interest arises from the fact that wrong deeds disintegrate society, and right deeds consolidate, protect, and perpetuate society.

"So too the State cannot take up the Bible with any idea of sanctioning it for spiritual authority. As a political organism Government has no means of ascertaining that character of the Scriptures. But it is able to take cognizance of the great political fact written all over secular history—that nations which have observed the morality of the Scriptures have been strong nations of persisting vitality and steadfast orderliness.

"The right of the State to teach morals in the public schools, wholly or partly on the basis of Biblical ethics, is at bottom the right of self-preservation, because moral nations live.

"Each State ought by statute to define its own right to instruct its public-school children in the fundamentals of social morality.

"Any court in the land would uphold such a law. It would not be vulnerable to any charge of infringing religious liberty, because it would plainly stop short of touching religion—it would be limited strictly to the State's own undeniable self-interest. That one great sentence in the ordinance of 1787 would alone be almost sufficient legal ground for it:

"'Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary for good government, schools and the means of education shall be forever maintained.'"—Literary Digest.



### THE JAPANESE IN FORMOSA.

The island of Formosa is just off the coast of China, about fifty miles wide and 240 miles long. It lies a little north of the Philippines. Here, as a result of the war with China, the Japanese, in 1895, became the rulers over 3,000,000 Chinese, who had been there between two and three centuries, and perhaps 100,000 savages, called "Head Hunters," who had been there much longer. The Chinese occupy the western half of the island, which is generally very level; the savages the eastern half, a very rough, mountainous region, with several peaks reaching a height of 12,000 feet. Between these two peoples there has been constant warfare. The savages originally occupied the plains also, but were driven to the shelter of the mountains, where their smaller numbers could hold the Mongolian hordes in check. They are as savage and warlike as ever, and are very much feared by all.

The Japanese found the Formosans (Chinese) in a pitiable condition. They came originally from the vicinity of Amoy, where some of the poorest people are to be found in all China. They were ignorant, suspicious, bigoted, emaciated, impoverished, dirty, and diseased. About 90 per cent were illiterate; all were underfed. The tax-gatherers had taken everything but skin, bone and filth. The amount of disease, especially sore eyes, is still appalling. With the suspicion that grew out of such conditions, added to the natural stubbornness and bigotry

of the Chinese, we can understand that instead of welcoming the Japanese, as the Spanish did the American army in Porto Rico, they gave them weeks of hard fighting, accompanied by rioting and looting among themselves, all after Formosa had been regularly "ceded" to Japan.

My first question was: How many Japanese are here in Formosa? I was answered: "About 100,000." To verify this, and to find out what they were doing, was my constant endeavor, and my conclusion is that the number is fairly stated. As the island will easily support double the present population, there need be no overcrowding for years to come.

The price of Chinese labor in Formosa has increased fully 50 per cent., but is not yet up to the labor standard in Japan; so the Japanese do not try to compete, but confine themselves to keeping stores, hotels, bath-houses, etc., acting as foremen or superintendents of new enterprises, doing the work of skilled mechanics, engineers, and teachers. No Chinaman can come from the mainland without a passport, which you may be sure is carefully scrutinized. The number entitled to enter probably does not exceed the number who leave.

While the Japanese Government employs its own people in most responsible positions, it also employs a surprising number of Chinese. The ticket-sellers, gate-keepers, and guards on the government railway seem to be all Chinese; the engineers and head mechanics are undoubtedly Japanese. I think I am safe in saying that four-fifths of all the railway employés are Chinese, who also do all the common labor in other government enterprises. I found in every city or town of any consequence one Japanese street, a model of taste and cleanliness, for all to look at, if not to imitate at once.

The first change in the condition of the Formosan people was their fuller employment, which was in itself a "raise." Then the actual advance in wages began. I now find their average pay fully one-half more than the same class of people are getting over on the mainland of China, bringing the wages of a man from 13 cents to 20 cents (gold) a day, women and children lower in proportion. An English missionary, long a resident of the island, rather reluctantly admitted to me, although not a bit enthusiastic about Japanese rule, that the people generally now eat three meals a day. We can readily understand that at the former rate of wages and with fewer employed it was not three meals a day.

Justice, the first essential to normal community life, has been established at last; but we need not be surprised if the Chinese sometimes kick at justice itself and sigh for the good old rotten days.

There are now eight ordinary courts and one court of appeals, presided over by Japanese judges, appointed by the imperial government. The important fact about the present courts of Formosa is not the nationality of the judges, but that justice itself for the first time in its history is obtainable by the poorest coolie.—From "What Are the Japanese Doing in Formosa?" by William C. Gregg, in the American Review of Reviews for August.



### MODELS FOR OUR COINS.

THE question is often asked: "Who was the original model?" reference being to the feminine face on some very old or some very recent coin. In the main there have existed but few originals of any of these coin lineaments, and the reason is simple: Coin



designers very rarely use a model. Excepting in cases where absolute portraiture is demanded, as in the coinage of European countries, with its likeness of reigning monarchs, the heads to be found on coins, both ancient and modern, are mere fancies of the designer, idealized femininity typifying some such sentiment as liberty, equality, industry, and the like.

On our own coins of every denomination, for a cent and a half, only three traceable feminine portraits appear. These are Martha Washington, Lady Hamilton, and the young Irish woman of New Jersey who posed for the new St. Gaudens double eagle. But even in this last instance the features are not altogether those of the model; indeed, no artist engaged upon an ideal work ever portrays the model as she exactly is, for something of spiritual quality must go into the making of every artistic idealization. Examine all our American coins bearing a feminine head, from the disheveled lady of 1792 (which, after all, is only a crude caricature of the first president's wife), and you will find the predominating type based upon early Greek profiles.

These were excellent examples to follow, but our native coin designers do not seem to have possessed sufficient skill of hand to preserve the consummate beauty of their Greek models while adapting them to the uses of American coinage.

The nearest approach to a practical coin ideal is that which is on our silver 25-cent pieces and our nickel 5-cent bits, but this head, as already noted, has come surreptitiously by way of modern France rather than straight from the golden age of Hellenic empire. We might do far worse than copy slavishly some of the exquisite heads and figures on the coins of old Greece, or those of the Phoenicians; or follow the careful artisanship of the Egyptians or even the intricately beautiful designs of the Henrys and Edwards and Richards of a later day, and a nearer kinship to the living.—*Bohemian Magazine*.



### BETWEEN WHILES.

**A Brief Introduction.**—"Long introductions when a man has a speech to make are a bore," said former Senator John C. Spooner according to *The Saturday Evening Post*. "I have had all kinds, but the most satisfactory one in my career was that of a German mayor of a small town in my State, Wisconsin.

"I was to make a political address, and the opera-house was crowded. When it came time to begin, the mayor got up.

"'Mine friends,' he said, 'I haf asked been to introduce Senator Spooner, who is to make a speech, yes. Vell, I haf dit so, und he vill now do so.'"



### In Far-off Egypt.

The Sphinx, when appealed to, just laughed and said, "You're not lacking in craft!

You want me to tell  
Who'll succeed Teddy? Well"—

Then she mentioned a name. Was it Taft?  
But there! there's no use of your tryin'  
To pump the half-lady-half-lion.  
I don't feel that I can  
Reveal who'll be the man,  
So I'll leave you to guess. Was it Bryan?

—Robert T. Hardy, in *May Lippincott's*



Though the Sphinx told me who'd make his home in  
The White House next year (lucky omen!)  
I gave her my word  
I'd not tell what I heard.

Still—sh!—William will be his cognomen!  
—Clifton B. Dowd.



"Where is the pain?" asked the physician.  
"Oh, I don't know, doctor!" groaned the patient.  
"It hurts so I can't tell where it is!"  
"Just so," said the doctor, proceeding to fill a small vial from a larger one. "It's a wiseacre who knows where he aches."



Everybody's kickin'  
Kickin' 'bout the heat;  
Kickin' 'bout the prices  
We pay for things to eat.  
Kickin' 'bout the railroads  
An' the government;  
Kickin' 'bout the taxes  
An' the way they're spent.  
Kickin' 'bout the autos  
An' the pace they set;  
Kickin' 'bout the grafters  
An' the pull they get.  
Old mule looks dejected,  
Says in tones demure,  
"When it comes to kickin'  
I'm an amachoor."



**Via Air-ship.**—Employer—"Did you tell Mr. Boreham, who called, that I had gone to America?"

New Office Boy—"Yes, sir; I told him you had started this morning."

"Good. What did he say?"

"He wished to know when you'd return, sir, and I told him I did not think you would be back until after luncheon."—Pick Me Up.

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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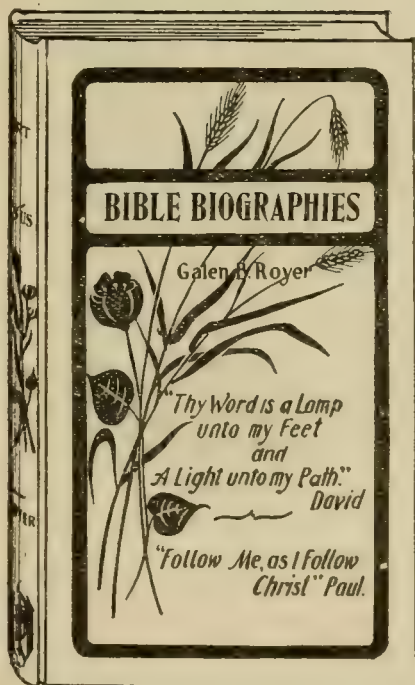
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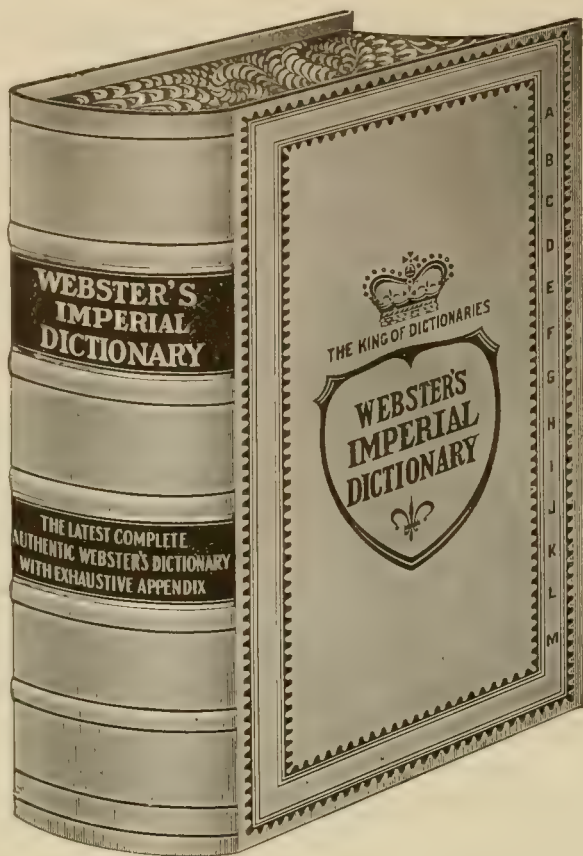
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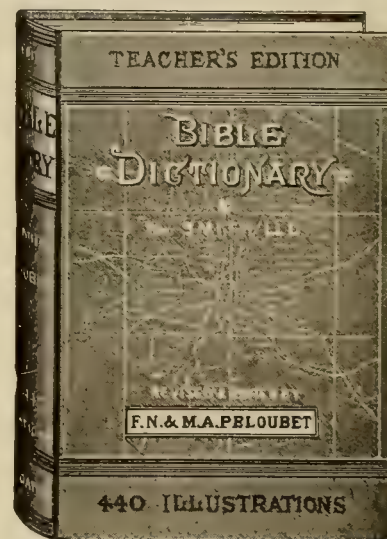
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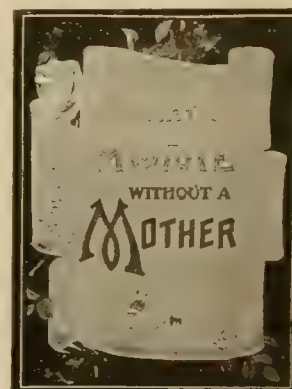
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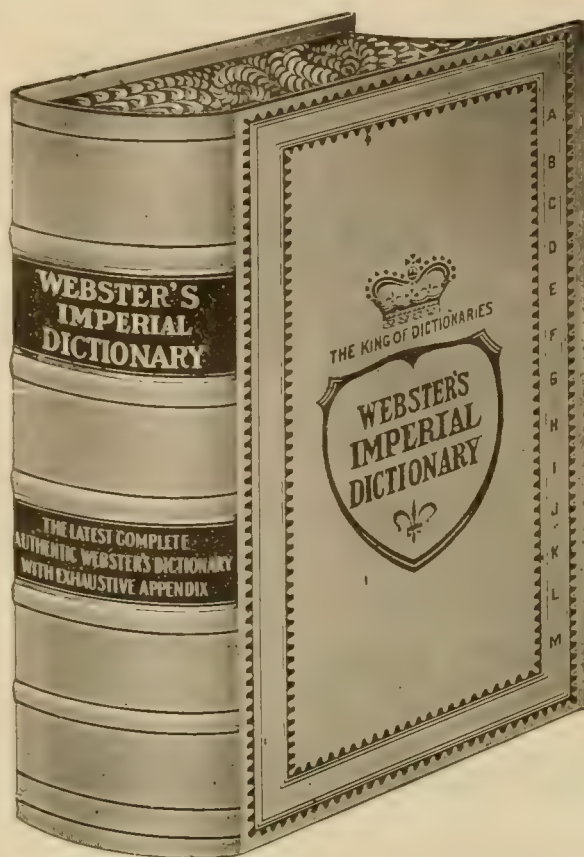
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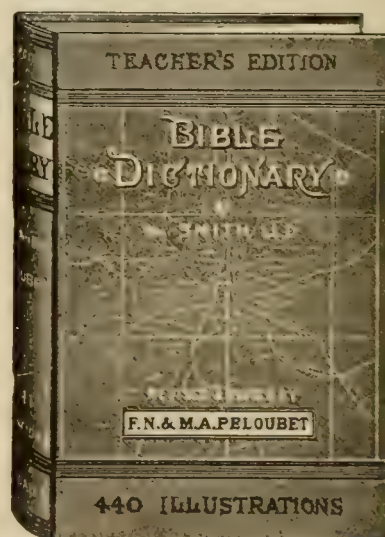
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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

September 1, 1908.

No. 35.

## Why the Presidential Term Should Not Exceed Four Years

William L. Judy

Two distinct factions were found in the famous Constitutional Convention of 1787. They were diametrically opposed to one another. Their difference dates from the Revolutionary War. The conservative faction—those who inclined toward a monarchical form of government—had a more friendly feeling for the mother country than had the radicals, who were bitterly opposed to anything that savored of English.

What should be the length of the President's term of office? The question naturally provoked much discussion. The one party would have him elected for life, like a king, but not hereditary. The other did not want any central ruler at all. The difficulty was compromised and the term made four years.

In what follows we shall endeavor to show the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution in limiting the term to four years. The two main divisions of the discussion are: I. *A four-year term is conducive to democracy.* II. *A campaign every four years is a valuable educator of the people.*

I. *A four-year term is conducive to democracy.* The corner-stone of the American Republic is the rule of the majority. This majority means the majority not of a privileged class but of the entire body of voters. The people are their own kings. They possess the supreme power. Public opinion dictates the governmental policies. It is our boast that we rule ourselves. America more than any other land has attained nearest the ideal democracy. Just in proportion as the wise rule of the majority becomes more and more a fact, we are approaching closer to the ideal democracy.

Through the selection of officers the people exert their power. By this means they can place in power the men and the issues they want. To incur popular disfavor is to lose one's job. Consequently the officeholder must do the bidding of the people, if he wishes to continue in office. If he does not stand for the rights of the people, if he does not perform honestly

and well the duties of his office, if he has deceived the people, he is undone; for the public can soon rid themselves of his nefarious rule. *At the election booth they seal his fate. Their all-powerful ammunition is the ballot.* If the President should prove himself worthless and merely a tool of the politicians, in a short time the country can rid itself of him and choose a new man. He does his best that he may secure the popular praise and perhaps that he may have another term.

II. *A campaign every four years is a valuable educator of the people.* Ignorance is the curse of humanity and especially of democracies. Education brings truth and happiness. Therefore, to rule wisely the ruler must be intelligent. America has made her people her sovereigns. They rule, and in proportion as they are intelligent they rule wisely and well. An uneducated voter can do great harm at the election booth, for he is the prey of demagogues and of corrupters of elections. *No successful democracy is possible where the people know not how to rule.* The education of the people as a whole brings a wiser rule. Hence, anything that teaches the citizen more about his country, its needs, and how best to meet those needs, is a valuable educator of the people.

Presidential campaigns are unique. From the time the nominating conventions are held in the early summer until election day during the first week of November, the American people become very patriotic. Politics and political issues make up the burden of their talk. Newspapers wage fierce battles. Every issue tells how large will be the sure majority of their candidates. Stump speeches give an opportunity for the lips of the orator to utter an abundance of patriotic eloquence and nonsense. Torch-light processions fill the streets at night. Badges adorn everybody's coat. Campaign literature and political pamphlets flood the country. It's hurrah! hurrah! for each one's candidate and Salt River for all the others.

Every four years such a patriotic outburst takes



place. The citizen interests himself in the issues. Each candidate tells the voter that he is best fitted for the office. In order to know whom to choose, the voter must learn of their respective qualifications. He must be acquainted with the needs of the nation and, furthermore, what man will best meet those needs. The enormous output of party pamphlets and campaign literature serves a good purpose. They enlighten the public to a great extent. The newspapers arouse enthusiasm. Everybody must talk politics and so must know politics. Nothing else in our political life can so vitally interest the people, and at the same time make them more intelligent in governmental affairs, as the presidential campaigns every four years. This valuable education in political ways and means is a feature that should be had not once in four years but every year and in fact all the time.

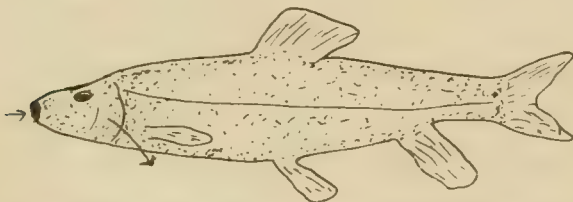
Garrett, Pa.



### FISHES' LUNGS.

N. J. MILLER.

EVERY one knows that the respiratory organs of fishes are the gills, *i. e.* filaments attached to bony arches. Yet the average man gives various answers as to how the water flows over the plimose structures. Some perhaps might say the animal opens its mouth so the water may run through over the gills and out at their clefts; others guess the water flows in the opposite direction. The fact is the animal in water is



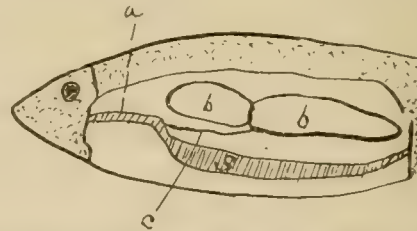
Lateral View of Fish. The Arrows Show the Direction of the Flow of Water Over the Gills.

always opening and shutting its mouth. The former action allows the water to enter the mouth and the latter forces it over the gills and through the gill clefts. Should the mouth be held open in the water for a long time, the fish quite likely would drown or suffocate since the water would not wash the gills sufficiently even though the head were upstream, the favorite position of the animal. The position, with head downstream, makes breathing easier for the crayfish, but the opposite, head upstream, is the more helpful for the fish.

Though the gills are respiratory organs, they are not true lungs. Nevertheless some fishes have true lungs which originate from the ventral side of the esophagus and lie dorsally beneath the backbone. One of these, *Creatodus*, lives in the Burnett and Murray rivers of Australia. It is from four to five feet long and lives in the deep holes or pools in which the water in dry seasons becomes stagnant because of the

decomposing vegetable matter. Though supplied with gills to gain sufficient oxygen for breathing, at such periods the animal comes to the surface to gulp air into its lungs. In spite of its large lungs the fish would suffocate if outside of the water.

The African lung-fish, *Protopterus*, lives in the White Nile, Gambia and Niger Rivers. It is supplied with gills and two lungs; in the same position as the air or swim-bladder of our common fishes. During the rainy seasons it prefers shallow water and comes to the surface at short intervals to gulp in air. During dry seasons, from August to December, it lies in burrows about eighteen inches deep in the mud, en-



Section of (c) Fish Showing Swim Bladder (a, b) and Its Relative Position to the Esophagus (c) and Stomach (s). A Tube (s) Connects the Inflated Organ With the Esophagus.

closing itself into a mucous and mud capsule or cocoon having a small opening. Through the aperture the air passes to its nostrils, thence to its lungs. Fishes similar to this live in Brazil. They are, so palæontologists say, the remnants (less than five per cent of our present fishes) of the lung-fishes which swarmed the seas in earlier times, designated for convenience as the Devonian. From the rocks in Ohio many have been excavated ranging from ten to twenty-six feet in length. "There were giants in those days."

Now the lungs of those fishes occupy the same position and have about the same origin as the air or swim-bladders of our common fishes. So morphologists tell us the latter, although not breathing organs, are homologous to true lungs. They lie beneath the backbone and are inflated with gases secreted from the blood in their walls. In the suckers and some others the swim-bladder lies almost free in the body cavity and is constricted in the middle; while in the garpikes and some others a tube leads from the esophagus to the inflated organ. In these cases it partially is used for breathing since air enters it and the supply of blood vessels is great.

The swim-bladder, though a retrograding lung, has primarily a hydrostatic function. The inflated organ renders the fish, volume for volume, the same weight or the specific gravity as the water in which it lives. By properly manipulating the size of the organ the fish may rest stationary in quiet water at any depth. Should the bladder be decreased in volume by the compression of the animal's sides, thus increasing its specific gravity, an easy and rapid descent to the bottom of the water is effected; and should the organ

expand the animal may rise part way or entirely to the surface. Though the air-bladder is regarded as a retrograding lung, it clearly is concerned largely in adjusting the specific gravity of the fish to meet some of the varying demands in its environment.



#### ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

##### XX. Bayard Taylor.

BAYARD TAYLOR was born January 11, 1825, at Kennett Square, Pa., and was the son of Joseph and Rebecca Way Taylor. An ancestor, Robert Taylor, came to America with William Penn, consequently he was of Quaker descent. Other of his ancestors were German. He was educated at the academies of Westchester and Unionville and wrote rhymes at seven, and was an industrious writer at twelve. He was not inclined either toward school-teaching or farming, his father's occupation, and was apprenticed to a printer at the age of seventeen, and began contributing poetry to various periodicals.

At nineteen, having studied French and Latin at odd times, and having a desire for travel, with \$140 in his pocket, advance pay for letters to several Philadelphia papers, he went to Europe on a pedestrian tour. Horace Greeley agreed to print some of his letters in the *New York Tribune*, provided they were not descriptive, and that Taylor had been in Europe "long enough to know something." The year he started he published a volume of poems under the name "Ximena." In 1846, the result of his two years' tramping over Europe was published as "Views Afoot; or, Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff." He was an expert artist and illustrated whatever took his fancy, having his pencil always in hand.

Failing to make a success of his Phoenixville *Pioneer* on his return, he went to New York in December, 1847, and secured a position on the *Tribune*, and in 1849 became a stockholder. He went to California in 1849 to investigate the scenes of the gold excitement, the result of which appeared in 1850, "El Dorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire." Then he traveled in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, and in 1854 published the account in "A Journey to Central Africa," and "The Lands of the Saracen." Then he went to India and China, and joined Commodore Perry's voyage to Japan, and published "A Visit to India, China and Japan." Then he traveled in Germany, Norway and Lapland, and in 1857 published "Northern Travel." Then he traveled in Greece and Russia (where he was secretary of legation), and in 1859 printed "Travels in Greece and Russia." In 1868 he was in Switzerland, the Pyrenees, and Corsica, and in Egypt and Iceland in 1874. "At Home and Abroad," in two series came out in 1859 and 1862, "Colorado" in 1867, "By-Ways

of Europe" in 1869, "Egypt and Iceland" in 1874. "History of Germany" was printed in 1875, and an edition with additional chapters by his wife has since been printed.

Much he wrote is filed away with the government archives and will never be printed. All the time he was "globe-trotting" and writing books he was writing poetry and novels. Aside from poetry, his works he called "pot-boilers," written for support of himself and family. His greatest attention was given to poetry of which he wrote a great deal. Except his longest poems (translation of Goethe's "Faust," and the "Masque of the Gods," and "Prince Deukalion"), and the drama of "The Prophet," all his poems, more or less lengthy, and numbering two hundred and sixteen have been issued in one compact volume of 341 pages. His novels were "Hannah Thurston," "John Godfrey's Fortunes," "Joseph and His Friends," and "The Story of Kennett," all of which seem to be more or less autobiographical.

He married on her death-bed a beautiful girl named Mary Agnew, to whom he was greatly attached, and seven years afterwards (in 1857) married Marie, daughter of Professor Hansen, the Gotha astronomer. They lived very happily together at his home in Kennett where he was unceasingly working. He also found time to deliver many hundred lectures. He was appointed American Minister to Germany by President Hayes in 1878, but served only seven months, dying December 15, while sitting in his arm-chair in his library. He was worn out by overwork, dying in the prime of life.

His translation of "Faust" places him upon the "bench of honor" with Longfellow and Bryant. He is especially noted for the diversity and style of his writings, each particular book appearing to be cast in the nationality of which it treats, grave, gay, didactic, strenuous, placid, or venturesome, all is swayed by the pen of a master-hand. Among his most popular poems are "Song of the Camp," "Bedouin Love Song," "Amram's Wooing," "The Quaker Widow," and "Lars, a Pastoral of Norway."

Worthy of mention: H. D. Thoreau, nature; J. T. Trowbridge, boys' stories; Celia Thaxter, poems; Maurice Thompson, poems and essays; George Ticknor, history and biography; Moses C. Tyler, essays; J. R. Tyson, essays; D. P. Thompson, novels; Rev. W. M. Thomson, "The Land and the Book"; Charles Thomson, biblical translations; Benjamin Tefft, prose and verse; W. L. Thompson, poems and songs.

Bryan, Ohio.



IF every day we can feel, if only for a moment, the elation of being alive, the realization of being our best selves, of filling our destined scope and trend, you may be sure that we are succeeding. — *Bliss Carman* in "The Seed of Success."



# The Pennsylvania White Pine Consumptive Sanitarium

Mary E. Canode

In Two Parts. Part One.

Is there hope for the consumptive? Is it possible to rid the State of the dreadful disease? These are the questions which the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is trying to answer in a most practical way. And if reports of the past several years count for anything, it would seem that there is hope for the incipient consumptive's restoration to health on the mountains of Pennsylvania as well as in the mountainous regions of our western States or in the warmer climate of the South.

In its battle with "The Great White Plague," the medical fraternity has done much in the line of

clothing for bodily protection and taking outdoor exercise, that surplus food may be converted into strong muscular tissue.

In order that its afflicted citizens may be placed under favorable conditions to take the above treatment, the State of Pennsylvania has established its Sanitarium on South Mountain, Franklin County. Its location is a portion of the "South Mountain State Forestry Reservation" and is under direct control of the State. Franklin County is in the middle of the extreme southern tier of counties. Through the eastern edge of the county extends South Mountain.

On the west side, nestled in the valley at its base,

six miles north of Waynesboro is the little town of Mount Alto. Going east to the mountain one enters Mount Alto Park, established and formerly owned by the late Colonel Weistling, but now a portion of the Forest Reservation. To the left of the entrance to the park is located the academy at which young men are educated for the work of forestry. Ascending the mountain, passing through the park, over the brow



A Winter Scene at what is Known as the Lower Camp.

discovering causes, preventives and treatments of the disease, though as yet it continues unable to prescribe any curative in the way of drugs or medicines. But the conclusion has been reached and the facts proved that the disease can be arrested and made to partially or entirely disappear through the now well-known "open-air treatment." Investigations have shown that the destructive germ which causes the disease, feeds upon and tears down weakened tissue and that the victim's only hope of offsetting its work of destruction is by eating plenty and more than plenty of strong food in order that tissue may be built up more rapidly than it can be destroyed; having access to much pure air and sunshine which seem to be the effective destroyers of the germ; wearing good, warm

of the ridge, down the east side, making a trip of four miles southeast from the station, the visitor finds himself at the Camp Sanitarium, right in the midst of the fifty thousand acres of Forest Reservation.

Its origin dates back but a few years and has been known as the South Mountain State Camp Sanitarium only since June 1903. Some years previous to that time Dr. J. T. Ruthrock was so impressed with the idea of outdoor treatment for consumptive patients that he established a small private sanitarium. Incipient consumptives came to the camp, underwent treatment as best they could under the inconvenient conditions and in a short time were able to go away improved in health or entirely cured. Because of the good

work it was doing the camp's reputation increased. Widespread interest was aroused until in June, 1903, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania purchased the camp, put Dr. Ruthrock in charge and commenced improvements. The camp thus started as an experiment is now regarded as a "triumphant success."

In its earlier stages the camp was merely a number of shacks lining either side of a street. These were occupied by individuals who were obliged to do their own cooking and housekeeping. Because of this crude way of living, not many, and only the stronger patients, could be admitted. But the camp and its reputation grew year by year and with increased interest in the camp increased appropriations by the State legislature made it possible to so improve the camp that at present all the original crudeness has disappeared. Neat cottages have replaced the rude shacks and tents; a large dining hall and kitchen with their cooks and waiters serve the afflicted ones who are so little able to do their own cooking. Capable physicians and trained nurses watch over the patients and everything is done which modern science and all its resultant conveniences can do to make the place as sanitary as possible.

The original camp, established by Dr. Ruthrock, now known as the upper camp was found to be rather higher in altitude than desirable for all-winter habitation and the lower camp was established a quarter of a mile down the mountain. And yet more recently a permanent settlement has been located between the other two. From the camp physician's report we quote: "The altitude is about 1,650 feet above the sea level. The hills rise up like the sides of a basin some 300 or 400 feet above it. The basin is opened up by mountain passes to the southwest and northeast and east, is well wooded and watered, and has a sparse collection of houses scattered over its area. The woods afford good hunting and the streams are well supplied with brook trout. The summer temperature is very seldom oppressive, there being a buoyancy in the air during even our hottest days that is most invigorating, and our nights during the warmest weather are comfortably cool. During the winter months the temperature as a rule falls somewhat below that of the lower lands on either side of us, though it has several times been observed during the past winters that the mercury was lower in Cumberland Valley than it was with us in the camp, due to the tendency of the colder, heavier

air to descend the mountain slopes. The coldest weather of the unusually severe winter of 1903-1904 was sixteen degrees below zero."

So it is that the patients are at all times favored with pure, ozonic air that has been "filtered through miles of forests" and such air as one never breathes elsewhere than on these mountains.

In order that our readers may form a clearer conception of the intent and conditions that have brought about this philanthropic measure on the part of the State we again quote at some length from the report of Dr. A. M. Ruthrock. Dr. Ruthrock is the son of Dr. A. T. Ruthrock, original founder of the camp, and is camp physician appointed by the State and an enthusiastic promoter of this worthy cause.

"The camp was started in June, 1903, as an experiment. \* \* \* It is a well-known fact that there are thousands of people in the Commonwealth, suffering from tuberculosis in its earlier stages who abandon hopes of restoration to health because their means do not allow them to seek more distant locations which have an established reputation for the cure of the disease. As it is impossible for them to go there for health



A Few Buildings at what is Known as the Upper Camp.

this camp was opened with the object of bringing health to them, if possible, and thus prove that outdoor life in Pennsylvania is quite as likely to work a cure for consumptives as living in the open air in any other part of our country. Furthermore, the fact being once established that tuberculosis can be cured in the mountains of Pennsylvania, efforts will be made to cure the patients by the same methods of treatment at or near their own homes. \* \* \* Indeed, it may be said that one of the most beneficial discoveries of recent years in this direction is that the cure of consumption by proper food and proper living is possible and probable in almost any district of the State.

"Health must be worked for. One reason why better results as a rule are obtained in the treatment



of disease in public institutions than at home is because the inmates are under control and obliged to observe rules and conditions upon which restoration to health depends. The authorities in charge of the camp have a personal interest in every inmate of the camp and desire nothing so much as to be instrumental in helping them.

"There are limitations to the power for good in the open-air treatment of tuberculosis. When a consumptive suffers from severe hemorrhages, from night sweats and has become emaciated, we do not knowingly accept him or her as a patient in the camp."

The above extracts from the report show the original object of and principles upon which the sanitarium was established. From the original idea of treating only incipient cases has grown another and larger idea of protecting others against the contraction of the disease and the further, even more philanthropic, if more pitiable, idea of establishing a place where the hopelessly afflicted ones may be taken and tenderly cared for to the sad end. An account of these more recent improvements will be given in our next paper.



### POETIC FORMS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

You may never be called upon to write poetry, yet a study of poetic forms will help you to better understand the poems you read.

In attempts to distinguish between poetry and prose many definitions have been given. One author says,— "Poetry is the language of the imagination." Aristotle,— "Poetry is imitation by words," Matthew Arnold says, "Poetry is the noble and profound application of the ideals of life." According to Ruskin it is the presentment, in musical form, to the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions."

A careful study of the above definitions may help to eradicate the idea that a poem is a composition in which certain lines end with a similarity of sound. Rhyme is by no means a necessary adjunct of poetry.

While it is more possible to classify each poem than to exactly classify all prose, yet the greater part of it may be classed under one of the following heads,— epic, lyric and dramatic.

An epic is a narrative poem of elevated character, treating of the adventures of a hero or heroine, and often embracing many events and minor characters. It is simple in construction and makes no attempt to enforce a moral. The Greek "*Iliad*," the Latin "*Æneid*," and the English "*Boewulf*" are noted examples of this form.

The lyric deals with feelings rather than events. It is concentrated in form and movement as compared with the epic. The epic is confined to dactylic hexa-

meter, heroic couplet, or heroic blank verse, while the lyric has many forms. Some of the most important forms of the lyric are the hymn, the ode, the patriotic song, the love song, the lyric of nature, and the sonnet.

A hymn is a short lyric of unrestrained religious feelings, as, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," by Wesley.

Ode is from a Greek word meaning song. Edmund W. Gosse defines it as, "Any strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyric verse, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme." Wordsworth wrote to "Duty," Shelley "To a Skylark," Byron to "Venice," and Burns to "Despondency" and "Ruin."

The patriotic lyrics, or as they may be called, patriotic hymns, abound in every country because the lyric is well suited for the expression of deep and intense love of country. "Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled" by Burns, and "America" by Smith are good examples.

Love songs abound exceedingly in our literature. "O Fairest of the Rural Maids," by Bryant, "Oh, My Love's like a Red, Red Rose," by Burns, and "She was a Phantom of Delight," by Wordsworth, may be cited as illustrations.

Nature lyrics are sometimes found alone, and sometimes combined with other forms. Browning's "The Year's at the Spring," is an illustration of the simple form, while Milton's "L'Allegro" is a reflective nature lyric.

A sonnet is a lyric that deals with a single lofty thought within the compass of fourteen lines. Strictly speaking, the sonnet has two parts, the octave and the sestet. The subject is elaborated in the octave or first eight lines, and in the sestet or last six lines the conclusion is drawn. "Conquest" in the INGLENOOK of Dec. 27, 1904, and "Opportunity" by John J. Ingalls will illustrate this species of writing.

A drama is a poem of the epic kind, but so adapted that the parts may be spoken and acted as if they were actual occurrences. The greatest dramatist of the world was Shakespeare.

Some familiar forms of mixed character are the legend, the allegory, and the ballad.

The legend is a mythical story that has its foundation in tradition. Some of the various kinds are national, as Layamon's "Brut"; church, as Chaucer's, "The Prioress' Tale," historical, as Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and supernatural, as Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

An allegory is a prolonged metaphor, as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Ballads, or folk songs, give one incident in the life of a central character and are written in an easy verse. There are ballads of tradition, as "Chevy Chase"; domestic ballads, as "Annie of Lochroyan"; and ballads of superstition, as "Demon Lover."

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXI.

JUST whether the man was "holding me up" or acting as a loyal policeman of Germany, I did not know. He was going through my pockets in a most rude manner, looking at this trinket, opening that note-book, feeling the knife and toothpicks as if they were contraband.

When he came to the pocket in which the money had been concealed I intimated that his further search would be as fruitless and he withdrew his hand just before his fingers touched a snug purse, fat with gold and silver, earned in Britain.

When I showed him my bicycle passport he touched his cap, like a real gentleman, and was off down the road, leaving me to gather together my scattered senses, unlock my wheel and push it along the fragrant river by early morning moonlight, taking my breakfast at the Lorely Hotel.

I remember the beautiful words of Henry Heine:

I know not whence comes this feeling  
That I to sadness am so inclined;  
A legend of days departed  
I can not chase from my mind.  
The air comes soft, the breeze is falling,  
And peaceful flows the Rhine.  
The hilltops all brightly gleaming,  
In evening sunlight shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,  
Of wondrous beauty rare,  
With gold and jewels sparkling  
She combs her golden hair.  
With combs of bright gold she combs it  
And sings with mournful sigh.

And then the boatman, lovesick, happens along and is dashed to death as he goes over the rapids with his eyes fastened upon the charming maiden.

The last two days into Berlin I rode two hundred and twelve miles, visiting two imperial universities en-route and carrying fifty pounds of baggage. In Berlin I walked through the classrooms of Von Humboldt, Hegel, Schleremacher, Neander, Mommsen, where there were 10,000 students. A ride down the street, "Unter den Linden," and over eastern Germany's roads brought me, one evening, into the little town of

Beyrouth, nine miles north of the old city of Nurem-bourg.

Here I hired out to a farmer for one dollar and forty-four cents a week.

I was called out of bed at four in the morning, to chore around, cut grass and feed swine until five-thirty, when the hired girl stuck her head out of the window and called out: "Kaffee gekommen!" and the hired boy said to me, "Kaffee gekommen, Americanerin; wir haben Kaffee Augenblick!" ("The first breakfast has come, American. We will take our breakfast immediately.") Then we went in and sat down to our *Kaffee gekommen Augenblick*. Black coffee it was, with no sugar and less cream, and one solitary bun. The first morning I called for a second bun and the men seemed surprised to see me get it. But how slowly she walked in from the pantry to the dining-table! She was dramatizing for a purpose. I had asked something she could not continue to grant. She was telling me so in the language of the actress. My! How she held to that bun, as if it had been a five-dollar gold-piece! The next morning when I called for it again I was surprised that I did not get it. The last act of the drama had been played. There were no more buns coming.

Then we went out into the fields and hoed up hops until nine when the hired girl brought us another breakfast, *Früestück*, consisting of rye bread, salt pork and seven schooners of beer. Beer never looked so tempting to me in all my life. I was working so hard. I was hungry and thirsty both. Besides people in America had told me that German beer was good,—that women and children drank it there like we drink water in America. But I refused the beer and demanded milk instead. "Ha! Ha!" the men laughed and said, "Milk is swine drink. Milk is for babies. Beer will make you strong."

"You drink your beer," I said, "I'll take my milk. We'll see who is the stronger in a day or two."

When I made this challenge I trembled, for how could I ever make it good! The men had worked so hard that morning I was almost played out. How my back ached and my hands blistered! I had been riding



the wheel with my feet! But you don't hoe hops or anything else with your feet. My arms were weak. But I had made the challenge and the men had accepted it. It remained now for me to "put up or shut up." Tee-total temperance was on trial. I know I would have liked the beer or almost anything, to fill up on. But I repeated my wish for the milk. It came.

We worked until twelve o'clock and then went in to dinner,—*Mittagessen*—and sat down to the table in the center of which was a big basin filled with soup,—the best soup of my life, with no knives, forks or napkins, nothing but a big wooden spoon to dip up and pour down the soup.

That afternoon my strength began to come, though the soreness of my muscles was only equal to that of my tired body. But I was earning twenty-four cents a day and getting five meals a day in the bargain. At four the hired girl came out again with our first supper, *Abendessen*, of stink cheese, black bread, six schooners of beer and ONE OF MILK! We worked until almost sundown and then kept on working until after sundown! When it grew so dark we couldn't see to hoe we dragged our bodies into the house, did the chores, and at nine o'clock sat around that same wooden table to eat soup from the same dish. But it was not the same soup we had for dinner. No, we ate all of that. Neither was it like that soup. It was hot water in which a little hotter pepper had been thrown and some stale rye bread,—floating around like gunboats!

The men ate little or none, but I had to fill up on something, and as I swallowed it between ugly faces, the boy sitting by me would say, "Nicht gut, Amerikanerin! Nicht gut!" "Yaw," I would reply, and keep on "slopping the pig."

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### GET BUSY!

LEON F. BEERY.

IN this age of hustle and bustle and hurry and flurry, when everybody uses all his powers and resources to get ahead of the other fellow, and when all one's success depends upon his ability to push ahead and make a way for himself, a man, in order to make for himself any name or fame at all, and in order to be in the top rank both socially and in business, must ever do one thing,—“get busy.” The world does not wait for the man who sits down and waits for opportunity to come his way, and who thinks that people ought to give him a chance, but it swings right along, carrying everything with it, admiring those who have made a name and ignoring those who sit idly by and do nothing.

When in college a lot of new students come in, thus making an excellent field of work for the literary so-

cieties, the several societies, if they want to keep up their individuality and standing in the school, have nothing to do but to “get busy.” If the president of some large firm or corporation has been away for some length of time, and returning finds a mass of mail and other matter to be attended to, he must, in order to keep the business going “get busy.” A great crisis is impending on a nation. The whole nation is in a state of doubt, anxiety, and confusion. The leader or leaders of the nation see the importance of the affair, and immediately “get busy,” and perhaps avert the calamity.

According to God's plan of creation, all men were made with one thing at least in common, if they possessed no other,—the image and likeness of the Creator himself. This one thing was to be the means of uniting all men and nations in one brotherhood, and of preserving the relation of man to man. Indeed it would be a sorry-looking world if all humans were different in form and nature, and one man would have to look on another as he would on a lower class animal. Imagine, if you can, a crowded thoroughfare in a large city, crowded, indeed, with men and women, but crowded nevertheless with all shapes, sizes, and forms of creatures, some walking on two legs, some on four, some creeping and crawling, and others created in shapes of which we can form no imagination. One would scarcely know, in passing another creature, whether he were passing a human being like himself, or an animal farther down the scale of creation.

This common bond of union between men is necessary for the existence at all, for any great length of time, of the human race. Yet if every individual had been created with the same temperament, ability, and manner of thinking, this would be a slow, unprogressing, inactive, even degenerating world. There must be sometimes clashes of opinion and thought, in order to create competition and keep the business of the world in motion. If there were no differences of mind and sentiment and opinion, this world would come to a dead stop, for want of something to talk about and take interest in.

As a consequence of this difference of temperament and ability in mankind, every man born into the world cannot choose the same vocation, cannot endure the same hardships and trials, cannot achieve the same greatness and renown. That “some people are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them,” is a very true saying. The good fortune does not fall to every one to possess the ability and inclination to make himself famous. Some become renowned without much apparent effort or struggle on their part; others gain a name by years of hard work and study, and physical and mental exertion; while still others, no matter how long nor how hard they labor, no matter how persevering they are, are

never so fortunate as to feel that they are in the upper rank of society and business of any kind.

The members of this last class, however, are very few. There is one thing above all that is the keynote to success in life, and if a man follows this motto faithfully, and puts his whole heart and soul into his work, he will almost invariably win out. That thing is this—"Get busy!" That motto, if stamped upon the mind of a man so that no obstacle or discouragement can deface it, is sure to bring success to that man.

By using this motto Noah (if the modern colloquialism can be honorably applied to so noble a character), seeing the imminent danger to himself and the world, and taking the advice of One who is all-wise, saved himself from that awful flood which destroyed all mankind because they would not harken to God's voice: Peter, on that famous day of Pentecost, having received inspiration from on high, reaped a wonderful harvest of souls for the church: Alexander went from one city to another and from one nation to another, capturing them for his kingdom, conquering the whole known world, and would have continued conquering if there had been more worlds: Caesar, finding himself confronted by dangers from the various tribes of the north, and realizing that quick and heroic action was demanded for the maintenance of the Roman Empire, gathered together his scattered forces, trained them, and soon slaughtered the Helvetian hosts, conquered the German tribes, driving them back to their former home, in the next year pushed on into Gaul and by his masterful command of his troops, and by the wonderful capability of his legions, subdued one tribe after another, even the powerful Nervii, afterward conquering the Venetii by his ingenuity, and returned to Rome a glorious and triumphant monarch: Lincoln, a wonderful man, seeing the great curse that the slave trade was bringing upon our nation, called together his advisers, considered the matter deeply and quickly, came to a conclusion, drew up the Emancipation Proclamation, and set free thousands upon thousands of poor, abused, reviled, and tortured slaves: and by using this motto, any young man or woman can, though surrounded by difficulties, make a success of himself or herself, and become famous.

*Huntingdon, Pa.*



#### NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

JOE STEPHENS.

As I stand beside the waters  
Of the great and mighty deep,  
And behold its white-capped billows  
Which forever bound and leap;  
I am filled with profound wonder  
At the force of one strong wave,  
And my thoughts turn to the founder  
Who them formed and power gave.  
Then, I turn while meditating,  
And view the landscape, fair—

The forests, the hills, and valleys,  
Glowing with rich beauty there.  
These scenes cause my thoughts to deepen,  
And my mind looks far and wide;  
For an answer to the question—  
Who, of men, could these provide?

In the evening as I stand there,  
And the sun has ceased to shine,  
A more majestic picture  
Bursts upon this gaze of mine.  
The heavens are all illumined  
With glory beyond compare;  
Each glimmering ray of brightness  
Is telling its story, there.

Now, no longer will I ponder  
O'er the theories of man;  
For the Lord Almighty ruleth,  
He it is who only can.  
Kind Father, forgive my doubting;  
May I henceforth do thy will,  
For thy teachings found in nature,  
Are enough the world to fill.

Portland, Oregon.



#### PUZZLE OF AGES SEEMS SOLVED.

PERPETUAL motion is apparently demonstrated in California at a pumping plant installed by W. L. Hollingsworth & Co., on their Lomita tract, which is located on the main road between Redondo and San Pedro. In an effort to devise a plan whereby the natural gas bubbling up through the water could be disposed of, a hydraulic engineer discovered a method to utilize it for fuel. It has proven a distinct success and the unique spectacle is presented of a huge engine pumping water and gas from a 600-foot well and transforming the gas into units of energy.

W. H. Frost, president and general manager of the Western Gas Engine Company of this city, is credited with perfecting the invention that makes it possible to pump water that is strongly impregnated with natural gas. His device, which is to be patented, is expected to render waste lands productive and add millions of dollars in value to large tracts which it has been impossible to irrigate on account of the quantity of marsh gas in the water strata.

Although the pumping plant has been in operation only a few weeks, the owners have received letters of inquiry from many interested persons, and the Western Gas Engine Company is almost overrun with orders for the installation of similar machinery.

Frost hit upon his device through accident. After demonstrating that Lomita is abundantly supplied with underground water, the Hollingsworths decided to drill a well upon a slightly knoll that was of sufficient height to send water under pressure over the entire tract.

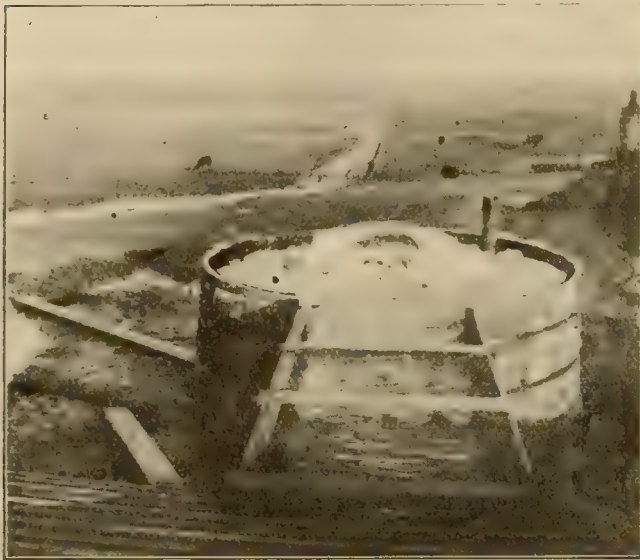
F. W. Langley, local manager of the United Iron Works, was given the contract for a powerful centrifugal pump. The drill went down several hundred feet until water was struck. The pump was in-



stalled and it worked perfectly until gas began to pour into its chambers, stopping the action. All were discouraged for it had been impossible to pump water where gas is found in any large quantity.

The problem was explained to Frost. He experimented and after several failures, invented a simple apparatus for removing the gas. It worked to perfection.

He then planned a large separator which should release the gas from the water. This was also a success, although at its first trial air became mixed with



Water Entering Tank Over Which is Gasometer, Where Water and Gas Separate.

the gas, causing an explosion that shot the big iron tank high into the air.

When the separator had been repaired and the pump again started, the tract owners and representatives of the companies which supplied the machinery gathered to watch operations. The separator sent a stream of gas into the air, while 1,000 gallons a minute of absolutely pure water were carried into a covered reservoir. The gas was then carried to the gasoline engine by vacuum process and supplied power.

"The pump is pumping itself," exclaimed the enthusiastic engineer, G. M. McIntosh. Although a little distillate is used in connection with the gas at the present time, later it is expected that more than enough gas will be generated to run the entire plant, and furnish light as well.

"Gas was first discovered when one of the workmen touched a match to the discharge pipe," stated Frost yesterday. "Its presence explained the failure to get satisfactory results from the pump. The problem was to get the excess of gas out of the mixture so as to handle both the water and the gas. The well was drilled to a depth of 680 feet. There was a fine flow of water. But as soon as the pump began to work, it developed one-fifth volume of gas, making it impossible to pump the water. I installed a device for get-

ting rid of the surplus gas. Then the pump, which is a centrifugal two-step Eclipse, worked to perfection.

"Next the mixture of gas and water was pumped into the separator and converted into spray. The gas, separated from the water, was led back to the engine room, and the water poured through a flume into the reservoir."

An analysis of the gas shows it to be a hydro-carbon of 800 British thermal units.

Since its successful installation a number of pump experts have visited the plant to witness its operation.

C. B. Hollingsworth is enthusiastic over the prospects of securing enough natural gas to furnish light for the entire Lomita community in time.—*Los Angeles Times*.



### "DARLING NELLIE GRAY."

Do you like the old songs best? Is it because they are better in musical quality than the new ones? or is it because they are pleasantly associated in your memory with old and dear friends, and carry you back home again, where you sang as freely as a bird, if not as sweetly?

Some of the old songs will never be forgotten entirely. Like paintings by the old masters, they may become laden with dust of years, and for a time lost to sight under the piles of newer and grander songs, but their worth will, sooner or later, bring them up again for the admiration of those who have not forgotten quite, or whose hearts inherit their tastes from those who heard and appreciated.

It is not merely the words, nor the measure and swing of the music that makes a song good and causes it to take hold upon the hearts of the people. No, not that alone. It must be true to life—to some life—a real heart story.

You may not readily recall the name, Benjamin Russell Hanby, or even Ben Hanby, but you surely have not forgotten "My Darling Nellie Gray."

True 'tis a far cry back to 1859-1860, yet there are those who will hear this good old song—hear it swelling and echoing sweetly in memory; and the words and tune come back to them so clearly and with such force that they find themselves humming the dear old strains again, to the surprise of the young folks, maybe, or to the delight of those who have only heard tell of the once famous song.

But what made it famous? There is nothing wonderful in its lines, or nothing so very striking in the air, yet upon the whole it has, or had, wonderful power for a song, and it lived longer than many that made more noise in the world and had great names to help get them along.

It must have possessed the spirit of its author, as great works of art possess the spirits of those who create them, and successfully defy imitators to trans-

fer them, even to more stylish or more highly-finished abodes.

Was it Ben Hanby's spirit that gave the old song its power to touch the hearts of so many? Was it his gentle soul that carried the song into so many homes and sent it ringing down the years? Has the spirit departed from it, or can you still feel its gentle power as you hum the tune softly while you read again the once familiar lines?

There's a low, green valley on the old Kentucky shore,  
There I've whiled the many happy hours away,  
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,  
Where lived my darling, Nellie Gray.

**Chorus:**

Oh, my poor Nellie Gray, they have taken you away,  
And I'll never see my darling any more,  
I'm sitting by the river and I'm pining all the day,  
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain and the stars  
were shining too,

Then I'd take my darling Nellie Gray,  
And we'd float down the river in my little bark canoe—  
While my banjo so sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but she'd gone, the neighbors say,

The white man bound her with his chain—  
They have taken her to Georgia, to wear her life away,  
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

My canoe is under water and my banjo is unstrung,  
I'm tired of living any more;

My eyes shall look down, and my songs shall be unsung,  
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blind, and I cannot see my way,  
Hark! there's something knocking at the door,  
Oh, I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nellie Gray,  
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

**Chorus to last verse:**

Oh, my darling Nellie Gray, up in heaven, there they say,  
That they'll never take you from me any more;  
I'm coming, coming, coming as the angels clear the way,  
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

The following story of the song and sketch of the author was found in a stray copy of a Missouri paper, the *Chillicothe Tribute* of December 15, 1892. The editor, H. L. Ambruce, was schoolmate and chum of the author of the song, and this is his tribute to his friend and brother, whose soul was full of music and whose heart was ever throbbing with generous impulses.

"Looking through 'Beautiful Gems' the other evening, a volume containing poetical and prose selections from the best authors, my eye fell upon 'Darling Nellie Gray.' The memory of my school days was quickened. I read with deep interest the following prefatory note:

"There is a little green mound and a marble slab in a secluded corner in the Otterbein Cemetery, about twelve miles from Columbus, Ohio, which marks the grave of the author of that famous ballad, 'Darling Nellie Gray.' The seclusion of the tomb, the neglect

shown it by all, save a few relatives, and the general ignorance of its location, form another illustration of the forgetfulness of the human race. Notwithstanding the grave of the author of 'Darling Nellie Gray' is forgotten and neglected, his own beautiful ballad has sculptured out for him a monument which will endure the changes of centuries to come.'

"This ballad was written and set to music away back in the fifties, by Benjamin Russell Hanby, while a member of the senior class at Otterbein University, Westerville, Ohio. The writer of this sketch was a student in this university in 1859-1860, and often heard Ben Hanby sing 'Darling Nellie Gray,' and the soft tones of

'I'm coming, coming, coming as the angels clear the way,'

as it came in happy cadence from that grand soul of grace and melody, is to him a sweet and cherished memory. At that time there seemed to be divine agencies at work, and among them were divine music and divine song. The morning of the heroic age of our civilization was approaching. 'Darling Nellie Gray,' contained a sentiment and touched a responsive chord in millions of hearts. I need not, nor do I care to dwell upon the inspiration of that sentiment. The divine agencies referred to solved the problem, though blood and tears had to flow, or rather paved the way for its solution.

"Ben Hanby, as we used to call him over thirty years ago, graduated with honor, and later entered the ministry in the United Brethren Church. His was an angelic soul, but it did not tarry long upon the earth. Before he reached the noon of life he went singing through the Gates Ajar, and for aught we know, as he neared the passage way the language of his song was:

'I'm coming, coming, coming as the angels clear the way.'

"It is human fate, and I believe 'tis true, that then he received a crown of rejoicing from the prince of the house of David. Ben Hanby loved the beautiful in nature, and the sweet in character. His ideal life was the child life. He loved it for its guilelessness. His mission as a preacher and a teacher seemed to be directed among the children, and he won them by the simple and tender music that flowed from his soul. Every child in the village was his friend.

"When the life of this brilliant and sweet-tempered soul, scholar, and poet went out; when the author of 'Darling Nellie Gray' was consigned to the tomb, many were the tearful tributes paid to his life by the children with whom he loved so well to mingle."  
—*Watchword*.



"THE best proof that you have given God your heart is that you do not withhold your hand."



# THE INGLENOOK

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## TO THE RESCUE.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his desire to improve conditions wherever improvement is needed, has not overlooked the farm and its needs. He realizes the important place the business of farming holds in the life of a nation and he sees too that in general it is not held in the estimation it should be and therefore cannot do all the good it might do.

The first hint we had that the President was studying the conditions of rural life, especially as it was related to the drift to the cities, was given in one of his messages. To some the subject hardly seems worthy the attention of our chief executive, but we do not see how he could make even a superficial study of the condition of the country over which he presides without seeing that for some reason the agricultural world is not measuring up to its capabilities.

Recently the President has proved his deep interest in the subject by appointing a committee to look over the field and submit a report before the end of December. Of course in the time allowed the committee cannot enter upon any extensive investigation. "All that it is expected to do is to give us a summary of what is already known, a statement of the problem, and the recommendation of measures tending toward its solution."

There is no one but will admit that there is a problem in the working world largely involving the rural class. A glance at the opportunities for leading a useful and prosperous life held out by the country and at the poverty-stricken masses in the cities will convince any one of this fact. But that the problem is to be solved by any great improvement in the condition of the farming class, some of us will not admit. Farmers, though not the most favored, are the most fortunate class in the United States. They have all manner of machinery for lightening their labors, rural delivery and telephones for bringing them into close communication with each other and

with the outside world and horticultural societies, institutes, etc., for increasing their knowledge of their profession as well as for the cultivation of the social side. Besides, able scientists are giving them invaluable aid in all branches connected with their work.

Additional improvement in the farmers' condition, as some people look upon improvement, would only tend to effeminize the class and take from them their well-deserved title as the backbone of the nation. Aside from one prevailing condition,—that which compels the farmer to take what is offered for what he sells and pay what is asked for what he buys,—there is little that remains to be desired for him.

To find the trouble and go about to remove it, one must go outside the rural class. The search will doubtless be much more successful than the efforts that follow, for there is a large class of people who are constitutionally opposed to hard work of any sort and of course until they are made over they will never do for the farm. Then there is another class who are willing to work, but they have to have lots of company; they do not work for the work's sake, but that they may keep up with the crowd. Life would not be worth anything to them if there was not always some place to go and somebody to see. These people "would just die" if they had to live on a farm. As to our boys and girls, reared on the farm, deserting it for the city life, they had some good reasons for doing so years ago, and the habit of looking down upon the farmer has become so deeply rooted and the glamor spread over life in the city so hard to remove, except by experience, that it will take some time for the current to turn, now that conditions have changed. The interest the President will succeed in arousing on the subject will do more for this class than any other, and the country of course will be the gainer. But we believe that good will come from the move in many other ways also, and we are glad that it has been undertaken.



## IN THE NEW FIELD OF CONQUEST.

Most of the people now living will doubtless see the time when man's conquest of the air will be complete. Already it is an assured fact and only time is needed for man to become acquainted with his invention in its natural element, and to make such minor improvements as may be suggested to him in his trial flights.

Earth and water have been under the conquering hand of man even before history began to record his doings and in all ages he has puzzled his brain over the tantalizing dream that the air could be conquered likewise. But he has been slow in realizing his dreams. Prophecies have been made that such and such a date would see him flying through the air with the ease and safety of a bird, but each time the

date has had to be moved farther into the future. Now, however, though the flights have been like those of a fledgeling, thousands of people can bear witness to the success attending them. Various governments also have, in a very material way, expressed their confidence that the fledgeling will ere long skip the air with all the powers of a fully developed bird.

Two machines, built on entirely different principles, are in the field and both are approaching the goal of success at about the same time. The one is the dirigible, or motor, balloon, a machine which, "like the fish and submarine boat, is of the same gravity as the medium in which it floats." The other is the aeroplane, a machine which, "like the bird and kite is heavier than the medium." At present Count Zeppelin stands in the front ranks of those who are bringing success to the motor balloon, while the Wright brothers and Henry Farman have already become famous as aeroplanists.

Prizes are constantly being offered to encourage the perfecting of the machines, and though large fortunes have already been lost in the various attempts there seems to be no lack of money at present for those who have won some degree of success. This shows how much the people are interested in the work. Several weeks ago, when Count Zeppelin's machine was destroyed by fire during a storm, after he had met the requirements of the German government and a messenger from the government was on his way with a draft for \$125,000 to purchase what was now in ruins, within twenty-four hours nearly half a million dollars was raised by popular subscription to build new machines. By the time this reaches our readers, our government will probably be in possession of the motor balloon now owned by Captain Baldwin who is sure he can satisfy the Signal Corps which is to pass on the merits of the machine.

"Unfortunately, the first thought that comes to men when a new force is put into their hands is of the increased power of destruction it gives to the individual." That is why the various governments are so much interested in the airships. Germany, for instance, would be mistress of the air as England is of the sea. However, peace has a way of taking over for her own purposes the instruments invented by war, and we may live in hope that this invention, though encouraged to success and laid claim to by the war spirit, will take its place, with the sword and spear, in the peaceful pursuits.



#### FATHER AND SON.

I had a father; when he was alive  
I did not greatly care his will to please;  
I did not know his habit was to strive  
For me his son upon his bended knees.  
My careless eyes found him but commonplace,  
And thus untreasured chances passed away

Of watching time—consummate artist!—trace.  
A character like Christ's in "common" clay.

Then he appeared a Philistine, too stiff  
To sympathize with my superior mind;  
But now, when he is dead, it seems as if  
He were a vision-seer, I the blind.

He knows now all the secrets of the grave  
Versed in profounder than Hegelian lore;  
He wears the crown God gives to those who brave  
The world's contempt and all its sneers ignore.

And I who could so lightly talk with him,  
Confronting wisdom with youth's insolence,  
Would give all that I have to talk with him,  
And think a great boon won at small expense.

I did not know how fervently he longed  
In me deep-cherished hopes to realize,  
Too late I see it now, the love I wronged,  
Then in my reach, now out of reach, the prize.

Though they are lost, which might have once been won,  
Rich opportunities I cast away,  
I trust that even now he sees his son  
Tracking his footsteps to the land of day.

Then will I tell him what I had to keep  
Buried within my breast, a life-long woe;  
And he will say: "My son! my son! why weep?  
I have forgiven it so long ago."

—Author Unknown.



#### THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write,  
Three words with a burning pen  
In tracings of eternal light  
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn.  
Put off the shadow from thy brow,  
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er the bark is driven.  
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth;  
Know this, God rules the host of Heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one;  
But man, as man, thy brother call,  
And scatter, like the circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,  
Hope, Faith, and Love, and thou shalt find  
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,  
Light when thou else wert blind.

—Schiller.



"If I ever dared to vote for a saloon," Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman said in Philadelphia, "I'd hang my head in shame and then hand in my resignation as a member of a Christian church. Men of this caliber are not wanted in the church. Neither are the men wanted who are afraid to express themselves from the pulpit. Any preacher who is afraid of any person in his congregation is not fit to be a minister of the Gospel."





## Parental Instruction

Flora E. Teague

THE wise man's advice to parents, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it," is most valuable to parents in every sense of the word. Probably a lack of proper parental training in many homes is bringing about many of our present evils. On the whole I do not believe that our young people today are any worse than those of past generations. In many ways they are wiser and better. But I am positive that through proper instruction and advice from those who are bearing the responsibility of parents, our young men and maidens might be improved upon. So, too, might they have been in the past. Therefore, before advising our youthful readers in selecting ways of pleasantness, peace, and profit we will talk to the fathers and mothers awhile.

Begin early in character moulding of your little ones. Do not nag and constantly find fault, but reason with them in language they can understand. This plan will leave lasting convictions in the minds of your children in regard to right and wrong acts.

Be careful about showing favoritism. It is not always best to hold up a good and obedient child as a grand model to brothers and sisters who have entirely different temperaments,—temperaments that make it hard to be always good and obedient. Do not force the older ones to always yield to the youngest, and thus aid in making him a selfish, domineering little prig. Teach each one to honor and respect the rights of others.

It is natural for pious fathers and mothers to desire perfect children, but do not insist on making "goody-goody" children of them, or "sissies" of the boys. Let young America have free rein occasionally, but as in driving a spirited horse, "keep him in the road."

Encourage conversation with your children. Commend a well-expressed even though childish opinion. Refrain from too frequent bidding them to be silent when you wish to speak. Gain such silence by securing deference and honor in them for you. Win their confidence early. Let them hear from your lips

the first knowledge gained in regard to the sacred functions of our bodies. Teach them gentleness and good manners. Be courteous yourselves to each other, to your little ones, and to those with whom you come in contact. It is painful to lovers of children to witness impudent acts in those who you feel should have been better trained.

Put your children at ease in the parlor, at the table, and elsewhere. Many little tender hearts have been deeply pained at their own awkwardness in new and trying positions. Give your children opportunities of mingling with people of culture and refinement, and thus help them acquire these desirable attributes. Advise them in their selection of companions. Teach them to be kind and helpful to all, but select as boon companions, pure, clean, cultured young people. Show them the results of bad or low company. Teach them above all things to respect sacred things. Do not permit them to handle good books carelessly. Let them learn to handle God's Word reverently and lovingly. Help them see the reasons for abstaining from levity and wrong-doing in God's house. Teach them to treat respectfully the aged, the poor, the crippled, the helpless. Cultivate a feeling of sympathy in their hearts for those who need aid. Teach them to be truthful, honest, and self-reliant. Begin early by giving them opportunities to rely upon their own resources and judgment. Teach them that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Cultivate all these commendable qualities yourselves, and you will have children that will rise up and call you blessed and your hearts will rejoice in them.

Lordsburg, Cal.



### A LITTLE LESSON IN GUIDING.

"COME baby, and kiss Auntie," said the visitor as she took the proffered chair, stretching out her hands toward two year old baby Robert, who was busy making the acquaintance of the latest addition to his nursery menagerie, a fine Teddy bear.

The little toddler turned at the sound of the loved inviting voice, bounded forward, his arms filled with his precious possessions, but alas mamma's rocker was in his way, the little feet tripped and over he went really more scared than hurt.

"Bad chair to hurt our baby," said Aunt Nellie, "We'll whip it," suiting the action to her words. "No, no," exclaimed the wise little mother, laying a restraining hand on her sister's arm, as she lifted the child, giving him a sympathetic caress. "Poor chair," continued mamma, patting it gently, "it didn't mean to hurt Robert, and he is well now."

The little fellow understood, smiling through his tears the tiny hands went out in a caressing movement, imitating his mother, while the rosy lips murmured, "No, no."

Aunt Nellie was silent, but her features expressed her interest in the little episode. Later when her idolized nephew had forgotten his woes in peaceful slumber she referred to the scene by asking, "Kate aren't you a bit overparticular in your zeal to bring up your offspring in the right way?"

"I hope not," was the reply, "one can hardly be too careful in such a responsible task. I see you are still thinking about me differing with you a while ago when Robert fell. I hope you are not offended?"

"Oh no, I am not displeased, but I can't see where was the harm in giving that chair a few taps. I fancied it would divert the little lad's mind and possibly afford him some satisfaction to know it was punished for his discomfort," replied Aunt Nellie.

"Undoubtedly the mind is diverted by suggestion," assented the mother, "but to me your act was wrong because it was teaching the child, in a thoughtless way, to retaliate when his thoughts could be just as easily diverted into a good channel and a forgiving spirit implanted or encouraged. It must be remembered that children are wonderfully imitative and easily influenced by example."

"Yes, I admit some of them are regular little monkeys," replied Aunt Nellie laughing. "You remember Margaret Putnam, how careful her mother is to teach her to use good language and to be kind to others. Well on my way here as I passed near her father's house, I heard her call out to a little playmate, 'Grover McKinley, come to me this instant or I'll beat you severely.' I said to her 'Why Margaret, I am surprised to hear you speak in such a cross tone to such a dear little playmate.' 'Oh,' she replied, 'I am not mad, I was just playing he is my little boy and calling him the way his mother does.' I was greatly amused for she is such a little tot."

"Such mimicry in children is laughable, but it has its serious side nevertheless," responded the mother, "for what seems trivial to us is forming character for good or evil. I think if I teach or encourage my child to strike an inanimate object for a seeming

inflicted injury, later on he may develop brutal instincts and think it right to abuse those younger or weaker than himself and show cruelty to dumb creatures, a very undesirable trait of character."

"I never thought of such far-reaching possibilities," returned the auntie.

"That is because you have never given the subject your serious attention," said her sister. "Every thoughtful mother and careful observer cannot fail to notice that the present age is more keenly alive to the importance of early careful child training than ever before, realizing that the infant of today is the man of tomorrow, that the future prosperity, happiness and power of our country depend upon the proper education of the children, physically, mentally and spiritually."—*American Motherhood*.



#### AN APOSTLE OF THE BIG FAMILY.

"ONE of the greatest curses of this country," says the Rev. Michael G. Esper, of St. Joseph, Michigan, "is the one-child family." Father Esper holds that the avoidance of care, expense and responsibility and the love of ease and pleasure is "a common American disease, very contagious at that." In one of his speeches that has lately attracted considerable attention, he said that the Teddy bear craze was bad for little girls and tended to destroy some of that maternal instinct of which the country stands in such need. He went on to say that the mother-instinct is going out of fashion anyway, and that this was helped by the substitution of bears instead of dollies that have to be dressed and undressed and loved and kissed in the good old way.

Certainly the Teddy bears have found favor only among the little girls in America, for a German captain who recently brought over a cargo of them, made in the Fatherland for American consumption, said that the girls over there can't be persuaded to give up cuddling their dolls. So the bears come over here, where, Father Esper says, maternal instinct is dying out even so far as the poor dolls are concerned.



#### RAG CARPET LINOLEUM.

HAVE the carpet cleaned and mended, then stretch and tack in a dry place. Then take two quarts of flaxseed and boil in two gallons of water until it becomes a jelly. Take an old broom and go all over it with the hot jelly until the carpet is thoroughly soaked. Let dry two or three days and boil your flaxseed again, and repeat as many times as required to make it stiff, leaving it to dry each time. Next paint it with some good reliable paint, giving it two or three coats. This homemade linoleum will last for years, if you are careful not to get water under the edge, and give it an occasional coat of paint.—*Selected*.



## PRESERVING TIME.

Said Mr. Baldwin Apple  
 To Mrs. Bartlett Pear,  
 "You're growing very plump, madam,  
 And also very fair.  
 "And there is Mrs. Clingstone Peach,  
 So mellowed by the heat,  
 Upon my word, she really looks  
 Quite good enough to eat.  
 "And all the Misses Crabapple  
 Have blushed so rosy red  
 That very soon the farmer's wife  
 To pluck them will be led.  
 "Just see the Isabellas;  
 They're growing so apace  
 That they really are beginning  
 To get purple in the face.  
 "Our happy time is over,  
 For Mrs. Green Gage Plum  
 Says she knows unto her sorrow  
 Preserving time has come."  
 "Yes," said Mrs. Bartlett Pear,  
 "Our day is almost o'er,  
 And soon we shall be smothering  
 In syrup by the score."  
 And before the month was ended,  
 The fruits that looked so fair  
 Had vanished from among the leaves,  
 And the trees were stripped and bare.  
 They were all of them in pickle,  
 Or in some dreadful scrape,  
 "I'm cider," sighed the apple;  
 "I'm jelly," cried the grape.  
 They were all in jars and bottles  
 Upon the shelf arrayed;  
 And in their midst poor Mrs. Quince  
 Was turned to marmalade.

—Philadelphia Times.



## USES OF AMMONIA.

I HAVE often read of the great aid rendered the housekeeper by ammonia, but, as happens in the case of much of other good advice, it was absolutely thrown away on me until quite lately. I one day went to work to clean the silver, and as there was quite a little of it, I was prepared for a long job, and a most disagreeable one. An old aunt who was with me proposed a wash in strong soapsuds with a dash of ammonia; when lo! at the expense of a good washing and wiping, it was restored to the sideboard with a lustre I had never been able to obtain with polish or whiting—and unlimited elbow grease. More, the filigree work was cleaned perfectly, without any of the white sediment left, to get out. The knives, forks and spoons have to have a little rubbing with whiting to remove the discoloration, but nothing to what was usually required.

We have two lamps, fancy ones, with lots of brass work about them, that were beauties originally, but time and usage had dulled their beauty. The next

day after my silver experience, I got those lamps, took them to pieces all I could, and gave them a good soaking and rubbing in some fresh suds and ammonia; result, two lamps as good to look at as new. Moreover, I save every bit of suds, no matter how dirty (and one would be surprised to see how the color will come off such articles), to water the plants. I have an asparagus tenissimus that has always made a healthy but slow growth, but since I have taken to adding a little ammonia to the water occasionally, it has put forth eleven new leaves, and it is only a short time, too.

Another thing I have found exceedingly useful and cheap, too, is borax. I can do two washings with borax easier than one without; and I have used a good many powders and highly advertised soaps. I put the clothes soaking before breakfast, if possible, soaping well. After the dishes are cleared away, I give them a light rubbing out, and put them in the boiler in a cold suds, to which I add a little borax, the quantity, of course, regulated by the amount of water and the bulk of clothes. By the time they have boiled ten minutes, they are washed, and are ready for sudsing and rinsing, and will dry very white and clean-looking.

And one more thing for ammonia I had nearly forgotten to mention it, a little added to the bath water when one is very tired gives one such a fresh, clean feeling; it is as good as a nap in my experience.—*Selected.*



## TWO WAYS OF USING GRAPES.

PRESS enough Concord grapes through a sieve to make a quart of juice. Mix half a pound of sugar with a pint of water, and simmer to a very clear sirup. Add the juice of the grapes as well as the juice of one lemon, and, finally, about half a cupful of tapioca that has already been properly softened. Cook slowly until the tapioca is clear; cool near the ice, and serve with plenty of whipped cream.

An excellent breakfast dish may be made by combining Concord grapes with homing or farina. Stew the grapes until they are very soft, then press through a sieve, that all but the seeds and skin may be extracted. To each quart of pulp add a teacupful of the cereal and a little salt, and cook for fully three-quarters of an hour in a double boiler. It is better to make this dish the day before it is to be used. In that case it will have time to harden, and may be served cold, in slices, with sugar and cream.—*The Delineator.*



## SOME USES FOR SALT.

For removing egg stains from silver, salt applied with a soft cloth will act like magic.

If salt is rubbed on fruit stains when they are fresh all trace of them will disappear in the washing.

A pinch of salt added to the whites of eggs will cause them to whip in half the time usually required.

A pinch of salt added to ground coffee just before the cooking accentuates the natural flavor of the berry and gives "body" to the drink.

Greens used for salads should be thoroughly rinsed in salt water to dislodge possible insects or their eggs too small to be seen by the naked eye when picking over the greens.

Sprinkle salt over a dingy carpet before sweeping and the transformation wrought will convince the most skeptical of the value of salt as a cleanser all along the line.

Everybody knows, or at least should know, that nothing is so effectual for putting out fire in a burning chimney as salt. To kill weeds apply boiling hot salt water in liberal quantities. To remove grass from brick walks sprinkle freely with salt and let stand several days.—*Exchange*.



#### TO FRESHEN DRY DOUGHNUTS.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

DOUGHNUTS, or crullers, that have become dry and hard may be made soft, and nearly as palatable as new by laying them in the oven a few minutes just before they are wanted for the table. No more should be so treated than are likely to be eaten at that meal, as after cooling, the last estate is worse than the first, and they do not generally respond readily to a further treatment.



GREEN CORN CAKES—To one quart grated corn (raw) add yolks of three eggs, cup sweet cream (milk may be used, adding tablespoon butter), one cup flour, the well-beaten whites, teaspoon baking powder; bake on griddle and serve hot. Some use a handful fresh breadcrumbs and not so much flour.



#### THE CHILD THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

THERE is nothing in all the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If you ever wish to go in for some philanthropy, if you ever wish to be of any real use in the world, do something for children. If you ever yearn to be truly wise, study children. We can dress the sore, bandage the wounded, imprison the criminal, heal the sick, and bury the dead; but there is always a chance that we can save a child. If the great army of philanthropists ever exterminate sin and pestilence, ever work out our race's salvation, it will be because a little child has led them.—*David Starr Jordan*.



ACCEPT what approves itself clearly to your own mind. Teach nothing because others teach it. — *Wm. Ellery Channing*.

### The Children's Corner

#### WHY SUSIE WAITED.

LET'S say our prayers out loud, Susie," said Mabel, as the two little sisters were getting ready for bed one night.

"All right," answered Susie. So the two said their "Now I lay me me" and their "God bless papa and mamma" together. Then Mabel jumped right up on her bare feet, but Susie still kneeled a quiet little while by the white bed.

"What were you waiting for, sister?" asked Mabel.

"Why, I was listening for God to answer," said Susie; "don't you 'member Miss Josepha said we musn't hurry over our prayers? She said that was like the little boy that knocked at her door once, and then ran away before she could open it. So now I always wait to see if God wants to say anything to me."

"Did he say anything to you tonight?" asked Mabel, looking startled.

Susie nodded.

"Oh, Susie! What?"

Susie didn't answer just at first, because it is not easy to talk about what that little inside voice says. But in a few minutes she said in a low tone, "You know we said, 'God bless all my friends,' and right away I thought of Sadie Burwel, 'cause we had a fuss today; and while I waited, God said, 'Tell her you are sorry.'"

"Will you tell her?" persisted the eager little questioner.

"Yes, of course, I must tell her."

Mabel crept into bed quietly, saying to herself that she would wait for God's answer, too, and wondering if he would tell her to confess about breaking mamma's cutglass flower vase.—*Home Herald*.

### For SUNDAY READING

#### "ENOUGH TO SHOW THE WAY."

[This poem was written by Professor Romanes, one of the greatest scientists of the nineteenth century, who, after years of skepticism, became before his death a humble Christian.]

Amen: now lettest thou thy servant, Lord,

Depart in peace, according to thy Word.

Although mine eyes may not have fully seen

Thy great salvation, yet surely they have seen

Enough of sorrow and enough of sight

To show the way from darkness into light:

And thou hast brought me through a wilderness of pain

To love the sorest paths if soonest they attain:

Enough of sorrow for the heart to cry

"Not for myself, nor for my kind am I,"



Enough of sight for reason to disclose—  
 "The more I learn the less my knowledge grows."  
 Ah! not as citizens of this one sphere,  
 But aliens militant we sojourn here,  
 Invested by the hosts of evil and of wrong  
 Till thou shalt come again with all thine angel throng.

As thou hast found me ready to thy call,  
 Which stationed me to watch the outer wall,  
 And, quitting joys and hopes that once were mine,  
 To pace with patient steps this narrow line,  
 Oh! may it be, that coming soon or late,  
 Thou still shalt find thy soldier at the gate;  
 Who, then, may follow thee till sight needs not to prove,  
 And faith will be dissolved in knowledge of thy love.



### "ISAAC—A CHARACTER SKETCH."

JOSEPH S. REISH.

ISAAC, a patriarch of the Hebrews, was born, as near as we can tell, in the land of Canaan in the year B. C. 1898.

His name means "He will laugh," and he was so named because of the joy that his birth occasioned.

His father's name was Abraham and his mother's Sarah.

An important event which happened a while before his birth, and worthy of mention here, is that his birth was foretold to his parents by the Lord himself; and we are told that they both laughed at the idea of having a son born to them at that period of their lives as they were beyond the age limit of bearing children.

At his birth the ages of his father and mother were one hundred and ninety years respectively.

The next event of importance in his life happened when he was about twenty-six years old, according to Josephus, when he was miraculously saved by the Lord from an untimely death upon the altar of sacrifice which was dedicated unto the Lord.

At the age of forty-one, according to the best chronologists, he was married to his first cousin Rebecca and when he had attained the age of sixty he became the father of twin boys whom he named Esau and Jacob.

On account of a famine in Canaan in B. C. 1804 Isaac, at the age of ninety-four, moved into Gerar, a place which is supposed to have been not far distant from the place of his birth, and in a short time he became a man of great influence and wealth.

It was while in this country that one of his chief characteristics, a strong desire for peace, was strongly shown in that he sacrificed his right to property in order to prevent strife and contention:

When one hundred and thirty-eight years of age, as he was becoming old and was already blind, he desired to bestow his blessing upon his eldest son, Esau, but through the stratagem used by his wife and her favorite son, Jacob, it was conferred upon Jacob, his younger son.

In the year B. C. 1718 Isaac died at Hebron, being one hundred and eighty years of age, and was buried in the cave of Machpelah by his sons, Esau and Jacob.

Thus ended a life of which we know but little and which the majority of people think was obscure and unimportant and even some suppose that his name is mentioned in the annals of the sacred book only as the connecting link between that of his father, Abraham, and of his son, Jacob; but when we make a close study of his life and character, of which this article is but a brief sketch, we find that he was successful owing to the fact that he strove to live a peaceable and godly life; and now, after 4,000 years, his name still survives and is inscribed among the great of the earth because of his loyalty to righteousness and his simple goodness.

Not ten per cent of the men of any age obtain a world-wide reputation and the applause of their fellowmen, while the remainder, over ninety per cent, are classed as common or unimportant characters; though the latter may live a successful life as readily as the former, and undoubtedly oftentimes do, for true success oftentimes is attained in obscurity.

"Rare gifts are needed, the world could not live without them. But it is not rare gifts that make men happy. It is the common and simple and universal gifts; it is health; it is fresh air; it is the friend; it is the kindness that meets us on the journey; it may be only a word, a smile, a look; it is these common and everyday, and simple things, all coming to us in common from God; it is these and not any rarity of blessing that are God's ways of making man happy and successful," and if we would obtain success we must obey the laws of success.

Though we are not applauded by our fellowmen as much as we imagine we should be, and though we have not accumulated as much of this world's goods as we have desired, both of which are set up as standards of success by some in this world, let us learn a lesson from the life of Isaac and be content with our lot, if we are an unimportant personage, and live for the cause of right under all circumstances.

Who works for glory misses oft the goal;  
 Who works for money coins his very soul.  
 Work for the work's sake, then, and it may be  
 That these things shall be added unto thee.

—Kenyon Cox.

Christ says, in substance, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all the necessary things of this life shall be added unto you."



### THE PENNY-WISE MAN.

GRUDGED gifts are not gifts at all. They are close-fisted, mean-spirited attempts to buy religion at a bargain. Most people learn that when they buy clothes or

houses or animals cheap they usually get a cheap article for their money, but the same folks will not realize that religion which they buy on the "penny down and a penny a week installment plan" is not the best all-wool-and-a-yard-wide goods.

To point out some of the defects in this goods is a duty which has been too long neglected. In the first place all religion should have a good deal of faith woven into it, but the cheap article has very little—so little, in fact, that people who buy it are afraid that the good Lord would let poverty overtake them if they should put a nickel more than usual on the plate.

Then, religion should have a basis of brotherly love. Instead of love, the cheaper forms of religion contain a shiny and showy imitation. Its smoothed surface looks very well under the artificial lights on prayer meeting night, and it rustles well during an exhortation. But some keen observers have noticed that it doesn't stand severe weather.

Further, real religion should be cut after a liberal "good works" pattern. But the cheap article is cut on very scant lines, hardly ample enough to go around the owner. It can never be stretched to protect a neighbor, and as it grows older, it is very apt to shrink.

From what has been said, it is plain that this is not the kind of religion for hard, everyday wear. For certain purposes it can be made to serve, but there is no need of such economy. The real religion can be purchased without price—free to those who cannot pay, costing others only what they are able to spend. A word to the wise—don't try to bargain in religion.  
—*Home Herald*.



CONSCIENCE punishes our misdeeds by revealing to us our guilt and ill desert. It will not permit us to enjoy the love of one whom we have secretly betrayed. It will not suffer us to take pleasure in the esteem of our fellows, when we have fallen below the standards which they cherish. It cannot be put off, or cheated, or bribed. For it is inside us; it is an aspect of ourselves; and to get away from it is as impossible as to get away from or around ourselves. Repentance, confession, and attempted restitution are the only offerings by which offended conscience can be appeased,  
—*William De Witt Hyde*.



#### "IF IT WERE NOT SO."

"FEAR not" is very common in the Bible. It is often in the mouth of messengers from God. Our Savior used it much.

George Ebers truly says that man has nothing harder to bear than uncertainty, and generally when suspense looks forward to bad rather than to good news, and bearers of ill ride faster than messengers of weal.

What a message of assurance the Gospel brings to

the trembling, fearful one! Its effect is seen for instance in Paul when he says: "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to guard that which I have committed to him."

Into the face of the uncertainties of life we may quietly look as we think of the abiding God and thus we may dwell in the secret place of the Most High. He will not deceive us. If there were cause for worry he would inform us. He emphatically tells us there is not, so let us rest the matter there and fear not more.  
—*Bible Record*.



#### WAIT UPON THE LORD.

THERE are heart sicknesses known to earth more real and distressing than any physical malady. Times there are in each human life when the sharp sword pierces to the very center of the soul. Speaking after the manner of this world, the agony seems greater than can be borne. What then? Shall we sink down in despair? No. There is a better way. Summon thy soul to new courage and patience. Say to thy soul within the thick shadows, even where no light enters, "My soul, wait thou only upon God."—*Spurgeon*.



#### FOR THE FUTURE.

THE secret of happiness is inward. People had good times when there were no friction matches, no brilliantly illuminated streets, no steamboats or railroads, no sewing machines, no postage stamps, no comfortably heated homes, no telegraphs or telephones. The elements of happiness are not in things, but in human nature itself. But the fairer conditions, the greater opportunities, in which the marvelous modern inventions afford to the masses of our humanity, should augment our joy and expand our hopes. The most obvious fact of human history is that of progress. The race is following a flying and a growing ideal. It is inspired and saved by hope. Every helpful invention, every improvement of sanitary conditions, every new ray of intellectual and spiritual illumination, every scientific achievement, every amelioration of physical suffering, every new avenue of enjoyment, every victory of righteousness, every faithful deed in lowly and lofty places, increases the splendor and the power of our vision of the future.—*Sel*.



"TEMPTATION," once said Henry Ward Beecher, "is like a spark. If it falls upon water, no harm is done; but what if it falls upon powder?" It is not what is in the temptation, but what is in us, that makes all the difference in the world. If the mind is filled with good thoughts and the heart with pure desires, temptations will be harmless. We are responsible for many of our temptations, because we have invited them by not having ourselves filled with the love and spirit and grace of Jesus Christ.





# Echoes from Everywhere

Abyssinia has established a postal department. This is not so much news to the world at large as is the fact that the land of the Negus did not have such a department. However, it is another mark of the progressive spirit of Emperor Menelik, whose dusky features are portrayed on the stamps.

A new Zion, to be known as the New Jerusalem, is soon to be founded in Missouri. It will be established as soon as contributions to buy 100,000 acres of land flow into the coffers of James Alexander Dowie, brother of "Elijah" Dowie, and "Healer" Schrader, who have formed a co-operative healing agency with headquarters at St. Louis.

Postmaster General Meyer intends to campaign in behalf of postal savings banks. Mr. Meyer has given close study to the subject and is enthusiastic in his support, and with his party committed to the project in its platform he is encouraged to appeal for votes for what he considers as promising a new field as the postoffice department has ever entered.

The city council of Cleveland, Ohio, has agreed that the municipal traction company, which has been charging a fare of three cents, shall charge a straight cash fare of five cents, tickets to be sold at three cents. This rate is to continue until the "pay-as-you-enter" cars are in stalled. The May and June deficit of the company is given as a reason for the change.

The Danish explorer, Capt. Ejnar Mikkelsen, recently arrived in Copenhagen after spending two years of exploration in the waters which lie to the north of Alaska, his object being to find out whether a deep sea lies in that region or a stretch of land. He and his companions sailed 50 miles off the Alaskan coast and when they sounded for bottom, could find none; 60 miles farther they had the same result. They then turned to the southeast and succeeded in finding bottom which they followed to the east until forced to turn back on account of the swiftness of the current.

A medical investigator of Boston announces that tea, that good beverage which created such a turmoil in Boston harbor century before last, is a rank enemy of germs, especially typhoid germs. He says he placed the typhoid bacilli in cold and lukewarm tea and at the end of four hours they were greatly diminished, while by the expiration of 24 they were completely destroyed. "The value of this finding," says the Boston Transcript, "is obvious to military surgeons. Sterilized water may become infected after it is placed in the canteen. Canteens which have once been filled with infected water may retain the infectious germs for some time. In filling the canteens with tea the infection with typhoid bacilli would, after a few hours, says a military surgeon, be almost nil."

Twelve and a half million dollars are thrown away every year in Germany by the poorer classes in the purchase of pernicious penny dreadfuls, according to a statement just issued by the Durer Union, which is engaged in a campaign against the growing tendency in Germany to read trashy "literature." The secretary of the union vouches that 8,000 established booksellers and 30,000 peddlers are engaged in selling sensational serials and books containing complete tales of a very low order. No fewer than 750,000,000 of these "stories" have been sold in the course of a single year.

Uncle Sam's investments in fairs and expositions have not thus far brought him any great satisfaction and his little experience at Jamestown will probably confirm the growing distrust which the old man has for such institutions. For out of the million dollars which he loaned to the officers of the fair, only a little over one-tenth has been paid back. In the general federal court litigation which is going on in Norfolk over the affairs of the exposition, the government has filed a petition asking for protection as a creditor and claiming priority of payment over the other claimants.

The great oil-well conflagration which broke out at Tampico, July 4, continues to defy all efforts to get it under control. Powerful pumps from the United States were taken to the scene and set to work pumping enormous quantities of mud and sand into the roaring vortex of flames, but according to latest accounts no appreciable reduction was made in the blaze. The flames continued to leap up 1,500 feet into the air. Several American oil well experts have visited the scene. They all concur in the opinion that the fire consumes 100,000 barrels per day. The crater is 300 feet in diameter, and it is estimated that more than 5,000,000 barrels of oil have been destroyed up to this time. It is valued at \$1 per barrel.

The American Sabbath Union has issued an appeal to employers to make a change in the week or two of vacations that is given to employes during summer. It suggests that instead of vacation beginning Saturday and closing on the Sabbath, it could begin on Friday evening and the employe could report for work on Monday at noon or Tuesday morning after vacation. "This plan," says the appeal, "would allow the clerks or employes to reach their destination, avoiding all travel on Sunday, either way, and yet have the full vacation. The moral principle involved in the inculcation of the vital truth regarding the Sabbath day as the bulwark of our homes and our land, would infinitely more than compensate for the material loss of a few hours' service. It is sincerely hoped the business men of our land will see their way clear to put the above into practical operation."

In the Atlantic Monthly Mr. J. O. Fagan makes some interesting comparisons between British and American railroads. He shows that in the year 1906 a total of 1,200,000,000 passengers were carried on British railways on 27,000 miles of track, against 800,000,000 passengers carried on American railways on a mileage of 200,000. As regards accidents the same writer says that if we take the year 1906 we find that there were 13,455 collisions and derailments in the United States, and only 239 in Great Britain. In the same year 146 passengers were killed and 6,000 injured in the United States, against 58 passengers killed and 631 injured in Great Britain. The number of employes killed and injured in train accidents was respectively 13 and 140 in Great Britain, against 879 and 7,483 in the United States.

The French branch of the International Cremation Society has published a report in which it deplors the fact that in spite of its efforts cremation is not yet popular in France. The number of incinerations is larger each year, but the increase is so small as to be scarcely perceptible. In the provinces this form for the disposal of the dead is scarcely used at all. Practically all the cremations in France occur in Paris. America, says the report, has the largest number of cremations. There are 36 crematories in the United States, and these last year consumed a little less than 4,000 bodies. Germany is next in order with 15 crematories and an incineration list of nearly 3,000. The Argentine Republic, with 976 cremations, occupies third place. Switzerland cremated 721 bodies. Seven hundred and five were incinerated in Great Britain, but there were only 451 cremations in the four crematories of France, in Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, and Rouen. Italy, with 30 crematories, only incinerated 442 bodies.

#### INTENSIVE AGRICULTURE IN DENMARK.

Denmark, which is not larger than the French province of Brittany, has a foreign commerce of more than \$200,000,000 annually. In 1901, Denmark exported, in round numbers, 29,000 horses, 123,000 head of cattle, 111,000 tons of fresh and salt meat, and 79,000 tons of butter. According to the last census the country contained 487,000 horses, 1,840,000 cattle, 877,000 sheep, 1,457,000 hogs, and 11,553,000 hens. In 1906 the exports of fresh eggs amounted to 428 millions. The arable area amounts to 7 million acres, and the moorland has been reduced to one million acres. The average farm contains less than 8 acres. The cultivated area is distributed as follows: 41.5 per cent in grain, buckwheat, peas, beans, and vetches, 46.7 per cent in clover and grass, 5 per cent in potatoes and root crops.

M. Tisserand, in communicating these facts to the French agricultural society, described the condition of the Danish farmer, the abolition of taxes on small holdings, the agricultural schools and laws, state loans to farmers, the syndicates, and the establishment of a ministry of agriculture, with expert chiefs, a veterinary service and government inspection of butter. He also emphasized, however, the important part played by private initiative in the development of Danish agriculture. There are numerous general and local agricultural societies of all kinds.

These facts show how much science, patriotism, and the efforts of a free, enlightened, and industrious people can do to develop the resources of a country.—Scientific American Supplement.

#### STILL DOING GOOD WORK.

The entrance of Dr. William Osler upon his sixtieth year of life calls attention to the fact that there are many men who since 1905, when his chloroform theory was promulgated, have distinguished themselves beyond the age of three score. Among them, as set forth by the New York World, are:

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, who at the age of 61, in the fall of 1907, took the American battle ship fleet from the Atlantic to the Pacific on schedule time, without injury to a single vessel.

J. P. Morgan, who when over 70, by sitting up days and nights, stayed the financial panic in the fall of 1907. To do this Mr. Morgan held sometimes three or four conferences, in as many different places in this city, in a single night.

Justice David J. J. Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, who by his speeches throughout the country when 70 years of age did much to thwart the third-term movement for Roosevelt.

John D. Rockefeller, who when 67 laid out his \$33,000,000 general education board scheme of college endowments.

Henry M. Flagler, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, who at the age of 78 carried to completion his marvelous engineering scheme of uniting the myriads of islands on the Florida keys with a railroad, an extension of the East Coast system, and continued uninterrupted until last month his active control of the Standard Oil Company, the biggest and most complicated private business enterprise in the world.

Mrs. Russell Sage, who, when well past 60, fell heir to the vast fortune accumulated by her husband, has established the Sage foundation, with an endowment of \$10,000,000, for sociological research, and vies with Miss Helen Gould in the variety of her benefactions and the industry with which they are promoted.

Mark Twain, who, though over 72, is as indefatigable and as successful in his chosen field of literary activity as most authors of half his years. Mr. Clemens travels a great deal here and abroad, keeps a secretary and an amanuensis constantly busy.

Andrew Carnegie, now, when past 72 years of age, is still exceedingly active in the promotion and systematization of big charitable and educational projects. The great steel master, after the Osler theory was promulgated in 1905, and when past 70, planned his \$10,000,000 teachers' foundation, and added materially to the effectiveness of the Carnegie Institute at Washington.

Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington, at 72 went through one of the most strenuous legislative sessions without falling sick a day, or even flagging in his manifold political activities. He was seriously spoken of as a presidential candidate.

A. J. Cassatt, dead now but a few months, who, when over 60, laid out that tremendous system of tunnels and terminals which mark the Pennsylvania terminal system in New York as the costliest and most novel in the world.

General Booth, head of the Salvation Army, who, when 78, made a tour of the world, revisiting America, making many speeches and undergoing weeks of fatiguing religious campaigning.

James Bryce, who, at 79, is the British ambassador to America, a man of great activity. He has delivered many public addresses since he came here, and talks and moves about with the zeal, eloquence and activity of a man of 50.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE USE OF SULPHUR IN FRUIT.

The demand for pure food laws has been generously responded to by nearly all the States in the Union. But unless there is reform in the demand for pure food, these laws, like many others, will be void after the newness wears off.

The pure food law of California restricts the use of sulphur in curing fruits. The public still demand bright, light colored fruit, hence the fruit men are in a dilemma.

At present no healthful substitute has been found that will preserve the color of the fruit nearly as well as did sulphur. The outlook at present is, that the canners will have to pack more fruit, and the wage earning class must either pay tribute to them or be without fruit. Thus a good and beneficial law will work a hardship on the very people it should help, besides forcing an industry that employs hundreds of men and women out of business.

People will never demand pure food and purchase it on merit alone unless the true facts regarding preservatives and coloring agents are presented to them.

The fruit grower who dries his own fruit, and the farmer who makes a business of drying fruit have only two valid reasons for using sulphur. The first is that it preserves the color so that it is a salable product. Dark colored fruit, that is, natural dried fruit, is not salable at any price. The buyers would laugh at a person who offered it for sale. Value of the product of the orchard is not according to the quality of fruit grown on it, but according to quantity of sulphur the fruit has absorbed. If bright and nice looking it commands the top price, if dark, even a little dark, the buyer shakes his head, "too dark, can't handle it." The grower's second reason is that knowing he can bleach the fruit with sulphur, he can let the fruit attain full size by ripening. This reason is to him a purely economical one, but to the consumer it is one of vital importance. All fruit should be fully matured before it is used, either fresh, dried or canned. But is it? Not by any means. The canner calls for fruit that is firm, which means green; if it is near ripe the grower is docked, and his fruit goes as second or third class fruit. The only way to get ripe fruit is to let it hang on the trees until ripe, then dry under a good hot sun. But this will be dark in color; it will not appeal to the eye, but just let the taste be judge for awhile and you will be perfectly satisfied that the eye is a faulty judge of what should go into the stomach.

The Californian who dries fruit for his own family use is sensible enough to dry it in the natural condition. Ask why he does not sulphur it, and he will tell you he prefers the taste of the fruit to that of sulphur.

To make his fruit salable the dryer has no alternative, under former conditions, than to use sulphur. The color must be retained at the cost of both the taste and nutritive qualities of the fruit. But who is to blame? Not the dryer surely, for as we have seen, his reasons were purely economic in character. Personally he prefers the natural

taste of the fruit himself, but he cannot dictate to those who purchase what he has to sell. Who, then, is to blame, is it the middlemen; the grocers, or is it the purchasers themselves?

Every reasonable person must admit that the consumers of any commodity are the ones who create the demand for it. If through lack of knowledge they create a demand for what is injurious, then it is the duty of those who have the knowledge to disseminate it for the good of humanity.

The question is, has sulphur any place or use in the human organism? Does it nourish the body, prevent or cure disease, or fill any other use? Decidedly not; it is an incompatible, and the human organism has no use for it, or any other drug, either, as food or medicine. When they are forced upon it nature doubles her energy to get rid of them; if there is not sufficient reserve force then the physical succumbs and we say the man is dead.

Sulphur converts the sugar element and all the natural fruit juices into a sour acid that forms the basis for rheumatism and its allied ailments, paralysis, etc.

Under the sulphur bath the fruit undergoes a complete chemical change, the cups are filled with this sour acid, and it is doubtful whether a hog would eat of it just as it leaves the bath. Much of the acrid taste is carried off by the sun in drying, but sufficient remains to cause trouble for those who eat it.

These facts are given in order that consumers of dried fruit may know what they are purchasing. If you are buying apples, peaches, apricots or plums of a bright yellow color they are sulphured, for they cannot be made to retain the color without. Just as quick as fruit is cut and exposed to the air it commences to take on a darker hue, which increases with time of exposure. Apples that are dropped from the slicer into salt water will retain a fairly good color if evaporated, but if exposed to the sun, they, too, grow dark. As a rule they are dropped into salt water, then put through the sulphur box before going to the evaporator.

Ripe fruit that is dried in the sun is pure and wholesome, and it contains more life-giving qualities than all the canned fruits in existence. Independent of its value as a solvent, it absorbs valuable elements from the sun and air, that nothing can approach in value as a spring tonic and blood purifier.

Its only disqualification is that it is not attractive to the eye. But it is not necessary for the eye to be judge. As a servant it is valuable, as are all the senses, but man should not allow either the sense of sight or taste to dominate over his intelligence. If intelligence, combined with reason, is allowed to select what the body needs to keep it in health, we need not fear, for results will prove the wisdom of placing the responsibility where it belongs. Let the call for pure food be made in plain language. Then all engaged in the preparation and marketing of foodstuffs will know that purity and quality have first place, appearances second.—Health.

### IS OPTIMISM PLAYED OUT?

Optimism may do very well for life, but it plays havoc with literature, according to the almost simultaneous voicings of an American and an English critic. We Americans are full of hope and sunniness, and we can't abide the lack of those qualities in our literature. Consequently we reap our proper harvest in inanity or something next to that. Mr. Charles Leonard Moore in *The Dial* (Chicago, July 16) puts it this way:

"Optimism is a habit of mind rather than an idea. I do not know whether Americans have more hope and sunny expectations than other races, but we talk and preach them more. I think this rose-colored outlook, whatever effect it may have on life itself, is detrimental to literature. It banishes tragedy and all great and serious thought. It makes our art of all kinds thin and flat and savorless. How are we going to make bricks without straw?—how produce great effects without great means?—how project rounded figures without shadow? Our optimism and lack of depth are largely due to our material success, and to the fact that we have never known, as a nation, defeat, despair, and crushing grief. In a literary way, it has been taught us by Emerson. The New England prophet is a delightful 'friend of the spirit,' but the attempt to build either great lives or great books out of his preachments would be like carrying out smoke in a hand basket."

Curiously enough, almost the same plaint is raised by a writer in *The Nation* (London), who, after charging that "the want of truthfulness with which problems of sex are regarded in middle-class England reacts unfavorably on the work of our novelists, who may be salacious or suggestive, but not sincere," adds this:

"What weighs on our novelists with even greater pressure is the optimistic idealism which has the greatest aversion for any picture of life that is sombre, tragic, or even uncompromising. This mental temper of our average reader makes directly for lack of depth in our novelists, and we have only to glance through the newspapers to see how little the dark, ironic side of life, the sin, the suffering, the tragedy of the modern world, find their rightful place in the work of the English novelist. While we equal the Continental schools in studies of character, and perhaps excel them in the variety and originality of our novels of domestic life, we are far inferior in the novel of psychological analysis.

"Dare we hope for a more unflinching gaze at the realities of life from the younger school of writers? The question is one of popular pseudo-realism versus true realism, and false romanticism versus true romanticism. Current literature reflects very faithfully the feeling of the day, and the dominant class of reader now asks only to be amused and distracted, and to have his prejudices and illusions respected. Should our national prosperity have to meet the rude shock of a European war, or grave peril to any part of the Empire, we should immediately see arrive a far more serious school of writers to interpret for us the handwriting on our walls."—*Literary Digest*.



### CLOTHING FOR THE TROPICS.

The question of devising a suitable fabric for wearing apparel suitable to tropical climates, which shall shield the wearer from the actinic rays of the sun, is one that has occupied conspicuous attention during recent years. A thin white material is generally selected for this purpose, preferably "white duck"; and although it promotes a certain degree of coolness and comfort, it does not suc-

ceed in fulfilling healthy conditions. Discriminating Nature has provided the native in the torrid belt with an effective protection against the sun in a skin pigmentation which absorbs the actinic rays, so that their dangerous effects upon the constitution are counteracted. Consequently, the native is able to continue his labors without the slightest signs of fatigue during the hottest time of the day, when the white man is practically prostrated, or at any rate refrains from carrying out his duties from motives of self-preservation.

Investigation has shown that the piercing actinic rays striking the neck and back exercise a highly dangerous effect upon the spinal column and the nerve centers, which react upon the organs of the stomach, promoting such maladies as indigestion, which in turn react upon the brain, and in time completely undermine the physical condition of the body, until at last collapse results. Experiments have proved that if only the natural pigmentation of the native is artificially produced in the clothing of the white man, he experiences no more harmful effects than the former, since the long or heat rays in themselves are quite innocuous, so far as effect upon the constitution is concerned. The degree of protection secured by pigmentation has been decided by practical investigation, and it was found to have strong absorption qualities in regard to the actinic or short rays, the degree of pigmentation being proportionate to the intensity of the light prevailing in the native's accustomed environment. A thin layer of the skin was obtained, and the spectrum of an electric arc between two iron poles photographed after the rays had passed through the layer. It was found that the dark brown skin of the Hindoo entirely absorbed all the rays of shorter length than 3,600. From the result of these observations, it is obvious that the white man when in the tropics should wear black, red, or orange colored clothing owing to its preventing the passage of the short rays.

The white man, however, has a strongly developed aversion to wearing aught but white clothing, but this offers no protection whatever to the harmful actinic rays. Numerous efforts have been made to provide a non-actinic backing to such material, but the disadvantage to such a fabric is that its weight and thickness are unduly increased.

Recently, however, a British inventor has succeeded in devising a process in which the non-actinic material or threads are interwoven with the white and other colored surface of the textile and in such a manner that while the weight and thickness of the cloth are not increased, no evidences of the red material are observable on its external surface. The prevention of the threads of the red material penetrating the outer face proved the most difficult task, but this has now been successfully attained. The fabrics, to which the distinctive name "Solaro" has been applied, are either of wool, or cotton, or mixed, the former being most preferable for cold or moist climates, and the cotton where a dry heat prevails.

By means of this invention, the resident in the tropics has the same facilities in the choice and patterns of textiles for clothes as those living in temperate climes. All the various cloths and latest fashionable styles can be reproduced in "Solaro" with perfect success and comfort, and the facility is already much appreciated, as it enables one to secure a welcome relief to the monotonous white. Moreover, the material is also shower-proof and has a remarkable capacity for resisting heavy thunderstorms, mists, and so forth. Waterproofing is not secured by means of rubber or chemical solution, but is due to a secret process in the manufacture of the yarns employed.



In this way there is no interference with the ventilation of the cloth. Although an excellent sun-repellent fabric, it is equally applicable for winter wear, while it has a high standard of durability. It is suitable for all external garments for either sex, and it compares in price with the best qualities of cashmere. Its hygienic properties have been fully appreciated by the examining board of the British Institute of Hygiene, while, moreover, it is sealed at the British Colonial Office for officers appointed to the tropics.—Scientific American.



#### LEGAL BREVITIES.

A NOTE dated on Sunday is void. A note obtained by fraud, or from one intoxicated, is void. If a note is lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it. An endorser of a note is exempt from liability, if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment. A note by a minor is void. Notes bear interest only when so stated. Principals are responsible for their agent. Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm. Ignorance of the law excuses no one. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud. It is illegal to compound a felony. The law compels no one to do impossibilities. An agreement without consideration is void. Signatures in lead pencil are good in law. A receipt for money is not legally conclusive. The act of one partner binds all the others. Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced. A contract made with a lunatic is void. Written contracts concerning land must be under seal.—*Selected.*



#### SPIDER EATS BIRDS.

FAR up in the mountains of Ceylon there is a spider that spins a web like bright yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten feet or twelve feet. The spider seldom bites or stings, but should any one try to catch him bite he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak. The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scalp lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow monster—measuring, when waiting for his prey, with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads round the unfortunate captive. He usually throws the coils about the head until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares.—*Selected.*

#### BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

When Willie saw a peacock for the first time he said to his mother:

"Oh, mama, you should have seen it! Electric lights all over the ferns and a turkey underneath!"



Jamie was begging his father for a second helping of preserves. "When I was a boy," said his papa, "my father only allowed me to have one helping."

Jamie was silent for a minute, and then asked, "Aren't you glad you live with us now, Daddy?"



Edwin, aged four, owned a picture-book in which a fierce-looking cow was running after a small boy. He looked at it a long time, then carefully closing the book he laid it away. A few days later he got the book again, and turned to the picture. Bringing his chubby fist down on the cow, he exclaimed in a tone of triumph, "She ain't caught him yet!"



**He Was the Parents.** Little Bertram had always longed for a live pet, but as he lived in an apartment building, he had to be satisfied with toy animals.

Later his parents moved to the country and Bertram became the happy possessor of a kitten. He hugged it close and remarked, "At last, I am the parents of a living creature!"



Marjorie, aged nine, had not been having very satisfactory reports from school. Her father finally said, "Marjorie, for the first hundred you get I'll give you a dollar." Time went on and the reward could not be claimed. One day the child was taken violently ill. Her mother sent for the doctor. When he had gone, Marjorie said, "Mama, am I very ill?"

"No, dear, your temperature is a little over a hundred, but the doctor thinks you will be all right in a day or so."

Smiles broke through Marjorie's tears.

"Now, mama, I can have my dollar. Papa said he would give it to me if I could get a hundred in anything."

—The Delineator.

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### WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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**WANTED**—A physician with a good certificate, a good record as a practitioner, and a good character. If this appeals to a physician with the above record come at once or write to W. A. Carrender, Jerico Springs, Mo., stating age. A good opening caused by death.—Albert Mays, Jerico Springs, Mo.

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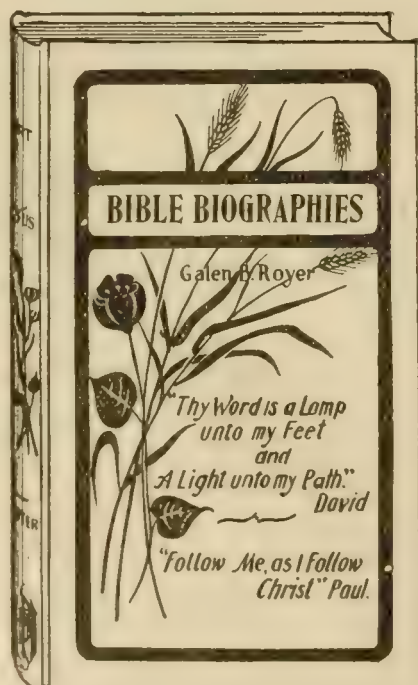
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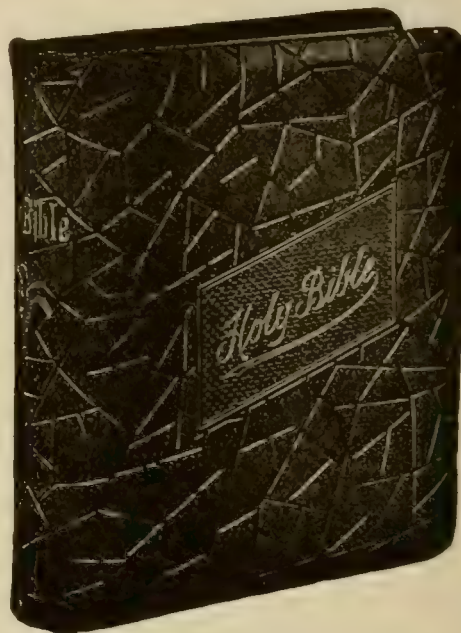


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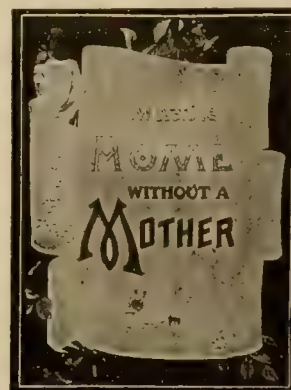
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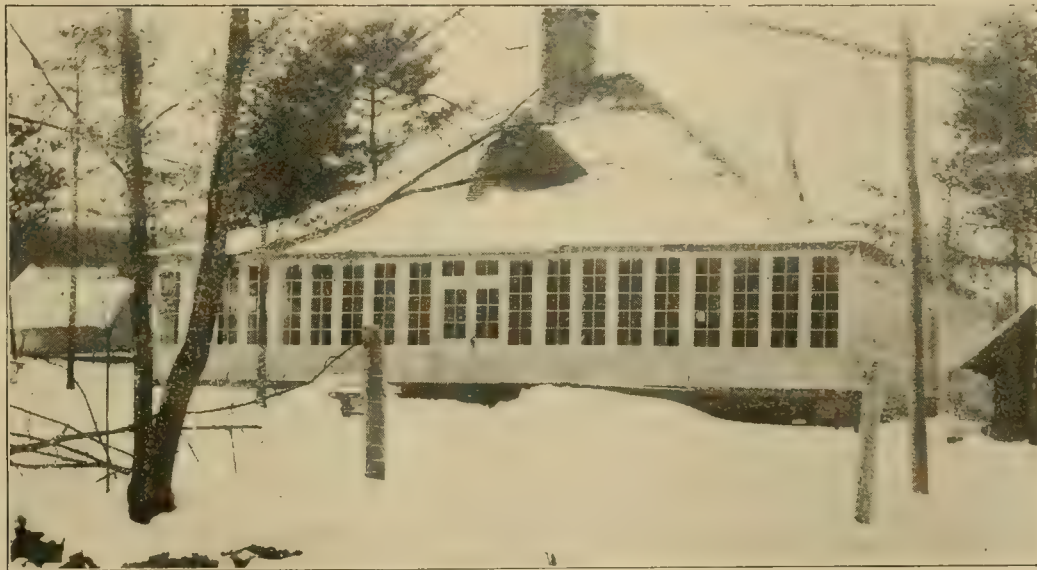
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of land has been filed on under the CAREY ACT in the Twin Falls District, Idaho, since April, 1907.

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¶ The Payette-Boise Reclamation Project under the U. S. Government is about completed and will be ready to furnish water to about 300,000 acres of new land in the spring of 1909. These lands can now be bought at reasonable rates and terms, by the settler, and are situated where the country is already partly settled, near good towns, railroads and electric lines.

¶ Rural mail routes and telephone lines are already established. Good schools and churches. No storms or cyclones. Farming is done by irrigation. No failure of crops by reason of too much rain or drought. Fruit crop is abundant every year. The people are happy because they are prosperous.

## Wonderful Possibilities

for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

¶ Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

¶ Arrange your plans to go and see Idaho as soon as possible and secure some of this fine land.

¶ HOMESEEEKERS ROUND TRIP EXCURSION RATES are on First and Third Tuesdays of each month in 1908.

¶ Colonist One-Way Cheap Rates to points in Idaho, Oregon and Washington in effect daily from Sept. 1st to Oct. 31, 1908 inclusive.

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**S. BOCK,**

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Dayton, Ohio

**D. E. BURLEY,**

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Salt Lake City, Utah

# THE INGLENOOK

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## Wonders of the Rockies: In Colorado

Fred V. Kinzie

### I. Some Rocky Mountain Cities.

DENVER, the capital of the State of Colorado, stands on an elevation of nearly 5,200 feet above sea-level. The city is situated in a picturesque position, with the extensive plains to the east, the majestic mountains with their snow-crowned summits to the west and lofty Pike's Peak raising its head in the south. Denver is cosmopolitan in character, drawing people from all over civilization because of the healing climate.

This city was first started in 1858 by gold hunters, and thus she grew to be "The Queen City of the Plains," with a population of 175,000. It is also proud of its clean streets and thoroughfares, many large and up-to-date hotels, still not built on the plan of our eastern sky-scrapers. Also a large park owned by the city furnishes a resting place for the citizens of Denver, as well as a zoological garden for the entertainment of the visitor.

One hundred and eighteen miles south of Denver is Pueblo, a thriving manufacturing center. It is rightly known as the "Pittsburg of the West," as here are located the Minnequa Steel Works, great smelters for the reduction of gold and silver ores, and many mills and shops. Among its public buildings is the Mineral Palace, containing perhaps the most complete and attractive collection of mineral specimens and ores in the world.

Farther on to the west is Colorado Springs, a fashionable city, delightfully situated on a plateau at an altitude of 6,000 feet. This city of 30,000 inhabitants is a famous health resort, to which beautiful hotels with extensive parks and grounds contribute not a little. The attractive surroundings, broad avenues, shady streets, splendid drives and pure air, all help to make it one of the most popular resorts of the West.

Colorado Springs, Colorado City and Manitou, although three distinct cities, are very closely connected by trolley and bus lines. Manitou is also a celebrated

pleasure resort, beautifully located at the foot of Pike's Peak with the ever-inspiring, ever-interesting mountains towering up on every side. Here is found the Cog Road Depot, from which the ascent to the summit of Pike's Peak is made. Manitou is famously noted for its highly-charged soda, iron, and sulphur springs. It is proud of a number of fine hotels and a very healthy climate. A beautiful driveway leads across the mesa to Colorado Springs. This is used by many tourists.

Across the range, some distance from Manitou, is the beautiful mining town historically known as Cripple Creek. Here are found innumerable mines which have been clustered around the site of the original discovery of gold in 1887. Some twelve towns are located in this region, known as the Cripple Creek District, of which Cripple Creek and Victor are the principal ones, and altogether it is Colorado's greatest gold camp.

Leadville, another prosperous mining town, is famous for its carbonate beds which were discovered in 1876. This wonderful city first became known to fame in 1859 as California Gulch, and was one of the richest gold fields in Colorado at that time; but the camp was afterwards nearly abandoned until the discovery of carbonate.

Farther west, at the junction of the standard-gauge main line and the narrow-gauge line of the D. & R. G. R. R., is the beautifully-situated little town of Salida, at an elevation of 7,049 feet. Its location, near the hot medical springs, and the delightful climate make it an extremely popular health resort.

One thing of curiosity that attracts almost every tourist's eye, and especially at night, is the name of the town displayed by electric lights, at the top of Tenderfoot Hill, just opposite the town from the depot. The hill is perhaps a thousand feet or more high, and these bold letters shine from its summit. It did not only attract our eyes, but also our party, and having to wait some three hours on our train



we concluded to investigate. We thought it would be no trick at all to climb to those lights which seemed so near, but being deceiving as all mountains are, we were soon seeing our mistake. Being strangers, we just started right up the hill, not knowing there was a footpath there. We toiled up the steep hill-side for full half an hour, not resting often nor long at a time in our ambition to reach the top first. We were within seventy-five feet of the top before we ran onto the footpath. We were amazed at the size of those letters when we did get there. There was a sort of porch built up from the ground and the lights were above this. Many names were carved on the wooden structure, showing that we were not the only foolish ones, as we had at first supposed.

The moon was shining at its best and the view we had was especially grand. In the west was the Collegiate Range, Sangre de Cristo Range to the south, while in the southwest could be seen Ouray and Shavano. Going down we went by way of the path, and landed at the bottom safely, and repaid for our trouble, but very much exhausted.

The town of our destination was reached after a delightful, twenty-four-hour ride through some of the most awe-inspiring mountain scenery in the State. After leaving the last cañon and riding about ten miles through the so-called level country, we entered the town of Montrose, where we were to make a few weeks' stay. Montrose has no special attractions worth speaking of, although with an enterprising population it is growing rapidly. But it is located in a country that not only now is a thriving fruit and grain country, but in five years will rank with any agricultural land in that part, if not in the whole State.

This district, of which Montrose is the principal town, is known as the Uncompahgre Valley. The soil in this valley will grow, with few exceptions, any fruit, grain or vegetable that is raised in the eastern States which I have been in. The most-grown crop is alfalfa, besides the great apple, peach, pear, plum and apricot orchards. While there I visited a fruit, vegetable and grain display which proved to me that, though rocky the land, there was something in the soil under the rocks. One among the many things seen there, was a row of eight apples that measured one yard. In another place were displayed alfalfa stalks that had grown to a height of eight and ten feet. And so on; everything seemed nearing perfection.

The climate here is extremely helpful to those with weak lungs and therefore many come to this valley in the hope of prolonging their lives. The mountains are within ten to thirty miles on every side. On the western side of the valley the land rises and drops off, forming a sharp bluff which overlooks a long narrow valley. This makes a grand view from the

edge of this small precipice, the side of which is composed of many smooth, red, sandstone rocks. On these are to be seen the signatures and pictures of Indians. Tradition tells that at one time there was a war, perhaps in the adjoining valley, between two tribes of Indians, and this seems to have been their bulletin board. It is therefore called "Picture Rock."

(To be Continued.)

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## ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

### XXI. T. G. Upham.

THOMAS COGSWELL UPHAM was born in Deerfield, New Hampshire, in 1799. He attended Dartmouth College where he graduated in 1818. Then he went to the Seminary at Andover and studied theology. He became professor of mental and moral philosophy at Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, in 1824.

He is chiefly known by his three-volume work on Mental Philosophy, which for many years was used as a textbook, though for a number of years it has been losing its popularity. The first volume treats of "The Intellect"; the second, "The Sensibilities"; and the third, "The Will." He did not pretend to put forth a new system, or to aim at any particular originality, but merely set forth a well-digested exhibition of generally-received doctrines, admirably and clearly arranged in systematic order for the purpose of instruction. He also published "Outlines of Imperfect and Disordered Mental Action," "Principles of the Interior or Hidden Life," "The Life of Faith," "Essay on a Congress of Nations," "American Cottage Life," and a number of others, all written in his usual clear, cogent, and sometimes epigrammatic style. He died in 1871.

Worthy of mention: Rev. C. W. Upham, theology and biography; May J. Upshur, prose and verse.

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## SWEET CLOVER.

How dear the pale sweet-clover bloom,  
How sweet its faintly spiced perfume!  
What memories it brings to me  
Of all loved things that used to be;  
Of gardens old where sun and shade  
Beneath the rustling poplars played,  
And winds moved gently to and fro,  
And silken poppies loved to blow,  
And mignonette with fragrance fraught  
Grew in a feathery tangled plot.

It brings me back beloved days,  
Dim twilight hours and moonlight ways,  
Dear hands, long folded to their rest  
That stored the snowy linen chest  
With garden clover; faces fair  
That looked with gladness on me there;  
Old loves, old griefs, old joys and tears  
Come back to me from out the years,  
Childhood itself, a summer rose,  
I find where the sweet clover grows.

—L. M. Montgomery.

# The Pennsylvania White Pine Consumptive Sanitarium

Mary E. Canode

In Two Parts. Part Two.

BREATHING the odors of the pine has long been considered a remedy for throat and lung diseases. Because of its location in the midst of white-pine forests the sanitarium was so named.

In continuing the article of last week, we aim to give a comprehensive idea of present conditions as they may be found by one visiting the camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew F. Klee, manager and matron of the camp, may be found comfortably located in their private cottage. Mr. Klee was himself a tuberculosis patient who found relief at the camp

where we permitted a liberal allowance of exercise, the man walking, during the latter third of his stay, four or five miles a day. Since leaving he has shown no return whatever of the trouble."

The length of time for a patient to stay is arbitrary, ranging from several months to a year. Previously, when staying meant expense, even though that expense was made as light as possible, the patient usually remained only until his degree of improvement seemed to be rapid enough to warrant his return home. But the present conditions which admit of every one's remaining until the danger period

is past and without one cent of expense, encourages a longer stay, thus giving the treatment a fairer trial. The few rules of the camp are strict but not severe, and only such as one would expect must be observed at such a place. The most exacting, of course, pertain to sanitation and precautions against the spread of contagion. No patient is expected to leave the camp grounds without permission. Windows must be kept open day and night; winter and summer. Every patient must be out of doors at least six hours every day. Men and women are not to visit each other's cottages. Strictest morality and cleanliness are required. Religious services are enjoyed by the patients each



Patients Taking a Sun Bath. They Must be Out of Doors at Least Six Hours Every Day.

some years ago. Dr. A. M. Rothrock has general charge of the sanitarium and his yearly reports are published as part of the State Forestry Reservation Report. A strict account is kept of each patient's condition and improvement and reported in tabulated form. An instance of a typical case reads: "The patient was with us 149 days. When he entered his weight was 139¾ pounds and when he left, he tipped the scales at 191 pounds, wearing light summer clothing, a gain of 54¼ pounds. His normal weight was 153½ pounds and his best previous weight was 158½ pounds. When he entered camp his chest measurements were: expiration, 31½ inches, inspiration 34½ inches. On leaving, his chest expiration was 32½ inches, inspiration 38½ inches. This was a case

Sabbath. Inmates of the camp play the organ and join in the singing. A good library and the latest magazines furnish excellent reading matter for all. No spitting on the ground is allowed either in or out of camp. The management so arranges that no one need indulge in that dangerous habit. Out-door games are allowed for amusement and exercise and in the spring a plot of ground is furnished each patient to cultivate as he chooses. Some of the patients indulge in long mountain walks. Not over four persons are allowed to assemble in one cottage at one time. Even the air of the open rooms must not be vitiated by too much poisonous breath. The best and most sanitary bedding is furnished. Soft,



thick blankets of the finest make are used instead of mattresses.

The patients are allowed to eat anything servable. A day of camp life is given in the following extract from the camp physician's report: "Our routine of camp life is a simple one and one which has given us very good results. At 7 o'clock in the morning the rising bell rings and at 7:30 we have breakfast. At ten o'clock raw eggs and milk are served and at noon comes dinner. At 3 in the afternoon eggs and milk are again served, and 5 o'clock brings the supper hour, followed again at 7:30 by the eggs and milk. At 8:45 the bell rings for all to go to their quarters and at 9 the retiring bell is rung. Wednesdays and Saturdays all are examined by the camp physician, who makes also on other days two sets of rounds, one in the morning, the other in the evening, to see if anything is needed. On Wednesday mornings all are weighed and the weights are recorded in the history book along with the other facts pertaining to the patients. \* \* \* As has been stated earlier in this report, we give three full meals a day, believing we obtain better results therefrom than if a lesser number were given. Especially, in our opinion, is it better in cold weather, to keep a tubercular patient just as well fed as possible. The long hours spent sitting out in the cold demand plenty of the best and most nourishing food; otherwise so much of the food goes merely to keeping up the body temperature that not sufficient can be spared for the building up of the system in its fight against the disease itself."

The improvements made as a result of the State appropriation the past year have been extensive and still more will follow. A sewerage system and purifying plant was put in during the past winter and completed this spring at a cost of \$25,000. To one firm has been let a contract to erect sixty-six buildings cottages and pavilions or "airing places" which are being erected at the present time. Of this number forty are cottages, size 27×27, containing four rooms each, separated from each other by dividing halls. Contracts for twenty additional cottages may be let to the same firm. These buildings will cost the State in the neighborhood of \$57,000.

To another firm has been let the contract to erect a new dining-hall, laundry and storage room all included in one building, at a cost of about \$55,000.

Further plans are being made to build an infirmary, three hundred feet in length,—away off to one side

of the camp—to which hopeless cases are to be taken from crowded city districts and uncomfortable homes in order that they may receive the tender care, too often denied such pitiable sufferers on account of attendant poverty, and for the purpose of removing danger of infection of the home and neighborhood.

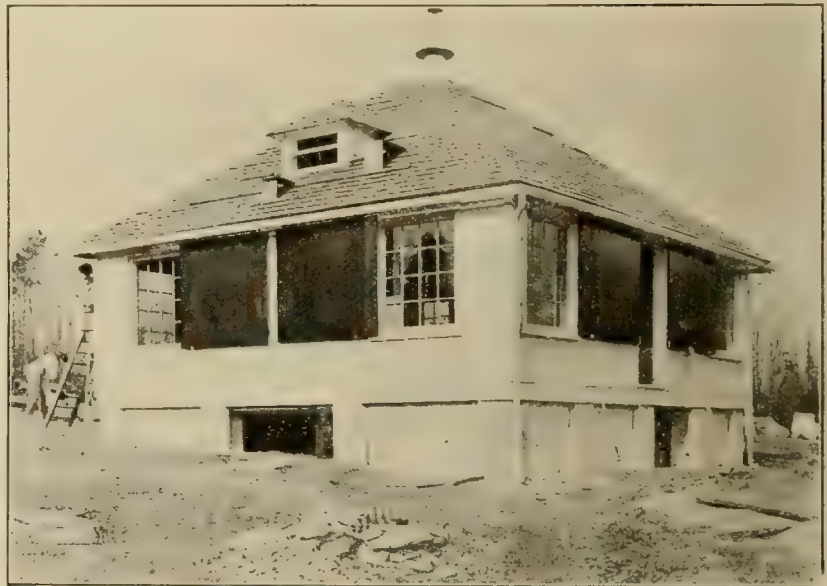
This is what Pennsylvania is doing for its tuberculosis sufferers. While it is engaged in the grand work of preserving and restoring its forest life, it is trying to do the still nobler work of restoring and preserving health to its citizens.

*Mt. Morris, Ill.*



### THE MYSTERIES OF INSTINCT.

THE mysteries of "instinct" are being enquired into in the course of another series of investigations lately commenced by the Carnegie institute. The abil-



A Pattern Cottage. Between Forty and Sixty of this Kind are Being Built Now.

ity of the newly hatched turtle to run directly toward the sea, without losing time groping in a landward direction, has been one of the phenomena of instinct long a puzzle to science. At the institution's new laboratory of marine biology at Tortugas, Fla., this problem has been lately attacked by Davenport Hooker of the laboratory staff. After experimenting with loggerhead turtles, he finds that they are born with an instinct to go down hill and in the direction of the greatest light. Either leads the little animals to the sea, as the shores on which they are hatched always slope down toward the ocean and as the reflected light from the water is always greater than that from the land. Neither the sound of the surf nor the smell of the sea guides them. This has been proved by eliminating the direct ray of the sun, after which little turtles, if upon a level surface, move in all directions with equal readiness, although but twenty

feet from the water, and where both the smell and sound of the sea are distinct.

The nesting instinct of birds is being studied at the station by Prof. John B. Watson. "Sooty terns" and "noddles" carried from Tortugas all the way to Cape Hatteras, 850 miles northward, and there liberated, have found their way back to their nests. A labyrinth of "problem boxes" had also been arranged so that terns had to puzzle their way through them to reach their nests. After successive trials they have succeeded in overcoming all such difficulties and have reached their nests without giving up. Others have as successfully worked their way to their nest through a specially designed "maze."

The web-forming instincts of spiders are being investigated by Dr. James P. Porter of Clark college, who has a grant from the institution. It is found that of the species under investigation the young of a given species all start to build a similar kind of web, whose design is uniformly altered as they grow older. Thus, the zigzag, or "winding stair," of the webs of the young is curved about the center, but as they grow older they reduce this design to a single zigzag. The side screens of the webs show characteristic changes with age.—*Chicago Tribune*.



#### JUSTICE.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Where are the men for this dark time,  
Strong men and women for the right?  
Firm leaders in the coming fight  
Of right and wrong in every clime.

Where are the noble and the brave,  
Who love their country, free from blame  
Who weep to see their country's shame  
Nor stop to be a party slave?

Oh, give us men of honest deal  
Who scorn a bribe, and hate a lie!  
And statesmen, who would rather die  
Than from their country's treasure steal.

God grant that those who rob the poor,  
When outraged Justice strikes the blow,  
May never sink in hells as low  
As thousands of these slaves endure.

O man, how long wilt thou withhold  
The help thy brother sorely needs?  
Go, bind the broken heart that bleeds,  
And give from out thy stores of gold!

Oh! shame upon a cringing press,  
That dares not brand the wrong it sees,  
But pamper'd with the rich men's fees,  
Withholds a mighty power to bless.

I know not, in the coming strife,  
The way that Justice will pursue;  
I only know, if we are true,  
We shall not vainly give our life.



"LEISURE is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing."

#### BOG-DWELLERS.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES

IN the bogs and along the banks of small streams, where the willows trail their long, slender boughs in the water, grow some of our most peculiar forms of vegetable life. That curious class of plants known as insect-eating plants, is composed strictly of bog-dwellers.

In the marshes of Northern Michigan, where the half-floating, decaying logs lie in the sunshine, is found the most common and most wonderful member of this family of plants. It also grows in moist sandy spots along the New England and New Jersey coasts. This is the little sundew, which Darwin thought a worthy object of long and patient study.

A rosette of five or six small, spoon-shaped leaves lies close to the ground. From the center of this cluster arises a stem which bears small, white flowers.



The surface of the leaves is covered with a number of tiny, sensitive glandular hairs of a reddish color, to the tip of which adheres a drop of sticky fluid. That these drops may always be present it is necessary for the sundew to live where there is plenty of water for the roots to absorb, so that there may be no lack of gems to crown the leaves. These drops attract insects, and the instant the feet of one touches a gland the motor impulse is communicated to every gland on the leaf, while the poor victim is hopelessly clogged by the sticky fluid. The more the insect struggles, the more it excites these glands, and the more fluid pours out from them until wings and feet are so entangled that the insect can no longer move. Soon the leaf rolls up enclosing the captive. The gum stops up the tiny holes in the insect's sides through which it breathes, and it dies.

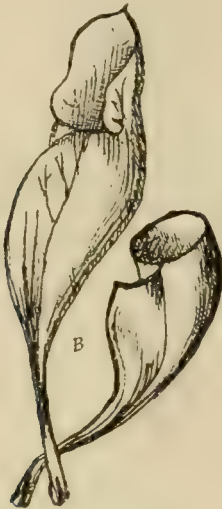
Meanwhile this fluid becomes somewhat changed in its character, and is, so far as can be ascertained, almost identical with the digestive fluid of animals. After several days the leaf will expand, all trace of



the insect will have disappeared, digested and absorbed into the life of the plant.

Another dweller in the bogs which catches insects and eats them, is the Venus's flytrap. It abounds in the marsh lands near Wilmington, North Carolina, and botanists say it is found native nowhere else. It much more readily adapts itself to changed conditions than does the sundew, hence is more often seen in choice collections in conservatories where it is grown as a vegetable wonder.

The leaf of Venus's flytrap is in two stories. The first story is a sort of broad footstalk; the second is the real leaf, and the part that forms the trap. The midrib forms a hinge which enables the leaf to open and close. It is nearly circular, about an inch in diameter, and edged all around with stout, sharp bristles. When an insect brushes against one of these bristles, the leaf-flaps close with a quick motion, the bristles interlocking as they cross from side to side.



If not successful in capturing the intruder the leaf presently opens out as before, ready for another trial; but when an insect is captured, the sides of the trap flatten down upon it and it requires considerable force to open it. All over the face of the leaf-flaps are the glands which secrete the digestive fluid. The glands differ from those of the sundew in that they must absorb nitrogenous matter before they can secrete the fluid. The insect is gradually digested and the leaf again expands showing no trace of its food.

On the edges of black pools and in sphagnum swamps of our Eastern and Middle States is found the familiar vegetable trap—the pitcher plant. In this plant the leaves are formed into hollow tubes, larger in the middle and tapering toward the base; these are always supplied with water in sufficient quantity to drown all insects which are unfortunate enough to be entrapped. A row of honey-bearing glands running up the outside of the tube tempt in-

sects to climb to the top, where they are almost sure to tumble to the bottom and meet their fate. If one is of a persevering nature and makes an attempt to climb the sides of the tube, he finds his escape cut off by a number of innocent-looking hairs pointing downward, and which nearly surround the top of the pitcher, making it easy enough to get in but impossible to get out.

Darwin made many interesting experiments with this class of plants, feeding them with tiny bits of raw beef, and he found that some which ate too greedily showed signs of suffering from indigestion. They changed color, refused to eat and finally died. Growing in such situations as these plants do, they cannot get some needed element of food which most plants draw directly from the soil, and in this way supplement the food gathered by the roots.



#### HARNESSING THE WINDS.

DENMARK, a low country lying between two seas, has plenty of wind, and it is utilizing it on a scale that has never been equalled before. Windmills have been used for time out of mind to pump water and to grind grain. Their appropriation of the unlimited power rushing by them has been restricted, as it has not been possible to store the power or to combine effectively the force of several windmills or make the hurricane's surplus energy do duty in days of calm.

These defects are cured by converting the wind power into electricity and equalizing its use through the storage battery. Denmark is taking advantage of this to convert its wind power into electric power for commercial purposes. It is stated that a wind of fifteen miles an hour will produce eight horsepower, and that a twenty-mile gale will develop eighteen horsepower. As the power of many windmills can be concentrated and made to serve a single plant, there is infinite possibility in this resource in any section blessed with frequent winds of considerable force.

The United States has abundant wind-swept territory. The seashores, prairies and highlands everywhere have an unlimited supply of this force. It can be converted into electric power and combined and stored for use as readily here as in Denmark. The utilization of this wind power would lessen the drain on our diminishing wood and coal supplies, and supplement the water power as a means of furnishing the land with electric energy for commercial purposes.—*Philadelphia Press*.



"REALIZING possibilities is the soul of optimism, and optimism is the soul of living."—*The Circle*.



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

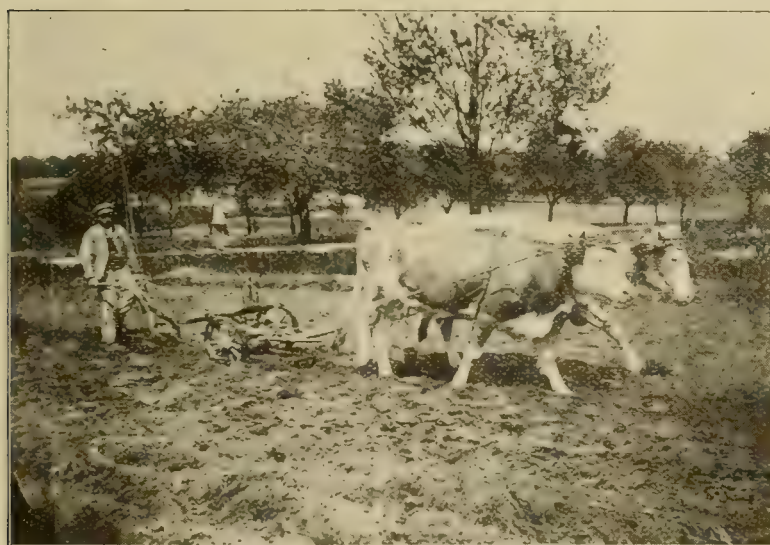
### Chapter XXII.

THE next morning at four o'clock we butchered a hog. As the knife was drawn from its throat the housewife wobbled out and held a basin to catch every drop of its blood. By the way in which the dogs stood and looked on I presumed the blood was to be for them. But that afternoon, when the girl brought out our supper I found that the blood had been mixed with the liver and made into a sort of sausage for us, and the four-legged dogs had to go hungry.

The third day on the farm the men fell behind

but I always refused the beer and stuck to my principles to the end.

The work was the hardest kind of manual toil, but from the second day I easily led the men. The milk had triumphed, and they knew it. When the week was over, the farmer wished to reëngage me, offering as an inducement the same big wages,—\$1.44 a week! Two of his men who worked right along with us, married men, received less than this,—one of them only eighteen cents a day, and both of them took their breakfasts at home! Had I the time I might have been able to find some German farm hands who were actually paying the farmer something to leave them work on his farm, who boarded themselves entirely at home.



German Farmer Plowing with Cows. Note the Rows of Apple and Cherry Trees along the Road.

and stopped oftener to talk. I was just beginning to find my muscles and to enjoy the hard work.

"Come on!" I said, when they put me in the lead, "hoe up your row there, you beer drinkers." When I got too far ahead I sat down in the shade of the hops as they wound up on the tall crooked poles. Sometimes I would be almost asleep when they came up to me. The milk was helping me to find my Yankee strength. German beer was helping them to lose theirs. Sometimes the girl would pretend to forget about the milk and bring beer instead,

chest were usually bare. When I rolled over, it was sure to go off if I did not hold to it, and when I but took a full breath, off that cover would go. The third time it fell off was getting-up time, four o'clock, and so it acted like an alarm-clock,—an alarm that "went off" three times a night!

After this rest, I was glad to take my wheel again. How I shot around those curving hills, with cherry and apple trees lining both sides of the perfect roadway! Part way down a mountain I halted at a spot where two deer darted across the way and



plunged into the forest below. The woodland was all about me with the silver stream, crossed by an arched stone bridge, half hidden by the trees, in the distance.

That was the most wonderful springtime I ever had. May and June had tumbled me from skies of blue into valleys of green. I had been up and down every hill in Germany, along every stream, the Rhine, the Weser, the Oder, the Elbe and the Danube, and my lungs were strained with draughts of fragrant air from red and blue and pink flowers, twenty acres of them in one field, the kind of flowers that grow elsewhere only in art galleries.

My spring began in Ireland, then in Scotland in fuller bloom and faster and faster it burst into flower in merry England. Then after chasing that same spring over France, Belgium and Holland I had four weeks of it in Germany. When spring was passing in one country I hurried into another, and was living four or five lives without growing older in any of them. I was seeing the strangest sights of human customs and human faces, blent with the prettiest scenes and the most varied, with nothing to do but look and ride.

On one side of the cherry-lined roadway I saw a woman, hitched to a plow, with a cow. On the other side were sixteen women and one man hoeing side by side in a forty-acre field, while behind them strode a man with a long-lashed whip.

There is only one way to see these countries and that is by cycle or auto. No other tourist got so much out of his trip as I was getting. He enjoyed his wine and beer less than I enjoyed my black bread and spring water. He pretended to be rich. Everybody knew I was poor. People set but one foot to him, the best, I got both! I followed the geeseherders, worked with the milk cows, choked on the black bread and slept in the country bed.

And how I coasted! For thousands of miles those rubber tires, so soft and springy, flew without a flaw. All the other wheels along the way were equipped with two brakes. Mine had only its coaster brake. But with both of their brakes no one dared to coast with me. While going at a terrific speed down a dangerous hill a gentle pressure on my "New Departure" would bring me to an instant control. I had never seen those hills before and didn't know what was farther on, if anything, but while the rapidly passing scenery, unfolding in undulating panorama on each side, hill and valley opening to me their enchanting visions, desired me to pause, the more fascinating and unknown, but bewitching landscape ahead, half hidden by the azure of the wooded mountains, made my wheel take grade after grade as though it were a motor car! So perfect the roadway, so sure my wheel. I sat on its back a master, with eye as calm as a quiet

brook. Nature and I were one. My wheel, tested so often, became my confidante. Over her back I threw the lines and let her leap and plunge and sing for very joy, with the breeze bruising my face as I shot through the artificial hurricane and up and around the other hill, so intoxicated with the delight of going fast that like dangerous wine wants more as more is taken.

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#### MODEL SCHOOL MANAGED BY A WOMAN.

"SEEING is believing," and proof against which there is no argument. We are impressed more by what people do than by what they say. The very center of attraction, that which interested everyone more than anything else on the recent program of the County Teachers' Association of Illinois at Macomb, was the country school taught by Miss Mabel Carney, a mile and a half west of the normal school. "When I stepped into the hall it seemed to look like a home," said one teacher to the writer, "and those desks in the schoolroom looked out of place; with them out it would be like a home." Others mentioned the neatness and homelikeness of the place.

The hall was clean and bright with its light colored linoleum and walls in a good shade of green paint; it could not be told from a hall of a dwelling. The room had a large bay window with a cosy seat and cushions. Two good pictures, one being "The Gleaners," hung above the blackboard. A piano stood across one corner. New single desks, plenty of new blackboards, a bulletin board, two low tables and several small chairs down in front, curtains, rugs and everything appropriate to the work done there.

The new basement was built of concrete blocks and the floor of concrete. A furnace occupied one corner and two tables were in the rear; these were used for manual training and meals. The floor was left clear of benches for whatever work or play might be desired. Off one end was a small storeroom, and a larger coal bin. There is a good board walk to the door, the well is completely covered with a large flat stone; the old coal house is gone, and the yard has been much improved.

But the conditions two years ago are told as follows by Director F. G. Bonser, of the Macomb normal training school:

"The paper was old and dingy; the blackboards cracked and useless; the plaster missing in spots; the window panes broken and gone, and paper patched; the seats old and double, and elaborately decorated with 'the jack knife's carved initial'; the stove an ordinary unjacketed affair. The teacher's first work was sweeping cob-webs, scrubbing floors and stove-polishing. The yard was large and well shaded, but marred in front by the presence of the usual dilapidated coal house. The outbuildings were mere shells, disgracefully open and scant of boards."

Pres. Alfred Bayliss of the Macomb normal school knew Miss Carney as a country school teacher of unusual success and thorough normal training, and he secured her to develop this typically needy rural school and make it a training school for student teachers. The only financial help given the district is that of providing the teacher. The reconstruction cost the district \$568. The boys painted the house and fence and put on the basement ceiling, made a book-case, work tables, and other pieces of furniture, and the piano was to be paid for largely by the children's efforts.

Prof. Bonser says that "what has been done here can be done anywhere, by any teacher who has the real teaching stuff, and who knows what a school really ought to be and have." But the social extension is better still. Prof. Bonser said to the association:

"The teacher has gone out into the homes of the patrons to see their needs and to get their view points, and to carry to them the view points and desire of the school to be a living, helpful thing in their work and in their whole lives. Mothers' meetings have been held, evening meetings for entertainment, social intercourse and general improvement. A girls' culture club, including young women outside of the school as well as girls in school has been formed. Money-making socials have been held. The teacher has enlisted the help of everyone of her 30 to 35 children, and every patron who can aid in any way. And the results are worthy all the effort. The school's influence has changed the lives of the people in matters of dress, of household decoration, of keeping front yards and back yards, of ventilating rooms, of attendance on lectures and entertainments in the neighboring city; of their reading, of their farming, and of their plan for the higher education of their children. This school is literally socializing and spiritualizing the school district."

No salary is big enough to pay for such work. The teacher's principal pay is in seeing this whole community respond to her magic touch and make so fine a growth toward the new country life of the new farmer, in thus holding out to many a student and visiting teacher a new picture of what a country teacher can do, and in knowing that these teachers will repeat some part of it in their own districts. Under the charm of such rich return she scarcely knows that she does the work of two or three.

What is the secret of this teacher's power to enlist a whole community in such a happy improvement? Once upon a time she picked up a great ideal and an ambition of the same size, and with the growth of these her soul is not her own. She gives her very self in making the lives of the children "large and lovely." She cannot be made to see that these new things are impossible and goes right ahead and does them. She has gone to the pains to get a thorough

normal training that puts a plot into all her work, an edge to all her implements and a steady hand to use them. Among the incidentals are an emotional nature and an outgo of influence that but for these unconventional traits might pass for magnetism.

This is a dangerous and dynamic combination. Let others beware of contracting such a gravitation or "something will be doing" in their locality.

Some idea of the practical and interesting work done is seen in the manner of studying about a home. The teacher and class made trips to look at homes, talked about the plan of a house; visited furniture stores, studied the lighting and plumbing. They studied not merely an ideal place, but what could be done now under immediate conditions.

A class is assigned work and sent to the basement to do it, or left to study while the teacher goes to the basement to hear a class. Sometimes a class or two recites out under the trees. The teacher trusts them and they respond to her faith. She explains it, "They care for the school as much as I." Sixty visitors have been present at a time, and twenty-four county superintendents have visited this school. Students elect to take their teacher training here.

From gross carelessness in dress, thinking that anything would do for school, the children have come to show taste and pride in appearance. Miss Carney "gets acquainted with the children" and makes them know she "cares for them," the pith of it being that she does care for them. In teaching music she had the children learn about some of the great composers and the masterpieces; from this big general appreciative side they came down to the details; the children have learned to play good things, not merely "ragtime."—*Selected.*

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#### "BOY WANTED."

PEOPLE laughed when they saw the sign again. It seemed to be always in Mr. Peters' window. For a day or two—sometimes only for an hour or two—it would be missing, and the passers-by would wonder whether Mr. Peters had at last found a boy to suit him; but sooner or later it was sure to appear again.

"What sort of a boy does he want, anyway?" one and another would ask; and then they would say to one another that they supposed he was looking for a perfect boy; and in their opinion, he would look a great while before he found one. Not that there were not plenty of boys—as many as a dozen used sometimes to appear in the course of a morning, trying for the situation. Mr. Peters was said to be rich and queer, and for one or both of these reasons, boys were anxious to try to suit him.

"All he wants is for a fellow to run on errands; it must be easy work and sure pay"—this was the way they talked to one another; but Mr. Peters wanted something more than a boy to run errands. John



Simmons found it out, and this is the way he did it. He had been engaged that very morning, and had been kept busy all the forenoon at pleasant enough work; and although he was a lazy fellow, he rather enjoyed the place.

It was toward the middle of the afternoon that he was sent up to the attic, a dark, dingy place, inhabited by mice and cobwebs.

"You will find a long, deep box there," said Mr. Peters, "which I want to have put in order. It stands right in the middle of the room—you can't miss it."

John looked doleful. "A long deep box! I should think it was!" he said to himself, as the attic door closed after him. "It will weigh a ton, I guess; and what is there in it? Nothing in the world but old nails and screws, and pieces of iron, and broken keys, and things—rubbish, the whole of it. Nothing worth touching. And it is as dark as a pocket up here, and cold besides. How the wind blows in through these knot holes! There's a mouse! If there is anything I hate it's mice! I'll tell you what it is, if old Peters thinks I'm going to stay up here and tumble over his rusty nails, he's much mistaken. I wasn't hired for that kind of work."

Whereupon John bounced down the attic stairs three at a time, and was found lounging in the show window an hour afterwards when Mr. Peters appeared.

"Have you put the box in order already?" was the gentleman's question.

"I didn't find anything to put in order; there was nothing in it but old nails and things."

"Exactly. It was the nails and things that I wanted put in order. Did you do it?"

"No, sir, it was dark up there and cold; and I didn't see anything worth doing. Besides, I thought I was hired to run errands."

"Oh," said Mr. Peters, "I thought you were hired to do as you were told."

But he smiled pleasantly enough and at once gave John an errand to go downtown; and the boy went off chuckling, declaring to himself that he knew how to manage the old man; all it needed was a little standing up for his rights.

Precisely at six o'clock John was called and paid the sum promised him for a day's work; and then, to his dismay, was told that his services would not be needed any more. He asked no questions. Indeed, he had time for none, as Mr. Peters immediately closed the door.

The next morning the old sign, "Boy Wanted," appeared in its usual place.

But before noon it was taken down and Charlie Jones was the fortunate boy. Errands—plenty of them! He was kept busy until within an hour of closing. Then, behold!—he was sent up to the attic to put the long box in order. He was not afraid

of a mouse nor of the cold, but he grumbled much over the box. Nothing in it worthy of his attention. However, he tumbled over the things, grumbling all the time, picked out a few straight nails, a key or two and finally appeared with this message:

"Here's all there is worth keeping in that box. The rest of the nails are rusty, and the hooks are bent or something."

"Very well," said Mr. Peters, and he sent him to the postoffice.

What do you think! By the close of the next day Charlie had been paid and discharged, and the old sign hung in the window.

"I've no kind of a notion why I was discharged," grumbled Charlie to his mother. "He said that I wouldn't suit. It's my opinion that he doesn't want a boy at all, and takes that way to cheat. Mean old fellow!"

It was Crawford Mills who was hired next. He knew neither of the other boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the long box until the second morning of his stay, when, in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called him. "Got through?"

"No, sir, there is ever so much more to do."

"All right. It is dinner time now. You may go back to it after dinner."

After dinner he went back. All the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and down at the very bottom of the box I found this."

"This" was a five dollar goldpiece.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters. "It's good you found it. Well, sir, I suppose you will be on hand tomorrow morning?"

This he said as he was putting the goldpiece in his pocketbook.

After Crawford had said good-night and gone, Mr. Peters took the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long, deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had been gathered. Crawford had evidently been to the bottom. He had fitted shingles to make compartments, and in these different rooms he had placed the articles with bits of shingle laid on top, and labeled thus: "Good screws," "Picture Nails," "Small Keys," "Somewhat Bent," "Picture Hooks," "Pieces of Iron whose use I don't know," and so on through the long box. In perfect order it was at least, and very little that really could be called useful could be found within it.

But Mr. Peters, as he bent over and read the labels, laughed gleefully, and murmured to the mice: "If we are not both mistaken, I have found a boy; and he has found a fortune."

Sure enough, the sign disappeared from the window, and was seen no more.

Crawford became the well-known errand boy of the firm of Peters & Co. He had a little room neatly fitted up next to the attic, where he spent the evenings, and at the foot of the bed hangs a motto which Mr. Peters gave him. "It tells your fortune for you, don't forget it," he said, when he handed it to Crawford; and the boy laughed and read it curiously: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful in much." "I'll try to be, sir," and he never once thought of the long box over which he had been faithful.

All this happened years ago. Crawford Mills is errand boy no more, but the firm is Peters, Mills & Co.—a young man and a rich man.

"He found his fortune in the long box of rubbish," Mr. Peters said once, laughing. "Never was a five dollar goldpiece so successful in business as that one of his has been; it is good he found it."

Then, after a moment of silence, he said, gravely: "No, he didn't; he found it in his mother's Bible: 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.' It is true; Mills the boy was faithful, and Mills the man we trust."—*Selected*.



#### A BOAT MADE OF NEWSPAPERS.

ON July 13 of the present year there might have been observed, sculling leisurely from the mouth of the Raritan River into New York Lower Bay, a bronzed and weather-beaten boatman, whose racing shell, because of the fact that it was covered from stem to stern with the printed headings of newspapers representing practically every corner of the globe, made an immediate bid for notice and closer inspection. The boatman was Capt. George W. Johnson, fifty-eight years of age, but looking forty; and his polyglot boat, built by himself of some three thousand newspapers, had served to carry him during the preceding two months on a 1,200-mile trip from St. Augustine, Fla., to New York harbor, practically the whole of the trip being made on salt water, and not a little of it on the open sea. Of course, the greater part of the route followed lay in inland waters, although in crossing some of the sounds the little craft was at times many miles from the nearest land. Thus, in crossing St. Andrew's Sound, an open stretch of six miles had to be crossed, and five miles across St. Symon's Sound. After entering Chesapeake Bay, Capt. Johnson followed the west bank to Annapolis, whence he rowed across the 12-mile stretch of water to the east shore. Another reach of 12 miles was made in crossing the mouth of the Potomac River. Naturally, he hugged the land pretty closely, being usually from fifty feet to a quarter of a mile from shore.

The little craft was built during the month of April at St. Augustine. The frame consists of a

keelson of wood,  $\frac{1}{2}$  by  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch, and gunwales,  $\frac{7}{8}$  by 1 inch; and it is divided into thirteen water-tight compartments by twelve bulkheads  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch,  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch, and 1 inch in thickness, according to position. The method of laying on the paper shell was as follows: molding strips  $\frac{1}{4}$  by 1 inch were laid longitudinally from bulkhead to bulkhead, being fastened to false battens nailed around the edges of the bulkheads. Upon this form, of which the battens and molding strips alone were temporary, the paper shell was built up. The first set of sheets was laid with a 3-inch lap, and the successive layers were put on with a 1-inch, 2-inch, or 3-inch lap, as the case might be. After the first sheet was in place, it was carefully shellacked over, and the next sheet laid down carefully and smoothly upon it. The process was repeated, until there were thirty thicknesses, involving the use of three thousand pages, the final thickness of the shell being about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch. A special shellac of three pounds to the gallon, much thicker than the usual painter's shellac, was used. The deck was built up of eighteen thicknesses of paper. In placing the last layer on both the hull and the deck, care was taken to expose the headings of the papers, and as these represent all the countries of Europe, papers from places as widely separated as Egypt and Japan, to say nothing of papers from every State in the Union, from Nome, Alaska, to San Diego, Cal., the little craft has a decidedly cosmopolitan flavor. The boat is twenty feet long, twenty inches beam, six inches deep, has three inches draft, and three inches freeboard. When it was first placed in the water it weighed ninety-one pounds; at present its weight is one hundred and fifty pounds.

The adventurous captain of this small craft, who was formerly a printer on Frank Leslie's, is one of the oldest of the well-known scullers on the Harlem River, and was one of the organizers of the Nonpareil Boat Club. Careful attention to diet and a wholesome outdoor life, with abundance of exercise, show their effect in his fine physique.—*Scientific American*.



#### A LESSON IN GIVING.

NANNIE had a bright silver dollar given her. She asked her papa to change it into dimes.

"What is that for, dear?" he asked.

"So that I can get the Lord's part out of it." And when she got into the smaller coins she laid out one of the ten: "There, I will keep that until Sunday." And when Sunday came, she went to the box of offering in the church vestibule and dropped in two dimes.

"Why," said her father as he heard the last one jingle in, "I thought you gave one-tenth to the Lord."

"I said one-tenth belongs to him, and I can't give him what is his own; so if I give him anything, I have to give him what is mine."—*Selected*.



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## "BOOKS TAKEN UP."

AGAIN the sound of the school bell is heard in the land and troops of boys and girls are filling the playgrounds and halls with the sound of their merry voices.

Again the earnest teacher is brought face to face with her responsibilities and in view of them almost unconsciously makes a hasty calculation of her ability to discharge them with credit, planning wisely for the strengthening of the essentials in which she is weak.

Again the father and mother are reminded that their little kingdom is not an independent one, but is so related to others that its highest good can only be secured by their hearty coöperation with those who are working for the good of all.

In short, the whole nation is at work, and the work is of such a nature as to bind the people closely together, thus assuring its ultimate success. All that is yet needed is that each one, as he takes up his part of the work, shall be true to his conception of the ideal toward which all are working.

Vacation, with its various recreations, now holds a more important place than formerly in the educational world. Once it was endured as a period of enforced rest from the all-important pursuit of book knowledge. Now the whole twelve months is rather looked upon as the school year, the addition being a three-months summer school in which the scholar has innumerable opportunities for maturing and testing the many practical things considered in the schoolroom.

To be sure, vacation owes its importance to its power to further the ideas aimed at in the school term proper, but it is found that this is increased when the scholar follows his own inclinations which after all have been largely created or molded in the schoolroom. Boys and girls at the end of a school year no longer have handed out to them the solemn warning that if dust is allowed to gather on their books

during vacation they will be in the way of reaping all the woes of one who wantonly wastes his time.

Beliefs as to what really constitutes an education are continually changing, the present tendency being to include much that is really practical. *To know* is coming to be synonymous with *to do*. Squeers' method is becoming universal. This view of the matter has much to commend it. Besides giving the scholar an easy entrance upon his life work, it tends to tear down the great wall of misunderstanding between student and manual worker, giving dignity to all honorable work in the eyes of the former, thus blotting out, in a measure, all classes and castes.

Altogether, we have great confidence in the successful working out of the present system of education. And while some mistakes are being made, we see no reason why the boys and girls of our land, through the help of the schools, may not with an onward stride carry on the work of the world when it is entrusted to them.



## DOING OUR BEST.

FAILURE to bring success out of one's efforts is attributed to various causes. Frequently the reason given is a sort of excuse for the worker, as, that he was a misfit, his ability lying in some other direction. Or, his handicap may have been imposed by the peculiar circumstances surrounding the case.

It must be granted that we are not all equally fitted for the same kind of work, and also that "circumstances alter cases." But we are master of circumstances at some stage of their course oftener than we are compelled to admit, and our unfitness for some particular kinds of work should, in a good many cases, for the sake of truth, be given another name.

Most of us, if we study ourselves seriously, will have to confess that if defeat comes our way, it will be because of the lack of a hearty appetite for our work and a lack of concentration. We believe it would be safe to say that most failures could be traced to this latter cause. One may love his work, he may think he is especially fitted for it, and yet he may have fallen into such a habit of dawdling that he accomplishes only a small per cent of what he is capable of doing. That one may get some idea of how much he loses by this lack of concentration, let him watch himself awhile and see how many thoughts are encouraged that are foreign to the subject in hand, or how many unnecessary steps are taken.

Sometimes we court results that are less brilliant than we might win, because we are satisfied with simply doing well. We seem to think that merely to do well will bring us a passing grade when in fact we have no right to expect merit for anything short of our best. We owe the world our best and we need it ourselves for the full development of our charac-

ters. In the final summing up we will find that all we can do amounts only to "that which was our duty to do."



### THE LOAD TOO HEAVY.

WHEN I was a lad of sixteen I worked for a farmer who drew his winter's firewood from a lot some three or four miles distant from his house. The house adjoined the public highway at the top of a short, steep hill, down which it was necessary to go on the way to the woodlot. In those days most of the farmers in that section used oxen almost exclusively for teaming purposes.

On one of these trips an unusually heavy load was placed on the wagon. As the oxen were large and strong, it was not thought that they were overburdened. In fact, they made no difficulty in drawing the load until they were nearly home and had reached the beginning of the hill. This left but a short distance from the farmhouse yard. When this point was reached the oxen appeared unable to draw the load. Each attempt to urge them up the hill was fruitless. They seemingly exerted all their immense strength to perform the task, and though literally stimulated with voice and lash it did no good.

It was provoking to be so near and yet be unable to get any farther. However, as a last resort, I was told to go into a nearby field, yoke up a young pair of oxen that were grazing there, and bring them to the assistance of the others.

As I did so, I prepared to connect a chain from the yoke of the young oxen to a ring in the end of the tongue of the wagon. But I was told not to do so. The farmer said he believed that the oxen hitched to the load could draw it easily enough if they were only a mind to. So I merely placed the oxen I had gone for at the head of the others. At the command of "Haw, gee, get up there!" with a touch of the lash on their broad backs, they pulled the load up the hill without difficulty or apparent expenditure of undue strength. I have always believed that they thought they could not do it, and that it was the impression of having assistance that enabled them to overcome an otherwise impossibility.

This reminiscence of years ago often comes to me as a forceful reminder of the fact that failures to accomplish certain ends frequently have direct connection with the thought or idea of impossibility. Apart from the curiosity of this case, as it relates to dumb animals, it has but little value if we cannot profit from it as a lesson for our own guidance in the performance of the difficult tasks of life.—*Farm Journal*.



THE passion for cheapness must not be dignified by the name of thrift. Thrift is to abstain from buying things we cannot afford.—*Selected*.

### A LOVE DREAM.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Two souls met in a far-away land,

The beautiful land of a dream—

And plighted their troth in forget-me-nots,  
That grew by a sunlit stream.

And the two souls met again on earth,

And vowed for aye to be true,

Then drifted away, on the silent stream,  
To a land o'er the star-flecked blue.

And two souls met in the endless world,

Where love-life forever dwells,

And plighted their troth for eternity  
In the fairest of immortelles.



### WHERE PLEASURE IS.

You may think you are enjoying all the good there is in life

When you bend your mind to winning big rewards in business strife.

You may think you're having pleasure when you play the social game,

Or imagine you are happy as you reap rewards of fame.  
You may watch the gold and glitter of the ever passing throng,

And imagine life is pleasant as a summer evening's song.  
But in this life's greatest pleasure you will never have a part

Till a baby's tiny fingers reach and twine about your heart.

You may think that gold will purchase all the good life has in store;

You may think that life is living but to reach and grasp for more.

You may travel foreign countries, you may sail the ocean's foam,

And imagine greatest pleasure may be found away from home.

You may lead in the procession marching on to great success,

Or imagine you are happy in the battle's storm and stress,  
But towards the goal of pleasure you've not even made a start

Till a baby's tiny fingers reach and twine about your heart.

Oh, the lights of home! How pleasant when the tired worker sees

Beams that flash to him a welcome through the nodding, bending trees!

Oh, the home sounds! How the music rings and swells upon the air

When the little home's door closes, shutting out the toil and care!

Oh, the laughter of the children! How it lifts the weary load

From the worker's tired shoulders as he rests beside the road!

What a wealth of love and pleasure from the very moment start

When a baby's tiny fingers reach and twine about your heart!

—The Commoner.



BE not so ready to charge ignorance or mistake upon others as to suspect yourself of it.—*Dr. Isaac Watts*.





## To Our Boys and Girls

Flora E. Teague

I AM a friend to the young people. For thirty-five years I made them a study. I entered into their joys and pleasures, and spent many happy moments with them. I tried not only to stand in the position of instructor to them, but also as a warm, loving, helpful friend and guide, a counselor, a confidante, and many a heart-sore lad and lass have I mothered. My interest is still with them, though I have but comparatively few opportunities now in coming in contact with them.

I have not forgotten my own happy, youthful days. Neither have I forgotten some embarrassing situations caused by the lack of broader training, nor some thorny paths into which I allowed my restless feet to wander. Many of those unpleasant things I would now gladly recall if I could. Since I cannot do so I feel it would be a good thing to come to my young friends with a heart full of love and thus try to assist them in avoiding some of the hard places in life, as well as to tread in safe and pleasant paths.

Awkward and embarrassing moments when we did silly things instead of wise ones do not afford us pleasant recollections. In fact, we would like to blot them out of our memories. Yet how helpful they were to us when further equally perplexing situations confronted us, we shall likely never know. Many of these difficulties might be overcome more often than they are, were we not so rash and impetuous. Let me, therefore, advise you to cultivate coolness and calmness. Avoid rashness of speech or deed. You will thus be saved many unhappy moments.

Do not be too anxious to be seen or heard. Do not fear your ability and greatness will not be recognized unless you force your presence or speech upon others. "Speech is silver, but silence is golden," is a very truthful old adage.

Be closely observant. Notice what the cultured and refined do to make themselves agreeable and attractive companions. Do not be too anxious to be popular. Never do things for effect. Do not disgust your associates by flattering them to make yourself popular. Be yourself. Be true to your convictions and principles even if you must stand alone.

Do not be too argumentative. If you are a fluent talker, do not force yourself upon others all the time. You can gain as many friends by being a good listener to the conversation of others as you can by trying to do too much of the entertaining. Be kind, courteous, and considerate. These qualities always win friends. Do not persist in running jokes. No one likes to be held up to ridicule. While many may smile at your wit in a joke, no one thinks any kinder of the joker. Don't tell too many "That reminds me" unless you wish to become a bore to your friends. Refrain from talking "nothings." Read enough good literature to carry on conversations in lines of helpfulness and interest. Do not gossip. That is vulgar and low. Avoid giggling, a disgusting habit that young girls are prone to fall into. Be not brazen or presumptuous; neither cringe, but feel that you are an American citizen worthy of respect and consideration if you are gentlemanly or ladylike in your conduct.

Treat all respectfully, but select your boon companions from among the pure and best.

Lordsburg, Cal.



### THE HOME.

IDA M. HELM.

THE home is the necessary basis of all civilizations. From the home come our presidents, statesmen, ministers and all leaders, and from the home the masses of humanity come to act together in service for country and society and they go back to the home for rest and recreation. But for development and right living, life cannot be confined to that basis alone.

In Oriental, ancient civilizations, still remaining, the seclusion of women is absolute, they are incarcerated behind the purdah veil, not to be seen or heard of outside the home; the seclusion prevents the mind from expanding, the original narrowness is retained and ignorance and selfishness are the characteristics of these imprisoned women. They are kept like dolls and "the effect of the home and nothing else upon these women has been precisely what it would have been on men,—cramping dwarfing, blind-

ing, choking, keeping down the higher human instincts; keeping up the punitive instincts which ought long ago to have been reduced to their true proportions as but a small part of real human life." The men, untrammelled, have been free to go and come as they pleased and according to the proportion of their freedom has been their growth; thus the disadvantage to the race of the development denied women has been partly counteracted by the advantage of freedom and growth extended to the men.

England and America have the freest women, and nowhere can there be found more ideal, happy homes, and those nations lead the world's advancement. England and America, have not lost their homes, they are loved and enjoyed and they find scope for action according to the advancement of the home makers.

The modern woman is not content with the home for her only field of expression, she needs outdoor exercise for physical health and strength, and the mind for full development must have freedom, it must be let out. All its powers must be exercised the same as the muscles and tissues of the body. The world is moving, it is making rapid progress, the evolution of industry is wonderful, and we would not think of going back to the primitive ways of doing our work, such as using the cradle and hand-rake in harvesting, and using the spinning wheel and old-fashioned fireplace and living in little log cabins. Both women and homes must respond to the impulse of growth.

Women owe a service to the whole world, they have other duties besides their personal ones; human beings are social creatures and the social service needs our attention. And we have civic duties. Many of our women are confined to the grade of domestic servants, and many have homes of poverty and they must toil and drudge from day to day to earn a scanty living; their energy is absorbed in ceaseless drudgery; they have no time or ambition to cultivate their mind powers; they cannot rise to a broad view of life's problems. The government as well as women owe a duty to such homes. Such homes represent the one extreme, and the other side is the butterfly. One of the most pitiable human beings to be found is a rich and idle woman, one who will work neither in her home nor outside of it, but who lounges in gaudy frippery, displaying her vanity in dress, and in home and furnishings, receiving all the kindnesses and benefits that human labor and skill can do for her and like the Dead Sea giving nothing in return, not helping a single creature—unless it be a pug dog—and not trying in any way to fulfill the mission for which she was given a place in this world. She is not only standing in the way of some one else, she is standing in her own way. She cannot become the noble being that her God-given possibilities call for;

in the contemplation of these personal affairs she falls far short of expanding her mind powers. The divorce problem is confronting our nation today. Many wealthy women, as well as those of the poorer classes, have two living husbands. And their social standing is not hurt one bit. I shall not speak of the immorality of this. In the days of our grandparents it was not thus. To them nothing was held more sacred than the marriage vow. Why do we hold it less sacred than they did? Is our standard of morals lowering?

How often money or position is sought after in marriage and this very thing makes the holy bond less sacred; lives are left empty and they will starve with millions of money, high degrees and grand houses. Love and congenial companionship is what the human heart yearns for. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?"

More than beauty is required to insure a happy matrimonial journey through life, the delicate arts of home making must be understood. Mrs. Davis tells about a reception she attended in Jersey City where the guests were the owners and employees, and their wives, of a great publishing house. Here were brought together, socially, men and women whose education and circumstances were widely different. She says: "The marked feature of the assemblage, and it was very marked, was the superiority of the men to the women." Mrs. Davis said to her host, "These women actually seem to belong to an inferior and more ignoble race than their husbands," and she asked him if he could explain it. "The men and their wives," he said, "were probably on a level when they were married. But our business tends to educate and develop every man employed in it. He is brought every day into contact with the news of the world and learns much insensibly of books and of great movements of science, politics and religion. His wife, on the other hand, keeps her interests shut in her home,—her kitchen-maid, her clothes, and the gossip of the neighborhood. Very likely they do not realize that one of them is walking out of doors and the other in a dark little tunnel. But so it is. You see the result." If women would, besides keeping the inner circle bright, take an interest in the things of the outside world, they could at least keep better step with their husbands and they would not be worse home-makers for it. Good books and papers can be had at a small cost and they help one so much.

If at home men make a secret of their business affairs and their wives have no knowledge of how much money they have a right to spend, the man has no right to place all the blame on the wife if the outlay is more than he can afford.

Then there is religion, perhaps they have neglected to make room in their home for the One who always



brings peace and joy. No home is complete without the loving All-Father. He will guide the affairs of home aright and keep the fire of love aglow on the hearth of home.

Ashland, Ohio.



#### THE PARENT'S PROFESSION.

"ARE the great majority of men and women ready for their children when these come to them?" asks Christine Terhune Herrick in the *Woman's Home Companion*. "Would you commit to the care of the average parents an important enterprise in which you were especially interested, and to which they had given no more study than they have to parenthood, secure that right feeling and good intent would insure an ultimate happy result?"

"In spite of the apparent light-heartedness with which the responsibility is usually assumed, it is not an easy thing to be a parent, to fill this position into which men and women rush without a tithe of the thought and preparation they would bestow upon a calling of infinitely less importance. To take charge of the bodily welfare of a little child is no such trifling matter that a heedless girl with no knowledge of life forces, of hygiene, of dietetics, or of ordinary sanitation should assume it as lightly as she would the care of a new doll. More perilous even than this are the issues involved in the drill of a child in habits of obedience by a woman without self-discipline, in self-control by a woman who does not know herself, in knowledge by one who is herself an infant in her perception of all that underlies life and death, mortality and immortality."



#### TO CLEAN A CLOGGED SINK.

If the pipe of your kitchen sink becomes clogged, place your hand over the drain, being careful to hold the sides of the hand and tips of the fingers firmly on the sink. Allow water to the depth of one inch to run into the sink, then raise and lower the palm of the hand until you think the impediment has been removed. After this, pour a quart of scalding water and soda down the pipe. This will carry away any waste that remains.—*The September Delineator*.



#### UNFERMENTED GRAPE-JUICE.

A good recipe for making unfermented grape-juice is as follows: Five pounds of thoroughly ripe grapes; wash clean and pick from the stems. Put over them three pints of cold water and cook in a porcelain-lined kettle. When sufficiently cooked strain the juice through a bag made of cheese-cloth. Add one pound of granulated sugar; heat to a boiling point, and bottle in clean sterilized bottles. Treated in this way there will be very little sediment, but in the course of a few weeks a small amount will form. If it is desired to get rid of this the juice can be

put in large bottles or jugs until the sediment has formed, after which it can be drawn off by a tube, and after sterilizing again put in bottles. I think it is customary with the merchantable product to get rid of the sediment in this way.—*Farm and Fireside*.



#### WHAT SHALL WE THINK ABOUT?

Pessimism leads to weakness,

Optimism leads to power.

—Professor James.

"I DON'T believe our thoughts have any effect upon the body," said a young girl to me not long ago.

"What made the color leap to your cheeks when your aunt found fault with you yesterday?" I asked.

"Why, she made me angry. I thought"—

"And your thoughts made the blood rush to your face?" I interrupted.

"Well, I suppose—of course we know thoughts affect the blood in the body some, but,"—and then, realizing the thoughtlessness of her remark, the girl blushed again.

We in the twentieth century are beginning to suspect that it makes a great difference to us—body, mind and spirit—what sort of thoughts we are entertaining from day to day. We are giving more credence than formerly to the saying that "Sorrow kills and joy makes alive." We notice that worry makes wrinkles, that sad thoughts dull the eyes and glad ones brighten them, that fear contracts the chest and bows the figure and courage expands the chest and makes us hold up our heads. We observe that our thoughts get into our voice in some inexplicable way and make it sound weak and irritable or strong and joyous, according to the tenor of the thoughts. These observations lead us to wonder if our thoughts are not at work elsewhere in the body, building it up or tearing it down, making it a healthy body or a diseased one.

Physicians recognize that thought has great power over the body. Dr. Gorham, in an article on the Physiological Effect of Faith, says: "It is a well-known physiological fact that fear may temporarily interrupt any or all of the functions of the body."

\* \* \* The digestion of food, the beating of the heart, the excretion of tears, etc., are profoundly interfered with by fear. \* \* \* The sympathetic system is not controlled by will, but always disturbed by fear and as truly encouraged and stimulated by faith." In this same article he tells us that fear, jealousy and anger are likely to throw the whole digestive system into wild confusion.

We can all bear witness to the truth of these words. Can we not recall instances when our appetite was suddenly taken away by hearing bad news; when we were made ill by being terribly angry; when we forgot all about some indisposition because a dear friend appeared unexpectedly?

If history and science and our own experience testify to the fact that thoughts have power over the body, does it not behoove us—being ignorant in regard to the extent of that power—to cultivate an attitude of happiness, to give the right of way to cheerful, courageous, uplifting thoughts rather than to those that are morbid and fearful? Our thoughts are much like sheep, one follows another and they all obey the will. Let the will but persist in recalling them from forbidden paths and starting them along the highway where the outlook is inspiring and, in time, they will go along that way from force of habit.

What a difference it would make to our lives were we to begin today and think of God—*persist* in thinking of him as really existing and looking out for his children. We do not need to make a great fuss about it but simply "take comfort in him," as James Russell Lowell expresses it.

And in regard to our friends—why not rejoice in them all—those that are free from the limitations of the flesh and those that are within our sight? The former are still our own and the latter are not so indifferent as our doubting hearts would sometimes lead us to think.

Last of all, let us believe in ourselves. Let us look upon ourselves not with disparagement or with egotism, but with faith. Let us think of ourselves as valuable members of society and as necessary to the world. The wise man in Proverbs says, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Let us beware, then, lest, in regarding ourselves as weak and impotent, we really become so. Was it Walt Whitman who said, "What we think, we are forever building in our character"? Whoever said it spoke its truth. Moreover our thoughts are forever building themselves into the character of our neighbors; for thoughts have a way of communicating themselves without going through the formality of speech.

In conclusion, since our thoughts are written in our face and reflected in our voice; since our characters bear witness to them and our neighbors are influenced by them; since our very health testifies to their potency, let us heed the words of Paul: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—*The Congregationalist*.



#### TO SHARPEN SCISSORS.

WHEN your scissors get dull try sharpening them with a slate pencil, for, of course, you do not know how to grind them yourself, and they must be ground just right or they will not cut any better.

To sharpen a pair of scissors, take a long, soft slate pencil. Hold the scissors in your left hand

and begin at the top of the blade where they are screwed together. Hold the scissors so that the blade you are sharpening will have the ground side turned toward the left hand. Now draw the pencil steadily across the blade from left to right, drawing the pencil downward and out toward the point at the same time. Do this several times on each blade. When done, whet them on a fine oilstone, always whetting toward the point, or they will not cut.

Sharpening scissors with a slate pencil is almost equal to grinding them, and is very quickly done. Any woman can soon learn to do it with a little practice, and save herself the worry of trying to cut with a dull pair of scissors.—*The Housekeeper*.



#### VEGETABLE IMMIGRANTS.

Celery originated in Germany.  
The chestnut came from Italy.  
The onion originated in Egypt.  
Tobacco is a native of Virginia.  
The nettle is a native of Europe.  
The citron is a native of Greece.  
Oats originated in North America.  
The poppy originated in the East.  
Rye came originally from Liberia.  
Parsley was first known in Sardinia.  
The pear and apple are from Europe.  
Spinach came from Arabia.  
The sunflower was brought from Peru.  
The mulberry tree originated in Persia.  
The gourd is probably an Eastern plant.  
Walnuts and peaches came from Persia.  
The horse chestnut is a native of Thibet.  
Cucumbers came from the East Indies.  
The quince came from Crete.  
The radish is a native of China and Japan.  
Peas are of Egyptian origin.  
Horse-radish is from Southern Europe.

—*John Hancock Satchell*.

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### The Children's Corner

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#### WHAT PEOPLE SLEEP ON.

"I DON'T want to go, mamma," grumbled Robbie, as the clock struck eight and his mother said, "Bed-time, my boy."

"I haven't any use for a bed, anyhow, for I'm not a mite sleepy."

"You would sing a different tune in a couple of hours, if we let you sit up," remarked the father, as he glanced up from his evening paper. "Even a bed such as is used by savages would be welcome then."

"What kind is that, papa?" asked the wide-awake boy.

"Their bed is generally on the ground, only made



soft with piles of leaves or boughs, or sometimes the skins of animals," was the reply, as he laid aside his paper and took Robbie on his knee. "The East Indians are a little more civilized, and sleep on the floor on light mattresses, which they roll up and put away in the morning."

"Tell me what some other folks sleep on," coaxed the boy, to gain a little more sitting-up time.

"Well, my son, I don't think you would like the Japanese bed very well, either, for it is merely matting, and the pillow is a wooden rest which fits closely to the neck. The Japanese women have their hair done up very elaborately, and, sleeping in this way, they do not have to arrange it every day, as your mother does," explained the father. "The Chinese have low bedsteads just raised above the ground. The Germans have bedsteads, also, but they are shorter than ours and, instead of sheets and blankets, are covered with a second mattress made of down, and sometimes they sleep between two feather beds."

"My! but that would be jolly on a cold winter night!" exclaimed the boy. "But tell me some more, papa," urged he, as his mother glanced up and he feared she might say, "Bedtime, Robbie," again.

"In ancient times," continued he, with a knowing smile at his wife, "in Palestine the bed was a simple kind of couch, used for reclining on during the day and sleeping on at night, and this couch was readily moved from place to place. The simplest kind of bed yet invented, however, except the Oriental rug spread on the floor, is one frequently to be seen in America. The bedstead consists of a folding tressel, constructed with canvas, on the principle of a camp stool, with a movable headboard at one end to hold the pillow. Its great advantage is that it can be folded up and put away when not in use."

"Why, papa, don't you remember? we had one of that kind when we went camping last summer," reminded Robbie.

"So we did, but I had forgotten," was the ready assent. "But, to go a long way from home again, I was going to say that the Romans do not like dust to fall on their faces during the night, and so they have canopies over their beds, and many are still used in England. Among the humbler classes straw is still used for beds, for there is an old superstition that no person could die peacefully on a bed of the feathers of game birds—but now, my boy, you really must go to your own nice bed," and giving Robbie a good-night kiss, he resumed his reading.—*Sunday School Advocate*.



"THIS is the time of year when a city man dreams of the agricultural life and has a nightmare every time he thinks of having to mow the lawn."

## For SUNDAY READING

### GLAD TIDINGS.

MARY C. STONER.

Oh, the wondrous, wondrous story  
Of our gracious Lord and King,  
Of the blessed gift of pardon  
And the peace his love doth bring.

Showing Christ the precious Savior  
To the soul who's lost in sin,  
Giving life from death's deep darkness,  
Bringing peace and joy within.

Oh, the goodness, love and mercy  
That could bring our spotless Lord  
To the death of vilest sinners,  
For the souls who scorn his Word.

May we feel the costly ransom  
To our sinful hearts applied,  
Find within the precious fountain  
Cleansing in the crimson tide.

Oh, may praises, happy praises,  
Fill the soul that's cleansed from sin,  
May the life so safely rescued  
Other wand'ers gently win.

Hold, our Savior, in thy keeping,  
These unworthy lives of ours,  
Grant thy great, unmeasured fulness,  
With thy boundless saving pow'rs.

Ladoga, Ind.



### LIFE BY DEATH.

OLIVE A. SMITH.

IN the natural world we are familiar with this paradox. We know that animal life depends upon vegetable death, and that vegetable life depends upon animal death. We know that there is a continual sacrifice of vegetable to animal, and of animal to higher forms of animal life. We know that animals feed upon each other. Even man, who considers himself essentially a spiritual being, nourishes his temporal life by eating the flesh of animals.

It is death which makes life possible. The death which attends the coming of autumn makes possible the new life of spring. The falling leaves decay and form a mould which protects the plant until the returning season of leaf, and bud and blossom. The seed that is planted must decay before the new life can begin. "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

In a thousand ways we are made conscious that a lower form of life may imprison a higher form, and, that the death of the one must precede the active life of the other. The larva imprisons the beautiful butterfly, and that glad, free life cannot begin until the prisoner dies. It is a marvelous miracle,—this relation of life and death. Yet we are

so familiar with its phenomena that we cease to wonder, and, when we are called to pass through those experiences which fill our hearts with anguish, we find it hard to see that there is love at the foundation of the great principle of life by death.

If the endless sacrifice of mineral to vegetable, and vegetable to animal, is so simple why should we believe that the sacrifice of the physical to the spiritual is hard? If it is natural that the lower form of life should lose itself in the higher form, why can we not believe that the material life as naturally loses itself in the purely spiritual existence? "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." Everything in our human experience points to the faith that our real life, which is spiritual, is developed and perfected through a sacrifice of the material. "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body."

As the larva imprisons the butterfly, so we may trust the body imprisons, or, at least, limits, the life of the soul. The soul cannot reach its perfect development until it is freed from the limitations which the material life imposes upon it. Life is rich in symbols which would teach us that this existence is only a beginning; a suggestion of the real life. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

To our human eye, death is fraught with shadows. But the eye of faith, which sees it as the gateway of life, robs it of its terrors. We dare to hope that, some day, our spiritual intelligence will enable us to see death as it is,—a mere incident in the development of the soul that passes, and the souls that remain.

With this eye of faith, the great Conqueror of Death came to earth as a little child, lived and walked, and talked with men, suffered and died in his efforts to teach them the application of this great principle. His life was the only perfect example of the sacrifice of the lower to the higher. He was the only perfect illustration of the truth of his own words, "He that loveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life shall find it." And because he lived in absolute harmony with this principle, he was able to prove himself the conqueror of death, and to strengthen our faith in that which lies beyond the tomb. Through his life and words, we see the glory of the principle of life by death.

*Emporia, Kans.*



#### ANYTHING BUT A SCRAP HEAP.

THE Rev. Howard W. Pope tells the story of a Christian blacksmith who had had a good deal of affliction, and was challenged by an unbeliever to account for it.

This was his explanation: "I don't know that I can account for these things to your satisfaction, but I think I can to my own. You know that I am a

blacksmith. I often take a piece of iron and put it in the fire, and bring it to a white heat. Then I put it on the anvil, and strike it once or twice to see if it will take a temper. If I think it will, I plunge it into the water, and suddenly change the temperature. Then I put it into the fire again, and again I plunge it into the water. This I repeat several times. Then I put it on the anvil, and hammer it, and bend it, and rasp and file it, and it makes some useful article which I put into a carriage, where it will do good service for twenty-five years.

"If, however, when I first strike it on the anvil, I think it will not take a temper, I throw it into the scrap heap, and sell it at a half-penny a pound.

"Now, I believe that my heavenly Father has been testing me to see if I will take a temper. He has put me into the fire, and into the water. I have tried to bear it just as patiently as I could, and my daily prayer has been: 'Lord, put me into the fire, if you will; put me into the water, if you think I need it; do anything you please, O Lord, only, for Christ's sake, don't throw me into the scrap heap.'"—*Selected.*



#### FLETCHER'S RULES.

THE Rev. John Fletcher, vicar of Madeley, a divine of deep piety and greatly beloved, drew up for his guidance the following rules for daily self-examination:—

1. Did I awake spiritual, and was I watchful in keeping my mind from wandering this morning?

2. Have I this day got nearer to God in prayer?

3. Has my faith been weakened by unwatchfulness, or quickened by diligence?

4. Have I walked by faith and seen God in all things?

5. Have I denied myself in all unkind words and thoughts? Have I been delighted in seeing others preferred?

6. Have I made the most of my precious time as far as I had light, strength and opportunity?

7. Have I kept the issues of my heart in the means of grace, so as to profit by them?

8. What have I done this day for the souls and bodies of God's dear saints?

9. Have I laid out anything to please myself when I might have saved the money for the cause of God?

10. Have I governed well my tongue this day, remembering that in a multitude of words there wanteth not sin?

11. In how many instances have I denied myself this day?

12. Do my life and conversation adorn the Gospel of Jesus Christ?—*Selected.*





# Echoes from Everywhere

Aug. 28 witnessed disastrous floods in various parts of the South. In the Southwest there was a cloudburst on the Cimarron River and a number of dwellings at Folsom, N. M., were washed away and fifteen persons drowned. At Augusta, Ga., there was great loss of life and property from floods and fire and the Carolinas were also visited by destructive floods. Altogether it is believed that over one hundred lives were lost and the property loss will amount to more than \$2,000,000.

The conviction of Tilak, leader of the anti-British forces in India, by the high court at Bombay, on the charge of sedition, and his sentence to six years' banishment and a heavy fine has brought on a fresh crisis. As a demonstration of sympathy, 20,000 mill hands in Bombay went on strike. Rioting ensued and Europeans were stoned and jeered, a magistrate's house attacked and a mail train held up. The troops were called out and had to fire solid shots into the crowds with fatal effect before order was restored.

While the death rate of England has been declining steadily for the last few years, for the last three months it is 13.3 in the 1,000, which is 1.8 below the corresponding quarter of the previous ten years. Lunacy, on the other hand, is increasing in a marked degree. This year's ratio of certificate lunacy is 1 in 286. Ten years ago it was 1 in 309. The tables show a higher proportion of female insane. Marriages have also declined, being 16.8 per 1,000 against an average rate in the previous ten years of 17.4. The birth rate shows a decrease.

The census bureau has issued preliminary figures on the result of the denatured alcohol law during 1907. While this law exerted no disturbing influence on the market value of such products as charcoal, acetate of lime, pyroligneous acid, etc., says the bureau report, its effect on wood alcohol was immediate and striking, resulting in a decline of more than 55 per cent in the market value of this commodity—from an average value per gallon of 34 cents, in 1906, to 15 cents in 1907. Otherwise, little or no evidence of the law's operation is discernible in the statistics of the industry for the country as a whole.

The fourth Esperanto congress has been in session in Dresden, Germany, for a week. Before adjournment it was decided to hold two congresses in 1909, one at Chautauqua, N. Y., and the other at Barcelona, Spain. It is presumed that the leading spirits in this movement for the adoption of a universal language will visit both conferences. Hundreds of the delegates from Europe who might not be able to go to America will be able to attend and to derive advantage from the meeting at Barcelona. At the recent congress great enthusiasm was shown for the new language; hymns were sung, sermons preached, and addresses delivered in Esperanto.

Many of us make a great "to do" about too much armament, etc., and yet the truth of the matter is that we are literally beating our weapons of war into plowshares and other useful instruments to help the farmer, the builder, and the housewife. The government always uses the very best steel in making cannon, so that as soon as these weapons are out of date it can sell them to foundries. At the foundries the old cannon are broken up and remelted after which they are made into plows, structural iron, roofing, household tinware, and a dozen other things of a peaceful nature.

Reports from Teheran, Aug. 27, say the insurrection is in full swing in the southern and western parts of Persia. All the tribes in Persian Khurdistan have raised the banner of revolt under the leadership of the constitutionalists and demand the immediate convocation of a parliament; otherwise they threaten to declare for independence. The government offices are falling into the hands of the revolutionists, and a large number of soldiers have been killed. The town of Kerman is entirely in the hands of the revolutionists, the government officials having either fled or submitted. The vice-governor has been captured.

The Cunarder "Lusitania" has added to her glory by beating her former short course record from Daunt's Rock, outside Queenstown, to Sandy Hook lightship by 3 hours and 40 minutes. Her new time between the starting and finishing lines of the course is, adding five hours for the difference between our own and the British clock, 4 days and 15 hours. Her best previous performance, also over the short northern course, which was completed on November 2 last, was 4 days, 18 hours and 40 minutes. On her best day's run, on the nautical day ending at noon on Monday, when she covered 650 nautical miles in 25 hours and 20 minutes, her average speed was 25.66 knots.

The world's largest bottle factory is at Düsseldorf, and in his report on the trade of the district (Westphalia and the Rhenish provinces) Consul Koenig, gives some particulars of the company which is, conjointly with other German and continental manufacturers, introducing the "Owen patent glass bottle machine." The latter will, says the consul, revolutionize the manufacture of glass bottles in all the factories, and he expects that the art of blowing glass bottles by hand will have become extinct in about ten years' time. The export trade of the Düsseldorf glass works is large. The Rhenish Westphalian coal syndicate was unable to supply the Düsseldorf glass factory with sufficient coal last year, and the board of directors were forced to import considerable amounts of coal from the United Kingdom at enhanced prices. There is now a regular trade of coal from the United Kingdom, chiefly from Newcastle, up the Rhine to Düsseldorf.

According to Governor Fort of New Jersey, the disregard for anti-gambling laws and Sunday laws has brought about a condition which he terms a "saturnalia of vice," in Atlantic City, the largest seashore resort in the United States. The governor threatened to call out the troops unless the laws were enforced. The laws were observed Aug. 30 without the help of the troops and will be, it is said, until the laws are changed. Those affected by the laws believe there will be a change as they are sure that public sentiment is with them. Evidently public sentiment needs something. The country could get along very well without its Atlantic Cities where only pleasures of the most degrading sort satisfy.

According to a dispatch from Peking, Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese ambassador to the United States, may be recalled because his public utterances in this country are thought indiscreet by the high Chinese authorities. Wu Ting Fang has been twice appointed to the United States, first in 1896 from which appointment he was recalled in 1902; he was appointed the second time about a year ago. Wu Ting Fang is very popular in the United States, and as there is keen rivalry between the Japanese and Chinese representatives at Washington, it is thought in diplomatic circles, that the former are working to bring about his recall. He speaks English with hardly a perceptible accent and for five years practiced law in the English courts at Hongkong.

The International Harvester Company has formed a society to provide for employes when ill or disabled by accident and to make definite payments to their families in case of death. By the terms of the organization each employe of the concern contributes 2 per cent of his earnings to the general fund and becomes a member at his first payment. He is insured against any ailment which may overtake him, receiving half his salary in event of illness or disability. His death also is provided for, and if a man dies while in the service of the company his heirs receive two years' wages. The loss of both eyes, hands or feet also entitles him to two years' salary. In the event of death by illness his family receives one year's wages. Membership in the society is optional with the employes, and in joining it they do not waive any legal redress against the company in case of personal injury. Old age pensions are also figured into the benefits, and it is provided that at sixty-five years any employe who has put in twenty years of service may retire on an allowance of one per cent of the average annual pay received during the last ten years of his service.

The new Sing Sing which New York is erecting on the highlands of the Hudson will be palatial in its appointments and far better in its accommodations than a large per cent of criminals are accustomed to enjoying. Thirty acres of land will be covered by this big prison and it will easily accommodate 2,000 inmates. Great air spaces will surround the building and it will be only about four stories high, preferring to spread out instead of towering up. Up-to-date lighting and sanitary facilities will be incorporated in the new Sing Sing; the cell walls will be of enameled steel and those of the halls of enameled porcelain; in each cell there will be a lavatory, stationary washstand, running water, and a single bunk. It is claimed that the locking device to be adopted will be too difficult for the wits of the most experienced lock-picker. The keeper will lock each cell, then the supervising officer will interlock them, and finally from the warden's office they will be interlocked again.

Reports from England and southwestern Europe, Sept. 1, gave accounts of a terrific storm which swept over those parts with disastrous effect. Many seashore resorts were damaged and a number of boats driven to shore and wrecked. Only five were saved out of one crew of thirty-two whose boat was wrecked.

The United States weather bureau's meteorological summary for August, issued last week, shows that the rainfall for the thirty-one days was 3.33 inches in excess of the average for the month for the last thirty-eight years. The total was 6.35 inches. There were five thunderstorms in the month, occurring Aug. 11, 12, 15, 16 and 17. The highest velocity of the wind was forty-nine miles per hour, from the southwest, on Aug. 12. The highest temperature was 96 degrees, Aug. 3, and the lowest 58, Aug. 23.

Net earnings of the Elgin National Watch Company for the fiscal year ended April 30 last were approximately \$650,000, equal to 13 per cent on the \$5,000,000 stock outstanding, a decline of \$250,000 from net earnings of the previous year. Nothing could better illustrate the suddenness with which the panic paralyzed the business of such a highly specialized industry as watchmaking than a comparison of gross sales in December and February. For December gross sales totaled \$400,600, a high record month. Two months later, in February, gross declined to the lowest point ever touched, \$125,000 for the month, a fluctuation of nearly 70 per cent. The gross earnings of the two big watch manufacturing companies of the United States, Waltham Watch and Elgin National Watch, are about the same. Waltham Watch has a somewhat larger foreign market, however. In point of net earnings the companies are not widely separated, although the larger capitalization of the New England company makes its share earnings much less than for the Elgin company.

#### An Electric Moth Trap.

The Saxony authorities have discovered what would seem to be an excellent way to put an end to the caterpillar plague which is having such a disastrous effect on the local forests. They have discovered a method to catch the brown nun moths that lay the eggs from which the caterpillars come in enormous quantities. They make use of what they call the electric light trap. This consists of two large and powerful reflectors placed over a deep receptacle and powerful exhaust fans. The whole has been erected on top of the municipal electric plant at Zittau. At night two great streams of light are thrown from the reflectors on the wooded mountain sides half a mile distant.

According to the Electrical Review the results have been astonishing. The moths, drawn by the brilliancy, come fluttering in thousands along the broad rays of light: When they get to a certain distance from the reflectors the exhaust fans take up their work and with powerful currents of air swirl them down into the receptacle. On the first night no less than three tons of moths were caught. It has been decided to build another trap on the Rathaus Tower, and the fight with the moths will be continued.

The forests of central Europe have, from time to time, been ravaged by raids of moths from Russia, whose larvae denude the trees of their foliage. The splendid pines of the Lausitz Mountains are this year threatened with destruction.—Scientific American.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLING FOR THE MAJORITY.

"It is little short of a crime," said the Rev. R. A. White in a debate at a school management committee meeting in Chicago over a proposed change in the grammar school work, "to teach a boy a vocabulary suited to a literary man and turn him into a business office unable to spell the commonest terms used by business men."

Dr. White has laid his finger on a weak point of the American public school system as it has developed—a weak point whose presence a noble ideal explains but whose continued toleration that ideal cannot justify or excuse.

The ideal is that every American child shall have an equal chance for every sort of career, so far as the public schools can open the door of opportunity. Now, that is a fine ideal, which it is not at all necessary to relinquish. In arranging school programs, however, it is necessary to consider certain concrete facts which have been often disregarded.

The American people have ever put foremost the successes and triumphs of the intellect as of greatest worth. Certain dull observers to the contrary notwithstanding, no people take a less grossly materialistic view of what success in life really means.

This attitude is reflected in our public school programs and in the directions in which they have developed. They are, as a rule, built on the assumption that the average boy will be able and will desire to go on to college and into one of the professions—that his wish will be to become a brain worker rather than a hand worker.

Yet the facts are that not only is it impossible to have a world in which the majority could live by their heads rather than their hands, but also that a large majority of children contemplate with impatience and resentment any suggestion of the long training necessary for success in the learned professions and in brain work generally. There are always exceptions, but any one who has the gift of getting the confidence of children can easily satisfy himself that the great majority of boys, and girls, too, who quit school at 14 do so not reluctantly, but gladly.

The prize of staying on in school does not seem to them worth the price. They wish to escape from subjection to elders and teachers. Their desire is to get out in the world and begin immediately in some way to win an independent place in it by doing the work which beckons to them, and thus reaching sooner the personal freedom which to us all is life's greatest good.

The trouble with our common school programs is that they contain too much of the wrong kind of foundations, put in on the assumption that every child might, should, or would like to go on into the high school and then into college.

Now, it is not at all necessary that the natural ambitions of any child for higher education should be thwarted, nor any door of opportunity closed to the humblest. All that

is necessary is that instruction in the subjects of which knowledge is required for any sort of success shall be given first, and where the majority can and will obtain it. Other instruction may and should be offered, but it should not be forced upon those who do not really desire it.

We need to reconsider our common school programs, and to put in them not what an intellectual minority think every child ought to know, but only what the majority really want, call for, and find indispensable. The rest can come afterward for those who seek it because they desire it.

We cannot by much schooling compel a child to be other than what its natural instincts make it desire to be in life. By such methods we may spoil a good mechanic and get an incompetent physician or spoil an excellent salesman to make a shyster lawyer.

What the majority of children may desire to be and the way of life in which they will find the greatest happiness and most content for themselves, and thus be most useful as citizens, should be more considered than it has been of late years by many professed educators.—Chicago Inter Ocean.



### SUPPLY AND DEMAND IN LITERATURE.

The adage that the demand creates the supply does not hold true of genius. The supply is never adequate and not altogether of the right kind. Great men do not always appear in the crises of their country's need. Sometimes the country has to get along the best it can with very mediocre men in its direst straits or fail for lack of better. Necessity is too often childless. We could give a list of a hundred inventions which are all much needed now and probably quite practicable, but which may be delayed for many years. So it is not fair to assume, as is generally done, that the tone of the literature of the day represents popular taste. It is only as near to popular taste as the public is able to get. The public has more reason to complain of the service it gets from its servants, the authors, than the housewives of their maids.

If one year the historical romance is all the rage, and the next everybody is reading novels of the future, if stories of domestic scandal go out of fashion suddenly and stories of financial scandal come in, this does not mean that the taste of the people has undergone a spontaneous and simultaneous change. It indicates that some literary genius has arisen who was personally inclined to write on the new subject. The supply of stories of Indian life was fully equal to the demand at the time when Kipling wrote the first of his "Plain Tales from the Hills." Religious questions were not being discussed with any special avidity when "Robert Elsmere" appeared. The most observant critic would not have detected any signs a year ago of such a general yearning for more metaphysics as to cause James' "Pragmatism" to sell like a novel.

The literature of a nation is controlled by the initiative and referendum. But in this case they are in separate hands. The authors have the initiative and the people the referendum. The people have the power to veto, but not to amend. They have to take whatever an author chooses to offer them or reject it altogether.

The evils of our literature are not due to the stringency of social control, but rather to the lack of it. We rarely hear of a writer being forced to violate his conscience by writing indecent plays or poems or stories to satisfy an imperious popular demand for such. On the contrary, we have to listen to the continuous complaint by authors that the public is too prudish and will not permit them to write on the salacious or abnormal themes toward which their taste inclines them. Artists are not compelled to paint scenes of carnage, disease, cruelty and licentiousness by the hard-hearted academicians of the hanging committee or by the desire of any large number of their fellow-citizens to buy them for their homes. The patrons of grand opera are not the strictest sect of moralists, yet there is no reason to think that they have a decided preference for incestuous adultery and necrophilism. But they do want great music, and since they are dependent on Wagner and Strauss for this, they tolerate, with more or less pronounced aversion, Siegmund and Salome. The scenes of *Die lustige Witwe* are better suited to a Viennese than to an American public, but its tunes are irresistible—and unescapable. In short, any morbid, abnormal, decadent, or immoral tendency manifested in literature or art may generally be traced to some individual who has taken advantage of his genius to force his personal perversities upon the world; and in so far as the literature and art of a people remain pure and sane it is due to the restraining influence of popular taste. In violations of good morals and good taste the genius is the tempter and the public the more or less willing victim. There is, of course, a public for any eccentricity, but it is not the best nor the largest of the publics to which the man of genius may cater.

Because our food is adulterated and there is filth in our milk and ice, it does not follow that we prefer it so. That our poetry is pessimistic and our novels come to bad ends does not prove that we would not read cheerful books if we could get them.—*The Independent*.



#### ELEMENTS OF GOVERNING POWER.

It should not be so, perhaps, but the individual's standing as a teacher depends very largely on his ability—or lack of it—to manage his school so that there shall be no friction, and govern it in a way that will not call harsh criticism down upon him. And it is no small thing to be able to govern well and wisely. It is rather uncommon to find a teacher whose government is all that could be desired. What are the elements of governing power? As the writer sees it, to govern well—and that means to govern easily, is to have, first, an idea of what constitutes an orderly, well-governed school. A lack at this point is fatal, and *The Schoolman* does not hesitate to repeat what it has often said in substance: Very little can be done to aid the teacher who is short on a sense of order and system; and there are such persons trying to fill the position of teacher. It would be a kindness to such a teacher—more than a kindness to his pupils, if city or county superintendent would be both prompt and frank to advise the taking up of some other kind of work. But given a fair idea of what constitutes good school government, the next element of governing power is a

fixed and settled determination—not an angry resolve—to have a well-governed school. There must be constant watchfulness, yet not a sort that your pupils may call playing the spy. There must be good-natured, cheerful, quiet persistency toward the desired end. There must be a certain kind of courage that will make it easy to speak plainly yet pleasantly to prospective offenders. It is to be regretted that in most cases the ability to speak to pupils about personal conduct, without being angry, or making pupils angry, does not come to the teacher until he is old enough to begin to think of quitting the business. All matters of government should, as far as possible, be fairly settled at the close of each day. There must be determination to do one's duty as he sees it and equal determination to do no useless worrying about results. There must not be that worse than senseless practice of teaching school during the day, and lying awake at night trying to devise plans for governing the school. You will know what is meant by this last statement if you can remember the time when you fell asleep while resolving that if a certain boy gave you half a chance next day you would avail yourself of the opportunity to even things up to date with him.

And having said as much as may be said about the elements of governing power, it would still be necessary to say that the best evidence one could give of having the elements as a part of his equipment would be the quiet, well-ordered everyday life that he shows—not only to his pupils, but to all the world.—*Interstate Schoolman*.



#### CENTENARIES OF 1909.

Next year will have a peculiar interest because of the remarkable group of famous people who first saw the light precisely a century before, says Lyndon Orr in a recent number of *Munsey's Magazine*. In calling the birth-roll for the year 1809 the writer emphasizes a long list of musicians, historians, statesmen, inventors, scientists, men of letters, poets, soldiers, and sailors, all of more than ordinary interest and many of whom have left a lasting mark. Music is represented by Mendelssohn (born February 3) and Chopin (March 1), and science by Darwin (February 12), who developed the theory of evolution. Cyrus McCormick (February 15), the inventor of the reaping-machine, began his life in this momentous year, as did also the two noted confederate fighters Joseph Johnston (February 3) and Raphael Semmes (September 27).

The great names in letters to be commemorated are Edgar Allan Poe (January 19), Alfred Tennyson (August 6), Edward Fitzgerald (March 31), the translator of Omar Khayyam, Oliver Wendell Holmes (August 29), Kinglake (August 5), the historian of the Crimean War, and Park Benjamin (August 14). Gladstone and Lincoln likewise both saw the light of day during the year 1809. Gladstone was the last survivor of this famous group, and Mendelssohn the shortest-lived. Mr. Orr further discusses the centenaries as follows:

"Most of the anniversaries will be celebrated very widely both in Europe and the United States. Chopin will have special honors paid to him in Warsaw and in Paris. Undoubtedly the University of Virginia will hold commemorative exercises for Poe, as one of its most distinguished sons; while New York, where he spent the greater part of his literary life, will probably arrange an impressive memorial celebration. The natural place for a commemorative pageant in Tennyson's honor would be Eppingford in the Isle of Wight, where he wrote so



many of his most famous poems, or Aldworth, in Surrey, where he died. Harvard will, undoubtedly, give appropriate honor to Holmes, because Cambridge was his birthplace and because he was a Harvard man.

"Recognition of Gladstone's centenary will be, to some extent, an affair of party, though throughout all Great Britain there will doubtless be a fitting recognition of his statesmanship. But with regard to Lincoln, there are two places peculiarly marked out as suited to public observances upon a scale of truly national impressiveness. One of these places is Springfield, in Illinois, which was his home at the time when he was called to the Chief Magistracy of the United States, and near which his body now lies in a massive mausoleum. The other place is Washington, where, throughout four years of incessant strain and anguish, he won the glory which has placed him among the immortal heroes of humanity."

\*\*\*

THERE are men who bless God every day for their early hardships, which challenged their manhood and brought out the best that was in them. Let your boys win their spurs.—*Rev. David Smith.*

\*\*\*

## Between Whiles

**Going Back Again.**—Rip Van Winkle returned from his long sleep looking fresh as a daisy and made his way to the village barber-shop, not only because he needed a haircut and shave, but also because he wished to catch up on the news.

"Let's see," said he to the barber after he was safely tucked in the chair, "I've been asleep twenty years, haven't I?"

"Yep," replied the tonsorialist.

"Have I missed much?"

"Nope, we bin standin' pat."

"Has Congress done anything yet?"

"Not a thing."

"Jerome done anything?"

"Nope."

"Platt resigned?"

"Nope."

"Panama Canal built?"

"Nope."

"Bryan been elected?"

"Nope."

"Carnegie poor?"

"Nope."

"Well, say," said Rip, rising up in the chair, "never mind shaving the other side of my face. I'm going back to sleep again."—Success.

✽

## Keen Scent.

Mrs. Jones was in the habit of giving Henry a large piece of chocolate cake whenever he came to see her; but one day when she was expecting company, she left the cake uncut, and did not offer him any.

For a time Henry waited, and then remarked, "Mrs. Jones, it seems to me I smell chocolate cake!"

Mrs. Jones laughed, and, going to the cupboard, cut him a tiny slice. "That's all there is for you today, Henry," she declared, as she returned with it.

"Thank you, Mrs. Jones," said the child, politely, disappointed, and then added, with a great sigh, "Seems strange that I could smell so small a piece."—Youth's Companion.

**He Liked This Camphor.** Little Harry had not been talking many months when he expressed himself this way upon one occasion. He had often smelled of camphor, but one day got a bottle of perfumery and was delighted. "Mama," he said, "this funny camphor makes me good breathing."

✽

**An Artist's Apology.**—The New York Times is responsible for the following:

Dear Teacher: My muther says I haffto appollogize for doren your pickchure on the bored as if you was an olled made with curls and a long wissker on your chinn witch you could not help or me neether.

It was a meen thing to doo and I am sorry I didd it but I could not help it becaws you stood thare looken so nacherl with the curls and the wissker and all and Jenny Ames dared me to doo it at resess.

I doo not blame you for wippen me becaws it looked so mutch like you you had a purfeck rite to be mad. If I was you I would be mad too.

My muther says nobody is so sennsitive about her looks as a lady teacher espeshuly if she is a litle olled but this was not to go in the letter.

If you only understood what is inside of boys heads maken them be misschefuss you would be sorry for them for it is not exackly there fault.

I know you feel wurse about it than I do becaws my wippen does not hurt now but a pickchure goes on forever.

Teechers have a hard enuf time goodness knows without beien shode how they look for a wheal school to laff at.

Sometime if you do not care I will dore you on the bored looken swete and yung and put your name under so everybody will know who it is and so no more for the present frum your troo friend and skoller. Tommy.

✽

"What was the greatest athletic feat ever performed in the United States? Wheeling West Virginia. The greatest creative feat? Macon Georgia. The greatest surgical feat? Lansing Michigan."

✽

Allen was one day playing with his mother's opera-glasses. Looking through the small end he said, "Everything seems so far away: why mama, you look like a distant relative."

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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*To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors; these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace.--Henry Van Dyke.*

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

September 15, 1908.

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Vol. X. No. 37.



# CALIFORNIA EXCURSION

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Leaves:

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Omaha, Tuesday, Sept. 15th, 4:00 p. m.

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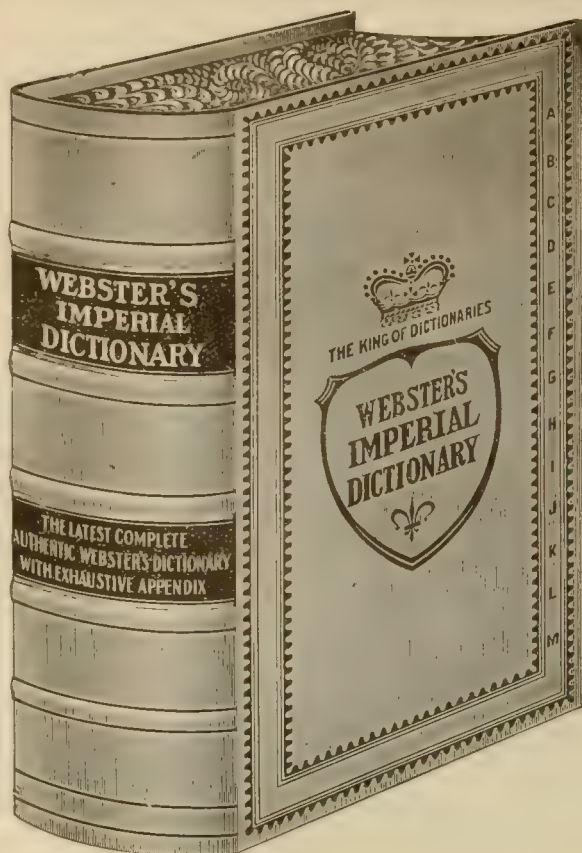
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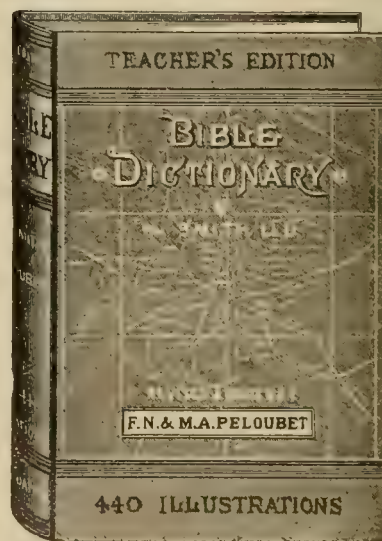
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it was he who sold this vast tract to Thomas Jefferson, then President, for the small sum of \$15,000,000.

So with the political death of Napoleon France seems to have abandoned any idea of ever attempting again to chase the false gods of imperialism and has spent her great energies in the much better pursuits of emancipating her own people and developing her home life, and national happiness.

When Charles X came to the throne of France, he was an exponent and practitioner of the old absolutism. By 1830 the people were up in arms, thus instituting the second revolution. As a result of this revolution a parliamentary government was established.

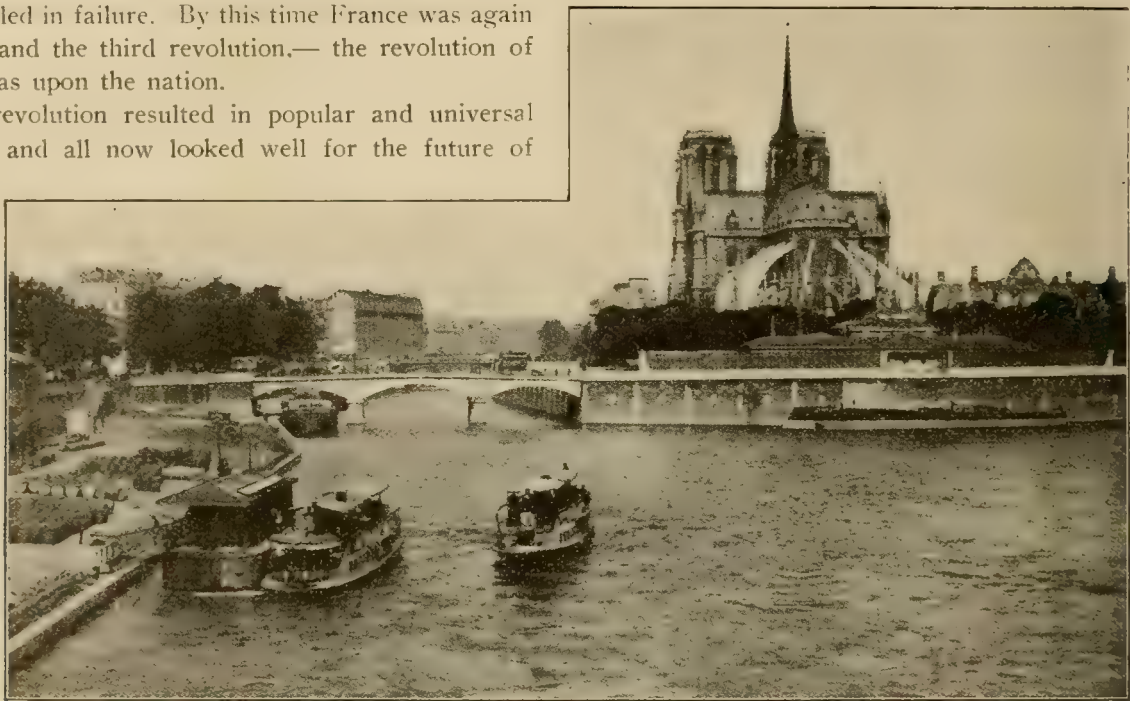
But this parliamentary government was unsatisfactory, because the membership was restricted to men of wealth. An attempt to better this condition was made, but it ended in failure. By this time France was again at arms and the third revolution,—the revolution of 1848—was upon the nation.

This revolution resulted in popular and universal suffrage and all now looked well for the future of

every turn, all of which remind one of the flowing of blood, and the scenes of carnage.

Since the revolutions with their blood and destruction have passed away and France has become a real republic, the tracks of desolation and destruction have given place to modernization of the city and the country. Paris, more than any other city, long endured the course of wholesale demolition in order that freedom, science and sunlight might replace the oppression, ignorance and gloom of the old régime and tendencies.

Now, the desire to beautify the city has become a passion, and the work has been very effective. Paris is located in a beautiful place on the seine where natural beauty easily harmonizes with architectural



Seine, with Notre Dame.

France. But just at this period of her political evolution, Napoleon III, the ruler, became very arbitrary. The people remonstrated strongly. Finding no succor in remonstrating, they took up the revolutionary movement again in 1871, which resulted in permanent republican institutions throughout France.

In all of these events Paris has figured. In fact she has figured in many of the wars that not only worked out and shaped the destiny of France, but of all Europe. Almost every old building in Paris is a scene of some historical event. The visitor in Paris is astounded at the number of places of historical interest that are found on every hand. The number of monuments, too, is surprisingly large and among them are found those of Charlemagne, Abelard and Heloise, Joan of Arc, Henry IV, Louis XIV, and Napoleon. Arches, statues and Napoleonic columns are seen at

skill. By careful drainage the city is converted from the once unhealthful place to one of the most healthful of cities. The sewage system is of such an admirable construction and so adequate that it is visited and traversed by tourists. The sewage here, as in Berlin is emptied onto a municipal farm which is conducted just as the one is conducted at Berlin. The city streets have been widened, excepting places where historic old buildings stand, which buildings are patriotically protected by the city government. The buildings erected are all architecturally perfect and all tend to give to Paris the distinguished stateliness that the most beautiful city in the world may desire.

Some of the places which are noted for their beauty and grandeur are the Seine with the Notre Dame, Luxembourg, the Grand Opera House, the Palace de la Concorde and the Eiffel Tower.

Thus Paris today is modern, and is made so by the liberal democratic spirit of her citizens. The spirit of democracy is the dominant spirit not only of Paris, but of all France. Yet while this is true, it can not be said that all of France is given over to democracy, for throughout the republic there are still adherents to the pretensions of the old régime. They are in the minority, but yet they figure in the political affairs of the nation. One of these, a descendant of the French king, now resides in England, but calls himself the King of the French Empire.

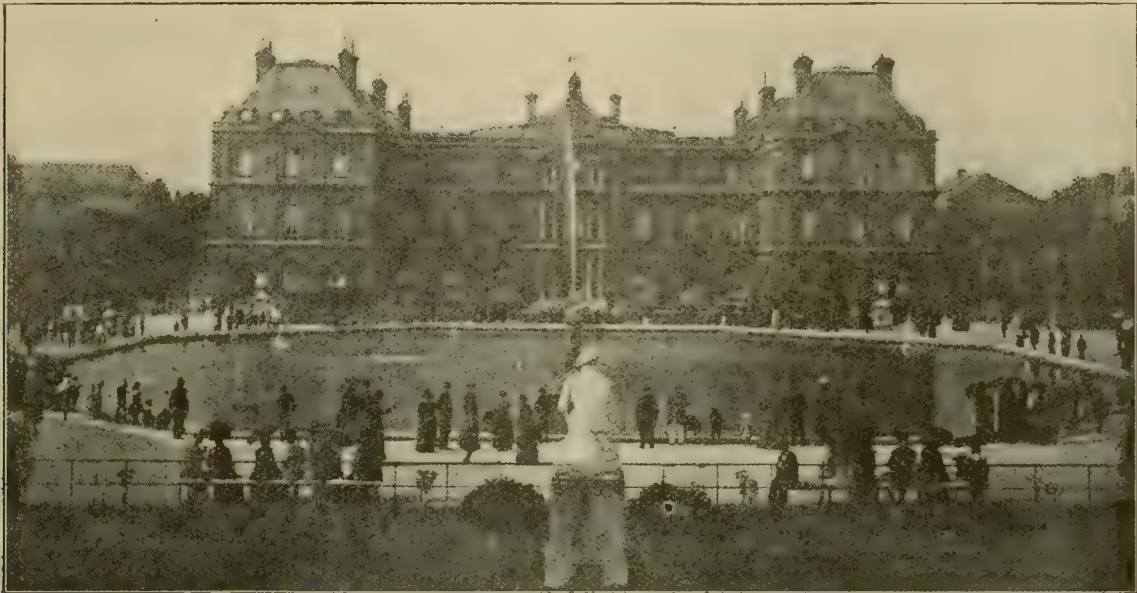
But the tendency toward democracy and liberalism may be said to be more popular in France today than

expense artistic and humanitarian enterprises calculated to increase the well-being of its citizens."

In national politics the administration is sane and well founded. The nation has recently made a bold and progressive step in separating the state from the church, and by so doing has scored a great point for the Liberal policy.

In education the nation is well balanced and well advanced. The University of Paris is known the world over for its influence in science, literature and culture.

The art schools, schools of music, the National Library and the Cluny Museum, all add to the



Luxembourg, Paris.

ever before. In fact, the government of the people, by the people, and for the people is the only government in the world, at this age that is growing in favor. The general world unrest that has been mentioned in these articles so often seems to be caused by a world-wide desire of the people to rule themselves. We believe that this desire pervades the political atmosphere of the world, and when it comes and takes its hold upon the people, it seems to us that the greater navies and armies will be largely a needless luxury instead of a glaring necessity as they are today. If this is the cause of unrest, it will some time show that France is the light that is to lead Europe out of the wilderness of Autocracy, Militarism and Despotism.

At any rate, the democratic tendencies have taken such a hold upon the people of Paris that it pervades their municipal affairs in every phase. The municipal policy seems to be one "of encouraging what is most beautiful in modern city life; of providing not only the necessities of civilization, but also the finest fruits of culture and art; of carrying on at public

great educational influence of the city and nation. The art of beautifying grounds is found in such places as the Gardens of the Tuileries, the Champ. Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne. The profit-sharing custom in the Bon Marché is an encouragement to private individuals. The private individual in Paris, as in Berlin, is the one for whom the very government itself seems to run. Yet this individual must stand up for the city, must obey the law and must make himself a useful and respectful citizen, or Paris will deal with him as an enraged parent should with an undutiful offspring.

The striking difference noticeable between the French Government and other European governments of which we have spoken is that in France the Liberals, or the friends of the masses, have the controlling power in the government. This is true throughout the nation. In Germany such a condition exists only in the city governments, while the national government is a mixture of autocracy and despotism, but drifting toward socialism. We noticed that in the German cities, great care is taken of the individual.



He is educated in arts, religion and morals. He is encouraged toward thrift. He is protected by a model government. And he is happy and content. As a result the nation boasts of her intelligent citizens, her thrifty people and her international well-being.

And the same condition is seen in France, not only in the cities, but in the entire country. The people are free and as a result they are thrifty, intelligent, patriotic and strong in influence, in art, education, and civil affairs. And we may conclude that liberty, even at the expense of blood, pays, and pays well, for with it a nation is intelligent, safe and influential, and without it a nation is tottering, browbeaten and wicked.

Can we draw a picture vivid enough to contrast democratic France with despotic Turkey or autocratic Russia? We hear so much about wickedness in Paris.

of but endured on every hand, for little else exists.

The contrast is great. But what Paris has, she has purchased with her own blood. What Constantinople has she has submitted to since the day when the Turk won undisputed control of the city. And the difference is great. The former is conscious that she is not yet perfect, but far from it, and is animated with a desire to strive for better things and in the striving, achieve new perfection. But the latter desires little, and thinks little of her condition. Being untutored in the science of government and the ethics of a religion that teaches perfection, she rises not above the tutoring of the three requirements of her own spiritual belief and thus lazily lives in a channel unbidding for any self-thinking race.



Place de la Concorde, Paris.

But would we dare to say that Paris, with her culture, her art, her education, her free press, her great resorts for higher class public amusements, her great churches and cathedrals where the people look up to the Divine Artist, and where beautiful parks and natural resting places are spread out for the comfort of her people and with her police protection and her respect for law and order,—I say,—would we dare to say that Paris is more wicked than Constantinople, with her dark, narrow streets, her filth, her wild dogs, her beggars, her robbers, her murderers, who lurk behind the debris and rubbish on every hand, her dishonest officials, her press censorship, her corrupt police, her disrespect for law and order, her despotic old emperor, and her mosques which are his tools, and all the things which pertain to a degraded and unhappy people?

Oh, no! In Paris if there is wickedness it goes before the public, but in Constantinople it is unspoken

But her influence is not great, and is declining, while the influence of Paris, and all popular governments is growing with the speed of the winds. Paris is pushing out for new light with which to crown the old, and whether or not she may reach it, the trend of events goes to show that her influence will inspire a more perfect light elsewhere in the world. She has taught Berlin, she has taught all parts of the world, and much may yet come from the spirit of Liberalism that she has shed abroad, for the prophet out of his own country availeth much.



"We must not hope to be mowers,  
And to gather ripe golden ears,  
Unless we have first been sowers,  
And watered the furrows with tears.

"It is not just as we like it,  
This mystical world of ours,  
Life's field will yield as we make it,  
A harvest of thorns or of flowers."

## QUACKERY

J. F. Studebaker, M. D.

IN the practice of medicine physicans like men of other professions have ideals. Plato was so energetic in the exposition of idealism that he is known to this day as the great idealist. He belonged to the generation of Greek master intellects. Their language, philosophy, poetry and art are still an inspiration to us. Their ideals were lofty and their realization of them was not disappointing. They sought perfection. This was Michael Angelo's ideal. It was asked one day of this great Italian sculptor and painter, while he was tediously chiseling away almost imperceivable bits of marble from the face of a statue, why he spent so much time with trifles. He replied: "Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle."

The medical fraternity as a whole stands for lofty purposes. Ethical physicians respect the rights of each other; seek the best modern means for the protection of the health of the community; and give frank and honest opinions in cases of illness, all conclusions being clear of misrepresentations. Such motives at once put them above the advertising specialist who handles his business as a commodity, his success (financial, the sole purpose of his vocation) depending largely upon whether he is a good salesman, having sufficient commercial sagacity and adequate semblance of medical skill to delude his patients. Such a man uses all the enticing and attractive means to get new "customers."

It may not be known what the qualifications of a medical quack are. It may not be understood by all what exceptional and innate ability, what a culmination of all the strong traits of character of his predecessors, what an exemplification of brilliant scholarship in his college or university studies (if he were ever within the walls of an educational institution) are necessary to be a professional quack, a tactful advertiser and a diplomat of rare talent to ensnare people with his baited tongue.

In a recent investigation in Germany it was found that nearly all men having methods of quackery in their profession had not only a poor preliminary education but also a very meagre training in the medical sciences. One can readily see that such, fettered by poor morals, would not be conscientious in preparation for life work. The same thing is largely true in the United States. Not a few have been convicts and punished by confinement for years in a penitentiary for offenses committed against medical and other laws. Occasionally some one has changed his name as frequently as he thought necessary to avoid meeting justice face to face. Others have bought bogus

diplomas or stolen bona fide papers and inserted their name instead of that of the owner, the latter being removed by chemical process so perfectly that no defacing could be recognized with the naked eye. The writer knows a Chicago man who was arrested by the Illinois State Board of Health, August 1, on the charge of selling a bogus diploma for \$75 to a drug clerk. He signed his name as — — —, A. M., M. D., president of the board of trustees. He has been suspected for a number of years of selling bogus diplomas for literary and scientific degrees even as low as \$5 (cheap education). Without fail these are owned by charlatans.

Such are the men who have always imposed upon the public. From this body of talented and public-spirited men come most of the traveling specialists, advertising themselves as doctors of extraordinary ability, possessing knowledge of efficient remedies unknown and unobtainable by others and knowing that the people are not conscious that everything in medical science is open and available to all careful and wide-awake physicians. The secrets of medicine belong to the days of uncertainty, the age of mythology. The twentieth century triumphs in the dissemination of facts.

They will tell you that their training and experience have been so great that within a few minutes a diagnosis can be made. The large minds of the profession know that this is colored, for diseases appear in some individuals in an obscure form, requiring a number of days of the closest study and observation to determine the true character of the malady.

As a rule, the quack is another form of confidence man and he knows how to play the game. The attack is not made upon him to protect other men interested in medicine, but it is in the support of worthy principles. All doctors have the same privileges as he, but the majority are far above quackery. The true American physician advocates that his success should depend upon results and his strength as an individual and citizen in the community.

Quacking men are barred from membership in medical bodies of any consequence, as the American Medical Association or any State and county medical societies. They are below the standard of such organizations.

The medical profession alone cannot eradicate quackery, but the laity must coöperate. Quacks will thrive as long as people retain the disposition to listen to the oily tongues of strangers. It is remarkable that so many, particularly the country folk, will



trust their lives and the lives of those most dear to them to strangers whose ability and morals they do not know. Their good business sense would prohibit them signing a stranger's paper or note.

Resident physicians to be successful are compelled to constantly "plug" on account of lively competition and to keep abreast of the most modern ideas and methods. They are aware that good work now may result in an extensive practice later. It has been observed that the local advertising doctor is short-lived in towns under thirty thousand, for invariably people in the course of time find that he is superficial in every way.

Summing up quackery, we would include all pretenses, undue means to gain prominence, and any form of trickery. No matter whether it be loud signs; swinging, moving or stationary electric or colored light displays; high-stepping "speckled horses"; brightly lettered buggy panels; an appearance of a great rushing practice, as fast driving without a good cause; spoken or written words of one's capacity or cures; the alarm expressed of a ravaging and horrifying disease which does not exist; or "no cure, no pay" (gambling on life)—all is quackery.

(The sarcasm present is to be taken as only plain talk.)

*Ft. Dodge, Iowa.*



#### AN APPRECIATION OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

WILLIAM L. JUDY.

THERE has never lived a greater man who had more hereditary obstacles and hindering environments to overcome than did Samuel Johnson, the eminent English author and man of letters (1709—1784). An incurable malady, an inheritance to him, disfigured his countenance. Sloven in habits, corpulent in body, and rude in manners, the appearance of the man was nigh detestable. The blessing of good health was never his to enjoy. The mental, moral, and physical peculiarities that afterward distinguished the man were very discernible, even in infancy.

Thru most of his life he was continually struggling against dire poverty. And when he spoke of want and its attendant miseries he knew whereof he spoke. The "bread-and-butter problem" was long his main concern in life. Ever and anon it goaded him on to hard and hated work. On one occasion it is said he walked the streets of London all night, not having the means to procure the poorest lodging.

Johnson's make-up was one of contradictions. Along with his poverty he possessed an over-proud spirit. One can readily see the result of such a union: it made him haughty, scornful, and impolite. While in attendance at Oxford, Johnson lived in rags. One morning he found a pair of shoes at his door.

He cast them away in a fury, yet no one needed them more than he.

The one redeeming trait was his powerful intellect. It overcame his bodily infirmity; it carried him through all misfortunes. The most brilliant star of light in his writings is the mighty intellect he displays. The pompous style is of little worth but the mind of the man, linked with a never-bending will, mark his works.

Melancholy by nature, poverty and pride made him a hypochondriac. At times he would gaze on the town clock for hours without being able to tell the time. Many men in his condition would have despaired of life. But his indomitable will and sincere heart upheld him.

His last years were spent in great comfort and happiness—a sweet revenge for his former sufferings. A pension made him able continually to indulge in his constitutional indolence. His pen was laid aside and his talents employed in brilliant, witty, and attractive conversation. Here at ease we can behold the real Johnson.

Were it not for his satellite, James Boswell, Johnson might have been obscured. He is a noted instance of the immortalizing power of a biographer. Though his writing may sink into oblivion, yet his life, his conversations, and his habits will e'er be remembered. A bundle of eccentricities and peculiarities, a man of rude and uncouth ways, yet under them all there beat a tender heart true and honest to himself and his fellow-men.

Johnson was the towering figure of the English literary world for the greater part of the last half of the eighteenth century—the undisputed dictator in the realm of letters. The showy style and the long words soon tire the reader. "He always made the fishes talk like whales," as Goldsmith wittily remarked.

His chief works are: *Rasselas*, *Lives of the Poets*, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, and a *Dictionary of the English Language*. Of these *Rasselas* is most read. The titles of the others indicate their nature. The *Dictionary* was the first of modern ones.

*If greatness be measured by the extent to which one has surmounted obstacles and hindrances in his path, Samuel Johnson certainly deserves to be ranked among the greatest of the great. He secured his hard-earned fame and fortune solely on his own merits. He will be remembered in time to come, not so much as a great author, but rather as a great man, a great personality, a great character.*

*Garrett, Pa.*



"A WIDER field of work doesn't always mean greater usefulness. It is possible for a man to 'spread himself' until his work doesn't amount to much."



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXIII.

I HAVE now visited the German cities of Cologne, Coblenz, Mayence, Frankfurt on Main, Homburg, Marburg, Cassel, Göttingen, Eisleben, Halle, Leipsic, Wittenberg, Potsdam, Berlin, Dresden, Chemnitz, Nuremberg, Würzburg, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, Strasburg and hundreds of towns and villages, walked through seven of the great impérial universities here, sat with the students and saw the professor enter with head reined to the ceiling or sighted along the floor or out of the window,—anywhere but at his students. —I have been in museum, laboratory and gymnasium, gone to the rooms with the students and eaten with them at their tables. I have visited hundreds of homes and sat in the little benches of the common school scores of times. At one school the teacher,—Lehrer, he is called in German,—left me in charge of his boys and girls. I called the German class and heard the pupils read from the Third Reader, but not on the floor as I expected. I said I heard them. Any one might. Even a deaf man could have heard most of the pupils. These German children have big, fat lungs, and they know how to use them most effectively. The boys were a little more graceful in their positions on the floor, for the girls flung out their arms, with elbows sticking out like a bat's wings, making me smile. Each stopped when a period was reached, the next one taking up the sentence and reading only to the end of it. Only one stood at a time, and by his desk, for as their turn came, each arose from his seat and stood in the aisle, reading with as much seriousness as though he were in a pulpit. I marked each pupil one hundred per cent. So far as I could tell, one did about as well as the other.

When the teacher came back I had gotten a "bead" on one of his prettiest girls who sat on the left side near the queer stove. She was a real German girl, a beauty, with the fairest of complexion,—that fascinating pink that plays over the cheeks and below the blue eyes of the typical German girl,—a glow of soft color that makes you smile in deepest adoration of her infinite loveliness and draw near her in spite of your

dignity. But the teacher entered. I wish I had locked the door. In another minute I would have found some excuse for going to her desk. She couldn't have run away, and probably wouldn't if she could have, and while I kept the other pupils at their own work I might have held her wee, soft hand, as I guided it over the paper on which she was pretending to be very busy writing out some copy in German capital letters. She was not a coquette, this charming German pupil of mine, neither was she flirting at all with the new teacher. That's what made it so interesting,—this falling-in love with this simple, unaffected German girl. She just acted as though my looking into her deep blue-sea of eyes was one of the duties that the teacher had imposed upon me before he left the room. I did not shirk my duty.

When I entered this school, as in other instances here on visiting German schools, the pupils all arose from their seats, standing by them, and repeating in concert a sentence or two of something which I have imagined to be taken from the Bible. When I left the school room they invariably rose again, and as I passed out of the door held open by the teacher in charge, they hurled another Bible doctrine at me.

Their dress was usually of the poorest and cheapest of cloth, and many of the children were apparently suffering from stomach-ache, the ache that is caused by emptiness, for they looked as though they were about famished. There is little of the American jollity in the school life of these children. They go to school because they have to, like any other children, but in going they make of it the most serious sort of penance, with little mouths drawn into the most solemn firmness as the steady but dim looking eye pores over the unattractive pages of the German school books. In nearly everything they read has been put something about God, or worship, or diligence, and often without any idea to make the reading interesting, the smallest boy must flounder through long, turgid sentences that have been quoted, with all their solemnity, from the Book of books.

We were standing in the play-ground in front of the schoolhouse at noon. The bell rang and the



children started to go in,—just as if they had been so many links in a chain. Every boy, as he passed the teacher and visitor, raised his cap and made a little bow or looked towards the teacher and me. One of these, at the end of the line, rushed by without removing his cap. He was already inside and was going to his seat, but the teacher called him back. He came out, and after a severe rebuke, he put his cap on in front of us, then took it off,—because he had to,—and entered the second time. No one of the pupils seemed to notice the little bit of discipline that the teacher was giving the boy, none laughed or even smiled. It was one of the ordinary things of the German empire,—this obedience to authority, unquestioned and stereotyped. So much did I feel this weight of respect for custom and rule, that as I stood there after the unruly but now obedient pupil had entered, I half feared the same teacher would find something to rebuke in his visitor. When I saw the soldiers marching through the streets, every one walking just like every one else in the ranks, every one carrying his gun just like his fellow soldiers carried it, every one turning in exactly the same spot on the corner, in precisely the same way, and every one trying to look just like every one else looked, humping the back, or raising the chin, or twisting the neck, I realized the fountain head of this clock-work instruction. It begins in the home, develops in the school and goes to seed in the army. When it comes to America,—this solemn routine of dutiful custom,—it catches the first whiff of the breeze of freedom, fills its giant lungs with American ozone and twenty-four hours later the German automaton has become a free-working Yankee.

Last night I heard the sweetest melodies played by the German orchestra in its beautiful park, and the sixth number was "Overture zu Fingalshöhle" by Mendelssohn,—*whatever that may mean*,—but today I am listening to far sweeter music, the melody of the street. I am sitting in the open window of my large room on the shady side of the street, on the second floor, so that I get a fine view of all that comes before me. It is market day. What a glorious day is market day to the German people and their visitors! Everybody comes to town then and everybody sells something, and everybody buys something. Stalls, covered with boards or canvas, are built all around the square or along a wide street. Almost everything that is sold in the shops is sold here on market days. Fruit and vegetables are most in evidence. Women usually attend the stalls, women dressed in bright calico, tying up little bundles for girls wearing fluttering ribbons who are walking about below me in broad-brimmed straw hats. Up to my dreamy ears floats the soft music of this German street,—up through the flowers and trees,—so soft and low, so quaintly pastoral my ears catch no distinct voice, or word, or

thought, save of the summer monotone of summer people in their summer marketing.

I can stand it no longer,—this melody of the street, and I go down to buy five pfennig worth of delicious German candy that looks like gingerbread with maple sugar dripping through it, and tastes like—more! My! if I just had the money, I would buy more of it for it is as pure as the air, without any adulterants. How funny to stand here and watch the German candy maker at work, and then to step up with the rest of the Germans and lay down a piece of money, just like their money, and ask for some German candy, or some German cakes! How queer all this, when you are an American, and riding a wheel, and getting along magnificently, with little German boys and German girls standing around, some of them looking at you, and some of them buying the candy, the clear white sun shining down upon everything, the pure German air coming off from the wooded hills around the town, the water for all the people, spouting from two spouts, running out to something that looks like a pump without a handle,—a wooden post with a hole through it and two big spouts, one on the east side, and one on the north side, of this square-German-post-pump-without-a-handle. The water in this town, as in most of the mountain villages, is brought down from the mountain until it flows out of this drinking fountain in the square. Always running, it is always cool, always clear, and always the best water for drinking.

This closes Germany. Next week we cross the Rhine into Switzerland and study the Alps and Swiss people.

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#### LIQUOR MEN ARE BARRED.

THE national convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union which closed a few days ago in New Haven, Conn., adopted strong resolutions against the liquor traffic and against the evasion of the rules which exclude liquor dealers from membership in Catholic societies and which forbid the use of liquor at their meetings. One paragraph of the resolutions says:

"Catholic periodicals that cannot live without liquor advertisements should die. Let them not drag down the Catholic name in their greed. We earnestly suggest that Catholic organizations which exclude saloon keepers from membership and which forbid the use of liquor at their meetings should not tolerate the formation of clubs within their membership which despise the letter and spirit of those laws that have been made by their organization for the honor of the Catholic name."

The same papers containing this intelligence also have a news item to the effect that the great council of the Improved Order of Red Men, has adopted resolutions barring saloon keepers, bartenders, brewers and all others connected with the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors.—*Illinois Issac*.

# Wonders of the Rockies: In Colorado

Fred V. Kinzie

## II. Garden of the Gods.

As was stated in my first article, a fine driveway leads from Manitou, through the Garden of the Gods to Glen Eyrie and over the mesa to Colorado Springs. Carriages, automobiles and the old, reliable steed—the burro—are used as conveyance for tourists. A half-hour's carriage ride brings you to the entrance of this wonderland. The visit requires about three hours; but many more can be well spent, admiring this great work of nature. Here are singular rock formations, many of which have been separated from the rest, stand alone and project high into the air. Sometimes a large boulder of gray granite is found on a cliff of dark red stone. The red predominates here, as in most other places in the Rocky Mountains.



The Buena Vista Drive, Showing the Eastern Gateway.  
(Garden of the Gods.)

The garden is well named for it is certainly a garden of gods. Many of the formations reminded the writer of the idols and gods of the heathen in India, China, Japan and elsewhere, which we hear so much about.

In this garden the famous Balanced Rock is located. This being the main attraction, many people come to this place for the sole purpose of seeing this huge rock balanced on a four-foot, triangular base of clay. The rock is twenty feet in width, thirty feet high and as many feet in length, and estimated to weigh about five hundred tons. It is the most-photographed object in the United States. It stands on a small knoll at the north end of Mushroom Park, near the center of the garden. Four burros ("The Balanced-Rock Quartette") are kept here which tourists mount to have their pictures taken in front of Balanced Rock. One of these burros is said to have been photographed over 53,000 times.

Seeing this wonderful rock and its beautiful surroundings, brings to mind the appropriate poem written by J. L. McDowell:

"Long, long ere time's relentless task began  
Of measuring life by a mortal span,  
Ere sun and moon, with radiance bright,  
To heavenly hosts revealed the might  
Of Eternal Mind in his wise plan  
To create a world—and then a man—  
Voiceless was the barren earth, and cold  
The waters deep which o'er it rolled.

"Dread glaciers ground their sullen way,  
And volcanic fires empoisoned day;  
Then restless seas affrighted fled,  
And mountains grand appeared instead,  
While rugged peaks soon towered on high  
To appall the sense and please the eye.

"All this we know, for oft we see  
Full many a witness, mute like thee,  
Oh, wondrous rock on thy narrow base,  
Poised, as it were, for a leap in space,  
While far below winds the work of man,  
He of creation's inspired plan—  
Who in wonder, awe, does gaze on thee,  
The work of Nature's God as well as he."

Near Balanced Rock is a large ledge of rock, by the side of which is a small store where souvenirs and refreshments may be purchased; also seats are here for the accommodation of the visitor. On top of this rock four telescopes are placed. Through one



Steamboat Rock, Forming West Gateway  
(Garden of the Gods).

may be seen the Summit House on Pike's Peak, ten miles distant. Another shows up very distinctly the Printers' Home several miles distant. The third is directed toward the "Kissing Camels" at the farther side of the garden and the other one is directed upon a rock which resembles a lion's head.

Next to Steamboat Rock is the Old Man's Wine



Cellar, where near the opening in the rock are formations resembling barrels.

Mushroom Park is also an interesting place. Its location is near the Balanced Rock and is noted for its many formations resembling toadstools and mushrooms. The reason for the curious shapes which many of the rocks assume seems to be that the rocks are formed of different composition of material; some which withstands the weather, wind and rain while other portions crumble away, leaving the stratum of rock poised on a base much smaller than itself.

A well-kept roadway leads through Mushroom



Toadstools. (Garden of the Gods.)

Park called Buena Vista Drive. Most of the objects of interest are seen from this splendid drive-way as you pass along. One of these objects which is much noticed is the Siamese Twins; another rock specimen showing the actions of the weather upon different compositions of rock. They stand on Grand View Hill and are about fifty feet in height. Many of the compositions in the garden are of small diameter and rise in the air to a great height. Among those pointed out separately are the pillars of rock known as the Three Graces (faith, hope and charity). These rocks are about one hundred and twenty feet high. Another group of rocks similar in formation to the Three Graces is called the Ruins of Montezuma's Temple which is about two hundred and twenty feet in height. Still another separately-pointed-out rock of similar shape is Cathedral Spire, also known as Needle Rock. These remains are supposed to be several layers of stone turned up edge-ways by some prehistoric upheaval.

The highest rock in the garden is called the Tower of Babel and well deserves the name. It is quite large at the base and divides into several smaller peaks at the top, ranging in height from three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet.

Many other formations appropriately named, but sometimes requiring a strong imagination to see the resemblance, are the Frog, Baggage Room, Aunt Dinah, Anvil, Japanese Temple, Hound's Head, Chicken, Deer Head, Hanging Rock, Porcupine, Ant

Eater, Bee Hive, Washerwoman, Sailor's Cap, Bear and Seal, Napoleon Bonaparte, Washington and Chariot, Sentinels, Gypsum Rock, Stage Coach and Lady of the Garden. The list, perhaps, could be extended into the hundreds, but this, we think, is enough to give the reader an idea of what is to be seen in this richly-adorned earthly paradise. A description or photograph cannot give an adequate conception of the grandeur of Nature's work as here shown. Go yourself, dear reader, see, admire, and exclaim, How beautiful God has made this world!

(To be Continued.)



## THE OAK'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

TREES are the only form of vegetable life that bind within their bark a record of their life history. To the experienced forester this record is as plain as a written diary.

There, bound within its bark, we can see the record of years of prosperity and years of privation. Periods when the tree almost succumbed to adverse climatic conditions or the inroads of its neighbors. Then there are periods of favorable climate or triumph over competitors. There are records of injuries from the elements or other causes.

Come go with me to yonder magnificent red oak which has just been felled. Measure the breadth of the stump—almost four feet. Do you see that little black dot in the middle? That represents the first year's growth. Around it the wood is arranged in more or less regular rings, each the product of one year.

Count the rings. Exactly 225. When the acorn from which it grew dropped from the parent stem the red man was lord of the plains and hills. The following spring, 1682, while it was peeping out from the dead leaves heaped on this hillside, La Salle was starting on his journey down the Father of Waters, building Ft. St. Louis on the Illinois river and Ft. Prudhomme on the Mississippi. There was not an English settlement west of the Allegheny Mountains, and Ft. Crevecoeur was the only settlement in the State.

For several years its growth was rapid, then came a period of about sixty years when growth was slow. Seasons were unfavorable, or surrounding trees robbed it of the essentials of life. From here outward the rings are wider, indicating more favorable conditions.

But the *width* of the annulation is not the only fact revealed by our examination. Forty-five yearly growths have been added to the original, but the next is incomplete. A blackened arc-reaching one-fourth around the tree indicates an accident presumably the result of a forest fire.

Bravely the tree set to work to repair the injury, concentrating the greater part of its energies at the vital spot. Some of the additions on the side near the wound show a growth of almost two inches, while on the opposite side the growth is scarcely perceptible. Each year shows the breach less and twenty years later it was hidden. It had passed the century mark by thirty years when we note a break—several rings have been broken. Perhaps an Indian cut into it, but from the nature of the wound it was more probably a bolt of lightning. The wood was shivered, but soon the wound was healed and no scar left.

On the north side of the stump do you see that large black spot? That is the mark of an axe. Note the fact that about ten inches apart the rings begin to turn inward, showing that the tree began to repair the cut. There are sixty-seven rings from that point to the bark, hence the cut was made the year Vandalia ceased to be the capital of the State. An examination of the fallen stem shows the sloping upper cut to have been made several inches above, and that it penetrated the tree about six inches. That was an unsightly scar, but by concentrating its building material almost entirely at that point by the end of the twelfth summer the annular growth was again entire. The cavity was filled with a barky formation, which, aided by the rapid growth, made a large knot on the tree below which we directed our saw and consequently laid bare the bottom of the cut.

Forty-five years ago a three-inch strip of bark was removed, but in three years the edges of the bark had united and in two more the wood was again complete.

One more thrust was made six years ago, a wound one inch wide having been made, but the birds nested in its boughs two seasons only till it was hidden.

Yesterday the saw glided to and fro across its mighty trunk and the wedge reluctantly followed, widening the breach, till, finding resistance useless, the aged monarch apparently leaped high in the air and plunged down the hillside to its present resting place and revealed the above facts.

Let us learn this lesson. We should not judge our fellow-man, for we cannot know his trials and temptations. How he met and surmounted them we cannot know here, but perhaps in some future life all will be as plain as this diary of the oak.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



#### BETTER EDUCATE THE "UNDER DOG."

ALL honor to those good men and women who are endeavoring to teach the homely trades and industries to those boys and girls whose lot otherwise would be one of gross ignorance and misery, if not

vice. We have an interesting letter from Prof. C. D. Griffin, who is in charge of a business and industrial school at Semmes, Ala., and some things he says show very startlingly the great need there is for schools—not colleges and high schools and "finishing" seminaries but plain schools to teach the rudiments of practical knowledge. Many of the adults in his neighborhood, he says, can neither read nor write, and he mentions one man who had actually never heard of George Washington, or of Niagara Falls and other great natural features of the country.

Yet this man was not one of the "ignorant foreigners" about whom so much complaint is being entered, but an "American," and he had contributed twelve children to the population of his country. The intellectual classes have few or no children, and it is the poor and ignorant and alien classes that are being mainly left to carry on the nation and national institutions. This is as it should be, for it would be worse if the perpetuation of the racial stock were trusted to the tender mercies of the anemic, effete, overcultured, hypersensitive members of society. Nevertheless, if the great bulk of the future nation must come from low parentage, then it becomes vital that the children of such parentage shall be trained in a wholesome way so that they shall be in some measure fitted for the responsibilities destined to be placed upon them. Don't forget that it is the children of the blacksmiths, the day-laborers, the brakemen, the small farmers, the backwoodsmen that for the most part are going to be our future business and professional men, statesmen, and even presidents—and not the sons of millionaires, eminent scholars and great public men.

The crying demand today is for the education of the lower common people, and this education, as we have said, does not want to be in the form of refinements of literary learning but in the shape of training of hand, eye and heart in the great cause of practical doing and generous, self-sacrificing goodwill. The call is for more good and worthy workers in the humble pursuits of life, and not for more lawyers and editors and storekeepers and bankers and well-dressed officials of the thousand and one sorts. Those who have waked up to this demand and are doing what they can to meet it are indeed pioneers in a veritable Promised Land of good works.

Our schools as organized today tend to drive out rather than attract the very boys and girls who are most in need of the training. They need to be "reformed together" in this sense. But the change cannot be made suddenly. Our more progressive communities are seeing the trouble and beginning to provide the cure, and the time is not far distant when all our courses of study will be made much more practical, more usable, and more human. God speed the day.—*The Pathfinder.*



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## WHEN WE WORK FOR MONEY.

THERE are times, undoubtedly, when a person would be justified to work for money alone, but the man who is so avaricious that he will not turn his hand unless there is to be more money gained than at his present calling should be an outcast in society, so far as his moral worth is concerned, for such a person is a vandal and a thief. He can be bought and sold, and fluctuates in the trial balances of life just as more or less coin is measured up against him. He belongs to the Judas tribe.

Then there are some people, who will work at anything if there is a just compensation, but the compensation must be in sight before they can be engaged, because they are not of such a nature as to want to contribute something to the world's good. They want present pay for everything. They cannot be bought and sold so readily, if at all, as the first class, but everything is done on the basis of a money consideration.

The first class we term heartless, while this second class we term cold-hearted.

But there is another class of people who take real delight in contributing of their spare time and talent to some good cause, and when convinced of the need, they do not hesitate to inconvenience themselves in order that some one else may be benefited.

Which class does the world need most?

Which of these three classes do you prefer?

Which class do you belong to?

H. M. B.



## EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

NOT many centuries ago education was so woven into religious devotions that the proper development of intellect was neglected. Next the devotional and educational phases of life were divorced, the state taking the intellectual and the church the devotional.

We are working on that basis now with indications of a slight modification.

For citizenship, scholarship and good fellowship it is being slowly discovered that intellect in the absence of a moral framework to direct intelligence, is not what society needs. Intelligence is not the end of education. Education is only a means to an end and that end is a fuller, more useful and more valuable character in the sight of God and man. An education that seeks dollars only is not a commendable education. Nor is that one which alienates the possessor from his less fortunate fellows. That only is education which leads its owner to contribute his additional powers, acquired and inherited, to the development of his fellows.

Goodness is the end sought for through government enactment, civil authorities, parental control, church tactics and legislative bodies. Education which does not quicken and evolve the good qualities of human nature, falls short of its purpose, and this is the present charge against modern education.

The moral standards which have been ripened through ages of experience and codified in the Bible are being demanded by educators as fit for incorporation into the public school curriculum, and man's intuitive sense of righteousness will sooner or later teach Bible truths to his pupils whether the Bible is read in the public schools or not. Natural facts taught out of all relation or connection to the purpose and object of creation is obviously wrong and leads to erroneous conclusions, just the same as it would be to teach the Constitution of the United States today out of all relation and connection with its origin and purpose. What would the fifteenth amendment mean as a fact to be recited without teaching its past history? What would it amount to to give lessons on money by simply analyzing the metal of a silver dollar, telling of its mintage and purchasing power without telling of the need of money as a medium of exchange?

So biology, mathematics, historical events and moral standards must be taught as a small counterpart of a vast universe of beings demanding spiritual obligations as well as needing knowledge and accomplishments for present use. And all of this was designed and is administered in terms of personality. Hence, if nature is adapted to personal needs it must be mysteriously operated by personal authority.

This personal relation, which we sustain to each other and to the unseen hand which governs the whole universe to the good of all persons, is a part of education and an important part,—the main part. For an educated mind which knows nothing of his origin and obligation to forces outside of himself knows little of himself and has no worthy end for his education, so that, traced to its final analysis, education means to

learn of God. The Bible long ago, said that "the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." Scholars have not and never will improve on that analysis, and there we leave the subject. When educators lead in that direction they deserve a following. When they divert souls from that path they deserve denunciation.



H. M. B.

#### WITH OUR READERS.

THE preceding articles were written by the late editor of the INGLENOOK, H. M. Barwick, and intended for these pages. In several numbers of the magazine, which appeared after his death, we published editorials written by him, but these were overlooked at the time. We give them now to those for whom they were written.

Mr. Spickler's articles will continue to the end of the year. We feel that our readers are getting a special treat in these articles, as the writer has gone out of the beaten track of the globe-trotter in his travels and brings us into very close touch with the country and people as they really are. You would do your friends a favor by getting them to follow these articles with you.

"Man's Littleness," in prose and verse, is written by the same author. It is interesting to compare the two versions.



#### MAN'S LITTLENESS.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

"AN undevout astronomer is mad." These words, penned by Young in the middle of the eighteenth century, are emphasized daily by the advocates of modern science, not alone in astronomy, but in all branches in which man tries to discover the laws and apply to his own use the forces of Nature. He is indeed mad who can investigate any branch of natural science and not recognize in all its ramifications, the work of the mind referred to in Isaiah 55: 9, "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways than your ways, saith the Lord."

When God said to Abram (Genesis 15: 5), "Look now towards the heavens and tell the stars, and if thou be able to number them . . . so shall thy seed be," he showed mankind the uselessness of trying to fathom the extent of the universe. With all the improved instruments and methods of the present day man is able but to peer with his vision into space so far as to show him that he has but worked upon the borders of the great sea of astronomy. Well has the Psalmist said, in Psalms 8: 3, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast made; what is man that thou art mindful of him?"

In the great fields of chemistry and electricity, in which man's greatest achievements are manifest, he has but applied laws and forces created and maintained by the Great Maker of all. Every new dis-

covery but confirms the fact that man has but crossed the threshold of knowledge in these branches. Of the earth and its structure, its rocks and its waters, its inhabitants, man, the beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, man's boasted knowledge is rudimentary. Each and every creature, both animal and vegetable, is constructed and maintained by laws best adapted to its particular use. Man, himself, in his own body, presents a masterpiece of mechanism the study of which cannot fail to excite feelings of reverence for the mind that could conceive it.

In microscopic investigation, the opposite of astronomy, we find still further evidence of the futility of man's attempts to comprehend the works of God. Every advance in the line of microscopic investigation shows conclusively that even as it is in the larger and more easily discernible things of the creation, so it is in this: man has but worked along the shoal waters of a deep and boundless sea of knowledge. As Pope says, in his Essay on Man:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."



#### MAN'S LITTLENESS.

"An undevout astronomer is mad." So, too, is he  
Who, in the realm of science Nature sees

In any of her forms

And learns not there man's littleness

Compared with the great Mind that made

And governs all.

He sees the earth a speck, and e'en our sun  
And his attendant train as but a corp'ral's guard  
To the vast host of orbs that march through space.  
The utmost limit that man's eye can pierce,  
With all the aids his science can produce,  
Shows but the near horizon of the ocean vast  
Of the great universe.

The ocean liner plowing through the main,  
The rushing car on land or in the air,  
Are triumphs of man's skill in fitting for his use

The powers of Nature.

Fire and water, and the lightning's strength  
Are chained to do his bidding,

Yet at best he can but use, in an imperfect way,  
The gifts of God.

To know himself is more than man can know;  
His body, mind and spirit all beyond his ken,  
Yet he's but one of Nature's many works,  
Each built its mission to fulfill through untold ages.  
The beasts, the birds, the fishes, and the trees  
And insects of the air.

Each gives a life-time study to the man,  
Who, when old age o'ertakes him, can but say:

"I've just begun."

The untold regions of the starry sky,  
The minute structure of the insect form,  
Are two extremes, 'twixt which man finds for study  
Nature forms whose name is legion.  
Forms whose structure and whose laws he can but know  
In an imperfect way.

Yet all were made, and all are kept at work  
Supported and sustained by that great Mind  
In whom we live, and move, and have our being.





## “When a Young Man’s Fancy Turns to Love”

Flora E. Teague

THE transition period of the boy is a most wonderful and interesting study. In infancy you will find him tender and affectionate as his sister. In early childhood he instinctively becomes coy and backward in making manifest his feelings. In fact, he sometimes tries to palm off a kind of rude bluntness instead of affection.

Later on he shows a kind of contempt for girls and womankind in general. After this he reaches the callow and awkward stage. He begins to be particular about his ties, the blacking of his shoes, and the parting of his hair. His interest in girls and young women begins to grow. Wading through a deep depressing slough of awkwardness and bashfulness, he cultivates the acquaintance of the gentler sex.

Fortunate, indeed, will our boy be now if sometimes thoughtless friends blind their eyes to the change in him and do not add to his mortification by teasing him about his girl friends or his present moods and make-up. Fortunate, too, will he be if his girl friends are of the right sort, and his boy friends too gentlemanly and too well-bred to engage in evil thoughts and conversation regarding conduct of the sexes in general.

At this time if our boy has been blessed with wise and loving parents who are not only parents but confidential comrades, he will have a stronghold to fall back upon for help and advice. Do not forget, my boy, that no one can love you as much as your own dear mother. No one can give you better or more wholesome advice. You may not feel so free to go to father, but remember he has trod the path you are now treading and can tell you some helpful things that even mother does not know or does not understand.

Are you blessed with sisters? You then have one of the most helpful aids that can be found. Their knowledge of their own sex can be invaluable to you. They have been too well reared to select as their chums noisy, boisterous girls. Neither will they wish you to do so. Such girls, almost unconsciously to

themselves will often make the best of boys wild or even worse.

Never associate with girls of questionable reputation or known impurity. You would not desire such for a wife. Neither will a good, pure girl desire a loose character for a husband. Women should demand purity of men as strong as men demand it of women.

Respect yourself too much to be too familiar with your girl friends. It is very annoying to the timid and modest young girl and may lead to evil with the bolder. Consider it unmanly to mingle with those who permit or invite familiarity.

Be too much of a man to even listen to conversations bordering on the unseemly, much less engage in them. If you are the right kind of a young man, your associates will respect your wishes in this respect as well as others and refrain from engaging in talk or deeds bordering on evil, while in your presence.

Some one has said, “We are a part of everything with which we come in contact.” How necessary it is then that we be on our guard.

When visiting lady friends be gentlemanly enough to respect early retiring hours. Do not remain so late that hints must be given you to depart. Be wary of the girl who encourages late hours.

Do not poison the atmosphere surrounding ladies with a foul tobacco breath, or the curling smoke of your cigar. Ladies may permit it even though it be disagreeable to them.

It is not best to be too generous in the use of money on girl friends. The ones who think more of your money than they do of you may encourage your lavishness. The girl who truly respects you will feel annoyed by a too lavish display.

Don’t be “Hail fellow, well met” with every girl. A male flirt is contemptible. Neither think that one girl is a sample of all girls. I believe thoroughly in young people having a broad acquaintance before falling head over ears in love. Study closely the likes

and dislikes of your attraction. See if they harmonize well with your own.

If you truly honor and respect your lady friends, never aid in placing them in questionable positions. You may be perfectly innocent, but peculiar situations make many people wonder, to say the least.

Don't continually talk silly nonsense. Some day that will grow very stale. Draw out the depths of intelligence and culture you can find that is of interest to you. Discuss your religious beliefs. See if you can dwell together in unity on this point. Oh, the unhappy homes because many perplexing questions have not been called out and settled at an earlier time.

Learn to be tidy, cleanly, and self-reliant. Wait on yourself. Be a mother's boy and helper. A youth who is considerate of his mother and sisters is a prize and a manly one. A girl may trust such an one.

*Lordsburg, Cal.*



### THE MOTHER.

Wherever life is quickened and brought forth  
There she does mother-service, though no child  
Born of the flesh lies warm within her arms.  
Wherever she has yielded with a love  
Divine, unstained by self, her woman's soul  
To give some other soul its sustenance,  
There she has known the agony and the joy.  
Although no babe with pink, sweet hands clings fast  
To her own hand. A thousand women give,  
Self-satisfied, with mother-instinct rife,  
Their offspring to the world. Brutes do the same.  
This woman, to the love-light in whose eyes  
No child smiles back, has looked so deep and true  
Into the souls of men, that where the wound  
Rankled the sorest, she has healed and staunch'd.  
This woman, on the breast no babe has warmed,  
Has pillowed those heart-sick with heavy life.  
God sets upon her head the mother-crown.

—Florence Kiper.



### DICKY.

DICKY DEAN sat on the low doorstep, his tousled head resting on two plump hands, a picture of entire dejection. Long shadows stretched on the lawn, for the sun had begun his downward course. The busy bees droned their working song as they sipped the precious store, bright-colored butterflies flitted from flower to flower, and big bluebottles lazily buzzed here and there. All seemed peaceful and quiet in the late summer afternoon; but on the heart of the little man sitting so forlornly there, a deep shadow had fallen.

He yearned for sympathy and love, that love which had been so freely bestowed on him in the first years of his little life, when he had been his mother's all. Many, many years ago, it seemed to him, as he looked back on it, before Katherine or the baby had come to them. Then his wee will had been law in the home, but now, somehow, everything was altered. A

great change had swept over the household, since Katherine and the baby had come, and his sensitive nature craved the many demonstrations of motherly love that had so cruelly, yet unintentionally, been denied him.

The baby had been very restless the night before, so his mother must not be disturbed from her much-needed nap.

He rose and tiptoed around the veranda and peeped in the nursery window. Yes, there she was, resting so peacefully on the big davenport, with the little one beside her. He felt lonely, and tears, unheeded, ran down his cheek. He wished he was not too big to cuddle down on the other side of her and rest his head on her arm, just as the wee baby was doing.

He thought of that sweet time, so long ago it seemed like a dream of some other world, where mothers still held their six-year-old boys in their laps, and they were not always told to be still or, "Do go out and play, you are so noisy."

He tiptoed back to his seat on the steps. After all it was not so fine to be the big brother ready to begin school.

Just then tiny footsteps were heard on the gravel walk and three-year-old Katherine danced gayly alone over the stones, bearing in her arms her precious Susan Ann.

"Brudder, see—" But alas, for those uncertain little feet, stumbling, she fell right before him. Poor Susan Ann! only a tangled mass of flaxen hair remained to tell of the beauties that had been; and the poor little mother held up one chubby thumb, all cut and bleeding.

Dicky sprang to help her up; but she pushed him away and poured forth such a volley of shrieks and screams that Molly left her preserving in the kitchen and came running to the rescue.

"Brudder did it, naughty brudder."

Molly gathered up the little child in her arms and shook a warning finger at Dicky.

"You're a bad, bad boy, to hurt your little sister so."

"O Kitty, I didn't, you know I didn't," he began; but, somehow, he did not feel like arguing, and besides, it would do no good, for Molly loved Katherine and would hear nothing against her. So he merely stood and watched them go in again.

Through the open window he could hear Molly soothing his little sister, and now and again he could catch fragments of their conversation as, "Brother was naughty, little pet."

He leaned his head against the post. What did make it ache so, and those funny little shivers that ran up and down his back?

In the white house across the way a mother sat



rocking her little boy, and singing pretty childish songs. How comfortable they looked! He wished his mother would rock him so and sing; but, then that other little boy had that awful thing. What was it now? O yes, the measles. Dicky wondered what the measles were. He had heard the doctor tell his mother there was an epidemic of measles a few days before; but just what it was he did not know. Perhaps, some great monster with shining eyes and large white teeth. Charley, across the way, had it, and yet he looked happy, so happy in his mother's arms. Dicky almost wished it would come to him and make him sick, because, maybe, his mother would feel sorry for him and love him again.

In the great oak, a robin was feeding her young. How gracefully she flew down in search of food, then up, up to the impatient babies! Dicky watched her until, finally, the little birds were satisfied, and their noisy peeping stopped. Then the mother spread her wings and gently, very gently, gathered her little ones beneath her. Not one left out, all, under the mother, near her soft downy breast.

Dicky wished he might be a little bird and cuddle under those warm wings, just as those little babies were doing.

He gathered his jacket about him. What made him feel so chilly, this warm summer day?

He thought he would go in; perhaps there was a great fire somewhere. He rose to his feet. How tall he seemed and how funny his knees shook as he walked!

No one noticed the little fellow as he quietly stole into the big Morris chair near the hall grate; but only blackness peered back at him from the fireplace instead of the bright coals. He thought he had better not bother Molly, and besides his head felt so queer; he would just lean back on the soft cushions awhile and rest.

The great mission-clock on the landing chimed four, then five, and still the little man rested undisturbed. Then mamma, refreshed from her sleep, passed through the hall on an errand to the kitchen, and saw him huddled there. But Dicky did not see her, as surprised and then alarmed at his quiet attitude, she bent over him, calling his name and trying to arouse him. Neither did he know when, with Molly's help, she carried him up to his own little bed and sent for the doctor.

What he did remember was, when, on opening his eyes, he saw his mother and doctor bending over him, talking in subdued tones. Just one word reached his ear and brought a strange feeling with it—measles. Then it had come to him! But his own dear mother was there, stroking his head, with tears in her eyes—all for him. It had come to make him sick, and that was what made him feel so queer;

but he felt a delicious thrill of happiness, for now he would be first again. His mother would hush the noise, so he could sleep. Molly would bring him choice bits on the silver tray, and even Katherine would tiptoe about, with big eyes full of awe.

"Measles O Mamma, I am so glad. Now you will love me again."

Then suddenly on the mother's heart a great light seemed to burst, and she understood all. Throwing a blanket tightly over the little boy, she took him in her arms and carried him to the big rocker near the window.

Lower and lower, dropped the little head, until it rested heavily on her arm, but on his fevered lips rested a sweet smile of contentment. His mother was rocking him to sleep once more, and singing as she used to do.—*American Motherhood.*



#### GETTING OUT OF BED.

DON'T jump up the first second your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep your vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered, and the circulation is not so strong. A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially the heart, as it starts to pumping the blood suddenly. Take your time in getting up. Yawn and stretch. Wake up slowly. Give the vital organs a chance to resume their work gradually.

Notice how a baby walks. It stretches its arms and legs, rubs its eyes, and yawns and wakes up slowly. Watch a kitten wake up. First it stretches out one leg, then another, rubs its face, rolls over, and stretches the whole body. The birds do not wake up and fly as soon as their eyes are open; they shake out their wings and stretch their legs, waking up slowly.

This is the natural way to wake up. Don't jump up suddenly, don't be in such a hurry; but stretch and yawn, and yawn and stretch. Stretch the arms and legs; stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch is better than a cold bath. It will get you thoroughly awake, and then you will enjoy the bath all the more.—*Family Doctor.*



#### TO IRON SHEETS.

ONE of the greatest "time-savers" on ironing day is the knowledge of "How to Fold a Sheet," and I find that very few people know how to do this, even though it seems so simple. So many women iron one side of the sheet, then refold and iron the other. Minutes are money, oftentimes, and especially when a basket is well rounded with unironed clothes. Instead of folding the sheet in the "old-fashioned" way, bring the upper and lower hems together, then fold from right to left, having the upper hem of sheet on the outside. In this way the whole upper

half of the sheet is ironed without refolding, and really that is all that is necessary, for when the sheet, ironed in this way, is on the bed, one cannot distinguish that the lower half hasn't been smoothed.

Try this and see what a really practical idea it is.—*Table Talk*.



#### THE PRACTICING GROUND FOR VIRTUES.

COURTESY can exist without love, but love without courtesy quickly gets bedraggled and haggard. For the maintenance of love few notions would be more favorable than this that home is a good practicing ground for habitual courtesy, neglecting which we shall make a poor show on field days.

"Love-making" is a poor, wilted term which generally provokes a smile. I would raise love-making to a fine weaving art, at which none could laugh, and I would employ all hands in the home at this busy loom, says the author of "The Four Pillars of the Home." Love-making is not only the finest of the fine arts, but it is the sweetest of good employments. Thoughtfulness is the warp, and activity the woof; the design which grows on the piece is very beautiful to see.

In the torn garment of home-life, hard hearts and unloving natures tear rent after rent until it is all in tatters, but love never lets the rents grow large; its busy needle patches them up, and by an art it must have learned in Heaven, scatters the loveliest sprays of embroidery and silver work about the darn, so that what threatened destruction has proved to be a strength and a beauty, and the garment has become a symbol of love's power, instead of the jagged rags which witness to love's defeat.—*Exchange*.

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### The Children's Corner

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#### THE DRUMMER OF THE WOODS.

EARLY one morning in September I heard shrieks and patterings in Davy's room, and very softly the little boy rushed up to my bed and held before my half-shut eyes a bird of this description: "Above, olive brown, barred with black; crown and sides of neck, bluish gray; red crescent on nape; 'mustache,' black; rump, white; beneath, pale brown with pink and yellow tints, each feather bearing a spot of black; breast with conspicuous black crescent; shafts and under surface of wings and tail, golden yellow; length, about twelve and one-half inches"—and to the words of the well-known Nuttall I venture to add my own, to the effect that Davy's acquaintance looked to me, for the moment, about two feet long! and as for his bill, it reminded me of a crowbar. But, of course, after I had rubbed my eyes I beheld merely a flicker. Davy himself, however, said that the bird's bill really was long and strong, and that

it came very near making a puncture in the "anatomy" of my little friend just as he was persuading the living tool box to go into a pillow case.

Just how the flicker manages to make so much noise when he is digging a nest passage or tapping for worms I cannot quite make out. I realize that the force of his head-blow is enormous, but even his large bill is nothing like even the smallest size of a tack hammer. I am sure that I could hammer a hollow log all day without being heard very far. Again, the flicker does not always rap hollow trees. So he is a problem for me, if not for others.

The flicker is also known by the names of the clake, high-pole, yellow-hammer, golden-winged woodpecker, pigeon-woodpecker, and many others. His nest is not really a nest at all, but a tunnel in a decayed tree—perhaps an apple tree, perhaps an oak. If he doesn't find a cavity ready made, he sets to work with his pick-like nose, and has actually been known to drill through solid oak for a distance of fifteen inches. One woodpecker tunnel, eight inches in diameter and eighteen inches deep, was found in a living sassafras at a height of fifteen feet from the ground. A month was required for the completion of this piece of engineering, as the newspapers would say of a railroad tunnel. Half a dozen snow-white eggs rested on the fragments of wood which fell from the sides of the passage. Sometimes the young flickers object to leaving their cozy den for the school of wing trials, and as a consequence the mother bird is obliged to coax at the entrance for hours together. The tunnel nest is anything but tidy, yet the flicker himself is one of the neatest of birds. How pleasant it is to know that the father-drummer is just as anxious as the mother to feed the nestlings!—*Sunday-School Advocate*.

### For SUNDAY READING

#### DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Disappointment—his appointment,"

Change one letter, then I see  
That the thwarting of my purpose  
Is God's better choice for me.  
His appointment must be blessing,  
Tho it may come in disguise,  
For the end from the beginning  
Open to his wisdom lies.

"Disappointment—his appointment,"

Whose? The Lord's, who loves me best  
Understands and knows me fully,  
Who my faith and love would test;  
For, like loving earthly-parent,  
He rejoices when he knows  
That his child accepts, unquestioned,  
All that from his wisdom flows.



"Disappointment—his appointment,"  
 "No good thing will he withhold."  
 From denials oft we gather,  
 Treasures of his love untold.  
 Well he knows each broken purpose  
 Leads to fuller, deeper trust,  
 And the end of all his dealings  
 Proves our God is wise and just.

"Disappointment—his appointment,"  
 Lord, I take it, then, as such,  
 Like the clay in hands of potter,  
 Yielding wholly to thy touch,  
 All my life's plan is thy moulding,  
 Not one single choice be mine;  
 Let me answer, unrepining—  
 Father, "Not my will, but thine."

—Author Unknown.



### THE PROCESS OF REVELATION.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

We have become so accustomed to the Book that we rarely stay to ask a question concerning its origin and process of making. Such an abnormal reverence has attached itself to the Book that to ask about its birth is considered a preliminary stage of infidelity or at least Higher Criticism.

But things do have a beginning. Suppose the reader should this morning for the first time stumble upon the Bible. Stripped of its halo—for the moment—what questions would we ask?

I venture to suggest that our thought would resolve itself into such a question as: What is this—a single book or collection of writings? Is there any connection between the parts? Who wrote them? When? To what people? Under what conditions? For what purpose? Why are they called Holy? Who said they were? It is just such a line of rapid fire questions that the Book is now facing and justly so.

There are many so-called religious or sacred books in the world. Each nation has them. Why are these bound in black and with divinity circuit set as the standard of conduct, the rule of faith and of practice? Speaking more to the point, why pass over all the sacred books of the nations and take a few from an obscure province of Jews and demand universal acceptance of them?

Before answering questions, let us stop a minute and approach the question from another standpoint. No one claims that Jehovah literally handed the book out of the skies—not even the Old Testament or any book in it. That is to say, there was a day when it did not exist; then there was a beginning with only one book, written by some one, then two, three, and so on until the Jews had a greater number of them than we have in our present Old Testament. Now, among the Jews, religion occupied the highest place. They were the ones preëminently noted for their sacred organization. Their tribes were united in one common worship, one theocracy one national church. And

this church had its hymns, its worship, its laws and its history. It also had its councils. And it was at these councils that a book was endorsed by prophets and voted "Sacred." A book must have a very high standard of morals (as they thought) to be included in their list or canon of scripture. Often, after a book had been voted in, a later council would vote it out.

Philo, the learned Hellenistic Jew, who lived at Alexandria, Egypt, just twenty years B. C., tells us of the sacred books of the Scripture, and mentions the books of the Old Testament, practically as we have them in our Bible. So also do Josephus and others.

The Rabbis wrote their laws, traditions and sayings in the Talmud, and here again we find our Old Testament books recorded as sacred. The Talmud also informs us that the Jews organized their great church councils just after the restoration from exile. These councils were composed of 120 members of the most scholarly and devout men of the day. The council kept tab of the list of sacred writings and had its regular meetings until after the book of Malachi was written. Then as prophecy slumbered and no book could be enrolled without the prophet endorsement, Malachi closed the canon of the Old Testament.

So the Church of the Jews voted the Old Testament *Sacred* and the Church of the Christian voted the New Testament *Sacred*. But the church did not make them holy; but because they were holy, they forced the church to recognize them. They do not get their authority from the church, but from their own inherent power and sweep of truth! Holy men of old *spoke* and holy men *heard* and responded with their vote. If any book is found in the Old Testament, it is because it carries a sublime message to the world—a message far above and beyond its day. It is because it forms a link in God's great chain of progressive revelation of himself to humanity. Genesis is not included because Isaac and Jacob were good cattle-raisers, but because they followed that lone, shadowy figure, who from Ur of the Chaldees, went out by faith, not knowing whither he went. Exodus is not mentioned because a magician wielded a weird rod over rock and sea and people, but because Jehovah wishes to reveal his process of turning a race of slaves into a nation of intellectual and intelligent citizens. Leviticus is not a weary table of sacrificial formulas, but it is God's class in object lessons preparatory to the atonement, and even the book of Esther is not a misplaced monogram of revenge but it is a masterpiece of social and national unity, welding the nation together in its darkest hours and pointing to its divine mission for the world.

Again, a tree is judged by its fruit—not its leaves, or branches, or shape or age. And the fruit of the book is its matchless Christ. The culmination of the process is Jesus. The burden of prophecy, the hope

of history, the melody of psalm, the charm of symbol, type and shadow, all center in him. Judgment must not pass upon a process until completed. No man lays his hand upon the revolving potter's wheel—but upon the finished pitcher. If the urn is faultless, what matter if the rapid-flying wheel described a parabola instead of a circle?

"But," says the objector, "how do I know that the Book is authoritative? Perhaps these men who voted the canon in were mistaken. How do I know that these books are binding on me?" It is just this attitude of authority we wish now to consider. What is authority? How much more authority can a thing have than truth? If true, what more can authority do for it? If untrue what authority can make it true? Nothing is true because God says it, but he says things because they are true; and a true thing is no truer after than before he says it.

Religion and its Bible have three stages: (1) that of Popes and Councils. (2) That of Reform and Protest. (3) That of Freedom and Progress. The religions of the past have all been religions of authority—corresponding to the political government and industrial and economic conditions by which they were surrounded. An emperor over the state and a pope over the church were logical concomitants of an age of illiteracy, dependency and serfdom. The emperor makes the laws and interprets them for the state; the pope and council make and interpret laws for the church. The people were ignorant and superstitious and believed as much in the divine right of kings as that of popes and believed in both because the church *said so*. The Bible was held aloof as too sacred for the people; the priest handed down the decisions of the pope and councils and the people believed because they *did not know*.

Then came the Reformation when the fallacy of pope and divine right of kings was overthrown. The Bible was translated into the vernacular of the people—all had an open Bible and rejoiced. It was a forward step when Martin Luther protested against pope and council in behalf of the Book and the people. Then each man could read the Book for himself and not another. But in the final analysis it was the shifting of authority from pope to Book. But it was worth a great deal to shift authority from an inerrant, infallible pope to an inerrant infallible Book. This gave us Calvinism, Puritanism, the Pilgrims, the Commonwealth and the sway of Literalism. We are just now entering the final stage. The rise of scholarship and education, the wonderful advancement in inventions, discoveries and science, the downfall of monarchism and the prevalence of democratic ideas have shifted authority once more from pope back to Book and from an infallible book to an infallible Christ! No more have we a religion of a church, or book, tho

church and book still live, but it is a religion of a matchless person, an immaculate character, an imperial Christ. He is the way, the truth, the life! The Divine Revelation!



#### WHY DR. GRENFELL IS AGAINST LIQUOR.

DR. GRENFELL, a famous medical man among the Eskimos, says, concerning the use of liquor among those people in the far north: "Alcohol is not allowed to be sold on any part of the coast on which we are working; but so surely as it comes and an illicit sale begins, one sees its evil results as quickly as if, instead of alcohol, it had been the germ of diphtheria or smallpox. Lying at my anchors in Labrador harbors, women have come off to the ship after dark, secretly, for fear of being seen, to ask me for God's sake to try and prevent its being sold near them, as their sons and husbands were being debauched, and even their girls were in danger.

"I have seen it come among the Eskimos. It kills our natives as arsenic kills flies, and it robs them of everything that would differentiate them as human beings from the beasts.

"Why don't I want to see liquor used at sea? Because when I go down for a watch below, I want to feel that the man at the wheel sees only one light when there is only one light to see; that when the safety of the ship and all it carries depends on the cool head, the instant resolve and the steady hand of the helmsman, there is not standing there in the place of the man the poor, debased creature that all the world has seen alcohol create.

"I have seen ships lost through collision because the captain had been taking a 'little alcohol.' I have had to tell a woman that she was a widow, and that her children were fatherless, because her husband, gentle and loving and clean-living, had been tempted to take 'a drop of alcohol' at sea, and had fallen over the side, drunk, and gone out into a drunkard's eternity. I have had to clothe children and feed them when reduced to starvation, because alcohol had robbed them of a natural protector and all the necessities of life. I have had to visit in prisons the victims of crime, caused as directly *in honest men* by alcohol as a burn is caused by falling into fire.

"I have been doctoring sick men and women of every kind, and I have found that I can use other drugs of which we know the exact action and which we can control absolutely with greater accuracy in cases of necessity for stimulating the heart. I contend we can get just as good results without it, and I always fear its power to create a desire for itself. It is not necessary for happiness, for I have known no set of men happier and enjoying their lives more than the crews of my own vessel, and the many, many fishermen who, like ourselves, neither touch, taste nor handle it."—*Young People's Paper*.





# Echoes from Everywhere

Of thirty-four legislatures in session last year twenty passed laws unfavorable to the liquor traffic, while not a legislature has been in session the present year that has not had one or more temperance bills before it. In recent years no legislation favorable to the liquor traffic has been enacted.

Emanuel Mandel, one of the bulwarks of Chicago's commercial life, first vice-president of Mandel Brothers and widely known as one of the nation's most successful merchants, died Thursday night, Sept. 3, at Basle, Switzerland, as a result of concussion of the brain due to a fall at the railway station there.

The interior department announces that the President has signed the proclamation throwing open to settlement on Oct. 5 about 800,000 acres of the public domain now a part of the Rosebud Indian Agency, in South Dakota. All of this land is said to be good for agriculture, and some of the claims are valued at \$20,000 and a rush of settlers is anticipated.

It is rumored that when the Douma meets in November the Russian czar will issue a manifesto, giving it additional powers and making it a real legislative body. Already some of the most objectionable grand dukes are being removed from office and the signs are favorable for more freedom in Russia. If the czar's intentions are correctly reported he is wise. He may yet make Russia a great nation.

Turkey, Persia and Russia have been invited by Secretary Root to participate in the international opium conference to be held in Shanghai, China, next January. France, Germany the United States, China, Japan, Portugal and Great Britain already have named delegates. Mr. Root first suggested the conference, and now wants all nations concerned about opium to join in it. The opium traffic is to be discussed from economic, moral and scientific points of view, with the object of agreeing on a way to control it in the far East.

Fraudulent advertising has been increasing in Germany very rapidly during the past few years, and the government has now determined to put a stop to it. If a store advertises a bankrupt stock for sale, it must be prepared to prove that there is no misstatement as to the source whence the goods come. The new law is also intended to prevent a merchant from adding goods to his stock in order to increase sales, after he has announced that he is selling out and going out of business. The penalty of about \$1,200 which the law prescribes will probably deter a good many unscrupulous merchants from resorting to such frauds. America, too, has in some of the States laws to suppress dishonesty in advertising, but it is questionable whether they are enforced.

Dredging for gold is steadily increasing in California. Estimates of the yield of gold by this method in 1906 give a production of \$6,000,000, while the output of the following year is placed at \$7,000,000. In 1902 the production was only \$867,000, which was doubled the next year, and has increased steadily since. Improvements in the methods and machinery are important factors in the rapid development of this class of mining, and new placer beds are being discovered, which are quickly followed by an increase of the number of dredges already at work.

At Newport, R. I., people who have been divorced and who want to marry again must apply to the justices of the Superior Court, for the Ministers' Union has voted not to unite divorced pairs in the future. Newport, often called the Mecca for divorced persons bent on marrying, is now expected to lose that distinction, for the new laws of the State against divorce are so severe that those seeking divorces will hardly go to Rhode Island to obtain them.

Consul Albert Halstead, of Birmingham, Eng., states that the invention of a new British icemaking machine is reported which works on the principle that water will freeze when evaporated rapidly by a vacuum pump and a powerful absorbent, such as sulphuric acid. It is said that the machine can be worked by hand and will turn out carafes of iced water at the rate of one in three minutes and blocks of ice weighing about 1 pound in twenty minutes. The apparatus, consisting of the absorber and the carafe, or the ice mold, are rocked by means of a handwheel and crank, which serves also to create the vacuum. This apparatus is made at Reading, England.

Some ten years ago Sir Wm. Crookes, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, declared that, inasmuch as the production of wheat could not keep up with the increase of the world's population, by 1928 we should be in a state of starvation or at least be pinched for want of food. A writer in the Technical World does not agree with this prediction, as, he says, Sir Wm. Crookes did not take into consideration the vast ungathered harvests in the sea. In the great Sargasso Sea alone, he says, sufficient nutritious vegetation flourishes and decays to support the entire population of Europe, if it were harvested and prepared in a manne fitting it for human consumption. On the sea beaches of the United States, enough proteids are cast up by the waves, and allowed to decay and desiccate into their original elements, to take the place of the whole product of the Northwestern wheat fields. If the world's teeming millions ever face wholesale hunger, it will not be on account of any niggardliness on the part of nature, or any shortsightedness of Providence, but because mankind lacks the wit to utilize the food materials that exist in superabundance.

The Government has been taking a census of the horses of the country and reports that there are over 20,000,000 horses and nearly 4,000,000 mules in the United States. This is a greater number of horses by several hundred thousand than were before reported and indicates that the notion that we are about entering upon a horseless age is not justified by the returns.

Baltimore, Sept. 7.—Dr. William Osler, who attracted world-wide attention by jocularly advocating the chloroforming of aged persons, has been made lord rector of Edinburgh University, Scotland, according to private advices received here. Dr. Osler is regius professor of medicine at Oxford University, to which post he went from Johns Hopkins University here, where he still holds the title of honorary professor of medicine.

Though it has given away whole empires to settlers and railroads and has been robbed of millions of acres by land "grafters," the United States Government still holds 754,895,296 acres of public lands. This would give every man, woman and child in the country nearly ten acres apiece. However, nearly half of this land is in Alaska—368,021,509 acres of it—and probably will not be of great value for years to come. But enough of it remains in the western states to accommodate millions of settlers. The constant pressure of overpopulation is certain to force continuous immigration to this country until all our surplus land is taken up.

A portable blacksmith shop has been found very convenient and economical in the maintenance of way department of the Missouri Pacific Railway. It consists of two box cars, one for sleeping accommodations of the blacksmith and his helper, and the other for his shop. All necessary tools and duplicate parts are carried for repairing switches, frogs, hand cars, switch stands and similar railroad appurtenances. Frogs are taken from the track, repaired, and replaced where traffic is light, by protecting the point by flags, and where traffic is heavy, a duplicate frog is put in. The portable shop saves shipping the tools and equipment needing repairs, thus reducing cost and avoiding delay. It has been found that one day, according to the Railroad Gazette, is sufficient for cleaning up the repairs on an ordinary section.

The first congress of the International White Cross Association, which was founded last year with the object of grouping the efforts of the international societies engaged in fighting tuberculosis, cancer and other epidemic diseases, social scourges, such as alcoholism and the drug habit, as well as food adulteration, opened in Geneva, Switzerland, Sept. 8. The primary object of the congress at this sitting is to formulate plans for the repression of the adulteration of alimentary and pharmaceutical products and to consider the actual movements in this direction in America and Europe. More than 700 delegates, representing all countries and comprising producers, chemists and jurists, will endeavor, by a process of exhaustive discussion, to evolve a fair and reasonable definition of pure food which can serve as a basis for uniform international legislation against adulteration.

During the month of June 4,100 carloads of fruit were shipped out of California to Eastern markets. This is the best record of fruit shipping from California yet made. It required more than four thousand tons of ice to keep the fruit cool in the refrigerator cars.

The Government's financial policy, decided upon by the cabinet involves the curtailment of expenditures by \$100,000,000, of which 30 per cent will be taken from the army budget and 10 per cent from that of the navy. The postponement of the international exposition, Premier Matsura says, is not purely due to financial reasons, but it is owing to the fact that the work of preparation has been insufficient, and it will be quite impossible to make a creditable exposition within three years, on an appropriation of \$5,000,000. Hence, as the appropriation will be inconsistent with the economical plans of the cabinet for the next five years, it is wiser for the Government to admit that fact than to fail in making a complete success of the exposition, which, it has been decided, will be held in 1917, the anniversary of the accession of the emperor. In this manner Japan admits her financial stringency, but insists on the utmost economy and depends on foreign countries accepting the situation as an act of wise economy on the part of the nation.

A great new nation is forming in Siberia. One of the most gigantic migrations in history has been proceeding so quietly that the world generally has not noticed the movement. During the last twelve months more than 500,000 Russians have gone to Siberia, a number equal to half the number of immigrants the United States received during that period from the whole earth. Prince Vasiltchikoff, minister of agriculture, has furnished the Douma with the figures of the migration across the Ural mountains. For several years before 1906 it was 60,000 annually; in 1906 it was 180,000; in 1907 it was 400,000. In the first three months of this year it was 420,900, comprised in 70,000 families. The accounts of Siberia brought home by the soldiers returning from the Russo-Japanese war have impressed the poverty-stricken mujiks with glowing ideas of Siberia's vast natural wealth. The peasantry have little faith besides in the measures the grand council of the empire is taking to settle the burning agrarian question. The emigrants seldom go singly or even in families. They gather in colonies for the exodus.

R. E. Harrison, a farmer of Dunlap, Ia., has just invented an automatic electric rural mail delivery and has a model which is working successfully. By this one man at the postoffice can send out all the mail, and that rapidly. Not only is the mail delivered, but other mail is collected. The principle of the invention is described in the Postmasters' Advocate as follows: There are but two wires, all of the stations being on them. The mail clerk puts the letters for the first house in a little carrier and sends it out over the wire. It runs to the first house, stops there, releases one left there the day before, in which is any mail that the family wants to send, and this comes back on the return wire. In doing so it throws the switch open at the next house, so that the second box goes to the second house. If there is no mail for the house a carrier is sent anyway and opens the switch for the next and picks up any mail at the house.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE EVERYDAY.

Oh, one might be like Socrates  
To lift the hemlock up,  
Pledge death with philosophic ease  
And drain the untrembling cup;  
But to be barefoot and be great,  
Most in desert and least in state,  
Servant of truth and lord of fate!  
Who does not marvel at the peak  
Trod daily by the steadfast Greek?

Oh, one might nerve himself to climb  
His cross and cruelly die,  
Forgiving his betrayers' crime  
With pity in his eye;  
But day by day and week by week  
To feel his power and yet be meek,  
Endure the curse and turn the cheek!  
How may one even hope to be  
As was the Jew of Galilee?

Oh, one might reach heroic heights  
By one strong burst of power;  
He might emblaze the whitest lights  
Of heaven for an hour;  
But harder is the daily drag,  
To smile at trials which fret and fag  
And not to murmur nor to lag.  
The test of greatness is the way  
One meets the eternal Everyday.  
—Edward Vance Cooke, in the Independent.



### THE MOULDING OF MEN.

So firmly fixed, so frequently flattered, has been our belief in the perfection of our public school system, that it comes as a shock to realize that this system, or rather its present condition, may be a source of devitalizing weakness.

Recently the president of a great university spoke of the evil that has been done the minds and ideals of the young men of our nation by the almost universal monopolization by women of the function of educating our masculine youth. Our young men during the most impressionable period of their lives are taught almost exclusively by women. The man teacher is slowly becoming extinct.

Up to the age of fourteen years the boy may be trained perhaps equally well by a man or woman. Beyond that age the boy usually becomes negative to the influence of the average schoolmistress; and the teacher's efforts are usually annulled. At this period the young and plastic nature of the man-to-be requires both in precept and example, the guidance of some strongly formative, virile mind, instruction, discipline, and advice by men of worth and culture from the schools of Life and Learning.

Well known is the usual boy's contempt for all that is effeminate. The records of boards of educa-

tion bristle with instances of the futile influence of one poor overworked, nerve-racked woman over a class of boisterous irrepressibles bent perversely upon the one idea of frustrating and antagonizing her. Apart from her routine duties and scheduled studies, the teacher, often a mere girl but little older than some of her pupils, has neither opportunity, desire, nor strength left to inculcate in her unruly charges those ideas of ethics, honor, and manliness that are more valuable to the youth of a nation than all the studies of all the schools. The formation of character is the first virtue of education.

Between the woman teacher and her older boy pupils lies an insuperable bar, not because of sex, but because of sex miscomprehension, eternally inherent in both, a lack of that closer knowledge, intimacy, and sympathy that the master must depend upon for his success. Without hesitation and without prejudice it may be averred that women are capable neither mentally nor physically of the arduous feat of ruling, teaching, and training several dozen young men. —Herman Scheffauer, in September Lippincott's.



### THE IDEAL FOR COMPENSATION.

There ought to be, and there can be, a system under which the injured employé will know exactly how much he deserves because of his accident, and will know also that he will receive exactly that amount promptly, automatically, in the ordinary course of business administration, without an appeal to the courts, without an appeal to the employer, without becoming a pirate and without becoming a beggar.

Mr. Francis H. McLean has recently presented to the New York Conference of Charities and Correction a report on 241 accident cases coming consecutively under the observation of himself and his friends. It was an official report, laboriously compiled.

In 47 cases out of the 241 there was a certain amount of compensation, paid by the employer to the injured workman. In the other 194 cases out of the 241 there was no compensation.

Our present law of employer's liability deprives the employé of justice without relieving the employer of expense. It is hideously cruel from one standpoint and frightfully expensive from the other. It cannot endure. Every other important country in the world has put it away in its museum of antiquities.

Every other important country in the world has made compensation for accidents an adjunct of business in place of a department of law. In every other important country in the world the burden of the accident, whether due to the fault of the employer, the fault of the employé, or the fault of nobody, is placed on the shoulders of the industry in which it happened.

Carelessness of employer and of employé is inevitable. Both these things, both imperfection of machinery and carelessness of human beings, may be diminished by wise laws, but they cannot be eradicated. Accidents must

happen. And therefore the compensation for the accident ought to be inevitable and automatic, like the accident itself.

Why shouldn't every industry carry the burden of its own killed and wounded? Why shouldn't compensation for disability be just as much a part of the cost of business as it is of the cost of war? Why shouldn't the workman who goes into his daily fight with modern machinery be assured that his injury will be regarded as an honorable wound, entitling him to decent consideration? Why shouldn't the industrial soldier, meeting his death in forms as terrible as those of any battle-field, die knowing that he will leave, if not glory, at least a few years' food to his family?—William Hard, in the September Everybody's.



### THE CZAR AS SUPERMAN.

Narrow as would appear to have been the most recent of the many escapes of Nicholas II. from assassination, it is quite certain to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Paris *Matin* that his Majesty "never flinched, never felt panic, never lost that serene composure which covers him like a mantle." The details, we are told, might have appalled the bravest—there were bombs in the kitchen, conspirators among the valets, assassins on guard, and the usual elements of peril in this latest of the foiled cabals. Yet not once, if the world is to believe those correspondents of Western Europe dailies who, in St. Petersburg, make it their business to get information at first hand, did the Czar indicate to those about him that he was "upset." The fact is, notes the *Matin*, in the course of some comment upon these circumstances, that Nicholas II., popularly rated a weakling, a vacillator, and an incompetent, is one of the strongest characters of modern times. "The element of bluff is totally lacking in his make-up." He has been accused of love-affairs with one woman and another when as a matter of fact he is an exemplary husband and father:

"When the history of the reign comes to be compiled a generation or two hence from the letters and diaries of contemporary courtiers, the world will perceive that Nicholas II. belongs to that rare class of proud and yet humble spirits to whom duty is everything and reputation nothing. There is in him oceans of that silent pride to which detraction is nothing, nothing. To his subtle genius is due the course of one of the greatest revolutions in history. Reaction, whatever the world may think, has triumphed in Russia, and Nicholas II. personifies that triumph. Unadvised, unaided, untroubled, he has lived through the catastrophies of his reign, he has overcome the rebels, he has won his way to power as great as that of the Bourbons in their best days.

"What is his secret? The Czar's powerful weapon is his charming surrender of the shadow while he grips the substance with a giant's hand. He has given up nothing. He has seemed to surrender everything. His most dangerous weapon is his look of simplicity, his air of extreme dependence upon the men about him. He is supposed to be under the influence of the women about him only by those who have read about the man, not by those who have studied his character from personal observation. He is courteous, but his is the courtesy of the conqueror in the moment of victory. He knows men, he understands situations, and he grasps opportunities. The strong man in Russia today is the Czar. Events have proved it.

"Who would have predicted a few years ago that this slight and pale young man would be able, without the

help of great men, to survive the storm? But his reign has not produced in Russia any great man except himself. When all Europe was accusing him of infirmity of purpose he was silently, unobtrusively, pursuing his great aim, never halting, never losing courage. He has won. Nicholas II. is today the sole ruler of Russia; the men about him are his creatures. History will deem him the strongest personality of his age, the most astute, the most upright."

It can not be said that this estimate is eccentric or even unconfirmed, for there has ensued in the press of Continental Europe what might almost be termed a reaction from the first idea that Nicholas II. is insignificant personally and destitute of capacity. That somewhat critical daily in all that pertains to Russia, the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung*, has found space recently for a eulogy of his Majesty which seems to echo the estimates of the Paris paper. "Nicholas II.," we read "is intellectually and morally closer to the general notion of superman than any living mortal." The reason is, it seems, that he conquers in the struggle he has to wage all the time and that he realizes himself through the attainment of personal power:

"Personal power; that is his ambition and that is what he gains. Each day cements this authority. Ministers come and go, each firmly determined to bring about what in Western Europe is called the constitutional system. But it may be doubted if Nicholas I. himself held greater personal sway than Nicholas II. The Czar of today is indifferent to the world's opinion of him. He sees all whom he desires to see. The popular impression that he lives a life of seclusion from mankind is a mistaken one. Nicholas II. is not the character to permit himself to be cooped up and surrounded by a camarilla. He meets the men whom he finds it useful to himself to meet. He uses men while they subserve his purposes. Then he lets them go. Nor is he ungrateful. No man who has served him well goes unrewarded. He speaks little, but he thinks much. He makes the plans that are carried out—the plans are not made for him. The truth is that Nicholas II. is in no forced sense of the word a genius.

"He has baffled the Douma at every step. He has made it what he meant it to be, a stepping-stone upon which to rise to a higher degree of power. The world has lost all faith in the Russian revolution. It has gained great faith in the Russian Czar."—Literary Digest.



### AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE FLOOD.

To this day the great deluge recorded in the Bible is a mystery to the North American Indian. He will not be led to believe that the flood was brought about by the sins of man. He is equally unwilling to believe that it was the work of an angry God, as he could not see how the Almighty should be so unjust as to punish the Indians of America for the naughty things of a race of people across the ocean. Another reason which makes it still more difficult for the Indian to believe that the flood was a punishment to the world is the fact that with him there is no sin. In his language there is no such word, nor does he expect to be punished for any of his acts.

But though there is no equivalent to the word sin in the Indian language (nor in the Indian mind until the Christians came), the Indians have their



philosophy in regard to what is commonly so termed. Some of their teachers (most of whom claimed to have been taught the philosophy of life and its laws directly by disembodied spirits or by ethereal beings from other planets) taught that as man lives here so is his life hereafter. If he is quarrelsome or warlike here, so he will be in the more spiritual life. If he is serene and contented here, so he will be there, etc.

The deluge as described by the few who were miraculously saved, was the more grandly terrible in that it came on suddenly. From the highlands occupied by the Indians they saw the waves of the sea sweep in upon the land and recede, only to advance with immensely increased volume and stupendously huge breakers. Then there came a terrific storm that seemed to blow from all, and in all directions.

The storm caused huge waterspouts which appeared over the wild ocean as far as the eye could see. The terrified people fled to the mountains, but these were all soon to be submerged, with the exception of one. This mountain which alone remained uncovered by the flood is called Avee-hellah (Mountain of the Moon), yet today it is not a very high mountain.

For awhile before the mountains became submerged there was a great calm, and a dense fog covered the earth. Then suddenly a mighty boat appeared to the awed view of the Indians. It approached and stopped at the several mountains still uncovered by the waters, and at each point where it touched, as if guided by invisible intelligence, the Indians, as if obeying an unspoken but potent command, entered the boat.

The boat first rested at a place called Avee-qua-lul (mountain peak), now Pilot Knob, on the border of Mexico. There was a mesa on the top of this mountain, though at this day it does not exist, and on this mesa the Indians first celebrated their delivery. This they did by playing sacred games, chanting sacred songs, etc. On the rocks at the foot of this peak there are hieroglyphics in an unknown language, which some of the Indians believe were made by those who survived the flood.

Petrified driftwood is still to be seen two-thirds the distance up the sides of Avee-hellah, which drift, the Indians say, was deposited by the waves of the great flood.

The Indians, having rested for a time on the mountain peak, again entered the boat and were carried eastward, eventually to a small valley. Here they again rested, and then, leaving the boat, they wandered from one place to another, after a time returning to the valley. To their surprise the boat was gone. It could not have floated away, for the land was dry whereon they had left it, the flood having

subsided after a great calm of its waters. The boat could not have crumbled to pieces, for there had not been time for its decay. They could only conclude that the mysterious boat, having fulfilled its mission of preserving a few of their race, had disappeared as miraculously as it had appeared.

The spot where the mysterious boat, or ark had rested, was marked by the Indians placing there a huge log. They called the place Qual-jo-para (boat's resting place). This spot is held sacred by the Indians, who will seldom point it out to strangers.

Not many hundred years ago, it is said, some Indian warriors were passing the spot, and one of them to show his skepticism shot an arrow into the side of the great log. Immediately a stream of blood gushed from the spot pierced and the skeptic fell dead. The story of the event was carried to all the near tribes, and since then Indians passing the place fear to even look leisurely at the log.

A reason given by the Indians as the probable cause of the flood was that there was a tribe of Indians who, like Columbus, believed that the earth was not flat, but round, and to prove whether this theory were true thousands from the different tribes banded together and started out on a journey to find the edge of the earth if it was flat.

The flood occurred soon after the Indians started on this journey, so that they really believed that those adventurers had reached the edge of the earth and their weight had tipped the earth to such an extent as to cause the water to rush in on the land.—*Los Angeles Times*.



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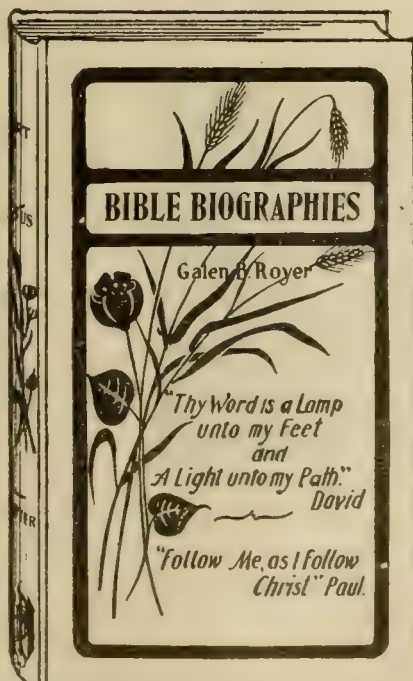
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#### 5. In God We Trust.

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#### 6. God Is Our Refuge and Strength.

#### 7. Home, Sweet Home.

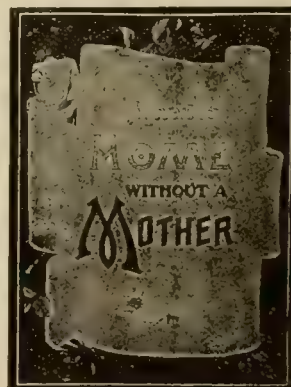
This beautiful design is sure to be a good seller. No. 6 represents God as a refuge for the soul, and should be in every Christian home. No. 7 is one of the most popular mottoes known to the English speaking world. It is always in demand. Can be sold anywhere to anybody.

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**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.**

# THE INGLENOOK



LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

September 22, 1908.

Price, \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol. X. No. 38.



# CALIFORNIA EXCURSION

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Leaves:

Chicago, Thursday, October 1, 10:45 p.m.  
Kansas City, Friday, October 2, 10:00 a.m.  
Omaha, Friday, October 2, 4:00 p.m.

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In charge of D. C. Campbell, Colfax, Ind.; I. Wheeler, Cerro Gordo, Ill.; E. M. Cobb, Elgin, Ill. Tickets good to return up to October 31, 1908. Privilege stopping off in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada or California.

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| FROM CHICAGO   |                   | FROM OMAHA<br>OR KANSAS CITY |

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**Isaiah Wheeler**  
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Colfax, Ind.

**E. M. Cobb**  
Elgin Illinois

or

**Geo. L. Mc Donough**  
Colonization Agent Union Pacific R. R.  
Omaha, Neb.

Macdoel, California, August 1, 1908.

Mr. D. C. Campbell,  
Colfax, Indiana.

Dear Sir:

For the benefit of those suffering from catarrh, I would like to have you say, through some of your advertising, that I was born and lived near Somerset, Pennsylvania, and almost ever since my birth have been troubled with a bad case of catarrh. I have lost much time and have suffered terribly. I have tried several of the best doctors in the East. They have all told me that change of climate was the only cure.

I saw some advertisements claiming that Butte Valley, California, was a good place to overcome this difficulty. I finally concluded to make a change of location and came to Butte Valley, March 8, 1908. I went to work and have worked hard right along and feel well. I have lost but one day on account of sickness. My appetite is good, and I am gaining rapidly in weight.

My wife can sleep soundly without a pillow under her side, a thing which she has not been able to do for six years on account of severe pain in her side and chest. We are all improving rapidly and enjoy good health. We are certainly delighted with the place because we feel so much better than in Pennsylvania.

Trusting that God will take care of all of us, I remain

Yours truly,

Henry H. Stahl.

---

GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Omaha, Nebr.

D. C. CAMPBELL, Colfax, Ind.

ISIAH WHEELER, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

E. M. COBB, Elgin, Ill.

**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND COMPANY**

**MACDOEL, CALIFORNIA**



# MISERABLE ALL THE TIME!

That is the way a man described his feelings. How many more are there not who feel the same way! A careful observer has estimated that nine out of ten people are not really well. Something is wrong all the time. Nobody wants to be sick just for the fun of it, and nearly everybody tries one thing and another in the vain hope that it will cure him, but in most cases he finds himself no better for the trial.

There is no good reason why such people cannot be cured if they go about it in the right way. But what is the right way? some one will ask! The only permanent and satisfactory remedy for most of the troubles of mankind is that which will invigorate and strengthens the entire system.

This can be done by getting at the cause of the trouble, the impure or weakened condition of the blood. No one whose blood is pure and vigorous can be sick. In this way we are able to assist nature in restoring the natural condition. When the blood has been cleansed and strengthened, disease cannot remain. There are many good medicines, let us hope, for this purpose, but the one that has been especially successful is **DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER**. Over a century's constant use has demonstrated its power.

## A BLESSING TO MANY.

Apple Creek, Ohio, July 2.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I have to acknowledge that your Blood Vitalizer has proved to be a blessing to many. This is especially the case in our own family. We knew nothing about your Blood Vitalizer when our family was small, six in number. One winter we were all sick, but since keeping the Blood Vitalizer we have had no sickness in the house, although we are now eleven. We would never want to be without it in the house.

With heartfelt appreciation and many friendly greetings, I remain,

Very truly yours,

Peter Schmid.

## SAYS IT DID WONDERS.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 21.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I should like to become an agent for your Blood Vitalizer. I know I can sell a great deal among my friends and relatives. Let me know how to become an agent and I shall send you an order right away. Your Blood Vitalizer has simply done wonders for me. It has cured me of a stomach trouble with which I have been suffering for over six years. No doctor nor medicine I have tried has helped me. I was bedfast weeks at a time. This disease seems to lie in our family and I want all of them to use it.

Please let me hear from you. Very gratefully,

6141 Ella Avenue.

Mrs. H. Herr.

## CURED A SCROFULOUS ERUPTION.

Rockville, Conn., Dec. 27.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Quite a while ago, I guess about 25 years, when I was still in Germany, I was taken sick and a scrofulous eruption broke out on my hands and the upper part of my body. I got so bad I was unable to follow my occupation of weaver. I tried doctors and medicines without end but nothing helped me. When I came to America, I saw an article in a paper about your Blood Vitalizer and made up my mind to try it, which I did. As my ailment was old and long standing it took some time before I noticed any improvement, but I kept on taking the Blood Vitalizer. Finally I saw I was getting better and in time I was completely cured. I would not think of being without your Blood Vitalizer in the family. Since keeping it on hand we have escaped sickness, for which I thank God.

Yours truly,

72 Grand Avenue.

Wm. Drechsler.

## A MERCHANT WRITES.

Le Mars, Iowa, April 16.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Permit me to send you the happy message that my wife who has doctored for years and tried all kinds of medicines without avail is cured through the use of your Blood Vitalizer. It has brought a complete change in her. She is now so jolly and full of life, it does one good to see her. I am glad she is well at last and able to enjoy life. She is only sorry that she did not use your remarkable medicine sooner. I could tell you other wonders about your medicine.

With deepest respect,

Sixth Street.

Yours truly,

Paul Neubel.

General Merchant.

The writer of one of the above letters of testimonial, in referring to his wife and her cure through the use of **DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER**, says: "She is now so jolly and full of life that it does one good to see her." That is just as it should be. It is natural enough. When health returns there is no room for gloom and sadness. **DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER** has brought sunshine into many a home by relieving suffering and curing disease.

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**Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co.**

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue

Chicago, Ill.

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By W. S. Harris



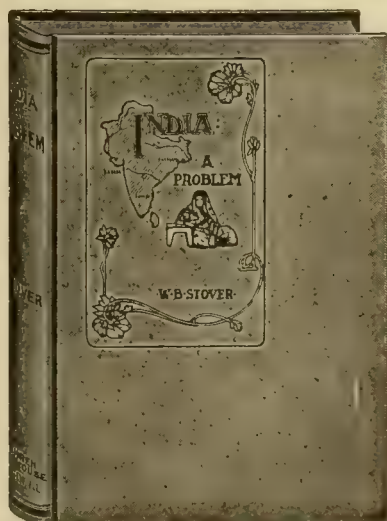
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Salt Lake City, Utah

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

September 22, 1908.

No. 38.

## The Progress and Character of Democracy

J. W. Wayland, Ph. D., Instructor in History,  
University of Virginia.

### In Two Parts. Part One.

THE progress of democracy can hardly be compared to a river; for a river, under usual conditions, flows on continuously and unbroken from its source to its mouth, gaining volume and force constantly from one tributary after another; and throughout its whole course the stream is always active. That is, while the great volume of water at its mouth is pouring into the sea, the tiny rill at the source is still flowing, as it did a thousand years before; and at every point between the head and the mouth the stream remains constant. Water at any one place is evidence of water, more or less, at every place. The progress of democracy—indeed of anything that depends mainly upon mind rather than matter—can not be said to be so, except with very considerable modifications. It is true, perhaps, that democratic ideas have reached a force and volume in our day greater than in any preceding period in the history of the world; and yet their progress has been more like that of a wide-spreading and long-burning fire than that of a river.

In a land of wide prairies and great forests, of mountains and valleys in alternation, a fire might soon sweep without interruption over a broad area. As the flame would advance and spread it would linger longer at some places than others. Forest trees would burn longer, would cast the flames higher, and would produce a greater heat than would prairie grass. Moreover, while the fire would be blazing with great heat and light at some places, there would be only cold barrenness and black ruins at other places, where in a former period there had been both light and heat. If a barren waste, or desert, would now and then be encountered, the flames would be divided, to meet again beyond, perhaps, but leaving a wide expanse untouched in their circuit. The front of the fire might gather intensity and volume after sweeping on for a thousand miles; but where the fire began a new growth of vegetation might at the same time be springing up. In the course of years, if the flame were preserved so long, it might be driven back,

by the force of varying gales, and burn over again where it had passed and died out long before. Moreover, if in the meantime a sufficient period had elapsed for a forest of trees to take the place of the former grass of the prairie, the flame would find more and better fuel on its return than had been found at first.

But a single, unmixed figure is inadequate. Neither the fire nor the stream, nor both combined, nor any other familiar element or object in the material world will serve to illustrate fully the thought that must dwell in the mind alone, or the movement that must proceed by the actions of men and nations. Yet the crude comparisons may aid our thought. The progress of democracy has not been constant and unbroken, but has reached varying heights and depths from age to age, and from land to land. Now and then an age, and here and there a nation has been found in which democracy has risen with power; then have come stiflings and crushings, dark-nesses and silences, alternating and fluctuating despotism, oligarchy, feudalism, anarchy, with now and then liberty run wild. Ancient days in Greece perhaps furnish the purest sources and examples of democracy; yet modern times in the western nations show democracy at its best and in its widest extent and influence. The last hundred years, or perhaps one should say the last century and a half, have shown the most rapid development and the most general acceptance of democratic ideas. England affords the best example of development of democracy from small beginnings and through long periods of time. France has made the most and worst of democracy, and has done most to spread the flame with violence; but the United States has put democracy into the fullest and widest conservative practice, and is the leading world-teacher of democracy at the present day. It is mainly through the influence and example of the United States that the tide of democracy has turned back toward the East; and it is bidding fair to find more favorable and permanent conditions, both of reception and retention, as it circles the earth anew.



And now a few words about the term "democracy" and its various uses. It also came west from Greece, and with it a significant company. "Monarchy," government by one; "polarchy," government by many; "oligarchy," government by a few; "aristocracy," government by the best; all of these, as well as "democracy" and "tyranny," are Greek words, changed only a little in English dress. Democracy means, as every schoolboy knows, government by the people. Demagogues, leaders of the people, are very fond of blinding the people with the word democracy. The people like to hear it, especially when it is declared with orotund voice to be not only government by the people, but also "of the people and for the people." Corresponding to the Greek word democracy, we have the Roman word republic. Both mean almost exactly the same thing, and both are popular. That is perhaps the reason why the two great political parties in the United States have become known respectively as Democrats and Republicans. It may be observed, however, that of the two the word republic conveys the more readily the notion of a government by representatives; while democracy, pure and simple, means government by the people direct.

But modern times know very little of democracy in the latter sense, except in occasional instances of local government. And the term democracy is not always used to indicate government by the people direct. It may refer to a condition of society merely based on the principles of equality. It most frequently is used to mean just what the term republic means, and just what the United States is, a government by representatives chosen directly or indirectly by the people,—that is, some of the people: the voters.

A complete history of democracy would be a history of the world; but a brief historical review may be attempted without too great alarm, and must be attempted in a study of the subject.

The ancient world may be characterized as despotic; the medieval world, as chaotic; the modern world as tending toward democracy; and yet, remembering our introductory figures, we must be prepared to modify these generalities in many particular instances. A few countries have remained despotic to the present; and a few in ancient times were very democratic. Even among the Jews, whose government was so strongly patriarchal and theocratic, we find some elements of democracy occasionally. Once in a while the voice of the people is heard. This was true when the kingship in Israel was established: it was the voice of the people that clamored for a king; and it was the voice of the people that finally prevailed in the matter. This, however, is a rather singular instance of democracy. It is most frequently the case that democratic movements are efforts to get rid of kings, or at least to limit their

privileges; but in the case before us democracy was demanding monarchy.

It is in ancient Greece,—in Athens,—as already intimated, that we find the most notable example of democracy afforded by early times—perhaps by any time. When the light of history begins to steal across the waters of the Ægean Sea, and touch the Hellenic shores, practically all of the Greeks are found to be under kings; but as time goes on the fuller light reveals a progress towards democracy; and, in some of the city states, its full development. Sparta and the states allied to her never, perhaps, advanced beyond a government by a limited number: they appear to have remained oligarchies; but Athens and her allies passed beyond the facts as well as the forms of kingship, beyond the limitations of oligarchy, into a government of the people by the people at first hand.

It was during the age of Pericles, within the 5th century B. C., that the Athenian democracy reached its fullest development; and an Athenian of that day would not have considered America of this day very democratic. He would doubtless be as much mystified, could he be set down among us for awhile, as the Chinese brother who came to the United States to study Christianity. Pericles and his friends would probably have called England an oligarchy of a few hundred men (the members of Parliament, the ministers, and the king); and the United States as a whole, with several States separately, would doubtless have been put in the same category: Congress and the heads of departments at Washington, with the legislatures and heads of departments at the several State capitals, corresponding to the oligarchy at London.

To Pericles and his contemporaries democracy did not mean government in the interests of the people, nor government by the people indirectly through their representatives; but it meant actual, first-hand management of the government by the whole collective body of the citizens. This ideal was never fully realized even at Athens; for the routine business of government, especially administrative work, was done largely by committees or individuals; but the ideal was constantly aimed at, and was perhaps as nearly realized as any real ideal may ever be.

At Athens in the age of Pericles there were (1) Officials of the State; (2) The Council of Five Hundred; (3) The Ecclesia. The officials of the state administered the various departments of justice, finance, war, religion, public improvements, etc., according to prescribed forms; the council of five hundred was a standing committee, composed of an equal number of citizens chosen annually from each tribe, that came together every day; the ecclesia was the general assembly of all the citizens, who came together regularly four times a year, and oftener

upon special summons if emergencies demanded.

The council of five hundred had to prepare all business that was to be considered by the general assembly; to fix and preserve the order in which it was to be brought forward; and they appointed the chairman to preside for the day over the general assembly—usually a different man from the chairman of the council of five hundred. The latter had also to examine all candidates for office; to superintend the building of ships; to inspect public buildings; to manage a system of relief for poor and crippled citizens; and to receive ambassadors from foreign states. But with all these functions, and many more, the council of five hundred was merely a committee subordinate to the general assembly. The latter was the supreme power of the state: it was the state. Any Athenian citizen was at liberty to speak in the assembly, or to propose an amendment to any plan brought forward by the council of five hundred; but as the speaker mounted the platform he put on a wreath of myrtle, and the gods were asked to curse any man who spoke falsely for bribes. Voting was usually done by a show of hands; but in cases involving individuals a secret ballot was employed. From the decision of the ecclesia there was no appeal. The people thus assembled were constitution, parliament, and king. The council of five hundred and the officials of the state merely carried out the will of the popular assembly—the sovereign people.

But even in Athens democracy was not unmixed. Officers were generally elected, or chosen, by lot. In such an appeal to chance we see a serious conflict with the intelligence of real democracy; but no less an authority than Aristotle regarded the selection by lot as particularly democratic. In the second place, the democracy of Athens was merely the democracy of a class, not of all the people. Only Athenian citizens had a voice and a vote in the general assembly, a chance for a seat in the council, or the privilege of holding an office. In the Athenian state there were probably four slaves to every freeman. Many of these slaves were themselves Greeks and men of culture; but they were not citizens; they had no part nor lot in the government. In view of this fact, Athens was an oligarchy—an aristocracy. Moreover, the power of the orator often controlled the assembly. It is not an accident that demagogue is a Greek word. An orator of unusual ability often led the people to his will. Then Athens was in so much a monarchy, a government by the ablest citizen. Pericles was such a man; he was a demagogue; yet, fortunately, he was also a patriot, and led the people into intellectual, artistic, and moral excellence, if not into permanent political greatness.

It is doubtful whether modern times afford or have afforded a real parallel to the Athenian ecclesia,

or general popular assembly; but the town meeting of New England and the primary assembly of some of the cantons of Switzerland approach it in general character and functions. In the four cantons of Uri, Unterwalden, Glarus, and Appenzell primary assemblies, known as the *Landsgemeinden*, take the place of representative legislatures. In the *Landsgemeinden* all the voters of the canton take part. And yet we must remember that these assemblies are only local, and that they deal chiefly with local affairs. In such sense, every incorporated town and every county or magisterial district in the United States is in great measure purely and directly a democracy: the voters do certain things at first hand in the management of local affairs and in the election of local officials. And this leads us to the remark, which must be made, and to the fact, which sooner or later must be recognized, that pure and direct democracy, as a practical form in government, and not as a theory, must in the relentless logic of time and space always be and always remain local in character and activity. Popular sentiment may combine in such effect from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Lakes as to exert a single influence—an influence so definite that President, Cabinet, House, and Senate must obey it; but even then the actual work of framing laws, of executing them, and of hearing cases in court, as well as of dealing with foreign powers, must be done at second-hand. The sixteen millions of American voters could not get near enough together, even in a newspaper, to discuss a law and vote upon it; no single city could entertain them during a session of law-making; it would take 185 years for half of them to make a five-minute speech on a motion; and if all of them were to go into politics and attend every session of the legislature, half of them would have to borrow money to pay their traveling expenses and nobody would be left to run the trains. A small town or a small district may be a democracy pure and simple; but for any State of the United States, for a number of our largest cities, and for our country as a whole, democracy in the strict sense, or such even as Athens had, is an impossibility. Neither would it be economical or desirable if it were possible. For the States and for the Nation, representative government controlled by democratic sentiment and administered upon democratic principles, is more economical and more efficient, as well as more protective of pure democracy in the smaller circles.

The Romans excelled the Greeks in genius for government. Among the Romans, therefore, we should expect to find some practical applications of democracy; and we are not to be disappointed. First, the several classes at Rome joined their forces and drove out the Kings; then came the long struggle between the Patricians and the Plebeians. This was a series of efforts on the part of the latter to secure



economic rights, equal laws, and equal political privileges; on the part of the former, to preserve their ancient position of social and civil superiority; a struggle that ended in the triumph of the democratic principles in 367 B. C., when the Licinian Laws were passed, guaranteeing the final equality of the orders, and leading to a union of classes that enabled Rome to conquer not only Italy but also the Mediterranean world. Three hundred years later the same tendencies were in operation. Julius Caesar not only increased the number of senators, but also made the senate more representative: Spaniards, Gauls, military officers, sons of freedmen, and others were admitted to its halls. Caesar also extended the franchise to the people north of the Po, and to many cities in the provinces, especially in Transalpine Gaul and in Spain. All of his political reforms were in the direction of greater equality of classes and the enlargement of political privilege. A century and a half after the senseless murder of the great Julius, after the reality of empire had assumed also its forms and names, we still find the rights of the people respected by the more sagacious rulers. Trajan granted the provincials a large range of local freedom and self-government; under Hadrian, whose interests were cosmopolitan rather than Roman, the provinces felt more and more like parts of Rome; and every year the doors of citizenship swung wider open. Antoninus Pius was also careful of provincial interests, and Marcus Aurelius was charitable in public as well as in private affairs.

In time, however, the privileges of Roman citizens were shortened, the strength of their national life was sapped away, the bulwarks of their defense fell into decay, and the barbarians of the north swarmed in. Then came chaos. But even in the chaos were the struggling elements of order and the immortal spirit of democracy. Often was it stifled, but never was it dead. The destroyers of the empire were democrats at heart, though many centuries of struggle had to be passed through before they could realize here and there the fulness of their desires. Yes, the old Teutonic tribes were democratic in spirit, and so are the Teutonic races of today. Tacitus said, writing of the Germans before their invasion of the empire, "Kings are chosen for their noble birth; military leaders for their valor. But the authority of the king is not absolute, and the war-leaders command rather by example than by orders, winning the respect and the obedience of their troops by being always in the front of the battle . . . One evil result arising from their liberty is the fact that they never all come together at the time set, but consume two or three days in assembling." They met in general assembly not only for discussion of public questions and for legislation thereupon, but also for the trying and sentencing of criminals.

## HOME OF THE HONEY BEE.

D. J. BLOCHER.

### I. The Honey Bee.

THIS picture represents—in a rude way—the three bees that inhabit the hive. The largest bee is the male bee or drone. This bee comes on the stage of action usually in the spring and lives perhaps three months. But he is liable to be killed off the first honey dearth. And under no condition is he allowed to live longer than fall, in a normal swarm. Whenever stores are cut short he is killed as a matter of economy. They are seldom reared when there is a shortage of honey.



When the bees wish to get rid of the drones they go through the hive and uncap all drone brood and carry the unhatched drones out. The larval drones are also carried out. The general destruction of drones is then completed by dragging and chasing every drone out of the hive and either worrying them to death or keeping them out till starved. They are easily discouraged—all drones are—and soon die. The drone has no sting and so is as defenseless as a house fly. According to present theory and demonstration, the drone hatches from an unfertile egg. We never received but one order for drones.

The middle bee is the mother of the family of bees. She has a sting and uses it in self defense against her rival that may appear at any time for various reasons. I have never known her to sting a person or make any attempt in that direction. She lives as long as four years, but most of the queens live less than

two years. This can only be determined by having her wings clipped. (She should be nearly one-third longer than what she is in this picture. This is the fault of the man who prepared them for me. He had a second trial at the work and still failed in getting life size for her.) All the work inside the hive subserves to her special comfort and life. And when the swarm is perishing from any cause she is among the last to die and often the last. She also seems to have greater vitality than any other bee. This is partly proven by sending bees through the mails. Here she is also the last to perish.

The last and smallest bee is the worker. (The picture is rather that of an infant bee. The drone is the only life-size bee on the list). The worker is an imperfect female. There is only one kind of egg laid for the worker and the queen, the queen being developed by special feeding. The workers are out whenever it is fit to work and there is something to get. But when there is nothing to get they do not wear themselves out in search of nectar and pollen. During the working season the workers' life is about forty-six days, but when they have no work they may live six months or even longer. This little creature not only gathers honey for mankind, but is a great medium in pollenizing the various flowers and thereby increasing the general fruitage. This in turn adds to the commercial trade.

The flower invites the bee,  
The bee increases the fruit.  
Then commerce increases over the sea,  
All the world to suit.

*Pearl City, Ill.*



## WONDERS OF THE ROCKIES: IN COLORADO.

FRED V. KINZIE.

### III. Cheyenne Mountain and Cave of the Winds.

THE wonders of Colorado are mainly gathered around Colorado Springs and Manitou. Several weeks of profitable sight-seeing could have been spent at these points; but, our time being limited, we visited only those of the greatest importance.

One of the first places we heard of, and the first place we visited, was Cheyenne Mountain. This scenic wonder is located about four miles south of Colorado Springs. It is cleft by two yawning chasms, namely, North and South Cheyenne Cañon. The principal feature of the latter named is the celebrated cascades, known as Seven Falls.

A one-mile driveway leads from the entrance back to the falls, and the entire distance is a complete panorama of scenic wonders. We passed the Pillars of Hercules, two peaks, one on each side of the drive. They were forty feet apart; one rose to a height of nine hundred and forty feet, the other seven hundred and ninety. A little farther on is

the well-known gulch, cut in the solid rock, called "Devil's Slide."

We soon reached the falls, and there in front of us was that ribbon of silvery, glistening water, falling the full distance in seven leaps of from ten to fifty feet; each being dashed into fragments at every bound, regaining itself for the next downward leap. The beauty of the scene brought to mind the beautiful poem (The Brook) written by Tennyson:

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down the valley.

"I steal by lawns and grassy plots;  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,  
That grow for happy lovers.

"And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever."

A stairway was constructed up the sides of the peak, near the path of the cascades, and by a little tiresome toil we mounted the top step and stood in awe and silence, viewing the surrounding peaks and the wonders of this realm of delight. Here each of our party hired a burro and these small, but faithful mountain climbers took us up several hundred feet farther. Here was found the grave of the well-known author, Helen Hunt. Another, still grander view was had from this lofty height of 7,000 feet. The greater part of an hour was spent viewing and exposing photographic plates on the surrounding scenery; also the burros and their burdens.

We safely made the descent and passed out of this true resort, so near to "Nature's Heart," with a throbbing heart of inexpressible gratitude to the Creator of all good.

Little time was lost the next morning in taking a car for Manitou. Having only till that night to spend in this section, we at once inquired as to the route to the Cave of the Winds. We soon found ourselves gazing at the sheer walls of Williams Cañon. This was a two-mile walk up a steady grade. The first mile is at the bottom of the cañon in the shadow of walls from two hundred to five hundred feet high; but the second mile climbs the cañon's west wall at an easy and regular grade, although carved and blasted from the rugged and precipitous height. It is protected its whole length by heavy timber railings and stone walls.

This short trip discloses the cream of Williams Cañon scenery. The Temple of Iris, Cathedral of Saint Peter, the Narrows, Rubicon Point, the Amphitheatre and Saint Peter's Gate placed in the Cathedral Dome, four hundred and fifty feet above the roadway. We left the roadway and climbed a trail



straight to the entrance of the cave, at the saving of about one-half mile walk, but it was much steeper than the drive; but thought perhaps we would find or see some "unusual" that we would not otherwise. We passed through an opening in the cliff on a stairway, and in the covered chasm a cool, thin, curious-feeling air blew up through the opening. We were afterwards told by the guide that this was their first trail and entrance to the cave. This continued breeze of light air is what gave the cave its name. We were soon on the veranda of the office at the entrance of the cave. After resting, registering and purchasing our tickets we waited a few moments in the reception room till several had gathered, making a party of about ten. A guide then took charge of the party and we marched through the entrance gate to receive our first "living object lesson" in geology. This is one of the great "geological miracles" of the mountains of Colorado.

The temperature varies but little—fifty-three degrees in summer; fifty-two in winter.

The following are some of the principal attractions in this "Nature Studio": Canopy Hall, a room over two hundred feet long; Boston Avenue, a long, narrow passage; the Vestibule; Old Maid's Kitchen; Finlay Hall; Chicago Avenue, similar to Boston Avenue; Gypsum Alcove, at the entrance of which you stand and view the entire length by the light of a powerful searchlight, which exposes its unbroken surface of those rare forms of whitest, virgin purity. As we gazed on this scene, speech was suppressed and admiration exalted. Next we came to Coral Dome, sometimes called Shredded Wheat Biscuit or Shredded Coconut; Curiosity Shop, where the law of gravitation is ignored and stalactites grow horizontally and upwards; the Wishing Well and the Fire Escape, one an opening in the floor, the other in the ceiling; Manitou Dome; Majestic Hall; Dante's Inferno; Curtain Hall, named from the great fluted curtain, twenty feet wide and twelve feet high, attached to the perpendicular wall; Elmore Grotto; Bridal Chamber, and others all intensely interesting. But of two attractions of special interest we wish to make special mention.

Diamond Hall, a room ninety feet long, leaves an impression never to be forgotten. The walls appear to have been powdered with diamond dust, and in the brilliant arc light, with which this phenomenon is illustrated, every inch of the walls sparkle, and scintillate each conceivable color and shade, giving perfectly the effect of the walls of diamond, mosaic work.

Crystal Palace, the other, is made up of four rooms. Here is found flowering alabaster in its perfection. Unlike the gravity stalactites, which grow from dripping water, this form crystallizes from the atmosphere. The walls and ceilings are closely mat-

ted or veneered with the purest white alabaster. The spurs or needles, from one to two and one-half inches long and in clusters resembling chrysanthemums or chestnut burrs, stand out from the surface in the most graceful profusion, and as thickly as grass upon a lawn.

After walking about three-fourths of a mile and spending over half an hour in this wonderful underground cavern, we silently walked out into daylight with the words on our lips that were first heralded by electricity over the telegraphic wire: "What hath God wrought?" (To be Continued.)



#### WOODS WHICH IRRITATE.

IN the course of the past year inquiry was made by the English factories and workshops department into the effect of irritant woods and the extent to which they are used in England. For example, in the case of satinwood, there was an inquiry into (1) the extent and class of work in which it was used; (2) the evidence there is as to its irritant action on the skin; (3) the precautions taken in its use.

East Indian satinwood possesses much more irritant properties than the West Indian variety. Satin walnut appears to be no more harmful than deal. The East Indian wood is used only in two shipyards. It causes an eruption on the skin of the worker exposed to the dust or shavings produced during manufacture, but some persons are much more susceptible to its effects than others. One man stated to the inspector that if he only placed a shaving of the wood on the back of his hand it caused a sore on the skin at that point. The injurious effects however appear to be only temporary.

Reference to occasional contact action on the skin is made as to teak by Inspector Wright (North London), who refers to reports of "swollen arms and eyes," by Mr. Shannin (Liverpool), and by Mr. Grant (Preston) as to teak and olive wood. The inspector in Sheffield states that: "In the manufacture of knife scales and tool handles the following woods are considered to be irritant—some of the ebonies, magenta rosewoods, West Indian box-wood, cocos-wood, and partridge-wood. Irritation of the eyes and nose is caused also by woods of the mahogany type. East Indian wood had to be discarded in the shuttle trade owing to its irritating action on the eyes.

Mr. Lewis (Manchester) states that salica-wood from Cuba was stated to give off "a fluff, dust under the machines and hand planes, the effect of which upon the workers is to cause a running of the eyes and nose, and a general feeling of cold in the head. The symptoms pass off in an hour or so after discontinuance of work." Eczematous eruptions are said to be produced by so called Borneo rosewood, a wood used owing to its brilliant color and exquisite grain in fret-saw work.—*Chicago Tribune*.



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXIV. In Switzerland.

GERMANY lies behind me. I am crossing the great bridge at Basle, over the green, swift waters of the Rhine, into Switzerland. Behind me a triumph. Before me, God's gloryland. For several weeks I am to ride through the sunny valleys and climb the white-snowed Alps, and eat cheese and drink milk, and fall in love with the sweetest people in all the world. You will go with me, tasting what I taste, seeing what I see, and living in the homes of the Swiss people.

On Sunday I went to church, or tried to, for I was a minute late, although only 9:30. The big doors were closed and locked, and a guard on the outside would not permit me to approach the doors, much less to try to gain an entrance. Not a single other man or woman or child came and stood with me. I was alone. I was the only late worshiper that morning at that Swiss church. It was a good lesson for me, and I wish I might bring it to others. Although I was in Switzerland I thought that I could do just as I did in my own country,—go to church at *our* hour, and when I *felt like it*. It was unfortunate for me, that I was so stupid, for here was a magnificent cathedral, where I might have sat, in one of its easy pews, and looked upon the glories of its stained windows, its high-arching frescoes, its splendor of pulpit, and heard the eloquent music from the great pipe-organ and the sweeter music of the trained choir, and the manly voice of the preacher,—in German. But I had come late. The doors were

shut. I hung around outside like a kid. I felt like a stray dog must feel. I kept my five pfennings in my pocket, but felt poorer with it. The Sunday had been lost to me. It was all because the Swiss people go to church all at once, honest about that as about making cheese or straining milk, and when they were once all in, they thought too much of the congregation to permit it to be interrupted by straggling visitors or lazy loafers. "The doors were shut."

I have ridden seven thousand miles on my bicycle, but the Swiss milk, Swiss cheese and Swiss butter

are worth it all. The Swiss are a brave little people, with tender hearts and an indomitable perseverance for personal liberty. The scenery is enchanting. You could not blame the Swiss for their love of country and liberty. No one will ever take away this country from them, for it is a part of them. The banks of their streams are high, for there has been flowing a torrent of crystal water for ages and it has



"Where the pretty Swiss chalets take me back to picture-card boyhood."

been leaping from scarry ledge and flowing over rocky bed, and flinging itself headlong with such passionate enthusiasm that the channel in which it now flows lies far below the general surface. The bridges across these streams are grandly massive, or picturesque in rustic beauty, sparkling with the reflections of shimmering water beneath them, water whose blueness, or greenness, in tint, tells of the great glacier from which it has come.

Now I glide into a beautiful valley,—never mind its name,—where the pretty Swiss chalets and country barns take me back to the time of picture-card boy-



hood. A man and his wife are making hay in a little field near the house, the man and wife first mowing, then raking, and finally piling it, all by hand, after which with oxen hauling it to the low-roofed barn.

The first thing you do in Switzerland is to *arrive*. You seem to *arrive* here as in no other country. You *know* you are *here*. You wouldn't be any place else on the earth for a fortune. Here is just where you have always wanted to be,—to stand and look upon these wonderful mountains, to breathe this inimitable air,—this clear, sweet fragrant air, this health-giving, holy air and to just *be here*. It is a shame that I must write about it. I may see more in doing so, and remember it better, but I can enjoy it best when I keep still and allow *it* to do the talking. The depots I ride past are models for quaint picturesque beauty, garlanded with fresh ivy and set in a garden, with a delightful look of cleanliness about

joy it. In every place I have yet been, the tourists seem uneasy. They want to go on. But here every one is satisfied,—not to sit down and rest in the valley, but to explore the wonderland all about them. They smile at you as if to say: "Yes, I'm here, too, and I'm mighty glad of it, and I don't care if I never get away from here, and if I die here, bury me any old place around here and I will be happy." In Turkey fear blanches the cheek. In Palestine the emotions are stirred by the sacred memories of our Lord, and the enthusiasm is thus calmed. The tigers and cobras of India are a menace to human life, and even as the tourist dines, he is swallowing germs of several fatal fevers, the natives in wretched health, crowding about him. In China I will be afraid of the Boxers and the queer customs of Dragonland. Japan is more safe and the people more pleasing, I suppose, but still they are foreigners. Switzerland has all the good qualities for the tourist and none of the bad. This is why the hotels

are always full of hungry, excited, happy, travelers. The world's greatest picture-gallery and wonderland is all around you here. When the polite waiter passes the big dish of fragrant mountain honey you take out twice as much as you would at home. Then you ask him to please pass the dish the second time.

I stopped at the Grand Hotel des Alpes, first-class, but very moderate in price, and good enough for anybody. Mr. Matti, the proprietor, was once the head-waiter. He knows how to put an American at ease. I think the readers of the INGLENOOK who have traveled much will agree with me that for good cooking these Swiss hotels beat the whole world. And it is as clean as the clear water that laughs in idiotic glee down the Matterhorn.

Here in the hotel garden you have a glimpse of fairy-land,—gold fishes in large globular tanks, fountains baptizing the sunlight and playing the Alpine streams over grass and tree and shrub and flower, hanging upon the foliage little broken rainbows. A glance out through this idyllic beauty is awarded by a still richer panorama of green valleys and snow-kissed mountains.

Every one admires Jungfrau, queen of the Alps, visible everywhere in Interlaken, looking out upon the valley from behind the surrounding peaks, shrinking away in their plainer forms as if to modestly reveal the chaste bosom and illuminated brow of their virgin queen to the enraptured thousands of adoring tourists gathered in nature's loveliest auditorium. Delicately draped in a thin veil of purple atmosphere, overhung and surrounded with heaven's royal blue, the small but enchanting hills of emerald pose in the foreground



"I stopped at Grand Hotel des Alpes, where Mr. Matti knows how to put an American at ease."

them, to cheer and educate the thousands of tourists that daily reach the bigger cities by train, auto and boat.

Probably the best place from which to make a mountain excursion in Switzerland is Interlaken. Once at your hotel you catch the Swiss appetite for solid and substantial food. The tables are long and a score or more may sit at one of them,—eager, excited, hungry sight-seers. Wasn't God good when he made such a beautiful earth, with such variety, and gave us so much wealth, and such ease to get it, that we could all of us find time and occasion in which we might become like his handiwork in material things? To the people who think that life is only to make money, and fight battles of daily scrimmaging for a few more acres or a few more houses, the inspiration of Switzerland has no entrance. The poor man, like me, can en-

that she may tower above them in all the splendor of bridal majesty.

There is a fullness of grandeur to the swelling form of Jungfrau for the tourist who after dinner takes a seat in the park, as I did, after each meal, in front of the hotel, to stroll later out in the cool fields, radiant in bloom beneath her feet. I saw this picture before, on canvas, or in an art photograph, but now I am close to it. I am heré. I have arrived. The noblest peak in the world gleams glowingly before me. I am in the Alps, the Alps! Think of it! And I have had a good dinner, and my wheel is oiled.

But with all this wonderful beauty, transcendent in glorious majesty of size and color and effect, the scene passes easily into the tragic. From the romantic it glides into the stern realistic. Those of us who have



"Every one admires Jungfrau looking out upon the valley from behind the enchanting hills of emerald."

ascended the higher mountains know that the novice is easily deceived by distance in rare atmospheres. What looks comparatively easy of access at a distance becomes on nearer approach rough and terrible. The calm beauty then passes into the harshness of terror. How easy it appears then for a climber to lose his way or make a misstep and be hurled into a slippery crevasse that yawns like a giant serpent-jaw beneath him. Once losing his foothold he is doomed to a sudden or lingering death. For no food grows from Alpine peaks and no Red Cross nurses are at hand. The cruel mountain is heedless of the daring soul who clings breathless to its fiendish slopes.

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## PROCESS OF PRINTING.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

I AM not a printer, though in my two decades of service as newspaper correspondent I have occasionally placed my own copy in type.

The first step in printing is setting the type, or "composing" as it is called in a printing office.

A type is a piece of metal with a letter or other character on it raised above the surface of the remainder of the metal, so that only that part will touch the paper in printing.

Type were first made from wood, but soon were cast from metal.

At first each printer made his own type, but as the business grew, foundries for type-making were established. A mold is made for each letter and melted metal is poured into it. The most important part is the matrix or part that makes the letter. A steel die is made the exact model of the letter wanted and this driven into a piece of copper. The matrix is then fitted to the mold and the machine simply opens and closes the mold, filling it each time with melted metal.

Each mold makes only one letter, so there must be as many molds as there are characters—which requires 225 to print the English language. This includes capitals, punctuation, etc.

Type metal is an alloy of lead and antimony, with sometimes a little tin, nickel and copper. This mixture melts easily, yet wears well.

Regardless of the size of the face all type are made the same height, which in the United States is practically one inch.

The groove on the bottom of the type is to insure a firm base, and the one on the back enables the compositor to place the type in the proper position without looking at the letter. As different fonts have different groovings, they also enable him to recognize a type that has gone astray.

There are many sizes of type, which for a long time had special names. Now American founders designate type by the number of points in the diameter of the letter, seventy-two points equaling one inch. The body of the INGLENOOK is about tenpoint or long primer.

Type are distributed for use in two trays or cases. Each case is divided into small compartments, each for a single character. As some letters are used more than others the compartments for them are made larger and are placed nearer to the hand of the compositor. This is a practical illustration of the value of saving small portions of time.

The cases are placed on a frame about breast high and the top sloping toward the compositor. The one containing the capitals is placed higher, hence is called the "upper case."

The type-setter has a small adjustable frame of steel or brass to hold the type. This frame, called a stick, has a bottom, back and ends, being left open in front. It is held in the left hand and the type picked up with the right. The first type is placed at the lower left hand corner, with the groove of the body turned from the "typo," and the next to the right of it, and so on till the line is filled. Usually



a thin strip of metal, called a lead, is placed between the lines and then the lines are said to be leaded.

When the stick is filled the type is lifted out and placed in a frame called a galley. The type is then arranged as it is to appear in the paper, and an iron frame placed around it and fastened by wedges.

While the type is in the galleys it is inked and a print, called a proof, is taken. This is read by the proofreader, and all needed corrections noted on the margin, each particular error having a special sign.

The press does the actual work of printing, which consists of inking the form and pressing blank paper over it. According to the method of years ago, after the form had been inked and the paper placed over it a plank, called a platen, was placed over it and pressed down by means of a screw.

The types were inked by using leather balls filled with wool or other soft material. The ink was spread on a flat stone and the balls rolled over it to distribute the ink. They were then rolled over the form till all was inked. This work was usually done by a boy and he sometimes happened to get ink on his hands and face, reminding the others of what they had been taught about the inhabitants of the lower regions. To this day a printer's apprentice is called the "devil."

For nearly three hundred years this was the principle employed, when the Earl of Stanhope invented a press that had what is known as a toggle joint to secure the pressure instead of by means of a screw. He had a spring to raise the platen, and an improved method of moving the forms.

The demand for greater speed led to the invention of the cylinder press by Friedrich Konig in 1814, which was able to make 1,800 impressions per hour. The paper was fed from a slanting table and caught by a clamp in the cylinder. As this revolved, carrying the paper on its circumference, the form moved forward and passed under the cylinder. As the paper passed out onto a table placed to receive it the form passed back under inked rollers, to be coated for the next impression.

An attempt to fasten the type to the cylinder was the next step, which, while successful, was too complicated and delicate for practical use.

The first successful one of this style was the invention of Col. Richard Hoe in 1840, and with many improvements, is the press much used today in large newspaper offices.

A press used by the New York *World* takes the paper from the roll, prints, cuts, folds, and counts 96,000 eight-page papers per hour, taking the paper through at the rate of 32½ miles per hour.

Such has been the growth of the humble invention of Europe, which, however, was perfected in America—*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*

#### THE MAGICAL KERNEL OF KORN.

A GRAIN of corn, found in the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy which had lain in the tomb for forty centuries, was planted and grew into a great corn-stalk, with spreading leaves and heavy golden ears. During that period of quiescence more than one hundred generations of men had lived and toiled and gone to their long rest, yet the life-spark in that kernel of corn survived, as by a miracle, and burst forth anew after four thousand years of slumber.

Scarcely less wonderful does it appear that the very paper this article is printed on may be imbued with corn-stalk fibers, the new material that is shortly to take the place of wood for paper-making. It is possible to conceive that the accompanying illustrations may be printed directly on the fibers of the corn-plants which are pictured—in fact, this would be less of a miracle than some of the astounding utilizations of corn that are essential to an up-to-date outfit for a vacation.

Are you going to the woods for sport? Ten to one the smokeless powder for your shotgun contains a cellulose nitrate made from corn. Thus it may happen that the ducks you blaze away at were fattened from the same field of corn that yields the power to drive the shot into them. If you carry a camera your films are probably coated with collodion that was made from corn-pith. If you are touring in an auto your lubricating oil is made from corn, if you have the kind that does not gum; and if you have the latest machine that explodes denatured alcohol instead of gasoline, your alcohol is practically certain to be made from corn.

Corn is the most omnipresent thing in the universe. Go where you will you cannot get away from it. As the moving-picture machine flashes its hundreds of thousands of films on the screen little do we think that these miles of picture-films would not operate without a sensitizing material based on cellulose, obtained mainly from the humble corn-stalk.

The average man, if asked if he could get along without corn, would unhesitatingly answer yes. He would bethink himself only of the hot johnny-cake or the corn-muffin, or corn in some form as a breakfast-food, or possibly of pop-corn. But how his mouth would lengthen at the corners if told that he must pay an extra cent or two for every starched shirt he wears if the laundry may not use corn-starch; that his soap would rise in price without corn-oil from the glucose factory; that cheap silk ties must be no more because the cellulose adulteration is based on corn-pith! Tell him that his mucilage-bottle will cost him ten cents instead of five if gum arabic is used instead of dextrin, made from corn. Remind him that he must go back to molasses for a table-syrup, and that candies will be both more costly and

less palatable if deprived of the grape-sugar or glucose content.

If this average man still thinks he can get along without corn, point out to him that the great navy of his country would be fatally weakened in battle but for the linings of corn-pith in the vessels' hulls. When a shot penetrates the armor and lets in the water the corn-pith swells and fills the hole. A navy without corn-pith would be as helpless as an old-fashioned Spanish armada in a modern sea fight. Remind the man also that the animals of the country rely principally on corn for food, and that beef, pork, poultry and dairy products would double in price but for cheap corn-feed.

Indian corn is as remarkable for the tremendous quantities in which it is grown as for its novel and peculiar uses. In 1906 there were actually three billion bushels grown in the United States—enough to feed the entire human population for three years if they were confined to a corn diet. Most of this corn went into pork, poultry, beef and, through the useful cow, into dairy products. The acreage planted in the year quoted was a hundred million, or more than an acre for each man, woman and child in the country. The money value of the crop was \$1,170,000,000, or more than sufficient to pay the national debt.

The corn crop of the United States is worth twelve times as much as the product of the gold mines; it is three times as large as the production of all the gold mines of the world. The entire capital and surplus of the six thousand and odd national banks in the United States exceeds the value of one year's corn crop by only about twelve per cent. The corn crop of the country is greater in value than all other agricultural crops combined. It is one-third greater than the total production of ores and minerals and one-third greater than that of metals.

The fact that we grow thirty-five bushels of corn per capita and perhaps one hundred bushels of corn-stalks and shucks indicates an amazing demand for corn and corn products. It would not be possible for us to consume so much corn unless it were used wastefully. We use ten pounds of corn to make a pound of beef, and then of a one-thousand-pound beef creature we eat only three hundred pounds of meat.

If we eat wheat-cakes for breakfast we really use twice as much corn as wheat, for the syrup is now made almost wholly from glucose, technically known as grape-sugar or corn-syrup. If we consume preserves or jam with our wheat-bread, to make it more palatable, again we consume corn, for the sweetmeats are based largely on this same corn-syrup. If we eat ice-cream in summer it is mostly made of corn-starch, and if we eat imitation oyster-patties in winter we are still consuming corn. If we eat Boston beans and brown bread again we get corn, as this bread is

two-thirds corn, darkened by corn-syrup!

The glucose factories buy corn by the trainload and convert it primarily into glucose and secondarily into a series of by-products so that none of it is wasted. Glucose (known also as corn-sugar, grape-sugar or corn-syrup) is really a valuable and wholesome food, and candies made half of corn-sugar, or glucose, and half of cane-sugar, ordinary sugar, are more palatable and nutritious than if made entirely from ordinary sugar. The sweet girl graduate of today can consume three times as much candy as the girl of 1880, just because it now contains so much good, wholesome glucose.

There are many curious and little-known facts about corn products. Over three hundred million pounds of starch are made annually in the United States, mostly from corn; this is the largest single product of the corn-kernel. That is three and a half pounds of starch for each one of us. Glucose or corn-sugar is nothing but corn-starch boiled down to a gum and treated with diluted sulphuric acid. The gummiest part is made into mucilage, and the least gummy into table-starch and laundry-starch.

The germ or life-spark in the center of a kernel of corn is comparatively soft and oily. It is squeezed to produce corn-oil, which goes mostly into soaps, though occasionally into artificial butter. The best of it is made into imitation olive-oil, as the real olive-oil is very scarce and dear.

Linoleum or oilcloth is surfaced with vulcanized corn-oil, which resembles rubber; in fact, it is the only satisfactory adulterant for rubber goods. If you buy a cheap hot-water bag to keep your feet warm on cold nights, and it bursts, with dire consequences, you may be pretty sure that it was made more of corn-oil than of rubber. The refuse of the corn-germ is made into what are called corn-oil cakes, which are highly prized for feeding sheep, and come back to our tables in the form of mutton. There are a lot of other feeds made from various sorts of corn-refuse, from green corn-stalks and other corn elements too numerous to mention.

A great future has been predicted for denatured alcohol. This untaxed cheap alcohol is made almost wholly from corn, and is expected to be in great demand as a fuel just as we now use kerosene; also for power purposes, as we employ gasoline in automobiles. The airship of the future will be driven by corn-power, the men who fly in it will be corn-fed, and the dynamite they drop into an enemy's camp will be mostly of corn-made nitro-glycerine. The three-day ship that is coming to reduce time across the Atlantic will use corn-made alcohol-fuel instead of coal. Finally, the newspapers and magazines of the future will be made from corn. We shall be living soon in the Corn Age; if we have not already entered that period.—*The Circle*.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## THE FRESH-AIR CHILDREN.

HAVING recently escorted a party of Chicago fresh-air children to and from the place where they spent a happy two weeks in the bright sunshine and pure air of country homes, we have been especially impressed with the noble work these charity organizations are doing. Any one who has any idea of the conditions of the poor in our large cities and then has the privilege of listening to the chatter of a returning party of fresh-air children can readily see that incalculable good may be done in this way. All of our party were looking forward already to next year's outing. One boy was returning home only to get the consent of his parents to go back and live with the farmer who had kept him for two weeks. Another boy was wishing he might do the same. A third boy of the party had a short visit with his sister who was staying in this neighborhood from a former fresh-air party.

But great as is the praise due these charity organizations in the city, greater praise belongs to the people on the farms and in the country towns who open their homes to these poor children. Many of these housewives are already overworked. And most of us know, that the supposition held by many city dwellers, that country people are all as well supplied with all the necessities of life as they are with pure, health-giving air, is a false one. Many country people live on the plainest fare and enjoy few luxuries, as we count luxuries. For these reasons their care of these children, who are in many ways a care, is a most commendable act.

In order that this good work may continue, and that those who so sorely need its benefits may not be deprived of them; our settlement workers in the city need to exercise their best judgment in passing on those who are to profit by these provisions. No charity organization of the city should be taken advantage of by those who are able to care for their children in the way of giving them an outing, and no rural

dweller who willingly opens his home to the needy should be imposed upon by those who enjoy many luxuries that he cannot afford. No one thing will so surely and so effectively shut up the country homes against the city children and thus put a stop to this noble work, as carelessness at this point on the part of the city workers. People are alike the world over in this, that when they have it in their heart to do a charitable deed, the recipient must be worthy. And there are many such in the world,—“the poor ye have with you always,”—and may there be no hindrance to the good work.

The fresh-air work had its beginning in 1849 when a minister in New York City sent the sick and poor of his parish to the country for a short period. In 1872 the *New York Times* took up the work and now most of the newspapers of the large cities are back of some work of this kind. The general fresh-air societies of thirty-eight cities give every year as high as a million days' outing to the poor and destitute children, and sectarian and individual societies add many more to this number. This means that not far from one hundred thousand children of the poor spend at least two weeks in the country when the country is at its best.



## OUR PAST.

OUR character is the sum of our past deeds, thoughts and desires, whether they were good, or evil. It is therefore impossible for us to separate ourselves from our past. It is the sole creator of what we now are and it is, in a way, prophetic of what we shall be in the future. But its supreme power and influence stop with the present. We are not bound to be in the future what we were in the past and what our past has made us. The making of the future is in our hands. While the past may exert a powerful influence upon us we can throw it aside with the result that the future may find in us a character altogether different from that which the past left us. Every moment that comes to us gives us an opportunity to make this change.

Every intelligent person feels that he possesses this power to change his character, but evidently he does not consider that every other person has the same power, or at least he does not give others credit for the desire to improve. When a man is advanced to a new position or lays claim to particular attention from us, we invariably go into a study of his past to see what he is and what he shall be. It may be well to find out his present standing by looking into his past, but we have no right to pass on what his future will be. That is at his disposal, and he may make it so different that what is now his past may come to have little influence upon him.

Let us be careful how we pass sentence on others, thereby putting an obstacle in their way. All around

us there are those who are struggling as we are to get away from the weaknesses and mistakes of the past. Let us help them.



#### "PROGRESS AND CHARACTER OF DEMOCRACY."

UNDER the above heading John W. Wayland discusses the subject of democracy in this and next week's issue of the INGLENOOK. Most of us need to know more than we do on the subject and here is an opportunity to add to our small store of knowledge. The articles are written in a very interesting style, and the duty of knowing what the author has to say becomes a pleasure also.



#### A PRAYER.

When joy and laughter rock the world  
And children laugh on every side,  
When selfishness has been forgot  
And hands and hearts are opened wide,  
And shoulders bend to help the weak,  
And hands reach out to guide along  
The feeble ones, and all are kin,  
And all the world is sweet with song—

When jealousies are pushed aside,  
And envy finds no dwelling place;  
When strong, and erst-aggressive ones,  
Lift up the feeble in the race,  
When beggars reap a harvest great  
That makes up for the year's scant dole,  
When men are moving heart to heart  
And standing soul to soul—

When it is joy to fare abroad,  
And it is pleasure just to live,  
And life's one bitter drop is that  
Alas! we have not more to give!  
We ask, O God, thy comfort for  
The hearts bereft that grieve and break,  
For those no open hands may help!  
Dear God! for the Redeemer's sake!

—Judd Mortimer Lewis.



#### MAN'S MARVELOUS POSSIBILITIES.

IN all this great universe there is only One who is able to bring out of man his almost infinite possibilities. There is an oft-repeated story told of Ole Bull, the violinist. He once happened into a jeering, jostling crowd of people, one of whom was trying to entertain the company with a violin. The old man recognized in the discordant music of the violin as it was being played, the pitiful sounds of one of his own instruments. Finally, when he could stand it no longer, he jumped up and asked that he might see what he could do with the violin, but so uncouth and repulsive was he in his appearance that his request was met with shouts of derision from the bystanders, and when he took the instrument and began carefully tuning each string, the uproar had become almost a pandemonium. But presently he drew the bow across the strings, and forthwith

came such sweet strains of music as those around him had never heard—soft and low at first, and then gradually swelling to a higher pitch of sweetness and grandeur. His hearers were astonished, then entranced, then completely subdued, and when at length he handed the instrument back to the one from whom he had received it, the protest against his parting with it was as pronounced as at first the contempt and jeers had been that he should receive it. "No, no; keep it!" said they. "You made it; it is yours. You alone know how to use it and to bring forth from it its sweetest strains."

Just so with man. In the hands of any but the One who made him, all his music is but as the jangling and broken voices of untuned strings. He was under the dominion of sin when the great Master came, but people did not recognize the Master, for while he was reclaiming his own, they laughed him to scorn and spat upon him and thrust him from their midst. But there were those whose ears caught the strain of a harmony that had never before been heard on earth, and gradually the anthem of the world's redeemed has risen higher and higher until today it is beginning to fill all the earth with the music of heaven, and blessed is he in whose soul the delicate touch of the master hand is permitted to execute its perfect work.—*Exchange*.



#### NOTES OF WOOD AND FORESTRY.

Mexico has from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 acres of first class woods.

The salaries in the forest service are small, ranging from \$1,200 to \$2,700.

Forty graduates of forestry schools have been appointed as forest assistants in the western forest service. The demand is greater than the supply.

What is supposed to be the largest yellow pine tree in America grows about thirty miles southeast of Astoria, Ore. Four feet from the ground it is 12 feet 7 inches in diameter. The lowest branch is 100 feet from the ground.

The New Hampshire Forestry Association has issued a call for the protection of the White Mountain forests. A foreign corporation owns the greater part of the land and threatens to denude the mountains unless the property is bought en bloc.

A notable cherry tree grows on Samuel Cook's farm in Josephine county, Ore. It measures 102 inches in circumference and its limbs reach out over a surface of forty feet. It has never failed to bear fruit for fifty years. Cook also has a peach tree 45 inches in circumference which is 49 years old, and a grapevine which is as thick as a man's body and covers an eighth of an acre. It produces a ton of grapes each year.—*Selected*.





" We believe

" That home-making should be regarded as a profession.

" That health is the duty and business of the individual, illness of the physician.

" That the spending of the money is as important as the earning of the money.

" That the upbringing of the children demands more study than the raising of chickens.

" That the home-maker should be as alert to make progress in her life work as the business or professional man."

## Habit Forming

Catharine Beery Van Dyke

My brother is a horseman. Not only a horseman in the sense of owning and taking care of horses, but he has studied the subject in the light of a science and has reduced its principles to practice in the education of horses and their owners. One of the first lessons he gives to the horse is the one known as "poling." With a light pole about six feet long he approaches the colt and allows the animal to smell of it, as that is his way of examining things; then he rubs the pole firmly and gently over the side of the head, the ear, the shoulder, fore leg and so on until the entire surface of the body has become familiar with the touch of the pole. At first the colt trembles and shirks from it, but by repeated lessons he gets used to the treatment and is not at all alarmed when touched either by the pole or some other instruments. So with the lesson on "Whoa," teaching the horse to stop at command. It is repetition of application and teaching that educates the horse and modifies his temperament and establishes his character.

Habit, in the human being is getting used to things. Not all habits are bad, but the habit of parents to neglect the development of the best habits in their children is one of the worst habits I know. I wish in this paper to speak of the importance of forming good habits.

Beginning with the new-born child—and he is so completely at our mercy—what is our duty in regard to getting him used to things? When a hive of bees

is placed in a white clover field the honey has the flavor of white clover. When surrounded by other flowers it partakes of their flavor. When a little child is encompassed by an atmosphere of patience and love it will assimilate these elements. Alas, the atmosphere obtaining around too many babies is that of confusion and chance or luck. People are so apt to think the baby does not know and are prone to keep him in ignorance, so far as their directing him is concerned, until wrong habits inevitably fix themselves upon him and his subsequent training must be largely that of breaking them up. It takes thought, careful, prayerful, intelligent and constant thought as well as care, time and work to start the little fellows right and to keep them going right until proper habits have given them a good character. The physical care of the baby during its first few weeks and months may be compared with the poling of the colt. There is so little of intelligence in the babies at first and the way to this little intelligence lies through physical contact. It is, therefore, very important how the baby is poled. The one whose duty it is to handle the infant must, in the first place, be masterful—masterful in her very touch and look and tone of voice. The habit of obedience can be formed on the bath table, patience also and self-control, and *while* these habits are being shaped the mind and soul of your little one are receiving their first nurture, and this nurture must be intelligently applied else the vessel will be marred in the making.

Oh, when will we have schools for prospective parents—for prospective brides and grooms? When will we learn to know that right marriage and right parenthood are paramount to all human institutions and attainments?

Schools for these things? We have them now, not always well professoried, and *you*, young mother, and *you*, young father, are the teachers in these schools from the first moment you bend over your first new offspring even to all future time! You are the ones to equip that offspring (and it must be done early) to become in its turn an intelligent mate and a good parent.

With this ultimate object in view,—I mean the definite object of making of our own little babies, as the years go by, *good* husbands, *good* wives and consequently *good* parents,—the training of our children will seem less irksome to us and more interesting because of the well-defined plans for their future, which plans and the endeavor toward their execution will react upon us and make *us* better parents *now*.

It is well in the rush and hurry and work to stop betimes when we have little ones under our care and say: "Which really is the important thing for me to do today? Shall I hurry and toil and sweat to get a certain amount of fruit up, rooms cleaned, big meals cooked, or tucks and ruffles in my own or baby's clothes, or would it be better to live a more moderate life in things of matter and reserve a good share of my time to get my child used to some good way or teach him some new lesson in life?" I have not been able often, in my own strength, to answer these questions, but am many times driven to seek for guidance from on high.

"If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." And the best part of the quotation is the last phrase, "and it shall be given him."

There is no higher opportunity given to man than that he may, in some good way, help another man. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" cancels every shadow of right which we might seem to have to live to ourselves and for ourselves. This opportunity is worth more than the collection of dollars and cents, more than the attainment of a scholarly or social distinction. It is our passport to a higher life in this world and also in the world to come.

Let us, therefore, take pains to definitely lead our children into the formation of good habits.



I believe in a spade and an acre of good ground. Whoso cuts a straight path to his own living by the help of God, in the sun and rain and sprouting grain, seems to me a universal working man. He solves the problem of life not for one, but for all men of sound body.—*Emerson*.

## WORDS OF LOVE AND KINDNESS.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Little words of love and kindness,  
Cheer so much the aching heart,  
When tired souls are most discouraged,  
They, such comfort, will impart.  
Then be generous and give them  
Where we know they will do good.  
We should all rejoice in giving  
All the happiness we could.

Little acts of love and kindness  
Do not seem to cost us much,  
Yet how much their blessed power,  
Some poor, lonely heart, will touch.  
They will often call a sinner  
Back to thoughts of childhood days,  
Till his heart will feel repentance,  
While he for forgiveness, prays.

Little deeds of love and kindness  
Help so much to brighten life,  
While they throw sweet sunshine over  
All life's tiresome care and strife.  
Let us scatter them more freely,  
Trying, happiness, to give,  
So that others may be finding  
Greater joys for which to live.

Moorestown, N. Jersey.



## TRUSTWORTHINESS.

"You would not assert," said my friend to me, "that trustworthiness can be called a characteristic of infancy? Surely a child must have been developed until it can understand what is said to it, and until it has some powers of judgment of its own before it can be taught to be trustworthy."

In reply let me ask you a question. Would you assert that the child is not learning language during the period of its infancy when it is hearing words but is making no efforts to pronounce them? Would you wait until it is old enough to talk before you would talk to it or in its hearing?

In its very earliest infancy, the child may be learning lessons of trustworthiness. He must first learn to trust before learning to be trustworthy. The very regularity of his time of feeding gives him a feeling of assurance and of trust. If he learns by experience that food does not come regularly, and that he must cry or fret before he is cared for, he comes to have a feeling of uncertainty which must make him more or less unhappy.

All of his little experiences are educating him either in trustworthiness or in distrust. He feels a confidence in the strong arms that hold him, until some one—perhaps in mere playfulness—frightens him with a pretense of being about to drop him. He trusts all the implied promises of good care until repeated disappointments prove to him that they are not to be relied upon.



Mothers sometimes deceive their children by a pretense of going to bed with the child and then slipping away after he is asleep. Sometime he discovers her absence and becomes suspicious; distrust takes possession of his little heart, and the ruse is no longer successful. Perhaps the mother, finding that baby objects to her absence, deceives him by hiding her wraps and slipping away from him, it may be going so far as to say to him, "Mamma is not going anywhere; she is right here in the next room." Some day he discovers her absence; after that he is on the alert, and she has great difficulty in carrying out this deception. He is becoming distrustful, and through distrust is learning to be untrustworthy.

Parents very frequently make promises to the child which they do not fulfill. It may be mother purchases freedom to absent herself with the promise that she will bring something home for baby. That part of the contract slips her memory, and she returns empty handed. Baby discovers that the promise made to him has no value in her mind; therefore it will be only natural that he should attach no value to a promise made by himself in later years. Promises made to children should be kept to the very letter, even if it be a whipping that is promised. Children soon learn to rate at their proper valuation the threats made by angry parents. "If you do that again, I will whip you within an inch of your life," may at first frighten the child into obedience; but discovering that disobedience is not followed by so severe a punishment, and perhaps not by any punishment at all, he learns to disregard the threat and loses confidence in the parent.

It is a serious matter when the child doubts the truthfulness of the parent, even if the fulfilling of the promise which was made were better broken than kept, and would have been better still if never made.

A little child on a railway train was very restless. The mother said, "If you don't keep still, the conductor will come along and cut off your nose."

Seeing the conductor enter with his gleaming punch, the child shrank behind the bulwark of its mother's shoulder, waiting for what might come. The conductor came along punching the tickets, and paid no attention to the child. After he had gone, the little girl came out from her hiding place and looking into her mother's face, said "Mamma, you lied"; and the mother laughed as if it were something amusing; but it was a most terrible and truthful arraignment which should have overwhelmed the mother with shame and confusion.

A little girl of five was once left in my charge while her mother went on an errand. The child cried and would not be pacified.

"Your mother will be back soon," I said comfortingly.

"No she won't," said the little one stoutly.

"But she said she would," I asserted.

"Oh, I know her," said the little one faithlessly.

It is not a little thing when a child of five so distrusts the mother's word.

Long before the child can manifest untrustworthiness in himself he must have absorbed into his nature the idea from the conduct of others. If we would have our children worthy of trust, we must ourselves be worthy of their trust. They learn all of their first lessons of life through imitation. If those who are training them live up to the highest ideals; are truthful in the smallest matters, treating the most unimportant personages with scrupulous honesty, keeping all promises, even the most trivial, the idea of reliability and trustworthiness will become part of the fabric of the child's character; and even before he can talk, he will manifest that he can be trusted.—*American Motherhood*.



#### THE THREE-FANGED ARROW.

TALKING people down behind their backs is about as ingenious and far-reaching a kind of sin as the devil has yet invented. For such a missile kills three birds with one stone. It injures the one talked about, the one talking and the one talked to. A reputation is smirched every time we pass on an unnecessary criticism of a fellow being. Our character and self-control are weakened with every such word. And the mind of the listener is poisoned; he ought to be helped to see and think about the best in others but has been degraded, part way at least, toward the unworthiness of our own low level. Once in a while an almost knock-out blow is given to this unworthy and unfair kind of fighting by someone's quietly mentioning a good quality in the absent person who is being criticised. This almost invariably brings gossip to an abrupt close. We shall do well to end other's gossip by this means; and we shall do still better to end our own before it begins.—*Home Herald*.



#### TO REMOVE WARTS.

ONE of the best—really the only good way to remove warts is to tie them tightly with a silk thread. Warts often are burned off with acids or caustic, but they will surely grow again. If a white silk thread is tied tightly about the base of the wart—sufficiently close to stop circulation, but not tight enough to cut the skin—and allowed to remain a day or so, the wart will gradually die from lack of circulation. Great care must be used to see that no accidental movement brushes the wart off before the skin has entirely grown over beneath, or the growth is almost certain to appear again. The best dermatologists use nothing but this treatment. It is perfectly harmless and cheap.—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times*.

**FORCING LILIES.**

THE secret about having lilies bloom early during the winter months is to start them early. You cannot do this too soon. Use good drainage and rich soil, and place the bulb just so the crown may be seen at the surface. If the bulbs can be obtained, pot them early, then water and store in the dark, cool place till well rooted. When brought out they will be in condition to grow and bloom, and the flowers will appear early in December, or at least during the holidays. If the water used to moisten the soil is impregnated with some good liquid stimulant, it will improve the growth. Bulbs which fail to bloom the first winter will mature early, and bloom all the better the second season.—*Household Journal*.

**AMONG THE FLOWERS.**

WHEN taking up the dahlias, gladiolus and other summer flowering bulbs, it seems sometimes too much trouble in the rush of autumn work to label each, yet it pays in the end to at least mark a few for home use in an unmistakable manner. You think you can remember, but the chances are that when spring comes you have forgotten which is which, and if you wish to divide with a friend there is the chance of giving away all of some prized variety. If the bulbs are stored in paper sacks it takes but a minute to write the name on the outside of the sack; then any surplus can be freely given away without misgivings.

Seedling dahlias rarely mature bulbs of sufficient size and substance to keep through the winter unless started very early, yet the pleasure afforded by the rich blooms of the single season usually repays the cost and trouble.

Maderia vine bulbs cannot endure freezing and should be dried and kept in paper sacks through the winter. The tubers increase in size and strength from year to year, hence the quickness of next season's growth as well as the profusion depends upon saving the largest and strongest tubers of the present.

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## **The Children's Corner**

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**WHAT THE FRECKLES SHOW.**

She's as sweet a little lass

As the clover in the grass.

And a group of saucy freckles mark her nose.

They are kisses of the sun.

And they stand out one by one

Like the stamens 'mid the petals of the rose.

All the freckles on her face

Are an alphabet to trace

Memoranda of vacation's wholesome play.

In their dotted lines one reads

Tales of merry thoughts and deeds.

That long hours of school life will not fade away.

Tales of healthful open air,

Hat hung for grass to wear,

Games of jolly "tag" or "Crusoe" on the lawn,

Hunts for birds in hidden nests,

Warm and weary berry quests

That have kept the small feet busy since the dawn—

All these do the freckles show

In each dusky, zigzag row,

And they give the little lass an added grace.

They're the rank marks of the sun

In a school of health and fun,

Who'd erase them from the merry, dimpled face?

—Congregationalist.

**GOLDEN RULE ARITHMETIC.**

"PHIL," whispered little Kenneth Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you after school."

"Nice?" asked Phil.

"Yes," was the answer; "nice for me."

"Oh," said Phil, and his eyebrows fell. He followed Kenneth around behind the schoolhouse after school to hear the secret.

"My Uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds do comical tricks. Ever see them?"

"No," said Phil, hopelessly.

"Well, it's first rate, and my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth, cutting a little caper of delight.

"Same thing both times?" asked Phil.

"No, sir-ee, new tricks every time. I say, Phil," Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, "won't your Uncle George give you one?"

"I ain't got any Uncle George."

"That's a fact. How about your mother?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it. It certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket; but after a few moments' struggle, "Phil," he cried, "I wonder if the man won't change this and give me two tickets that would take you and me in one time?"

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy smile crept over his broad little face.

"Do you think he would?" he asked, eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth, and the two little boys started off for the office window.

"But, Kenneth," said Phil, stopping, "it isn't fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend, stoutly, "'cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice with myself."

This settled the matter and Phil gave in.

"So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.



"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat; "one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket man.—*Round Table.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### WHY CHRISTIANITY PREVAILS.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

(Extract of a sermon preached in New York by the author.)

Behold the world is gone after him! John 12: 19.

It is an aphorism in free governments that the people can be depended upon. The popular instinct is reliable. When the multitude follows its native impulses the politician in a republic discovers the safe path for his feet. Travelers tell us that "there are shoals of turtles that regularly swim from the Bay of Honduras to the Cayman Islands near Jamaica, a favorable spot for laying their eggs, and make this distance of four hundred and fifty miles with such precision that in thick weather ships can sail under the guidance of their rustling in the water." It is thus by the correct interpreting of the people's movements that statesmen have learned how to order their own courses.

The popular judgment is with Christ today, as it was in the days of his earthly career. The scribes and the Pharisees, the priests and the elders, whose interests seemed to be imperiled by the ministry of Jesus, sought to destroy him, but "the common people heard him gladly."

The rulers disconsolately said to one another, as they witnessed the enthusiasm of the people at Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, "Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? Behold the world is gone after him!" They expressed their discomfiture in an exaggeration of the truth, but they unconsciously made a prophetic utterance which is being fulfilled in our own times. Wherever Christ is clearly seen he is in almost unanimous demand. The pulpit which does not proclaim Christ as the hope of the world *has no grip upon the people.*

If we are honestly seeking the reasons which make Christ the center of attraction wherever he is disclosed in his real character, we have not far to go. They are not obscure or complex. In the first place, *he knows men*, and they recognize in him one who understands them with marvelous exactness and perfect sympathy.

John says of him, "He knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man." The basis of this knowledge was in his own complete human nature. *He was a kind of epitome of humanity.* He summed up in himself all there is in our human nature except sin, which is not native

to the race, but which was brought in from the outside, an alien admixture, more foreign to us than are the depressed populations of Europe to our nation. The old theologians used to say that Christ's human nature was "without excess or defect." He is all that any man is, and no more than any man is, *as a man*. He is not abnormal in what he is, or in what he is not, sin alone excepted. This makes him an inspiring personality. Men say when they read about his acts and read his words, and feel the influence of his life, "Here is a man who knows me better than I know myself." Margaret Fuller once expressed a desire to explore the entire cycle of human experience. Christ is the only person who can be said to have realized this vast ambition. It has made him an universal character. He is the one whole man. He has described the circumference of human possibilities. He expresses what humanity feels about sin and righteousness with a fullness which embraces the deepest moral consciousness of the race. The commandments of God are written upon the texture of the human soul. When Christ speaks, men hear a familiar voice. They recognize in him the prophet and seer of universal humanity. He thus becomes the articulate exponent of their greatest aims, their noblest feelings, their sublimest sentiments.

Again, Christ commands the attention—*because he knows God*. This knowledge is based on his divine nature, as his knowledge of men is based on his human nature. He is the expression of God in terms of human life. He is called the Word. He is the manifestation of God in the flesh. This makes him attractive, because the world is anxious to learn about God.

A great many people think that the masses are not concerned with Deity. He forms the most interesting theme in their thoughts from the cradle to the grave. What other subject could do this?

Places of amusement may claim its thousands, but the church has its millions who go to hear, and learn about God. Even the infidel lecturer secures his hearers by talking *against* God. There is no topic more current or compelling.

If we can find in anyone a sane and helpful idea about God we are ready to follow him—or her, anywhere. That explains the vogue of many a fantastic cult which today is imposing upon the credulity of the race. There is a subtle feeling that possibly the most grotesque religious leader may be able to make more obvious the intelligible character of God. Christ is the supreme revelation of God. Philip requests, "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us," and Christ answers, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father, also." God comes forth into clear shining in the figure of Jesus Christ.

Moreover, Christ knows how to bring man and God together. This knowledge is based on his divine-

human nature. There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Jesus. By his cross he is perpetually reconciling men to God. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," is his promise, and every hour since his exaltation upon Calvary has witnessed the fulfillment of that prediction.

The attractiveness of Christ makes it incumbent on Christians to give him the opportunity to manifest himself to the world in unclouded splendor. Let us insist that Christ be exhibited in the fullness of his being.

It is sometimes suggested that the Gospel is effete because the churches in some instances fail of accomplishing the salvation of society. The critics apparently forget that the custodians of Christ's teachings may themselves be at fault through lack of simple fidelity to their Master. The permanency of Christ's message to humanity is one of its greatest wonders. "Heaven and earth shall pass away," said Jesus, "but my words shall not pass away." Other men's words and works become obsolete or require emendation. The philosopher, the scientist, and critic change their positions and take new points of view. The author corrects the mistakes of his first edition in subsequent issues. But there are no amendments to the sermon on the Mount. Christ has not abated his utterances in the most trivial degree. No apology is needed for him. Paul needs an occasional defender. Luther requires an advocate from time to time; everybody does, but Jesus stands on his own merits. His Gospel has stood the test of time. It is an impertinence to explain him. He is still saying. "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" And the challenge is never taken up. Prof. Romanes says, "True or not, the entire story of the cross, from its commencement in prophetic aspiration to its culmination in the Gospel, is by far the most magnificent presentation in literature. And surely the fact of its having been lived does not detract from its poetic value." The person of Christ stands central to all this. If Christ is preached effectively his Gospel will not lose its hold upon the world. As of old, the people are "all waiting for him." The human heart is ever the same, in spite of the changing environment of life. The human heart sins, suffers, hungers, thirsts, dies. Christ forgives, eases pain, feeds, gives to drink, resurrects. The message of Christ is to the heart of man. It promotes fellowship. His words are spirit and they are life; he parts the veil which separates us from our dead and brings us face to face. The Gospel nourishes us into eternal strength. It is he, whom we must offer to the world, for it is he whom the world can receive into communion.

It is a principle in art that in the composition of a picture all the parts shall be so arranged as to lead the eye inevitably to the characteristic feature. Whatever prevents this is a capital defect. Accessories are

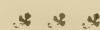
only important as they help this end. When Varelst, the Dutch painter, made his tulips so glorious that they drew the attention away from the face of James II, in whose portrait he had placed them, he violated this canon. So did Hayden when, in his picture of Christ's Triumphal Entry, he made the ass on which the Master rode more attractive than the figure of Christ. So does the theologian who fascinates by his metaphysics, or the preacher who charms by his rhetoric, while Christ is but dimly outlined. Worship itself may hinder the true apprehension of Christ. A liturgy is a fine thing if it leads to Christ and a bad thing if it leads away. Christ must be the central figure. He must always sit at the head of your table. He must always be the presiding genius of your ceremonies. It is the Christ and not the swaddling clothes of ceremonialism that the world longs to behold. Our ministry is weak in proportion as it obscures Christ. It is effective in the measure with which it brings him into open view. The Gospel is all right. It depends on those who have benefited by it, to pass it along.



#### TWENTY-FOUR BIBLE REVIVALS.

|                                        |                                              |
|----------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| A Revival by the Book.....             | Gen. 32: 24-30                               |
| A Revival led by a Lawyer.....         | Exod. 33                                     |
| A Revival led by a Judge.....          | 1 Sam. 7: 1-14                               |
| A Revival led by a King... ..          | 2 Kings 34: 1-4 and 21-25                    |
| A Revival led by a Prophet.....        | 1 Kings 23: 21-39                            |
| A Revival of Bible Reading.....        | Neh. 8: 1-12                                 |
| A Revival of Sabbath Keeping.....      | Neh. 13: 15-22                               |
| The Baptist's Revival.....             | Matt. 3: 1-12                                |
| A Revival in the Streets.....          | Matt. 21: 1-17                               |
| A Personal Work Revival.....           | John 1: 35-51                                |
| A Woman's Revival.....                 | John 4: 28-42                                |
| A Revival in a Graveyard.....          | John 11: 30-45                               |
| A Revival in the City.....             | Acts 3: 1-4, 41-47                           |
| A Revival in the Church.....           | Acts 4: 23-37                                |
| A Revival Growing Out of Fear.....     | Acts 5: 1-14                                 |
| A Revival Growing Out of Persecution.. | Acts 8: 1-13                                 |
| A Revival in a Carriage.....           | Acts 8: 26-40                                |
| An Unlawful Revival.....               | Acts 10: 28-48                               |
| A Laymen's Revival.....                | Acts 11: 19-26                               |
| A Sabbath Day Revival.....             | Acts 13: 44-52                               |
| A Revival by the River Side.....       | Acts 16: 9-15                                |
| A Revival in a Jail.....               | Acts 16: 23-34                               |
| A Holy Ghost Revival.....              | Acts 19: 1-20                                |
| A Revival in Rome.....                 | .....Acts 28: 30-31; Philpp. 1: 12-14, 4: 22 |

—*Epworth Herald*.



It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own pleasure. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.—*George Eliot*.





# Echoes from Everywhere

The railroads of the United States employed 1,672,074 persons last year, most of them males and most of them voters. They constitute about 10 per cent of the total vote cast in a Presidential election.

An electric railway is being built on the Zugspitze, the highest peak in the Alps, on Bavarian territory. Its height is about 10,000 feet. The railway will run to the summit, while a hotel will be built at the 7,000-foot level.

The Canadian Pacific is the most gigantic railroad corporation in the world, which owns or controls 13,000 miles of tracks, has 5 fleets of steamers on 2 oceans, employs 74,000 people in 3 continents, and, besides having its own mines has nearly 12,000,000 acres of land in Canada.

The anti-saloon sentiment is spreading all through Canada. In Prince Edward Island prohibitory laws are absolute. Not a drink can be had for love or money. In Newfoundland the hotels keep no bar and serve no liquor.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 11.—An official statement of the cholera situation in St. Petersburg shows today there were fifty-eight new cases and eight deaths from the disease, and that there are 107 patients in hospitals ill with it. The disease already has gained a foothold in all quarters of the city.

The Suez canal is doing a prosperous business, according to a recently-issued report on the shipping during 1907. The British tonnage, as compared with 1906, increased more than 1,000,000 and the German nearly 100,000. Receipts during 1907 show an increase over the preceding year of more than \$1,500,000.

Through the efforts of the Rev. J. Alfred Sharp, secretary of the Wesleyan Temperance Society, a million signatures of Methodists have been secured to a petition to Parliament in favor of the licensing bill recently introduced by the government and which it is expected, if it becomes law, will close half the public houses in England.

Berlin, Sept. 11.—The announcement that there have been nineteen deaths from Asiatic cholera, in St. Petersburg has brought out a quieting declaration to the public from the Prussian ministry of health, in which it is said that every arrangement has been made for dealing with the cholera should it cross the German frontier.

The great manufacturing plant of the Pullman sleeping car company near Chicago is to be torn down to make way for a still larger set of shops for the express purpose of manufacturing steel palace cars. To accommodate the greatly enlarged shops and the new machinery to be installed, the area of ground occupied by the workshops of the company is to be increased to the extent of 60 acres.

The city attorney in San Francisco has rendered an opinion to the board of education respecting the Chinese school children in which he holds that the question of their nativity has no bearing on the matter of their admission to other schools than those established for them. Chinese children, he says, are Mongolians, without respect to birthplace, but if special schools of equal standing with those given the whites are not provided for them, they are entitled to attend any school.

It is reported that the Czar has ordered the expulsion from Russian universities of all female students. It is said that the order will affect no less than 22,000 women, many of whom are nearing graduation. Hereafter no women are to be admitted as students. The reason for this drastic action lies in the open encouragement of the revolutionary propaganda on the part of the women students. The edict will doubtless go into effect, but the result is yet to be seen.

It is reported that the Tolstoi Settlement founded at Christ Church, Hampshire, England, to carry out the philosopher's idea of life as based on "The Sermon on the Mount," has been eminently successful. It is largely self-supporting, food for its members being raised on the land, and industries such as shoemaking, beekeeping, bookbinding, bicycle manufacturing and poultry raising being pursued. The colony is a vivid exponent of the working out of the Golden Rule by which its members abide implicitly.

Arrangements have been completed for the importation of about 10,000 Mexican cotton pickers to Texas and Oklahoma. The contract labor law, which heretofore has prevented the bringing of Mexicans across the border, has been overcome by Juarez Gonzales, a wealthy land owner, of Monterey, who rose from the laboring class of Mexicans, paying the transportation of his countrymen from Mexico to Texas and Oklahoma. He is co-operating with the cotton planters and Texas banking interests in the undertaking. There are now more than 3,000 Mexicans picking cotton and they are rapidly replacing the negroes in some places in Texas.

The formal start toward building the railway to Hudson Bay was made on August 24, when two location parties left Winnipeg for the north in connection with the preliminary survey of the Hudson Bay railway. These parties comprised thirty men. They will travel over the Canadian Northern as far as Winnipegosis, where boats will be taken to the north side of the lakes. Both parties will work northward, one from the Pass and the other from a point about a hundred miles north of the present railway terminus. It was hoped to get further parties off by September 1, after which date the remaining parties were to leave. The Government will build the road and equip it. It is expected that all grain will be moved by this route within two years.

It is to the interest of any business to see that its employes are always in the best trim possible, as then more efficient service can be had and the business will move forward to greater success. Railroads have to be especially careful in this respect and they have long had their whisky clauses in their regulations. Now the Rock Island railway has gone a step further and issued a bulletin notifying all employes that cigarette smoking will not be permitted and that violators of this regulation will be discharged.

The celebrations Sept. 11 throughout Russia in honor of the 80th birthday of Count Tolstoi passed off quietly. No arrests were made anywhere. On the contrary the authorities at the last moment relaxed the severity of their orders prohibiting celebrations and permitted the people to give special theatrical performances of Tolstoi's plays on the promise that political demonstrations would not be attempted. The only repressive measure of importance in St. Petersburg was the suppression of the reactionary newspaper, *Znamya*, for an outrageous attack on Tolstoi.

Mining engineers say that the supply of tin is rapidly growing much smaller and is likely to be exhausted before very long, and, acting upon this hint, in some of the cities manufacturers are taking all the utilizable tin cans, buckets, etc., from the garbage heaps and working them over into something else. Some of the machines employed cut up the old tin cans into small tin caps which can be used for tacking on paper roofs, some of them using up as many as 35 cans a minute. In a Buffalo plant of this kind only citizens are employed and they get \$2 a day. Girls in the sorting department are paid \$1 a day.

Registration in the public schools of New York City shows that this year there will be an increase of about 20,000 pupils over last year. The estimated registration this year is 640,000, although official reports have not yet been made from the various schools. When the registration was finished a year ago there were 69,000 on part time and this year it is thought there will be about 55,000. Several new buildings and annexes have been opened, but not enough to keep pace with the rapidly increasing population in the foreign districts. The teaching force presents an increase of 1,000, making in all 17,000 teachers engaged in the city's schools.

The little republic of Moresnet, situated between Belgium and Prussia, is the first country to give official support to the study of Esperanto. The republic has a population of 4,000. In the school six hours a week are devoted to the universal language. The 70 children have two hours, 40 men who are anxious to learn the language have two hours, and the remaining two hours of the week are given to 25 women Esperanto students. In the same place the headquarters has been established of a society known as the International Commercial Travelers' Association. Every member of this organization is studying the language in order to make international commerce less difficult.

Two prominent New York physicians have made the startling statement that the execution of criminals by means of the electric chair is a failure. They give instances where unmistakable signs of life were observed after the body of the criminal was removed from the

chair. Where such a condition exists, the physician who performs the autopsy becomes the executioner and it is against this possibility that the physicians recoil. New York, New Jersey, Ohio, and several other States have adopted electrocution for their highest degree of punishment of criminals. In the light of the statement of these physicians, the method surely needs the most thorough investigation.

State Mineralogist Lewis Aubury gives the mineral production of California for the year 1907 as \$55,697,949, a gain of nearly \$9,000,000 over the previous year. Petroleum has advanced to first place on the list, surpassing in value the gold output for the first time in the history of the State. The production of gold and silver fell off over \$2,000,000 in 1907. The production of petroleum was more than 40,000,000 barrels, valued at \$16,783,945, and the gold production was worth \$16,727,928.

Japan continues each year to export more machinery than ever before, the total amount taken in for exported machinery in 1907 running up to more than \$1,000,000, an increase of 61 per cent over the preceding year and of nearly 250 per cent over the past five years. Cotton gins and printing machines make up the bulk of these exports, most of which go to China. The workshops are also turning out a variety of other machines, which in large part are mere copies of devices made in other countries. That the Japanese are inventive, though, is testified to by almost every manufactory in the country. At Nagoya in a violin factory which turns out 8,000 instruments a year, ranging in price from \$1 to \$70 apiece, a number of the machines used are labor-saving devices invented by the proprietor and his employes. The reports on exports show that some of the Japanese-made printing machines went to America; cotton gins go to China and British India; electric dynamos and motors go to China and Korea; spinning and weaving machines and scientific instruments go to the same countries. It is noteworthy that while exporting these machines to other countries, Japan has to import the steel for the making of them from Europe or America.

A Scotchman has produced a mixture of sea-weed, carpet dust, goat's hair, Irish moss, gums, and chemicals which he keeps secret and is using it in the place of leather in a great many cases. He says that his mixture is not equal to the best grades of leather, but that it makes an excellent substitute for the cheaper grades which are used in the manufacture of many articles. The product has already been made up into boots and shoes, and its durability successfully tested by policemen, postmen, and others whose duty involves a large amount of walking. Two or three thousand feet of belting in machine-shops is also in use at the present time, to which purpose it is said to be especially well adapted, as it is impervious to oils and acids, is non-inflammable, and does not shrink under the varying conditions of the atmosphere. In its hard state it is said to be a cheap and practical substitute for vulcanite, and can be purchased for less than one-fourth the price of the latter. Imitations of marble and wood are produced by hydraulic pressure, the seaweed suggesting the veins or grain. In its fluid state it can be applied to a floor, and when allowed to set it forms a perfect surface of linoleum. The seaweed is obtained from Devonshire, and the more expensive varieties, for the manufacture of marbles, from Japan.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE SPIRITUAL THROUGH THE PHYSICAL.

There is no question but what the physical appeals to the normal boy stronger than does the spiritual. His intense enthusiasm and zeal in all kinds of athletic sports affirms this. But if rightly pursued one is not far from the other, and the well-developed healthy lad is far more certain to broaden into a moral, upright, Christian man, than is the puny, sickly, pampered boy, who is too weak to possess much zeal for anything, and who never becomes a power in any place. The crying need of the church today is more men who are physically and mentally attractive, that we may point our boys to them as examples of higher living in every direction. A physically attractive man has great power with youth, if he is moral, upright, and holy he easily becomes a leader. Too many of the men found in the average audiences are thin, scrawny, unattractive wrecks—fellows who have sowed seeds of dissipation in youth and early manhood, and who have settled down to respectable middle-age, limp and lifeless, with most of the juice of enthusiasm squeezed out. Or they are slow, easy-going, lazy creatures, who had not enough vim at any time in life to dissipate on, and who lack in maturity the energy to keep things on the move in either business or church life. Now boys do not admire either class. Most boys respect and honor Roosevelt, not so much because he is President, as because he is a robust, vigorous man, alive with force and energy; thrilling with the desire to do something, and not afraid to voice his convictions. Yet every school boy has heard and remembers that Roosevelt stands up in church and sings; and that, too, lustily. He also sometimes gives expression to pretty good moral lectures, to which, from such a man as he is, a boy will listen and give heed. A great responsibility therefore rests upon the man of splendid physique. He who is "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form" should realize his power with the growing youth in his community and should faithfully watch his daily life that he cause no boy to stumble and go astray. Let us urge our boys towards perfect physical development, and teach them that only by righteous and careful living can this come. Let us make them understand that our preachments against liquor, tobacco, and other vicious habits is not a policy pursued to make them the dreaded "sissies," but is only a campaign for perfect physical manhood, and we may rest assured that the spiritual will be an almost certain result.—Health.



### THE REAL RURAL PROBLEM.

The editor of Charities makes the wisest comments that we have anywhere seen upon the President's appointment of a commission to investigate the social economy of rural communities. He rightly says that, in spite of the good natured banter and some stupid ridicule that this project has called forth, the proposed inquiry in real importance takes precedence of almost all subjects now receiving serious study.

The rural communities of large portions of our Eastern States today are sadly lacking in cohesion. They complain that, as compared with manufacturing centers and the cities, they are not prosperous and that they are dull. It is next to impossible to obtain competent and trustworthy help on the farm or in the house. The boys and the girls are eager to get away to the "life" and opportunity of the town.

All sorts of "remedies" are cheerfully offered by statesmen and philosophers of all degrees and brands. Every few weeks the newspapers announce the invention, improvement or reform that is to bring back the good old times and make the young folk entirely willing to "stay on the farm." The trolley car, the free rural delivery of mail, the telephone, and so forth and so on, have all been hailed as the accredited saviors of the rural community; but in spite of them all the farmer sees the son who has been to the agricultural college and the son who hasn't equally impatient to get away, anywhere into the "life" of the big world, while he, worn and discouraged, advertises for any kind of a "hired man."

The editor of Charities drives his intellect straight thru all the wretched nonsense that has been written on this subject, and gets at the core of the problem when he says that the "real difficulty" is "the tendency toward a diminished population due to a marked decrease in the size of native families." That is the exact truth. The rural community of old had "life," energy, prosperity and happiness because it had big families. It was full of young folk who were happy, hopeful and busy together. There were plenty of them to do the work on the land and in the house, plenty of them to have good times together, and to seek and find mates within their own circle. Today the places of these native young folk are taken, so far as they are taken at all, by aliens and tramps, who render grudging and negligent service, and neither feel themselves to be nor are regarded by their employers as any real part of the community.

It will be said by a certain kind of social philosopher that we are explaining cause by effect; that the size of the average family has diminished because the farms could not support the big families of other days. We have no patience with this nonsense, for nonsense it is. The soil of America has possibilities within it that have not been touched. The inventiveness of the American mind has transformed the possibilities of farm labor. What is needed is intelligent, interested, willing workers, not incompetent, uninterested hirelings. And what is needed to make "life" in the rural communities is a normal birth rate.

We are glad that the President has appointed his commission. We hope that it will tell us a lot of things worth knowing. But its report won't solve the rural problem, nor will anything solve it, until American farmers and their wives make up their minds to breed children as well as corn and cattle.—The Independent.

### SCIENCE AS AN ALLY OF RELIGION.

Altho a large part of the Christian Church still views the doctrines and spirit of modern science with suspicion, if not with alarm, in many quarters the scientific spirit is beginning to be recognized as a strong ally of religion. This statement is enlarged upon editorially in the *Biblical World* (Chicago), which claims that "the assimilation of the scientific spirit in the realm of theology and religion unifies the spiritual life" and "furnishes religion with a new and powerful weapon for its own distinctive purposes." To quote further:

"Many devoted preachers of the Gospel not only discover in their scientific study illustrations of theological truth, but in the conviction which such study imparts to them, that neither truth nor life has anything to fear, but everything to gain, from the most thorough investigation and the most resolute thinking, find warrant and courage for such thinking and for courageous doing. The historical study of the Bible especially, which is the product of the scientific spirit working in the field of Biblical literature and history, long viewed as a foe to pure religion, has become for many a man a powerful incentive and a most efficient aid to preaching. . . .

"Very recently, a representative of the China Inland Mission, that most intensely evangelistic of all modern mission movements, has discovered that his most effective implement for religious work is a biological and electrical laboratory.

"By many this situation is still viewed with alarm. Yet in fact nothing is more calculated to give us hope and courage. For, in the first place, the assimilation of the scientific spirit in the realm of theology and religion unifies the spiritual life. A house divided against itself is ever in danger of collapse. To think scientifically in one chamber of the mind, and then to abandon this way of thinking, to bow the knee to authority the moment one crosses the threshold into another chamber, is to make one's mental life an internal contradiction, and one's mental progress hesitating and ineffective. It is only when, with full confidence that what is true is good, the thinker faces the facts in every realm with equal openness of mind and equally cordial welcome to truth new or old, that he really comes to the stature of intellectual manhood and marshals all his spiritual forces on the same side of the battle."

Returning to the claim that the scientific spirit is a new and powerful ally in the service of religion, the writer says:

"This is especially true in two realms, that of the schools and colleges at home, that of aggressive propaganda in non-Christian lands. The scientific spirit is more and more permeating the life of the colleges. No student can escape its influence. It is a matter of congratulation that it is so. But this makes it imperative that religion shall not set itself in antagonism to science; more than this, that it shall itself be permeated with the scientific spirit. Doing this, frankly accepting all that science proves, frankly adopting the scientific attitude in all its apologetic, it makes an appeal to the student mind which dogmatism can never make. And in non-Christian lands, on the other hand, nothing can so enforce the presentation of the message of Christianity as a genuinely scientific spirit. The laboratory experiment will attract attention and undermine superstition. But the handling of spiritual things with a reverence for truth that forbids either prejudiced denunciation of other men's religious convictions or the unsupported dogmatic assertion of one's own favorite type of Christian thought, in other words

the spontaneous manifestation of that confidence in truth and regard for it which is the essence of the scientific spirit, will itself command confidence and win faith in one's message as nothing else can do. Such a spirit is not only not inimical to religion; it is an essential element of the religion of Jesus. For tho Jesus brought to men not primarily a principle of knowledge but of conduct, told them not only how to find truth, but what was the truth by which life was to be lived, thus doing for the world what science itself could not have done, yet his whole teaching is permeated by that sense for reality and that recognition of the right of truth to command, whatever the past may have affirmed, which is essentially the spirit of science."—*Literary Digest*.



### THE PRESIDENT AND THE SQUARE DEAL.

When I say I believe in a square deal I do not mean, and nobody who speaks the truth can mean, that he believes it possible to give every man the best hand. If the cards do not come to any man, or if they do come, and he has not got the power to play them, that is his affair. All I mean is that there shall not be any crookedness in the dealing. In other words, it is not in the power of any human being to devise legislation or administration by which each man shall achieve success and have happiness; it not only is not in the power of any man to do that, but if any man says that he can do it, distrust him as a quack. If the hand of the Lord is heavy upon any man, if misfortune comes upon him, he may be unable to win; or even if fortune favors him and he lacks the courage, the nerve, the common sense, the ability, to do the best with the chance given him, then he will fail. All any of us can pretend to do is to come as near as our imperfect abilities will allow to securing through governmental agencies an equal opportunity for each man to show the stuff that is in him; and that must be done with no more intention of discrimination against the rich man than the poor man, or against the poor man than the rich man; with the intention of safeguarding each man, rich or poor, poor or rich, in his rights, and giving him as nearly as may be a fair chance to do what his powers permit him to do; always provided he does not wrong his neighbor.

This is not in the least a partisan question. It is one of those questions that affect all our citizens, a question that goes to the root of our citizenship; and when it comes to a question like that you citizens of this country have the right to expect your representatives in public life to join hands and work for the common good and without regard to any mere party differences. As to the details of carrying out those general principles we can not expect everybody to agree. My own views are pretty definite. . . .

I have advocated giving the Interstate Commerce Commission increased power; power that will enable it to work effectively and quickly. I should not do that for one moment if I believed that there would be injustice done to the railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission. I wish it understood definitely that if I find any subordinate of mine doing an injustice against a railroad, or doing an injustice for it, I will cinch him just as quickly in one case as in the other. I shall expect him to do the square thing, both by the railroad and by the public. If the railroad wants more than it is entitled to have, then he must decide against it; if the public ignorantly demands that the railroad shall do more than it can with



propriety do, then just as fearlessly he must antagonize public sentiment.

These are general principles. It is much easier to lay down general principles than it is to work out those principles in detail. But I have told you substantially what are, as I regard them, the main features of the platform upon which I stand, and I think that you agree with me that it is a pretty straight American platform.—The Circle, From an address by President Roosevelt, reprinted by permission.



#### WAR AGAINST THE PRAIRIE DOGS.

THE government is after the prairie dog. It is determined to exterminate him from the great plains. He is destroying the great pasture lands of the West with such certainty that the complete destruction of the range is predicted unless the efforts of the department of agriculture are encouraged. Tests are being made in some national forest reservations to demonstrate the theory of the government that the dogs can be exterminated by poison. A dog town of some seventy thousand of acres was selected in Colorado and from 80 to 90 per cent of the dogs were killed with the first distribution of the poison. It will be necessary to go over the ground a second time and by "spotting" the occupied holes the remaining dogs will easily be killed. The average cost per acre for the poisoning material was only one and one-half cents, and even then it was found that more material had been used than was necessary.

The poison is prepared by coating wheat with a preparation of strychnine, cyanide of potassium, anise oil and molasses. When a sufficient quantity is ready, the poisoned wheat is carried to the field of operations. There the stockmen supply men and horses, the wheat is given out to the riders, and distribution begins.

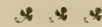
Each rider carries the wheat in a tin pail supported by a gunny sack slung across his right shoulder and hanging at his left side. His left hand is free for the reins. With his right hand he uses a tablespoon to measure out the poison and drop it near the entrance of the holes. A little practice enables the men to drop the wheat while keeping their horses at a sharp trot. By crossing the town, to and fro, like a man sowing grain, they can cover a large area in a surprisingly short time.

The action of the poison is almost instantaneous. Most of the prairie dogs in a town are dead within an hour or two after the bait is dropped.

The work is considered to have demonstrated the entire feasibility of fighting the prairie dogs in this way. It was found, however, that to be successful the poison must be scattered in the spring, when the dogs first come out from their winter quarters and before the green grass is offered to appease their hungry appetites. Next spring the poisoning will be undertaken much more extensively.

Provision is made by the forest service division

of the department, according to a letter to *The Eagle*, for stockmen and others to try the formula on their own account for which they can secure full information as to its preparation and use. It would be a good idea for the farmers and ranchmen of Kansas, Oklahoma, the Panhandle and New Mexico to interest themselves in the matter.—*The Wichita Eagle*.



THE frowns of the world would not disquiet us as they do, if we did not foolishly flatter ourselves with the hope of its smiles and covet them too much.—*Matthew Henry*.



#### Between Whiles

Visitor—What are you crying about, my little man?  
Little Willie—All my brothers hez got a holiday, and I hain't got none.

Visitor—Why, that's too bad! How is that?  
Little Willie—(between sobs)—I—I—don't go—to school yet.



#### A HIGH-HANDED ACTION.

The Bible-class teacher in a certain Sunday school was extremely annoyed at the noise made by pupils in the next room. At last, unable to stand it any longer, he looked over the partition and, seeing one boy talking louder than the others, he leaned over and hoisted him over the partition, and banging him into a chair, said, "Now be quiet."

Some minutes later a small head appeared over the partition and a meek voice said:

"Please, sir, you've got our teacher."

—Lippincott's.



Still Faithful.—Captain—"What's all this about? I thought you were a Christian Scientist."

Seasick Passenger—"So I am. I've just been giving my dinner absent treatment."—*Brooklyn Life*.



Irish Army Surgeon—"Two of your wounds are fatal. But the third you need have no fear about. A month's good nursing will cure it."

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---

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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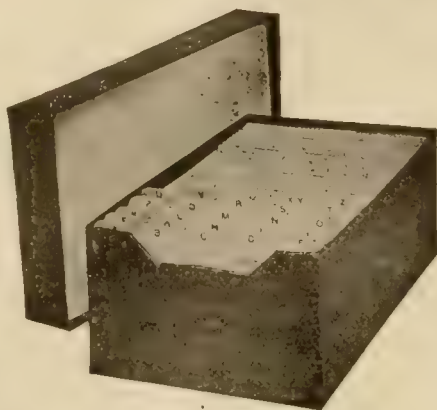
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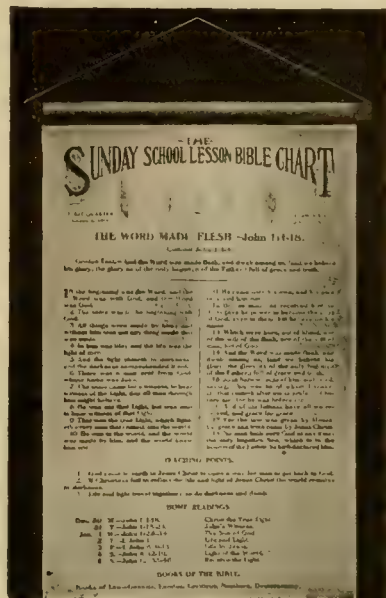
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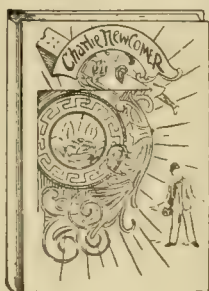
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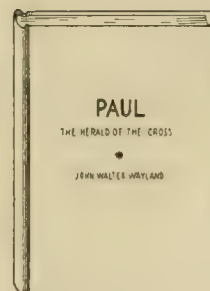
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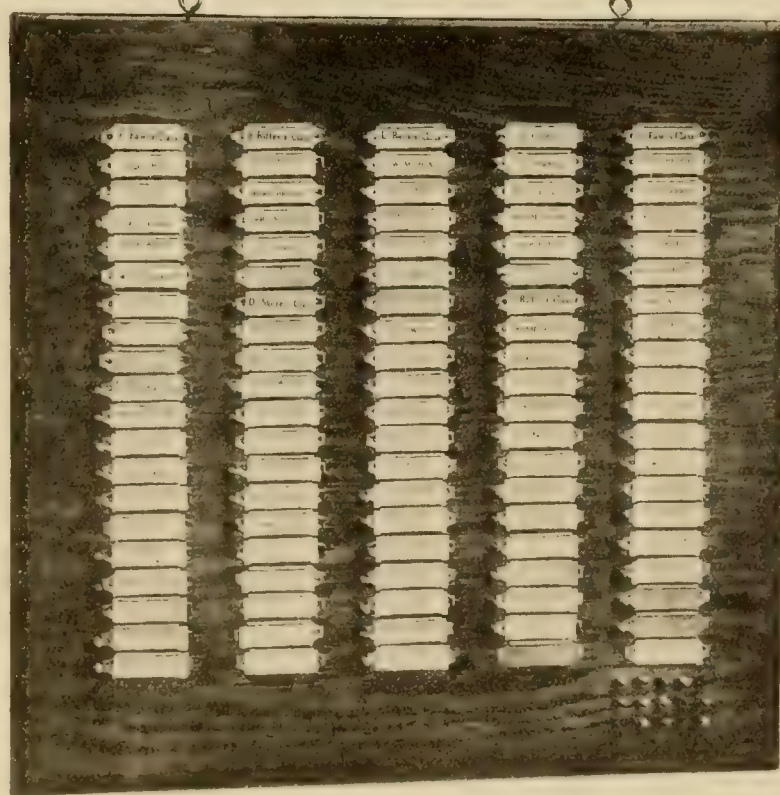
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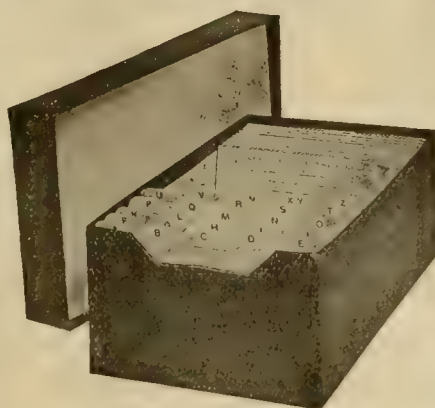
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# THE INGLENOOK

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## The Progress and Character of Democracy

J. W. Wayland, Ph. D., Instructor in History,  
University of Virginia.

### In Two Parts. Part Two.

FROM what Tacitus says of the Germans, it is an easy inference, and history proves, that from uneducated and undirected democracy it is but an easy step to anarchy. After the barbarian invasions and the fall of the empire in the West in 476 A. D., there was no community of interest strong enough to weld the democratic forces into unity of action; neither was there any external power strong enough to compel order and harmony. The Germans had what is known as personal law, in contrast with the territorial law of the Romans. The latter was uniform over a district, but the former varied according to the different families, clans, and tribes. Moreover, the Germans exalted personal courage, and espoused personal quarrels, the son avenging an injury to his father or other of his kinsmen. And so this turbulent democracy in small circles, without a comprehending and controlling force, without intelligent coöperation among the different tribes and classes, fell largely into anarchy, as it is always prone to do. For a century or more Europe was a seething caldron. Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Vandals, Alamanni, Franks, Burgundians, Jutes, Saxons, and Angles were all in fierce motion, contending with each other and with the Romans for possession of the lands they coveted. The restless Huns pressed down upon them from the inexhaustible North; the ancient forms of power were swept away from Rome, and destroying hands laid hold of her long-kept treasures; and soon the powers at Constantinople were scarcely able to be maintained against the mobs within and enemies without. After the tribes had found a resting place—the Vandals in Africa, the Goths in Italy and Spain, the Franks in the northwest, the Jutes, Saxons, and Angles in Britain, the others here and there—conditions in respect to orderly government were scarcely improved. Not only was there no coöperation among the different tribes, but even within each tribe there was chronic strife and lawlessness. Each man was a law unto him-

self, and did what was right in his own eyes—that is, as far as he was able; for might made right; the strong robbed the weak, and the weak either suffered or died or took refuge in hiding or flight. This condition of things gave rise to feudalism, a poor substitute for government, in which men who were not able to defend themselves surrendered themselves and their property to some knight or baron and he in return promised them protection.

Feudalism served its time and purpose through several centuries; and then the chains that feudal lords had forged began to be broken, and democracy, now more intelligent and somewhat organized, began again to lift its head. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries and thereabouts the cities of Italy, France, and other parts of Europe grew strong by skilled labor, manufactures, and trade. Along with wealth came intelligence and organized power. Charters of self-government were bought or wrested from the feudal lords, and "that young and splendid force which marks the birth of modernism in history, the *commune*," took form. The commune was the organized will of the free inhabitants of a city. It was not a pure democracy or an all-inclusive democracy; but it was strong enough to stand and popular enough to lead; and although hundreds of years were yet to pass in turmoil and blood before democracy gained its rightful place among the nations, the communes lifted up a standard and people began to see the way.

England, as already remarked, affords a notable example of the progress of democracy through long periods of time. The English people in their national composition as well as in their name, are fundamentally German; hence, and for other reasons also, they have strong democratic instincts. These instincts have been insisted upon in various ways from time to time, until England today has reached a position in democratic government and institutions scarcely less advanced than that of the United States.

Although William of Normandy, who conquered



England in 1066, ruled with an iron hand, and centered the feudal ties within himself, he nevertheless allowed himself to be elected king in the old English fashion. In 1100 Henry I, upon his election and coronation, issued to the nation a charter, wherein he bound himself to abide by "the laws of Edward the Confessor,"—that is, the ancient customs of England. In 1215 the Great Charter was wrested from John; in 1265 Simon de Montfort founded the House of Commons, by summoning thereto representatives of the boroughs and towns; and from that day to this that branch of Parliament has been growing both in power and in scope of representation, until the people of England today rule England through the House of Commons and the power of public sentiment. From 1642 to 1649 the king was fighting to maintain, the people to overthrow, what was called the "divine right of kings"; and in the end of the struggle the party of the people cut off Charles I's head with less misgiving than the people in the thirteenth century had witnessed the temporary restraints put upon Henry III. In 1688 the ideas of democracy had prevailed so far that the despotic James II was forced out of London without a fight, and England experienced a bloodless revolution, in which William and Mary swore to observe the Declaration of Rights—the "ancient and undoubted rights of the English people"—afterward confirmed and made permanent in the Bill of Rights (1689), which ranks with *Magna Charta*. In 1832 the famous Reform Bill marked a permanent and far-reaching triumph of democratic principles. By the provisions of this bill 143 seats in Parliament were distributed among districts that had too little representation or none at all; the franchise was made regular all over England; the franchise in Ireland was assimilated to that in England; and in Scotland it was still more liberalized. As yet, however, the privilege of voting was limited upon certain qualifications, particularly the owning of property. Two years later (1834) slavery was abolished throughout the English colonies, and owners were paid a fair compensation. The right to vote was extended in England, Scotland, and Ireland by reform bills in 1867. In 1870 the secret ballot at parliamentary elections was introduced with most helpful results against bribery and intimidation of voters; and in 1884 Mr. Gladstone got through Parliament another important reform bill, whereby the franchise was conferred upon the agricultural laborers, the last considerable class in the country who still lacked the vote. By this measure, which has proved excellent in effect, the number of voters in England was increased from about three millions to about five millions.

The most notable and violent struggle of democratic instincts, combined with the instincts of self-preservation, as well as with many of the baser passions, was witnessed in France during the half dozen years be-

ginning with 1789. The clergy and the nobles of France, numbering only one per cent of the population owned 40 per cent of the land; and by the time of which we speak neither the nobles nor the clergy paid any appreciable part of the taxes. The king, moreover, lived in luxurious style, entertained the privileged classes at his court, and encouraged them in their extravagance. In short, it took the bread out of the peasants' mouths—the very blood out of their veins—to pay the taxes that the clergy and nobles should have paid, and to feed the vampires of Versailles. But at last the storm burst—the deluge came. The storming and capture of the Bastille on July 14, 1789, was the signal of destruction. The Parisian rabble rose; the representative of the people seized power and passed sweeping acts; feudal burdens were abolished in a night; the king's palace was attacked and pillaged, and the Swiss guards slain. The jails were filled with supposed friends of royalty and emptied by massacre; the king and his wife, with thousands of others, lost their heads at the guillotine, a newly-invented instrument of death; atheism was declared the truth, and the calendar was framed anew; the reign of terror ran its course, until even the most hardened monsters of crime revolted at the scenes of blood; the armies of France went forth upon Europe till the whole map was changed.

The French Revolution in its beginning was a frantic gasp of the populace for life; next it was an orgy of vengeance and crime; then it became a war of defence; for the crowns of Europe were shaking, and armies were sent upon Paris to put down this menace to kings. Finally, the revolution not only made Paris and France over anew, but went forth to do the same for the surrounding nations. And the influence went afar and with power; for the French armies carried not only bayonets but also ideas at their points. It was the doctrine of "liberty, equality, fraternity," that made France the firebrand of Europe, threatening every ancient throne and crumbling palace. Many crimes were done in the name of liberty; and many good citizens suffered unjustly for the "public safety," but yet many permanent benefits were finally secured, and the spirit as well as the forms of world-democracy was strengthened. One of the enduring things accomplished was the abolition of the old feudal privileges of nobles and clergy; and France as well as all Europe learned to listen more to the voice of the people, especially if that voice was lifted in a cry of pain.

In 1830 and again in 1848 France gave the signal for popular uprisings in Europe; and although in many instances these attempts to secure greater liberty or to redress oppressive grievances were quickly suppressed, the moral effect was not lost; and in the long run there was a steady gain in intelligent democracy. By the last quarter of the nineteenth century both

Germany and Italy achieved national unity, in greater or less degree, after a struggle lasting a full thousand years; and in each the principles of democracy exert an influence never before known. So far have these principles prevailed in the fabric and consciences of the nations that despotic Russia and anarchistic Turkey are criminal anomalies and are justly covered with shame; but even in Russia Czar Alexander II gave in 1861 an example of enlightened despotism, in the emancipation of over twenty millions of serfs, that must in time be followed by other measures of reform, either through wise concessions on the part of the rulers or through revolutions on the part of the desperate subjects.

In the United States in 1789, when the present form of government under the national constitution was inaugurated, with Washington as the first president, the boldest experiment of sane democracy in the world's history was probably made. It was indeed an experiment and was so regarded by many of the wisest statesmen of the time. And yet the hypotheses of their experiments have now become laws; for the principles upon which they build have so far and so thoroughly been justified that we are prone to forget that they were ever distrusted. Democracy has become so thoroughly the habit and thought of American political life, that we regard it the safest and best form and would hardly endure any other. And yet we should remember that even under the forms of monarchy men may have much of enlightened liberty; and that under the forms of democracy it is possible for men to be deluded slaves.

A study of the conditions under which our federal constitution was framed and adopted, and under which our democratic institutions were developed, will explain in large measure why both have proved so practically successful. While the form and fabric of our national organism were new in 1789, and hence experimental, the principles upon which the national structure was build were not new, and not untried. The framers of the constitution worked out their task in the light of the former experiences through which the colonies had passed in their struggle first for life and then for liberty. Many of those experiences had shown political weaknesses, and some had revealed the sources of real strength. Despotic governors, like Berkeley in Virginia, Andros in New England, and Tryon in North Carolina, had made the colonists fear any approach or return to monarchy; the pioneer representative legislature at Jamestown in 1619, followed in time by similar bodies from the people elsewhere—everywhere—proved the capability of the people to manage for themselves not only their local but also in great measure their State and national affairs. On the other hand examples had not been wanting, either at home or abroad, to show that democracy to be safe as well as efficient must be sane, intelligent, and moderate.

That the people could be and might be "a great beast," was a fact recognized and soon more keenly realized by the contemplation of the hideous spectacles afforded by the reign of terror in France. For American democracy has profited by French excesses. Just as France was in part incited to revolution by reading English books and by witnessing the successful struggle of the American colonies against England, so both England and America in turn profited by the experiences of France. Both England and America were made more careful and moderate in their indulgence of popular impulses; and yet both also learned the lesson that the people must be heard and heeded when a case of real need is pressing upon them. The great English reform bills of 1832 and thereabouts were carried through largely by the popular impulses communicated from France.

Democracy in the United States, therefore, has proved a great success. This is so not only because it is so largely a product of local and national experience, as just shown, but also because it is a moderate sort of democracy—a mixed sort, if you please. American democracy is not pure, direct democracy, as already pointed out, but it is in great measure, particularly in respect to State and national affairs, indirect, defeated second-handed, delegated democracy. In other words, under our American forms of democracy we have oligarchic, aristocratic, and monarchic features or factors. The House of Representatives and the State legislatures, as well as city councils and county boards of supervisors, are oligarchies, chosen democratically. The United States Senate is also an oligarchy, chosen by an oligarchy—the State legislature. The President is chosen by an oligarchy—the Electoral College—which is a democratic or a demagogic creation. The franchise is often limited to those citizens that have education or a certain amount of property; and the men chosen to office are usually selected because of capability and trustworthiness: these are aristocratic features. The President, in appointing ambassadors, judges of the Supreme Court, etc., is a limited monarch; while in choosing his cabinet and in commanding the armies and navies of the nation he is an absolute monarch.

And yet the basis of all our political institutions is democratic. The elements of oligarchy and monarchy are necessary for convenience, economy, and efficiency. They do no harm when kept in proper control, but are a positive advantage, not only for administrative efficiency, but also to preserve a safe balance of the various political forces. It would be bad if all of our governmental departments were legislative, or executive, or judicial: a combination and proper balance of the three is the safe and desirable thing. So with democracy, oligarchy, and monarchy: all of one would weak, or narrow, or



oppressive: the three combined give us the best of each; and yet democracy is the fundamental and controlling force. Moreover, in no country, perhaps, so much as in the United States, can public sentiment, or the spirit of democracy, express itself with such facility, frequency, and force. The pulpit, the platform, and the public press are unfettered and powerful, as well as comprehensive, avenues of sentiment; and the voters cast their ballots often and freely. They vote for officials of all sorts frequently, and for constitutions once in a while. The frequency with which they vote for officials keeps the latter well under the people's will; and the infrequency with which they vote for constitutions makes the latter respected by officials and populace alike. Having solemnly bound themselves by a constitution to certain rules and principles, these principles grow sacred with time, and cannot be disregarded with impunity by either civil or military authority. And the fact that constitutions and amendments, when submitted to the popular will are sometimes rejected, shows that the people, whether they act wisely or unwisely, do not at any rate surrender themselves blindly to the work of a convention, the proposals of a legislature, or the persuasions of demagogues.

Two interesting and significant facts must yet be pointed out in this hasty and imperfect view of the progress of democracy in civil government. The first is that in a general way the fluctuations of civil democracy have found a sympathetic accompaniment in ecclesiastical polity—in church government. James I of England declared that a Scottish presbytery "agrees with monarchy as well as God and the devil"; and "No bishop, no king," was his favorite maxim. He meant what history has proved true, that monarchy in church is apt to keep company with monarchy in State; and that democracy in one is apt to be found with democracy in the other. As an illustration of the fact, the Episcopal Church, with its ruling power in the bishoprics, still lingers in England along with the civil monarchy; in the United States, on the other hand, nearly all of the churches are democratic in government; and the Episcopal Church here is more democratic than it is in England.

The second fact referred to above is that education and democracy go together and belong together. Sometimes one acts as cause, sometimes the other; but the two are never far apart. They exert a mutual influence: true democracy fosters education, and education fosters democracy. Indeed, where every citizen takes part in the government, every citizen must be intelligent, or the public welfare will be hindered if not injured. General education is essential to a safe and efficient democratic government. Kings may rule ignorant subjects, and do well for them; but sane and safe and capable democracy must rest upon the intelligence of the masses. And, in

the long run, no government is safe and efficient upon any other foundation. Good citizenship, intelligent, educated citizenship is the basis not only of democracy, but also of all good government. Education of the whole man, head, hand, and heart, and of every man, will not only preserve American democracy, and forward it on its way of beneficence, but it will also solve the distressing problems for Turkey and Russia, and for all lands where anarchy holds bloody carnival or despotism sits enthroned.



#### ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

##### XXII. G. C. Verplanck.

GULIAN CROMMELIN VERPLANCK was born in New York city in 1787, and graduated at the age of fifteen at Columbia College. Then he studied law and was admitted to practice, after which he spent several years traveling in Europe. On his return he was elected Professor of the Evidences of Christianity in the New York Protestant Episcopal Seminary, and found time to take an interest in politics, being a member of Congress from New York city for eight years, and then for a long time afterwards was a State senator. In conjunction with the judges of the higher courts, the State senate constituted at that time a court of appeals from the Supreme Court and the Chancery. Mr. Verplanck was greatly interested in the judicial proceedings, and Wendell's Reports contain many of his decisions. He was successful in his efforts in having the length of time of copyrights extended, for which every American author should feel grateful. For forty years preceding his death, which occurred in 1870, he was Vice-Chancellor of the University of New York.

Mr. Verplanck was an able public speaker, his first being the anniversary discourse before the New York Historical Society in 1818, "The Early European Friends of America." Among other addresses were: "The Right Moral Influence of Liberal Studies," given at Hobart College; "The Influence of Moral Causes upon Opinions, Science, and Literature," at Amherst College; and "The Advantages and Dangers of the American Scholar."

While quite young he wrote a collection of poems in which he satirized De Witt Clinton's literary pretensions, publishing them anonymously under the name of "The Bucktail Bards." He was the author of an "Essay on the Doctrine of Contracts," which was called forth by the great case of *Ludlow vs. Organ*. He made the most searching inquiry into the bearings of error, concealment and ignorance on the part of contracting parties upon the validity of contracts.

In 1844 he published an edition of Shakespeare, prefaced with a life of the great dramatist, and

illustrated with wood-cuts and critical notes. It was an honor to American scholarship, and prior to that of Richard Grant White, was the best American edition of Shakespeare. He contributed a great deal of the *North American Review*, the *Talisman*, and other journals, and was considered a very able writer on any theme upon which he chose to write.

Worthy of mention: Sir Wm. Vaughan, poetry; Jones Very, essays and poems; Mrs. M. V. Victor, stories and poems; Rev. J. H. Vincent, religious; Henry Vethake, political economy.

Bryan, Ohio.



### THE AGE OF CEMENT.

It is an interesting fact that progress moves in cycles. In a sense there is really "nothing new under the sun," for conditions repeat themselves, and life may be relied on to respond accordingly. In this country we are just now entering on what we may call the "cement age." Ten years ago our annual production of cement was about 12,000,000 barrels, and now it is probably six times that much—a truly marvelous increase, and this increase is continuing with no probability of a let-up. Up to about a dozen years ago the little cement we did use was imported from England or Germany, at a cost of about \$4 or \$5 a barrel, but now, with domestic Portland cement at \$2 a barrel or so, the foreign product has almost passed out of sight, and the old natural cements have almost ceased to be used. Natural cements are those made of certain rocks just as they occur in nature, while Portland is an artificial cement, made by mixing the theoretical ingredients in the true proportion. Portland cement is now so cheap and it is so much stronger than the natural cement that it should be used in practically all cases. Many people do not know the significance of the name Portland as applied to cement. A learned magazine article recently stated that the name came from Portland, Me., where the cement was first made. The fact is that the name was given to this artificial kind of cement by the inventor, Joseph Aspdin, an Englishman, in 1824, for the reason that the article resembled the Portland stone, a well-known formation in England.

Though Portland cement was thus invented 84 years ago, the discovery lay practically dormant for nearly three-quarters of a century. This was because the necessity for its use did not become insistent earlier. Things move in cycles, as we said. So long as timber is cheap, frame buildings will be the rule. Where stone is plentiful, this material will soon begin to take the place of timber. Where clay abounds and there is ample fuel at hand, brick will then tend to drive stone out of use. There is always a delicate balance in these matters, and when the cost of other materials rose and the cost of cement fell, the time arrived when

cement came into its own, and that with great suddenness.

Portland cement is made of materials which are very common, namely certain clays and limestones, which have to be calcined together and then ground to a flour. As nature does not furnish the ingredients mixed in just the proper proportions, it is necessary to bring the separate constituents together and after chemical analysis blend them according to formulas which have proved best in practice. Concrete was used widely among the ancients, and many aqueducts, walls and even whole buildings still remain, after enduring for thousands of years, to attest the durability of this construction. The Romans found that certain volcanic dusts when mixed with lime produced a very good cement. The huge dome of the Pantheon in Rome was made of concrete, and it has stood the test of time better than any other form of construction; the Vandals could not wreck this monolithic structure, and the later Romans themselves found it was too slow work to tear it down, as they did many other buildings, to get materials to make hovels for themselves.

The query now is, not what can be done with cement, but rather, what can't be done with it. Every day sees concrete applied to some new use. A few years ago concrete sidewalks were a doubtful experiment; they were laid by experts who, claiming that mysterious skill was required, charged exorbitant prices for their work. Now such walks everywhere are rapidly taking the place of wood, brick and flagstone; they are not costly and they stay put. This is merely one instance of the way the use of cement has spread. It is perfectly feasible to build whole houses of concrete, but they cannot be thrown up for nothing, as some reports would have us believe. Edison's patent monolithic cement house is not yet a commercial success; it calls for molds and other apparatus which require a very large initial investment.

No one who lives on a place of his own or who has occasion to construct houses, steps, fences, tanks, walks, cisterns, silos, etc., should miss getting posted fully on concrete construction. The agricultural department here at Washington has prepared some valuable pamphlets on the subject of concrete, which anyone can secure gratis on request to that department, and the Atlas Portland Cement Co., 30 Broad St., New York, issues also several little booklets, for free distribution, giving exact directions as to how to use cement.—*The Pathfinder*.



TIMES of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt from the darkest storm.—*Colton*.



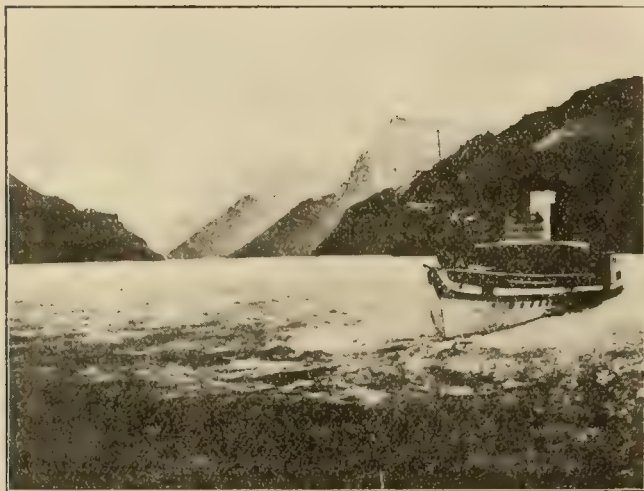


## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXV.

THE best time of day to take a photograph is between nine and four o'clock. But some of the most charming views are obtained before sunrise and after



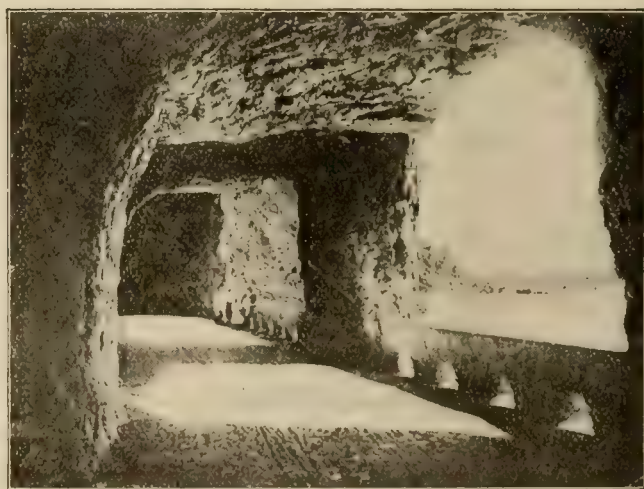
"Below me lay Lucerne and her quiet lake."

sunset. This is true especially where hilly or mountainous landscape plays hide and seek with changing colors. With nothing to fear we may stroll, alone and unarmed, through the charming valley of Lauterbrunnen. But a half mile wide, it seems narrower, for the peaks rise on all sides as we meander silently along the rock-strewn meadow that brings us abruptly to the clear-cut edge of the perpendicular wall that half hides, half reveals, the soft, moonlit Jungfrau, from another viewpoint.

The Swiss peasant has retired to his loft after a hard day's work in the odorous hay or a long climb on the peaks. The chirrup of the cricket and the chant of Miss Katydid have been his lullaby. Now he dreams, not of stocks and bonds, a new labor organization, of dissatisfied customers, of breaking-down automobiles. He is dreaming of snarling, Alpine storms, leaping torrents, crushing, smothering avalanches. The air is filled with the wild hum of droning insects, late to bed, out hunting their beloveds. All of my days are days of grace, payable at sight, in their own kind coin. I have no business or social obligations to keep.

The girl I love may wait for me or take another, what care I? Mine is an ideal. I'll meet her in Time's ripeness. Passing under a low-boughed tree, standing at the edge of a narrow vale, we discover the moon and stars at love-making over Jungfrau's dreaming bosom. Bright-colored flowers bloom by the door, while hurricanes prowl abroad or blizzards break in tangled fury in easy view. Now and then the fury of the Alpine storm swoops down, like an eagle in the valley upon a tiny bird, sucking up in its terrible maw the roofs and sometimes the dwellings of these Swiss peasants. Heavy stones are laid on the roof to prevent this.

Rivalling Interlaken is Lucerne, its first attraction the lake, twenty-six miles long and one thousand feet deep. The city itself is an exquisite combination of big hotels, pretty shops, greatest medley of tourists and magnificent scenery. Here I was entertained at the Helvetia Hotel, operated by the Good Templars, or temperance people. All Swiss beds are sweet, for the bedding is regularly hung into the sunlight from the windows, each hotel at about the middle of the



"Ahead of us is the celebrated chambered gallery high above the lake."

day or earlier looking like a tenement house under house cleaning.

On the summit of Pilatus I spent the night in a rude

hut of some mountaineers. My bed, a hard board. My breakfast was of black bread and Swiss cheese, taken at four o'clock. Below me lay Lucerne and her quiet lake. What mother is to the child, lover to the sweetheart, heaven to a believer, Lucerne is to the tourist. The lake is greenish blue and clear to the bottom.

It is full of fish. Standing one morning on the little bridge crossing one arm of the lake, I was feeding a big school of small fish that lay deep in the water below me. Suddenly, with the swiftness of an arrow, a big fish from below these made a savage dart among them, scattering them like a flash. It made me think that life was bitter enough at times without having to fear enemies belonging to your own family. It would be a severe struggle for most of us should our grandfathers and grandmothers try to eat us up!

The Axenstrasse is perhaps the finest roadway in all the world. It hugs the lake and hangs from the mountains all around its roughly-indented side. Who does not like to walk or ride along a beautiful road? On all sides rise the mountains, some naked, others dressed in green or shrouded in mist and snow, with pride upon their lofty brows as they look down to catch their haughty expression in the clear and placid lake, the wrinkles of their old age and the harsh ruggedness of their masculine might softened by the mellow illusion.

Even my wheel seemed to be impressed by the beauty on all sides, unrolling like a fairy world before us. We caught our breath at every turn, keeping on the coaster brake and finally leaning by the balustrade, we both stood like entranced brothers, the railroad below us flinging its bright belts of steel into one hole in the mountain and out at another, the train plunging over its rocky bed like a madman escaped from his prison. In the soft distance below us a boat, sculled by a lover, with sweetheart at the stern, breaks the even surface of this mountain mirror and echoes its gentle dip of oar from rock to rock. To our front lay a pretty town, nestling like a wild plumaged bird in a nest of flowers.

We are ascending by easy gradients, dipping occasionally downwards. This wonderful piece of road en-

gineering is cut from the solid granite walls that point straight to the zenith. Ahead of us is the celebrated chambered gallery which becomes for us a gorgeous box at a more gorgeous theatre. A long time I lingered in this grotto, for a rain storm caught me right at its edge.

The road ascends very rapidly now, affording grandeur and more wonderful vistas on all sides. A train shoots across a slender bridge rising on skeleton arches as a specter out of the deep valley. At last, after a most agonized climb by spiral windings and many tunnels, through clumps of Alpine pines as straight as an arrow, the train halts to catch its breath before entering the tunnel, eleven miles in length, uniting Switzerland and Italy, the great work of the mountain engineer, Louis Favre, who fell dead just as the last boring was being done. The greatness of the work had killed him.

We have left the valley with its calm fragrance and memories of friends at the hotel, and now contend with the wild emotions of fear and enthusiasm, an ecstasy always present in climbing the Alps, where the mountains, mad to confusion, frighten by their appalling awfulness.

The patient oxen toil upward, dragging ponderous loads of rock behind them. Half a mile from the summit I reached a snowfield



"At the very top of St. Gotthard's Pass an auto with man and wife from Algiers."

extending up to and over the top down into Italy. Leaving my wheel behind I advanced cautiously, for the loosening snowfield, balancing on jutting rocks, might start on its long but sudden road to destruction and death at any moment, bearing me a prisoner with it.

At the very top an automobile, carrying a gentleman and his young wife from Algiers, had met its Waterloo in Alpine climbing. After I had snapped them they turned and coasted back again into Italy, making the passage into Switzerland by way of the train through St. Gotthard's tunnel, below us.

On the summit was a hospice where a pretty Swiss waitress, attended by a family of St. Bernard dogs, served me with a choice afternoon tea. On the way back to my wheel, I found, at the very edge of melting snow and ice, hidden right under the snow itself, a tiny blue



flower, growing right in that ice water. I was agonizing to write something in keeping with the grandiloquent scenes but all I could do was to take this bluish white flower into my heart as I pinned it to my coat, and write:

**To an Alpine Flower.**

Sweet flower,  
That sweetly grows  
Here in the Alps,  
Alone,  
I dream by thee,  
And dreaming,  
Wish that I were thee,  
In grace  
And form,  
In silent majesty, God's own.  
Sweet flower,  
That silent blooms,  
Here in the snow,  
Unseen,  
I breathe with thee,  
And breathing,  
Wish that I were thee,  
In height  
And place,  
In this blue sky to live serene.

But I could not forget the noble St. Bernard dogs I had patted. When the howling blizzard gallops over the highest peaks, these dogs leave their warm kennels and alone, each seeks the ones in distress who may be lost on the mountains. Close by is the hospice for these unfortunates who fall from the cliffs to their death or who are found in the spring after the snows have gone if lost in a blizzard, but the hospice in this case is the dead house, where many unnamed tourists await the Judgment Day.



**HOME OF THE HONEY BEE.**

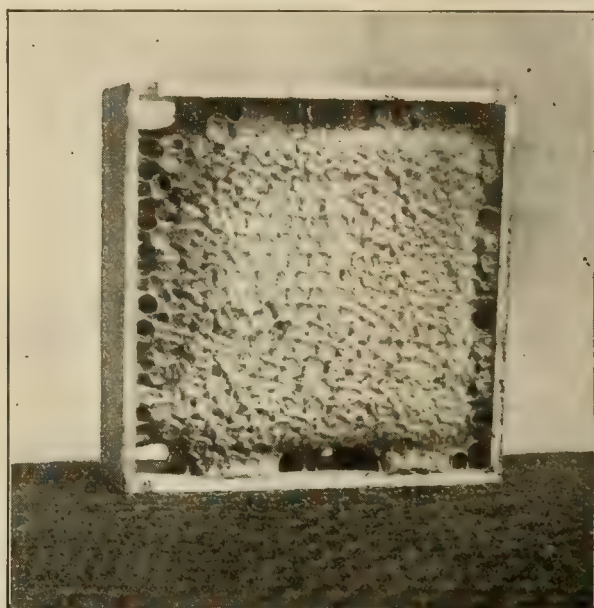
D. J. BLOCHER.

**Comb Honey.**

THIS cut shows a one-pound section nearly filled with honey. You will notice that two corners are not filled. Perhaps the bees left this for passage-ways. In good seasons or strong colonies the sections are always better filled. Under the present method of securing honey the bees can pass from one side of the hive to the other by going either over or underneath the sections. Before the present system of securing honey came into use, people kept their bees in any kind of box, bag or blocks cut from hollow trees and where these could not be secured they used straw hives. To secure the honey, the bees were killed and hives torn to pieces. This of course was doing the best they knew and getting the best they could. This was called butchering bees and had the right name and was done in fall or winter. Then came the top box. This was a great improvement, as no bees had to be killed and all the honey was in one box undisturbed except where it was cut loose from the lower hive or box. As bees

wax every crack and corner the box could be inverted and the honey left in till all was used out, and in the spring replaced for another year.

This was all very good. But how about the market? The city people wanted honey, too, but did not care for so much at a time nor small dauby chunks of honey. This in part brought about the modern system. The present system is practiced most largely in the United States. Other countries are fast falling in line. Now since freedom is doing so much for the welfare of mankind, other matters necessarily follow. The one thing that has been detrimental to the industry is the "honey lie" that went the rounds of the public press. People believed that bee keepers, or some one else, was manufacturing comb honey by



machinery. This did much evil and has retarded the consumption of this most wholesome food and at the same time increased the sale of glucose in the form of syrups. No one realizes so well as the bee keeper, the absurdity of such a claim. Here are two tests to prove the claim is false. First a standing offer of one thousand dollars has been up for over twenty-five years for one single pound so made from start to finish. This has never been carried off and we think it never will be. The second point is that no two sections of honey are exactly alike in every respect. If it were machine-made this would not be the case, as dies for such work would be far too expensive to compete with the present prices of honey. Bee keepers do use a little piece of pressed bees-wax in each section so-as to start the comb where it is wanted. This is all the artificial work there is in comb honey. And the little pressed wax is the natural product of the bee.

Again, the Pure Food law has come to our relief and there is not much said about manufactured honey any more. And if there were such a thing it would

be found out and prosecuted in the interests of bee-keeping.

The present method of securing honey has decided advantages. By wise efforts we can secure a much better article, as we are able to keep separate the various grades of honey and thereby have honey of a pronounced flavor and body. The market quotations will show that all honey is graded, the better grades selling above the lower grades at a good margin and meeting with more ready sales.

Another secret of good honey is to leave it on the hive six weeks after it is done to thoroughly cure. It will be colored some, but it will have a body that over-balances color. For city markets we must take it off

as soon as it is done. Then by placing in a warm room it improves the body without endangering the color.

Honey should be kept in a dry room and if the room is warm all the better. Honey for our own use is kept in the attic room or garret of the house where we have the benefit of good heat the better part of the summer. People often put this honey into the cellar to keep. That will spoil or sour any honey in time. Honey absorbs moisture and sours and for that reason it should be kept in a dry room and warmth in addition will make it all the better. There is no reason why more of our homes should not and could not have honey on the table.

## Wonders of the Rockies: In Colorado

Fred V. Kinzie

### IV. Gunnison Tunnel and Canal.

THIS is a day of great progress along constructive lines. We have long bridges across streams and bodies of water; buildings that tower in the air many stories; ships of both high speed and tremendous dimensions; railroad locomotives that easily make a seventy or eighty-mile run in an hour, and airships that travel half way across the continent; but, we believe, ahead of all of these, is the cutting and tunneling in solid rock. Mountainous regions show more skilful engineering than any other one place. A great tunneling project now under headway is the Gunnison Tunnel.

This tunnel has been worked on for about three years, day and night, seven days in the week, and it is estimated that at least two years longer, at the same rate, will be required to complete this tremendous task. The tunnel will be six miles long, from portal to portal. The distance over top of the mountain which it goes through is twelve miles.

The purpose for which this tunnel is being built is for the irrigation of the Uncompahgre Valley. There is also a canal connected with the tunnel; the entire length of the two being eighty miles. The seventy-four miles of canal will be lined with concrete about six inches thick.

An average of five hundred laborers are employed here. Most of the workmen are foreigners and work on Sunday the same as any other day, not knowing it as having any special meaning.

This scheme took some of the most skilful engineering ever displayed. First they put down a shaft near the place where the center of the tunnel would be, and started two gangs of men at work at this point, tunneling in opposite directions, towards where the portals would be. Then at each of these portals another gang of workmen was put to work tunneling

towards the center. The two squads of men working towards each other on the west end came together before those did on the east end, and they had been so exact in their engineering that they came within an inch of making a perfect joint. Those on the east end were yet far apart, so part of these workmen began putting up the heavy timbers and others began concreting while the rest helped with the drilling and digging on the east end. Finally the ones tunneling from the east side struck a vein of water and were run-out, and up to the time when we paid our visit, they were unable to work at but the one place—the west-side of the east end.

A town (Lujane) has sprung up at the west portal, mainly for the accommodation of the employés. The houses are rudely and temporarily constructed of light timber covered with tar-paper; and an odd sight it is: these seventy-five or one hundred black shanties, clustered around two or three very large, long-ones. These latter mentioned are used as dining halls and the business rooms. As soon as the tunnel is completed, depot, postoffice and all will disappear.

Our party of four drove about fifteen miles one forenoon and arrived at the tunnel about noon. We had secured the use of a "tar-paper house" in which we ate our dinner of the provisions we had brought with us. We then attired ourselves in the clothes we had brought along; namely a pair of old shoes, overalls, jumper and an old hat. The reader can easily imagine the appearance of the tunnel explorers. We had our pictures taken thus dressed; but the cut need not appear in this issue. Your mental picture is sufficient.

Thus dressed we walked to the nearest shaft. This we found in a couple or three hundred yards from our "shack in town." Here the shaft was only about two feet wide and perhaps four feet the other way. Down this narrow passage we made our way. A



descent of forty-five feet was made and we reached the tunnel floor. Looking one way we could see a spot of daylight in the dense darkness that intervened between. This opening was the west portal, one-quarter mile distant. Looking in the opposite direction the blackness of night prevailed with an occasional group of incandescent lights. In the center of the floor was a narrow track and over head a trolley.

We lit the tallow candles, with which we had supplied ourselves, and proceeded eastward. Water was dripping from different places in the dome-shaped ceiling of the long concreted room, and to be sure, the water was running on the cement floor from two to five inches in depth, so we walked on boards laid end to end on the ties which supported the track. Of course we had to keep our eyes and ears open for the motor-car, which could be seen and heard a half mile distant or more. We would have to wade the muddy water, to one side or the other of the tunnel when this motor and its train of cars loaded with earth and rock passed going towards the portal. It also takes the one shift into the heading to work and brings the other men out to the portal.

As we got further into the heart of the mountain the atmosphere became sultry, damp and close; so much so that it was a rather difficult matter to keep our candles lighted. We became very sweaty in a short time.

We passed the air-compressors which furnish the workmen with their much-needed ventilation; also as power for the rock drills. Two electric-driven machines are kept busy to keep the air moving in a pipe about two feet in diameter. At this place is where the first shaft was put down. Here is as far as the concrete had been put in.

On we walked, up a grade of ten feet to the mile, and after traveling about two and a half miles we came upon the scenes of activity. Meantime the water under foot had become deeper and thicker with mud, and a number of places was above the car track; thus we were beginning to get wet feet. But when we got to the heading it was more mud than water and almost knee deep in the bargain. This mattered but little to us.

We came within twenty feet of the sheer wall of rock which was the heading or end of the tunnel, where we stood and watched the proceedings around us. A platform was constructed here which brought the men, when standing on it, in easy reach of the ceiling. Two compressed air drills were in service, operated by four men. They drill for several hours and then blast out chunks of rock around which they have drilled. Back of the drills on the platform were several other workmen disposing of the shattered rock and dirt. Still others were below, loading it in the small cars. These are pushed out of the way on a side-

track until a train of them have accumulated, then the motor pulls them to the portal and they are dumped.

The heading is an exceedingly dangerous place to work or even to be. Several men have already been badly injured. Although they get good wages it is all blown in at the gambling den and saloon.

We, having a pass, rode back to the shaft where we came down and once more saw daylight.

We had luckily taken in an "unusual,"—a place where few visitors are entertained. We were soon ready for a fifteen-mile ride after night, with nothing to regret; but more knowledge of man's as well as God's works.

(To be Continued.)



### THE WASHINGTONIANS.

THIS temperance movement had its origin in a drink shop, in the city of Baltimore, in the year 1840. Several hard drinkers used to meet at Chase's tavern for a debauch. One night the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, a noted lecturer on temperance, was to speak in one of the churches, and they appointed two of their number a committee to go and hear him. They brought back a favorable report of the man and his message. There was quite a discussion in the barroom, and the landlord, fearing that his trade would suffer, cried out against temperance lecturers calling them hypocrites and fools. The discussion waxed hot and resulted in six of them forming themselves into "The Washington Total Abstinence Society," pledging themselves to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage. They then voted to meet the next night in a carpenter shop, and each one agreed to bring a new member.

These meetings were held frequently, each man telling his experience as a part of the program. The work spread to other towns and cities, and reached almost every part of the nation. Reformed men went everywhere telling their experiences and this movement became the chief topic of conversation, both in religious and social circles.

Drunkards by the tens of thousands signed the pledge. At one time four-fifths of the drunkards in Boston signed the pledge under the labors of one John Hawkins. In Baltimore on one of the anniversaries of the society, six thousand men, nearly one-half of them reformed within a year, and two thousand boys, of all ages, marched in a procession. The pledge of this society reads as follows: "We, whose names are annexed, desirous of forming a society for our mutual benefit and to guard against a pernicious practice which is injurious to our health, standing, and families, do pledge ourselves, as gentlemen, that we will not drink any spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider."

One of the first records of the work tells of a

letter sent to the original Baltimore Washingtonians, asking them to send a delegation of reformed men to New York to tell their experience. Five men were sent, men without oratorical powers, but they stirred up great enthusiasm in the great city. The great reform enlisted editors, writers, poets, and many leading clergymen. It was one of the great waves of the mighty ocean of reform to be followed by other and mightier ones, until the last legalized den of shame upon our shores shall be swept into oblivion.

This movement, it is estimated, was the means of securing, among its pledge signers, one hundred and fifty thousand drunkards, besides reaching multitudes of other classes of society. The sale of intoxicants in 1840 amounted to about three gallons per capita, about one-seventh of that now used.

Some lessons may be learned from this movement, to say the least. This was not inaugurated on a religious basis, yet thousands became sober because they willed to do so. It is conclusive proof that men can stop drinking if they will. We also find that the temperance cause does succeed where it is worked at. The possibilities of success are great to the ones who will improve them. The six men in the barroom used more religious sense, and did more for a great reform, than some sixties in certain communities are willing to do today, even though they know of the evil, and have the power to combat it. Today, with all the increased light and religious progress and several States under prohibition, we are drinking several times as much per capita as then. We need a revival of pledge signing as well as other reforms.

Next month we will speak of John B. Gough, one of the converts in this great movement.

We are pleased to record the fact that in spite of the great development of the liquor traffic, the forces making for righteousness are increasing, and the day of final battle is approaching, moral suasion—local option—prohibition. The chariot wheels of this modern Pharaoh are beginning to drive heavily. The Washingtonians did splendid work but left the root of the evil to bring forth new growths of moderate drinkers and drunkards. Now is the axe being prepared which shall be laid at, and to, the root of the tree. They saved many a drunkard, we propose to shut up the drunkard factory. They applied moral suasion with great energy. We propose to apply legal suasion with all of our might. They snatched many from drunkards' graves. We purpose to keep men from becoming drunkards. They did their work well and are worthy of great honor. We under increasing light, and greater responsibility, expect to strike the death blow to the crime producing institution, leaving it as the fig tree which Jesus cursed, withered and dead. "For this purpose was the Son of

God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil."

One of the triumphs of Panama Canal experiences, is not in finding a way to kill many full grown mosquitoes, but to destroy the conditions by which their race is propagated. Their swampy homes have been invaded, the very root of the evil has been extracted. All credit to the men who helped to save fellow men, though the great principle and possibility of legal prohibition did not seem to dawn upon them. To us is committed the greater work, not to neglect to use moral suasion whenever we can, but always to keep to the front the greater remedy, legal suasion, preventing before reform becomes necessary.—*Faith and Works.*



#### MAKING PAPER FROM PEAT.

THE amount of paper consumed in the production of a modern daily newspaper is great, and the cost of this material, whether purchased or produced by the publishing company, is a heavy source of expense. Any one who has watched the trucks passing through the streets of a large city laden with huge rolls of paper, and has noticed how constantly this delivery takes place, can form some idea of the extent of the demand. And it is a steadily growing demand, an increasing call for a material that is constantly increasing in price, and for this reason any process that may increase the supply and reduce the cost of paper is worthy of careful consideration.

The extensive denudation of the world's forests that has resulted from the heavy demands that at present prevail for wood pulp, more especially for newspapers, has led inventors towards the discovery of some new source of raw material. Peat is now regarded as a possible raw material for this purpose. The latest development in the production of peat pulp is being made in Sweden, where a large factory has been built.

The process adopted is of American origin. It is claimed that a ton of paper worth \$30 can be produced from peat at a total cost of \$15, so that an ample margin of profit is available to render the enterprise financially practicable should the paper pulp thus obtained compare favorably with that secured from timber, and be applicable to the same commercial requirements. The operations of the Swedish company are being closely followed, since in the event of its success efforts to utilize the best expanses of peat bogs in Scotland and Ireland will at once be carried into effect.

The only ill effects that can possibly follow such an attempt will be the destruction of the cheap fuel on which the poorer natives of those countries now rely, but this may be counterbalanced by the employment the new pulp factories will offer to many men and women.—*Chicago Tribune.*



# THE INGLENOOK

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## SECOND-HAND CHARITY.

OUR charity organizations, from those of the small village and weak congregation, of some religious denomination, to those of the States and our largest cities, are doing a noble work. They are so well organized and so thoroughly equipped with knowledge and experience in that particular line that the busy man and woman are much relieved to be able to hand over to them their gifts for the needy, knowing that they will be wisely dispensed. And not only do the busy people do their charity work through these organizations, but all classes are finding it the easiest and most convenient way to do their alms and the one which, apparently, carries with it the least responsibility to the individual.

But though this method has so much to commend it, it has its weaknesses also. In fact, from the very nature of things, however the system is perfected, it can never approach the ideal way of giving.

In the first place organized charity is so ostensibly a charity work that the most sensitive, and these are sometimes the most needy, shrink from it. No matter how great their need is they will hide it or pretend that it does not exist when the charity worker appears. Most of us, with the aid of our imaginations, can understand, in some degree, the feelings of those who thus refuse to be helped. On the other hand, if one tactfully enters such a home as a neighbor and friend, having no connection with any charitable organization, the help he or she is able to lend is limited only by his means or the other's need.

In this case, too, the recipient retains his self-respect and independence and is never so likely to become a perpetual pensioner as the one who is once enrolled on the books of a charitable organization. Besides, he is more susceptible to uplifting influences other than those which tend to improve his material condition. The professional charity worker's business is to minister to the physical needs and when that is attended

to the one thus helped feels that their relations end there and he is closed to any other influences.

Again, the individual giver, who thinks he can load all his responsibility onto the society through which he does his giving, is mistaken. The giver must always bear some responsibility and by working through a society he simply complicates matters. More than that, he misses the greatest blessing that may come to the giver. The personal contact of giver and recipient holds out rich experiences that cannot be received in any other way and affords rare opportunities for doing further good that no other method affords. Organized charity may accomplish the work with greater economy, but it excludes some things whose value cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

We do not wish to cast any reflection on the work that is being done by the charity organizations. Most of them do all that is possible within their limitations. And there are certain kinds of work that must of necessity be done by them. But what we do desire is that wherever possible people do their giving first-hand and thus be a special blessing and especially blest.



## THE PEOPLE.

WE boast much, in this free republic, of our privileges and power. We look with pity on the subjects of despotic rulers, and wonder how they can live in such subjection. To us there is no position so noble and exalted as that of a common citizen of a republic.

And it is an exalted position and we may well rejoice in the privileges and power granted to us in a democratic government. But it is evident that not all of us realize how great the responsibility is which accompanies these privileges and which cannot be separated from them. We are eager to wield our sovereign power, but we do not want to take the sovereign's responsibility. We want to dictate like a king and then assume the position of the slave when the powers exercised are charged up.

Though we feel that the form of government under which we live is the best this world affords, we must confess that it has not yet reached the degree of perfection that is possible and which would add to our well-being. This may be because we do not exercise all the power that belongs to us or it may be we do not want to pay the price.

In some cases, too, we have not reached the highest and best we might enjoy because the ideals of the people are low. This has been the condition in all ages. Centuries ago Jeremiah said: "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so." There is nothing wrong with our form of government, there is nothing to hinder the people from having what they will, but evil flourishes because the people love to have

it so. Atlantic City defies the law and encourages a "saturnalia of vice," because the people love to have it so. The greater part of our fair land is under the power of King Alcohol who debauches and kills thousands of his supporters as well as thousands of innocent and defenseless ones, because the people love to have it so.

Oh, we are a privileged people, but we must not forget that there must be a reckoning as to how we have used these privileges. If the sovereign people, like little children, do not yet know what is for their good, it is the duty of us who do know of the higher and better things to teach them. We dare not yield weakly to the majority when the majority is in the wrong.



### GOD'S CRICKET.

NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL.

There is a little cricket—  
It sings and sings and sings;  
Out in a darksome thicket,  
We hear it use its wings.  
The night seems drear and lonely—  
What does this cricket care?  
It serves its Maker only—  
Where cricket is—he's there.

Could company more lovely  
Be with us larger folk?  
May winged thots soar above thee—  
Serve him with every stroke.  
The clouds seem thick around us—  
We cower 'neath fear and care:  
God's goodness still aboundeth,  
His love is everywhere.

The rain is softly falling—  
'Tis dark and wet outside:  
We hear God's cricket calling—  
Cheerful, whate'er betide.  
Shall we let this small insect  
Be more faithful than we are?  
Or, shall a gloomy aspect  
Obscure God's Morning Star?

Grumble we 'gainst our Maker,  
While his wee cricket sings?  
Find we fault with God's weather,  
Using not spirit wings?  
We should 'rise 'bove Earth's troubles,  
Trusting God—good and wise—  
Disappointments (mere bubbles)  
Have no place in Love's skies.

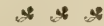
Of all our Maker's creatures,  
We are most loved and blest:  
His little things (our teachers)—  
Shall they praise him the best?  
So, let us be most cheerful,  
Since God, our Father is:  
We never should be fearful—  
Rememb'ring we are his.

Our gloom shows doubt and blindness;  
But gladness is the best:  
God deals with us in kindness—  
He'll give us peace and rest.

If we will only let him  
Prepare us for his light,  
Remove our faults—besetting—  
So, make us pure and bright.

So, let us know he loves us,  
And in his love be glad:  
Praise him who rules above us—  
We never should be sad—  
Put on our best behaviour,  
And wear it every day:  
Thus honor our dear Savior  
Along this earthly way.

Collbran, Colo.



### RAMABAI AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

SOME years ago Pundita Ramabai, a converted Hindu so well known in India, made a visit to America, and she gives the following as her impressions after hearing about "Christian Science":

"On my arrival at New York last spring, I was told that a new philosophy was being taught in the United States, and had many disciples. The philosophy was called Christian Science, and when I asked what its teachings were, I recognized it as being the same philosophy that has been taught among my people for four thousand years.... As I was born and educated in this philosophy, having taken my degree of Pundita in it, I am acquainted with both its literature and its influence on my people, and I want to witness to its degradation.... You are to take the whole universe as nothing but falsehood. You are to think it does not exist. You do not exist when you realize that; that is philosophy.

"You Christians are a people of some feeling. Everything is real. You feel when other people are starving you ought to give them something to eat; but out in India they do not feel that. Men do not feel any sympathy for others. They do not feel for people who are starving or being killed in war. In our late famine our philosophers felt no compassion for sufferers, and did not help the needy. Why should they help them when they claimed the suffering was not real, neither the dying of children real? The first results, then, of this philosophy are the basest cruelty and selfishness, no compassion for sufferers, and supreme egotism."—*The Oriental Watchman*.



"ENDURE hardness." In our outward life these words come to us as a call to sacrifice. If we are true followers of Jesus Christ, somewhere in our life the note must be telling of definite sacrifice. Christ's view of life is not an easy view; it is on the whole a severe view. It does not meanwhile admit of a full-orbed culture; it demands sacrifice. Fear not to make some sacrifice for Christ; pant not so eagerly to have your ideas of life realized. Have faith in eternity, and meanwhile take bravely your share of the hardness.—*Simpson*.





## The Staff of Life

**Lenna F. Cooper, Principal School of Hygiene and Cooking  
Battle Creek Sanitarium**

BREAD is rightly called the staff of life, for it has proven to be such to mankind. There is scarcely a nation that does not have its bread or some substance corresponding to it. It may be made from a cereal such as barley, wheat or rice, or some starchy root or seed.

But the grain best adapted for this purpose is wheat as it contains the various food principles in better proportions than any of the other cereals. Indeed bread with the addition of butter forms almost a perfect food.

From wheat we may have several varieties of bread, such as white, graham and whole wheat, according to the milling.

The wheat kernel is composed of two distinct parts, the outer enclosing coat of bran which in turn is composed of three distinct layers and the central portion in which is found most of the nutrients.

The outer layer of the bran is very hard and flinty and contains little or no nourishment. Each succeeding layer contains less of this tough, flinty material.

Closely adhering to the third layer of the bran is the gluten of the central portion mixed with starch, mineral matter, etc.

Proceeding toward the center of the grain the gluten and mineral matter decrease and the starch correspondingly increases.

In the milling of graham flour the whole kernel, including the whole of the bran, finds its way into the flour although as it is now made by many millers, an inferior white flour is used to which is added a quantity of bran obtained from the milling of other flours.

In the whole wheat flour when properly made the whole of the grain except the outer flinty layer of bran is used.

White flour is made from the central portion. Formerly it consisted almost wholly of starch, but with the improved methods of milling a much higher percentage of gluten and mineral matter is now obtained which gives good bread flour a slightly yellow tinge.

The snowy loaf of bread is no longer recognized as the ideal loaf.

There are two kinds of white flour—that made from spring wheat which contains a high per cent of gluten because the wheat itself is high in that constituent, and that made from winter wheat which contains a lower percentage of gluten.

The spring wheat flour is especially well adapted for bread-making because gluten is necessary for good bread. The winter wheat flour makes better pastry, cakes, etc, where friableness is desirable.

The comparative value of these three varieties of bread,—white, graham and whole wheat, depends largely upon the condition and needs of the individual using them. Generally speaking, the graham bread when made from good graham flour, is best for the majority of people, as the coarseness of the material is conducive to intestinal peristalsis, although there are some to whom this coarseness is positively irritating, hence should not be used by such. The whole wheat is better for such people.

So far as nutritive value is concerned bread made from spring wheat flour contains as much available nourishment as either the graham or whole wheat.

Bread is made light in three ways; namely, by fermentation or yeast, by chemicals, and by the incorporation of air. We shall first consider the making of the fermented or yeast bread.

Yeast is a small plant which can be seen only by the aid of the microscope. People have used yeast for many centuries, but it has only been within recent years that the nature of this little plant has been understood. In the olden times yeast was known as leaven. There are two varieties of yeast,—wild and cultivated. Wild yeast we find present almost everywhere. When fruit is left exposed to the air, it soon ferments or decomposes, due to the action of yeast or bacteria. If flour and water are mixed together and left standing for several hours in a warm place, it will soon be full of bubbles or gas, due to the action of wild yeast, which has gotten into it through its exposure to the

air. It was probably in some such a way that the ancient leaven was started. There is probably as much difference between the cultivated and the wild yeast as there is between an apple tree and the wild crab-apple tree, from which the apple originated.

These microscopic plants may be improved through cultivation the same as larger plants. Firms which supply the market with yeast must grow these plants quite as carefully as the florist grows his flowers. Care must be taken that these plants do not become mixed with other varieties, therefore destroying the culture. In some laboratories where yeast is grown, two separate buildings are kept for this purpose. These are both carefully disinfected, and if it is found that the yeast becomes contaminated in one building, the culture is started anew, and the other building previously disinfected before moving into it. In this way the cultures are kept pure. The purest culture of yeast is probably obtained in the compressed yeast cakes. These can be kept only for a very short time and then in a cool place, which renders it inconvenient for the warmer sections of the country.\* In this case, of course, the dry yeast cakes must be used, which, when fresh, are perhaps quite as good as the compressed, except that they require longer time, and should be started in the sponge instead of the stiff dough.

This plant, like bacteria, requires certain conditions for growth,—they are warmth, moisture, and food. Because they require warmth, the materials out of which the bread is made should always be warmed and the dough should always be kept in a warm place. The temperature most favorable is about that of the body, a little less than one hundred degrees. There is always considerable moisture in bread and plenty of food for it. The food which it requires is sugar. This it obtains from the wheat, there being some sugar in the flour, and more sugar is also formed from the starch, due to the action of a substance in the wheat which acts when it has moisture and warmth. This substance is known as diastase, and is closely allied to the ptyalin of our saliva; in other words, it digests starch, changing it to sugar, and so sufficient food is supplied to this minute plant.

As the yeast plants feed upon sugar, they break it down into two substances,—alcohol, and a gas known as carbon dioxide, or carbonic acid gas. As the gas is formed, it is held by the gluten, which is a very elastic substance. When the bread is put into the oven, the heat expands the tiny bubbles of gas, causing the bread to rise, or to become much lighter. The alcohol formed, being a volatile product, passes off in the baking.

It is very important that the bread should be thoroughly baked so as to kill the yeast plant; other-

wise the plants grow in the stomach, thereby causing fermentation in the alimentary tract. For this reason bread which has been thoroughly toasted is more wholesome for people with delicate stomachs than the plain bread.

#### Four-Hour Bread—One Loaf.

1½ cups of potato water  
½ teaspoon of salt  
1 teaspoon of sugar  
¼ cake compressed yeast dissolved  
in 2 tablespoons of warm water.  
5 cups of flour (about).

Have all the ingredients lukewarm. Prepare the potato water by boiling two small potatoes in a pint of water. Mash the potatoes in the water and use. Mix the potato water well with sugar, and the dissolved yeast cake. Stir in the flour with a spoon until as thick as paste. Knead in the rest of the flour on the board. The dough should be stiff enough to spring back when hit a smart blow with the fist. Let rise in a warm place about one and a half hours. Knead down, adding more flour if the dough should be too soft. Let rise again about three-quarters an hour. Bake at least forty-five minutes. In making whole-wheat or graham bread use one-third whole-wheat or graham flour and two-thirds white. In making corn bread use one-fifth corn-meal and four-fifths wheat flour. Bread may be made much more quickly from compressed yeast than from any other.

#### Walnut Buns.

½ cup milk  
2 tablespoons sugar  
½ teaspoon salt  
½ cake yeast dissolved in 2 tablespoons water.

Make a sponge of the above ingredients, and let rise three quarters of an hour. Then add:

2 tablespoons melted butter  
1 egg  
2 cups chopped English walnuts  
About 1¼ cups flour

Knead well. Let rise about an hour. Form into buns. Spread with beaten egg, to which 1 tablespoon water has been added and sprinkle with a little sugar. When light bake in a quick oven.

#### Lettuce Sandwich.

|                     |                      |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Thinly sliced bread | Crisp lettuce leaves |
| Butter              | Mayonnaise dressing  |

Butter the bread and spread between each two slices cooked mayonnaise dressing and a crisp lettuce leaf. Cut into pieces and serve.

For cooked mayonnaise dressing see a previous number.



"THE woman who does not love children—who is not instinctively drawn to helpless little ones—ought to institute a search for some kind of an excuse for being here in the world."

\*However, if obtained in pound cakes and immersed in cold water and kept in a cool place it will keep for several weeks.



# "SWEET SIXTEEN."

FLORA E. TEAGUE.

INFANCY draws out our purest affection; childhood attracts us because of its various winsome phases: but naught can impress one more than the hand of the Divine manifested in sweet, charming, budding womanhood. It truly takes a stony heart and a dwarfed mind to resist the power of coy and innocent maidenhood. And yet there are fiends in human form who are basely baiting traps and biding their time when these same pure and innocent maidens may be caught, imprisoned and destroyed thereby. Sometimes it is also true that these same happy, care-free creatures tempt unsuspectingly the base and sensual in man. "Many women are protected by the sweet innocence of an unstained nature from recognizing evil," some one has said. Men are sometimes tempted to evil through innocent yet too loose freedom and familiarity in the presence of boys and men; through careless boldness or loudness or too great a desire to be seen and noticed. Flirting with strangers although innocently done, or because of a lack of proper advice and training by mothers, often leads young girls into perplexing and doubtful situations. Too much exposure of woman's form in her dress is another luring bait to lead evil-minded ones on to a boldness any pure young girl cares not to combat. It is said that men have a common saying among themselves: "The thinner the shirtwaist the commoner the girl," "A hint to the wise is sufficient." Not only evil-minded men and boys are encouraged toward evil by the foregoing thoughtless deeds and acts, but many of a better type and make-up have hidden evil desires and passions roused. Surely no good girl would wish to be a temptress in this line. How careful and guarded and modest then should our dear sweet girls be. Go to mother often and seek her help and guidance and abide by it.

Are you so fortunate as to be blessed with a brother? Don't spurn and defy his advice and suggestions, even though sometimes bluntly given. He is wiser in some of these lines than you probably can imagine. No true brother wants his sister's name bandied backwards and forwards in a light way because of her lack of good common sense—or whatever it may be. Be sure your loose conduct will be talked over by your male friends in a way that would make your ears tingle and your delicately-tinted cheeks blush with shame could you hear it. Not so the modest, quiet girl. She may not have a coterie of jovial and light-minded youths encircling her so frequently, but the honorable, good and true man's eyes have spied her out and some day she will likely be asked to fill a position her wilder friends could justly envy.

Do not be in a hurry to entertain boy friends as special company. It is far wiser to study at a distance

until your mind and judgment are more mature. Five years or more will wonderfully change your ideas as to who would be a good man to fall in love with. A girl who begins tying herself down soon to one especial youth thinks all men like him, whereas there may be vast differences; some for the better, others for worse. Again, a girl will never pass over these happy, care-free years again. Then enjoy them to the full without trammeling and burdening yourself down with cares and finally end up a prematurely broken-down woman ere middle age comes on. On an average *old* girls marry as happily and more often more wisely than younger ones, and have had thrown in many years of bliss and joy as well as matured and strong bodies and minds.

*Lordsburg, Cal.*



## MOTHER'S LOVE.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,  
The traces of small, muddy boots;  
And I see your fair tapestry glowing  
All spotless with blossoms and fruits!

And I know that my walls are disfigured  
With the prints of small fingers and hands;  
And I see that your own household whiteness  
All fresh in its purity stands.

Yes, I know "my black walnut" is battered,  
And dented by many small heels;  
While your own polished stairway, all perfect,  
Its smooth, shining surface reveals!

And I know that my parlor is littered  
With many odd treasures and toys;  
While your own's in the daintiest order,  
Unharm'd by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded  
Quite boldly all hours of the day;  
While you sit in your own unmolested,  
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know I have jackets that wear out,  
And buttons that never will stay;  
While you can embroider at leisure,  
And learn pretty arts of "crochet."

And I know there are lessons of spelling  
Which I must be patient to hear;  
While you may sit down to your novel,  
Or turn the last magazine near!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides,  
Where I must stand watchful each night;  
While you may go out in your carriage,  
And flash in your dresses so bright!

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;  
I like my house orderly, too;  
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,  
Yet I would not change places with you!

No!—keep your fair home, with its order,  
Its freedom from trouble and noise;  
And keep your own fanciful leisure,  
But give me my four splendid boys!

—Author Unknown.

**TO KEEP GRAPES FRESH AND WHOLE.**

GRAPES may be kept fresh and sound until Christmas and even for several months by either of the following methods.

Select round, perfect bunches, carefully picking out any that are unsound and being sure that the grapes are perfectly dry. Handle as little as possible and do not have them too ripe. Place each bunch in a small paper bag and tie it tightly to keep out the air. When all the bunches have been disposed of, place a layer in a small box in a dry, cool room. If there are more bunches than will make one layer, another box must be used, as they must not be packed one upon another. Examine the bags every few days and if there are any damp or soft places, pick off the unsound fruit.—*Selected.*

**A PRESCRIPTION FOR AILING CHIMNEYS.**

MUCH of the trouble with chimneys filling up with soot may be avoided by burning the potato parings. The chemical action is such that the soot is entirely cleaned out, so there is no danger of the chimney's becoming filled up, even when soft coal is used in the stove. Zinc cut in small pieces and put into the stove or furnace when the fire is burning brightly also will have the same effect, and a handful used once in three or four weeks will keep the chimney clear and the draft good, no matter what fuel is used. If the kitchen range does not draw well, and the oven not heat properly, place a large handful of zinc scraps in the fire and go outside to watch results. The smoke will probably come out in clouds, and very black, and in a short time the draft of the stove will be perfect and the oven soon hot.—*Home Herald.*

**AN ATTRACTIVE DESSERT.**

A DELICIOUS and wholesome dessert is a compote of apples with nuts and cream: Large sweet apples should be used. Pound sweets and Talman sweets are fine for the purpose. Have ready a cupful of nut meats—English walnuts or pecans are best—pounded or ground fine. We put ours through the meat chopper. Mix with them three tablespoonfuls of fine sugar to a cupful of the ground nuts. Fill the hollows left by the extracted cores with the mixture; set the apples in a bake dish; sprinkle three more spoonfuls of sugar over and about them; pour in enough cold water to come half way up to the top of each apple, cover closely and bake one hour, or until a knitting needle will pierce the apples easily. They must be tender all through. Let them get cold in the dish, with their syrup around them, without removing the cover and set on ice or in a very cold place until you are ready to serve the compote. Then heap whipped cream upon the apples.—*New York Globe.*

**The Children's Corner****WHEN PAPA GOES TO SCHOOL.**

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

On Mondays papa goes away  
To catch the early train  
To go to school. We're all in bed  
When he goes up the lane.

We know he won't be back again  
Until next Friday night,  
And, my! time seems to go so slow.  
It doesn't seem just right

To have him go away and stay  
Away from home so long.  
When papa's not about the house  
Things seem to all go wrong;

For Nolia wants some drawings made,  
And Henry has a trap  
He wants to mend, while Emmet wants  
To sit on papa's lap.

Mabel has some new conundrums  
She wants to ask, and then  
The feed of mamma's old machine  
Needs to be filed again.

Henry has all the wood to split  
(The days are rather cool),  
It seems we have so much to do  
When papa's gone to school.  
Mulberry Grove, Illinois.

**THE KING'S CHILDREN.**

"Just a little story, grandma; we need not go to bed for a whole hour yet," and May's soft hand patted her cheek caressingly, while Paul brought his chair still closer to hers.

Grandma laid down her knitting, laid off her glasses, and taking a hand of each of her "grandtwins," as she called them, commenced:

"Once upon a time a good and great king sent two of his children to a gentleman and his wife to take care of and raise, so when he sent for them to live at his court they would do him honor.

"He also sent a book, with directions in it how to train the children, and fixed a way in which they could talk to him whenever they wished, and he would hear, although so far away; for he was a great and powerful king."

"Did he fix something like a telephone, grandma?" asked Paul.

"Yes, something like it."

"These good people were delighted with the children, and every day would read some in the book, and they would talk to the king about them, and ask for all they needed."

"What were their names?" asked May, with increasing interest.



"I will tell you directly; one was a boy and the other a girl. They are now about six years old, and each has a book of the King's.

"That's just as old as we are, grandma," they both said.

Grandma smiled as she looked into their earnest faces and said, "Yes, they were just as old as you are, and looked like you, and were named Paul and May."

"Why, grandma, where do they live?" and May's blue eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"She means us, May," said Paul, softly; "you know mamma has told us so many times that we belong to God, and that he is a great King; that we were only lent to her and papa, and that he would send for us some day to live with him in his courts, if we were only good."—*Round Table.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### IN WHAT WAY DID JESUS PLEASE GOD?

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

IN Matt. 17: 5 the Sacred Record tells us that God was pleased with the life of Jesus Christ. Now if his personality is capable of pleasure it must be capable of displeasure.

If we could understand in its truest sense that God is pleased or displeased, with our every thought, action or purpose in life, I am sure that we would be more careful about the way we live.

Our text shows that one man, "tempted in all points like as we are," pleased God. Then, if one, why not all? But you say that "Jesus Christ had his *divinity* to help him overcome his temptations;" but I undertake to say that the Christ had to overcome every temptation as you and I have to overcome them. With this in view, we proceed to discuss the way in which he pleased God.

It could be summed up in a few words—his doing the will of God. He must be willing to become *man* subject to all the passions of man, he must be willing to taste death for every man, he must be willing to be a ransom for all. This means sacrifice. The truly great man, becomes great only by sacrifice. The man who makes a sacrifice, for good, for others, for the promoting of higher ideals, pleases God.

When God beheld the condition of fallen man, and knew there was only one chance for his redemption—that being an incarnated Christ—no doubt he was pleased that his Son was willing to offer himself as a ransom for the creature who capped the climax of God's creation, upon whom he had bestowed all his favors. So pleased was he that he must reveal the secret to prophets who were to herald to a lost mass of

humanity that the advent of their Redeemer draweth nigh. And on the night of his birth the heavens could not hold the joy there; so the skies were torn asunder, and the heavenly choir came to earth to announce his arrival.

After his thirty years of toil and careful study, we find him at the river Jordan to be baptized by John. After his baptism do we again find the approval of heaven in the words of the King of the Universe, "This is my beloved Son." The conflict now begins. The devil knew that if he could get Christ to deviate the least from the will of the Father that the divine plan would be thwarted, and the hope of the salvation of the human race overthrown. Jesus could not take up his work alone in the mere exercise of power; he must be submissive to the will of God and trust him. So the essence of his three great temptations resolved themselves into one question of absolute submission to the will of God which is the sum and substance of obedience. If he submitted, it meant suffering, pain, and woe to the bitter end—suffering which meant death—the death of the cross, as a malefactor, one who is betrayed and rejected by his own people—and alone as if he were God-forsaken.

From this time on the eyes of three worlds were turned upon the God-man. Heaven with a look of hope; hell with a look of vengeance; the world with a look of wonder. No doubt, when the Father saw him come forth victor from these great trials, and saw a surrendered will throughout all his life, his Father-heart was touched with joy. The truth of this was proved in the Mount of Transfiguration when his feelings were expressed in the words which were uttered in heaven, but were echoed and re-echoed until earth and hell received them—"This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

But the conflict did not end there! The battle was not yet ended. Alone again in the garden of Gethsemane, fighting, a forsaken, rejected God-man struggled against all the forces of hell; but at last the victory is won. We hear him, "Father if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

Beloved, your salvation once depended upon a surrendered will, and your salvation now depends upon a surrendered will. The Father-heart of God once was touched by a surrendered will, and if you expect to get the approval of heaven, you must have the same. Jesus as a man, overcame, which makes it possible for mankind to overcome. But if mankind does *overcome*, mankind must travel the same road that he traveled and fight the same battles as he fought. And the battle-hymn must be:

"The Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain,  
His blood-red banner streams afar,  
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe  
Triumphant over pain.  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in his train."

Through his name we can overcome. Through his name we can please God. You who read this have a right to claim the victory over all the powers of sin. Christ gained the victory for you. Why can you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life? You are connected both with heaven and earth, and related to the High Priest of Glory. Heaven saw fit to give its precious jewel for your redemption.

Born, of woman, overcame the world, ascended into heaven, with the approval of a pleased God. And we, who are now here to electrify the world with the influence of his life, have all received from those who have long since laid down their armor, the command to cherish his name, and honor his virtue. You will count it an instance of your good fortune, that he crossed swords with the enemy, thereby setting us an example. You can now behold the field of action, the victory of which has reached you in the heart of America, and caused your ardent spirit to sing.

"Jesus, the name that charms our fears  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears  
'Tis life and joy and peace."

You have learned of the lines of the little redoubt thrown up by the incredible courage of Peter, defended to the last by his lion-hearted courage, and valor. Upon his faith, the cornerstone of the church has now taken its position. You have learned where Paul fell, and where John, Matthew, James and others fell with him; some who have survived many a hard-fought battle are around you, others you have learned of through the histories of war. Behold the facts of their martyred lives now stretch forth their strong arms to embrace and fortify you. Hear them as they raise their voices to invoke the blessings of God upon you in your fight: Is it a good fight? Will God say to you, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased. This is my beloved daughter in whom I am well pleased"? If so, then is the crown of life yours, and your name will be among the blessed, on God's right hand.



#### LET GOD DEFEND HIS WORD.

MANY times we are worried by doubters who challenge us to prove the ground of our faith. We try to reason with our friends; we argue until we are sick and weary, and still the doubters press their claims.

In my boyhood a lesson came to me on this wise:

A man was working his best to convince my mother that she was wrong on some doctrinal point of the Bible. She did not strive with him. She simply said: "When you can bring me a single passage from the

Bible that will show that my faith is not well based, I will listen to you. Until you do, I shall not be troubled."

There she rested, secure in her belief that God would care for his own. And that man never did bring the one passage to break my mother's faith. It was as unshaken as the everlasting hills. The Book was her refuge. As long as that had no word against her, she could rest in peace.

Are we troubled by the reasonings of those who question the ground of our belief? Rest on God's Word. He will not let it be shaken. He will defend it from the assaults of wicked men everywhere. Trust him to do it. It is not your part nor mine to wear ourselves out trying to establish the truth of the Book. It is his word. Can the puny hand of man do it harm? There is comfort in the thought that no power on earth can shake the work of his hand.—*The Bible Record*.



#### "IT IS MY BOY."

THROUGH Rochester, N. Y., runs the Genesee River, between steep and rocky banks. There are falls in the river, and dark recesses. One time a gentleman who lived in the city had just arrived on the train from a journey. He was anxious to go home and meet his wife and children. He was hurrying along the streets with a bright vision of home in his mind, when he saw on the bank of the river a lot of excited men.

"What is the matter?" he shouted.

They replied, "A boy is in the water."

"Why don't you save him?" he asked.

In a moment, throwing down his carpet-bag and pulling off his coat, he jumped into the stream, grasped the boy in his arms, and struggled with him to the shore, and as he wiped the water from his dripping face, and brushed back the hair, he exclaimed, "O God, it is my boy!"

He plunged in for the boy of somebody else, and saved his own. So we plunge into the waters of Christian self-denial, labor, hardship, reproach, soul-travail, prayer, anxious entreaty; willing to spend and be spent, taking all risks, to save some other one from drowning in sin and death, and do not know what a reflexive wave of blessing will come to our souls.

In seeking to save others we save ourselves and those most dear to us, while others, too selfish to labor to save other people's children, often lose their own.—*Selected*.



EVERY man has at times in his mind, the ideal of what he should be, but is not. The ideal may be high and complete or it may be that he can see nothing higher than himself.—*Theodore Parker*.





# Echoes from Everywhere

Judge Smith McPherson, of Iowa, has denied an injunction to the United Brewers of New Jersey restraining the Civic Federation of Davenport from interfering with its saloon at Princeton. The court holds that to enjoin the federation would be similar to enjoining the police powers of the State; also that the Iowa law does not legalize the sale of liquor.

While it still seems probable Russia will reap a slightly heavier wheat crop than last year, and a materially larger rye crop, results will be below the average, even after making liberal allowance for the crop of spring wheat. This will be the third year of serious shortage and the shipping season will open with meager supplies remaining from the 1907 crop.

Among the specific reform measures to be pressed in Congress by the International Reform Bureau for 1908-09 are bills prohibiting the interstate traffic in intoxicants, cigarettes and gambling news; in the states the bureau will push a new Sunday law for Iowa, an anti-racetrack gambling bill for California, an anti-cigarette bill for Ohio, and possibly a county local option bill in New York.

The income of the Waifs and Strays Society of London has reached \$5,000,000 annually. The society deals with the problem of neglected children, and when it is considered that of the 123,000 infants that died last year in England under twelve months old the majority lost their lives through neglect which had its root in alcoholism, something of the enormity of the problem may be realized.

The Georgia Court of Appeals has handed down an important decision in the ruling that the solicitation through the mail of orders for intoxicating beverages in another state as well as in Georgia is a violation of Georgia's constitution. Judge Russell, who handed down the decision, declares that a state may punish such a violation of its laws without infringing upon the right of the United States Government to control the mails of the country.

Credit is being given to some unknown Chinaman for the invention of a device which warns the farmer of the approach of frost in the night and enables him to protect his fruit trees. A thermometer is connected with an electric bell, and when the temperature sinks to the danger point, the bell rings until the farmer gets up and turns the switch. He then hurries to his orchard where a number of covered pots of crude petroleum are interspersed at regular intervals; he lifts the lid, fires the petroleum, and lets it burn until a dense smudge envelops the trees. The lid is then replaced and, it is claimed, the fruits are safe, for the smudge pots will keep an orchard several degrees warmer than one that is not thus supplied.

New York State is threatened with forest fires which may equal those in 1903, when several lives were lost and millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed. The fires raging in the Adirondacks are spreading rapidly and if the present drought continues for a few more weeks a very serious condition is sure to develop. The fires extend over 1,000 acres of land in the Adirondacks and nearly 100 acres in the Catskills. Nearly all the fires are on land covered with brush and from which the lumber has been cut. In only a few places, it is reported, have they reached the timbered state lands. It is said the fires generally result from sparks from passing locomotives and carelessness of hunters in failing properly to extinguish camp fires.

The internal revenue reports on the production of whiskey during the past few months tell a tale of a slump that is unparalleled in the history of the liquor interests of the country. Eighty per cent of the standard whiskeys produced in America comes from the three states of Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Maryland, consequently the comparative figures on whiskey production in these three states show the general trend of conditions. The decrease of whiskey production in Kentucky from October 1, 1907, to March 1, 1908, was from 57 to 79 per cent. The decrease in Pennsylvania in the same time ranged from 7 to 37 per cent, while the decrease in Maryland was from 44 to 60 per cent.

According to mortality statistics the various anti-toxins are doing a wonderful work in the world by saving patients from dreaded diseases. In the New York hospitals in 1893, before the diphtheria antitoxin came into use, there were nearly 6,500 cases of this disease, and 34 per cent of the patients died. In 1906 there were nearly 7,500 cases and only nine per cent of them died. London had more than 3,600 cases in 1894 and more than 1,300 of the patients died, while in 1901 only 850 cases out of 7,600 were fatal. In diphtheria alone, the world over, the number of deaths has been reduced by means of anti-toxin from 35 per cent to 9 per cent.

In Germany and other parts of Europe reeds are made to do the service of laths, the reeds being imported from Hungary where the supply is very large, though now somewhat diminished from its former magnitude by the draining of the swamps. The reeds as brought into the market are from one to two and a half yards long and average about an inch in diameter. By means of special machinery they are fastened together, end to end, with wire until a mat is made which is as wide as the reeds are long. It is cut with shears and nailed upon the wall and ceiling and the plaster is applied. A price of something over two cents is charged for a mat about 10 feet square.

Under the direction of Superintendent Cooley, the Chicago public schools are to have a new department, known as the "continuation schools." It is an adaptation of the German plan for giving boys and girls who have to go to work for their living a chance to go on with their study in night classes. It is planned to give special instruction to 20,000 working boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 18 at the public expense. Only the English-speaking ones will be admitted to these classes, and the courses will be directed toward some practical trade.

Conditions in India show a great improvement. There is still much "unrest" which, under the surface, is spreading and must somewhere find an outlet. But there is now comparative quiet where there was formerly serious rioting, particularly in Bombay, where the mill workers have been on strike. What is even more cause for rejoicing is the fact that several portions of the country have been favored with good rains during the past month. Crop prospects have in consequence been greatly brightened and the famine situation made very much less acute. The number on relief was decreased 50,000, though it stands now at over 842,000 and there is still great suffering.

Sept. 17 at the trial grounds at Ft. Meyer, after breaking all records for flight with a heavier-than-air machine and in one trial making the wonderful record of continuing in flight for one hour and fourteen minutes, the aeroplane was wrecked, the aeroplanist, Orville Wright, was severely hurt and Lieutenant Selfridge, of the signal corps, who accompanied him, was killed. The machine had been in flight with the two men about five minutes and was about one hundred feet from the ground. In some unaccountable way a wire guy came in contact with one of the propellers and the latter was broken off. With the other propeller still in motion the machine began to whirl around. To stop this motion, Wright shut off the motor, but the distance to the ground was not sufficient for the machine to be righted and it came to the ground with a crash. Wright's injuries were a broken thigh and several broken ribs. Selfridge's skull was fractured from which injury he died three hours after he was taken from the wreck. It is said the government has extended the time allowed the Wrights for proving their machine, after which they are to receive \$25,000 for it.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 18.—More alarming than ever is the cholera situation tonight. The Asiatic plague has obtained a strong foothold in the garrison of St. Petersburg and threatens terrible slaughter among the soldiers. Throughout the city it is gaining rapidly, and in spite of all efforts it is beyond control. The military authorities today made known for the first time the condition among the troops. The disease is spreading so rapidly that a second large hospital is to be opened immediately. There are today 831 patients in hospitals. Since the beginning of the epidemic there has been a total of 1,061 cases, of which thirty-seven recovered. In view of the rapid spread of the epidemic and the danger to children, the municipality has decided to close the primary schools of the city for six weeks and to convert the school buildings into hospitals. From noon today until midnight 471 new cholera cases were reported in this city.

John Murray Dowie, aged 83 years, father of John Alexander Dowie, the founder of Zion City, and who was repudiated by his son, died recently at the home of his son's widow, Mrs. Jane Dowie, on White Lake, Muskegon County. He went to live with Mrs. Dowie when his son denied him and had been in declining health since.

Following close on the wreck of Orville Wright's aeroplane at Ft. Meyer, Wilbur Wright, at Le Mans, France, established a record, even beyond that made by his brother, by a continuous flight lasting a little over one hour and thirty-one minutes. Ten thousand people witnessed the flight which might have continued for a longer period had not darkness come on.

Sept. 22 it was found that cholera had broken out in Berlin, notwithstanding the precautions taken against it. In Manila the authorities claim to have the epidemic in check and hope to be rid of it before the arrival of the American battleship fleet. Dr. Alvah H. Doty, health officer of the port of New York, declares he is not at all disturbed by the spread of cholera, bubonic plague, and yellow fever in various parts of the world, from which immigrants come to America. That New York has not had a case of cholera in more than ten years is not because of good luck, he says, but because of everlasting and increasing vigilance.

Insistent declarations that a revolutionary outbreak in Portugal is impending continue to make their appearance in the local newspapers, and a new feature of these reports is the statement that the monarchical extremists, realizing that the republicans are arming for a revolt, are making ready for their defense by storing secretly large quantities of arms in the convents of Lisbon, where the authorities dare not penetrate. The movement is said to be supported actively by the clerical party. One of the monarchical organs says that 17,000 persons have enlisted for the purpose of attacking and destroying the offices of republican newspapers, and the republicans declare that if this is done they will retaliate by starting a general riot and revolution.

A train-stopping device, which it is said will practically eliminate the telegraph operator as a factor in the movement of railroad trains, is under investigation by the block signal and train control board of the interstate commerce commission, who soon will give it an official test. The system is an invention of P. J. Simmen of Los Angeles, Cal. It already has been installed on eighteen miles of the Santa Fe Railway in southern California and is said to be a success. By the working of the system each train records the exact time it enters and the time it leaves a block. The train dispatcher can signal direct to any engineer in his cab either to stop or to proceed. The dispatcher is protected against human error by the automatic interlocking of the switchboard by which he signals to trains. The engineer also is protected against error by the use of an automatic stop. He is given a danger signal either by the train dispatcher or by the presence of a train, open switch or a broken rail in the block ahead. If on receiving the signal he should fail to reduce his speed to a safe rate his train is automatically stopped.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### CHRISTIANS HINDERING CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

If the European Christians in India "behaved themselves like true Christians," writes Hira Lal Kumar in *The Indian Appeal* (Calcutta), "Christianity would have been the main religion of India by this time." As it is, he asserts, "the conduct of European Christians in India, generally speaking, is anything but desirable," and as a consequence "the Indians have a bad opinion of Christianity." Nowhere, he believes, is Christianity so sadly abused by the acts of its professors as in India. Even the judges, he asserts, are too often frankly partizan when they decide cases between a European and a native. In contrast to these alleged facts he outlines his own conception of a true Christian. We read:

"Although the whole world does not believe in the Godhead of Christ, it is universally recognized that Christ is Love and that Christianity is the doctrine of love, and that true Christians are lovers of mankind. It teaches men morality, righteousness, truth, justice, and everything that is good for the individual and for society. A true Christian does not conceal a fact, nor does he utter lies to support a motive, selfish or political. He is against waging war for whatsoever purposes. He does not take protection of the art of diplomacy and speak lies as privileged to do so for the purpose of deceiving others.

"A true Christian is always truthful, sincere, simple, meek, and humble. He does not know what is duplicity. He thinks that a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways. He does not believe that a man would be trustworthy in one department of human action and at the same time treacherous in another. It is a mistake to think that a man can pass a certain part of his daily life in righteous pursuits and the rest in vicious enjoyments. A Christian cannot act against his conscience even under compulsion.

"An immoral and unrighteous man, however extensive his literary attainments may be, and whatever social and official position he may hold, he can never make himself a good and impartial judge, a true politician, and a beloved ruler. It is ridiculous to think that no importance attaches to the religiousness, righteousness, and morality of persons who administer justice or rule a country."

Christians at home, suggests Hira Lal Kumar, "would be making the best use of their wealth if they sent some missionaries to Christianize the hearts, not of the Indians, but of Europeans here who profess to be Christians but act worse than heathens."—*Literary Digest*.



### GIFTS OF THE CHILDLESS.

A wealthy bachelor, Frederick Cooper Hewitt, whose name suggests distinguished and rich family connections, died last week in Owego, N. Y., and left, as was most becoming, most of his property to the public. To

various relatives and friends he made bequests of \$100,000 or less, all that family and friendship required, and the rest he gave to the community in general, two million dollars to the Postgraduate Medical College and Hospital in this city, half a million to Yale, another half-million in smaller bequests, a million and a half to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to which also he bequeathed his great collection of Barbizon paintings, and which he also made his residuary legatee, which may add something more.

Jeremy Taylor, in his "Holy Living and Dying," has a chapter on the incidental advantages which come from great misfortunes. He tells, by way of illustration, copying from Montaigne, of the man who threw a stone at a dog and hit his cruel stepmother, and who remarked that although the stone missed its mark it was not entirely lost. There are incidental advantages that come from so great an evil as celibacy and childlessness, and one of them is illustrated in the case of Mr. Hewitt. Had he married in his young manhood, and raised a reasonably large family of children, he would have felt it his duty and privilege to distribute most of his wealth among them. He had no children as his natural heirs, and the interest and affection that naturally should have gone to them sought some object, and could properly go nowhere else than to the public. The only question then was one of selection; and he selected wisely.

Delay in marriage, ending in final celibacy, is one of our greatest social evils, and it affects most those who can fairly or well afford to marry. They are a better class, a more intelligent and thrifty class, from whom it is most to be desired that the future generation shall be recruited. In this country there is almost no increase of population except by immigration. Accepting it as a general statement that half who are born die before they are fully matured, in order simply to maintain present population, all who are physically mature should marry and have an average of four children to each married pair. Instead of this we see multitudes of married people, either selfish or unfortunate, who have no children or only one or two, and an increasing number who delay marriage indefinitely. That this is a most serious evil and social loss is evident to anybody.

But it has this one minor incidental advantage, that what the State loses in growing citizens it makes up, in small part, in money. To be sure, the loss of possible children is a still greater loss of producing wealth, but there is some partial gain in the fact that those who have no children, or only one or two, are more inclined to compound for the fault they were inclined to by putting their wealth where it will be an advantage to other people's children. Such a man, who cannot take his wealth with him, must ask himself what he can do with it after his death. He has founded no family to bear his name; he can at best perpetuate his memory by founding a chair or an institution, some fund by which he will be remembered as a benefactor of his race.

The bachelor who gives his millions to the state does well; the married who have given children to the state have done better.—The Independent.



### THE PROHIBITIONIST PERSONNEL.

The convention that on July 15 and 16 met in Memorial Hall, Columbus, Ohio, was no ordinary gathering. From every part of the country earnest men and women had journeyed to the Buckeye capital to grasp one another by the hand, to utter words of cheer, and once again to pledge allegiance in the long-drawn battle for a sober country and a better citizenship.

Of the 1,200 delegates who made the hall resound with song and speech and cheer a few were freaks, for no convention is without them, but as a body the National Prohibition Convention of 1908 was made up of men and women (about 100 of the latter), patriotic, progressive, intelligent, cultured, representative. There were lawyers and doctors and preachers, bankers and manufacturers and merchants, capitalists and wage-earners, college professors and presidents, captains of industry and humble toilers at the workbench and forge, men whose wealth runs into seven figures and men who to come at all must travel second-class and to whom cabs and sleeping-cars and railway-diners and first-class hotels are forbidden luxuries.

Walter Wellman, in an admirable report in the Chicago Record-Herald, describes the personnel of the convention as "typical of that class of society on which the nation ever depends in a great crisis, the sort from whom all moral movements spring, the type of people whom every one instinctively trusts or calls upon for help or brave and persistent advocacy of that which they believe is right in spite of all opposition."

The convention lacked many things which the professional politician would expect to find and might deem essential. There was no boss and not even a slate. Names had been suggested for the chief honors to be given, but the men finally nominated had not even been mentioned as candidates until the balloting was about to begin. There was leadership, but no dictation. There were men of strength and influence who would have made themselves felt in any body with which they might be connected, but the spirit of real democracy so prevailed that the obscurest delegate was able to bear his part in the business of the convention.

Self-seeking and personal ambition and sordid motives were not in evidence in that company of wide-awake and sincere reformers, but the most casual observer could not fail to discover those fine moral qualities that mark the best type of American manhood.

Impractical some people would call them, but sincere, self-sacrificing, and patriotic even their most violent opponents will concede them to be.

What do these reformers seek? Why do they give so liberally of their time and money and energy? Why have they surrendered the hope of political preferment in the parties large enough to handle now and then the loaves and fishes? Why are they united in a political organization that offers no immediate opportunity and small future prospect of dispensing the spoils of office?

It is simply that they may unite in a protest as citizens against a legalized, expensive, debasing, and corrupting traffic.

They insist that the Government, State or national, has no right to license and should not permit the con-

tinuance of a business that creates no wealth, that wastes our material resources, that debases and bestializes its patrons, that corrupts voters, buys legislation, pays cash for police protection, intimidates executive officers, and coolly informs ambitious politicians that there is no place at the front for the man who is indiscreet enough to be on bad terms with the saloon.

The party Prohibitionists are an uncompromising lot of folk, preferring to vote for exactly what they want, whether they can get it or not, rather than to vote for exactly what they do not want and get it right away.—From "The Prohibitionists and Their Cause," by Samuel Dickie, in the American Review of Reviews for September.



### MODERN IDEAS IN EDUCATION ARE IMPRACTICABLE.

We all know that the children of the last two decades in our schools have not been educated. With all our training we have trained nobody. With all our instructing we have instructed nobody, says Rheta Childe Dorr, quoting Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, in the October Delineator. At an educational conference held in Kansas City, Missouri, Miss Mary Fisher, a high-school teacher, said:

For some years it was my duty to conduct examinations for entrance into higher courses of study. . . . In one examination of nine girls, ranging from sixteen to twenty years, two of them high-school graduates, not one knew who Benjamin Franklin was. All of them said he had been president of the United States, and one said he had "invented electricity with a kite."

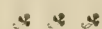
To illustrate the hopeless confusion of mind of the majority of grammar-school graduates, this teacher described an examination of pupils in the Manual Training High School of Kansas City. A list of words was given and the pupils were requested to use the words in intelligible sentences. Here are a few of the words and resultant sentences:

Discovery: Invention.—"The invention of the locomotive was discovered by Watt." "James Watt discovered the steam which now runs on steamboats." "Science was discovered by Priestly." "Steam was discovered at this period and was put into use, hence the laboring classes were thrown out of employment."

Cotton.—"Cotton grows on a sheep's back."

Psychology.—"Psychology is the study of rocks." "Psychology is the study of how the world began."

When exhibits of this kind are shown to educators—not teachers, but the big men who make out courses of study and tell the teachers how they ought to teach—they show annoyance, and say that the ideal of modern education is not to cram a child with facts, but to develop in him the power to accumulate facts. Is the ideal even faintly realized? Not so, according to business men who employ boys and girls, civil-service examiners, and others who have ample opportunity to know.



### THE SCHOOLHOUSE THE MOST IMPORTANT.

GOVERNOR HUGHES, of New York, has a habit of finding the right side to questions of public policy, no matter whether it may deal with life insurance, the gambling evil, the railroads, or the saloon. His recent veto of the measure passed by the New York legislature, which measure was designed to protect



saloons, indicates that there is no question in which right and wrong is concerned that does not find him ready to do what he considers right, regardless of consequences.

The saloon bill which passed the legislature provided for the protection of saloons from the 200-foot limit prescribed by law, where the existence of such saloons antedated the construction of the schoolhouse, to which the 200-foot limit applies.

The reason given for the passage of the bill by the legislature was that some such measure was necessary for the protection of hotels and apartment houses having bars, but the Governor of New York was able to see through the whole deal, and in vetoing the measure declared with his accustomed firmness, "The saloon cannot be permitted to take precedence over the American schoolhouse." The great need in politics today is for more men of the Hughes stripe.—*Selected*.



#### FACTS ABOUT OUR BODIES.

THE average weight of an adult is 140 pounds. The average weight of a skeleton is about 14 pounds, and the number of bones is 240. The skeleton measures one inch less than the height of the living man.

The average weight of the brain of a man is three and one-half pounds; of a woman, two pounds eleven ounces.

A man breathes about twenty times in a minute, or 1,200 times in an hour. He breathes about eighteen pints of air a minute, or upwards of seven hogsheads a day.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 beats per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years of age it is 60. The pulse-beats of females are more rapid than of males.

The weight of the circulating blood is about twenty-three pounds. The heart makes four beats while we breathe once. Five hundred and forty pounds, or one hogshead, of blood pass through the heart in one hour.

The lungs of a man have 174,000,000 cells, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.—*Canadian Outdoor Life*.

#### Between Whiles

**Home, Sweet Home.**—"Yes, suh," said Brother Dickey, "my race what wants to live in Illinois kin go dar, how an' w'en dey likes, but ez fur me, I'll stay whar I is—'mongst de folks I raise an' bo'n wid, an' ef I is lynched, please God, I'll be lynched by my fr'ens!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Dolan," said Mr. Rafferty, as he looked up at the city postoffice, "what does them letters 'MDCCCXCVII' mean?"

"They mean eighteen hundred and ninety-seven."

"Dolan," came the query after a thoughtful pause, "don't yez think they're overdooin' this spellin' reform a bit?"—*Woman's Journal*.

**Misplaced Sympathy.**—Benevolent Old Gent—"I am sorry, Johnny, to see you have a black eye."

Promising Youth—"You go home and be sorry for your own little boy—he's got two!"—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.



**Avoiding Temptation.**—Tommy—"Ma, I met the minister on my way to Sunday-school, and he asked me if I ever went fishing on Sunday."

Mater—"And what did you say, darling?"

Tommy—"I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and ran right away from him."—*Judge*.



Judge—Have you been arrested before?

Prisoner—No, sir.

Judge—Have you been in this court before?

Prisoner—No, sir.

Judge—Are you certain?

Prisoner—I am, sir.

Judge—Your face looks decidedly familiar. Where have I seen it before?

Prisoner—I'm the bartender in the saloon across the way, sir.—*Harper's Weekly*.



**Why He Was Serious.**—They sat each at an extreme end of the horsehair sofa. They had been coortin' now for something like two years, but the wide gap between had always been respectfully preserved.

"A penny for your thochts, Sandy," murmured Maggie, after a silence of an hour and a half.

"Weel," replied Sandy slowly, with surprizing boldness, "tae tell ye the truth, I was jist thinkin' how fine it wad be if ye were tae gie me a wee bit kissie."

"I've nae objection," simpered Maggie, slithering over, and kissed him plumply on the tip of his left ear.

Then she slithered back.

Sandy relapsed into a brown study once more, and the clock ticked twenty-seven minutes.

"An' what are ye thnikin' about noo—anither, eh?"

"Nae, nae, lassie; it's mair serious the noo."

"Is it, laddie?" asked Maggie softly. Her heart was going pit-a-pat with expectation. "An' what micht it be?"

"I was jist thinkin'," answered Sandy, "that it was about time ye were paying me that penny!"—*Answers*.

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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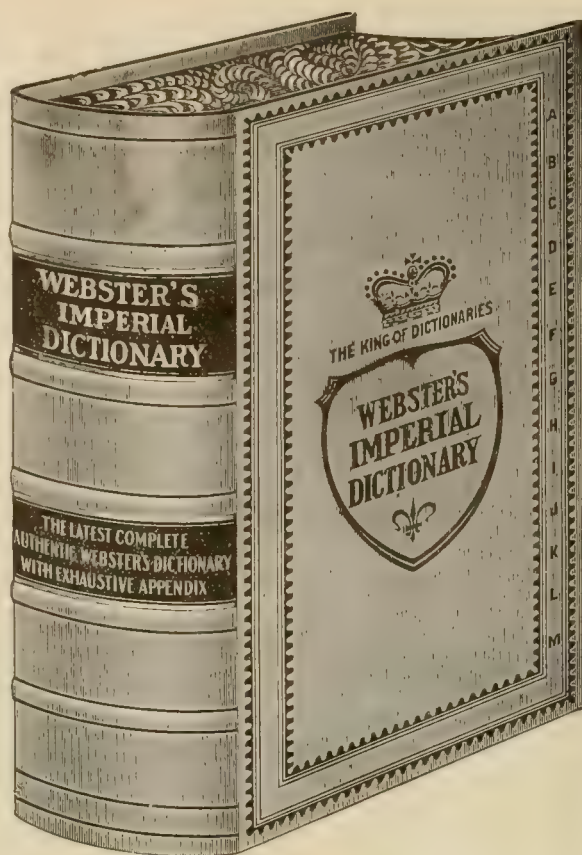
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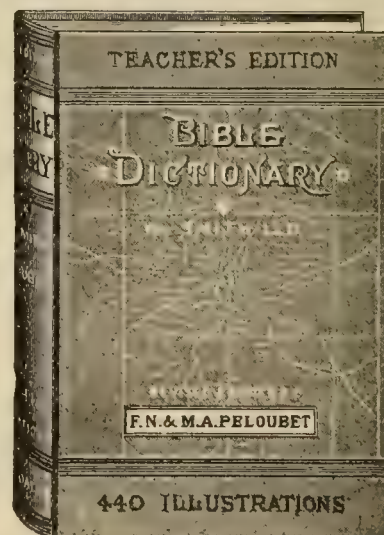
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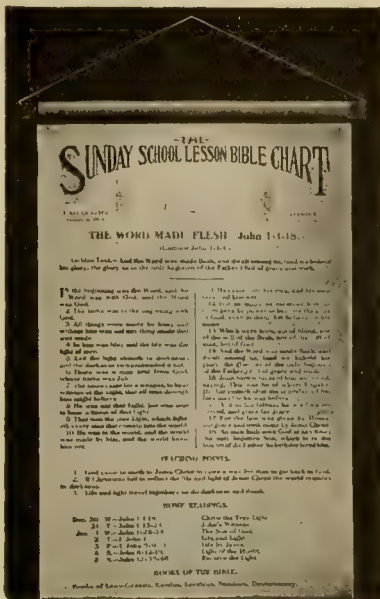
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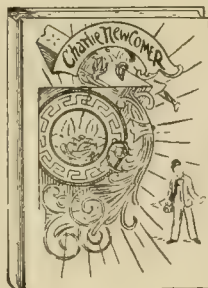
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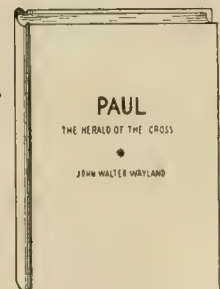
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The book contains 400 pages of reading matter and 25 full page illustrations. These illustrations consist for the most part of portraits of the speakers who delivered the Bicentennial addresses at the Des Moines Annual Conference. The frontispiece presents a splendid likeness of the five men composing the Bicentennial Program Committee.

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**The Church in the Fatherland:** (1) The Conditions in Germany about 1708.—M. G. Brumbaugh, Pennsylvania. (2) The Birth of the Schwarzenau Congregation and its Activities.—T. T. Myers, Pennsylvania.

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The prosperous settlers in Sunny Southern Alberta have just finished harvesting a bountiful crop. It is now **THRESHING TIME** and their yields are enormous.

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# CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION

Is the purpose of a new organization just formed, with the following Brethren as Directors and Officers:

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Dorsey Hodgden, Vice Pres., Huntington, Ind.  
Samuel Borough, Sec'y., North Manchester, Ind.  
W. W. Barnhart, Treas., North Manchester, Ind.  
Levi Winklebleck, Hartford City, Ind.  
S. S. Keller, Bourbon, Ind.  
E. M. Grossnickel, North Manchester, Ind.  
F. R. Hartman, South Bend, Ind.  
C. S. Petry, West Milton, Ohio.  
Henry V. Wall, Los Angeles, Cal.  
W. H. Johnson, Reedley, Cal.

The Company has no connection with any railroad, land company, or any other corporation. We simply list tracts of land in desirable locations, suitable for subdivision into small parts, and act as agents for the sale of the same to colonists at wholesale price plus the cost of getting the land ready for settlement. This gives the purchaser the advantage of the increased value of the land, besides the profit which by the old way goes into the pocket of the promoter or land agent. We make no profit on the land taken by the colonists. Our plan also insures neighbors with a common interest, good roads, transportation, markets, school and church privileges from the beginning. Our plan also eliminates the privation, waiting and the uncertainty of the old way.

## ONE HUNDRED FAMILIES

are wanted at once for our co-operative colony to be located in the best part of the famous San Joaquin Valley of California, between now and March first, next, if possible. This colony will be located about 150 miles from San Francisco on or near the Santa Fe or the Southern Pacific Railway, thus insuring good transportation and nearby markets.

This Valley has good water in abundance, very fertile soil, and good climate. Grain, grass, truck, fruit, nuts, berries, etc., are grown in profusion with good results. A good place for HOMES, or INVESTMENTS.

If you are not interested in this California Colony, write us about our other colonies to be located in the Southwest, Northwest, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and other places of merit.

### REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD JOIN ONE OF OUR COLONIES:

1. Small tracts of land may be obtained at wholesale cost.
2. You have a part in selecting the land.
3. Lands increase rapidly in value under our plan.
4. The Company provides for improvement of land for nonresidents.
5. Many families locate together at the same time.
6. Public schools, church, and Sunday-school privileges are assured at once.

For fuller information, write

**CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY**  
**North Manchester, Ind.**

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THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Vol. X. No. 40.

Price \$1.00 Per Annum.

October 6, 1908.



# CALIFORNIA EXCURSION

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Leaves :

Chicago, Thursday, October 1, 10:45 p.m.

Kansas City, Friday, October 2, 10:00 a.m.

Omaha, Friday, October 2, 4:00 p.m.

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In charge of D. C. Campbell, Colfax, Ind.; I. Wheeler, Cerro Gordo, Ill.; E. M. Cobb, Elgin, Ill. Tickets good to return up to October 31, 1908. Privilege stopping off in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada or California.

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# "Overheard" Remarks

Heard by a Recent Visitor to  
Butte Valley



If we had an opportunity to exchange our Butte Valley home for the same number of acres in Indiana, where we used to live, we would readily refuse, as we are thoroughly satisfied here.—Minerva Cook.



I have lived in Butte Valley eight years and I know fruit can be grown here every year, with proper care. This is not considered a good fruit year in the West and yet I have good apples.—D. M. Deeter.



I know of no place that beats Butte Valley for vegetables. We always have a good garden. I am glad the Valley is rapidly filling up with good farmers.—Mrs. Will Evans.



After looking all over the West for a home, I bought one in Butte Valley that suits me.—Lester M. Burt.

Since living in Butte Valley, my wife has had better health than she has had for years. We expect to make this our home. We burn a half less fuel here than we did in Indiana and lived in a shack at that.—D. D. Hufford.



I have never seen better filled grain than I raised this year in Butte Valley, and I doubt if any country could grow better under like conditions.—H. F. Maust.



We haven't used half the fuel here that we did in the same length of time in Kansas. The climate is splendid.—Mrs. E. M. Wolfe.



Here's what some of the people say without solicitation. Why not join one of our excursions and see the Valley for yourself? If you want any further information, address,

---

GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Omaha, Nebr.

D. C. CAMPBELL, Colfax, Ind.

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# MISERABLE ALL THE TIME!

That is the way a man described his feelings. How many more are there not who feel the same way! A careful observer has estimated that nine out of ten people are not really well. Something is wrong all the time. Nobody wants to be sick just for the fun of it, and nearly everybody tries one thing and another in the vain hope that it will cure him, but in most cases he finds himself no better for the trial.

There is no good reason why such people cannot be cured if they go about it in the right way. But what is the right way? some one will ask! The only permanent and satisfactory remedy for most of the troubles of mankind is that which will invigorate and strengthens the entire system.

This can be done by getting at the cause of the trouble, the impure or weakened condition of the blood. No one whose blood is pure and vigorous can be sick. In this way we are able to assist nature in restoring the natural condition. When the blood has been cleansed and strengthened, disease cannot remain. There are many good medicines, let us hope, for this purpose, but the one that has been especially successful is **DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER**. Over a century's constant use has demonstrated its power.

## A BLESSING TO MANY.

Apple Creek, Ohio, July 2.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I have to acknowledge that your Blood Vitalizer has proved to be a blessing to many. This is especially the case in our own family. We knew nothing about your Blood Vitalizer when our family was small, six in number. One winter we were all sick, but since keeping the Blood Vitalizer we have had no sickness in the house, although we are now eleven. We would never want to be without it in the house.

With heartfelt appreciation and many friendly greetings, I remain,

Very truly yours,

Peter Schmid.

## SAYS IT DID WONDERS.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 21.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I should like to become an agent for your Blood Vitalizer. I know I can sell a great deal among my friends and relatives. Let me know how to become an agent and I shall send you an order right away. Your Blood Vitalizer has simply done wonders for me. It has cured me of a stomach trouble with which I have been suffering for over six years. No doctor nor medicine I have tried has helped me. I was bedfast weeks at a time. This disease seems to lie in our family and I want all of them to use it.

Please let me hear from you. Very gratefully,

6141 Ella Avenue.

Mrs. H. Herr.

## CURED A SCROFULOUS ERUPTION.

Rockville, Conn., Dec. 27.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Quite a while ago, I guess about 25 years, when I was still in Germany, I was taken sick and a scrofulous eruption broke out on my hands and the upper part of my body. I got so bad I was unable to follow my occupation of weaver. I tried doctors and medicines without end but nothing helped me. When I came to America, I saw an article in a paper about your Blood Vitalizer and made up my mind to try it, which I did. As my ailment was old and long standing it took some time before I noticed any improvement, but I kept on taking the Blood Vitalizer. Finally I saw I was getting better and in time I was completely cured. I would not think of being without your Blood Vitalizer in the family. Since keeping it on hand we have escaped sickness, for which I thank God.

Yours truly,

72 Grand Avenue.

Wm. Drechsler.

## A MERCHANT WRITES.

Le Mars, Iowa, April 16.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Permit me to send you the happy message that my wife who has doctored for years and tried all kinds of medicines without avail is cured through the use of your Blood Vitalizer. It has brought a complete change in her. She is now so jolly and full of life, it does one good to see her. I am glad she is well at last and able to enjoy life. She is only sorry that she did not use your remarkable medicine sooner. I could tell you other wonders about your medicine.

With deepest respect,

Yours truly,

Sixth Street.

Paul Neubel.

General Merchant.

The writer of one of the above letters of testimonial, in referring to his wife and her cure through the use of **DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER**, says: "She is now so jolly and full of life that it does one good to see her." That is just as it should be. It is natural enough. When health returns there is no room for gloom and sadness. **DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER** has brought sunshine into many a home by relieving suffering and curing disease.

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# OVER 200,000 ACRES

of land has been filed on under the CAREY ACT in the Twin Falls District, Idaho, since April, 1907.

¶ There is still a large amount of land waiting for the settler in the above district. Also great opportunities are offered at American Falls, at Gooding and other points along the OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD.

¶ The Payette-Boise Reclamation Project under the U. S. Government is about completed and will be ready to furnish water to about 300,000 acres of new land in the spring of 1909. These lands can now be bought at reasonable rates and terms, by the settler, and are situated where the country is already partly settled, near good towns, railroads and electric lines.

¶ Rural mail routes and telephone lines are already established. Good schools and churches. No storms or cyclones. Farming is done by irrigation. No failure of crops by reason of too much rain or drought. Fruit crop is abundant every year. The people are happy because they are prosperous.

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for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

¶ Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

¶ Arrange your plans to go and see Idaho as soon as possible and secure some of this fine land.

¶ HOMESEEEKERS ROUND TRIP EXCURSION RATES are on First and Third Tuesdays of each month in 1908.

¶ Colonist One-Way Cheap Rates to points in Idaho, Oregon and Washington in effect daily from Sept. 1st to Oct. 31, 1908 inclusive.

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Dayton, Ohio

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G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.  
Salt Lake City, Utah

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

October 6, 1908.

No. 40.

## Wonders of the Rockies: In Colorado

Fred V. Kinzie

### V. Royal Gorge and Black Canon.

MONTHS could be very profitably spent in viewing the beautiful mountains from car windows, as the mountain-climbing train echoes through deep cañons, darts through dark tunnels, runs along the edge of some lofty cliff overlooking the valley for miles around, or descending into the level country, passes waterfalls, rattling over trestles, rounding curves and gliding through small mountain towns.

The scenery along any mountain railway is always interesting, and especially for the "tenderfoot"; but perhaps nothing in the entire range of the Rockies is so awe-inspiring, so overpowering in effect upon the beholder as the Royal Gorge in the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas. Here the cañon is not wide enough for both road and river, therefore a series of great iron braces have been thrown across the gorge, holding in suspension a long iron bridge running parallel with the course of the river. The walls rise a sheer 3,000 feet above the level of the river, the gorge being fifty feet wide at the bottom, seventy at the top.

This cañon is a mighty fissure in the living rock, wrought by some stupendous upheaval in the geologic ages past. From top, straight down to the river below, which rushes and swirls in its narrow bed, is over half a mile, and it is no wonder that the imagination is staggered and the mind wearied with the effort to comprehend the sublimity of the scene as one gazes in awe on these miracles in rock.

As we looked on this wondrous scene through the car window by moonlight, the sentence that had been our motto, and should be every other traveler's, was more deeply impressed upon our hearts and minds:

*"See Europe if you will; but see America first."*

We reached Salida early the next morning and after less than an hour's delay left on the narrow-gauge railroad for another day's ride through the heart of the Rockies. We began the ascent in a few hours after leaving Salida, and a much lower rate of speed was attained by this train than the one we

had just left. But we knew not why until we found ourselves at an elevation of 11,000 feet. We climbed steadily for several hours, going almost due west, but soon we saw that the real climb was ahead of us.

From the valley below, an excellent view may be had of the western slope of Marshall Pass. Here may be seen several tracks, one above the other, on which the train pursues its zigzag course over the steep grades of the Great Divide. Marshall Pass is, without doubt, one of the grandest mountain passes in the world. It crosses the main range of the Rockies at an elevation of nearly 11,000 feet, running close under the cone of Mount Ouray, an extinct volcano, over 14,000 feet high. Marshall Pass station is directly on the summit of the Pass, and the track is enclosed by a large snowshed. Our train stopped in this snowshed about ten minutes and we, with a number of other passengers, left the coaches and went outside for a view of the many miles of mountain grandeur all about us. Below was the winding track which we had been traveling over for the last hour and the farthest track was not over three miles distant on an air line. We were disappointed at there being no snow near as there is so many times. It was in sight on the peaks around, but the proposed snowballing was impossible; so at the "all-aboard" signal we resumed our places in the coach and the train moved out and started on the descent down the steep track on the other side of the Pass.

After one hour's coasting we came to Gunnison at the foot of the Pass. Here an observation car was attached to our train and from this we prepared to see the wonderful Black Cañon of the Gunnison River. We furnished ourselves with goggles for safety of eyes from cinders and wind; and were soon in the heart of this cañon. Along many miles of this grand gorge the railway lies upon a shelf that has been blasted in the solid rock. The scenery is ever changing; for a while the train glides along between close, exalted walls that stand 2,000 feet in height. Then suddenly it passes the mouth of some other mighty



cañon. Within the narrow confines of the cañon is the Gunnison River, one of those charming, crystalline, mountain torrents, flowing through a deep gorge fourteen miles in length. As you pass along there opens to view an amphitheatre, and standing in it, a solitary, pyramidal pinnacle, Currecanti Needle, rises a towering monument of solid stone, like a monster cathedral spire. At the very top of this high, rugged peak can be seen, by close observance, a flagstaff and flag, which some heroic mountaineer has, by the risk of his life, placed there for the passing public to gaze and remark upon.

Following the crooked course of the river, the faithful Rio Grande train puffs along, and in the observation car, the tourist sits at ease, gazing in wonder and admiration at the matchless panorama afforded by rocky wall and rushing river, dainty waterfall and towering granite spire in this wonderful Black Cañon. For some distance we have continuous rapids, majestic cliffs and sparkling cascades, including the lovely Chipeta Falls, that silvery thread of water which is dashed into fragments by lower terraces and lost in the roaring river below. Several other specially-pointed out attractions were passed, including Devil's Slide and Salt Lake City Cathedral Spires.

And, when it came time that we should turn our faces toward the East, and we were looking for the last time on these wonderful works of the Creator, many inspiring, resolute, meditative thoughts entered our minds; and the question came to us, "Will we ever have the blessed privilege of again looking at this solemn, grand, beautiful sight, which we would leave so far behind us?" Then came the thought, "Why worship these material, worldly creations, when there is prepared for us those 'Mansions of Beauty in Heaven'?" Then, with comparison, that beautiful song (Life's Railway to Heaven) seemed floating on the breeze:

"Life is like a mountain railroad,  
With an engineer that's brave.  
We must make our run successful  
From the cradle to the grave.  
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels.  
Never falter; never quail.  
Keep your hand upon the throttle,  
And your eye upon the rail.

#### Chorus:

"Blessed Savior, thou wilt guide us,  
Till we reach that blissful shore;  
Where the angels wait to join us,  
In thy praise forevermore.  
"You will roll up grades of trial;  
You will cross the bridge of strife.  
See that Christ is your conductor,  
On this lightening train of life.  
Always mindful of obstructions;  
Do your duty, never fail.  
Keep your hand upon the throttle,  
And your eye upon the rail.

"You will often find obstructions;  
Look for storms of wind and rain;  
On a fill, or curve, or trestle,  
You will almost ditch your train.  
Put your trust alone in Jesus;  
Never falter, never fail.  
Keep your hand upon the throttle,  
And your eye upon the rail.

"As you roll across the trestle,  
Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,  
You'll behold the Union Depot,  
Into which your train will glide.  
There you'll meet the Superintendent:  
God the Father, Christ the Son.  
With a hearty, joyous plaudit,  
Weary pilgrims, welcome home."



### MEN AND MULES.

B. F. STOVER.

"A mule can kick and still be a mule.  
A man can kick and still be a fool."

THE above is taken from a little pamphlet, handed us by a friend, entitled "Men and Mules," by W. F. Ries. In reading above-named book one would think the author much of a "kicker," and yet not much of a "fool."

However, he is only representing an idea that you must "kick" at everything (almost) that pertains to the affairs of government. To those of this theory there is nothing right as regards the running of our government. The whole system is wrong, but in our way of thinking, they fail to offer anything practicable by way of bettering existing conditions. True, they have a set list of questions with which to interrogate you, and remedies to offer. It is sometimes a little amusing to see a fellow (scarcely out of his teens) bob up, who can tell you the whole trouble, and can give you the remedy in a very short time.

As to the question how to better the financial condition of the country as it is today, we confess it is too great a problem for us even to think of solving. Just a thought or two, from an observation of over a half century, we want to offer; then take them for just what they are worth, as they don't cost anything. Recently a man said to me, "Stover, what's the matter with our country? there is something wrong." Our answer was, "There is no one thing alone 'the matter,' but many things are not right." We know a man (and he is only one of a thousand) who commands a salary of one hundred dollars per month, who after he settles his saloon and gambling bills has but little left with which to support his family with the bare necessities of life, much less to give them any advantages. Answer to above. We spend our money for that "that is not bread." Live beyond our means. Take your stand almost any evening on the corner of the street and notice the crowds of people passing and repassing, the major part of them intent on "tak-

ing in" some or all of the many shows then on exhibition. Again the answer, "We spend our money for that that is not bread."

We remember some years ago, a man of our city boasted that he "made his money to be spent at shows," as he did not know what else to do with it. A little later on the good people of the place contributed money to give his daughter a respectable funeral. Same answer as above.

Let us turn the picture just a moment and look on the other side. In our bank flurry last autumn near a little city in Indiana, there was a flourishing plant which gave employment for nearly one hundred men. When the banks of the country practically closed their doors, the banker of that city went to the proprietor of the plant who owed the bank twenty-five thousand dollars, and told him they must have their money. The proprietor showed him his books and accounts worth seventy-five thousand dollars. "Yes," says the banker, "they are all right, but we must have our money and that at once." The proprietor said, "It will be impossible for me to collect without a little time and I will be compelled to close down."

In a short time he paid the bank the twenty-five thousand dollars and has a bank account to his credit. In due time the banker went to the proprietor and asked him when he was going to start up his plant. His answer was, "It is none of your business." "But," says the banker, "you must start. Our town is dead." The proprietor says, "Who closed me down?" The banker admitted he did. Then the question was asked, "Where is the twenty-five thousand dollars I paid you?" to which the banker was compelled to answer that it was hid away in the vaults of the bank. See?

Answer to whole: Put your money in circulation. Live within your means. Spend your money for that "that is bread." And times will be all right.



## WESTERN GAME AND HUNTING.

HOWARD D. MICHAEL.

FROM time immemorial there have been wild animals on the earth, but one by one they are fast becoming extinct. Unearthed skeletons of the great mammoths and dinosaur prove that they became extinct years ago, and many others of our wild animals are following closely in their wake.

But in this article it is not my intention to describe the animals that have become extinct, but a few of the ones that are still remaining in the Pacific Coast States.

Of course they are taking their turn with the rest, for civilization is driving them farther, and farther back, till at last they will be animals told in history only.

At present, however, portions of the three Coast States have quite a selection of game to pick from though they are rapidly diminishing in numbers as is

plainly noticeable in the amount of game that is bagged here during the open season.

In this article I will divide the wild animals here into three classes: The ones protected by law part of the year which are the elk and deer. The unprotected ones, among which are the bear, panthers, wild cats, (or bob cats) an occasional lynx, a few coyotes, and in some localities are found wild hogs and wild cattle.

The others I will class all together as the furbearing animals. There is quite a variety of them, there being otters, mink, marten, fishers, racoons, ring-tailed cats, skunk and civet cats.

Here in Oregon for the past several years there has been a law protecting the few remaining elk the whole year round until last year (1907) there was an open season allowed from Sept. 15 till Oct. 15 in which each hunter was allowed the privilege of killing one elk.

Then scores of hunters were seen going out for a few days' outing, brimming over with the expectations of killing a large elk and securing a fine pair of elk horns and tushes, but several came back sadly disappointed tho much wiser for the hunt. However there were several fine pairs of elk horns brought in during the short season allowed.

Of the deer there are two kinds found here known as the bench-legged or Pacific deer and the common or white-tailed deer. The bench-legged deer are heavier bodied and shorter legged than their commoner cousin, the white-tailed deer. Most of the deer here are rather small, weighing from about 80 pounds to 125 pounds after being dressed, but they are certainly excellent meat to eat.

The open season for hunting deer is from July 15 to Oct. 15 in Coos and Curry counties of Oregon and about a corresponding length of time in the other counties tho the time varies somewhat in other localities.

Then as many of the people as can, take a vacation of from one to three weeks from their different vocations and drive out into the mountains along some old stage road or on some old deserted homestead in the hills or any place where there is plenty of game which can usually be found in from ten to twenty miles of any town, as the towns here are usually near the rivers and there the country adjoining is well developed and under a high state of cultivation, for the river bottom-ground is of a loose alluvial formation and very rich, but back in the hills the ground is poor for anything but grazing, so the settlers are few and far between. There are plenty of old homesteads where no one is living, so a nice place is located near some creek or mountain spring where there is plenty of fine, cool, clear water and there the tent is pitched and camp is made under some tall Oregon pine, fir, cedar, or hemlock tree.



The first day in camp is usually the busiest, for some one must get some wood gathered up; but that is generally plentiful. Then the bed springs must be arranged for. Ferns or fir boughs are generally used and tho the gathering of them for the several beds is no small task, they are found to answer the purpose very well.

As there are usually several in a party, considerable work is necessary to arrange for the cooking, so the women are busy also. Often the children of the party go out near the camp and get a gallon or two of blackberries or the early red huckleberries for camp use and everything moves off smooth and nice.

But near evening the men get anxious to start out hunting, for lucky is the man that can be the first to get camp meat. Then the other hunters tho they get more game than he, still have no laugh coming on the man that bagged the first game.

It has been the writer's luck in several instances to bring meat into camp the first evening out which always keeps the cooks in good humor, for altho cooking on a camp fire is trying on one's patience and temper if one is not used to it, still no one can be in bad humor when there is plenty of fine fresh venison in camp and every one feeling so cheerful and full of the excitement of the hunt. For a change from domestic meats to nice, juicy venison steaks broiled or fried over a camp fire is generally agreeable to one's taste as well as sight.

Then the fresh mountain air and clear cool water, together with the change from the town or city life to a mountain camp, are certainly refreshing to most anyone. There are also many fine scenes of all kinds to rest the eyes on and keep one interested if he is at all fond of out-door life. There are nice falls along the creeks and fine views among the trees and logs. There are vining plants and berry patches and the large stately fir trees,—all taken together they form some very beautiful sights.

By taking a short climb to the summit of some prairie-tipped hill from which the surrounding country can be viewed, a goodly sight is usually in store for the crowd, for in the distance can be seen the large bluish-tinged expanse of the ocean as it stretches away in the distance like an unbroken stretch of rolling prairie. Often a river may be seen winding its way around among the mountains toward the ocean.

By waiting until evening may be seen an ocean sunset and then for the first time one can realize what thrilled the poet's imagination when he penned the song, "Where the Sunset turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold."

The birds sing sweetly at the close of day as the sight-seers wend their way along the little winding mountain trail back to camp which seems like, "Home, Sweet Home," after being camped there a few days.

The camp fire must be built then, and supper cooked

for the men are always hungry after an evening hunt, for it is a good appetizer. But after the hunters are all into camp and supper is over the big camp fire is replenished and all sit around and listen to the stories of the day's hunt or some story of long ago and all are kept in good spirits by the stories and witticisms of some one of the party.

Then there are usually some pretty good singers among the crowd and all are well entertained for a while by some nice songs, as a song always seems so mellow and sweet as it floats out on the evening air among the mountains, trees, and shrubs.

The next day the caring for the meat must be attended to as well as the other camp duties. Some one must keep the smoke fire burning slowly in the hastily-improvised smokehouse so as to smoke and dry the meat properly, as that is one of the favorite ways of preserving it.

Of course the smokehouse is a crude affair not being in reality a smokehouse but just a rack on which can be laid the venison until it is smoked and dried sufficient to keep, when it is ready to be sacked up to take home.

The writer has often smoked the whole deer hams and shoulders in the same manner as hog hams are cured and it is needless to say that they are excellent.

In addition to the deer killed there are often a few bear or panthers bagged to liven up the hunt a little. In some localities where sheep are kept on mountain ranges bear, panther, and wild cats become quite numerous and quite destructive to the sheep. One man caring for about two thousand sheep on a range in the mountains here killed eight bear and eighteen panthers in about a year's time. Then the owner sold the sheep and is now raising cattle instead.

The bear here are not dangerous, as they are only the small black and brown species and are very cowardly and will run from a person in an instant. The panthers are very cowardly too, and will not attack a person unless wounded or driven to it by starvation, which seldom happens.

The fur-bearing animals are not very plentiful in most localities but occasionally a trapper makes good by going back to some almost inaccessible nook in the mountains and trapping all winter long, then coming out in the spring with a large shipment of furs. There is something fascinating about trapping for a lover of adventure, but unless the animals are numerous I have found it can hardly be called a paying pursuit.

*Myrtle Point, Oregon.*



TRY to be better than yourself instead of better than others.

**YELLOW-BILLED CUCKOO—MYSTERIOUS BIRD.**

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

ONE of the most familiar bird notes to be heard on a warm summer day is the coarse call note "cook-cook, cook-cook," or "cow-cow, cow-cow," of the cuckoos. It is a deep guttural, and mournful sound that cannot be mistaken for that of any other bird.

In this part of the country we have but two cuckoos, the yellow-billed and the black-billed. The habits of both birds are very much alike, as is also their appearance. But they may be easily distinguished by the color of their bills. The lower mandible of the yellow-billed being yellow and of the other black; and the tail feathers of the former are conspicuously tipped with white, and of the latter they are narrowly tipped with the same. The adult male and female of the yellow-billed species are alike in appearance, except that the female is somewhat the larger. The entire upper parts are a dark glossy metallic drab and the under parts are grayish white. As is the case with all cuckoos, this species has two toes in front and two behind. This peculiarity has been the source of much study and conjecture among ornithologists. The feet of the woodpecker family are constructed in the same manner, but there is clearly a reason for it in this species, because this arrangement enables them to hold fast to the holes of the trees. This reason cannot be applied to the rain crow, as it is often called, since it does not use holes in the trees for its home.

The cuckoo is a migrant. It comes north from the latitude of Costa Rica, where it winters, in May and returns south in October. It has all of North America for its breeding grounds as well as the southern part of Canada.

Soon after the arrival of these weird birds and after a few days of courtship, during which time the males do a great deal of cow-cowing, they begin to build their nests. From their appearance one would not think that it would be much of a task, but it occupies the time of them both for several days. They are very slow and deliberate in all their motions and this accounts for the tardiness of their work. The nest is a rude platform of twigs and rootlets, lined with catkins, but usually so shabbily arranged that the ends of the twigs stick up through the lining in all parts. In May and early June from two to five greenish-blue eggs are deposited upon this apology for a nest. They commence to incubate as soon as the first egg is laid, and the others are deposited at intervals of two to three days apart, so that often the first egg is hatched soon after the last one is laid, and we have the anomaly of eggs and birdlings occupying the same nest at one time. The young are attentively looked after by both parents, and if the female is accidentally, or otherwise, killed the male will alone tend to the rearing of the family. If the young are killed or stolen the mother

manifests her distress by flying from limb to limb and in the most pathetic way call for her babies, keeping it up for several days.

The young cuckoos are objects of curiosity when just hatched, but when in a few days they become covered with a coating of stiff quills, they are objects of amusement. The quills, when the bird is about eight days old, commence to burst and allow the enclosed feathers to unfold, gradually enveloping them in a soft fluffy coat like that of their parents. Occasionally it has been found that the cuckoo deposits her eggs in the nests of other birds, as the European cuckoos do. These facts, namely, the skeleton nest, manner of incubation and occasional depositing of eggs in the nests of other birds, are taken by ornithologists as evidence of the fact that an evolution is taking place in our cuckoo and that it is losing the pernicious habit of its European cousin.

The cuckoos are the most silent of birds, and enter or leave thickets or trees with neither rustling of wings, nor sound of voice. We come across one and see it solemnly staring at us, wide-eyed, the next instant it is gone with nothing to denote the direction or distance of its going. This quiet, gliding motion and its peculiar notes has caused it to be regarded with awe and superstition by some persons.

The cuckoo is one of the best friends of the farmer and orchardist. Many of them know it as the "rain crow," owing to the fact that it is generally very noisy preceding a rainstorm. Many of our worst insect pests, in passing through the caterpillar state, are covered with spines as completely as the porcupine. For this reason many of the insectivorous birds will not feed upon them. But the cuckoo does not seem to mind the spines in the least, and will devour quantities of the caterpillars. They also destroy many chick beetles, weevils, sawflies, and harvest flies. The caterpillar habit of the cuckoo is so well known that to see several cuckoos together is taken as a sign of the caterpillar's presence.

Our cuckoo is not classed with the song birds. It simply has calls. Like its foreign relative it may be properly called "a voice, a mystery," since no other bird is possessed of such mysterious habits.



"A little work and a little rest,  
And a little more earned than spent,  
Is sure to bring to an honest breast  
A blessing of glad content.  
And so though skies may frown or smile  
Be diligent, day by day;  
Rewards shall greet you after a while  
If you just keep working away."



WHATEVER makes men good Christians makes them good citizens.—*Webster.*





## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXVI.

NEAR the celebrated monument of William Tell, in Altdorf, I stopped at the William Tell Hotel. In the museum there the keepers showed me the famous cross-bow once used by the great Tell in shooting the apple from his young son's head. When I rode from the village the next morning a little child, who might have been a worthy descendent of Tell, was standing near to its mother's door. Beautiful in robust physical development, with wonderful symmetry and rugged beauty, and showing a mind that had been disciplined before birth to the sturdy principles of self-wrought freedom, he stood there, a true son of William Tell. His dress was plain, but beautiful, neat and clean. His mother needed no introduction to me. She lived in a tidy house, I know, and she was very pretty, this mother of this strong child, and frugal, too, though perhaps of comfortable independence. I asked the child questions in broken French, then in worse German, and then, awe-stricken with its manly bearing, I stammered something in English, at last ashamed

by such petty devices. He knew his great little nation was at stake, and he was *one* Swiss that felt his personal obligation to uphold it. I ventured so close I could almost kiss the pouting lips,—and I wish now I had,—but then it is better that I did not, I suppose, for only my stupidity could have failed to detect the child's displeasure. He did not look back, but I could tell that he wanted to escape and run to his mamma, though he was too heroic to go away in that kind of a fashion. So he stood his ground.

Thrusting his little feet through the iron fence, seizing the standard with his right hand, he twirled delicately at the little red skirt beneath his pink apron, saying to me, in silence: "You had just better go on now, for mamma is coming, and she will get after you. Besides, I do not know you, and you are not doing just right in talking to me and frightening me like that."

He was still standing there as I passed down the hill and looked back,—standing there like a little statue of human flesh and blood, the noble emblem of manliness, saying by his last look: "You have gone now, good-bye, I will not cry for my mamma. You are all right."

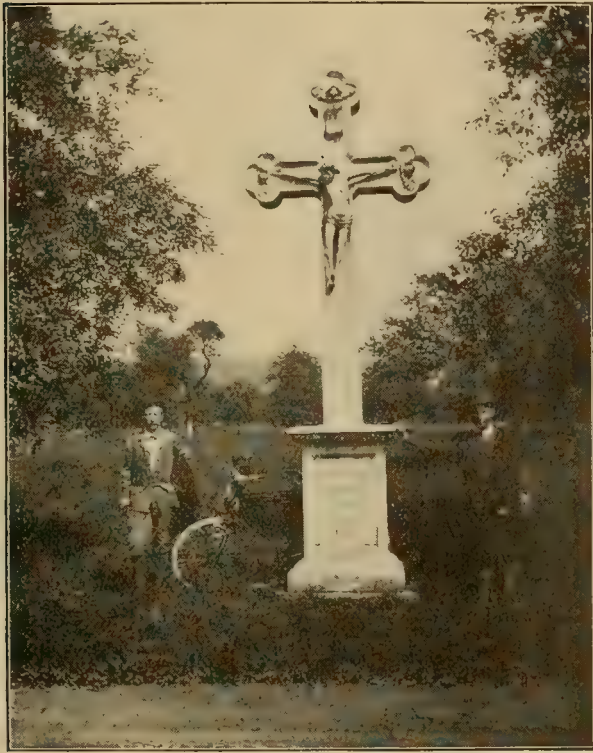
Between Lucerne and Immensee is a very steep, winding hill, with smoothest bicycle road. Here I was flying at an incredible speed when a sudden turn of the mountain forced me to set my foot with decided pressure upon my brake. It "set" completely and was sliding over the hard rock road, melting the rubber tire by the intense friction. Suddenly something gave way, and then, as if every piece of the wheel had broken in several parts, there was the greatest twisting and rattling and giving way beneath me. I was sure my fine wheel was being ruined, completely ruined. Had it been in the darkness, I should have walked the rest of the way, after looking about for any broken pieces lying where the accident occurred. Of course I was frightened. But when I looked the wheel over I could find no damage whatever save that the little bolt that held the coaster brake into its place had given way under the great strain, the bar had swung around and cramped itself between the spokes and the frame, where it held the



"She lived in a tidy house, this mother of this beautiful child."

that I had ever dared to address it,—this boy or girl,—without a formal introduction. He gave me no reply, absolutely none. He was too dignified and I was too familiar as a stranger in his presence. Then I tried to make him smile. But he was just as unmoved

rear wheel as in a vice. But I removed this, brought it back into its place, and in a little blacksmith shop at the foot of the hill, a new and stronger bolt replaced the broken one, when the wheel flew the hills again with perfect safety.



"Every Catholic passing these is expected to make the sign of the cross."

The wayside crucifix or shrine is common in Switzerland, in some parts of Germany and in France. In the Alps it is seen to its best advantage. These are huge wooden or metal crosses on which a fine image or a rude image of the Savior, life-size, is nailed, and then placed by the roadside to be adored by devout Catholics. Every Catholic passing one of these is expected to make the sign of the cross upon his face, and breast, and repeat a prayer. At one of these wayside shrines I met two Austrian tourists, afoot, their knapsack over their back. With a few dollars and good calves, they were "doing" several countries for the price of one, and were among the happiest travelers. For when night came they were tired and hungry. After a bath at their hotel, a good supper and a little stroll about town, they were ready to sleep soundly for eight or ten hours, awakening at daylight with hunger keen again as a Damascus blade.

Many of Germany's students and those here of Switzerland, Austria and Hungary, travel by foot over these lands, walking singly or in groups, having but one suit of clothes, and usually between stations, carrying their shoes to save leather. They were enjoying Switzerland's best gifts, the pure air and the fresh cold water. For they breathed much more of

the air than did the train tourist, and they were thirsty at every fountain they came to. The water tasted better to them than the lemonade or champagne of the hotel dyspeptic.

Night is coming, and I am riding into a wondrously beautiful village that hugs close the perpendicular wall that rises two thousand feet, or thereabouts above it, the water from a stream above, plunging over the precipice, breaking into a cloud of mist, gently spraying an acre of ground beneath it. The sun has been long hiding behind tall mountains, and the sweet tones of the angelus are pealing low across the brown-bleached houses. The distant tinkling of cowbells mingles with the sweeter songs of Swiss belles. Behind me, coming far from a deep and shaded gorge, breaks the fuller notes of the Alpine horn, imparting a soft finish to the day's bright scenes that rise like fairy images in sweet memory's picture gallery. In this dream village I may find a bed, and I may not. I do not know where I will sleep tonight, and of course, that adds pleasure to my daily entertainment. It is better not to know a good many things in life. I hate the people who are always asking questions, eternally asking why this and why that, and particularly those who are always ready to ask questions about one's own personal matters. For me, I think it is much better to imagine and wait. I do not want to know about my friend, very much of his daily life, or his projects. I have pleasure in waiting his pleasure. Wonder is a great palace into whose courts we may pass away precious hours, and when the full wonder of life and earth have been dissipated by foolish prying, the fond image we all are pursuing with sprightliness of carriage, beckoning us onward and upward into stranger discoveries to be made,—this image, painted into the childish mind by a wise Creator, developed and embellished by maturity of experience,—half real and half illusion,—passes away forever, life has lost its charm.

"I do not ask to see the distant scene,—one step enough for me." Let me dream and keep on dreaming:

"Disturb not my dreaming, I love the bright scenes,  
That come to my vision in beautiful dreams."

I know everything will come out all right. There will be no accidents to my life. I will live in this dream world about me, and when I am unable to find a bed on which to lie me down, I will select a soft piece of ground on the hillside, take a soft rock for a pillow, and glide swiftly into God's beloved sleep. The sky will stay propped up without my holding it, the clouds will not hang so low as to scratch my face upturned to the stars, the wolves will not harm me, for I am their friend.

My supper was served in ten courses at a fashionable hotel, but I shall not murmur. My time for sleeping "put" may come tomorrow, or the next day, or



the day after. But it will surely come and when it comes, then my pleasure will be complete. I shall not murmur in the meantime.



#### GOLDEN-ROD.

The air is warm and balmy yet,  
The meadows still are green;  
But Autumn's royal seal is set  
Upon the smiling scene.  
For look! along the wayside nod  
The tossing plumes of golden rod!  
It seems but yesterday we found  
The May flower on the hills;  
And gayly were the gardens crowned  
With June's first daffodils.  
We thought 'twas yet the opening year—  
Ah, golden rod, what brings you here?  
We had so many things to do  
That scarcely are begun—  
Say not that harvesting is through,  
And summer days all done?  
With winged sandals were they shod,  
And fled when you came, golden rod.  
"I care not for your greeting cold,"  
September's child replies;  
"My livery of burnished gold  
Suits best autumnal skies.  
No sighs I waste for vanished Spring,  
I wait upon the Autumn's king.  
"For he, the king, has need of me,  
Fringe on his mantle's hem,  
When gold and scarlet leaves shall be  
His blazing diadem."  
Grieve not that days like these are near—  
They are the glory of the year!

—Author Unknown.



#### THE USES OF SPUN GLASS.

THAT spun glass, long known as a curiosity and more recently employed in making ornaments, or in decoration, will come into wide use for other and more practical purposes, is prophesied by E. Lemaire in *La Nature*.

In recent years the electrical and chemical industries have made large use of the valuable properties of glass. In the electrical industry its non-conductibility for heat and electricity has been especially useful; in chemical laboratories, its great power of resistance to reagents. Nevertheless, the applications of glass seem not to have been developed to the utmost; and in particular we have scarcely utilized at all its property of being easily spun and of thus entering into the formation of textile fabrics.

Clothing made of such textiles would be incombustible, non-conducting, and resistant to acids, and would be perfectly insulating to electricity. Workmen wearing it would be proof against burns in the metallurgical industries and against injury by acids in chemical works; . . . and finally, in the electrical industries, rubber gloves, when guarded on the

outside by spun-glass coverings, would absolutely prevent death from electric shock. The present use of spun-glass fabrics is not wide, but the cause should be sought in the lack of information on the subject in technical literature. Such is the opinion, at least, expressed by Mr. R. Lee in the *Elektrotechnischer Anzeiger*, from whose article we gather some of the following data.

The art of spinning glass would appear to have been practised by the ancient Egyptians, but it was of little importance until the manufacture of glass was taken up at Venice. By the end of the eighteenth century the spinning of glass had spread through France and Bohemia, where it was long practised by peripatetic artists who frequented fairs and kermesses. It then consisted (and the method of working has not greatly changed since) in melting the end of a glass rod in a flame, grasping it with pincers, and fixing it to a wooden drum, called a lantern, which was turned rapidly while the glass continued to be heated and softened at the end of the rod. The process required great manual skill, attainable only by long practice. The drum was three or four feet in diameter, and as the mass of glass thread rolled thereon was cut across, it yielded pieces about three yards long. Their flexibility was not great enough to fit them for anything but braiding and making lace.

Successful attempts were made in the middle of the nineteenth century by a Frenchman, J. de Brunfaut, with the object of obtaining industrially longer, more flexible, and stronger threads. Brunfaut may be considered the inventor of the modern spun-glass industry, but unfortunately he did not divulge all the secrets of its manufacture. His glass gives on analysis . . . a composition very nearly that of Bohemian glass, which is very hard and resistant to heat and acids. . . . Brunfaut's spun glass is used to make embroidery and passementerie. The industry was once prosperous in France, and Messrs. Dubus and Bonnel were able to weave cloth with the spun glass. At present aigrettes and imitation ostrich feathers are made with it.

The orange-yellow glass yields brilliant tissues that resemble cloth of gold, while the white spun glass imitates silver. These fabrics, despite the transparency of glass, are not transparent, because the index of refraction between the glass and the air interposed between the fibers is too great. To get very brilliant threads with a metallic luster a rod of glass of rectangular section is used. This yields a flattened thread which preserves its four right angles and four plane faces, reflecting the light readily.

De Brunfaut made also a glass cotton . . . which could be felted; his process would seem to have been rediscovered and improved by the brothers Weisskopf, and by the Bohemian Morchenstern.

Doubtless, if a ready sale should be assured, investi-

gations would be made in industrial laboratories to find glasses that would satisfy certain conditions and particularly that would lend themselves readily to weaving; probably industrial processes would then soon be devised to make such spun glass cheaply. However this may be, the uses of spun glass, outside of jewelry and ornamentation, are already quite numerous and merit attention.

Glass-wool, which resembles silk, conducts heat . . . poorly, because of the included air. . . . Tissues are made of it for the wear of gouty and rheumatic persons. The refuse is utilized for packing steam pipes. In Germany the longer fibers are braided into lamp-wicks, which never burn out and act with the greatest regularity. These same braids serve also sometimes for non-conducting envelopes, or are used for the insulation of electric conductors; washers for steam joints are made of it and used in the same way as those of asbestos.

Finally, quite recently, the capillary attraction of these fibers has been utilized to hold the acid liquid of so-called "dry" piles of accumulators, especially where these devices are exposed to shocks, as when they are used to light automobiles.—*Scientific American*.



#### DOWN THE VALLEY.

OPEN before me, from where I write in my balcony, spreads a wide, cordial valley, brimful of sunshine and shadows, and at night level full of moonshine. It is not one of those little private affairs that Nature stowed away among the Berkshire Hills or hid along the Housatonic. It is an open affair that belongs to a thousand homes, and here from my hillside I have no small share in its wealth of beauty. Besides the utterly differentiated farmhouses, with their complements of barns and sheds and orchards, there are small groups of homesteads, and I see not less than half a dozen villages, spreading over the knolls, to get a good vision and good drainage, or winding around the hills, half in sight and half hid by the trees.

Somehow, as I look here and there, the orchards seem more important than the houses, and I think it was a lesson in political economy when God planted a garden "eastward in Eden." Of course, it should have faced the east, for there is something in the morning sun that is not in the noon, or in the after-day. Growth is most in those hours when the dew is still on the leafage, and the odor of the dawn is charged with the night-breathing honeysuckles. It is morning now, not only in the valley, but in my soul. One rises from his dreams full of life and longs to do something bravely. His thoughts flow easily, and he picks up his pen with pleasure. He snuffs the ozone and fills his lungs to their depths. What a grand thing

is a man when he feels life-full; dashing forth after the world's poems as freely as he gathers roses and violets. And this is always the way with the morning. It says to us, Drink life's goblet and then stand to your duty. Do not shirk, nor complain, nor compromise.

I hear Tim's scythe in the aftermath, and he tosses over to me his greeting. The morning sun strikes full on the swaths that he is laying low. Tim is old-fashioned, and likes the scythe. "There is music in it, sir, but the machines they only rattle." Then I recite for Tim:

"O sound to rout the brood of cares;  
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,  
The guest that round the garden flew,  
And tumbled half the mellowing pears."

Tim leans for a few moments on his scythe, and then says: "Who said that, sir? For sure it is the truest and most beautiful thing I ever heard. But it's that, sir, that I hear every morning; and it's what I get up for early—and alone—and like to wade thru the meadows, with my scythe for company. Ah, sir, but it do stir up a bit of music in a man's heart. The birds do sing mostly in the early morn, and I like to be out with them." A catbird came thru the apple trees just then, and, lighting almost over Tim's head, poured out a volume of the incomparable music which places him at the head of American singers.

An hour later I still hear Tim's whistle, but as the sun grows warmer he has gone. Like Tim, I believe fondly in the morning. The air is tonic, and the breezes report the night's adventures among the lilies and hollyhocks. The dew is heavy with the perfume of clover fields. The sun does not hurry the tasks of mortals, but leaves us to the good advice of long shadows.

I advise no one to work at night, but to sleep when Nature draws the curtain and to rise with the birds. Give me only the five hours from five in the morning until ten, and I will have accomplished more with either hoe or pen than in a full day of hot sunshine, after a wasted morning. Those who would do good literary work in ripe old age should discover the morning.

I love this valley not only for what was done by Nature, scooping it out and shaping it with glaciers, but because it has been humanized. It is so full of human life that the trees and the orchards and the houses seem to me like so many thoughts, as indeed they are. Once in a while, however, the mood comes (or is it the need?) to go away into the wild. I know the passion when it is here, but do not exactly understand its origin. There are two things that come over me overwhelmingly—freedom and God. Was it this that took Jesus away from the villages and sent him into the wilderness? At any rate, I do not wish for human companionship. Only my dog is welcome, for



he will never intrude his views. So we wander away into the close little glens that cut thru these hills, and are full of hemlocks, blackberry bushes and brooks. These narrow up one's visions and views, showing only one thing at a time. I think no one can live wisely without these occasional retreats. There are too many elbows in the crowd, and there are too many opinions. In the wilderness there are no creeds, nor political parties, nor social functions. We do not care, down there in the Kirkland glen, my dog and I, what the crowd is saying up the village street, nor which party has the most pellets in the box. We care only for the crickets that sing, and the minks that peek out from under logs, and the goldenrods and wild asters and ferns, and the little brook with its quiet little songs.

Somewhere out of the midway of trees comes shrieking thru the groves the call of the valley: This way! this way! I hear it even as it is cuffed from knoll to knoll thru the blackberry glen. But it is not "this way" that we are going. It is not at all needful that our boys and girls desert the farms for the towns, or go elsewhere to lead strong lives and witty ones. I am not afraid of the mollycoddling (or cuddling) of these little home worlds. In some sense the lives lived here are far bigger than the lives of those who go rushing about the world, to pick up salaries or even to hunt the Holy Grail of office and notoriety. I would have my boys to know that to obey well the demands of our home valley is no light thing; even weightier than to teach others to do it. Sciences have roots in this soil as well as corn and potatoes; and the birds that are singing are as much a part of ornithology as those that are stuffed in your museums. I knew a man who went a thousand miles to visit the Smithsonian Institution, and all the while he did not know a song sparrow from a chipping sparrow, nor had he ever persuaded a catbird to sing his repertoire in his pear tree. The Smithsonian has only its cornerstone at Washington, while its apartments and its galleries are everywhere.

The call of the engine is transitory. We Anglo-Saxons must relearn homelove. The fury of pioneering and colonizing a continent must not eradicate our power to create the home. We burst out of Zealand, and we made England; but we also made English character. We shall by and by created an American character, but it will not be until we have got thru with the passion for expanding and the rage for accumulation. Then there will grow up in our valleys a race that does not defy the world, or brag of its boyish wrestling ability, but writes the Golden Rule in its farm furrows. I am not sorry when they tell me that the age of coal is nearly past and the noise of the steam engine will not be heard in another generation. I like better the trolley that quietly fingers its way up the narrow valleys, hunts out the isolated

homes, and makes equal the privileges of town and country. Nobody knows tomorrow; already isolation is past, and the mail carrier is seen driving up the lanes with his message from Boston or Bombay.

I had traveled a good deal before ever I left my home that overlooked this Oriskany Valley. It was good fortune that gave me a father who saw the value of wide vision as well as the need of careful investigation. He led me along the edges of the hills after wild strawberries, and he built miniature waterwheels in the brooks, and he taught me to distinguish the wild flowers, but he also gave me history, and helped me to hear the march of Xenophon toward the sea. He read to me Martin Luther's "I can do no otherwise, so help me God!" and when I was charged with enthusiasm for righteousness, he showed me that the bravest thing one can do is to do nobly each day whatever is placed before the hands to do. So I learned to look down into the valley with no wild wishing, only with a sweet confidence that I should be able to be heroic. I remember that one day, it does not seem so long ago, a fugitive slave came our way. My father said to me: "It is the same as Jesus; we will care for him." That was better for me than all the baptisms that the world could offer. So the rim of that valley grew holy, and it gradually offered harvest fields of manhood and honor as well as corn and apples. We do not have to go to Palestine to find the footprints of the Beautiful Brother.

And yet, mostly, this valley I know to be an illusion. Those houses in a vague way I know are not full of poetic life, and there is a dull thud about their days. Still, I will not allow any one to disillusion me. I do not care for gossip; it is superficial. It deals in the non-essentials. It is enough for me to know in a general way that what is going on works out human progress—God's good will; that we are getting constantly nearer that great benediction, "On earth peace, good will among men." So I am quite happy, for the dunghills are too far away to be distinguishable, and domestic quarrels I need not hear unless I wish to hear them. After all, what I see is the real thing; the big outlines of thrift and love and beauty. As I look I am strongly impelled to make my own life as sweet all thru as the meadows and the trees. I will have no waste heaps, no undrained cellars, but I will have the ozone that may make every human life wholesome. That is a hateful masquerader who pictures decay and rot as human life. The real thing is "the true, beautiful and good." You are right, Plato; it is left to manhood not to disillusion the world.

How shall one do all this, that is, be wholesome? I look down on the farm of a friend who is doing just this sort of work. He is clean in his will and clean in his doings, and so he is a nucleus of good lifting. He believes in straight furrows, well-fed apple trees, clean culture, and these things make his creed.

It is amazing how he gets things done, and he says to me that the beautiful is the truly useful. I think he means that there is economy in neatness and sweetness. I do not see the doctor often driving to his door. Asa Gray was born just across there, on the opposite hill, and he used to talk about the big elms as his professors and the whole valley as his university. One such man personifies all Nature in himself, and then projects himself into all Nature. His garden becomes the ideal of a hundred neighbors, and his simple individuality ripples from its center till it touches the very edge of society.

The sun and the winds are hard at work in my beautiful valley—all day and all night—leading on the year. The months will come and go, and the great truths of life, some time ago written at large in spring flowers, now proclaim themselves in fruit, until the scarlet buds of autumn say farewell to the birds of passage that flit southward. The years are much alike, and yet they are wonderfully unlike. It is left to a wise man to discover a new world each summer. When will the schools learn that, after all, the best thing that they can do for our boys and girls is to teach them to use well their senses? He that hath ears to hear let him hear! What volumes of poetry are never written! Because no ear hears the voices of Nature. What beautiful thoughts are woven into foliage and flowers, and no one is able to read between the lines, or to find out the meaning of things.—*E. P. Powell, in The Independent.*



#### THE FUTURE OF THE HORSE.

SINCE the days when steam power was utilized for locomotion this same talk has been heard. When says a writer in the *Horse-shoers' Journal*. With each subsequent invention of appliances for the help of locomotion this same talk has been heard. When the first passenger train ran on rails stage drivers and teamsters shook their heads and sighed for the fate which seemed in store for the horse. The opposite proved true and the demand for the services of the horse was increased instead of diminished. The bicycle was going to do away with the horse, and now comes the automobile, and again its fate is sealed. The motor comes in closer competition with the horse than did the locomotive, but still the horse will stay. It is not unlikely that naphtha, gasoline, or electricity will relieve the horse of some of his heavier burdens, but the horse reared for man's pleasure will remain. Certainness of his faithful services on the one hand and of comradeship in tight places on the other have endeared the horse to man with a bond of sympathy too strong for any whiz-wagon to sever. As long as there is pleasure in the exercise of one intelligence over another, so long as beauty, strength and animation challenge admiration, so long will the horse remain in the place which he is destined

to fill, and will remain as the companion of man. There is something irresistible about the companionship of a horse. He never gives advice unasked, nor does he "bellow forth his soft complainings" when the road happens to be a little rough; he simply remains with you, faithful, silent, uncomplaining, ready to ride at your bidding, even to death if need be.—*Spirit of the West.*



#### HOW TO TRAIN THE TOILERS.

THINK of a human being spending the working hours of a whole week in making the twenty-second part of a pin, the sixty-fourth part of a shoe, the infinitesimal part of a cigar, and you can form some idea of the drudgery against which human nature rebels, and from which it seeks relief by visiting the roof garden, the theater, and the saloon. I say, I have no quarrel with the toilers who seek recreation. What keeps me awake at night is the thought that if these toilers had been taught at school how to use and enjoy a good book, they would seek recreation and enjoyment by visiting the public library instead of going to the roof garden and the saloon. We can all agree upon the desirability of fitting pupils to enjoy the things of the mind and the higher life, on the importance of teaching the right use of books, on the supreme duty of training the boy and the girl to think the best thoughts of the best men as these are enshrined in art and literature. The pupil who is taught to think the thoughts of God, as these are expressed in the starry heavens above us, in the moral law within us, and in all nature around us, tastes the joys of a life which does not turn upon what we eat and drink and the thousand things that money will buy. In our efforts to work out a satisfactory scheme of industrial education let us not forget that the most valuable asset of our people is brains, that our national greatness consists in offering every boy and every girl all the educational facilities which they are willing to take, that work and vocation must not cause us to neglect recreation and avocation, and that preparation for a life which is truly worth living cannot, for the sake of financial gain, afford to neglect or ignore the things of the mind and the joys of the higher life.—*Selected.*



OUR practice, and its underlying motive, is the only sure evidence that we are genuinely Christian; "By their fruits ye shall know them," applies to ourselves.



LET us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—*Abraham Lincoln.*



THERE are no fragments so precious as those of time, and none are so heedlessly lost by people who cannot make a moment, and yet can waste years.—*Montgomery.*



# THE INGLENOOK

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Its purpose is: To safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature.

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## THE INGLENOOK.

THE INGLENOOK has many warm-hearted friends both in and out of the church. They have loyally stood by the magazine through all its years of existence. They have by their help made the paper a possibility and to them the measure of success it attained is due. To these warm-hearted friends we express regret that it has been decided to close the Nook with the current year. The last number will be sent out the last week in December for the present at least. The time may come when its publication may be revived.

There are several reasons to be given why it is thought best to discontinue the magazine at this time. *Our Young People* fills in part the same field occupied by the Nook and some feel that we ought to put the force and energy and the patronage of both papers into the one and thus carry that to a larger degree of success.

It is well known to those who are acquainted with the publishing business that it would be impossible to publish a magazine like the INGLENOOK without heavy loss unless it had a large advertising patronage. The magazine did have a good advertising business, but this has in part been cut off by the action of Conference and it will be impossible to continue the publication without loss to the church and we do not feel that this should be done. With all the advertising the paper could command, the last fiscal year showed but little margin on the credit side of the magazine.

D. L. M.

We wish to add our regrets to those expressed by the president of the General Mission Board in the above. We are sorry for the breaking of the ties formed through the medium of the magazine. A distinct family feeling has existed between the readers of the INGLENOOK and this has been a strong inspiration to the Editor in his work. We are deeply grateful for all the kind words and help we have received

from our readers and contributors. While we have at no time reached the standard of excellence at which we aimed, still we are comforted with the thought that some good has been done, and that it will go on and on to the end of time, even though the agent that set it in motion has ceased to exist.

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## HIGH-SCHOOL FRATERNITIES.

OF late years the school boards in many of the larger cities have had more or less trouble with the Greek-letter fraternities that have been formed in their high schools. The evil resulting from these fraternities so far outweighs the good, that intelligent, sober-minded people easily see that they are a menace to some of the cherished principles of our public schools and consequently of our national life, and they are loud in their condemnation of them. Last year a number of school boards took decided steps against the societies and now that school has reopened the subject is up again and is causing not a little trouble in the cities where the educators are awake to their duties and are fearless in discharging them.

In Chicago the matter has assumed serious proportions. The school board has taken an uncompromising stand against the fraternities and will very likely have to defend their position in court, as a number of the pupils, backed by their parents, refuse to abide by the ruling on the ground that their liberty is being interfered with. (It would seem that there was much material from which to recruit the ranks of the personal liberty advocates who have recently made themselves famous.)

It is encouraging to know that the leading newspapers of Chicago, as well as those throughout the country, have seen the evils attending these secret fraternities and are using their influence against them. We quote from editorials which appeared in two of Chicago's newspapers several days after school opened.

"The attitude of the Chicago board of education toward the high school secret societies is entirely commendable. It is to be hoped that no compromise will be accepted and the board will effectually stamp out the societies and keep them out. There is no room for such organizations in any scheme of public education intended for the masses and not the classes, and Chicago will be better off without them."

"The legal questions involved must be settled in the courts, but the Chicago board of education feels naturally that it has a very good case, even when it goes to the extreme of expelling pupils for not withdrawing from the societies, and we can imagine nothing that is less deserving of the sympathy of the supporters of the schools than the rebellion of society members when any attempt is made to discipline them.

"Parents who encourage such rebellion are engaged in very poor business. They are using their own authority in just the wrong way, and there

is nothing at all impressive about the struggle for the preservation of the fraternities, nothing suggestive of desperate sacrifices for eternal principles. As a matter of fact, they are out of place in the democracy of the public schools, and it is certain that when they were introduced with their jumble of Greek letters in imitation of college fraternities they did not fill a long felt want."

"If any one thing has impaired the usefulness of high schools to the community it has been the deplorable tendency to ape the universities. Those in control of the schools in many cities have been largely to blame. In the first place, they departed from the old-fashioned grade system and christened the classes as freshmen, sophomore, etc., in regular college style. This alone fostered a feeling of superiority as between such schools and those clinging to the old designation.

"In the second place, too often those who framed curricula have given place to altogether too many studies that properly belong to the university, and the introduction of which into the high school has been at the expense of its efficiency along practical lines. The tendency has been to neglect solid groundwork and erect educational superstructures more ornamental than useful. Vanity has entered into education more than is generally suspected.

"High school pupils are boys and girls and not men and women. And the very least thing that tends to draw any lines of class or caste should be stamped out absolutely. The only losers will be those boys whose foolish parents turn them from the high schools into private institutions, and thus deprive them of the inestimable benefit of rubbing shoulders with other boys from all ranks of life and acquiring at least a smattering of true democracy, and a glimmering idea of the meaning of a true republic."

The pastor of one of the influential churches of the city in a sermon indorsed the action of the school board in the following words: "The school board has done well in outlawing these secret student bodies and it is to be hoped that public sentiment will roundly support the board in this surely needed reform. Let the board go to any legitimate length in enforcing this new order, even if it means the expulsion of hundreds of young rebels from the high schools. Let the banker's daughter be the helpful companion of the baker's girl. Teach boys and girls to admire character and not cash. Let preference light upon real ability and not go fawning after drygoods or the haberdasher's most perfect product. See to it that the public schools do not manufacture snobs."

A good deal of this aping of grown-ups and insubordination on the part of children may be directly traced to the lack of discipline in the home. Some parents are too indifferent or too lazy to instill in their children the respect children should have for those

in authority and those who are wiser than themselves, and many parents believe that any training or repression of a child's tendencies is wrong, as if it was endowed at birth with all the wisdom needed in life. Already we have reaped much shame and suffering because of these conditions and the harvest will continue as long as we have parents who do not consecrate themselves to the duty of training up a child "in the way he should go."



### "BOY WANTED."

"Wanted—A Boy." How often we  
This quite familiar notice see.  
Wanted—a boy for every kind  
Of task that a busy world can find.  
He is wanted—wanted now and here;  
There are towns to build; there are paths to clear;  
There are seas to sail; there are gulfs to span,  
In the ever onward march of man.

Wanted—the world wants boys today  
And it offers them all it has for pay.  
'Twill grant them wealth, position, fame,  
A useful life, an honored name.  
Boys who will guide the plow and pen;  
Boys who will shape the ways for men;  
Boys who will forward the tasks begun;  
For the world's great work is never done.

The world is eager to employ  
Not just one, but every boy  
Who, with a purpose stanch and true,  
Will greet the work he finds to do.  
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind,—  
To good, awake; to evil, blind,—  
A heart of gold without alloy,—  
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.  
—The Watchman.



### LOVE'S BELIEF.

Love is immortal. If I die  
Before you, dear, and over me  
The clover blossoms woo the bee,  
And little violets, sweet as shy,  
Peer through the grass above my face  
To smile at you when you come near,  
Lean down and listen—you will hear  
A whisper stirring in the place.  
And in that whisper you will know  
The voice you loved so well of old,  
Striving to tell the love untold;  
And as your footsteps come and go  
About your tasks, the whole day through,  
Love's message, whispered by the flowers,  
Will fill with gladness all the hours,  
For you will know I think of you.

For well I know that love would thrill  
My heart of dust, if I were dead,  
And you came to my grave and said,  
"Dear heart, do you remember still?"  
And when I felt the subtle stir  
Of love that dies not, I would make  
You conscious of the truth, and take  
The flowers for my interpreter.

—Eben E. Rexford.





## Aunt Sara's Views

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

"I AM going to be rich some day! I shall never marry a poor man. I've decided that question for all time," and pretty Ethel Lemore turned away from the window and smilingly regarded her Aunt Sara who was busy sewing, but not too busy to hear what her niece had said.

Aunt Sara was not a whit disturbed by her niece's statement. Very calmly she inquired, "What has made you come to such a conclusion at your time of life?"

"Oh, I've been thinking about it a long time. I have always wanted things that money could buy, but never had the money wherewith to purchase the much-desired articles, so I don't intend to be hampered like this all through life; I shall marry a rich man and have my dreams come true."

"It is just possible that some other girls have come to the same conclusion, and there may not be enough rich men to go around," said Aunt Sara seriously.

"Some other girl will have to do without then; my mind is made up," said Ethel emphatically.

Aunt Sara was fitting a patch over the sleeve of a kitchen dress. She cut and basted carefully, as if that were the only thing she was thinking about, but after a little she remarked, "Did you tell George Steward that last evening?"

"Why, Aunt Sara!" exclaimed Ethel, "you surely know that he never asked me any such question, we are only good friends! I couldn't think of him anyway, because he is poor now and always will be poor."

"No, I suppose not," answered Aunt Sara reflectively. "I was just thinking what a power money is in this day. When I was young, Amos Speybey, one of our deacons, used to talk so much about the poor being happier than the rich; they had nothing to worry about and they honestly earned every dollar they spent. They were not proud, and many blessings were showered upon them because they were poor, while the rich broke all the ten commandments for money. And he sometimes made me feel that all that was necessary in order to go to heaven was the assertion that we had been poor on

earth. I never hear people talk that way any more. And the strange thing about it was this—Amos Speybey's brother died in the west. He was a mine owner and left considerable money to the deacon. You should have seen how eagerly Deacon Speybey welcomed every dollar, and proceeded to follow in the footsteps of the rich as far as he could. We heard no more talks in prayer meeting on the blessings of poverty and indeed the deacon seemed anxious to forget that he had been a poor man, and rather objected to any one reminding him of it."

Aunt Sara commenced hunting for another spool of thread, and Ethel said, "Well, all you have said only proves that I am right. You can do anything if you have money!"

"Yes," continued Aunt Sara, "there are different ways of looking at this subject, and I always felt that Deacon Speybey's talks failed to ring true. In these days we believe that the good or evil lies not in the money itself which is merely a bit of metal fixed upon as the measure of value of things, but in our *love* for gold, our devotion to money-getting. We are likely to do things that are wrong because we are so anxious to make money."

"Now Aunt Sara, I am listening, but you cannot make me say that I have changed my mind. I see what you're driving at, but it's no use, I am going to marry money," said Ethel with an air of finality which was to clinch the argument and end the discussion.

"Certainly; I was going to say that you will miss one of the sweetest pleasures of life,—the being a helpmeet to your husband, helping him to accumulate money, a home, and perhaps houses and lands. If you marry a poor man, you find that both economy and work are necessary to build up a home. Of course there are some people who keep just one day in advance of starvation; they argue that because they work hard, they must have some pleasure and they spend money recklessly, and always remain poor. Now there was Mrs. Mollie Etter," continued Aunt Sara reminiscently. "I well remember how she worked and saved until they bought their home, a four-

roomed cottage. She told me it was only by the closest calculation, by wasting nothing, that they managed to pay for that cottage, but it was doubly precious because she had planned so carefully in order to buy it. As the years went by, Mollie always stood close by her husband, he made money and she saved it, and so he became the richest man in our town, and more than that they have a happy home, rich in love and mutual sufferance, and mutual good-will. Money is not all that is needed, its purchasing power is terribly limited, as many rich people sadly admit. And then the stories of success under difficulties which so many of my friends can tell makes one hungry to do something worth while ourselves."

"Oh, I know it is grand for a woman to do as Mrs. Mollie Etter did; I love her, she is just dear. But we escape so much trouble and hard work when we have money enough to do as we like," answered Ethel.

"No doubt, no doubt," said Aunt Sara, "but then it is not best to pray for easy lives; we are told to pray for powers equal to our tasks. And by the way, I hear that George Stewart is now a member of the firm for which he has been working. It seems to me he is doing very well considering that he must climb by his own efforts alone. I have noticed that it is mighty easy for a girl to marry the wrong man, but dear me, I never started out to preach a sermon to you, my child. But there was so much mending to do and I just naturally keep on talking when I once get started," and Aunt Sara rolled up some calico pieces, and looked for thread, and collected various articles for her work-basket.

"I am not going to marry anybody for a long while yet anyway, so I may possibly change my mind until then, but it is hard to want so many things and to be so skilled in the art of getting along without, as I happen to be," said Ethel, thoughtfully.

"Dear, I hope Love is already on the way to you," said Aunt Sara very tenderly. "And I want you to think about the coming of Love into your life. Get ready to be a companion to him, share his interests and understand his ideals, and help him to see that there is goodness and righteousness and kindness still left in this world, and if you journey close together, you may miss the road to wealth, but you shall have what money cannot buy,—joy and happiness." Aunt Sara's eyes were dewy as she softly said, "I know, because I've had the most beautiful experience in all the world." And as she turned and went upstairs with her work-basket, Ethel looked after her wistfully, and murmured to herself, "Love is best; they all say so."



A LIGHT that doesn't shine beautifully around the family tables is not fit to take a long distance or to do great service somewhere else.—*J. Hudson Taylor.*

## KEEPING COMPANY.

FLORA E. TEAGUE.

IN free America much liberty is granted the sexes. They intermingle with scarcely any restrictions. Sometimes our method in this respect is more or less criticized, but that is about as far as it goes. Since we permit almost unrestricted liberty, it is wise to offer advice and suggestions as we proceed, so that our custom may never need be any more severely condemned than it has been in the past.

I am enough of a patriotic American to believe in the honor of my countrymen and their desires to do right. Further, I am loyal enough, too, to desire to do all I can to aid my fellow-citizens in doing right. Again, I want to lift my voice emphatically against the evils in our land, it may be partly because of our unrestricted methods in regard to the free mingling of the sexes. In some portions of our country restrictions and methods are more rigid than in others. In the older settled portions and in the cities, the better grade of society insists on the young people being supplied with chaperones when either few or many assemble. In other portions, even this slight restriction in reality is unknown.

If our sons and daughters have been well reared and enlightened upon subjects that pertain to their sexual make-up; if their minds and judgment have been given time to mature; if they possess sufficient dignity and stamina, there will not be much necessity for fear on the part of interested friends when their sons and daughters mingle with the sons and daughters of other parents.

I feel to condemn too frequent and too lengthy visitation after night in secluded parlors, by our young people, as a stepping stone to evil. It has more or less of a tendency to breed too great familiarity—a dangerous thing. Very few young people can interestingly entertain one another *over three hours* at a stretch. One or two would be wiser and far safer and better. When conversation lags, it is time to separate. No young lady should permit a gentleman caller to detain her much after her regular retiring hours.

Be dignified in your conversation, pure in your thoughts. Permit no familiarities, much less be guilty of such yourself. If a caller shows himself guilty of any unbecoming conduct or conversation, dismiss him then and there. He is an unsafe friend. He can not be trusted. He would likely defame you when a good opportunity was given.

Don't angle for a beau, my dear girls. The wise and valuable fish are too wary to be caught in that way. They would probably be hard-hearted enough to laugh at you for your pains. There is nothing wrong in manifesting a certain degree of pleasure in being in the society of agreeable men, but don't work too hard to do so. It is far better to be hard to win, to be so



indifferent that efforts on the part of your gentlemen friends will have to be made.

Be modest, dignified, and ladylike. Do not put on these characteristics for the occasion, but cultivate them until they become a part of your make-up. Then you will need have no fears of being neglected or over-looked.

*Lordsburg, Cal.*

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**"MOTHER."**

JOSEPH D. REISH.

(An Acrostic.)

Mother! the dearest name that can  
Of mortal tongue proceed!  
The name conveys a happiness  
Heav'n's bliss alone exceeds.  
Ev'ry home without a mother is  
Robbed of its greatest need.

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**SHARING THE RESPONSIBILITY.**

"Oh, mamma" cried Betty Brown, "may I go down to Kittie's tonight? A jolly crowd will be there and they are going to pull candy and—and—oh, do ever so many jolly things! Can I go? Say yes, there's a dear!"

"I'm afraid it will have to be no, this time, Betty," said mamma, not looking up from her sewing.

"Not no, mamma! You can't mean no!"

"Perhaps if I hurry, I can finish my work in time to go over to Mrs. Bennit's. You always enjoy that," suggested Mrs. Brown.

"We can go there any old night," pouted Betty, "but tonight I do so want to go to Kittie's. Why can't I go?"

"Kittie is older than my little Betty, and the girls and boys with whom she goes are older still. I want my little girl to stay young as long as possible," explained Mrs. Brown.

"Kittie is only a year older than I am, and May Wilson is just my age. Besides, I don't see what harm it will do, just for once, mamma."

"It was to be 'just for once' last time, Betty."

"Oh, mamma, Kittie just 'specially invited me before all the girls, and I told her I'd be delighted, and now you've gone and spoiled it all," wailed Betty.

"I'm sorry, little daughter," said Mrs. Brown in an absent-minded way as she measured the sleeves she was making.

"If papa says I can go, can I?" persisted Betty.

"Yes, if your father says so," agreed her mother, more intent upon the sleeves than upon her daughter.

In a short time, Betty burst into the room again crying out, "Papa said I could go! Papa said I could go! Now which dress shall I wear?"

"I suppose it will have to be your best, although it ought not to be—pulling candy, too. I do wish

your father had been more firm with you," regretted Mrs. Brown.

"Why, papa had no objections at all," protested Betty. "And he sent word that he was too busy to come home to supper."

"Then we'll just have a bite, and I can finish this sewing," exclaimed Mrs. Brown in a relieved tone.

Betty, happy now that her point was gained, eagerly offered to get supper, and flew about, singing merrily. Her mother thought how little it took to please her, and was rather glad she was going, after all.

When Betty was ready to go, she threw her arms about her mother and whispered lovingly, "I wish mumsie was going to have a good time, too, instead of working so much."

"There, run along, dear. Don't forget to have some of the girls come all the way home with you," said mumsie.

"Y-e-s, mamma. Anyhow, I won't let that Pitkin boy come with me," she promised, laughingly.

At the words "Pitkin boy" Mrs. Brown's conscience awoke for a moment, but she soon consoled herself with the thought that Betty's father was to blame for letting her go, and her entire attention was given to getting an exact bias to some bands she was cutting. The moments flew and her fingers kept time with them. She folded the finished garment just as Mr. Brown came home.

"Hello, busy as ever," he said, pleasantly. "Betty's home, I suppose?"

"Why, no," answered his wife. "Just look at the time, too! I had no idea it was so late. And Kittie's is not a very good place for Betty to be either. I never like the tone of Kittie's parties. What made you let her go, Will?"

"Me let her go!"

"Why, yes, she went down to the store to ask you."

"She said," repeated Mr. Brown, slowly, "that you didn't care, and would let her go, if I would."

They looked steadily at each other for a moment, the light of comprehension dawning in their eyes.

"I guess," said Mr. Brown, picking up his hat, "that I'd better go and bring her home. Betty needs a heart-to-heart talk on the sin of deception."

"Wait a moment, Will," exclaimed his wife. "I guess it is I who need a heart-to-heart talk. I've been so busy with the fall work and sewing that I've been shirking my responsibility. I knew that Kittie's party was not the place for our innocent Betty, but, to get rid of her teasing, I sent her to you."

"And I," said Mr. Brown, ever ready to bear his share of the blame, "have been so busy taking stock of my goods that I've neglected to take stock of my daughter."

"No, dear, it was mostly my fault, because I sinned knowingly. Hurry, Will, and bring Betty home,

but do be patient with her, for it is not right to lecture Betty for her sins of commission, which are the outcome of my sins of omission."

"Perhaps, we've both shirked a bit," suggested Betty's father. "We'll form a new partnership and share the responsibility with each other."

"And with our Father above," supplemented Mrs. Brown, as her husband went out the door, after their little daughter.—*Selected*.



#### THE BEAUTY THAT WEARS.

DR. C. W. SALEEBY, in his treatise on worry, which he styles "the disease of the age," candidly admits that a woman has nearly all a man's cause for worry, and, in addition, a kind of worry that the man has not. This is domestic worry. He says women worry about the affairs of the house in order that men may not; thus relieved of them, the man does not comprehend their number, nor their importance. He says it is time some one should draw the attention of women to the psychical factor of good looks. He says: "The determining factor of the beauty which age can not wither nor custom stale is the factor of mind. Here, as everywhere, mind is the only important matter—appearance notwithstanding. There is no cosmetic known, nor will any such be revealed by the chemistry of the future, that can for a moment compare with a merry heart, a lucid mind and a loving soul. And of all the ravages that can be worked in a fair face, there are none against which your chemistry is more impotent—your electricity, your massage, your chin-straps and their like—than the ravages of worry. The beauty that is more than skin deep, the beauty that lasts, the beauty that counts in the long run, is a creation of the mind, and by the mind alone can it be destroyed."

He quotes from Darwin: "When a woman worries, the muscles of her face tend to lose the 'tone' which characterizes healthy muscles, and thus the lips, cheeks, lower jaws sink downward of their own weight. All the features lengthen, the eyes become dull and lack expression; the eyebrows are not infrequently rendered oblique, due to their inner ends being raised. This produces peculiarly formed wrinkles on the forehead, which are very different from a frown. The corners of the mouth are drawn downward, which is so universally recognized as a sign of being out of spirit that it is almost proverbial." Darwin calls these the grief muscles, and Dr. Saleeby says it would be equally correct to call them the worry muscles. These muscles are rarely acted upon from bodily pain, but almost exclusively from the mental distress. Let the reader look for a woman's face marked in mouth and brow as Darwin describes, and he will recognize that one might as well try to cure a cancer with sticking plaster as attempt to erase with any cosmetic these indelible worry lines.—*Sel*.

FILLING for school lunch sandwiches which take the place of meat can be made from mixed fruits and nuts. Wash, stone and seed equal weights of figs, raisins and dates and put them through a meat chopper with half the weight in mixed and prepared nuts. Feed the chopper alternating the fruit and the nuts, a little at a time until they are all chopped and mixed. Pack it down tight in baking powder cans and when molded slice off thin slices and put between bread and butter.—*Washington Star*.

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### *The Children's Corner*

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#### HOW JOHNNY WAS CURED.

JOHNNY was a great brag. A brag is a boaster. If he heard a playmate tell of something he had done, no matter what it was, Johnny would give a snort, and exclaim:

"Pooh! that's nothing! who couldn't do that?"

One evening the family sat around the fire in the sitting-room. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing, Alice and Joe were studying their lessons, when Johnny came strutting in. He took a chair by the table and began reading "Robinson Crusoe."

Presently Joe, who was younger than Johnny, went up to his brother, saying: "Look at my drawing. I did it today in school. Isn't it good?"

"Pooh! Call that good! You ought to see the one I drew! It beats yours all hollow!"

Joe was rather crestfallen, and little Alice, who had a sympathetic heart, pitied her brother, and going to Joe, asked him to let her see his drawing.

"I wish I could do as well as you do, Joe," she said, hoping to revive her brother's drooping spirits.

"Pooh!" sneered Johnny, "you needn't try to draw; for girls can't make even a straight line."

It was not long before Mr. Boaster left the room for a few moments. When he came back everything seemed to be going on as when he left. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing, and Joe and Alice were busy with their lessons.

"At last I have finished my hem," remarked grandma, folding the napkin she had been hemming so industriously.

"Pooh!" said mamma, contemptuously, "that is nothing. I have done two while you are doing one!"

The children looked up quickly; for who would have believed she would have spoken so? It was not like her to do so.

Grandma picked up another napkin and began hemming it, but said nothing.

"Papa, look at my examples, please. I have done every one of them, and haven't made a single mistake," said Alice, crossing the room to where her father was sitting before the open grate fire.



"Pooh! That's nothing," replied her father, not even taking her paper to look at it. "You ought to see the way I used to do examples when I was your age!"

Poor little Alice was greatly astonished to hear such a discouraging and boastful remark from her generally kind father, and she was about to turn away when he drew her near to him and whispered something in her ear which brought the smiles to her face.

For a few moments no one said anything, and work went on as before. Johnny was deeply engrossed in the history of Crusoe's adventures, and the other children continued their studies.

"My flowers look so well! I believe the geraniums are going to bloom again," remarked mamma.

"Pooh! they are not half so thrifty as those I used to raise. Why, I had flowers all winter long, and you have only had a few blossoms in the whole winter," said grandma, contemptuously.

"What was the matter with everybody?" thought Johnny. He had never known them to be in such a humor as they were that evening.

When papa remarked presently that he had stepped into the grocer's and been weighed that afternoon, and that he "tipped the beam" at 168 pounds, and that was doing "pretty well" for him, mamma said, crossly:

"Pooh! You call that doing pretty well? Old Mr. Benson weighs 225 pounds, and no one ever heard him bragging of it."

Everybody laughed. Papa shouted. It was such a surprise, and grandma got up and left the room to keep from choking with laughter.

Johnny saw them all look at him, and after a minute or two began to "smell a mouse," as the saying goes.

"Papa," said he, "what are you all laughing about? Is it at me?"

"Well, we are not exactly laughing at you. We thought we would try your way of boasting of our accomplishments, and see how you thought it sounded, but mamma spoiled our game before we had finished it."

Johnny looked rather sheepish the rest of the evening. He wondered if he was as disagreeable as the older folks that evening when he boasted of what he could do or had done. He was forced to admit that boasting sounded very unpleasant, and he resolved to break himself of the habit.—*Our Morning Globe*.

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"THERE is comfort and inspiration in the thought that God estimates us as we are when we stand upon the plane of our best and bravest. We are sadly conscious that we do not always stand upon that plane. We know that we decline from it very, very often. But, nevertheless, to attain the level of our best is what we are most truly and constantly seeking. That is the

abiding motive and desire of every consecrated life; and it is by that controlling purpose that we are judged."

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"WHAT does Satan pay you for your swearing?" said a gentleman to one whom he heard using profane language. "He does not pay me anything," was the reply. "Well, you work cheaply, to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much pain on your friends, and to risk losing your own soul," gradually rising in emphasis, "and all for nothing. You certainly do work cheaply—very cheaply, indeed."

## For SUNDAY READING

### MUTE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

The heart most torn by grief hath never flung  
Its plaint abroad for all the world to hear.  
The voice of song is hushed beside love's bier,  
And deepest sorrow is for aye unsung.  
The mellow threnes that down the years are rung,  
For fame are sounded, in the haunting fear  
That love will perish in oblivion drear  
Unless the singer give it golden tongue.  
But, oh, the broken heart doth turn away,  
Listening and remembering!  
It loveth starlight more than blinding day,  
And trusteth time to heal its bruised wing,  
Hoping to rise when love's eternal ray  
Pierceth the darkness,—but it does not sing.

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### THE HIDDEN TALENT.

OLIVE A. SMITH.

HENRY DRUMMOND said that "the soul in its highest sense, is a vast capacity for God, but without God it shrinks and shrivels until every vestige of the Divine is gone, and God's image is left without God's spirit."

Every power of body, mind and spirit, is a talent given us as a means of utilizing this capacity, and growing in the divine likeness. But there is no power than can force us into a use of the talent. Like the unprofitable servant, we may hide it, and when it is hidden, it is deprived of the power of multiplying itself. But there are other servants who are anxious to use it wisely. Thus we see the justice of the decree, "Take therefore, the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents."

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### MIXING THE GOSPEL WITH POTATOES.

THERE are so many people who say that they would like to be missionaries if it were not for their business—they could not leave their business. But it is *not* necessary to *leave* our business in order to be soul winners. Every business that is fit to be in at all furnishes opportunities for soul winning.

The Rev. Ward, pastor of the Bridesburg Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, tells the following in the *Sunday School Times* concerning a recent convert who asked in a church full of his Christian neighbors and friends, "How many present have been acquainted with me for five years?" Almost every hand was raised. He then asked, "How many of you were *concerned* about my salvation?" About half as many hands went up hesitatingly. The man then said, "I don't wish to hurt any one's feelings, but, pardon me, if I say I don't believe it, for with one exception not one person present *ever said one word* to me about accepting Christ."

But somehow Christ had found and accepted him, and sent him off on the dead run for souls. He was a huckster and his business gave him his opportunity (*every* man's business does). When he sold a half-peck measure of potatoes he gave *free* a whole-hearted measure of gospel invitation to the gospel meetings. In order to keep his promise "to stop by" and bring the man to church, he "turned in" fifteen minutes earlier.

During the day he had found time to drive by the pastor's home to tell him of some man's promise to come and to whisper a word about the man's disposition as a basis for united effort. "I want you to leave him entirely to me tonight. He will sit with me where I can watch him during the sermon, and tomorrow I'll report."

In a meeting for prayer concerning a specially hard case, holding his clenched hand above his head he said: "I haven't got him yet, but I'm going to hold on to him to the very last." He was the banner soul-winner because he *mixed* the Gospel with his potatoes.—*The Lifeboat*.



#### GIVE TILL YOU FEEL IT.

THIS is the advice that is sometimes given by those who would promote greater liberality in Christian giving. The thought is that the giving shall reach that point of self-denial which is accompanied by more or less pain. It is meant that men should give till it hurts. The advice is altogether unnecessary. That is the only way a great many ever do give. They always give till they feel it, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, they always feel it when they give. They have not learned the joy of giving, the blessedness of fellowship with the Lord Jesus as Christian stewards. To advise such persons to give till they feel it is to lead them to suppose that the more liberally one gives the more painful the act becomes, and with them the act is painful enough already. The appeal to men to give till they feel it is consequently more likely to discourage generous, willing-hearted giving than to promote it. Men and women are not waiting around to do painful things. Nor should the impression be created, or even hinted

at, that the most liberal giving is painful giving.

"Give till you feel it." Yes, but let it be according to the testimony of a pastor who said: "I have learned to give till I feel comfortable." To him his best giving, the giving that involved the most genuine self-sacrifice was the happiest giving. It always is. The stingy giver, whose giving is always painful to him, has no right to feel comfortable. It would be well if his conscience would not permit him to. The liberal giver, however, the man who faithfully seeks to honor the Lord with his substance, and who gives as the Lord has prospered him, not grudgingly, has an untold spiritual joy in his giving. If his giving reaches the point of real sacrifice the experience is not one of pain but of intense joy. "Give till you feel it." Yes, give till you feel comfortable.—*The Baptist Visitor*.



#### BE STRONG.

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;  
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;  
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil, who's to blame?  
And fold the hands and acquiesce. Oh, shame,  
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name!

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong;  
How hard the battle goes; the day, how long;  
Faint not; fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

—Maltbie Davenport Babcock.



#### WHAT A MOTHER WROTE TO HER SON.

AMONG the private papers of a promising literary man who died not many years ago was found a letter from his mother, who was herself a most successful author. So wisely and lovingly had she written him concerning a spiritual difficulty, of which he had told her, that it is not unlikely her words will carry a message of help and comfort to mothers' sons in many places who have been confronted with the same difficulty.

"I wish, my dear," she wrote, "that you were less distrustful of yourself. Everyone must have felt the same painful wandering of the mind, especially at the most solemn moments. It has been my plague all my life. What has been my consolation for a very long time is the conviction that God understands what we mean, or what we want to mean, so much better than any mortal can. I have the most perfect reliance upon His sympathy, so that I almost think He must be more indulgent to us than we are to ourselves, knowing in His great understanding and tenderness all about it, and that we prefer the good even when we don't succeed in doing it. Have confidence in our Heavenly Father as, and far more than, you have confidence in me, for He will never misunderstand you."—*Selected*.





# Echoes from Everywhere

The French people have sent a petition to their Chamber of Deputies, signed by over 800,000 persons, asking for the abolition of the absinthe traffic. This is the more remarkable, inasmuch as popular petitions are almost unknown in France.

Danish physicians have formed a total abstinence society and have caused a warning to be posted at all the railway stations in Denmark, declaring alcohol to be a stupefying poison, and pointing out that every seventh man in Denmark dies of strong drink.

Arkansas held an election recently on the question of asking the legislature to pass a state prohibitory law. The result was an overwhelming declaration in favor of such a law. Fully sixty counties out of a total of sixty-seven were carried by the anti-saloon people.

By an order of President Roosevelt, about 70,000 acres of land adjoining the Oregon-California line is to be set aside as a reservation for the propagation and protection of all native birds. The order includes all land not suitable for agricultural purposes. The land described is probably the greatest breeding ground in the world for water fowl.

At a recent conference at Andrew Carnegie's home, in Scotland, plans were made for the completion of the Carnegie Technical School at Pittsburg on a colossal scale. Carnegie authorized the expenditure of \$10,000,000 more, and plans to make it the greatest school in the world—his real monument. The Carnegie schools are now caring for 1,200 students, and are found to be altogether inadequate to the demands.

One by one the great newspapers of the country are shaking off the domination of the liquor traffic, which uses its millions and its advertising and political patronage to whip the press into line. One of the leading daily newspapers of the west, the Minneapolis Journal, has just announced that when existing contracts have been filled no liquor advertisements will appear in its columns, nor other ads which contribute to the spread of social vice.

The slump in trade during the past year has been nowhere more strikingly shown than in post cards. The climax of the remarkable post-card craze was reached about a year ago, and the excesses to which many publishers and dealers had gone in stocking up resulted in huge losses, for it was suddenly found that the public would no longer buy. Literally thousands of concerns had gone into the business expecting to make fortunes, with the inevitable result that there was great overproduction, especially of the cheap and worthless cards with which the market has been so flooded. The German manufacturers have been particularly hard hit.

Encouraged by the remarkable results obtained by the Lord's Day Alliance in Canada, prominent clergymen and laymen of this country have formed a Federation of Sunday Rest Associations. Its purpose is to preserve the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship. The president of the organization is Rev T. T. Mutchler, M. D., of Philadelphia. The first convention of the organization will be held in Pittsburg on December 1, 2 and 3. All Sabbath rest organizations in the country are urged to send representatives.

Highland Park college, of Des Moines, has drawn the color line. This is the first Iowa educational institution to exclude negroes, and the action has caused resentment among the negroes in the State. The Negro Baptist associations of Iowa and Nebraska, in session at Des Moines, condemned the college's action, and declared it the greatest setback the race has had in Iowa. Highland Park college has an enrollment of 2,500 students, and several negroes have been in the classes. President Longwell, in announcing the drawing of the color line, declared he had nothing personally against the blacks, but that the white students compelled the action by refusing to attend chapel or to walk into classes with the negroes.

Recent reports from St. Petersburg state that since the beginning of the epidemic there have been 15,683 cases of Asiatic cholera reported in Russia and 7,102 deaths. In St. Petersburg alone, since the presence of the disease was officially admitted Sept. 8, there have been 4,931 cases and 1,875 deaths reported. However it is said these figures with reference to the city cannot be relied upon, as on a number of occasions private but trustworthy statistics showed the number of cases and deaths in a single day to be far in excess of that announced by the authorities. Efforts to arouse the municipal authorities to action have resulted in an appreciable improvement in the sanitary conditions and a consequent decrease in the disease.

The city of Winnipeg announces that it has discovered a good way to render sewer gas harmless, the escaping of which is such a great cause of disease. The plan adopted at Winnipeg is a simple one and consists of a device by which the street gas lamps are made to burn the bacteria which exist in the sewer gas. Lamps were put up beside manholes and a pipe from the sewer was extended up to the mantel of the burner; when the gas was lighted, the sewer gas was turned on and, as it passed through the flame, was disinfected. It was examined before it reached the burner and the plates exposed to it were found to contain more than 300 dangerous germs, but on the plates exposed to the disinfected gas not a germ was found. The plan appears feasible so far as it goes, but as it does not provide for the disinfection of the gas during the day, much of the danger from the sewer gas remains.

London, Sept. 28.—The British government has notified Bulgaria that it considers the continued occupation of the Orient Railroad quite unjustifiable.

It is reported from Venezuela that President Castro has refused to receive from Baron Seckendorff, the German minister, the second note of the Netherlands government on the difficulties between that country and Venezuela.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who attained his majority recently, has gone to work for the Hartford Carpet Corporation, and to master the intricacies of the business, will begin at the bottom, and will have to put in ten and a half hours at hard work.

At least one hundred alien men and women who are insane will be driven from Chicago within the next few weeks, according to Chief Immigration Inspector D. D. Davies. The deportation will be effected through the immigration department, as a result of the efforts of the corps of immigration inspectors in that city. These in the last ten days have arrested sixteen insane alien men and women. Following a board of inquiry hearing all were ordered deported.

Acting in behalf of the President, Secretary Cortelyou formally opened the great tuberculosis congress at Washington, Sept. 28. More than four thousand five hundred delegates, from all corners of the world, are registered and the meeting is sure to mark rapid progress in the stamping out of the dread disease. There will be twelve regular sessions of the congress which will likely prolong the meeting for perhaps two weeks.

In a decision handed down by the Court of Appeals at Albany a few days ago it is held that a person who has been convicted of a crime, but upon whom sentence was suspended, may vote without first having been restored to citizenship. The question passed upon was whether the word "convicted" means the verdict of a jury or the solemn judgment of the court. It is understood the decision will affect the right of about 20,000 to vote in that State.

The Supreme Court recently declared unconstitutional the Wisconsin eight-hour railroad telegraphers' law, which was enacted at the 1907 session of the legislature. The law is declared unconstitutional on the theory that it is in conflict with the provisions of the federal Constitution, which clothes Congress with the power to regulate interstate commerce and further that Congress having already provided a law fixing the hours of railway telegraphers from nine to thirteen hours, it was not within the power of the state to enact a law which would in effect change these hours.

Dublin, Sept. 29.—The Irish Gazette contains a proclamation bringing the new university act into operation tomorrow. The central idea of this measure is the establishment of two new universities in Ireland, with headquarters at Dublin and Belfast. The new Dublin College, under national control, will be organized immediately. The college starts with a foundation revenue of \$2,100,000 a year, and fees and moneys contributed by the local councils will add a considerable amount to this. The funds for the equipment of buildings are insufficient and probably will have to be supplemented by a national effort.

Sofia, Bulgaria, Sept. 28.—The diplomatic representatives here of Germany and Austria have presented the protests of their respective governments against the continued occupation by Bulgaria of the eastern Roumelian section of the Orient Railroad. Bulgaria took possession of this line last summer on account of a strike and ran trains with troops. Germany and Austria demand also the restoration of previous conditions. In reply the Bulgarian government advances the argument that public sentiment is so strongly in favor of the retention of the line that its restoration to Turkey is made impossible, but the government will safeguard the material interests of the company.

#### Science Notes.

According to a recent census the total population of the Canal Zone is 50,000. Of this number 24,963 persons are employed either by the Isthmian Canal Commission or the Panama Railroad Company. Of the total population 14,635 are white, 34,785 are negroes, and 583 are Chinese. Of the whites 6,863 are from the United States, and of these 5,213 are males and 1,650 females; 2,030 married men and 1,048 married women; 2,713 single men and 172 single women; 451 children, 232 boys and 219 girls between the ages of 6 and 16 years. There are also from the United States 73 colored persons, 57 males and 16 females. The total cost of taking the census is given at \$3,936.36.

In sinking an artesian well at Newlyn an interesting discovery has been made in tapping springs of highly mineralized water. The sinking of the well was undertaken for Mr. R. R. Bath, and the Newlyn Ice Company, in connection with the factory which has been erected for the manufacture of ice, to procure water to use in ice-making. A depth of about 180 feet has been reached, two tin lodes having meanwhile been passed through, and water from the springs reached was submitted for analysis to Mr. J. H. Bosanko, of the Penzance Mining and Science Schools. He was surprised to find that the water was highly mineralized. The simple test revealed an abnormal quantity of iron in the water, showing that it must be running through rich mineral veins. No water of this description has ever been found in West Cornwall, and it is thought that perhaps it may possess medicinal properties of some value.

From experiments conducted at Ottawa, in Canada, it appears that there are some slight grounds for the widely-accepted opinion among agriculturists that snow is a direct fertilizer, says the *Pharmaceutical Journal*. It is found to contain total nitrogen equivalent in round numbers to about a pound per acre of land covered by an average winter snowfall in that district. The amount of nitrogen as free ammonia was high, but fluctuated greatly, from 0.082 to 0.589 parts per million; the nitrogen as albuminoid ammonia ranged from 0.033 to 0.078 parts per million, and the nitrogen as nitrites and nitrates ranged from 0.027 to 0.390 parts per million. The average of twelve determinations from February 21, 1907, to May 4, was, nitrogen, as free ammonia 0.256, as albuminoid ammonia 0.052, and as nitrates and nitrites 0.163 part per million. The value of snow as a direct fertilizer would appear, so far as the nitrogen content is concerned, to be greatly overestimated. It is intended to continue the experiments both in summer and winter to determine definitely the manurial value of both snow and rain.—*Scientific American*.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE HARM IN "HARMLESS" DRINKS.

People should drink only when they are thirsty, we are told by a writer in *The Lancet* (London, August 22). And for quenching thirst, pure water is declared the best agent. This puts soft drinks like cream-soda and ginger-ale into the category of unnecessary, if not injurious, beverages. In fact, we are told that even the consumer of lemonade or plain soda is nothing but a taker of drugs—citric acid in the former case and carbon-dioxid gas in the latter. Tea and coffee drinkers fare no better. Says this writer:

"It is idle to deny that a good many people often drink, not because they are thirsty, but because the beverage is palatable. Against such may fairly be brought the accusation of excess. The organism, as a rule, is not slow to indicate clearly its needs, and when water is required the sensation of thirst is the telltale. When, therefore, a person drinks a beverage, not because he is thirsty, but because that beverage is palatable, he is probably exceeding the liquid requirements of the physiological machine, and the normal course of metabolism may be interfered with by the superfluous fluid absorbed. The fact is that so many persons want to add, to the delightful and perfectly natural sensation of assuaging thirst, that of a condiment or something which pleases the palate also. If we are not mistaken, this perverted instinct is responsible for a good deal of overdrinking and for a number of habits which do not contribute to the physiological well-being of the individual. The thirsty person who can not satisfy his thirst unless the beverage contains what is in reality a drug has really acquired an unhealthy habit or, to put it plainly, a disease. Yet what else is the alcohol of the various alcoholic beverages, the caffeine of tea and coffee, the glucoside or quinine bitters, or even the ginger of ginger-beer or of ginger-ale, the aromatic oil of the liqueur, the carbonic-acid gas in soda-water, the citric acid of the lemon, and so on, but a drug? All these when consumed clearly convey something into the organism over and above water itself; they can not quench thirst in the sense that water does. Plain water has become a rare beverage nowadays, and it is a pity that it is so. We are inclined to think that the prejudice against the drinking of plain water has arisen from a mistaken idea in the public mind that plain water has disease entities in it, or 'insects,' and that only when mixed with spirits, hops, malt and other things, or in the form of tea or beer which necessarily are freed from disease organisms because they are boiled, is it rendered safe to drink. The danger of such an idea is apparent enough, for under stress of great thirst large doses of alcohol, tea, tannin, carbonic-acid gas, bitters, and so on may be consumed, and the effects of an unduly prolonged course of drugs, such as in reality these are, sooner or later manifest themselves, frequently indicating a disturbance of function which in the long run may do serious

harm to the whole organism. There are occasions, of course, when it is desirable to take with the beverage a stimulant or a substance which relieves fatigue, but for the purpose of satisfying a mere thirst pure water is all that is needed."—*Literary Digest*.



### PENSIONERS OF PEACE.

A curious thing happened in Germany in the year 1900. In that year the German Chemical Industry Association offered a prize, in free public competition, for the following interesting object:

#### The Safest Soap-Press.

It wasn't for the soap-press that would make the most soap. It was for the soap-press that would save the most limbs and the most lives. Real money was offered to inventors for designing a thing of that kind.

Mr. Edgar T. Davies, factory inspector of Illinois (and one of the most practical and shortest-haired reformers in the country) says that in the year 1906 in the factories of Illinois a hundred men were killed, or crippled for life, by one little shop institution called the set-screw. The set-screw stands up from the surface of rapidly revolving shafts and, as it turns, catches dangerously at hands and clothes. It is no unchangeable provision of nature. For thirty-five cents, says Mr. Davies, this danger-device could be recast into a safety-device. For thirty-five cents the projecting top of the set-screw could be sunk flush with the rest of the whirling surface of the shaft, and then no sleeve could be entangled by it, no human body could be swung and thrown by it, no woman could be widowed by it.

But why is it that German business men will offer prize-money for safety-devices, while American business men so generally fail to adopt them even when they have already been invented, even when they are well known and cheap, even when they are required by law?

The difference is not in personal character. If it were, it would be the Americans that would be buying the safety-devices. The individual American is the kindest man living. He can't even keep his children out of the jam-closet (though he knows it's bad in the long run for their teeth), because the immediate sight of unhappiness makes him uncomfortable. He is soft-hearted to a fault with his family and his friends. Personally, individually, the American is charitable and humane beyond the charity and humanity of the inhabitants of any other country in the world. The fact that the particular country he owns and operates is the world's industrial slaughter-house is a paradox in international character.

And the heart of this paradox is in the law on the subject of Compensation for Accidents to Workmen.

The Germans have a law that makes them better than they naturally would be. We have a law that conceals the real, hideous nature and the real, appalling cost of industrial accidents from our eyes, and makes us blindly and artificially selfish and cruel and brutal.

Germany has a system of compulsory insurance to

which both employers and employes contribute. Every injured German workman, no matter how he was injured, whether by his own fault, by the fault of his employer, or by nobody's fault, draws a regular weekly compensation either from the sickness-insurance fund or from the accident insurance fund until he is able to go back to work again.

Whereupon the following profound reflection occurs to the Germans:

"The more accidents there are, the more injured workmen we shall have to support and the larger will be the premiums that we shall have to pay into our insurance funds. But the fewer accidents there are, the fewer injured workmen we shall have to support and the smaller our insurance premiums will be."

A good law is a law that gets men and women into the habit of doing the helpful thing, the noble thing, the right thing. Nine-tenths of every one of us is habit. The German Compulsory Insurance Law is a good law, not only because it hands out coin and medical supplies at convenient times to injured workmen, but because it sets the face of the whole German nation habitually toward preventing the crippling and mangling of human beings, toward healing the wounds of those who, in spite of all precautions, have been overtaken by the bloody misfortunes of peace, toward lessening pain, toward spreading happiness.

The difference between the German situation and the American situation is the whole difference between that modern, scientific, peace-making device called "Compulsory Insurance," and that medieval, unscientific, strife breeding contrivance called "Employer's Liability."

Under Compulsory Insurance the remedy for an accident is to get the victim on his feet again as soon as possible, and to think up the best way of preventing all accidents of that particular kind in the future. Under Employer's Liability the remedy for an accident is to start a lawsuit.

The weapons of Compulsory Insurance are safety-devices and convalescent homes. The weapons of Employer's Liability are lawyers and judges.—Everybody's Magazine.



### THE SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

Some sort of reformation, revival, awakening is needed in order to make our schools far more efficient, by bringing them and our homes into closer sympathy and co-operation. We may state it as a rule that parents are grossly ignorant of what is going on in the schools; many of them are only too anxious to get rid of the care of their children by unloading them for as much of the time as possible on the schools; they consider that the schools are maintained to look after the education of the children and they prefer not to give them a thought. Of course there are some parents who do take a distinct and active interest in educational problems, but they are conspicuous by their rarity.

One of the greatest obstacles to the smooth running of our schools is the perverse, disobedient, "don't-care" pupils who are always present; one or two such pupils in a room can do much to demoralize the whole system, and yet if we knew just how to manage these wayward ones they would become entirely tractable. In other words it is the schools rather than the children that are found wanting, for the schools are supposed to be made to fit the children, and not the children to fit the schools. Every pupil has interests of one kind or another; they are not always of an intellectual or literary order but

be assured there are ideas of some sort, vague ambitions, unformed aspirations in the mind of that restless boy or girl, and it is the business of the school to find out what they are and use them as a foundation to build on.

And the best way to do this is for the teacher to show an interest in what the pupil himself is interested in. Charity workers, social reformers and the like have discovered this truth that you must go to the person you want to help and put yourself on his plane, and not expect him to come to you and rise to your arbitrary requirements. Prof. J. W. Crabtree, writing in the *Nebraska Teacher*, gives some instances in his experience which demonstrate how a troublesome pupil can be won over. He says:

"A girl of 14 had caused me a good deal of anxiety by her apparent disregard of my authority as teacher. She would obey commands but she did not cheerfully comply with requests. I visited her home and was astonished to see her doing some very fine needle work. I expressed interest and pleasure in what she was doing. I never had any trouble whatever with that girl after that. On the last day of school she made me a present of a specimen of her needle work, a very pretty doily.

"I had trouble with a boy. He was both dull and mean. He took advantage of me whenever he could, which was many times every day. I disliked him and I am sure he hated me. In passing by his home one evening after school, I happened to stop a few minutes at the feed lot where the boy and his father were feeding the cattle and hogs. I never saw a boy take a greater pride in pigs and cattle. He was especially proud of some Berkshire pigs that belonged to him. Occasionally after that I asked him about his pigs. His attitude toward the school changed completely, not gradually, but within two weeks' time. That boy followed me from the district school to the high school and he finished the work of the high school with a degree of credit."

Now this seems a simple recipe, but it is efficacious because it involves something of that brotherly love and sympathy which is one of the mainsprings of human effort. If a boy's interests naturally run to concrete pigs, then it is but an aborted scheme of education which would force him to wrestle with the abstract philosophies of Hamlet or Bacon; if it is his ambition to devote himself to beet-root culture, then it is a waste of his time and the school's to cram cube-root down his mental gullet, thus giving him intellectual dyspepsia. No, it is not enough for our children to "go to school"; the better way will be when the school shall go to the children. Child study is more important than book study. The child is more important than the book, or even the report-card.—The Pathfinder.



WE are not anxious to consult the wants of our readers but rather their needs. They may want ready-made devices and plans for school work that can be used without much thinking. We'd much rather see them able to think out plans for themselves. To the thoughtful person a suggestion is better than a plan. Some people want cake, but need bread, and it would be an unkindness to pamper them with cake at such a time. Predigested food may be good for infants but not for grownup people unless they are invalids. A demand for ready-made plans and devices is a confession of inability to produce home-made ones.—*Ohio Educational Monthly*.



### IGORROTES HAVE GOOD TEETH.

IN a recent number of the *Dental Cosmos*, Dr. Louis Ottofy of Manila reports the result of an interesting examination of Igorrote teeth. Hitherto we have not been proud of the Igorrotes, not even of the chosen specimens exhibited at St. Louis, Portland, and Jamestown. Their inclusion under our government has given us no real sense of self-satisfaction. But it now appears that they have a peculiar distinction. Their teeth are better than dental science had imagined could be found anywhere.

The reason of this is apparently that the Igorrotes are the most primitive, barbarian, uncivilized, and nonchristian individuals now included in the jurisdiction of the United States. Unlike many of the existing examples of primitive man, they are primitive without having become degenerate. They live in the most inaccessible region of northern Luzon, where they long ago acquired fame as warriors and head hunters, defied Spain, and managed to keep pretty much to themselves until the American occupation.

Since then they have been studied ethnologically and otherwise. But they are still as uncivilized as ever, and there is neither a white man nor a Filipino living in Bontoc, whither Dr. Ottofy recently journeyed to examine their teeth. Contrary to the report of careless historians, the Igorrote leaves his teeth as nature provides them; it is the Negrito who goes in for the social grace of artificially pointed teeth.

That primitive savages ought to have good teeth is one of the general beliefs of modern dentistry. Examination already made of the teeth in prehistoric skulls—something like 3,000 prehistoric crania, we understand, have been called in as witnesses—has already furnished a text for much discussion of teeth vs. civilization, in which uncivilized man has the best of the argument until we realize his sad disadvantage on the rare occasions when he actually had a tooth-ache.

Judging by inference, prehistoric children must have had even better teeth than their elders. But the statistics gathered by Dr. Ottofy indicate a greater degree of perfection than even this inference would have seemed to warrant. Out of 113 Igorrote youngsters seventy-seven had perfect teeth and only seven of the others had more than one decayed tooth.—Selected.

### BETWEEN WHILES.

"Now, then," cried the deep-voiced woman, "what has made Female Suffrage possible?"

"Male sufferance," replied the rude man who had no business to be there at all.

Ella—Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.

Stella—She's a mean thing. I told her not to tell you I told her.

Ella—Well! I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did."

Teacher: "Johnny, can you tell me how iron was first discovered?"

Johnny: "Yes, sir."

"Well, just tell the class what your information is on that point."

"I heard pa say yesterday that they smelt it."

A Christian Scientist found his young son doubled up with pain as a result of too frequent trips to the apple orchard, where many choice green apples were to be had.

"What's the matter, Bobbie?" he asked.

"I ate too many apples," said Bobbie; "and, oh, how my stomach hurts!"

"Your stomach doesn't ache," said his father; "you just think it does."

"Well, you may think so," said Bobbie, "but I know. I've got inside information."—Harper's Magazine.

Among the blunders reported from the schools are the following, some of which may be new: "Bigamy is when a man tries to serve two masters." "The law allowing only one wife is called monotony." "A lie is an abomination in the sight of the Lord, and a very present help in time of trouble." "The liver is an infernal organ of the body." "The bowels are five in number, a, e, i, o, u." "The Priest and the Levite passed on the other side because the man had been robbed already." "Soldiers live in a fort; where their wives live is called a fortress." "A buttress is the wife of a butler." "A schoolmaster is called a pedigree." "Filigree means a list of your descendants." "The wife of a Prime Minister is called a Primate."

"Oh, Mrs. Watts, you should join our literary society!"

"Should I?"

"Yes, indeed! We study and learn so much. Last meeting we took up Carlyle's quarrels with his wife."

"It must have been interesting."

"Very. Next meeting we shall investigate the private life of Goethe and his love affairs."

"How instructive!"

"Yes; and we have found out everything about Poe's dissipation and disreputable conduct, and propose soon to thoroughly investigate the actions of Voltaire. Oh, there's nothing like a literary society to increase one's culture. You ought to join."

## WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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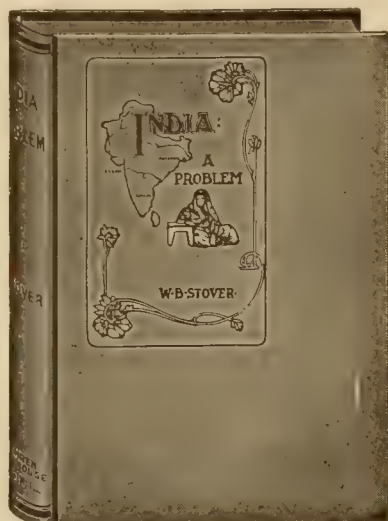
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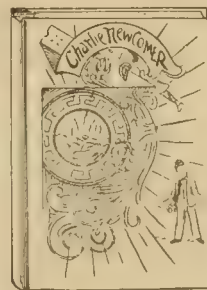
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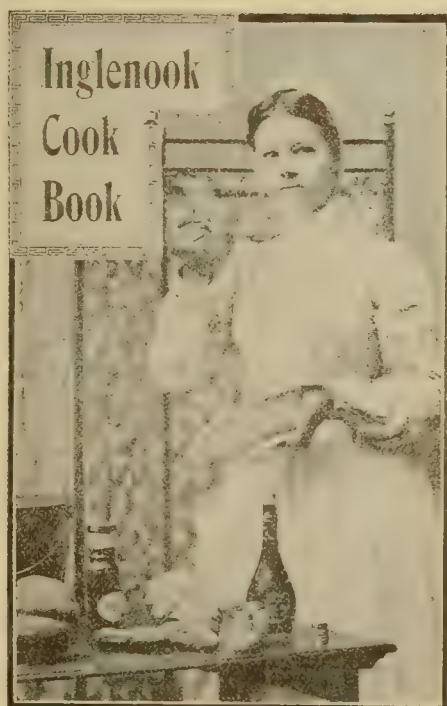
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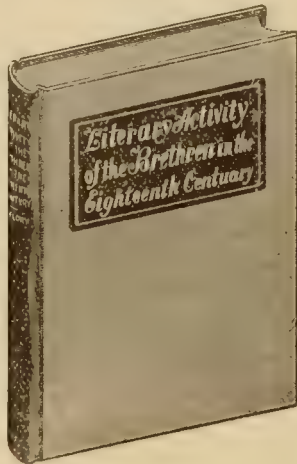
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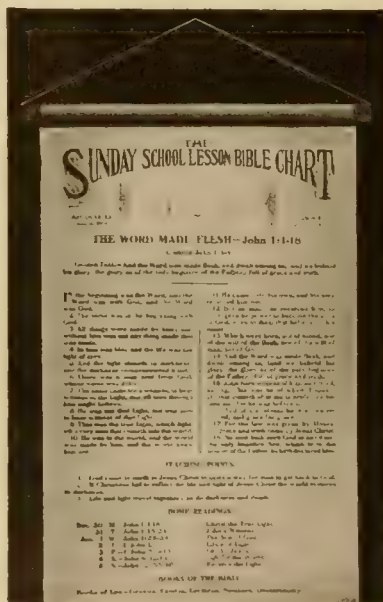


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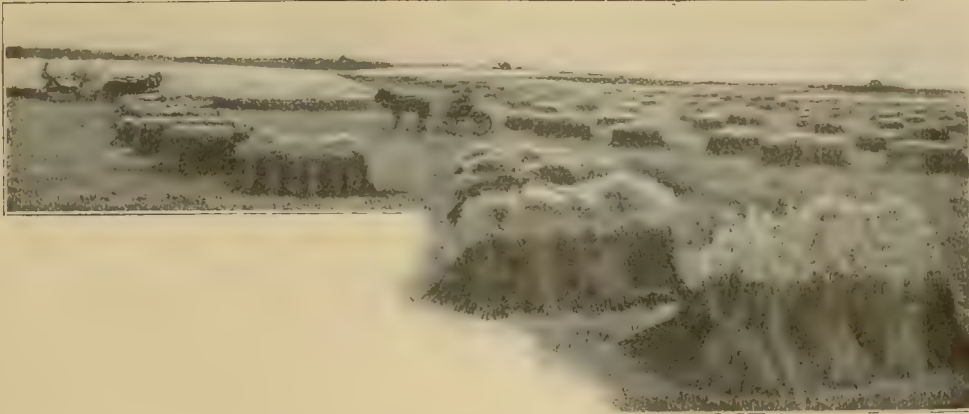
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The Company has no connection with any railroad, land company, or any other corporation. We simply list tracts of land in desirable locations, suitable for subdivision into small parts, and act as agents for the sale of the same to colonists at wholesale price plus the cost of getting the land ready for settlement. This gives the purchaser the advantage of the increased value of the land, besides the profit which by the old way goes into the pocket of the promoter or land agent. We make no profit on the land taken by the colonists. Our plan also insures neighbors with a common interest, good roads, transportation, markets, school and church privileges from the beginning. Our plan also eliminates the privation, waiting and the uncertainty of the old way.

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are wanted at once for our co-operative colony to be located in the best part of the famous San Joaquin Valley of California, between now and March first, next, if possible. This colony will be located about 150 miles from San Francisco on or near the Santa Fe or the Southern Pacific Railway, thus insuring good transportation and nearby markets.

This Valley has good water in abundance, very fertile soil, and good climate. Grain, grass, truck, fruit, nuts, berries, etc., are grown in profusion with good results. A good place for HOMES, or INVESTMENTS.

If you are not interested in this California Colony, write us about our other colonies to be located in the Southwest, Northwest, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and other places of merit.

### REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD JOIN ONE OF OUR COLONIES:

1. Small tracts of land may be obtained at wholesale cost.
2. You have a part in selecting the land.
3. Lands increase rapidly in value under our plan.
4. The Company provides for improvement of land for nonresidents.
5. Many families locate together at the same time.
6. Public schools, church, and Sunday-school privileges are assured at once.

For fuller information, write

**CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY**  
**North Manchester, Ind.**

# THE INGLENOOK

## DISCOVERY.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Ten thousand years have faded  
To find the world still young,  
Ten thousand names are written  
In song no tongue hath sung;  
From strand of lost Atlantis,  
To horn of seventh sea,  
Rides ancient ship with rusty crew  
To port "Discovery."

Thou dark, Phoenician helmsman,  
With far-famed trader's brain,  
Say, did yon red-beard Viking  
But plough your track again?  
And thou of martial bearing  
And haughty Roman face,  
Say, which of those old-world comrades  
Sailed ere we knew your race?

There, by the swart Etruscan  
Red Eric stands so bold!—  
Astern the singing spendthrift  
His long sea-snake of old!—  
A Genoese at lookout,  
An Englishman a-lee,  
That ship drives on with rusty crew  
To port "Discovery!"



THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

October 13, 1908.

Price \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol. X. No. 41.



# CALIFORNIA EXCURSION

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Leaves:

Chicago, Thursday, October 1, 10:45 p.m.

Kansas City, Friday, October 2, 10:00 a.m.

Omaha, Friday, October 2, 4:00 p.m.

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In charge of D. C. Campbell, Colfax, Ind.; I. Wheeler, Cerro Gordo, Ill.; E. M. Cobb, Elgin, Ill. Tickets good to return up to October 31, 1908. Privilege stopping off in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada or California.

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or

**Geo. L. Mc Donough**  
Colonization Agent Union Pacific R. R.  
Omaha, Neb.

# A Stampede for New Homes

Rapid Growth of Butte Valley, Recently Opened to Settlement  
by the Extension of Southern Pacific, Keeps Map-Makers Busy

Written for Home Life by Carl P. Johnson

If it hadn't been that the Siskiyou Mountains got their back up—away back ages ago, when the world was young—this story of the greatest farm land opportunity on the American Continent might never have been written.

But the fact remains that the Siskiyou grades are steep, and after the Southern Pacific had grown tired of hauling the heavy transcontinental trains over that huge hump, at terrific cost in coal, its engineers began to look about for a route offering easier grades.

The immediate result was the construction of a "cut-off" running North and South straight through Butte Valley from one end to the other.

But the most far-reaching result from the standpoint of the men and women who read this article was the opening up of 33,500 acres of wonderfully fertile valley land to the homeseeker and investor.

But for the coming of the railroad, Butte Valley, with all its splendid natural advantages of rich, black soil, abundance of pure water, delightful climate and magnificent scenery, would have remained in undisputed possession of the jack rabbits for decades to come.

But fate, or the Siskiyou Mountains, or the railroad—whichever you choose to thank—intervened, and in two years' time Butte Valley has bloomed into a veritable garden, with 11,000 acres already settled.

A hundred families—the vanguard of an army of homeseekers—are now living there and making money rapidly, as the land is adapted to general farming, fruit culture, stock raising, grain raising and dairying. The new town of Macdoel has five stores and several shops, numerous dwellings, a \$4,000 church, which is also used as a school, and at the present rate of growth will soon be an important trade center. The railroad is pushing its way westward with all possible speed, and when connections are made with the old line of the Southern Pacific at Eugene, Oregon, the bulk of the road's transcontinental traffic will be carried through this valley.

## Wonders of Butte Valley.

Do you delight in the grandeur of mountain scenery? Butte Valley offers you a scenic panorama that has no parallel in magnificence. Forty miles to the south towers snow-capped Mount Shasta. Sixty miles to the north Mount Pitt lifts its giant head.

The background for the picture is formed by the connecting range before referred to—the Siskiyou. Beyond, to the east, lie the foothills. The valley is as level as a floor—and the soil is no less wonderful than the scenery. It is volcanic sediment from three to nine feet deep—black as the ace of spades—and so rich that it has already surprised the world with 27-pound cabbages, 8-pound potatoes, apples measuring 15 inches in circumference, pears that have never been surpassed in size, shape or flavor, and enormous yields of grain, timothy, clover and alfalfa. There is not a stone in the whole valley big enough to throw at a chicken.

The altitude of Butte Valley is 4,200 feet. The climate is that of Salt Lake City. Asthma, catarrh, tuberculosis, bronchitis, hay fever, etc., are unknown. The valley has 20 inches of rainfall, besides sub-irrigation.

The water is soft, cold, pure and abundant. The land is quickly and easily cleared by simply breaking down the sage brush and raking it off.

Dame Nature seems to have overlooked nothing essential to the happiness and prosperity of those who were to people this marvelous valley when she poured her bounties into its lap.

## Growth of Butte Valley Seems Like Magic.

News of the wonderful advantages of Butte Valley has spread with remarkable rapidity. The railroad builders are being closely followed by the home builders.

New houses are going up so rapidly that it is impossible for the local sawmills to saw lumber fast enough to meet the demand. Carload after carload of lumber is being shipped in from Weed and Klamath Falls. Many people are living in tents while their houses are being built. From one elevated point, where one year ago only five inhabited shacks were to be seen, you can count over a hundred new buildings. Where the town of Macdoel now stands there was nothing but sage brush one year ago.

The growth of the valley is absolutely without a parallel in the history of colonization movements.

The opportunities for money-making are so exceptional that the attention of the whole country has been attracted, and it will be but a comparatively short time until every available acre of Butte Valley land will be taken.

Approximately one-third of Butte Valley land has already been settled upon. This leaves only 22,500 acres. By the time you read this the Fall excursions will be bringing in

hundreds of eager landseekers, most of whom will undoubtedly buy Butte Valley farms.

## The Fruit Basket of the Western World.

The fruit business in Butte Valley is in its infancy, yet the remarkably fine apples, peaches and pears grown along the outer edges of the valley prove the coming greatness of the industry. Experts in the Department of Agriculture of the Government bear witness to its splendid fruit possibilities. The following extract from a report of the Bureau of Soils, Washington, D. C., will prove of special interest to the man who is looking for a good place to invest his money in a fruit country:

"Apples have yielded abundantly and the fruit has been of choice quality, being of bright appearance, brilliantly colored and free from fungus or insect pests, and the outlook for the development of this industry is promising.

"The varieties likely to succeed best are the Spitzenbergs, Newton Pippins, Northern Spy, Jonathan and the Rome Beauty. Pears, plums, quinces and berries would also do well in all localities favorable to apple culture."

Unquestionably the valley will be one of the greatest fruit countries in the world. Small fruits do exceedingly well. Colonists obtain wholesale rates on fruit trees. The vast number of acres planted in apple orchards this season is ample evidence of the confidence the residents have in the future of fruit raising in Butte Valley.

The pests that ruin fruit trees in the East are unknown in the valley. The authorities examine every tree and shrub shipped in, to see that no pests are brought in.

## The Valley of Fat Cattle.

Thousands of cattle are fattened in Butte Valley and thousands of sheep graze on the surrounding foothills. Stock raising is highly profitable. The succulent natural grasses, pure water and eternal sunshine provide every essential for successful dairying.

No better location for creameries than Butte Valley can be found anywhere, as electric power can be furnished at a very nominal cost, owing to the many mountain streams.

Fortunes will be made in the dairy business—and quickly, too.

## Opportunities for All.

Just now, while land is cheap and sold on easy terms, the Butte Valley offers remarkable opportunities to the young man starting in life, or the older man seeking a fresh start. A nice little Butte Valley fruit farm will, in the course of a few years, make a man independent for life. Truck farming is immensely profitable. The mines and lumber camps now use all the people can raise. Beef cattle and dairy products pay handsomely. Macdoel offers a splendid opportunity to those wishing to go into business. The surrounding mountains are covered with dense forests of pine, cedar and fir, and lumber companies are reaping a harvest.

More sawmills are badly needed, as the product of the two mills now in Butte Valley does not even begin to meet the demand. Any man can make a success in Butte Valley if he is willing to work, but a lazy man would feel mighty lonesome out there among the hundreds of hustlers who are transforming the land of sage brush and jack rabbits into a twentieth century paradise.

## Go and See for Yourself.

My earnest advice to every reader of Home Life who can possibly make the trip is to take the first train for Macdoel and see with your own eyes the wonders of Butte Valley.

The railroads are making special low excursion rates for September and October, the best months in the year to go. I understand that the "homeseeker's rate" is only a trifle more than half the regular fare. A man out in Omaha is in full charge of the excursions, and by writing him you can get much valuable information. Here is his name and address:

**R. A. SMITH, Box 00, Omaha, Nebraska.**

A great deal has been written about the wonders of Butte Valley, but the best thing printed thus far is a book entitled

## "Silas Smith's Second Wife."

This book is a simple, straightforward narrative of the actual conditions in this valley of opportunities, and the threads of a charming love story are interwoven all through its pages. It brings right home to the reader the startling contrast between the uphill fight of the Eastern farmer and the happy lot of the farmer in Butte Valley. I don't know who wrote it, but he certainly knows every inch of the ground. Just ask Mr. Smith for a free copy of "Silas Smith's Second Wife," and I am sure he will forward the book immediately.

Northern California is simply glorious in September and October. By all means take advantage of the cheap rates and join the stampede for cheap farms and happy homes in Butte Valley.

**GEO. L. McDONOUGH, Omaha, Nebr.**

**D. C. CAMPBELL, Colfax, Ind.**

**ISAIAH WHEELER, Cerro Gordo, Ill.**

**E. M. COBB, Elgin, Ill.**

**LEE FRANK, 193 Clark St., Chicago.**

**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND COMPANY**  
**MACDOEL, CALIFORNIA**



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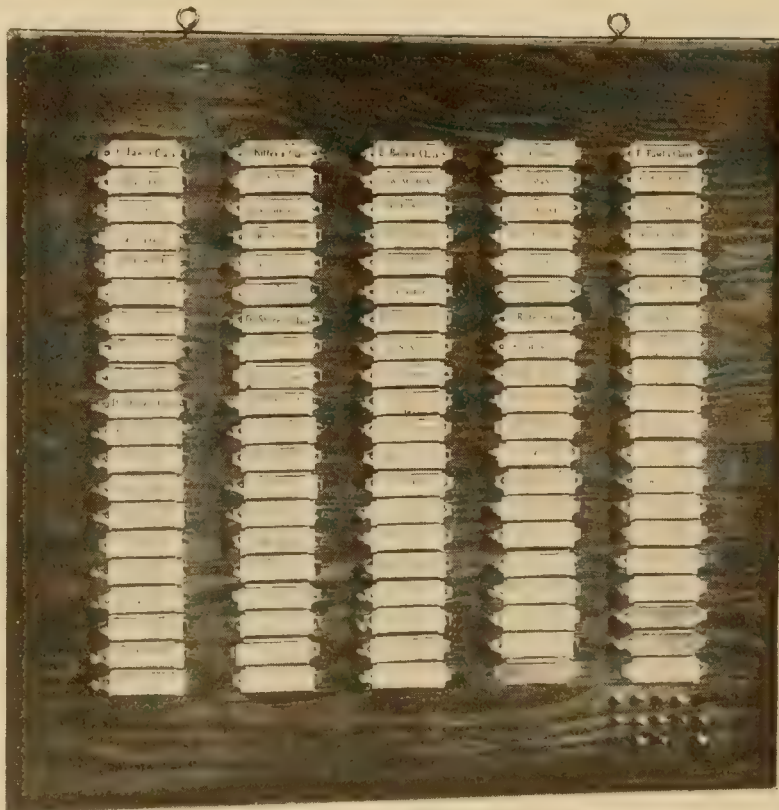
Recommends itself to every wide-awake worker because it; Enlarges the Enrollment. Places a Premium on Punctuality. Begets Bible Bringing. Increases Attendance. Encourages Systematic Giving. Relieves the Teacher of Keeping Class Books. Provides for Offering at Entrance Rather Than in Class During Recitation Period. Makes Possible the Keeping of Accurate Records, Without Unnecessary Effort.



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This system provides for the recognition of the scholar's faithful work by an attractive way of recording the same. The necessary equipment to install the system is (1) a record board, containing the names of all the enrolled scholars of the school, placed at a convenient point near the entrance; (2) a collection box, to receive the collection; (3) a card file containing the enrollment card of each scholar, on which his record for each Sunday may be entered for the entire school year; (4) someone in charge who is systematic and accurate in keeping a careful record of the school.

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# Two Centuries of the Church of the Brethren

## Or the Beginnings of the Brotherhood

The book contains 400 pages of reading matter and 25 full page illustrations. These illustrations consist for the most part of portraits of the speakers who delivered the Bicentennial addresses at the Des Moines Annual Conference. The frontispiece presents a splendid likeness of the five men composing the Bicentennial Program Committee.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
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# OVER 200,000 ACRES

of land has been filed on under the CAREY ACT in the Twin Falls District, Idaho, since April, 1907.

¶ There is still a large amount of land waiting for the settler in the above district. Also great opportunities are offered at American Falls, at Gooding and other points along the OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD.

¶ The Payette-Boise Reclamation Project under the U. S. Government is about completed and will be ready to furnish water to about 300,000 acres of new land in the spring of 1909. These lands can now be bought at reasonable rates and terms, by the settler, and are situated where the country is already partly settled, near good towns, railroads and electric lines.

¶ Rural mail routes and telephone lines are already established. Good schools and churches. No storms or cyclones. Farming is done by irrigation. No failure of crops by reason of too much rain or drought. Fruit crop is abundant every year. The people are happy because they are prosperous.

## Wonderful Possibilities

for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

¶ Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

¶ Arrange your plans to go and see Idaho as soon as possible and secure some of this fine land.

¶ HOMESEEKERS ROUND TRIP EXCURSION RATES are on First and Third Tuesdays of each month in 1908.

¶ Colonist One-Way Cheap Rates to points in Idaho, Oregon and Washington in effect daily from Sept. 1st to Oct. 31, 1908 inclusive.

¶ WRITE NOW for printed matter and full particulars regarding this great country and how to get there.

**S. BOCK,**

Colonization Agt.  
Dayton, Ohio

**D. E. BURLEY,**

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.  
Salt Lake City, Utah

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

October 13, 1908.

No. 41.

## The Civil War and Its Causes

U. G. Fegley

### In Two Parts. Part One.

MR. LINCOLN'S administration opened under the dark cloud of secession on the part of eleven southern States, which declared that slavery must endure. Lincoln declared that the Union should be preserved—if not with slavery, then without it. His life was threatened should he go to Washington to be inaugurated. He went, and through the long, terrible struggle that came afterward, he patiently bore the curses of secession in the South, and its sympathizers in the North, the chidings and grumblings of others who desired to dictate to him what they would do,—and sorrowful it had to be,—grim mockery of fate,—not providence, he must die at the hour he could see a nation once more united, and a better understanding of him by those who had made his way harder to travel.

The Civil War owed its existence to a long train of evils and circumstances, dating back to 1500, when the Spanish government tacitly sanctioned the slavery of the North American Indian, and afterward authorized it. Even the American colonists dealt somewhat in Indian slavery, and it has been stated that some of the Seminole Indians, as late as 1835, were sold into bondage under the charge that there was a strain of negro blood in their veins.

The Spanish established negro slavery in Spanish America by a royal decree, in 1501, and by the Assiento or treaty with certain European nations which conferred upon them a share in the monopoly of trafficking in the slave-trade with Africa, and placed thousands of negroes in Spanish America, under the "humane" plea that the natives were dying off like flies in the mines where their Spanish oppressors were holding them.

Then Great Britain took a hand in the slave-trade, Sir John Hawkins being the first Englishman to make a shipment of negro slaves from Africa, in 1562. In 1713, England secured an assignment of the Spanish Assiento, by which it began a vigorous slave-trade,

and by 1776 had poured about 300,000 native Africans into the colonies.

Negro slavery supplanted Indian slavery in the northern colonies about 1637, and on account of the productive condition of the country it did thrive and of their own accord, in time, these northern colonies and States declared for the abolition of negro slavery. The Massachusetts General Court of 1767 attempted to restrict the importation of negroes; the negroes began suing their so-called masters for wages, and the juries invariably returned verdicts in favor of the negroes.

In 1670, the Duke of York became President of the African Company and patron of the slave-trade. From time to time the House of Commons pronounced stoutly in favor of the slave-trade, declaring that it helped British commerce. In 1690, Judges Holt and Pollexfen ruled that negroes were "merchandise" within the terms of the Navigation Act, and that after that date aliens should be debarred from trading in them.

In 1729, Messrs York and Talbot, law officers of the Crown, held that an American slave did not become free by touching the soil of England. In 1749, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke pronounced an extrajudicial opinion confirming that of York and Talbot. This opinion was in 1772, set aside by the Court of King's Bench, Lord Mansfield ruling that slavery was not allowed or approved by the law of England—though slaves thus freed on setting foot on English soil became slaves again on returning to the colonies.

Negro slavery was in a measure forced upon the colonies by a Dutch man-of-war landing twenty negroes at Jamestown, in Virginia, in 1619, to be sold into bondage: at times the southern colonies sought to have slavery and the slave-trade done away with, but the British government refused to hear their petitions.

A form of white slavery had existed in Virginia from 1614,—the "indentured servant" becoming a common article of traffic, being sold at from £40 to £50



each; they were bought in England and resold in Virginia to the highest bidder. In 1663, these white "servants" made an insurrection that was easily suppressed, and very bad laws were enacted against all slaves. In 1715, Maryland had more white "servants" than any other colony; their price ranged from £12 to £30 each. Up to 1750 the importation of indentured white "servants" was extensively carried on. Of course the Revolutionary War put an end to that. It must be remembered that some of these indentured white "servants" were criminals who, to prevent punishment in England, voluntarily indentured themselves for a term of years in the colonies to free themselves. Others were debtors, who, to cancel their debts, went into voluntary indenture. Others were kidnapped and sold under indenture in America, further enriching their keepers.

There were always some who were against any form of slavery in the colonies, or States. James Oglethorpe, in founding Georgia, prohibited slavery in its territory; yet, in 1749, a petition to the trustees of the colony from the colonists led them to permit slavery, subject to a condition for the instruction of the negroes in religion. Virginia enacted in 1667, a law that spread to other colonies—peculiar, in that negroes were considered "merchandise" and "chattels" to be compared with domestic animals, in English law, yet it was not considered inconsistent with a state of slavery to baptize negroes, which naturally removed

an obstacle to their being instructed in the doctrines of Christianity.

The Quakers and some other non-resistant religious bodies ever had their faces set through all manner of persecution, never wavering in opposition to slavery. In 1700, William Penn was overruled in an attempt to legalize marriages between negro slaves. And a petition to the Pennsylvania Assembly, in 1712, received in answer that "it was neither just nor convenient to set them at liberty." In 1769, Thomas Jefferson made an unsuccessful attempt to give slaveholders a right to emancipate their slaves. In 1775, the Quakers in Philadelphia formed the first anti-slavery society in the United States. In 1780 the Pennsylvania Assembly passed a law gradually abolishing slavery.

In 1793 the Fugitive Slave Law was passed by Congress, providing for the return of escaped slaves upon proper requisition under penalty of fine and imprisonment. In 1797, after a heated debate, Congress refused to receive a petition against slavery, presented by the Quakers. In 1800 Congress refused to receive the petition presented by some free colored men of Philadelphia, stating that slaves from the United States were being exported to foreign countries and begging Congress to prepare the way for emancipation. In 1807, Congress passed a law that forbade the importation of slaves after January 1, 1808.

## The Gold Hunters of Forty-Nine

John S. Fernald

A COMPARISON of the condition during the gold excitement in California in 1849 with those of today shows marked contrasts in some lines and striking similarities in others. Human nature remains unchanged as to its greed for gold, although methods of obtaining that commodity, both by fair means and foul, have changed somewhat. The thirst for strong drink and the love of gambling were especially in evidence among the gold seekers, but God-fearing, law-abiding citizens, especially ministers of the Gospel, were generally treated with respect. The fast trains across the continent and the palatial steamers plying on the Pacific are successors of a class of travel that would be considered almost impossible today.

When gold was discovered and the thousands flocked to the Pacific coast in 1849, there were three routes of travel: overland by "prairie schooner," a large, canvas-covered wagon, drawn by oxen; the isthmus routes, via Tehuantepec or Panama; and "around the Horn" in vessels. The vessels in which this voyage was made were very small as compared with those in the same traffic today. Not to mention the

great steamships which ply between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, let us look at the vessels in which the "forty-niners" went to their El Dorado, and the sailing vessels making the same voyage now. The little port of Belfast, Maine, sent out four vessels, the barks *Suliste* and *Wm. O. Alden*, brig *San Jacinto* and schooner *Mary Reed*. These were of 263, 274, 185 and 103 tons respectively; the barks were 110 and 123 feet long and the others considerably shorter. Today vessels of this size are used only for the shorter trips in the coasting trade, and even in this they are rapidly passing before the large four-, five-, and six-masters, and the mammoth barges without motive power of their own and towed by powerful tug boats. Typical of the sailing vessels now engaged in the trade between the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans, may be mentioned the ships *Edward Sewall* of 3,206 tons, *Shenandoah* of 3,406, and the ill-fated *Arthur Sewall* of 3,209. These vessels measure from 300 to 325 feet in length, or nearly three times the length of the barks of '49, with other dimensions in proportion.

Mr. Henry J. Woods, then of Belfast but now of

Newton, Mass., who went out on the *Alden*, kept a diary of the voyage and of his five years in the gold country, and his account contains many interesting matters. The voyage from Belfast to San Francisco was made in 149 days, and the log showed the distance sailed to have been 21,000 miles. The vessels went outside of Tierra del Fuego, and not through the Straits of Magellan as at present.

A few incidents and observations are here compiled from Mr. Woods' diary:

San Francisco was then unlike any city he had ever seen or heard of. With a population of several thousand, and a hustling place, there was not a family in town, no American women or children, and only a few Spanish families at the Mission, some two miles out. Drinking saloons were everywhere, and men filled up on every possible occasion. Drinking and carousing prevailed everywhere unchecked. When the *Suliot* arrived, a few weeks in advance of the *Alden*, the men sold the lumber with which the vessel was loaded, for \$300 per thousand feet, there being but few mills in the country, and lumber being in great demand for building cabins and saloons. As the lumber was bought for \$10 per thousand in Maine the men realized a good profit from its sale, many of them making more by their lumber deal than they did later in the mines. But things had changed when the *Alden* arrived. The gold fever had reached such a height that no one would stop to build a house, or even a saloon, and even had a buyer been found no one could have been hired to handle the lumber. One man from up the river came down to San Francisco to get men to build a small steamboat, and although there were many men skilled in that work in the city, and the man offered two ounces of gold equivalent to \$32, for each day's work, no one would leave the alluring prospects of gold hunting for so meager a wage. The *Alden* was taken to Sacramento, where she and her cargo were left in the care of the captain. He managed to dispose of both vessel and cargo after a time, and realized about enough from the sale to make the men whole for their investment made in Maine.

Judge Lynch settled many cases in the early days of California, most of the victims being hung for stealing, without even the pretext of a trial. As showing what a hold the greed for gold had on many of the men, Mr. Woods tells of a man who, after he had been formally arrested and lodged in jail, was taken out by the mob and hanged. When asked by Mr. Woods, with whom he had been a working mate in the mines, if he had any word to send home, he replied:

"No, I have a mother, but she nor no one else shall know my fate. I knew the risk, and risked my life for gold." And up to the time of his theft this

man had been apparently one of the most law-abiding men of the camp.

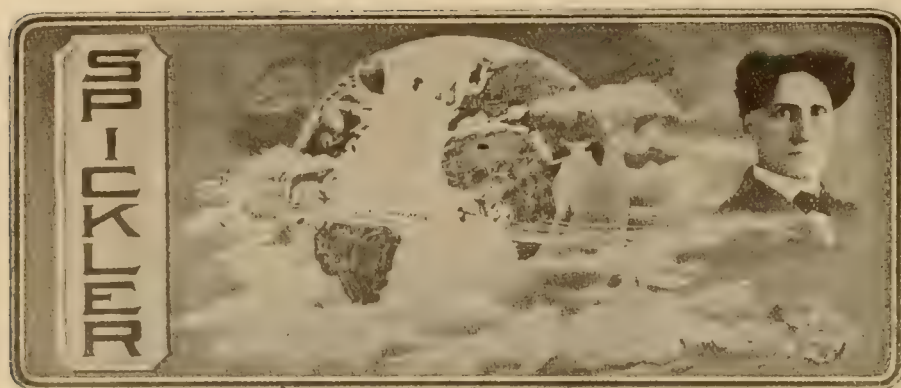
Religious meetings were few and far between, and a typical one is described by Mr. Woods. Going to town on Sunday morning, as usual, for the week's supplies, he saw on a bar-room door a notice that there would be preaching in the bar-room of the hotel at 1 o'clock that day. At the appointed hour the bar-room was packed, but no more so than usual on Sundays, and all were drinking, gambling and carousing. Soon a rough-looking man with a long grey beard, and carrying a small Bible in one hand, entered, and the bar-keeper rapped for order, saying: "Now, boys, put up your cards, we are going to have a church." He then took his stand beside the minister, thus indicating that he endorsed the movement, and that the others had better fall in to avoid trouble. The minister then took a small Methodist hymn book and started a hymn, in which the bar-keeper and several others joined. He then prayed, read a passage of Scripture, and gave them a sermon that, while not remarkable for logic or well-rounded sentences was vigorous and struck straight at the besetting sins of most of his hearers. After another hymn the preacher went out, and the drinking and gambling went on as before.

The people of one village decided after awhile that their town would stand better if they had a church, so they made arrangements accordingly. The hotels and saloons each gave one Sunday's receipts from the sale of liquor and from gambling tables, towards the enterprise, and the miners vied with each other contributing to the cause, by spending their money in the places where the benefits were held. The minister who occupied the pulpit the first day was a new arrival from the East, and was a bit timid. He consequently gave them a milk and water sermon, fearing to offend so rough a crowd. After the close of the meeting one of the leaders took him aside and said: "See here, Mr. Minister, you don't seem to understand us folks. We are a hard crowd, and we all know it, and we all deserve perdition, and we hired you to tell us so. Now don't you mince your words any more, but shoot it into us good and solid." They never had occasion to find fault with him on that score again.

One of the jokes of the mining history was an attempt to sidetrack two strangers, by telling them that the best place not then taken up was on the top of a hill near by, a place which any miner of experience would pass by without a second look. The men staked out the claim, and after working industriously less than six months struck a vein from which they took out the next year \$150,000, and in all the time they worked it more than \$2,500,000.

*Belfast, Maine.*





## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXVII.

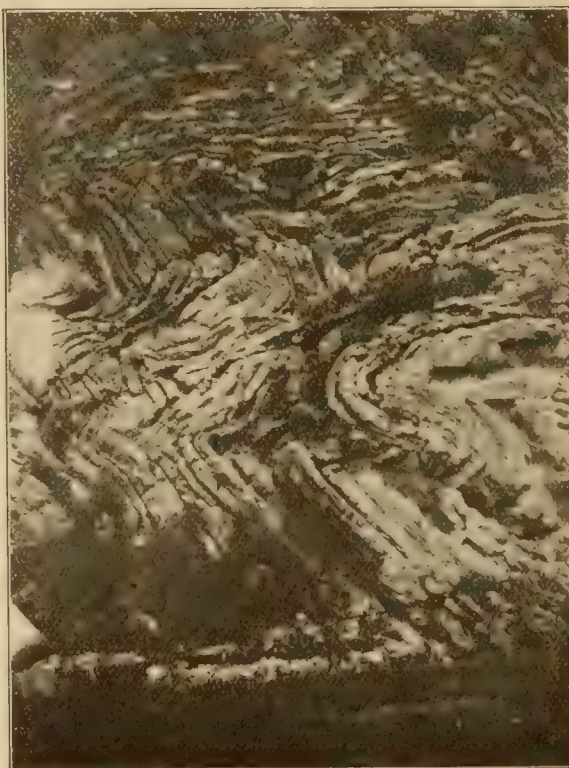
To the geologist, Switzerland offers the richest field for study. A specimen of extravagant display in complex strata was caught by my camera in one of my climbs. Thousands of ages ago this stratification was laid down under the sea, then by the convulsions of nature, by earthquakes, seismic heat and pressures, these strata were raised, their backs bent and broken, twisted and twirled like molasses candy in the hands of a deft candy-maker, thrown down, flattened out, squeezed together again, pounded, hammered, jumped upon, then taken up again into the giant fists of impassioned nature, coddled and petted until new forms of life began to flourish here and there. Peace reigned for a little while, a thousand years or so, when the Titan, Force, sleeping within the bowels of the earth, awoke with fiendish rage. At one tremendous blast he smote these twisted layers of differently colored rock, bore them aloft into the air, held them tight in his terrific grip and with the laugh of a maniac, whirled them around his shaggy head, now up, now down, now here, now there, cutting every angle of the geological compass, destroying the plant and animal life he had invited to take hold upon it. He had done his work well.

The book of nature had been published. In the library of these rocks it can be read daily without the turning of a single page. How anybody but a fool could delve in these open pages of scientific beauty without finding the Creator and Father and Savior I am too dull to see. There is more geology in one hundred square feet of these Alps than a geological class could

exhaust by most patient research in a year of college work. Here you have the folds, folds open, folds undulating, folds closed, folds upright and folds downright, folds crooked, and folds symmetrical, folds straight and folds crooked. The student will find here, faults,—and faults in geology are hard to find. Here are dykes and basins, domes and shears,—possibly scissors, with clines, anticlines, synclines and antisynclines,—every sine but the co-sine in trigonometry.

If it took God millions of years to shake this earth to pieces like this before it finally came to a reasonably safe condition, the troubled soul, thrown into the spasm of doubt, and sorry at his mistakes, should not be uneasy about his ultimate end. That will come about all right, too.

It was late at night when I climbed the high mountain facing the Rhone, opposite and a little to the left of the great white Matterhorn, and directly opposite Simplon Pass. I was to study one of the greatest and most unique of glaciers on the earth, the Aletsch. In the valleys everywhere I saw the eroding effect of glaciers that long ago had retreated to the higher altitudes. I wished to see them at their work. I wondered just what a glacier looked like at close range. The next morning I was up early, and without taking my breakfast, took my survey from the mountain top. On one side rose the audacious Matterhorn, chilly white in its cold chastity. On the other the brilliant glacier, glittering in the first rays of the early sun, glittering with the brilliancy of diamonds, closing the eyes to a squint. I thought it was so close I could reach it in ten minutes or less. But though



"At one tremendous blast he smote these twisted layers."



I stayed only about an hour at the glacier, and hastened with all my might both in going and in coming, it was almost noon when I reached the hotel, nearly exhausted into illness. It was miles, rather than yards, as I supposed. A view at its very edge shows the havoc it was playing with granite hills. The red sand-



"On the other side, the glittering glacier."

stone had been ground, crushed and polished by its crunching, sliding pressure over and through it. The many different rocks strewn about are lying where the glacier left them as she retreated, tumbling them off, here and there, big and little ones. At the very edge some monster boulders were balancing on the icy wall, ready in a few days to go crashing down the valley at the retreating or melting of the icy foundation beneath. Now and then smaller rocks toppled over into the abyss below. Down beneath this great ice sheet the water gurgled its frightful way or flung its greenish flood over the terminus precipice. Everywhere the water was trickling, suggesting the constant danger to me of hidden crevasses, the bluish edges of the great cake of ice standing out and glowing in the air like steaming caramels fresh from the confectioner's pan.

While standing here as one entranced, afraid to go forward or backward, I heard a low, rumbling noise,—a gurgling and muffling as if some giant was being throttled in his final agony of mortal pain. The glacier was groaning. Thousands and millions of tons of ice had been displaced a small part of an inch. It took much courage for me to make my first step upon the glacier. I was afraid of it. It was so big and I was hysterical with excitement. I was alone, too, and one is not very brave when alone, unless he must be. No sooner did I step on than I stepped off, shivering with delighted fear. The small portion revealed in the picture, without the brightness

of the ice under a full sunshine, for clouds were now over the sun, fails to bring out its terrifying aspect. Later I ventured to explore it. The crevasses yawned beneath my feet. How easily I could have trifled on their edge, slipped an inch then a hundred feet, to my destruction, never to have been found by a guide, however skillful in his search. I dropped a stone into one of these crevasses. Tinkling as it struck now one side and now another side of its icy walls, it dropped through its zigzag cavern for many seconds, until with a guttural thud, it reached at last the bottom of its sepulchre.

Great loads of debris, the accumulation of detrition, are dumped at the terminus of this glacier just as a freight train might unload its freight, at one end of its line of cars, after transporting the heavy weight over its track. The air was chilly over this glacier and for hundreds of yards away the coolness was strongly perceptible. Standing on the mountain above it, a half mile from its icy expanse, the breath from it came as out of a giant refrigerator.

When seen at a safe distance, the glacier presents a smooth surface which at closer view discloses caverns scaled by ladders, which when crossed in the face of blinding snowstorms puts at peril the life of the brave climbers who dare its treacherous back. A misplaced foot, a dizzy head, and all for this life is over.

To accomplish the scaling and exploring of a glacier with comparative safety, tourists are tied together in a line, with their guides, one who goes ahead and another who follows, so that in case one party loses his



"Great loads of debris are dumped here at the terminus."

foothold and falls into an abyss, the rope tied to the others, being around him also, saves him from death. But they all must be tied together, and each must be as careful as he can be, for not only is his own life in the balance, but the lives of each and every one tied to the



rope are also in danger. Sometimes one clumsy man, often he has been drinking, or he may be a cigarette smoker, falls, dragging with him the entire company of people to their awful death thousands of feet below.

Students of geology and all others who may care to read about it, for it is very easy and interesting reading, know that a glacier can be formed only where the snowfall is greater than its melting, or where the basin-like shape of the mountain on which it gathers, makes it impossible to go down to the valley in avalanches. The glacier always *starts above* the snow-line. Their lower end is always below the snow-line.

Its present existence on the earth makes it one of the best textbooks on geology, as it explains some of the most fundamentally important and interesting principles of creation.

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### THE PICTURE MONTH.

D. C. JACOBS.

Go with us today for a stroll o'er upland and among the tall grasses of the meadows. The cares and duties of the week have left us tired and nervous; truly in no mood to mingle with our companions whose nervous systems are in normal condition. Come with us, and in a few hours we will return you saturated with pleasant sensations, thoroly rejuvenated.

Down the lane we go. Black-eyed Susan peeping thru the fence winks at us, but is not recognized. The blue jay scolds as he plucks the dusky gum berries from their emblazoned bower. We pass the spring and follow the little vale toward the denser wood, when crash, suddenly there falls at my feet a green sphere about two inches in diameter. Ha, there's a shellbarkd! "Sq-squa-squawk-squawk," says Mr. Greyey, as he bounds from limb to limb, never giving me time to thank him for his kindness. I sit down, and with two stones crush the nut, only to find two shriveled kernels and hear Mr. Greyey squalling taunts at me from a neighboring pine, because I doubted his judgment.

I find myself breathing more deeply and commence looking around. The distant caw of a crow; the squawk of a few squirrels; the scolding of Mr. Blue Jay; the rustle of the leaves and the babble of the brook are the only sounds, all of which increase the enchantment of the scene. The sunlight chases the shadows back and forth as the limbs are swayed in the wind.

The process of rejuvenation is progressing rapidly. I draw myself up to full height, and with arms akimbo go kicking about the gold and brown leaves amid patches of sunshine and shadow, while the canopy is a mottled red and gold interspersed with large patches of deep blue.

While thus engaged, Chipmunk comes to take a

near look at me. I start at him and away we go knee deep among the leaves; at each step smashing dead limbs and briers, only to find Chippy hold-up alongside a large fence stake, at the edge of the wood overlooking a large meadow pasture.

Here another scene of exquisite beauty is awaiting us. Everywhere the fields are lit with the blaze of the golden-rod and down in the meadow "the purple asters nod and bend and wave and flit." Beyond the meadow lies the cornfield, where the bounteous golden-tasseled corn is gathered into rustling sheaves. See the tips of the golden ears bursting forth from a silvery fold! Listen to the merry song of the reapers as they wield their sickles amid the crisp leaves; at each stroke Autumn is saying: October, the month of rejoicing, is here.

Nature at all times is inspiring, but no month in the year presents so many bright sunny spots as October. The constantly shifting scenes painted and blended in such pleasing harmony that the most skilled hand of men can but poorly imitate, are showered upon us on all sides. There are no commonplace scenes. The wayside bush, whose background is an angle in the fence, with golden-rod and sedges surrounding it, is sufficient in scope to verify the existence and infinite nature of God, and man's finiteness is shown by his inability to reproduce the slightest counterpart.

Such surroundings produce a pleasant effect upon our feelings; make us more amiable to our neighbors; give to our body vim and present to the mind such lasting pictures that if recalled during the dark, gloomy days of a winter of trouble cause us to start. But tho "earth is crammed with heaven, and every wayside bush afire with God, yet only he who sees takes off his shoes."

On our homeward journey black-eyed Susan greets us in her most pleasing manner, not once thinking of avenging the insolence of a few hours ago. How very different from blue-eyed Mary! I have a pleasant word for that fussy, blue-coated fellow who greets me with a chirrup similar to the one he wasted upon me a short time ago. But in his vocabulary there is nothing wasted—no selfishness of heart.

Arriving at home we disseminate pleasant thots. Having met so many good old friends we are just overflowing with news. Here are a few friends we met on our ramble—Rose of England, Lily of France, Shamrock of Ireland, Scotland's thistle, and Golden-rod, Columbia's emblem.

Man is a complex organism, hence requiring a multiplicity of environs to satisfy him. Yet there are times when it is more pleasing to sit upon a russet pumpkin, amid the sheaves of corn, and have it all to one's self than to be crowded upon cushions of velvet.

—*De Clel.*

## Modern China--America's Share in Her Awakening

THAT China has at last awakened from her long sleep of centuries no student of Chinese affairs can now deny. All over the vast empire, one-sixth greater than the combined areas of the United States, including Alaska, containing a population of over four hundred millions, an earnest desire for change has set in, and, like the incoming tide, the movement is sweeping all before it. The death-knell of ultra-conservatism has sounded, and the era of new and progressive ideas has dawned.

After China's defeat by Japan in the war which ended in 1895, the well-wishers of China hoped that

petus for a further advance. The Boxer troubles in 1900 proved another humiliating experience, and caused even the conservative party to doubt the efficiency of the old system. The late war between Russia and Japan afforded China still another proof of her inability to look after her own interests and to cope, under the then existing internal conditions, with the world at large; for had she been able to protect her own interests and not yielded to Russian aggression in Manchuria, Japan would not have been obliged to interfere. These two events have thoroughly convinced the Government and the people

that something is lacking in their system, and that changes must be inaugurated. While still in doubt as to the superiority in general of Western civilization as compared with their own, which has preserved China's national entity intact while so many other empires have risen and sunk into oblivion, the Chinese recognize the good points of Western civiliza-



"The American locomotives that now pass and repass through the city wall of Peking are typical of the way in which modern ideas of progress have broken through the conservatism of Chinese tradition."

the humiliating experience then undergone would awaken the sleeping leviathan to an immediate realization of his helpless condition, and that much-needed reforms in military and educational matters would at once be instituted. A good many attempts at reform were indeed begun, but not being in the right direction nor properly considered and, perhaps, because this most conservative people did not then realize the need of change, the attempts met with determined opposition, and, had they been persisted in, might have resulted in serious internal trouble. Consequently, for the time being, all the embryonic efforts toward reform were given up, and those who felt she had entered into the march of the nations toward progress were discouraged. This apparent return to old methods turned out to be, however, but a recoil to gain im-

tion, and have come to the conclusion that drastic reforms are needed in their educational and military systems unless China is to become a cipher among the world powers.

From time immemorial learning has been looked up to in China, and is the lever by which a man tries to rise in the world. The highest positions in the Government service have always been given to men who have attained literary distinction, but unfortunately education was formerly entirely directed to the study of the classics, and while this system develops the memory and reflective faculties to a remarkable degree, it does not produce a practical man, nor does it encourage initiative or original thought. The Chinese *literati* are highly cultivated, and can write a learned essay or a poem upon any subject, at any time,



but their education does not fit them for battling with the outside world; on the contrary, it unfits them.

In the early eighties the Chinese Government sent a number of students to American colleges for education. These young men, after completing their studies, returned to China, but the foreign learning they possessed, instead of helping them along in their official career, proved, until a few years ago, a disadvantage. After being kept back for a score of years, these American-educated Chinese are now coming to the fore, and are being given prominent and important positions. Their progressive and enlightened ideas, which naturally are due to their college days and early associations in this country, are so much appreciated that the Government is again sending students to American colleges. A good many private individuals are also sending their sons here for education. In fact, in both commerce and education the Chinese consider that the United States is in the lead of other nations, in the same way as England is considered by them superior in naval affairs and Germany superior in military matters.

Formerly in China no attention whatever was paid to physical training, but now this important feature of the child's development is receiving due recognition, and pupils attending schools have to follow courses of gymnastic exercises. Athletic sports, tennis, football, etc., have been introduced, and young China is taking to these with much enthusiasm. The missionary societies engaged in educational work in China are rendering valuable assistance in providing means to satisfy the craving for Western learning, and their schools and colleges are full to overflowing with pupils seeking the new education. Too much praise cannot be given to the hundreds of missionaries, men and women, devoting their lives to the ennobling work of education. Their labors, from being almost despised a few years back, are now regarded with respect by the people as well as by the officials.

The man to whom the greatest step forward in education is due is one of the most learned of the *literati* of China, one who has held for many years the highest positions in the gift of the Government, and who is not only a most enlightened official, but is also a poet and deep thinker, H. E. Chang Chih-tung, viceroy of the "Liang Hu" provinces. In his celebrated essay "Learn," addressed to the nation at large and widely disseminated, written before the Boxer trouble, he made an urgent appeal to the Government and the people for the introduction of foreign sciences and Western methods of education into China.

There is also a strong movement for female education, her Majesty the Empress Dowager being the originator and H. E. Tuan Fang, the viceroy of the

"Liang Kiang" provinces, a strong supporter. This latter very progressive and enlightened Manchu was one of the imperial commissioners sent abroad by China in the beginning of 1905 to study foreign Governments with the ultimate object of framing a constitution suitable for the Chinese nation. His travels in the United States left a most favorable impression upon him, especially of our educational methods and our great institutions of learning. He has lately sent from his viceroyalty seventeen young men to be educated in our colleges and three Chinese young ladies for Wellesley. To show how anxious he is to advance female education, he has started in his own viceregal Yamen at Nanking an up-to-date school, provided with all modern facilities, for the education of the daughters of the higher officials.

Foreign military critics who attended the recent maneuvers of the northern Chinese army expressed amazement at the great advance made by Yuan Shih-Kai's troops in the last few years. Foreign drill manuals have been translated into Chinese, foreign uniforms and accouterments adopted, and bugle corps instituted. Great improvements have been made in the barrack accommodations, in the commissariat department, and in providing a regular and advancing pay for the soldier. Formerly his pay, on a very low scale, had to pass through so many hands, to each of which a bit clung, that before it reached him it had diminished almost to the vanishing-point. Now special paymasters are appointed for the purpose, and the soldier secures his full quota of pay.

The fact of the authorities having well-organized forces at their disposal will insure the safety of missionaries and other foreigners dwelling in the interior, and from this point of view alone the world should rejoice over the military changes taking place in this old empire. Although the Chinese army will likely become a great fighting force, I do not believe that China will assume an aggressive attitude or that the other nations have anything to fear from the movement; for she will have, for many years to come, as much as she can do to keep order within her own immense boundaries and to preserve her territory intact. When that army is an accomplished fact, the day of bluster and bully on the part of some foreign powers will end, and China will then be free to develop on such lines as appear most suitable to herself.

With the changes in the educational and military systems, one may naturally expect to find signs of progress in other directions. Great improvements are taking place in the condition of the larger Chinese towns. Miles of macadamized roads have already been constructed, and are being added to each day. Good roads have almost done away with the old-fashioned cart and the slow-going sedan-chair carried on the shoulders of plodding coolies; and the more quickly moving jinrikishas, bicycles, carriages,

and even automobiles are replacing these cumbrous modes of conveyance.

Police forces, modeled on Japanese lines, have been instituted, and the cities divided into districts. These are patrolled by night and day, and street traffic, formerly conducted on the principle of "go-as-you-please," is being brought under control. The people are slowly getting accustomed to the new order of things, but at first it was amusing to see the astonishment depicted on the faces of street loafers when ordered by the police to "*move on*" or to keep to the proper side of the road, which, in China, as in England, is the *left*. The people had always walked in the middle of the road, and no one ever interfered, except when a big mandarin, with his retinue, passed along and experience had taught them the wisdom of then leaving a clear way.

The lighting and cleaning of the streets of cities are also being attended to. While only small kerosene lamps in the majority of towns are used for lighting purposes and the illuminating effects can not be considered brilliant, it is nevertheless a beginning and a step in the right direction. Already in certain towns where electricity is available, kerosene lamps are giving place to electric lights. Trolley cars and water-works have been adopted in a few cities, and plans made for their introduction in many others. The Chinese very rightly are carefully guarding such franchises, and do not wish to allow them to fall into the hands of foreigners. The cry of "China for the Chinese" is the present watchword. Many much-needed improvements are not undertaken on account of a lack of native capital and coöperation and because the Government does not deem it advisable to call in foreign aid for fear of complications, experiences in that direction having so far been disastrous. When a concession is granted to a foreigner, through the extraterritoriality clause, he is exempt from the laws of China, and only liable to the laws of his own country, and, as he generally claims the same right for persons in his employ, it practically results in a certain portion of China being withdrawn from Chinese jurisdiction, establishing thus an *imperium in imperio*. As long as this extraterritoriality clause is insisted on by foreigners, the Chinese will remain prejudiced against giving them concessions, even though they recognize fully that much-needed improvements could be carried out much more quickly with foreign aid.

Among other signs of progress is the daily increasing popularity of newspapers. Not many years since the number of papers could be counted on the fingers of one's hand; now they are being published all over China, and their circulation is constantly increasing. The Chinese at last are beginning to take an interest in the affairs of the outside world, whereas formerly only China and Chinese matters interested them.

The Imperial postoffice, organized some years since by Sir Robert Hart and at present a branch of the Imperial customs service, is continually expanding the scope of its operations, and is filling a long-felt want in providing modern postal facilities.

Several railroads have been completed and are in operation; others are nearing completion, and still others have been projected. Before 1900 a number of concessions to build "iron roads," as railways are called in China, were granted to foreigners of different nationalities on the understanding that the concession could not be transferred to persons of other nationality, the object being to prevent any one power obtaining a preponderating influence in the future railway system of China. An American syndicate obtained the concession for one of the main lines from Canton to Hankow—a project which, if it had been successfully carried out, would have added much to American prestige in China. The syndicate, however, contrary to its obligations toward the Chinese Government, disposed of a good deal of its stock to other nationalities, and although but a few miles of the line had been completed, the Government felt compelled to revoke the concession and paid an indemnity of \$6,000,000 to the syndicate! The action of this syndicate has considerably dimmed the American reputation for the "square deal."

For many years the Chinese have rightly considered the United States their best friend among the great powers. The American Government has never attempted any territorial grabbing, it has prohibited the carriage of opium to Chinese ports in American ships, it has stood for the preservation of the integrity of the Chinese Empire and for the open-door policy, and has not only been fair but most generous in regard to her share of the Boxer indemnity exacted from China by the powers. I believe the Chinese Government and the Chinese people both appreciate and are grateful for the friendship always shown by the United States Government, and that this feeling is still dominant in spite of the resentment which naturally followed the harsh measures of a few years ago, which subjected all classes of Chinese entering the States to very humiliating formalities on landing. The Chinese are a proud race, and the special regulations to which they alone were subjected deeply wounded their pride, and moreover they considered the treatment enforced by the United States immigration officials as being in direct contravention of treaty right, which provided for the entrance of Chinese merchants, students, and travelers under the same conditions as were accorded to similar classes from other countries. The stand President Roosevelt took with regard to righting these wrongs has done a great deal toward calming the resentment felt by the Chinese at these indignities, which culminated in the "boycott" instituted against American goods in



the latter half of 1905. Now that all nations are competing so keenly for a share in the Chinese trade, the policy of the United States should be a conciliatory one, if for no other reason than commercial expediency. Our geographical position and nearness to China should give us a great advantage over the more distant European nations in competing for the China trade, but we must be prepared to deal with the Chinese in as liberal a manner as other nations.

The American export trade to China is, roughly speaking, about \$50,000,000 yearly. China at present is a large consumer of our cotton manufactures, of our kerosene oil, and of flour and lumber from the Western States. With the changes now taking place, she should become a large purchaser of shoes, machinery, farming and mining appliances, street rails and railway material, to say nothing of the thousand and one minor articles for which the adoption of foreign ideas is creating a demand. Our trade within the coming decade should expand to at least the \$200,000,000 mark annually. To obtain this, however, we must give a *quid pro quo*, and the *quid* will have to be in the shape of more liberal treatment of the Chinese coming to this country, not necessarily allowing the unrestricted immigration of the coolie, but removing all objectionable measures applying to the better classes of Chinese entering the States. These objectionable measures, which extended to the higher classes of Chinese desirous of coming to this country for the purpose of education and improvement, were forced upon the Government by the agitation of western labor leaders anxious to keep out the Chinese coolie, but any measures offensive to a nation whose trade is so valuable to us is a short-sighted policy. We should, by all means, encourage the coming of students, for early impressions are lasting, and the Chinese educated in our schools and colleges return to their native land with American ideals, and the propagation of these ideals is of great importance both to China and our Government.—*Francis Augustus Carl, Commissioner Imperial Chinese Customs.*



## TWO DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-EIGHT CENTS.

SHE was a little woman, prematurely bent, not with years, but with cares and sorrows, wants and woes. There was an expression of anguish, hunger, perplexity and despair upon her face. The voice was piping and high, having in it some of dread and doubt; no music, no confidence. The manner was shrinking and hesitating. The garments were old, shabby and ill-fitting. She stepped up to the merchant, looked right and left, and asked in an undertone:

"Is they—is they any money fur me here? Did John leave any fur me?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jacobs, I think there is some for you."

"How much is they? Tell me quick, please." Oh,

how much eagerness and how much uncertainty there was in that inquiry!

"I don't know how much. Wait a minute and I'll look it up." Then there was a silence, and the merchant figured and figured and scowled and figured again; finally, looking up, he said, sadly, "I have but two dollars and seventy-eight cents for you, Mrs. Jacobs. I really wish it were more, but that is all I have." He shoved the money toward her, and as she took it, her hand trembled, and she murmured, "Oh, how shall I get along with this! What shall I do! So many things is needed. Wood is to be got, bills is to be paid, rent is due, the children need some shoes. I don't care fur myself, but it's the young ones what's a-troublin' me." Then, in a louder voice, she said: "I'd hoped it was more. He said they was some money fur me here, but he didn't know how much. You are sure that's all?"

"Yes, that's all. You see, Mrs. Jacobs, John came in here the day he drew his pay, but he had been in the saloon before he came here, and was rather full. He had a large roll of bills in his hand which he flourished about boastfully. The bills were crumpled and massed together, and I was afraid he might lose some of his money, and said to him, 'Now, see here, John, you'd better let me take that money and care for it until you sober up.' But he just would not do it, and declared he knew what he was about. Then he hurled all the money on my show case and told me to count it. I found he still had \$80 of the \$100 he had drawn. I handed it back to him, and then he said, 'Say, I guess I owe you something, don't I? Well, here's ten dollars on the bill.' He really owed me but five dollars and seventy-two cents, but two days later he came in and wanted to borrow one dollar and fifty cents, which I was glad to hand him. So there is this balance coming to you, Mrs. Jacobs—two dollars and seventy-eight cents."

Mrs. Jacobs still stood there with the two dollars and seventy-eight cents in her hand. She was trying to think how she could make those few cents pay for fifty dollars' worth of pressing necessities; trying to think what John had done with all that balance of nearly one hundred dollars. In truth, this was not the first time she had had such a problem to contend with, and she knew at that minute some of her neighbors were in the same dilemma she was.

Who was John Jacobs? What sort of a man was he? Did he love his wife? Yes, the best he knew how. Did he love the two little ones that called him father? Yes, as well as he knew how. Was he industrious? No man was more so. Had he steady work? He never lost a day, except when he was incapacitated for work through strong drink. Why, then, did he make such a fool of himself? Why did he not brace up, be a man and let the drink alone? Ask

him. This is what he will say to you: "I want to be a man; God knows I do. I think I will, and lie awake at night and think and think. I hate myself, I curse the whole traffic. I resolve that I will never touch another drop. I manage for awhile fairly well. I take the little ones in my arms and kiss them, and wonder if they know that their father is a drunkard, a poor, miserable drunkard, but they don't seem to know. They don't seem to know why the house is cold sometimes, why they go to bed hungry sometimes, why their mother can't dress like other children's mothers, and why people don't come to see us, as they do some of our neighbors. I think they don't know these things; but I guess they will know after awhile, and I wonder how they will feel then! It makes me feel awful, and I wish I was dead lots and lots of times. But then, the old temptation comes. The pay day comes. The fellows say, 'Come on, John,' and I just go, and my money goes, and the saloon-keeper gets and keeps my hard-earned money, and the poor little wife and the poor little ones, and poor John, we all suffer and starve together."

"You see it all as plainly as I do. Then why in the name of common sense do you not break off?"

"Say, man, were you ever chained to a post, with forty chains, chains around your hands, and chains around your feet, and chains around your neck, and chains everywhere? Then did you ever try to break those chains? I guess you'd have a fine time doing it. I am chained. I am forty years old. Each year of my life a chain has been added to those I felt before. I am more and more a prisoner. I am more and more helpless. They tell me I will go to hell when I die. I have never doubted that. I live in hell most of the time now. If I were to die, and they should force me into Heaven, where they say good and decent folks are, I would feel awfully uncomfortable there. I feel miserable now when I go home to my wife and the innocents. The trouble with me is, I did not begin right."

John Jacobs was that sort of a man. Only one of a vast army, the product of the legalized liquor traffic. How many suffered from the worse than wasted money he had toiled so hard to earn? That question is not easily answered. The butcher said to Mrs. Jacobs, "I don't think I can carry you any longer until you settle what is coming to me. I can't carry on business this way!" And he said it in an angry, impatient tone. The grocer suffered, for he had bills to meet, and he had counted on the money Jacobs owed him. The man from whom they rented talked of eviction and getting a more desirable tenant, for he suffered. The coal merchant said he did not see how he could afford to let them have any more coal, though it was hard to think of the fireless rooms and the shivering little ones. And so it was with all their creditors. Poor little Mrs. Jacobs! Poor little

ones! Poor John Jacobs! He knew that each and every one of the men who were now out of patience with him, and who had spoken so harshly to his wife when she asked for an extension of credit, had, without exception, voted the license ticket, voted to give the saloons a right to exist and transact business; and business meant putting men in the wretched condition of John Jacobs! He had brains enough to see the inconsistency of the thing, and he wondered that good men, sober men, men of happy homes and nice families, stronger men than he, could for any price make his fall easy, and his home no home at all.

Some way, the writer does not know how, the Jacobs family managed to exist until the next pay day, when John's check was not up to the usual amount, for he had lost a week in his last spree, and as he did not visit the saloons first this time, the bills were paid in full, and credit was extended until the next lapse from sobriety, and then the scenes associated with the \$2.78 were repeated. Thus it will go on until John fills a drunkard's grave, his wife dies broken-hearted, and the children are thrown upon the uncertain charities of the world!

Who is to blame for such things? The one who votes for the license; the one who is the moderate drinker, and who scorns the idea of his being his brother's keeper. The one, too, who does not do what he can do by his influence, his habits and his vote to make these things impossible. Who suffers from the loss of manhood, money, character, happiness and hope in such a man as John Jacobs? We all suffer, and really we ought to suffer and murmur not if in any way we are responsible for these things. If we are innocent, let us do what we may in self-defense and for the defense of helpless men, helpless women and helpless children.—*Home Herald*.



#### AN IMPRESSIVE LESSON ON VENTILATION.

THE New York *Sun* tells a story of an old-time country doctor who had somehow learned of the efficacy of fresh air in the treatment of fevers. On entering the room of a certain fever patient, "Dr. X. raised both windows, ordering that they be left so.

"The women who were nursing made no objection at the time, but no sooner had the doctor departed than they hastened to close the windows. Some distance away Dr. X. happened to look around and behold what they had done.

"He turned his horse, drove back to the house, entered the front door, neither knocking nor ringing, mounted the stairs, walked into the sick room, lifted the thick-knobbed cane which he always carried, and deliberately smashed one pane of glass after another, until all were demolished. Then, without a word, or so much as a look to right or left, he strode from the room and drove away.

"The patient recovered."



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## BROWN OCTOBER.

THE sleepy, hazy days of autumn have come upon us. Morning and evening the sun appears as a great red ball, and even at noonday its brilliance is subdued, in keeping with the rest and quiet that has come upon all nature, following the strenuous efforts expended in the season just closed.

In all her lines of activity Nature is ever true to the rules of harmony. Now when all growing things have reached the mature stage they are dressed in colors befitting rounded-out perfection and maturity. And such colors! Gorgeous? yes, but with a mellow richness that gives no offense and no hint that they are borrowed or filched from other days. All have their part in one harmonious scene that only the Master Hand could execute.

And what a sweet, penetrating fragrance envelops the one who strays where

"October weaves  
Rainbows of the forest leaves"!

Perhaps it is the smell of the paint used by the Great Artist. Perhaps it is the smoke from the innumerable fires that have consumed the vitality of leaf and twig and grass blade. Whatever its source, it cannot be separated from the browns of October and in common with its surrounding influences it possesses the spell-weaving magic of the season.

The piled-up leaves rustle sympathetically, be one's spirits grave or gay, as he drags his feet through them—a pleasure of childhood that never leaves us. In the top of some tall tree the crow utters his warning call and the care-free, reckless jay bird chimes in with his incessant chatter. Both are settled inhabitants who scorn the idea of leaving the country with our summer sojourners whose restlessness and frequent conclaves announce the early date of their journey southward.

It is the time for dreaming. It is the time for deep meditation. It is the time for quiet content.

## "PITY THE BLIND."

AT one time we considered that we had done our duty by a fellow-man, deprived of his sight, when we dropped a small contribution into his hand as he appealed to us from the street corner. Now, if we are to keep pace with the improvements being made in respect to the welfare of this class, we will have to go farther and see that he is equipped to make his way, independent of the charity of the chance passer-by. To be sure, we have for years had schools for the blind, but these have not been altogether satisfactory. In most cases the schools are for children only and even when these have mastered some trade or accomplishment they are continued in the school indefinitely as wards of the State, instead of being put out where they can use their skill in a useful way and so take their place in the world. A writer in the current number of *Everybody's* discusses this phase of the subject and we herewith give some extracts from his article.

"Whether the new work for the blind be undertaken by state commissions, city boards of education, or private associations, the program is the same:

"I.—To register every blind person and keep the record continually revised.

"II.—To establish a central employment agency and bureau of information, where blind persons may meet employers and the work of the blind may be kept on sale.

"III.—To find out by experiment, and by comparing the work done in other countries, what occupations in each community will prove profitable for the blind.

"IV.—To provide trained teachers of intellectual and mechanical pursuits to visit the blind and teach them at home. It is better not to bring too many of the blind together into workshops and homes. Besides, many of the adult blind have domestic duties which make their absence from home for the whole of the day impossible or undesirable.

"V.—To establish trust funds or to secure regular state or municipal appropriations to provide blind workmen with materials for handiwork, or with capital to start a small retail business.

"VI.—To enlist the interest of trades-unions and manufacturers in finding in factories processes at which the blind can work side by side with the seeing.

"VII.—To establish scholarships for blind students.

"VIII.—To provide more books for the blind at lower cost.

"There are in this country only ten or a dozen industrial workshops and homes that pretend to teach occupations to the adult blind. These shops employ about six hundred. In Great Britain, with less than half as many blind as we have in America, are fifty shops, which employ thirteen or fourteen hundred. The immediate, obvious need is for workshops and industrial schools in every large center. Enough has

been done in the shops already established to furnish a model for any one who is ready to take the work up in his community.

"We need agents to advance the competent blind, to compel simply a fair trial for blind candidates. Employers are not to blame for assuming that 'defective' workmen will do defective work. But the American business man is generous, and if he is approached by an interesting and enthusiastic agent, he is Yankee enough to want to know all about the blind man. All that is necessary to secure a place for a competent blind person is to present his case to employers with tactful persistence. Miss Holt, of the New York Association, said recently:

"When I asked the head of our telephone company to give a switchboard for blind people to practice on, he thought I was crazy. That was a year ago. I had the pleasure of writing him the other day asking for the installation of a switchboard at our new office, and told him that there are now in the city of New York five blind switchboard operators: two in hospitals in positions of great responsibility, where they have the ambulance calls and other emergency work; two in business houses, and one in the editorial rooms of a great New York daily paper. Three of the switchboard operators are women.'

"As has been indicated, England leads us not only in organized, aggressive work for the blind, but in the number and the scope of workshops. This is, in part, due to the fact that industrial education for the seeing receives more attention in England than here. The system in the old countries of fitting children for trade operates beneficially for the blind, because it equips the human being for his life work; whereas in America we throw one vast door of common-school education open to everybody. After school days we who see find our places, but much energy is wasted, and the handicapped are left behind in the hot race, instead of being carefully fitted to go as far as possible at their slower rate.

"In France the Association Valentin Haüy has had its employment bureau, the *Société de Placement*, for more than fifty years, and has placed more than sixty organists in French churches and cathedrals. It maintains workshops, libraries, salesrooms.

"In Germany the Saxon system of 'After-Care' illustrates the marvelous unity and coördination of German life, and also its paternalism. The blind live at their homes. Even the small towns have workshops. And over them all is the directing genius of the superintendents of the institutions for the blind, who visit the individual workers, require constant reports from them, furnished materials at cost, and help the workers to sell their goods.

"It would be wrong to suppose that the blind in Europe live in an economic paradise. The condition of the blind will always be hard enough everywhere, and in some European countries, in Italy, for instance, they are shamefully neglected. But the best work in Europe is in advance of the work in three quarters of our American States. And the best of our work has only recently become firmly established, though sporadic efforts of all kinds have been made for two generations. The American people, with their abundant means, their generosity, their love of fair play, and their peculiar Yankee delight in human ingenuity, are sure to encourage the blind workman once they understand his needs and capabilities. Whatever is done for him by the schools, by the legislatures, and others technically in authority, the blind man will be our neighbor, and we must see that he is helped to produce what he can, and that he sells the product."

Any one can see the soundness of this plan and its power to inspire and lift up those who have been made to feel that they must depend wholly on others. May we all do what we can to help in this way those deprived of their sight as well as all others who are handicapped in the race of life.



#### RHYME OF THE DREAM MAKER MAN.

Down near the end of a wandering lane,  
That runs 'round the cares of the day,  
Where Conscience and Memory meet and explain  
Their quaint little quarrels away,  
A misty air castle sits back in the dusk  
Where brownies and hobgoblins dwell,  
And this is the home  
Of a busy old gnome  
Who is making up dream things to sell,  
My dear,  
The daintiest dream things to sell.  
He makes golden dreams out of wicked men's sighs.  
He weaves on the thread of a hope  
The airiest fancies of pretty brown eyes,  
And patterns his work with a trope.  
The breath of a rose and the blush of a wish  
Boiled down to the ghost of a bliss.  
He wraps in a smile  
Every once in a while  
And calls it the dream of a kiss,  
Dear heart,  
The dream of an unborn kiss.  
Last night when I walked through the portals of sleep,  
And came to the weird little den,  
I looked in the place where the elf-man should keep  
A dream that I buy now and then.  
'Tis only the sweet, happy dream of a day—  
Yet one that I wish may come true—  
But I learned from the elf  
That you'd been there yourself,  
And he'd given my dream to you,  
Sweetheart,  
He'd given our dream to you.

—William Allen White.





## Receiving Presents

Flora E. Teague

THERE are some generous people everywhere that are never so happy as when they are bestowing gifts. They truly seem to find it "more blessed to give than to receive." If well endowed financially, more or less costly gifts are made by them. But occasionally you will find very generous people whose means are limited, yet their ingenuity coupled with love will often make most beautiful gifts from materials less gifted people would either destroy or consider worthless.

After such generosity is manifested and such pains are taken in fashioning beautiful thing for us, can we be so negligent, indifferent, ungrateful, or whatever name you may choose to call it, as to fail to thank the donor? Yes; I actually know of such cases. I have seen and heard people toss from their lips to the ears of their dearest ones, a cold-blooded, lifeless "thanks" that fairly cut to the heart. Again, I have known presents sent by mail that failed to receive any acknowledgment for weeks. What must the loving donors think and feel? All this because of the little effort it requires to make the proper response. No matter how small or insignificant a gift may be that we receive, or how little value it may be to us, our hearts ought to go out in gratitude and thankfulness to our friends, who love us so much that they are prompted to do what they consider kind little acts.

To simply give because you have received is a poor incentive towards giving. I prefer to acknowledge gratefully, kindly, and promptly all gifts received. I may not then return a gift; or if I do, it may not be in the same manner. I like to wait for some good opportunity, when my heart is filled with love, and I am so fortunate as to secure or make some happy hit in the way of appropriate gifts. It may be it will be a Christmas gift, a birthday gift, or simply an any-day gift.

As a rule, one's own make of gifts is the best. The most of us are handy in some line, and can shape gifts after this adeptness. To me such gifts always seem to have so much personality about them. Simple, inexpensive gifts usually afford more pleasure to the

receiver than more costly ones. Outside of home-made articles, a longed-for book, a good magazine, potted plants, pretty collars or ties, are very pleasant gifts. If you are handy with brush, pen, needle, saw, or plane then manufacture your own pretty little trinkets. Avoid giving what others so often give. Usually one does not care to receive more than one gift of a kind. Study the tastes and needs of those whom you care to supply, then give accordingly.

It is a good plan in selecting one's gifts to collect during the year. Do not wait for your holiday gifts until the last moment, when you must pass through crowded shops hurriedly only to come out irritable and vexed, voting Christmas a bore instead of the glad, happy, cheerful season it should be if rightly arranged for.

Good taste as well as joy to the recipient is shown by tastefully "doing-up" your packages. Neat wrappers fastened with pretty little hearts or other designs, or tied with bright-colored ribbons are so much more attractive than brown paper packages tied with twine.

Remember the dear home friends first and always with the *best*. Some hearts are made to ache at the commonness of their gifts when compared with the lavishness of those spent on outside friends.

It is not good taste for gentlemen to present costly gifts to ordinary lady friends. An engaged couple is allowed more freedom. Between boy and girl friends, only the simplest gifts should be exchanged. In fact, girls should be very chary with their gifts. Little hand-painted pieces or similar gifts are both admissible and appropriate.

To receive costly gifts from male friends puts one under more or less obligation, hence it would be wisdom not to accept such. Again, a lady does not want to angle for a young man with costly gifts or otherwise.

Above all, put your love into your gifts, then bestow them on those whom you love, remembering bountifully also the poor and needy.

Lordsburg, Cal.

## ODE TO A WILD FLOWER.

NANNIE BLAIN UNDEAHILL.

Dear, little, wild flower,  
 I know whence you are,  
 I love you for his sake and yours:  
 To give a glad hour,  
 God planted this flower—  
 Upon us such blessing he pours.

He knew a sad heart  
 Might wander apart,  
 From places and people more grand:  
 Alone, for a while,  
 He told you to smile—  
 Just faithfully, loyally stand.

Your flower-face so bright,  
 Fills one with delight—  
 You comfort my soul with God's love:  
 For he placed you here,  
 My lone heart to cheer—  
 His message you bring from above.

Your blossoms convey  
 The words he would say—  
 He cares for each lily so pure:  
 Much more for his child,  
 Than flowers, that grow wild—  
 Take courage, stand fast and endure.

Before, very long  
 He'll take his child home,  
 No more to be lonely or sad:  
 Then smile where you are,  
 Like God's twinkling star:  
 Just serve him alone and be glad.

And won't it be sweet  
 When Jesus we greet,  
 To remember we firmly stood,  
 Just trusting in God  
 While bearing the rod—  
 Just humbly—like Christ—doing good?

And won't it be grand,  
 When by him we stand  
 'Midst angels and loved ones up there;  
 Acknowledged his friend—  
 Bliss, never to end—  
 We'll know then, that God heard our prayer.



LULU C. MOHLER.

THE great tree, standing close, bent over with protecting gentleness. The little house was old and softly grey, blending with the varying greens of the surrounding hills and the low hillside where it nestled.

The worn old fence was grey as was the gate thru which run the path leading to the pebbly, musical brook just below. "Far, far from the maddening crowd," were the cottage and the peaceful valley.

Could we but dream *our* lives away in such a place, with the peace and quietness, closing us safe from sin and strife! The cool spring, the brook and the things of life that afford us truest pleasure; music and books, congenial friends, busy days—with those who are dearer than life, in a grey old house

on a green hillside, in a valley peaceful and still. What would we care for the world's mad conquests? "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

Houses are like people, all carry a personal atmosphere, and some a spirit of charm and delight.

An old stone cottage I know, has had for me from childhood a sweetness that will last in my remembrance. It was always cool and exquisitely clean. The woodshed and the kitchen used only in summer with its wide fireplace; the visions of good things to eat that were created there.

The simple fineness of the two who founded this home. Would that you, too, might feel the witchery of this home where lives were lived.

Strange are men and women. Many are discontented, wicked and brutal, creatures that only God can redeem. Why will they leave the beautiful things? A manly man's strongest interests are home and work, and the womanly woman's dearest joy is homemaking.

One dear little lady is busy thru all the day with the affairs of her home. She has created a home wherever she has settled, and that has been several times, and she has yet no house she can call her own, but wherever she abides you find a home. Her children would be the pride of the most refined and she is a rare little, dear little homemaker.

And what is so priceless about the home of charm? Tell me that if you can. It is like the perfume of flowers—elusive and sweet, and soul of it all is the woman more priceless than rubies.



## FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

AMONG all civilized people there is an expression of proper regard for the corpse. This expression manifests itself in various forms from the time of the last breath until after dust has returned to dust. That such regard should be shown is certainly appropriate; nevertheless, in connection with burials there are at this time some customs and practices which call loudly for reform.

Whilst it is a delicate matter to refer to these things, one feels constrained to call attention to a few of them. This is done with the hope that some of these improprieties may be considered in such a light that at least some readers will steer clear of them in case death invades their home.

1. The most glaring abuse is the lamentable tendency toward extravagance and show. It is surely shocking to hear an expression like this: "Well, people may say about her what they please; she certainly held a fine funeral for him." This expression was heard after a husband had been buried at an expense which was entirely out of proportion to the financial ability of the widow; nor was the display an index of family felicity, or an effort to give a final expression of appreciation. Strange as it may seem,



it appears to be a fact that even during the pathetic hours when the lifeless body of the loved one is scarcely cold, neighbors compete and vie with each other to hold what they call "the finest" funeral. Does not such conduct seem like an insult to the memory of the departed?

A good authority says: "Let all things be done decently and in order." This applies here. If extravagance and show should be shunned anywhere, they surely should be shunned in connection with a funeral. Good sense and a tender feeling for our own suggest modesty and substantiality only. Do not ask how others do, but ask yourself how and what you ought to do.

2. Another abuse is a custom which practically demands new clothing for the entire family in which death occurred. They say: "Would not people talk about it if we did not wear mourning?" This custom invades the home during the time when real love and esteem call for quietness and unostentatious sympathy. It compels many a family to harass itself with hurried shopping, the clatter and hum of the sewing machine, and the rush of the seamstress and milliner in order that each one can appear in proper style at the funeral.

Shall we continue to be the slaves of such custom and fashion or shall we prove that we have courage enough to wear what we have, provided it is quiet and modest in appearance?

3. A third abuse appears in the positively vulgar newspaper reports which painfully and nauseatingly set forth every detail in reference to the style of the shroud, the number and nature of the floral tributes, etc. To these things good taste will scarcely allude in private conversation with an intimate friend. What then shall be said of that brazenness which makes every possible effort to write up these things for the daily newspapers? Surely a little sane thinking will lead the public to express disgust over such gross improprieties.

But how can this abuse be remedied? Through the funeral director. Tell him definitely that you object to the publishing of these things, because they are strictly the affairs of your own family, and not of the public. Instruct him also to defend you against the intrusion of the reporters, who seek such matter to fill their columns. By these means a family can largely, if not fully, protect itself.—*Reformed Church Messenger*.



#### HOME OF THE HONEY BEE.

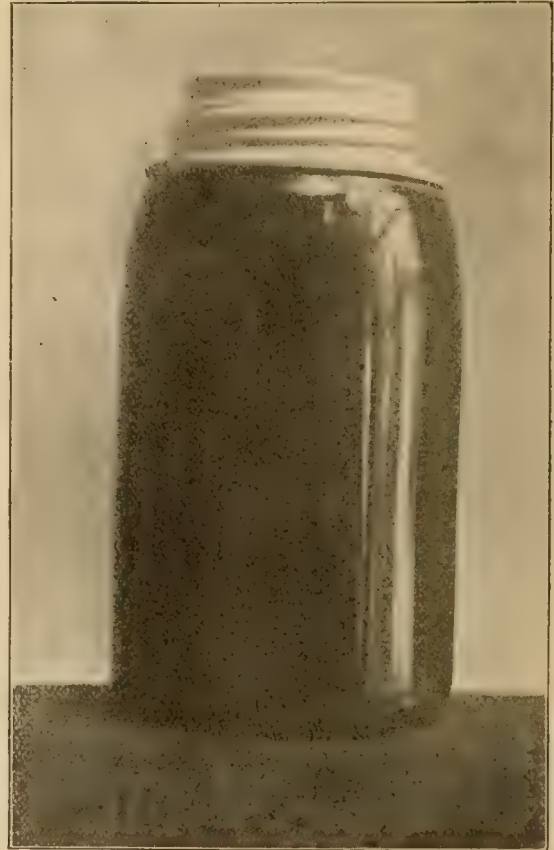
D. J. BLOCHER.

##### Extract Honey.

THE contents of this jar represent another form of honey. This form of honey has been much abused in the past by adulteration. Not all extracted was adulterated. But some men in large cities who were

not bee-keepers did the work. Chicago seems to have taken the lead in this kind of work. But now since the Pure Food law is in effect there is not the same chance to adulterate and keep hid. Everywhere the adulterators are watched and many will be trapped.

In buying this honey direct from a yard or responsible dealers, there is little to fear. Just last year some of our trade in Dakota thought we shipped sugar instead of the pure honey. They therefore sent a sample or samples, away for inspection. When returns came it was declared pure honey. Nearly all honey will granulate in cool weather, and in time get



very compact, like so much lard. This granulation is the best evidence of its purity. No sugar can be made to act in like manner. While granulation is a sure sign of the purity of honey it does not follow that all honey must granulate to be pure. On these points, granulation and no granulation, have people been mistaken. Trouble is nearly always ahead when customers get granulated honey instead the liquefied article. They do not understand the nature of honey and often attempt to melt it, as they call it, as though it were so much maple sugar. They add a little water or burn it in the operation. I do not wonder that they become disgusted and say strange things about the article. Directions for liquefying honey are given at the close of this article.

You may ask how long will this granulated honey keep? It will keep indefinitely. No one, to my

knowledge, has ever kept any long enough to spoil. If it is kept in a dry room and sealed so as to hold its aroma it will be as good in many years as at first. This form of honey has many uses. Candy makers and biscuit companies use many car loads yearly. As honey absorbs moisture it is a fine sweet to use in baking; cakes or cookies will not dry out in a long time, for the honey in them keeps adding moisture all the time. When honey is granulated it can be shipped in most any clean rough box or vessel. And no one should be disappointed in buying if they get it shipped in this way. Or, should it come in paper sacks like salt no one need wonder. Lots of alfalfa honey is now put up that way. Recipes for baking with honey are given with this article. Honey is a predigested food.

#### Granulated Honey—To Reliquefy.

When honey is kept for any length of time it has a tendency to change from its clear liquid condition, and becomes granulated or candied. This is not to be taken as any evidence against its genuineness, but rather the contrary. Some prefer it in the candied state, but the majority prefer it liquid. It is an easy matter to restore it to its former liquid condition. Simply keep it in hot water long enough, **but not too hot**. If heated above 160 degrees there is danger of spoiling the color and ruining the flavor. Remember that honey contains the most delicate of all flavors—that of the flowers from which it is taken. A good way is to set the vessel containing the honey inside another vessel containing hot water, not allowing the bottom of the one to rest directly on the bottom of the other, but putting a bit of wood or something of the kind between. Let it stand on the stove, but do not let the water boil. It may take half a day or longer to melt the honey. If the honey is set directly on the reservoir of a cook-stove, it will be all right in a few days. In time it will granulate again, when it must again be melted.—C. C. Miller, M. D.

**Honey-Gems.**—2 quarts flour, 3 tablespoonfuls melted lard,  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint honey,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of molasse, 4 heaping tablespoonfuls brown sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  level tablespoonfuls soda, 1 level teaspoonful salt,  $\frac{1}{8}$  pint water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful extract vanilla.

**Honey-Jumbles.**—2 quarts flour, 3 tablespoonfuls melted lard, 1 pint honey,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint molasses,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  level tablespoonfuls soda, 1 level teaspoonful salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful vanilla.

The jumbles and the gems immediately preceding are from recipes used by bakeries and confectioners on a large scale, one firm in Wisconsin alone using ten tons of honey annually in their manufacture.

**Mrs. Barber's Honey-Cookies.**—One large teacupful of honey. One egg broken into the cup the honey was measured in, then 2 large spoonfuls sour milk, and fill the cup with butter or good beef dripping. Put in one teaspoonful of soda and flour to make a soft dough. Bake in a moderate oven a light brown.

**To Spice Apples, Pears or Peaches.**—One quart of best vinegar, 1 quart of honey,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce each of cloves and stick cinnamon. Boil all together 15 minutes, then put in the fruit, and cook tender. Put in a stone jar with enough of the syrup to cover the fruit. It will keep as long as wanted.

**For Sugar Curing 100 Pounds of Meat.**—Eight pounds of salt, 1 quart of honey, 2 ounces of saltpeter, and 3 gallons of water. Mix, and boil until dissolved, then pour it hot on the meat.

**Honey-Caramels.**—1 cup extracted honey of best flavor, 1 cup granulated sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls sweet cream or milk. Boil to "soft crack," or until it hardens when dropped into cold water, but not too brittle—just so it will form into a soft ball when taken in the fingers. Pour into a greased dish, stirring in a teaspoonful extract of vanilla just before taking off. Let it be  $\frac{1}{2}$  or  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch deep in the dish; and as it cools, cut in squares and wrap each square in paraffine paper, such as grocers wrap butter in. To make chocolate-caramels, add to the foregoing 1 tablespoonful melted chocolate, just before taking off the stove, stirring it in well. For chocolate-caramels it is not so important that the honey be of best quality.—C. C. Miller, M. D.

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## The Children's Corner

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### THE PIG AND THE HEN.

The pig and the hen,  
They both got in one pen,  
And the hen said she wouldn't go out.  
"Mistress Hen," says the pig,  
"Don't you be quite so big!"  
And he gave her a push with his snout.

"You are rough, and you're fat,  
But who cares for all that;  
I will stay if I choose," says the hen,  
"No, mistress, no longer!"  
Says pig; "I'm the stronger,  
And mean to be boss of my pen!"  
Then the hen cackled out  
Just as close to his snout  
As she dare: "You're an ill-natured brute;  
And if I had the corn,  
Just as sure as I'm born,  
I would send you to starve or to root!"

"But you don't own the cribs;  
And I think that my ribs  
Will be never the leaner for you;  
This trough is my trough,  
And the sooner you're off,"  
Says the pig, "why the better you'll do!"

"You're not a bit fair,  
And you're cross as a bear;  
What harm do I do in your pen?  
But a pig is a pig,  
And I don't care a fig  
For the worst you can say," says the hen.

Says the pig, "You will care  
If I act like a bear  
And tear your two wings from your neck."  
"What a nice little pen  
You have got!" says the hen,  
Beginning to scratch and to peck.

Now the pig stood amazed,  
And the bristles, upraised  
A moment past, fell down so sleek.  
"Neighbor Biddy," says he,  
"If you'll just allow me,  
I will show you a nice place to pick."



So she followed him off,  
 And they ate from one trough—  
 They had quarreled for nothing, they saw;  
 And when they had fed,  
 "Neighbor Hen," the pig said,  
 "Won't you stay here and roost in my straw?"  
 "No I thank you; you see  
 That I sleep in a tree,"  
 Says the hen; "but I must go away;  
 So a grateful good-by."  
 "Make your home in my sty,"  
 Says the pig, "and come in every day."

Now my child will not miss  
 The true moral of this  
 Little story of anger and strife;  
 For a word spoken soft  
 Will turn enemies oft  
 Into friends that will stay friends for life.  
 —Alice Cary.



### JOHNNY'S REWARD OF MERIT.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

A PAIR of handsomely embroidered Indian moccasins were on display in the big plate glass window of a fashionable boot and shoe store. Johnny Bly flattened his nose against the glass and wished with all his boyish heart that they were his.

"Indian slippers. Say, but they're fine! If we could spare the money, I'd ask the folks at home if I could buy them."

Johnny's "folks at home" were were not rich. Their house was a plainly-furnished one but it contained a piano.

"I wish they would get me those Indian slippers instead of giving me so many music lessons," grumbled Johnny to his friend Sammy Lloyd, who happened to be with him.

"I wonder how much they would cost? May be you could have both. Ask them when you go home," said Sammy.

"Oh my! That will cost too much," thought Johnny, but to Sammy he only replied. "I'll see."

After beginning the subject at dinner, Johnny gave a glowing description of the moccasins, ending with the words, "I wish I had them."

His folks said nothing only, "Those music lessons come first, Johnny boy."

That afternoon the hopeful Johnny crept away to his hour's practice and Mrs. Bly went down town to order some things for tea. Upon her return she placed the mysterious packages which she had purchased high up in the kitchen cupboard and then went in search of her little son.

She found him in a quiet corner studying the definitions of musical terms. "Johnny boy, come here. I want to talk to you."

"Yes'm," said Johnny.

"My boy, I just wanted to say that if you will agree to finish your term of lessons this vacation with credit

to yourself and your teacher, I will promise to present you with a reward of merit—something which I know you will be pleased with."

"Yes'm, I'll promise to try." Then he returned to his corner to study the stubborn definitions. He was wishing to know just what his mother meant to give him but he would not ask because he thought nothing could please him quite so much as the slippers as he called the quaint Indian foot-wear which he had seen in the store window.

"One, two, three—one, two, three"—counted Johnny in patient sing-song tones as he kept the time to the exercise he was trying to get perfect.

At last the vacation days were over and with their going came the end of that term of music.

Johnny had kept his promise. He had succeeded well in rendering his selection at the recital.

In answer to his questioning look, his mother whispered something in his ear after they had reached home.

"There it is in the old kitchen cupboard, sonny. The package—the largest one—wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with a green string."

Carefully Johnny unrolled the package. In the depths of the soft silky paper he found the coveted slippers and in the curiously wrought folds nestled two bright pieces of silver—presents from his father and older brother.

Johnny's big bright eyes grew bigger and brighter when he found that his wish had come true. He laughed and chattered and hopped about for very joy. He felt so well paid for his work that he tried hard never to grumble again when he had hard lessons to learn.

*Tipton, Iowa.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### WHAT SHALL CHRISTIANS DO?

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?—Jer. 5: 30, 31.

These words of the old prophet of God very vividly describe the condition of affairs in this land of ours relative to the legalized, demonized liquor traffic. There are today more desolate homes, more heartbroken women, more orphaned children and more strong and brave men appointed to die because of the liquor traffic than can be attributed to any other agency operated by the powers that work for evil. It is stated by authority that there are at least 500,000 habitual drunkards in the United States. Of this number 100,000 die annually; in other words the liquor

traffic sends one drunkard into eternity every five minutes, day and night. It lets no one alone. It seeks for victims. Hon. John G. Woolley says: "There is not a cradle rocking in an American home, but close beside the drink wolf crouches and grins and waits, and there is not a baby man swinging into the lists of life in the royal chariot of his mother's arms, but the saloon vulture with bloody beak and claws and sick of old carrion, flaps its hideous wings above that holiest pageant of the universe and soars and waits."

Perhaps there never has been a conviction more deeply seated in the hearts and minds of the people in regard to any evil than is the conviction today that the liquor traffic is an unendurable evil. All are ready to admit that a horrible thing is done in the land. But let us see if it is not also a wonderful thing.

The saloon is a legal institution. It is just as legal as the church, the school or the home. It shares the protection of the law. In the present state of things we behold the wonderful scene of the state selling the liquor venter the privilege to debauch its citizens and carry on a continual slaughter of public morals and of all that is good. In the present order of things we view the wonderful spectacle of the state engaged in the saloon business. According to an old, undenied principle of law, each citizen is a saloon-keeper. This principle is: "He that acts through another, acts through himself." If my agent keeps a saloon, am I not a saloon-keeper? The only way to escape the sin of complicity with the saloon-keeper is to protest by our votes against the saloon we are compelled to keep. But how few there are of the voting gender who do this! How the words of the prophet apply to this question "and my people love to have it so"!

What will ye do in the end thereof? In other words, what is the remedy? Some people say: "Regulate the saloon," but the saloon absolutely refuses to be regulated. It persistently violates every law that has ever been devised to regulate its conduct. It is the greatest Sabbath desecrater the world has ever seen.

Some say "License it, for we need the revenue." We sell our brothers, our sisters, our loved ones, who die in shame, because of liquor very cheap. It is blood money. It can never be licensed without sin. Besides this, for every dollar received from the liquor traffic, as license money, it takes at least seven from the pockets of the people, and gives worse than nothing in return, which is robbery.

There is but one remedy, and that is to wipe *the saloon out*. We cannot improve on God's plan of dealing with evil, and that is to prohibit evil. Jesus came not to regulate or license, but to destroy the works of the devil. The most effectual way to help the drunkard and his family is to stop that which causes their sad condition. Stop the cause and the effect will cease.

## GROPING.

D. D. THOMAS.

Is there a light to guide aright,—  
A light that I can view?  
Before my eyes so dark, so drear,  
Within my heart no hopes appear,  
Each step my fears renew.

If I could stand and have command,  
The little sphere control,—  
But move I must with grave mistrust,  
Or sink beneath to mouldering dust,  
Yet move toward the goal.

O Time, O Time, like stepping rhyme  
You lure me to the tomb;  
But, what is that I may well ask—  
The monster wears a puzzling mask—  
Is it a light or gloom?

The cheeks that fade and pass away,  
Warn me what I shall be.  
But closed the door, I see no more,  
I only know they've gone before  
Into eternity.



## THE LOVE OF GOD.

KEEPING ourselves in the love of God is a matter of *fellowship*. "Praying in the Holy Spirit." Human love often abates and dies through lack of fellowship. Contact with the beloved must be secured if affection is to remain vital, and even when the loved ones are separated from us by death we must give them a constant presence in imagination if they are to continue to move our heart. So uninterrupted fellowship with God is the condition of abiding fervor. Just in proportion as communion with him is real and close so is love deep and abiding. Every time the Holy Spirit actuates our heart and we truly speak with God, the pure fire is relighted. The love of God is shed abroad in our heart by the Holy Spirit as he inspires the effectual prayer.

Keeping ourselves in the love of God is a matter of *conduct*. It is a great truth that in the order of thought love goes before obedience. That is evidenced by the fact that the first commandment enjoins love. Christ observes the same order: "If a man love me, he will keep my word." But it is an equally important truth that the keeping of the commandment is conservative of love. "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love." Keeping the commandment, we prove that it is holy, just, and good, and glorify him whose transcript it is. Nothing more directly or seriously lowers the temperature of the heart than failure in practical faithfulness; while one of the chiefest prizes of obedience is that it gives a richer consciousness of the love of God. If we would abide in God's love, we must trust him, honor him, obey him, and every day will supply fresh reasons why we should delight in him.—From "*Frugality in the Spiritual Life*."





# Echoes from Everywhere

The number of immigrants arriving in August was only 27,782, against 98,825 in August of last year. Immigration and emigration statistics for the twelve months ending with June showed a net addition of only 209,837 to the population of the country.

The number of idle freight cars in this country and Canada was 413,338 on April 29th. With one exception, the fortnightly reports since that date have shown reductions, and on September 16 the number had fallen to 170,652, the decrease in the two weeks preceding that date having been 50,562.

Trade estimates just published set forth that the potato crop of the country is somewhat under that of last year. The demand having been smaller, however, the likelihood is that there will be plenty of potatoes to supply the market without making prices abnormal, altho the present trend is toward a higher level.

After exhaustive experiments conducted through a long period, the management of the Harriman lines has decided to adopt steel constructed passenger cars over the entire system of roads. As a starter in this direction, an order has been given to the Pullman Company by the Harriman people for 220 steel passenger cars of miscellaneous types.

The estimate of Europe's wheat crop has been reduced by 60,000,000 bushels since August 1st. According to the report of Dornbusch's List (London), the world's crop this year is about 3,056,800,000 bushels, against 3,090,000,000 in 1907, and 3,374,280,000 in 1906. Comparison with last year's figures shows notable reductions in France, Italy and India, with considerable increases in Australia, Canada and the United States.

October 2, Perry County, Ohio, by a majority of 1,027, voted to banish saloons, of which there are fifty-six within its boundaries. This is one of the important coal mining counties. Brown County, on the Ohio River, also voted out the saloons the same day by a majority of 682. There are twenty-three saloons in this county. Nineteen counties have now held elections under the Rose law and all have gone dry, the total number of saloons affected being 482.

October 2, a Maori patient was discharged from the leper station at Wellington, New Zealand, with a clean bill of health. The man was at the station for only eleven months. The chief health officer, Dr. Mason, declares that the patient was cured by injections of cultures of the leprosy bacillus. This treatment is the discovery of Professor Deycke Passa, director of the Imperial Medical School of Constantinople, and Reschad Bey, senior physician of the same institution. Dr. Mason says that other patients treated by this system have shown great improvement.

The fourth Esperanto congress just recently held in Dresden, Germany, decided to hold two congresses in 1909, one at Chautauqua, N. Y., and the other at Barcelona, Spain. It is understood that the leading persons interested in the establishing of a universal language will visit both conferences, while thousands on either side of the Atlantic will have the privilege of attending one of these meetings, which they could not do should only one be held. It seems these language universalists are in dead earnest.

The International White Cross Association was founded last year. Its purpose is to fight tuberculosis, cancer, food adulteration, alcoholism, drug habit and other social scourges. The first congress of this association opened its session at Geneva, Switzerland, Sept. 8. It is reported that over seven hundred delegates from all parts of the world were in attendance. The leading purpose of this congress is to evolve a fair and reasonable definition of pure food to serve as a uniform basis of legislation all over the world.

From Simla, India, comes the news that Sven Hedin, the famous explorer, did not perish on his last trip into Tibet as was feared. Recently he arrived at Simla from the forbidden land of the lamas, having made a journey of 4,000 miles during a period of two years. This time, the third that he has gone into that country, he traversed the unknown section of the great plateau or western Tibet, which is 2,000 feet higher than the top of Mont Blanc, and located many new lakes, gold fields, rivers, and mountains. On this trip he lost all his equipment except his maps and notebooks and endured many hardships; he was worn and thin but was in fairly good health. He declared that he had not touched tobacco or liquor during the whole trip and that this had aided him materially in keeping up. The Tibetans, he said, had treated him very kindly.

Visitors to California will have access to a third forest of giant redwoods when the counties of Tulare and Fresno complete construction of twenty-five miles of highway between Visalia and Redwood Canyon, in the Kings River country, where there is a grove of over fifteen thousand magnificent specimens of the *Sequoia gigantea*, many of which are said to compare in size and beauty with the trees of the Mariposa and Calaveras groups. It is probable that the property, which is yet untouched by lumbermen, will be recommended to Congress for purchase as a national park. One tree in the redwood grove, recently measured by a government ranger, is 110 feet in circumference and is estimated to contain 800,000 feet of lumber. A claim is made that a fallen giant in the region is the largest in the country. Located at an altitude of less than six thousand feet, the canyon would be accessible for a longer period than the other giant groves in the State.

Owing to recent excessive rains in the district of Hyderabad, India, the waters of the Godavari River broke through the banks and flooded the country. The correspondent of a local newspaper who has reached Hyderabad, the capital of the flooded district, describes that city as a vast grave. The streets and bazaars have been transformed into a grewsome mass of stone and mud and decomposed flesh. It is impossible accurately to estimate the death roll in the stricken region, the correspondent declares, but some natives put it as high as 50,000. Six hundred corpses were taken out of the mud at one spot yesterday. The funeral pyres are burning day and night. The damage is estimated at 200,000,000 rupees.

Consul-General Norman Hutchinson at Bucharest, Roumania, says in the Consular Reports that, according to information received, a new invention has been made by a native of Galicia, whereby the demand for coal for domestic purposes will be greatly diminished. The inventor, an engineer in railway employ, has made a combination of crude petroleum, cinders, and sand, into bricks or briquettes, which may be used as fuel by any household in place of coal, a hundred kilos (220.4 pounds) to cost only \$1. A society has been formed for the purpose of manufacturing these bricks, with a capital of 1,000,000 Austrian crowns (\$203,000), and a factory is to be placed in operation at Florisdorf. It is understood that large contracts for the purchase of petroleum have already been signed.

The board of trade of Great Britain has just issued its "returns," for the month of August last. The figures show the largest aggregate decrease in trade for any month of this year to date. The imports fell by nearly \$33,000,000, and the exports by about \$35,000,000. For the year the total fall in imports is \$210,000,000; in exports \$150,000,000. This enormous decline in trade is of most importance to the working classes. In 1906 and 1907, when British trade was at its height, there was an enormous amount of unemployed. With the trade declining in the alarming manner shown by the above figures, the outlook for workers during the coming winter is very gloomy. The most serious feature, from the point of view of the workingman, is the falling off of the exports of manufactured goods.

Now that the cooler weather is at hand, jewelers are having fewer watchsprings to put in, for the warm months are hard upon the springs. One jeweler who has kept records for the past 10 years found that in May, June, July, August, and September he put in, on average, about 450 watchsprings, while for the rest of the year only about 245 were put in. During July alone the number went as high as 94. In speaking on the subject he said: "We know that upon filing the surface of a block of tool steel and then rubbing it with the hand, the surface becomes hardened so that upon filing the steel again the file does not bite readily. The fact above mentioned leads me to believe that during excessively warm and sultry weather there emanate from the body certain substances which have an effect upon the already hardened steel spring similar to that cited above."

#### International Tuberculosis Congress.

In the International Tuberculosis Congress which recently met in Washington the meeting was divided into seven sections for the discussion of the various subjects relating to the disease.

Section 1 had a discussion relative to pathological anatomy and histology. Pneumonia in the process of

pulmonary tuberculosis brought forth several addresses.

The treatment of tuberculous patients in their homes and in places other than sanatoriums held the attention of the delegates in section 2.

Section 3 was devoted largely to consideration of questions as the prevention, diagnosis and surgical treatment of tuberculous sinues and abscess cavities and the treatment of tuberculosis of some of the vital organs, including the stomach, bladder, liver, etc.

Section 4 devoted most of the day to such subjects as the prognosis of pulmonary tuberculosis in children under 15 years of age, sea air treatment of tuberculosis of bones and glands in children, and the necessity for hygiene of the mouth, pharynx, skin, etc., in the course of prevention against the disease.

Measures for increasing resistance to tuberculosis in parks and playgrounds, outdoor sports, special education, individual immunity, and social conditions were discussed at section 5.

The importance of family histories for the study of tuberculosis was one of the most important questions discussed before section 6.

Section 7 spent much time in debating the use of tuberculin in controlling and eradicating tuberculosis in cattle. The value of tuberculin in this connection was advocated by speakers.

#### Progress on Panama and Erie Canals Compared.

Public attention has been so strongly centered upon the progress of the Panama Canal, that the people of this State, and particularly of New York City, have failed to realize either the magnitude of the work involved in the reconstruction of the Erie Canal, or the extensive scale upon which the work is now being prosecuted. A comparison of the total quantities taken out on the two canals, during the years they have been in course of construction, shows that the State enterprise is quite comparable, in the magnitude of its operations, with that now being carried on by the Federal authorities. Active construction commenced on the Panama Canal in 1904 and on the Erie barge canal in 1905. During the first year of work at Panama, 243,472 cubic yards were taken out; while 716,676 cubic yards were excavated during the first year of work on the barge canal. During the second year's work, 1,799,227 cubic yards were taken out at Panama, and 1,460,705 cubic yards from the barge canal. During the third year of work, the totals were respectively 4,948,497 cubic yards and 4,500,459 cubic yards. In the fourth year, 15,764,098 cubic yards were removed at Panama. As 1908 was the fourth year of work on the Erie barge canal, the totals, of course, cannot as yet be given; but in July the total excavation was 1,067,111 cubic yards, or 99 per cent of the amount taken out at Panama for July, 1907, which was 1,076,767 cubic yards. In August of this year the total excavation was 1,091,891 cubic yards, as compared with 1,271,966 cubic yards taken out at Panama during August of last year. In this comparison the important point should not be overlooked that the New York State enterprise contains in its 442 miles of length a much larger number of structures compared to the amount of excavation than does the Panama Canal, the excavation of the Erie barge canal representing only forty per cent of the total cost of the work. In both of these enterprises the seeming delay in starting the work of active construction was due to the enormous amount of preparatory work in the prosecution of surveys, preparation of plans and estimates, and the purchase and placing on the ground of the enormous plant and supplies.—Scientific American.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### OUR BROTHERS' KEEPERS.

A mere glance at the history of civilization will reveal what a remarkable advance has been made in the last century in the way of increased interdependence among the members of society. As in modern construction great masses of reinforced concrete work are now knitted together in one practically monolithic mass by means of interlacing strands of steel, so the classes and individual members of society are being brought into firm connection, through new bonds, in such a way that all shocks and strains are divided up and shared by the general mass, instead of having to be borne by the particular class or individual.

Formerly when a man's house burned down the entire loss was visited on him; he had no way of shifting any of it. Now however each house owner pays a small insurance premium and when any man's house burns his loss is made up to him from the general fund. The risk from fire is thus distributed over society in general, and though the total fire loss is still very large no one person often suffers from it very greatly. The proposition to insure bank deposits is the latest expression of this same idea, namely the diffusion of the natural factor of loss among the whole mass of society so that it shall become nowhere very serious.

All this socialistic agitation is but a phase of the same principle. It reveals the awakening of the brotherhood spirit, the idea that the interests of the whole are paramount to those of the individual, that wealth and ability are talents entrusted to the individual not for his own private emolument but for the common benefit of society, and that even the lowliest person is entitled to have his welfare assured by a paternal state. In the old country this sort of paternalism has advanced farther than here. Germany, who never does anything without doing it thoroughly, scientifically, is taking the lead and is slowly working out a system under which the individual citizens shall all be members of one great national family, with the interests of one identical with the interests of all and the burdens of one distributed over the shoulders of the many.

Nearly all the schemes for social betterment in our day are along this same line. Take rural delivery, good roads, scientific agriculture, schools and colleges, postal savings-banks and the parcels post, all sorts of insurance, public libraries, hospitals, old-age pensions, and public institutions of all kinds such as banks, trolleys, telephones, etc.—all are based on the principle of supplying to the individual, at the common expense, something which he could not enjoy independently.

This changed attitude has come because the time was ripe for it. Probably the main element that has brought about the new condition has been the introduction of machinery and the substitution of factory methods and specialized work in place of the old cottage industries. With the advent of machinery and machine methods all workers have tended to become mere cogs in one vast

mechanism, and as such their individual rights and responsibilities have been swallowed up and merged in those of the whole. When there is friction or inefficiency at any point now it throws our entire social system out of order more or less, and thus we are learning that the individual cogs must be looked after. We are our brothers' keepers; but this implies a mutual accountability, for if society is to provide for the individual it has a right to insist that the individual shall do his full part. Under the socialistic dispensation "he that will not work shall not eat." Socialism as such will probably never be adopted by this country, but there is no question that many of its features will be made use of; in fact such is the case already. And this proclaims an era in which the individual will more and more be taken care of by the commonwealth, while in turn a higher standard of sobriety, industry and efficiency will be required of him. —The Pathfinder.



### AN ACTIVE POLICY OF PEACE.

Peace is in disrepute because it has come to be regarded as a merely negative thing. Peace is popularly defined as "not being at war." It is difficult to get up enthusiasm for a mere negation. What is wanted is a positive policy of peace, an active policy of peace, something that can kindle the heart of man.

The true policy of peace is, then, the levying of war against war, and against the causes of war. We need a plan of campaign for peace as much as a plan of campaign for war. At the Hague Conference we saw the consequences of the lack of such a plan of campaign in the vacillation, the irresolution, and the ineffectiveness of the British delegation, altho they received their instructions from a ministry that had publicly pledged itself to take the lead on the question of armaments. It had prepared nothing. The fatuity of the British war campaign in South Africa was paralleled by that of the British peace campaign at The Hague. Instead of using the two years of preparation to carry on an active propaganda thru their ambassadors, the ambassadors were left uninstructed to follow their own devices, which resulted, not unnaturally, in nothing being done. And what was most conspicuous in the conduct of British policy was more or less evident in that of other delegations.

It is useful to recall the mistakes of the past in order that we may make the memory of our old blunders the stepping stones to future success. Every civilized government which at The Hague recognized the desirability of attaining certain ends in the interests of the peace and welfare of mankind should instruct its minister in every capital to make his embassy a center for a steady, resolute propaganda for the attainment of these ends. Ambassadors seldom or never receive such instructions, and few of them would do anything to carry them out even if they received them. Diplomats are not usually missionaries by temperament, and they are officials by training. That they should use their office as a means for con-

verting the diplomatic corps in the capital in which they are stationed to the faith professed by their governments is an idea which would seem preposterous to most of them. Take, for instance, the principles of a permanent International Court of Arbitration Justice, to which the American Government is deeply committed. What has Mr. Whitelaw Reid, to mention one ambassador at random, done to permeate the diplomatic corps in London with the zeal which glows in the bosom of Mr. Elihu Root? What has Mr. James Bryce, to take another instance, done to try to convert the diplomatic and political world of Washington to the views of his government in favor of the abolition of contraband? These things are not considered to be in the day's work of ambassadors, who consider they have done their duty if they punctually discharge the official routine, perform their social duties, and deal with questions which arise for settlement between the government at home and that to which they are accredited.

Of all means of promoting peace the most effective is the familiarization of the public mind with a great and inspiring ideal. Such an ideal lies ready to hand, not in the mere avoidance of war, but in the presentation to the mind of the American youth in school and in college of the great conception of the Americanization of the world. The American people for a hundred years have worked out the great idea of a federation of States within a continent. They have now to secure the acceptance of the same sublime conception thruout the world. The American idea is making the tour of the continents. What more lofty ideal can kindle the imagination of the American youth than the thought of conferring upon all the other nations the benefits of a great federation, which, while recognizing the liberty and independence of each State, unites them all in obedience to the authority of a supreme court? This is no fantastic dream. The outlines of the international world-state have been traced by the Hague Conference. It is for America to take the lead in filling in these outlines and in converting this glorious ideal into an accomplished fact.—The Independent.



### ELECTRIC POWER AND SANITATION.

That there is an undeveloped field for the electric motor in connection with the sanitation of public buildings is noted by an editorial writer in *The Western Electrician* (Chicago, September 5). He believes in a large possible demand for current to operate ventilating-fan motors in schoolhouses and similar buildings and in still greater possibility for the operation of vacuum cleaning or electric-sweeper outfits, portable or otherwise, for use in all kinds of buildings, public and private. He writes:

"In Toledo, for instance, there are twenty-five school-buildings equipped with motor-driven ventilating fans. Current is supplied by the central station, and the business is most desirable, as it is entirely a day load and off the circuits by 4 P. M. It would hardly pay to install a private power-plant in each building for this purpose, and station managers may well pay more attention to this class of business.

"Intimately associated with the matter of ventilation is that of cleaning building interiors by the vacuum system, by electric sweepers, or by various combinations of the two. Here the opportunity extends not only to public buildings, hotels, theaters, and the like, but to private residences as well. Electric power is by far the best available means of operating these useful twentieth-

century devices, and the great extent of the field thus available to the enterprising central-station man is obvious."

But aside from the direct benefit of mechanical ventilation and cleaning it has, the writer notes, a larger aspect relating to the health of the community. The danger of spreading disease may be lessened by actually taking away the dust and dirt in a school-room and burning it, instead of dislodging and allowing it to remain and be breathed. He says:

"Nearly every one has remarked the particles of dust dancing in a ray of sunshine penetrating a dark room. This dust may now be removed to a very large extent by modern methods of cleaning and ventilation, and it is electricity that is called upon to do the work.

"Physicians and all others interested in modern methods of hygiene will give their assistance in the campaign against dust. The matter was discussed at last week's convention of the Ohio Electric Light Association, and Dr. W. F. Fitzgerald, of Greenville, Ohio, who was present, said that the question of the method of cleaning schoolhouses and other public buildings had appealed to him for twenty-five years. 'We send our children to these places,' said he, 'and confine them there where they may be infected with some contagious disease through defective methods of keeping the rooms clean; and if an effective process of cleaning can be secured its cost should be a matter of slight consideration.' The speaker hoped that those present would carry home to their medical societies and city and county governments the hygienic side of the question. He assured them that medical men everywhere would give them hearty support.

"Thus the men selling electric light and power can do a public service as well as advance their own interests by calling attention everywhere to the manifest advantages of mechanical ventilation and cleaning of public buildings."—Literary Digest.



### NEW WAY TO SET BONES.

Writing in a scientific journal, Dr. Championniere, to whom the world is indebted for an entirely new method of setting broken bones, says: "I have proved that the ancient principle of immobility in fractures is wrong. Bones do not escape the law common to all the elements of the human organism. Despite their rigidity, they need movement, and when broken, if set, they must have movement to reach the maximum of vitality demanded for their recovery."

Dr. Championniere's method comprises a certain amount of mobility of the fracture, with a precisely ordered and special massage by professional masseurs. The massage recommended is gentle, progressive, and systematic, and its effect is not painful or exciting, but anæsthetic. Combined with methodical movements of the broken bones, it brings about several different but beneficial results, notably gain of time in the formation of the tissue, freedom from symptoms of atrophy, and a notable lessening of pain.

To resume, the special benefits noted by the discoverer of this method are, first, a considerable ab-



breviation of the duration of time required for the healing of the lesion or lesions and a rapid suppression of pain, even when the fracture involves the joints of the elbow, the superior and inferior fractures of the humerus, the majority of fractures of the radius, fracture of two bones of the forearm, and all of the bones of the hands and feet, and also fractures of the clavicles, scapula, femur, knee, etc.

The discovery was important because of the fact that it is of interest to one-fourth of the number of invalids demanding treatment by doctors, one-fourth being the proportion of persons suffering from fractures, compound or otherwise.—*Chicago Tribune*.



#### HEALING BY SUGGESTION.

A LONG and most remarkable series of cases of healing by suggestion is described by Dr. Nacke, of Berlin. A friend asked him fifteen years ago for some simple remedy with which to dress an insignificant wound. Dr. Nacke gave him a bottle containing about ten fluid ounces of a solution of corrosive sublimate (the bichloride of mercury) of no greater strength than 1 to 3,000, an antiseptic and healing wash which could produce no harmful effect when used externally. His friend returned to Dr. Nacke only this week and begged him for more of the solution. "It's known the country round, where I live, as the 'miracle water,'" said the doctor's friend. "It cures burns and wounds without fail. The servants in my neighborhood come to me to be cured if they cut or bruise or scald themselves. Indeed, strangers have implored me to give them a little of the 'miracle water.'" When the wash was needed he said he poured about two quarts of water in a basin, added a very few drops of the "miracle water," in this soaked a bandage and applied it. If need be, the patient took home the basin's contents and continued the treatment, but never for long, because he was cured invariably and quickly. "So," says Dr. Nacke, "my 1 to 3,000 solution became a 1 to 3,000,000 solution, but suggestion made it wonderfully efficacious. In the same way hysterical women are cured with bread pills or more agreeable doses, such as cream and curacao."—*Popular Service Siftings*.



#### OUT CALLING WITH WILLIE.

"I just called to return the spoons I borrowed, Mrs. Brown—(Willie, don't swing on the gate, dear.) I should have returned them before, but I've neglected it—(Willie, don't throw stones at the birds, dear—remember, it's not your yard now.) No, thank you, I won't come in—(Willie, leave the cat alone—don't chase it up the tree.) Well, just for a minute then—I'm on the way downtown—(Willie, wipe your feet on the mat, dear.) Goodness, how close and oppressive it is—(Willie, take off your hat, dear.) I was saying this morning—(Willie, sit down quietly, like a nice boy)—that I haven't noticed the heat so much till this year—(Willie, don't rock, sit still in

your chair.) I suppose we do notice it as we grow older—(Willie, don't kick your feet against the rockers.) I remember seven years ago this summer we had some such weather—(Willie, be careful, you'll rock against the music cabinet.) That was the year Willie was born, and it seemed to me the poor child did suffer so with the heat—(Willie, leave those goldfish alone and go back to your chair.) The poor little dear broke out with a heat rash that kept him in continual misery—(Willie, come away from the piano, dear.) He was such a frail child and so sensitive—(Willie, come to mother, dear, and stand by her chair.) He's not strong now, for that matter—(Willie, did you hear me tell you to come to mother?) I'm so afraid sometimes when he gets out and plays so hard—(Willie, you're not hungry, for you had two sandwiches just before you left home.) No, Mrs. Brown, I won't hear of your getting a thing for him because it's all imagination. It seems to me a child must have a continual stream going down its throat to be happy—(Willie, if you cry you'll have to go home and can't go downtown with mama.) Well, just a cookie, then—nothing more than that, for he doesn't really want it, Mrs. Brown—(Willie, don't get crumbs on the floor, dear—you'd better wait till you get outside before you eat it.) I suppose they get nervous when they're out—(Willie, dear, don't lay it on the chair—some one may sit on it.) How pretty your yard is—so green—the trees are in such full leaf—(Willie, bring it to mother, dear; she'll keep it until you want it—I'm afraid mama's boy will get it on the rug.) I suppose you have heard of the wedding—(Willie, don't feed it to the goldfish, dear—it makes them sick.) No? How surprising. Elsie Howard and Fred Wade? I was sure you must have heard of it—(Willie, come away from the goldfish and sit down by mama.) Well, it's a long story—(Willie, did you hear mama tell you to keep away from the goldfish—there! You've done it now. Overturned the bowl!) Oh, Mrs. Brown, I'm so sorry—so sorry. Such a thing to do! William, you put on your hat and march straight home with me. Don't cry, sir, for when I get you home you'll get something to cry for! Now tell Mrs. Brown how sorry you are and come along with me. Good-afternoon, Mrs. Brown, and I'm so sorry—so sorry!"—Selected.

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#### WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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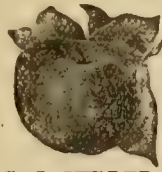
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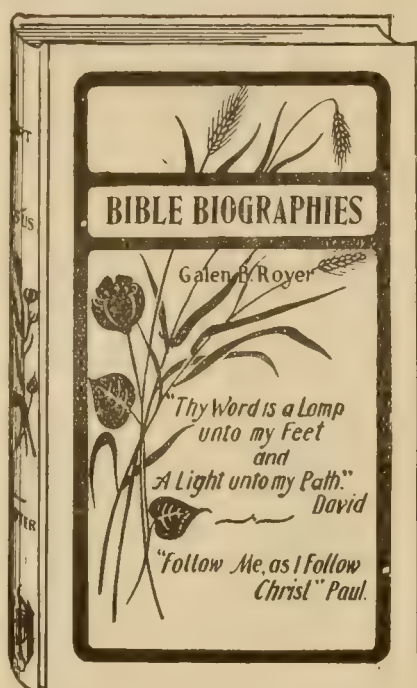
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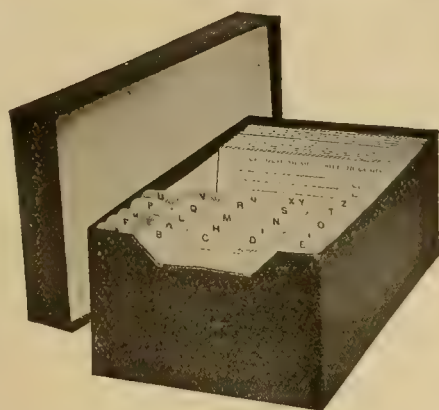
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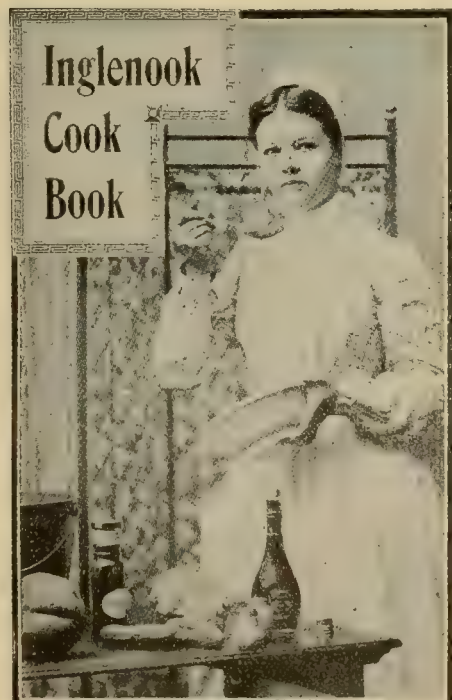
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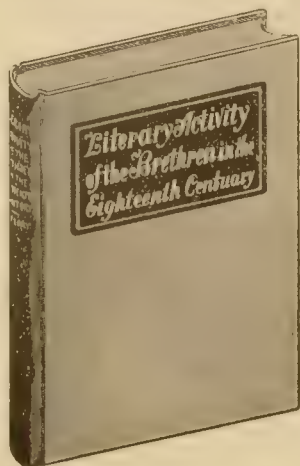
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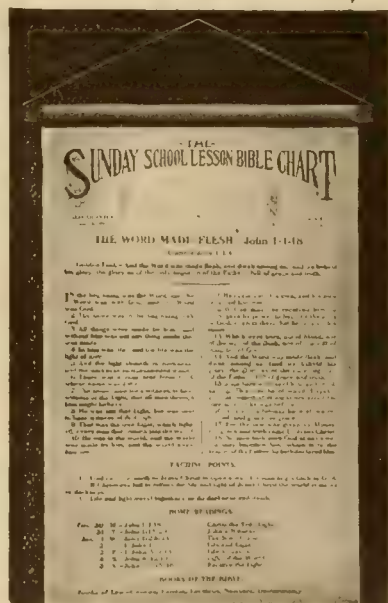


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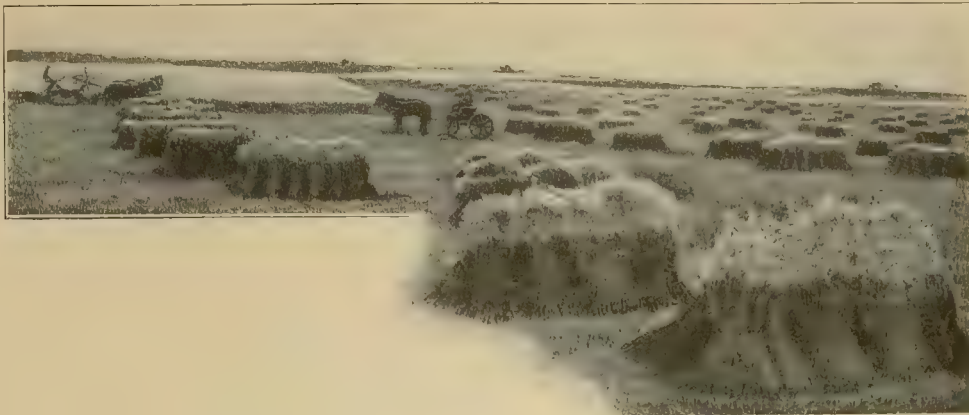
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This is exactly what has happened and what is happening almost every day at our office. Some days we get 200 letters and some days five times that many. Last Thursday we got 942; Friday 1053, etc. These letters bore postmarks from every state and territory under the Stars and Stripes and every single letter was concerning Butte Valley. Some wanted literature, some rates, some dates of excursions, and still others would send us definite dates as to when they were going and ask us to make arrangements for their berth accommodations, tickets, and the removal of their household goods.

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Yours sincerely,  
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Dear Sirs:—I received the Blood Vitalizer and commenced to take it at once. Since taking it, I feel ever so much better. It is a grand medicine. Before I commenced on the Blood Vitalizer, I could hardly get around but now I can walk and even do some work, which I could not do before.

I should like to be agent for your medicine but I am afraid I am too old a woman as I am over seventy, but I shall do all I can for you.

Yours very truly,  
Mrs. Barbara Messer.

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Your Blood Vitalizer is an excellent medicine and has been a blessing to us. I can heartily recommend to all my friends.

Respectfully yours,  
Madison Kline.

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Berkley, Ala., June 17, 1908.

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Dear Sirs:—Enclosed please find an order for Stomach Vigor. We have never tried any of this medicine. Please send it as soon as possible.

Your Blood Vitalizer has been a great blessing to us. It kept us from getting the grip last winter. Ours was the only family that escaped. Our son and his family live with us.

Yours respectfully,  
E. J. Williams.

There are letters of testimonial published in the Inglenook week after week, concerning Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer, the old herb-remedy, that ought to set people to thinking. It would be hard to read them, knowing the circumstances under which they have been received, without forming the conviction that the remedy spoken of must be above the ordinary and possessed of real merit.

If you are interested in such a medicine and are deferring a trial, owing to a lack of faith, let us hear from you and we shall, in all probability, be able to place you in touch with some one who has used it, whom you know personally or by reputation. In this day of high handed commercialism with all kinds of "schemes" and "cures" so freely exploited, skepticism is indeed pardonable and in place of being a reflection, it is tribute to one's intelligence.

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer is not to be obtained in drug stores. It is not an article of commercial traffic, but is supplied direct to the people through the medium of local agents appointed in every community. Address at all times the sole proprietors,

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# THE INGLENOOK

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## The Civil War and Its Causes

U. G. Fegley

In Two Parts. Part Two.

THE first slavery trouble for the States came up in the convention that prepared and adopted the Constitution of the United States. There was trouble over the representation, the northern members claiming that slaves should not be counted in representation, the southerners that they should. To form a government at all, the North had to compromise and permit five slaves to be equal to three white men, but this power was exercised not by their slaves but by their masters. So that in some of the southern States the representation in Congress was of course much greater than in corresponding free States.

Benjamin Franklin, President of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery, February 12, 1790, presented a petition to Congress to emancipate negro slaves, and it was resolved, "That Congress have no authority to interfere in the emancipation of slaves or in the treatment of them in any of the States."

From that time forward there was a feeling on the slave question. The people of the two sections of the country differed in habits, customs, and occupation, more or less, and came to misunderstand each other, and there were those who, for their own personal interests, aggravated those misunderstandings. The agricultural fields of the South required extensive labor, and the negro, being used to a hot climate, was peculiarly fitted for the place. The invention of the cotton-gin, in 1793, by Eli Whitney, a northern man, made this more valuable, and so did the addition of improved machinery and steampower in the cane-mills.

We have seen that slavery had not been sought by the people of the South—it had been thrust upon them by the mother country, and a train of circumstances had led them to accept it as a commercial and industrial necessity to be fostered, as the people of the other sections fostered their manufacturing enterprises; and politics had ably aided them in so doing, and naturally the slave population increased in proportion to other population. At the reorganization of the government

in 1790, there were 697,897 slaves; in 1800, 896,849; in 1810, 1,191,364; in 1820, 1,538,038; in 1830, 2,009,043; in 1840, 2,487,455; in 1850, 3,204,313; in 1860, 3,952,801.

The publication of books and papers showing up the foundation principles of slavery as well as its very worst phases, gave the impression that such was the general condition of slavery. It was hardly possible that slave-holders should be so indifferent to their own interests as to brutally beat to death valuable slaves on slight provocation, though it was too true that there was extensive bartering of them regardless of family ties. On the other hand, a knowledge of the race question since the war closed shows that the southern people had a better knowledge of the matter than they were given credit for. They did not favor miscegenation, and strict measure had to be enforced, in view that many of the negroes were only a few degrees removed from African fetichism and barbarism. If all these things had been as thoroughly understood in the North as it was, has been, and is, by the South, animosity to the fighting point would not have been engendered, and slavery could have been abolished as England abolished it—by purchasing the freedom of the slaves, and that was broached, but not until the midst of the war when it could not be brought about.

These antagonisms, settled first by Clay's Missouri Compromise of 1820, reopened by the Tariff of 1828, calmed by Clay's Compromise Tariff of 1833, intensified by the annexation of Texas in 1845, and the subsequent war with Mexico, irritated by the Wilmot Proviso of 1846, lulled by the "Omnibus Bill" of 1850, awakened anew by Douglas' "Squatter sovereignty" policy of 1853, made more furious by the Kansas Agitation, run riot by Chief Justice Taney's Dred Scott Decision of 1857, the passage of the "Personal Liberty" Bills, and the attempted execution of the Fugitive Slave Laws, ending with the John Brown raid on Harper's Ferry in 1859, had reached a climax in the election of Lincoln, where the only remedy that appeared to the South was red-



handed war. And the North was mistaken in thinking the South would not fight to maintain slavery, and the South was wrong in thinking of depending largely upon England and other foreign countries for support and assistance.

At the opening of the war in 1861, the United States Navy had ninety vessels, fifty of them sail-ships, forty steamships. There was one steamship on the lakes, five were unserviceable, seventeen were in foreign ports, nine were in the navy yards and out of service. So that there were eight steamships (one a tender), and five sail-ships actually available, April 15, 1861.

The South had no ships, nor great gun factories, machine-shops, or rolling mills. Its supplies had to be bought abroad. It had 4,700,000 bales of cotton to purchase supplies in England. What supplies it had were gained by the vacillating policy of Buchanan, and his allowing his cabinet to place those supplies in southern forts and stations. In time it got four hundred merchantmen and river steamboats by purchase and otherwise. The first direct act opening the war was the attack on Fort Sumter by the South, April 12, in which the northern garrison was obliged to evacuate, but without any loss.

During the war there had been twelve calls for volunteers for from one hundred days to three years' service. The first call was April 15, 1861, the last one was in December, 1864. The number of men wanted was 2,763,670, and 2,772,408 responded. The term of service was one hundred days (three months) six months, one year, and three years "or during the war."

Of course many re-enlisted, so that there were likely two-thirds of them re-enlisted in service. April 1865, there were 1,000,576 in service, of whom 650,000 were fit for duty. In 1865, 800,000 were discharged from April to October. The Union had lost in killed 67,000; 43,000 died from wounds; 230,000 died from disease and other causes connected therewith. The South lost probably about the same. Before the war ended soldiers were found between the ages of sixteen and sixty. When it began the accepted age was from 18 to 45. The cost to the South was in slaves alone at \$500 each, about \$2,000,000,000. August 31, 1865, the national debt was \$2,845,000,000, and the State and municipal debts connected therewith amounted to \$468,000,000. There was paid out to soldiers' widows or their heirs \$100,000,000, and \$200,000,000 had been paid in bounties. The total war debt was near \$6,000,000,000. The southern debt was never paid. But the slavery question was forever settled.

*Bryan, Ohio.*

If you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper; if you are in the wrong, you cannot afford to lose it.—*John Graham.*

## THE YOUNG STUDENT.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

May the great Father of us all, above,  
In wisdom's ways direct thy untried feet.  
Ne'er let them tread where they may danger meet,  
Nor wander from the beaten track of love.

Infinite mercy unto us is shown  
Each day we live. Mercy our fate conceals—  
Veils coming toils and fears till time reveals  
A guiding purpose greater than our own.

Until the time when we shall all things know,—  
God's purpose see,—let us our duty do,  
Having implicit faith, our way pursue,  
Nor seek to change where fate decrees we go.  
Mulberry Grove, Ill.



## PERSEVERANCE.

J. M. STUTZMAN.

PERSEVERANCE means the steady pursuit of a plan, whether good or bad. It means constant application in the execution of whatever is determined upon. In short, it is stick-to-it-iveness. But it would be very unwise to persevere in a plan which conscience does not approve of, or in which the practicing of it proves to be bad. The old and well-known maxim, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is one that should well be remembered.

Many a man has made a success in life simply because he persevered and stayed by his plan, while many others have made failures simply because they were shiftless and did not persevere. No doubt you have seen merchants who at first setting out would open and close their shops every day, for several weeks without selling goods to the value of one penny, who by the force of application for a number of years, rose at last to a handsome fortune. But if you will look about you, you will also find many who have had a variety of opportunities of settling themselves comfortably in the world, yet, for want of steadiness to carry any scheme to perfection, they shifted about from one thing to another for many years together, without the least hopes of ever getting above distress and pinching want. Dr. Ruoff says, "There is hardly an employment in life so trifling that it will not afford a subsistence, if constantly and faithfully followed."

The man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first, will do neither. Again, the man who resolves, but allows his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend, and who shifts from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan, is like the tumbleweed on a prairie which tumbles and changes with the wind, and he can never accomplish anything great or useful. Instead of being progressive in anything he will be at best stationary, and more probably retrograde in all. It is only the man who first consults wisely, then resolves firm-

ly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance that can rise to eminence in any line.

If any one is in doubt as to what perseverance is, he may soon find out by a little observation. Look around among your friends and acquaintances. If you find a successful one, keep your eye on him for a time; does it not seem as though he had a double vitality within him? He has an object in view and strives to accomplish it. Early and late he follows it up, finding time not too long but too short. He cannot do half that he would in a day. Whether in business or pleasure, he knows how to make the most of a minute. He has no time for idle gossip or trifling recreation. There is a purpose in all he undertakes, if at times he fail, he tries again—and again—and still tries, come what may. It is true that sometimes he may seem to be idle, but you may be sure that it is not real idleness—but only a pause for a new start.

Someone may ask, Is a person repaid or is there any pleasure in such perseverance? Surely, with every cause there is an effect; perseverance promotes cheerfulness, and cheerfulness promotes perseverance. There is a reciprocal process. He who has no waste time is in the fairest way to secure contentment of mind and body. Nine times out of ten, the idle man, he who has nothing to do, is unhappy, and is put to all sorts of shifts to kill time. No one likes to fling away or lose shillings by the handful, and yet how few hesitate to squander minutes. In the possession of rank and riches the persevering man may perhaps not always be as bountifully supplied as some of his neighbors; but yet he goes on with a cheerful, hopeful spirit, which sustains him in trials that would swamp ordinary people.

Perseverance is a fine, manly quality, especially when well directed.

President Lincoln was asked, "How does Grant impress you as a leading general?" "The greatest thing about him is cool persistency of purpose," he replied. "He is not easily excited and when he once determines to do something, nothing shatters his purpose."

That is perseverance,—putting the teeth of invincible purpose into the object sought, and holding on until it is yours!

Think of the many years of quiet persistency which Columbus spent before he was able to carry out his plan. And when he was searching for the new world, his ship's crew became discouraged, and rose in rebellion. They insisted upon turning back, instead of persevering on a fool's errand. There was no new passage to the Indies to be found, in their view.

But this commander expected to find it; he had not the least doubt of it. Still, under the circumstances

he was obliged to compromise with them, and he promised that if they would be patient and faithful three days longer, he would abandon the enterprise, unless land should be discovered. Before three days expired, however, the New World burst upon their view.

That last three days was the gift of perseverance, and it saved the expedition from disaster and disgrace. The three days were only a fractional part of the time consumed by the voyage, but they were worth to Columbus all that his life and the New World were worth. Months and years of labor, study, and care had been spent, requiring decision, energy, industry and courage clear up to the last three days, all of which would have been worse than wasted had Columbus yielded to the revolt and given up the enterprise.

Such is frequently the value of even one day or hour in accomplishing a purpose. That brief time which contains the victory is what gives value to the whole pursuit. When the victory is lost, all is lost. The persistent performance of duty leads to nobility. Sloth never climbed a hill, nor overcame a difficulty that it could avoid. Indolence always failed in life and always will.

An amusing story is told of a scholar whose indolence by far exceeded his perseverance.

The class was reading the third chapter of Daniel where the proper names, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were encountered. Most of the class found it difficult to speak them, but all persevered and overcame the difficulty, except one indolent youth.

In a few days the teacher had the class read the same chapter again, in order to drill them on the pronunciation of these names. The indolent boy read the text unusually well squarely up to Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, when he spoke out in the most disheartened manner: "Teacher, there's them three fellers again."

It is not only "three fellers" which block the way of those who lack perseverance, but scores of them, of all sorts and colors. In school lessons are "too long," or "too hard," or too something else; their tasks are half done, or not done at all; they are poor scholars and make a poor exhibit of themselves; on the farm and in the workshop, they find a large amount of "drudgery"; a day's work is "too long," or the pay "too small" to enlist their best efforts. So they make an exhibition of their indifference, indolence, and shiftlessness. Those who lack perseverance often begin enterprises with more enthusiasm than they end them,—that is, when they end them at all. They are more likely to begin and soon drop the object for something else, thus changing from one thing to another until they illustrate "the rolling stone" that "gathers no moss."



He that would climb high mountains or attain to any high positions in life, must not only purpose to do so, but he must persevere until he has reached the very summit.

In all ages of history there have been men who have stood as high above the common level of humanity as the mountains stand above the plains. Such men are Abraham Lincoln who walked forty miles to borrow a book which he could not afford to buy; Cyrus W. Field who risked a fortune and devoted years of seemingly hopeless drudgery, amid the scoffs of men, to lay the Atlantic cable; and George Stephenson who worked fifteen long years for his first successful locomotive. They were men who were in the steady pursuit of a plan, men who applied themselves constantly to the execution of whatever they had determined upon. Were they not true examples of perseverance? Without men of such quality no triumphant vessel would today move upon the waters; no engine would jar the earth with its iron tread; no magic wires would belt the globe. Instead of being illumined and provided with all the luxuries of life, the world would yet be in darkness. The steps of the world's progress have been made by men of purpose and stick-to-it-iveness.

The question may be asked whether a man may learn to be persevering; for, if perseverance be of such value and benefit, why should not all possess it? I would say that anyone may learn to persevere if he will. It is simply a matter of educating our will power. And "the education of the will," says Emerson, "is the object of our existence. For the resolute and the determined there is always time and opportunity."

View it as we will, the conclusion is inevitable that perseverance is its own reward.

*Conway, Kansas.*



### THE GOLDFINCH—AN IRREPRESSIBLE SINGER.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

As the name indicates, this bird belongs to the family of finches. It is a well-known bird, somewhat smaller than the English sparrow. It has many local names as, Wild Canary, because of its song; Thistle bird, Yellow bird, Lettuce bird and Flax bird. In summer the plumage of the male is bright yellow except on the crown of the head, wings, and tail which are black. The female is brownish olive above, and yellowish white beneath. It is distributed over a vast territory, being found from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the far north.

The Goldfinch, while classed with the migrants, remains with us all the year, and may occasionally be seen in the company of other winter birds. But further north they generally leave for the South early in November, when their favorite food supply becomes scarce. They winter in the Gulf regions, where their

food is the seed of the sycamore. Sometimes one of these large trees is almost covered with these now very quiet, plainly-dressed birds. With the agility of titmice they hang on the balls which contain the seeds, and the air is full of the cottony substance in which the seeds are imbedded. The sycamore seeds form their main diet during the first half of winter. In spring they come down to the ground, where they search for seeds, small plants and insects.

They come north in May, reaching central Indiana in the early part of the month. They usually make their appearance in large, scattered flocks, which remain together till the breeding season arrives, when they separate into pairs. The old birds return to their old quarters, according to Mr. Nehrling, the bird man of Wisconsin, while the young birds select nesting places in localities not yet occupied by another pair. However this may be, the fact remains that Goldfinches return to the same localities year after year, if their food supply is not interfered with. Their flight is a peculiar series of undulations accompanied by an intermittent twitter.

They do not go to housekeeping early in the season, scarcely ever beginning operations before the latter part of June or the first of July. They always prefer as nesting places, sites near dwellings, especially in apple, pear and plum trees of the orchard, and in shade trees around the house. They are never found nesting on high, dry hillsides or deep in the forest, far from water. During warm weather they are very fond of bathing, and are frequently seen on stones and rocks in shallow streams for this purpose. An upright crotch is selected in which to build their beautiful nests which are composed on the outside of asclepias and hemp fibers, grasses, bits of cedar and grapevine bark, and lined with a thick layer of soft thistle-down. Yet they have been known to nest in a blackberry bush, also on the ground in a clover field. It takes about six days to complete their nests, in which are laid four or five unmarked, pale bluish eggs, which are hatched in about twelve days.

Leander S. Keyser, author of "In Birdland," had under observation at the same time the young birds of the Goldfinch and of the bush sparrow in nests near each other. The birds in both nests were hatched the same day, but the sparrows left the nest seven days before the finches were ready to fly. Yet, the Goldfinch, when grown flies much higher, if not more swiftly, than his little neighbor, and continues longer on the wing.

The Goldfinch belongs with our best songsters. According to Audubon, the songs of our finches are almost identical with those of the European Goldfinch. Nehrling, before quoted, says that "while admitting the resemblance, I must say that our bird is a far superior songster; its strains being louder, sweeter, more

varied and brilliant, the notes fairly tumbling over each other to get out." He is an irrepressible singer, going on with his choruses through July and August when most other birds are silent.

In late August and in September, waste places abounding in thistles seem alive with these birds. They perch on the seed heads of the thistles until the stalks bend nearly to the ground. In all imaginable attitudes they pick out the seeds and at such times the air is full of thistle-down. While thus living together they seem very harmonious, and express their happiness by a constant twittering.

A number of years ago, while in Wisconsin, I found that the German settlers regarded the Goldfinch as a desirable cage bird. As soon as the young were able to leave the nest, they were placed in a cage and put where the old birds could feed them until they were old enough to provide for themselves. They were then taken into the house and fed like canaries—with a mixture of rape and canary seeds. One bird was reported to have lived in captivity fifteen years.



#### KICKING THE TRAP TO PIECES.

THERE is a story of a very good and kindhearted little girl whose brother had been setting traps to catch birds. The little girl did not approve of this at all, and was greatly grieved that he should be so cruel. She expostulated with him and tried to get him to see that he should let the birds alone.

One day she approached her mother with a very beaming face and told her she did not think that any more birds would be trapped about there. Upon being pressed for the reason for her confidence she said that she had talked to her brother a number of times and begged him to let the birds alone. As she did not seem to make it sure she said she had prayed to God very earnestly in the matter. To make it absolutely safe, however, she said that she had gone out and kicked the traps to pieces. And thus she rested in a calm and happy assurance.

It is all right, in opposing practical evils, to use all the arts of persuasion and education and personal appeals. Along with all this it is right and becoming and incumbent that prayer to God shall be made with all earnestness and faith. But it is also, crowningly and supremely, in the way of duty that all practical means shall be employed to make effectual the appeals to man and the prayers to God. He who has at his own disposal the means for answering the prayers he makes to God, and does not use them, does not really pray. He who wishes to save the birds will not only pray vehemently, but will kick mightily.

Thus in the work of temperance it is well to have all the temperance lectures possible, with temperance sermons from the pulpits, and temperance articles in

the papers, and temperance instruction in the schools and the homes, and to have the pledge administered to all who can be persuaded to take it. It is also never to be overlooked that prayer without ceasing is to be made to God for the removal of the evil. But along with this let there be most vigorous and ceaseless efforts, in the way of the making and enforcing of good laws, to kick to pieces the traps that are set for the destruction of the souls and the bodies of the people.

Evils are all about us. We need to watch and we need to pray. Let us not abate our faith in God as we cry to him for his help in prospering righteousness and abating iniquity, and in bringing about the coming of the glory of the kingdom of his dear Son. But let us be active in going about and doing good. Let us do positive work in construction and in reconstruction as we build up the cause of Christ, but let us remember that the destruction of the work of the devil is a positive and necessary part of our consecrated labor in advancing the glory of God.—*Herald and Presbyterian*.



#### AN ALLEGORY.

When Eve had led her lord astray,  
And Cain had killed his brother,  
The stars and flowers, the poets say,  
Agreed with one another.  
To cheat the cunning tempter's art,  
And teach the world its duty,  
By keeping on its wicked heart  
Their eyes of light and beauty.  
"A million sleepless lids," said they,  
"Will be at least a warning—  
The flowers can keep watch by day,  
The stars from eve till morning."  
O'er hill and prairie, field and lawn,  
Their dewy eyes upturning,  
The flowers keep watch from redd'ning dawn  
Till western skies are burning.  
Alas! each hour of daylight tells  
A tale of shame so crushing,  
Some turn as white as sea-bleached shells,  
And some are always blushing.  
And when the patient stars look down,  
Their light on all discovers.  
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,  
And lips of lying lovers,  
They try to shut their saddening eyes,  
And in the vain endeavor  
We see them twinkling in the skies,  
And so they wink forever.

—Buffalo Times.



KIND words produce their own image in men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal*.





## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXVIII.

It was early evening when I rode along a fascinating path hung here and there with wild foliage that brushed my face and perfumed my nostrils and brought before me in living pictures the glorious panorama of early boyhood days spent in the wild tangle of nature's first woodland in Illinois. I was entering a valley that closed tight at the other end. Abruptly at the end sat a big wooden hotel right at the foot of great overhanging rocks, full of leafy trees and open spots of ferns. From here the path began to wind in dizzy, dangerous grade, up and around the mountain now partly submerged in clouds. Tourists were coming and going. Every one was happy and there was the greatest clatter of Alpine shoes, as the guests hurried to and fro, some leaving in the diligence down the valley, and others taking a seat upon the veranda or being assigned rooms in the valley hotel. The smell of mountain pine and laurel and spruce and fir filled the rooms. Sweetness as of honey-laden air refreshed



"It is so delightful to be taken to your rooms at one of the Swiss hotels."

me as my room was assigned on the side of the picturesque building where the water splashed and fumed and tore and raved as if to say, "Ha! Ha! write me down, if you dare, you world tourist, describe my scampers in these hills if you can, you lover of my mountain home, but leave me to myself, mad with the desire to keep headlong in my passionate plunge from precipice to precipice." I left it.

It is so delightful to be taken to your room at one of these hotels. As soon as the landlord or his servant has set your grip down or seen that you have water and towels and soap, and leaves you, you close the door, sit down and look around. Or you lie down upon the soft bed to see how that feels. Then you get up and look out of the window. Then you wash your hands, and look out of the window again. Then you raise the window and sit in the wide frame and look down and up and around. You don't intend to jump out during the night or to run away with the bed, but you just want to see things—from your window. The waterfalls send up a misty vapor that adds to the coolness and the smell of decaying leaves is not unpleasant. The rough garnishing of your room,—the big rough beams in the ceiling, and the quaint rocking-chair, makes you smile. Supper is about ready. The odor of steaks and coffee and tempting dishes of the Swiss chef float up and these also find their way, like approaching messengers, into your Alpine room, to tell you to be ready soon to eat.

Early the next morning I set out with my wheel,—pushing it,—for the dreaded Passage de la Gemmi, the most frightful pass in all the Alps. Along with me were a lot of English tourists afoot who had been living at the hotel for nearly a week vainly waiting for a clear day in which to go over the pass. They told me that they had spent every summer in Switzerland for the past twenty years and had been everywhere about here. They wished the weather to be fair not only to make it more safe but also to afford them a fine view of the Alpine peaks. The clouds that had been settling upon the pass for many days began to lift and then the warm sun, brighter for having saved up its shine, stole out to see if everything was all right under his tempering rule.

The St. Gotthard Pass, the Furka Pass, and the Grimsel Pass all have fine carriage roads over them. The Gemmi has only a mule or foot path, for it is too steep and treacherous for a carriage. It was so steep I could scarcely manage to push my wheel along, and the fences or balustrades built along the most dizzy places were but poor substitutes for safety.

Up and up and up, we wound and wound, around and around, now in here, now out there, catching quick glimpses out of the furzy trees of the valley spreading and dropping below us, with the taste of honey and coffee and hot cakes still in the mouth, my heart beating so fast with glee and climbing, I was afraid I would fall back in hysterical apoplexy.

For I wanted to see what was *on top!* There was something wonderful up there. I knew that by the



"The hotel was resting right on a jag of crazy rock that flew away for 1,600 feet below."

way the tourists all hurried on. They had no wheel to drag along and I fell behind, which gave me some fears about my finding the path alone when once on the summit.

It was late in the afternoon when I gained the full summit and a little later reached the Schwarenbach Hotel by the gloomy Dauben Lake. Here I ate of roast mutton that rivalled, in wild, gamey flavor, the mutton of Ireland. Then I hurried on,—for the pass is very broad, and the path is uncertain, and in places the snow,—in July,—was very deep. A monk came along, sitting astride of a mountain sledge drawn by a mule that floundered and then fell in the deep snow before me. I pushed by him as best I could, lifting the mule from the snow as if he had been a little tot, and setting him on his crooked legs again. The poor fellow shook himself, tried to wag his stumpy tail in thanks, and looked more than half ashamed at his predicament. Behind him, the fat monk, helpless as a hedgehog, sat grinning and smoking, on his excuse for a sled.

Poor fellows, I thought, *they are going down*, and *I am going up*. They are leaving what I am approaching. *Their fun is over. Mine is just commencing.*

At last I saw ahead of me the hotel of the pass, situated right at the edge of the most fearful precipice, with ugly scarred peaks thrusting their bony arms into the clear blue sky all around me, and far off over the hotel the Bernese Oberland, white and terrible in its celestial shroud of pure snow. I was told the name of the hotel, the Wildstrubbel. Whatever

"strubbel" meant, I was sure that the "wild" part of the name was very well chosen. Just to look around at the wild scenery nearly gave me the lockjaw. I suppose every tourist up here suffers or enjoys that peculiar nervous tremor that seized me. But I was *on top!*

After registering, and writing a little poem of my own beneath my wonderful signature, I went out. The hotel was resting right on a jag of crazy rock that flew away precipitously for 1,600 feet, right down to a little village lying at some distance from the base. My imagination was too vivid for my pleasure, for as I leaned over and shuddered I saw myself falling over those jagged cliffs clear down to the bottom, a mass of jelly. For wildness the scenes about the hotel are simply unsurpassed. On the one side a half mile of just simply atmosphere. On the other, bare or snow-covered rocks, with paths leading among pitfalls that not even a trained climber would venture over after dark. Up the valley (for while we were right on top of the pass, there was here a valley filled, at some distance away, by the Great Lemmern Glacier, or Sea of Death) I saw the great glacier. Some flowers grow near the hotel, flowers that looked out of place, with pitiful stems and bleached petals, trying to make the tourists who come up here feel at home. Timidly these flowers clustered amid the savage uplifting of saw-like demons on all sides.

Late afternoon tea was served me,—rather it was coffee and bread and honey, after which I set out, with camera and alpenstock or long cane used here in climbing, to visit, without a guide, the great Sea of Death Glacier that seemed to be so close to the hotel. Even where the rocks had been worn smooth by glacial action, the erosion and furrowing for centuries had curved out ridges and bored deep holes and chiselled almost vertical grooves down far into the flint-like rock. Into these gaping wells or holes poured streams of ice-cold water from the melting snows and ice on the glacier farther away. Into these wells the luckless tourist might fall,—fall to his death by bruises or by drowning. Most of them were too small at the mouth to admit the body, but many of them could not be seen at all until you had come right to them and to slip suddenly into one meant a much scratched or bruised leg, for the edges of the rock were as sharp as knives. But I was fearing these but little for I expected to be coming back over them again, *before nightfall*. I had not planned for a storm that had been brewing far to the west and was now gathering over the glacier itself, neither had I been exact as to my eye measurement of mountain distances.

Not far from the hotel I came across two Germans touring from Strasburg, Germany, whom I entreated, after much coaxing, to join me. For a mile we had most picturesque climbing, scrambling and falling, across dashing torrents and over glacier-scarred beds



of smooth rocks after which, for a half mile, we found a much wider and smoother valley or bed of this glacial stream along which we walked. The old bed of the mountain stream was dry except in half a dozen places where the struggling streams, competing for the majority of the melting snows and ice, bore on their surface the foam that had been churned out of the water higher up. All around us were layers and heaps of stones and pebbles of all sizes that had been dumped here ages ago by the glacier itself,—or glaciers,—for there are two of them lying stiff and cold in the Sea of Death. One of these glaciers, the Great Lemmern, had retreated a mile up the valley, where it still remains to add corroborating testimony to the story of creation. It was this one I wished to visit and study, and get back to my hotel, before much after dark. The Germans, for some reason, began to fall behind, and when it began to snow, they left me to go on alone.

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#### LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POEM.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

A MASTER musician's first composition, a famous artist's first picture, or a celebrated author's first attempt at literary production, are looked upon with great interest by the inquisitive public. Henry W. Longfellow's first poem was written when he was a tiny lad at school. The fate of Mr. Finney's turnip, as depicted by the youthful poet, is familiar to most persons; but for the benefit of those who have never heard this turnip story, it is herewith given.

One day, during his eighth year, the little Henry was required by his instructor, Mr. Finney, to write a composition. Henry looked at his tutor in bewilderment, feeling that this was, indeed, a hard task. Like many children on similar occasions, he felt that all the ideas in his small head had flown away, and there was nothing in the world for him to write about. But Mr. Finney was insistent, and told him to take his slate and go behind the house, and stay until he thought of something.

Off he trotted, feeling sure that he should never be able to write a word. What could he see that would do for a subject of a composition? There was nothing behind the house but an old turnip-bed; what could he write about turnips? As he looked at the garden he became more encouraged. He spied one big turnip, larger and finer than all the rest; he would write about that. The turnip belonged to Mr. Finney, and he would call his composition "Mr. Finney's Turnip." The pencil zigzagged across the slate with the customary squeaks and jerks, and Henry soon returned to the schoolroom, and handed Mr. Finney the rhyme which all children, ever since that day, have delighted to hear.

**Mr. Finney's Turnip.**

Mr. Finney had a turnip,

And it grew behind the barn,  
And it grew, and it grew,  
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,  
Till it could grow no taller,  
Then Mr. Finney took it up,  
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,  
Till it began to rot,  
When his daughter Susie washed it,  
And put it in the pot.

There she boiled it, and boiled it,  
As long as she was able;  
Then his daughter Lizzie took it  
And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife  
Both sat down to sup,  
And they ate, and they ate,  
And they ate the turnip up.



#### THE RIGHT OF THOSE WHO DISLIKE TOBACCO.

THE term "liberty" is a much abused word; it is the cloak under which lawlessness stalks about upon the earth. "Is not this a free country; cannot one do as he pleases?" is the query of man as he treads upon the toes of many of his fellows, "enjoying life," as he calls it. What, then, is liberty? Surely it is such freedom of action as harms no other individual. The tobacco habit is a national—and masculine one; it is costly, and often enjoyed at the expense of wife and children. It is a dirty habit, as most tobacco users will concede. Ask, argue, advise that it be given up and what reply will be received? Either a laugh, or that the user is old enough to judge for himself and knows what he is doing; that he enjoys it and it is nobody's business. At the very outset certain concessions will be granted to the smoker or chewer; the right to expend as much money on tobacco as he wishes, so that the expense is not at cost of wife, children, creditors and other dependents; the privilege of making himself as filthy as he desires, so he does not intrude his foulness on others; also the liberty to waste time and paint the inner man with a coat of nicotine. While all this is conceded, it is done with the limitation that this right, privilege or liberty of the individual must be so exercised as not to interfere with the rights and freedom of any other individual. Does anyone doubt that smoking in public interferes with the freedom of others? The streets, stores, public buildings and conveyances are for the use of the entire population, no one portion of which has a better right to them than another. One-half of the adult population are women, who are non-users; a portion of the male population are non-users; children are non-users. To the great mass of these the odor of tobacco is an assault upon their sense of smell, a sickening, loathsome nuisance; to many it is very injurious.

The non-user goes into public places aware of her or his equal right to the free, fresh air of heaven with all other creatures, but that air which is her or his birthright is tobacco tainted, even to being poisonous. Knock the cigar from a smoker's mouth and he is assaulted and may call the law to avenge his insult. A whiff of tobacco from the mouth of that same smoker in the face of a non-user is a more grievous assault, but passes without comment or redress.

Slaughter houses and phosphate warehouses are removed as nuisances, by mandate of law, far from crowded habitations, but the same crowded populations that are relieved from such odors must endure the nuisance of all grades of cigars, obnoxious pipes and vile cigarettes, to say nothing of befouled streets. If my neighbors like the smell of decaying garbage or anything ill smelling, which defiles the air, I can complain of them to the sanitary authorities and have the nuisance removed, in spite of their personal tastes in the matter. A woman not over strong, with a little child of four years, whom the physicians had said must be taken where she could have pure air and sunshine or she would die, started for the seashore resort to get rest for herself and help for the little girl. She first takes a seat in a parlor car. At the end of the car and near her chair is a select "smokers' apartment." The fumes from within that enclosure steal out and make her feel very ill; she exchanges her seat for one farther removed. She is just comfortably seated when two gentlemen come in from the smoker and take seats on either side of her, and from their breath and clothing she is nauseated by the secondary aroma of pipe and cigar. An aching head and a rebellious stomach almost forbid motion, but the sufferer must still care for her little girl. She is at a station at last to change for another road, and goes to the waiting room. A card in the ladies' room says, "No smoking allowed," but the gentlemen's room is divided from this only by an open archway, and the room is literally blue with foul tobacco smoke. After a little more car travel the steamboat is reached, but all peace is destroyed by the smoke from the many male passengers. At last the journey is ended, the boarding house found, the good supper dispatched and the piazza, which had been recommended as one of the chief attractions of the place, eagerly sought. It proved indeed an entrance-way to one of nature's grand temples. A broad stretch of heaving sea mirrors the gorgeous sunset sky, and the trees near the cliff walk show grand and gloomy in the twilight.

"Oh, mamma, how beautiful!" says the little one with a sigh of content. "You will rest here and I will get well."

But here comes the crowd of people from the din-

ing room. Ten out of fourteen men light cigars and seat themselves within a few feet of our newcomers. She and her little one must either endure the sickening annoyance or go out of the glory into the little room which is not even on the "view" side of the house. She is too tired to walk beyond the range of her tormentors tonight, but she foresees that she will have to do that or lose her sunset beauty. Is it any wonder that her blissful mood is again destroyed when she considers that she is paying as much for the privilege of being driven from the common piazza as these men are for using it. And the little one says: "Say, mamma, is there any place where we can breathe pure air? Do you suppose they have tobacco smoke in heaven? This was like heaven before the smokers came out."

Men and brethren, ought these things to be? Is there not a question of right involved in a condition which bears so hardly upon one side and gives the other so vastly the advantage? Why should the smoker be given, or take, the mean privilege of driving from comfort to misery all those who dislike tobacco even in the most public places? Can anyone explain on principles of justice or good breeding the right of the smoker to render the air of cars, steamboats, public coaches, hotels and boarding houses, and all other places where he elects to be, disagreeable and often sickening? It has been truly said that smoking is the only vice that all people are compelled to share the effects of in their own persons. If my neighbor drinks whiskey I am not obliged to take a drop into my system, but if my neighbor smokes, I am obliged, as long as I remain his neighbor on the piazza, or other place of resort, to inhale some of the poison he is reveling in. The point now is, have those who dislike tobacco any rights which tobacco users are bound to respect?—*Armelia L. Colwell Wellsburg, New York.*



#### A NATIONAL AWAKENING TO THE NEED OF FOREST PRESERVATION.

"In the last ten years," says the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture for 1907, "forestry has advanced in this country from an almost unknown science to a useful, growing profession. In that time the number of technically trained foresters has increased from less than a dozen to over 400. Ten years ago there was not a single forest school in the country. Now there are several professional forest schools which rank with those of Europe, and a score more with courses in elementary forestry whose usefulness is steadily growing. Forest lands under management have grown from one or two tracts to many, aggregating 7,503,000 acres, scattered through 39 States. The National Forests have increased from 39,000,000 acres, practically unused and unprotected, to 165,000,000 acres, used, guarded, and improved both in



productiveness and accessibility. The number of States which have State forests has increased from 1 to 10; and of those which employ trained foresters from none to 11. The membership of forest associations has increased from 3,600 to 15,800. Ten years ago, except for a few of the foremost botanists, European foresters knew more about American forests than did the people of this country. In Europe they were then using preservatives to prolong the service of beech ties, and so adding from twenty to forty years to their life. Here, on the other hand, scarcely a treated tie had been laid, though there are now 60 treating plants, 27 of which treat ties exclusively, and an engineer who recently returned from Europe reports that both in size and mechanical perfection the treating equipment of this country is ahead of any to be found abroad.

"And yet American forestry has only safely passed the experimental stage and got ready to do something. Action, immediate and vigorous, must be taken if the inevitable famine of wood supplies is to be lessened. We are now using as much wood in a single year as grows in three, with only twenty years' supply of virgin growth in sight. Only the application of forest knowledge with wisdom, method, and energy, in the next ten years, can prevent the starving of national industries for lack of wood.

"The growing of timber as a farm crop has gained a permanent place in American agriculture. Each time a thrifty farmer sees a neighbor cutting a supply of fence posts and obtaining, out of the same stock, enough firewood to pay for the work, or selling on the stump a quantity of saw timber, the product of a farsighted investment of fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years ago, he realizes more keenly the importance of the wood crop. A farm without a good woodlot is incomplete.

"Where the rainfall is heavy, the woodlot can be maintained on land not the best for other purposes, while in a region where good land must be selected it is the opinion of experienced men that the trees pay for the ground they occupy in protection to the farmstead, the orchard, or adjoining fields. With the shelter of a windbreak, less feed is required to winter stock, danger to an orchard from late frosts is reduced, and the comfort of the home, as well as its beauty, is greatly increased. Indeed, some owners have estimated the value of good groves at \$1,000 an acre, on the ground that the value of their property is increased to that extent by the trees. Where the forest has been given attention the returns have yielded a net profit of \$4, \$6, and \$10 per acre. In every State a share of the farm can be devoted to growing timber with a profit in some cases nearly or quite equal to that obtained from agricultural crops. In addition, protection, the convenience of having farm repair

materials at hand, and increase of farm values are secured.

"That forest planting is increasing is evident from the increased demand for planting material. One nurseryman last spring shipped 400,000 jack pine seedlings to Nebraska alone. One order for 10,000 was for planting in the vicinity of the Brunner plantation in Holt County, an example of successful forest planting which has been of high educational value. The Government nursery at Halsey has also been most helpful in determining the adaptability of conifers for planting on sandy soils in Nebraska and adjacent States.

"The State University of Illinois, at Urbana, has an interesting experimental plantation, and the State Normal School at DeKalb has more recently established one.

"Nebraska has begun to reap the fruits of early forest work, and the past year has manifested that many of the apparent failures of former years were in reality important lessons in the selection of proper species and methods of planting under peculiar conditions. The number of students in the different courses of forestry in the University of Nebraska shows a healthy growth. In addition to the regular courses a special course is given for public school teachers, and during the year a course for advanced students and courses of lectures on silvics and State forest policy have been inaugurated. The permanent equipment of the department of forestry has been enlarged, and now includes, among other additions, a forest herbarium, a large collection of wood specimens, and a portable sawmill for practical demonstrations upon the timber grown by provident farmers of that vicinity.

"In Iowa the professor of forestry at the State college carries on experiments and State work. Among the problems now under consideration are the improvement of planted groves and natural woodlots, the determination of what are the most valuable species for general woodlot planting, the best methods of planting and handling the woodlot, and the development of simple methods of preservative treatment which can be carried out economically by the farmer.

"Since the establishment of the Fort Hays experiment station, in west central Kansas, a series of experiments have been begun, in the very center of the plains region, of growing young trees according to various cultural methods on upland and bottomland on a scale large enough to lend authoritativeness to the results. The State forestry stations at Ogallah and Dodge City are directing their chief efforts to the distribution of young trees in the westernmost counties.

"As a result of coöperative forest studies in the Ozark region of southern Missouri and western Arkansas, between the State of Missouri and lumber companies on the one hand and the Forest Service on the

other, one large lumber company which controls in the aggregate four billion feet of standing timber has begun the application of forest management to its holdings."

The article, from which the above are excerpts, gives a brief summary of recent achievement in forestry in the United States, a list of forest laws passed in 1907, and a directory of State forest laws, forest associations, and forest schools. It has been printed as a separate, and can be had free upon application to the Forester, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.



### SELLING THE FARM.

Well, yes, we settled, ma and I, that we would sell the farm;

We are getting on in years and toil has somehow lost its charm.

So we said we thought it time to lay some of life's burdens down,

And the married children thought we ought to buy a home in town.

Well, a purchaser come right along, for I'll own, I'm free to say,

That a better or a prettier place you might search for many a day,

With its fertile fields and wooded hills and meadows lush and green,

And buildings snug and neat and trim as any ever seen.

But it's strange how old familiar things will twine around the heart,

And we never dream how close they cling till we sense that we must part.

And when it come to business, sir, that's what I meant to tell,

We found a precious lot of things that somehow wouldn't sell.

There's the willow that ma planted some forty years ago; It has grown into a mighty tree with branches drooping low.

And the children played beneath its shade when the days were long and warm—

Now I wouldn't sell that willow tree for the price of this old farm.

And it's curious how we grow to love the things we plant and tend—

Every tree in that old orchard seems just like a human friend.

And I couldn't help but meditate how we'd miss them, ma and I,

That tree of Golden Pippins and the hardy Northern Spy.

And then the precious memories that cluster 'round the place—

They seem to fill these homely rooms with beauty and with grace.

We could seem to see the children flitting blithely here and there,

And to hear their merry voices calling, calling everywhere.

Then one day I found ma sitting by the rose bush at the door

With the wistful look upon her face I'd noticed there before.

And I just dropped down beside her and she looked up at me,

And something blurred our dim old eyes till somehow we couldn't see.

And then we settled, then and there, that we'd stay on this old place

Till the Lord sees fit to call us to stand before his face.

And we're mighty glad to tell you, sir, we have no desire to roam,

For we think we know just what it means to sell the old farm home.

—Maxwell's Talisman.



### GROWING HEALTH.

HEALTH is a thing of growth, like grass and trees. One can raise a crop of health as he may raise corn or potatoes. You cannot get a bushel of potatoes out of a pint bottle of some sort of extract or decoction, nor even one potato. Neither can one get vitality or strength out of a pill box or a medicine chest. Health doesn't come that way any more than do potatoes. One can raise a crop of potatoes, and one may in much the same way raise a crop of health.

To get a good crop of potatoes one must plant good seed in good ground, and must cultivate the plants, and in due time he will reap a good harvest. It is exactly the same in relation to health. One must sow the seed and cultivate it, and must wait for the harvest time, for new growth is an essential element. Health can not be secured by magic any more than potatoes. —*Health Magazine*.



A NOVEL-SODDEN woman is hardly a less depressing spectacle than a gin-sodden man and the matter is one for the moralist no less than for the literary critic.—*Francis Gribble, English Novelist*.



### "WELFARE" WORK OF THE RAILROADS.

(Continued from Page 997.)

nical education of the sons of living or deceased employees of the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad. There are eight of these scholarships, worth \$600 a year each; they are subject to competitive examination, two being awarded each year."

Much more might be said of the educational opportunities offered by the railroads, but we do not have the space for all that is given under this head in the magazine quoted. For the same reason we must pass by what is said of the railroads pensioning employees, of the relief funds in cases of sickness, etc., of the hospital and medical service and the savings in investment features. But enough has been given to show that the railroads are abreast with the times; and the thought of the good they are doing gives one courage and inspiration.



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## REPUTATION AND CHARACTER.

THIS is the season for the making and unmaking of reputations. Woe to the man in public office, or aspiring to such a place, who has built up for himself a name by means of the hay and stubble of trickery and dishonesty. Even the man who has used only the imperishable and indestructible materials of truth and honesty, if he should offer himself as the keeper of the public's welfare, may not go unassailed. And, for a time, by some machinations of his enemies, he may find himself in the other's company, subject alike to the scoffer's taunts.

But he need not suffer long nor hopelessly. And here is where he parts company forever with the one who looks upon life as a game in which any one is a success who commands the homage of many, and any one can be successful who, by hook or crook, is able to win such homage.

While it is true that new and higher lines are being laid out for our public men, the fact has always existed that truth and uprightness furnish the only true groundwork for any real and lasting success. He who has sought to rise by any other means has, sooner or later, had his time of bitter disillusionment.

With the ever-changing times, with the "circumstances that alter cases" and with the biased judgment of party friends, one needs to be careful that he is not led into making substitutions of selfish and debasing methods for those which at all times and in all places hold one true to himself and to his fellow-men. One needs, first of all, to have a thorough understanding of the meaning of truth and honesty and then there will be no need of his measuring himself by any mere man to know whether he is using safe material in his character building.

As we have said, good and upright men are tried as well as the unscrupulous, but while they may suffer in some degree, temporarily, their final vindication appears as a double victory for those principles

by which they have measured their lives. And at no time does the upright man, however wronged, suffer in his inner consciousness as does the man who would cheat himself, as well as his fellow-men, into believing that the methods are of little consequence, whether fair or foul, just so they enable him to reach the goal of his ambitions.

We are glad for the high standard that is set for the men of today. It gives every man a chance to reach the high places, which is not the case when trickery and deceit are countenanced. May we carry the standard still higher by living out in our individual lives those principles which are fundamental in every noble character.



## "WELFARE" WORK OF THE RAILROADS.

CONSIDERING the unenviable reputation that our railroads have come to have, as soulless corporations with no concern beyond that which turns money into their coffers, it is a pleasure to know that they are giving much attention to the betterment of the conditions under which their employees live and work. To be sure they can see that this will work for their ultimate good, but for all that, they are to be commended for the part they are taking in instilling into men new and higher ideals of life. To give our readers some idea of what the railroads are doing in this line we quote from the current number of the *American Review of Reviews* which contains a lengthy article on the subject.

"To the Young Men's Christian Association belongs the bulk of the credit for pioneering efforts in behalf of railroad employees. Some of the roads run their own welfare institutions, but by far the greater part of this work is conducted by the railroad department of the Y. M. C. A. The first railroad branch of the association was established at Cleveland in 1872. Five years later the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. took charge of the work and has given it careful supervision ever since. The attitude of the companies has changed from one of doubtful indifference to that of hearty commendation and liberal support. As a rule, the company erects the building or furnishes the major portion of the construction funds, and contributes 40 per cent of the total operating cost, the other 60 per cent being paid in by the members. The increased interest of the men is shown by the fact that five years ago these figures were exactly reversed, the members contributing 40 per cent and the companies 60 per cent.

"For the most part the associations are housed in handsome, substantial structures, costing from \$5,000 to \$50,000, often of stone, and equipped with all modern conveniences for the comfort and pleasure of the men. For their physical well-being there are baths with hot and cold water; restaurants whose larders are well supplied with wholesome food; dor-

mitories, with clean, fresh bedding, and well-equipped gymnasiums. For their leisure hours there are libraries and reading-rooms, filled with a choice stock of books, periodicals, and newspapers.

"Abundant opportunity is afforded for mental improvement. There are lecture courses on subjects related to railroad work as well as on topics of general interest; classrooms in which instruction is given in railroad rules, airbrake operation, combustion of coal, mathematics, mechanical drawing, mechanical engineering, shorthand, telegraphy, etc. By making the most of these opportunities the men are enabled not only to improve their mental equipment generally, but also to qualify for higher positions. The spiritual side is, of course, not neglected. Religious meetings and Bible classes,—at which attendance is strictly optional,—are regularly held, and not infrequently prominent railway officials make addresses on these occasions.

"Distinct from the Y. M. C. A. establishments, yet resembling them in general purpose and equipment, are the clubhouses and similar institutions erected and operated entirely by the railroads. Notable among these is the chain of clubhouses built by the Southern Pacific along its lines in Nevada, California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. There is nothing of the conventional or severe about these buildings. No expense is spared to make them beautiful as well as comfortable. Usually the style of architecture is determined by the surroundings. There will be a hint of old Spanish architecture in one and of the log cabin in another. The bedrooms, arranged so that they may be darkened in the day for men who have night runs, are spread with immaculate linen. The bathrooms, toilets, and wash-rooms are models of inviting cleanliness.

"Club stationery is furnished for members, and an effort is made to induce the men to keep in touch with their families and to continue home ties, however much their employment may keep them away from their homes. Opportunities for study are offered, and every inducement is made to the men to take advantage of them.

"In competition with the railway clubs, the saloon, which was formerly the only place the men had to go, has proved a failure, the best testimony to this effect being found in the consistent opposition of saloon-keepers wherever clubs are located.

"The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe has in operation along its lines in New Mexico, Arizona, and Eastern California a system of 'reading-rooms,'—in reality buildings,—ranging in cost from a few thousand dollars to \$75,000. The most modern and pretentious of these structures,—at Needles, in the so-called 'desert region' of Eastern California,—contains a large swimming-pool. Plenty of sleeping-rooms

and good libraries are provided, as well as the best bathing and toilet facilities.

"The 'rest-house' is not exactly a Y. M. C. A., or a clubhouse, or a 'reading-room.' In some cases it is one of these, or all three combined. But the 'rest-house' proper is a modest building situated at points on the road not large or central enough to warrant the establishment of a Y. M. C. A. or a clubhouse, where the men lie over for a rest between shifts. Formerly they had to go into the towns to hunt a meal and lodging,—which often meant recourse to the saloon,—or bunk in some old freight cars in the yards. Now, the saloons are passed by, and the dingy 'night holes' in broken-down cabooses have been generally abolished. In their places have come the 'rest-houses,' clean and comfortable cottages, where the men coming in from a long and dusty run can get plenty of hot water for a bath, a good meal, a clean bed, and enjoy a refreshing sleep until called for the next trip.

"Considering the great numbers of skilled workers required by the railroads of the country, it is not at all surprising that the companies should take an active interest in training men for the service. The recognized policy of the progressive roads is to give to young men, both in their employ and outside, every encouragement to learn the business and to qualify for advancement to higher positions. Apart from the instruction provided in the Y. M. C. A.'s, much important educational work is done by the companies themselves, either in their shops or through regular schools and colleges.

"An interesting example is the 'Railroad High-School' at Altoona, Pa., where 15,000 employees of the Pennsylvania lines are at work in the shops, offices, and yards. The Pennsylvania Company equipped this school with the most modern appliances, placing it on a par with the foremost technical institutions in the United States, the aim of the company being to coöperate with the public school system in graduating men competent to earn a living. The four years' course begins with mechanical drawing and ends with machine design. A draughting-room, a carpenter's shop, a forging-room, and departments of wood-working and metal-working, all equipped with the most up-to-date tools, are at the service of the students. Graduates of the school are fitted to go into the Pennsylvania's shops on a footing between the untrained regular apprentices and the special apprentices. Interest on the company's investment will come in the form of well-trained employees, although none of the graduates of the school is obliged to enter the Pennsylvania's service.

"A notable feature connected with the Pennsylvania is the Frank Thomson scholarships, established last May by the children of the late President Thomson, of the Pennsylvania system, for the tech-





## Adolescence

Catharine Beery Van Dyke

THOSE who in their study of the human mind follow closely the growth of it from earliest existence, find several interesting stages or periods in the development. From the time when the baby has "little more intelligence than a vegetable" and seems really to be nothing more nor less than a little animal, to the time when he passes into a "jewel" more precious than gold or silver or costly gems, the state, the progress, the growth, the achievement, the victory of human life is certainly the most marvelous thing in all God's marvelous creation. It is worthy of our careful study and its principles of body development, of mind expansion and of soul culture should be at least somewhat known and applied by all who teach or train a human life.

Life is like a mighty river. Its source indeed is weak and obscure. Hidden away off and up in the very palm of the Almighty Father's hand, it trickles down and on, and as it goes, gains both in volume and power on and on and on, absorbing this thing here and casting off another there, growing larger and more powerful, until at last it empties into the river of Eternal Life "that flows by the throne of God."

For the first few weeks the child evinces no self-expression. It breathes and sleeps and eats and cries, and, were it not for the tender love of the parents, these few weeks would not only be very uninteresting but would be a great care. But soon the smile upon the baby's face shows something. It tells of a something within that means more than the soft touch of the velvety skin or silky hair. It means that the child has other parts than the physical. It shows that intellect and immortality are within, seeking for expression and development. Immortality! Oh, that sublime word with a meaning filled with God himself! Immortality? Yes, this is shown early in the child's life and immortality is not a decreasing quantity. It is that which widens and broadens, and deepens and progresses constantly, both through this life and in the eternal life which is yet to come. Oh, the possibilities of this human life when well directed, well trained, well disciplined!

We follow the little fellow through infancy and early childhood. His force of motion is increasing until we come to the stage of development known as adolescence, or youth. It is a strange term—youth, and a strange time—youth. It is a bridge, spanning the space between childhood and manhood—each piece of timber in the structure has a peculiar significance and use. If a rotten plank is admitted, the structure is going to be dangerous and destruction may be caused by its presence. Let us study the bridge for a moment and see what plan of architecture is best. Its pillars must be of solid stuff and what materials for the youth entering manhood are more substantial than these,—confidence in parents and obedience? The skeleton of the bridge must be made of such materials as will firmly unite and hold together. There is nothing better than sympathy between child and parent. Now for the planks or the floor of the bridge.

Here is the time when the child begins to make plans for himself, to begin to break off from the immediate dictation of parents and to realize that, as an independent individual, he must (and does surely desire to) decide many things for himself. His timber for the planks, if he has been well trained up to this point, will be ready—perhaps all not well seasoned—but he will have much to select from and he begins with the board self-assertion. But "self-assertion and self-abasement alternate as do sympathy and cruelty, selfishness and self-sacrifice, elation and depression" and self-control and lawlessness. So out of all of these, with the feeling of new life and limitless power, he finishes the structure, and, with the wise forbearance of parents and teachers and the grace of God he may be—no, he will be—enabled to cross the span and reach a happy and useful manhood. A few hints as to what will conduce to the benefit of the young person during these years. If ever a boy and girl need the sympathy and close companionship of their parents, it is at this time. And how sacred and strong is the friendship between parent and child that endures and accrues during these

trying years, trying to the parent and doubly so to the child. It is during this time that parents can give to son and daughter the last few lessons on the meaning of sexual things and finish their preparation for assuring themselves the office of parenthood.

How fortunate is that father whose son, and how blessed that mother whose daughter, will come to them now with questions about these sacred things! Whose children will reveal to them the first sensations and emotions and sentiments of falling in love! If not rebuffed, these children will in future years "rise up and call them blessed."

Play and games are valuable in all stages of human development. Indeed, some may be used with pleasure and profit by the very aged. At the adolescent's age, however, such games as require quick thinking and deep thinking, as conundrums, charades and checkers, and such as call for skill in eye and limb are best. The latter include the splendid athletic games of tennis, basket-ball and foot-ball, croquet and rowing. The youth seeks coöperation and works for his club or team rather than to stand out as a conspicuous individual. This indicates his growth as a social being. "Hitherto he has been a ward of society; henceforth he will be a member."

As to the recuperative treatment at this age, the two requisites are plenty of sleep and a good appetite well met. Hertel says that no one should be allowed to go to school at all without nine hours' sleep and a hearty appetite.



### THE WORTH OF LOVE.

MARY C. STONER.

'Tis sweet when from the wings of morning  
The crystal drops of dew  
Have fallen on the heart that's open,  
And heav'n smiles on you.

But deeper are the joys of evening,  
Made pure by morning's dew,  
Because day's toil hath brought some token,  
Of heav'n's message true.

But deepest joys for youth or aged  
Are borne on angel's wing,  
When hearts in trust through pain or pleasure  
In triumph sweetly sing.

'Tis sweet to walk mid springing flowers,  
By waters calm and still,  
To catch the murmur of the breezes  
And feel their gentle thrill.

But deeper is the calm and silence,  
That fills the soul with peace,  
When breezes tell in softest whispers  
Of sweet and sure release.

But deepest depths of holy quiet  
By worship true are sealed,  
When voices from the sacred stillness  
In music are revealed.

'Tis sweet to know that in life's sunshine  
There's some one loves you true,

That while the heart's in tune with pleasure  
That some one thinks of you.

But sweeter when life's sunshine darkens  
By clouds that hover low  
Is love's true friendship firm, unchanging,  
And peace it can bestow.

But sweetest love that cheers the bosom  
Is that which mortals know  
When heav'n stoops in true forgiveness,  
Its blessings to bestow.

North Manchester, Ind.



### THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

IDA M. HELM.

"HOME's not merely four square walls." It is not merely a place to eat, sleep and entertain. The true function of the home is to provide a place for comfort and for recreation, a place where every member of the family feels at ease and where each one has an active interest in the other's well-being, a place where each one can go and receive the peerless sympathy, love and encouragement that can be found nowhere else in the world.

We should have beautiful homes. Not that stiff, formal beauty that we see in elegantly-polished mahogany, fine cushions that never were meant for use, tastefully-arranged curtains that dare not be touched and that shut out all the sunlight, and costly carpets on which you dare not walk unless you first "remove your shoes from off your feet." Such rooms repel one. There is a finer adornment than this and it should be used in making the home beautiful. The Creator of the world adorned it with beauty and loveliness. He has arrayed the flowers so that they vie with the rainbow for loveliness. He has scattered over the beach pearly and delicately-tinted shells from the lap of the ocean, and he has arranged so that clouds float in the sky like fleecy foam in a sea of blue. The home that he prepared for primeval man was a beautiful home. All the attributes of God are beautiful. All the attributes of man, the creature he made after his own image should be beautiful, from the cradle to the grave, and all the attributes of the home should be beautiful.

Character is built in the environment of the home. Summer or winter, a truly beautiful home casts a spell of loveliness the influence of which is hard to resist. The atmosphere of home should be so that the idea of welcome and hospitality is conveyed to the one entering. In winter warm, cosy rooms, soft cushions that are crumpled a little on couch and easy rockers, inviting one to sit down, white curtains drawn back to let the sunshine in and pleasant faces and warm hand-grasps to greet you give a feeling of cheerful contentment and make you mentally say, "Here is a lovely shelter"; in summer open doors and windows through which the fresh summer air may pass and out of which you may look at the beautiful green of summer. Before the windows



should be shade trees or vines to relieve from the fierce rays of the sun.

The library holds an important place in the home. Really the home seems incomplete without a good library; here, the most sublime thoughts of the deepest thinkers and best men and women of the ages may be stored, here we may take deep draughts and enrich our own small store of thought. Good books are a powerful moral lever; they expand the mind, mellow the nature and heighten the aspirations of the reader.

It is said, "Home is the spot where angels find a resting place." Long ago Abraham, the friend of God, did really entertain three angels from the home of the Father, in his tent in the plains of Mamre and he was richly blest for his hospitality. A home in which there is no place for hospitality becomes selfish and narrow. In the days when dwellings were few and far between and traveling was more difficult than it is in our day, hospitality and a warm welcome were extended to the friend and the chance stranger was gladly offered rest, food and shelter. He was a link, connecting the home with the outside world; papers and letters were few and the news he brought was very welcome in the pioneer home. As the country became more thickly settled, and towns and villages sprang up, conditions changed and I shall not discuss the problem that is before us today of opening our homes to every wanderer that comes along. We are social beings and we can extend hospitality to the stranger when it is in order, and into our homes we can invite our friends frequently and gladly. These visits and social gatherings are as spice in the monotony of everyday life. But there is danger of going to extremes in entertainment. In polite society the tendency is for elaborate entertainment. I once knew a family who were on the verge of bankruptcy through much entertaining.

A real, an ideal home has a sanctuary erected where every day the united family gather around the altar and tell the loving, all-knowing, all-powerful Father of their weaknesses and their failings and receive wisdom and strength for the work of life through him who said, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." The Spirit-filled home is the most beautiful home.

The home is the expression of the lives of the family that make it. If one member of the family is peevish and hard to get along with, such an one should be borne with patiently and with tact. To nag or "pay them back in their own coin" will not do any one any good. The beauty of a patient, sweet temper, of self-sacrifice and mutual forbearance is worth more than rich furniture and tapestry. Where these graces are the ruling spirit, a humble cabin is beautified; without them, a rich mansion may be made gloomy, dismal and repellent.

## ON LIVING TOGETHER.

THE everyday problems of life bear hardest on us all. We can dodge the unusual ones, even when we ought to stand up to them. We can keep out of the conflict between labor and capital, and the fight for clean streets and civic righteousness, and we need not even express an opinion as to whether women should vote or whether local option is wise. But we have to live with our families, or our roommates, or our neighbors in the boarding house or the apartment, or our fellow workers in the office. Being human, we are set daily in human relations of one kind or another, and we hate to solve the problem, willy-nilly, as to how to make those relations true and good—or else fail dismally every day.

Alas! how often we fail! Home ought to be a little heaven on earth. It can be. It was meant to be. But the number of unhappy homes is legion; and the number of homes not definitely unhappy but vaguely uncomfortable and unsatisfactory, is pitifully beyond compute. Yet there are only two essential conditions of home happiness, both perfectly come-at-able by any reasonable human being. "Freedom and sympathy," as one wise woman has put it, "are the corner-stones of home," and any home can be built happily upon them. They sound simple and easy. They are simple, but in practice difficult, because each member of the household must not only claim them from the rest of the family, but also render them to the rest again—which is entirely a different matter.

The usual procedure in bringing up a child is to give plenty of freedom nowadays—for the child, that is. But not many mothers are wise enough daily to teach their boys and girls that liberty, to be true liberty, must guard the freedom of others quite as much as one's own. A child whose freedom makes endless trouble for parents, servants, and the household generally is not being taught liberty but license. He or she is being taught to encroach on or disregard entirely the rights of others. And in so doing sympathy is lost and forgotten. "I do not pretend to understand Mary; her ways are a problem to me," said one mother lately. "I have to let her go her own way." Those who had the problematical pleasure of Mary's acquaintance always had to let her go her own way. She had never been taught to consider anybody else's convenience or inclinations since she was born. "Mary cannot be crossed; she is not accustomed to it, and she is so nervous," had been her mother's dictum. When Mary married she met with decided trouble, for her husband had been trained in just about the same way. The continual clashing of two untrained and self-willed personalities endured for a few years, and then came the divorce court. What else could be expected from two people, each of whom wanted complete liberty and understanding, but was not able or willing to give liberty to the other or try to understand the other's point of view?

The first point in living together is self-reliance, as far as possible. No one member of a household ought to drag on another, if it can possibly be helped. It is neither beautiful nor noble to cling, like a parasite, to a mother, a husband, a child. It weakens both personalities. The tenderest and deepest affections are mutual, each helping and working for the other. A wife may be everything to her husband, and yet not hamper his freedom of action even when it leaves her out for a while. A man may be all in all to his wife, and yet she may be herself a personality, with plans and work and play for the hours when they are not together. The happiest marriages are not where one clings and the other is half strangled. The happiest affections between mother and children are when sons and daughters are allowed to stand alone, developing their own natures under the tenderest, surest sympathy, but without imperious demands for constant obedience and devotion. "I'm glad I have two daughters," said one apparently loving mother, "for one of them can marry, but the other I expect to take care of me in my old age." She was calmly willing to throttle the happiness of one child in order to have somebody to cling to till the end; and she carried out the plan, and died at eighty, leaving her "beloved Anne," a tired-out woman of fifty, to face desolate age alone.

In living together, indeed, the unselfish victims seem to get the worst of it. Yet unselfishness is the only way to realize even a half-way home; and for what pleasure there is in such a household the unselfish ones are responsible, and their spirits feel the reactive joy of it. One unselfish member goes far toward making a home. Two create a home atmosphere without trouble. They harmonize things, no matter how large and troublesome the family. When man and wife are both given to thinking of each other's comfort and happiness, there is never any trouble in bringing up a houseful of children without discord, whereas one child is too many for an exacting wife or a domineering husband to bring up successfully. There have been united couples who have taken in two mothers-in-law, and wearing ones at that, and yet preserved a peaceful home life. Circumstances count for very little in daily human intercourse; the will to be gentle, kind, helpful, and forgiving is everything.

Living with other people is—or ought to be—a daily education. It demands, and rewards, a daily growth in grace. To really enjoy grandfather's reminiscences, and attend to them, is to procure much information about a past generation and enter into its bygone life. To be interested in what one's father and brother and husband have to say about politics or business is to gain valuable knowledge. To know just when to turn the family conversation so that a disagreement shall not be reached is to acquire a

fine tact for all social emergencies. To let certain subjects alone, yet to hold gently and reasonably to right conclusions without speaking about them, is a deep development of character and will. The family is a microcosm of life. If we succeed in family relations, we are real successes in life. If we fail in them, no outside success can compensate in the least. Freedom and sympathy—what better watchwords in the whole life? They make the brotherhood of man possible, and they alone, for they mean love at its best—unselfish and wide and lasting, beginning within four walls but reaching out in wider influence every year.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

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## The Children's Corner

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### THE FELLER INSIDE OF ME.

There's a feller that's livin' inside of me,  
 'N' I can't guess however he came;  
 His face I ain't had no chance to see,  
 An' he won't ever tell me his name.  
 The way that I found him in there wuz this:  
 One night when I's ready for bed,  
 Ma gave me a hug an' a goodnight kiss,  
 'N' "Be sure say your prayers," she said.  
 "All right, ma," sez I, 'n' I went upstairs  
 All alone in the attic drear;  
 But what's the use of you sayin' of prayers  
 If your ma isn't there to hear?  
 For when you kneeled by the bed, or a chair,  
 With your eyes all squeezed up tight,  
 A Big Black Thing might grab hold of yer hair,  
 An' give you an awful fright!  
 So I jumped into bed as quick as a flash,  
 An' covered my head up good,  
 (Not 'cause I wuz skeered, but the window-sash  
 Doesn't fit just as clost as it should).  
 I'd got snug an' warm an' was goin' to sleep,  
 When I heard a voice holler, plain,  
 "Your word to your mother you didn't keep;  
 Just tumble right out there again!"  
 I thought just at first 't wuz the sort of a dream  
 When you're countin' pigs into a pen—  
 When you see and hear, but just can't seem  
 To know where you are, an' when.  
 So I snuggled in closter an' started in  
 To goin' off to sleep, sure pop,  
 When I heard that voice a-hollerin' ag'in,  
 "You ain't said your prayers. Now hop!"  
 You bet I wuz skeered, for, no foolin' at all,  
 The voice was plumb under my skin!  
 An' I knew I had heard what the ministers call  
 "A monitor dwellin' within."  
 So I hustled out quick, an' I said my prayer,  
 Though my teeth wuz a-chatterin' some;  
 'N' the feller inside of me said, "Now, there,  
 You can sleep as tight as a drum!"  
 But since that time he is always 'round,  
 'N' he sticks with me night 'n' day:  
 I can't do nothin' but what he'll be bound  
 To have somethin' or other to say.  
 If I shy a stone at a dog or cat,  
 He'll ask, "How'd you like to be hurt?"  
 He's soft as a girl over this thing 'n' that,



'N' ten times as sassy an' pert.  
 But I bet you if only the truth he'd tell,  
 He's skeered to come where I can see,  
 For he's just playin' hookey from heaven a spell,  
 An' hidin' inside of me!

—Frederick Moxon.

## For SUNDAY READING

### THE PURPOSE AND MANNER OF PREACHING.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE young theologian, having finished his course in theology, may now turn to some of Paul's writings, and there learn how to preach. Paul never wrote a book on theology, nor have we any record of his studying homiletics in the schools of his day; but we can find in one sentence the key to his success as a preacher. When the Savior had been magnified by him until words could give him no higher standing in the minds of men, he then spake in words of confidence, "whom we preach," as if to say, "You now understand why we have moved nations, and caused rulers upon the thrones to tremble." The burden of his message was Christ; a crucified Christ, a risen Christ, a Christ in whom we are complete—and our coming King.

Some things are beautiful and the influence of them will lift the discouraged soul from the lowest slough of despondency and place it upon the highest plane of action.

The indifferent man, seeing the beauties of nature, may be constrained to praise his Maker, whose greatness he has learned; the astronomer, chasing the stars in their courses, and measuring the distance of each planet's orbit, may be so overjoyed by his new discoveries that he will drop his instruments and exclaim, "I am thinking the thoughts of God"; the geologist, harmonizing the story he reads from the different strata of rock with that which is revealed to us in the first chapter of Genesis, may prove to the world that science and revelation tell the same story; the pulpit orator, gathering these together may make an attractive bouquet beautiful by all his ontological, cosmological, teleological and anthropological argument, bound together by beautiful ribbons of rhetoric, and cast it in the pathway of a moving mass of dying humanity. While they may stop long enough to admire the beauty and praise the logical construction, yet by this their speed to downfall and ruin is not checked, nor do they find that which gives peace and comfort to a dying soul. But give to a sinning and miserable world the beautiful story of the Babe of Bethlehem, and the strongest yields his stubborn will and joins the weak in a song of praise to "the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world."

Humanity as a whole has been compared to a lost man in a dense wilderness; if so, Jesus says, "I am the way." A lost soul is said to be perishing on the bleak, barren hills of sin; then Jesus is the "bread of life," and a "well of living water." The man without God is in possession of an error; Jesus Christ is "the truth." Hear him, as he sees a mass of lost souls, groping its way through Egyptian darkness seeking light, exclaim, "I am the light of the world."

Oh, that the world would never cease to *preach him*.

The devil would be glad to have us preach anything save Christ and the power of his blood. Preach, if we like, this theory or that; this form of church government or that; this mode of baptism or that; ah, far more than that, he will be willing for you to preach the Father, or the Holy Spirit, but leave off Jesus and the efficacy of his blood. The real sermon is Jesus—"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

In connection with preaching Jesus, the divine writer, puts "warning every man." There is a difference between warning, and the mere mentioning of the fact of danger ahead. The warning that Jesus gave was the throwing of himself across the pathway of every man; so the individual who goes to destruction must walk over the blood-stained banner of our Lord and at last trample under foot the mangled body of him who considered not his life dear that he might redeem the world.

Just ahead is a wrecked train; in the distance can be heard the roar of another train. A flagman has been sent back to warn the approaching train. He only waves his hand—does not use the red danger signal. The engineer sees the warning but does not understand the real danger ahead until the flagman displays the red flag and waves it across the track. At last the train is at a standstill. All now understand that somewhere ahead is real danger.

He who has been appointed as a watchman to warn the moving mass of humanity, speeding on the fast train of indifference, may use all of his flowered terms of language and never halt the engineer; but let him snatch from the sacred Book the red signal, the words of Jesus, his teaching in all its forms, not using compromising terms, and every passenger aboard, will, some day, thank him for his faithfulness.

It is not enough to warn people of a hell somewhere in the future, but of sin in its destructive power at present. Someone has said that heaven is a place where there is no sin and that hell is a place of sin. If so, what a hell we have here on earth! It is not enough to mention sin in the terms of "error," "mistake," "indifference" or "thoughtlessness." Let your cultured audience, if you please, receive it in the terms in which they committed it. Sin is an awful thing and should be preached against in an awful way. Regard him who gives a place in his living or teaching for sin, as an enemy to your soul.

But our manner of preaching does not stop at warning people. The real preacher must also be a teacher. Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." Along with or after every revival there should be some kind of instruction. The prophets of old used to gather all the people together on certain days to instruct them in the Mosaic writings. The Father said through Hosea, "My people are destroyed for the lack of knowledge." How many times have we seen this to be true in our present day! There has been a wonderful revival; scores of souls get the blessing in their hearts, but have not the theory in their heads. The devil takes advantage of an empty head to empty the heart. They are "destroyed for lack of knowledge." The result—a gospel-hardened people. Get the theory in both head and heart and you have a people who will stand by the Bible teachings. The devil may then cheat them out of the experience but can never get the theory. We are told that our old preachers used to read, and comment on the scripture before preaching; then every point in the sermon was hung upon some Bible proof. But not so today; read our text, lay down our Bible and hang our points upon some proof from Tennyson, Shakespeare, Emerson, Browning or some other author. The sooner we learn that there is more in the *Word* than we can give, or any name we can say, the better it will be for us and the people whom we strive to lead and teach, concerning the things of a better and nobler life.

Purpose of preaching is in the same passage of scripture, "that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." The entire discourse has been revolving around one point, and that perfectness. Just as the planets and their satellites revolve around the sun, so do all of our Bible doctrines of Justification, Regeneration, etc., and the smaller doctrines revolve around one point—perfection. Blot out the sun and you have destroyed the entire solar system; destroy the doctrine of perfection and you have destroyed that for which the other doctrines exist.

When we mention perfection, the world stands off with a look of disgust and says, "Impossible." The Father, Son, and inspired writers seem to think it *possible*. We are surprised when we learn how many commands there are in the Book to be perfect; how many examples of those who were perfect. We may use the word in our everyday language, but must not say anything about it in religion. This perfection does not mean perfect in character, perfect in mind, perfect in body, perfect as angels, perfect as God; nor does it mean that we are so perfect that we cannot sin. Then what does it mean? It means perfectness in life as to actual transgressions, perfect in love; a heart that has been made perfectly clean from all inbred sin, by the blood of Jesus Christ. Shall we who received our commission from him ever lose sight

of our purpose of preaching? Nay, a thousand times nay. We will put on the whole armor of God and press the battle on and on, and at last plant our flag of perfect religion upon the breastworks of the enemy and rejoice over the death of the old and sinful man that was, and praise God for the new and clean heart, that now is.



#### WORDS WHICH REPETITION NEVER WEAKENS —A TRIBUTE TO THE BIBLE.

[Mr. Gladstone in introduction to a work on Bible History.]

" 'HEAVEN and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.' As they have lived and wrought, so they will live and work. From the teacher's chair and from the pastor's pulpit; in the humblest hymn that ever mounted to the ear of God from beneath a cottage roof, and in the rich melodious choir of the noblest cathedral, 'their sound is gone out into all lands and their words unto the ends of the world.' Not here alone, but in a thousand silent and unsuspected forms will they unwearily prosecute their holy office. Who doubts that, times without number, particular portions of Scripture find their way to the human soul as if embassies from on high, each with its own commission of comfort, of guidance, or of warning? What crisis, what trouble, what perplexity of life has failed or can fail to draw from this inexhaustible treasure-house its proper supply? What profession, what position is not daily and hourly enriched by these words which repetition never weakens, which carry with them now, as in the days of their first utterance, the freshness of youth and immortality? When the solitary student opens all his heart to drink them in, they will reward his toil. And in forms yet more hidden and withdrawn, in the retirement of the chamber, in the stillness of the night season, upon the bed of sickness and in the face of death, the Bible will be there, its several words, how often winged with their several and special messages, to heal and to soothe, to uplift and uphold, to invigorate and stir. Nay, more, perhaps, than this; amid the crowds of the court, or the forum, or the street, or the market place, when every thought of every soul seems to be set upon the excitements of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure, then, too, even there, the still small voice of the Holy Bible will be heard, and the soul, aided by some blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may flee away and be at rest."—*The Bible Record*.



"THE world gives you a reputation, but character is what you give yourself."



"SOME people must have borrowed a lot of trouble in their time the way they have it stacked up about them."





# Echoes from Everywhere

Anti-saloon sentiment is spreading in Canada. Saskatchewan has prohibited the selling of liquor in clubs. In Prince Edward Isle prohibition is absolute, and it is impossible to obtain a drink.

Owing to his untimely accident at Fort Myer, Va., Mr. Orville Wright, the aeroplane scientist, has been given until June 28 next in which to fulfill the tests of aviation required by the government before it will purchase his machine.

The population of Long Beach, California, has increased 466 2-3 per cent in seven years since it voted out saloons. The bank deposits of this city, which increased 65 per cent in the three last years of license, increased over 2,500 per cent in the seven years of prohibition.

The U. S. volunteer life-saving corps in New York recently awarded 93 medals and certificates to heroes and heroines who save people from drowning within the last year. One of the recipients was a 10-year-old girl who swam out at Gravesend Bay and, although twice pulled under the water, saved the life of another girl.

The patent office has issued a statement showing that since the first patent was recorded in this country, Jan. 15, 1836, a total of more than 900,000 patents have been issued. The first patent was granted to J. B. Allen for improvement in a box for packing tobacco. During its first year the office issued 110 patents.

In the most sweeping decision affecting the liquor traffic which has ever been handed down in Iowa, Judge Smith McPherson has held the mulct law illegal. Under the provisions of this law the saloonkeepers of the State have for years paid an annual tax of \$600 with the understanding that it legalized their business and gave them relief from the old prohibition law. The new decision rules that the prohibitory law is still in force, that every sale of liquor made in the State during the past twenty-five years has been illegal, and that there exists in the State no right whatever to sell intoxicants.

Seven years ago China had no newspapers worth the name except those started and controlled by foreigners. Yet the earliest and oldest daily was started at her capital early in the eighth century and was known as the Tching-pao, or "News of the Capital," and ran for centuries. It may even be running yet, but it has been little more than a government bulletin and bears no relation to the modern newspaper. Within this period of seven years, however, more than two hundred native journals have been started and maintained, and perhaps the most remarkable feature of the movement is that one of the most prosperous of the lot is edited and managed by women and for women. This diffusion of knowledge certainly goes to those who for a long time have sorely needed it.

Mr. Root, who first suggested the conference on opium to be held in Shanghai, China, next January, is now endeavoring to get all nations to send delegates to it. France, Germany, the United States, China, Great Britain and Portugal have already done so, and Persia and Russia have been invited. The object of the conference is to formulate plans for the control of the traffic in the far east.

The 34th annual convention of the American Bankers' Association which recently met at Denver was distinguished by the firm stand which the members took against the guarantee of bank deposits and also against postal savings banks. A resolution was adopted condemning the guaranteeing of bank deposits because "it unjustly weakens the strong and unfairly strengthens the weak banks."

According to reports from Canada, the Canadian West within five years from now will be producing a wheat crop of over 200,000,000 bushels annually. This year's crop is estimated conservatively at 110,000,000 bushels. As there were but 14,000,000 bushels of wheat produced in this area during 1900, some idea of the great expansion of wheat production in the Canadian Northwest may be had from the figures of recent production.

The Missouri Pacific Railway has installed a portable blacksmith shop, consisting of two box cars, one for the sleeping accommodations of the blacksmith and the other for the shop. All necessary tools and duplicate parts of the repairs to be made are carried. Switches, frogs and track are repaired on the spot, thus much time and delay in the moving of trains is avoided. It has been found that one day with this portable shop is sufficient to clean up the repairs of an ordinary section.

The department of commerce and labor has issued a statement showing that it has found places for 1,690 workmen in various parts of the United States. This work is under the direction of the chief of the bureau of information and distribution of the department. These workmen have been sent to 35 different States, and include principally every nationality that has recently come to the United States. Of the total immigrants supplied with positions, 850 have been placed since July 1.

The Peary Arctic Club has received word that Commander Peary's vessel "Roosevelt" struck an iceberg with serious damage. Commander Peary states that he is proceeding along shore and that the prospects are good, despite the collision. A previous communication stated that Cape York was reached on July 31, that the "Roosevelt" was overhauled and trimmed for the ice at Etah, and that dogs were secured. The season is unusually stormy, with much snow and no ice as yet. Thirty-five walrus were killed, which means that the expedition has much good fresh meat.

October first witnessed a heavy increase in mail for Great Britain and Ireland, the rate changing from 5 cents to 2 cents an ounce at midnight. It is too early as yet to tell what the volume of increase will be, as there are always large accumulations of mail matter held back when there is any change in a postal rate. A big annual saving will be effected in thousands of concerns who do a large foreign business. It is hoped that other countries will fall in line, and make similar arrangements.

Many an artist who this autumn in sketching the fine colors of the trees is mixing in the beautiful gamboge with his crimson lake, carmine, and burnt sienna never stops to inquire where such a fine pigment comes from. Gamboge comes from a gum, a crude resinous juice that exudes from one of the forest trees of Indo-China, Siam, and Ceylon. The better grade is yellowish in color. The natives obtain it by making an incision in the tree, into which they insert the end of a bamboo, somewhat as "spiles" are inserted into maple trees to draw off the sap. When the bamboo is filled with the resin, it is removed and split open, the gum is taken out and is ready for shipment. From Saigon, Cochin China, last year 180 tons gross, worth about \$171,000 were shipped. Besides being used in paints, gamboge is available for medical purposes.

Paper money is popularly supposed to be a carrier of infectious diseases. No doubt microbes do find a resting place on many of the bills now in circulation, but investigations which have been conducted at the research laboratory of the New York Board of Health indicate that although paper money is by no means free from bacteria, it is, nevertheless, not quite so prolific a breeding ground as may be supposed. On clean bank bills an average of 2,350 bacteria were discovered. On soiled bills the average was 73,000. This investigation was made some years ago. Its results have now been checked by Warren W. Hilditch of the Sheffield laboratory of bacteriology and research at Yale. The dirtiest bills which banks and railways could place at his disposal showed an average of only 142,000 bacteria for each bill. The lowest was 14,000; the highest, 586,000. Curiously enough, the cleanest-looking note was charged with 405,000 bacteria, and the dirtiest with 38,000, which seems to prove that there is no necessary connection between dirt and bacteria. Mr. Hilditch finds that guinea pigs inoculated with these bacteria contracted no disease, which would mean that money bacteria are not necessarily virulent.

Every one of the States of the Mississippi Valley is anxiously waiting to know what the voters of Illinois will do in November with the constitutional amendment, which gives the Legislature the right to issue \$20,000,000.00 worth of bonds to aid in the construction of the deep water way, and all of the States of the Union are interested because the sentiment for the deep waterway does not only include the Valley, but it permeates every portion of the Union, and has awakened an interest in this great project all over the world. The nations of Europe and the Orient are writing their representatives in this country to watch and report to them the progress of this great ship canal and they all know it depends on the vote taken in this State. Illinois has never failed to do her duty when called on, nor will the voters of Illinois fail at the November election to vote for this constitutional amendment, which will make their State, Illinois, the greatest in the Union.

The remarkable tuberculosis exhibit, which played so prominent a part in the congress on that disease recently held in Washington, is to be taken to New York for educational purposes. The board of aldermen has passed a resolution empowering the mayor to expend \$20,000 toward taking the exhibit there.

The Grand Trunk Pacific has opened 600 miles of its new line in the Canadian Northwest, from Winnipeg to a point near Edmonton. It is announced that the Canadian Pacific will build a line to Dawson, in the Alaskan gold fields. This line will be about 1,500 miles long. At present the only route to the Yukon gold deposits is controlled by Americans. By a road lying wholly in Canadian territory Canada hopes to gain a large part of the trade which now seeks the American route.

The Cleveland memorial committee of New York has organized and fixed on March 18 next as the date for a public meeting in honor of the dead ex-President. That day will mark the seventy-second anniversary of his birth. No action was taken regarding the nature of the permanent memorial of Mr. Cleveland, for which purpose the committee primarily was named by Mayor McClellan, but the following were appointed members of a subcommittee to make arrangements for a permanent memorial: Andrew Carnegie, Joseph H. Choate, Charles S. Fairchild, John G. Milburn, Peter B. Olney, Alton B. Parker, Edward M. Shepard and Dr. Joseph D. Bryant.

In Chautauqua, New York, they are about to dedicate a unique structure, the only building of its kind in the world. It was the lifelong dream of Bishop John H. Vincent, who was so long identified with the Chautauqua movement, and it is called the Aula Christi, which means the Hall of Christ. In it will be gathered all the books and treatises which have been written on the life of Christ. All the engravings of Christ which the art of the ages has brought within reach will be collected in another room and placed in specially constructed drawers, where they can be easily reached for reference. Each one of the windows will be symbolic—formed to represent some great event in the Master's life or some incident of large meaning in the history of the church. The building is beautiful from the exterior, as well as within; is constructed out of white stone and terra cotta, and will be completed at a cost of \$40,000.

The U. S. district court at Springfield, Ill., a few days ago gave a knock-out blow to the rectifiers when it handed down a decision that whisky and other liquors must have age and natural color or be labeled "imitation." Distillers and rectifiers had appealed for an injunction against the internal revenue officer to restrain him from compelling that there be a distinction in labels on whisky as to whether it is pure or imitation. The liquor interests all over the country have been watching the case as they, too, will be affected by the decision. The imitation products include whisky, brandy, etc., to which have been added a large per cent of water colored with rye or bourbon for whisky; essence of juniper for rum, and peaches and other fruits for brandy. The government alleges that these goods have been put on the market and shipped throughout the country under the straight labels of "whisky," "brandy," etc. Henceforth such goods must be labeled "imitation."



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### CONTRAST.

A foam-white daisy, with golden heart,  
Is swaying out in the meadow;  
The grasses whisper, the swallows dart,  
And cool is the elm tree's shadow.  
Everything's crystalline-fresh and fair,  
Everything's turned to flower,  
Grubs into butterflies, feet into wings,  
Touch'd by the summer's power.

A pallid child, with a tousled head,  
Is playing down in the gutter;  
The air is heavy with noisome scent,  
And dense with the city's mutter.  
Everything's wanting, but dust and heat,  
Everything's lacking but people;  
Everything's noisy, from folk in the street  
To the noisy bells in the steeple.

Growing asunder, these flowers of earth,  
Yet are they sister and brother;  
Meadow-bred, gutter-bred, tho they may be,  
Still they have need of each other.  
Shut in the hand of the pallid child,  
Deep in the grasses lying,  
Daisy will give him her golden heart  
And love him the more in dying.

—The Independent.



### SERIOUS EFFECT OF THE "COMICS."

The coarse and brutal type of fun set before our children by the comic sections of the Sunday newspapers debases not only their esthetic but their moral standards, asserts Miss Maud Summers. Miss Summers, who is said to be one of the best known story-tellers for children in this country, uttered this warning in the course of an address before the American Playgrounds Congress which recently convened in New York City. The stories told pictorially by these supplements, and so eagerly watched for each week by thousands of children, emphasize and apparently condone "deceit, cunning, and disrespect for gray hairs." As quoted in the New York Times Miss Summers says:

"The comic supplement of the Sunday newspapers is lowering the standard of literary appreciation and debasing the morals of the children of this country. It teaches children to laugh when boys throw water from an upper window upon an apple-woman, or outwit an old and infirm man. Humor has its place in the literature of childhood, and it would be well if gifted writers for children could be found capable of substituting genuine fun for the coarse, vulgar type now so prominent.

"The child learns in but one way, by reproducing in his own activity the thing he wishes to be. By means of the imagination the child forms a mental picture, which he holds in mind and strives to imitate. Therefore, the most vital purpose of the story is to give high ideals which are reproduced in character."

It is consequently of the utmost importance, she goes on to say, that stories for children, whether told pictorially or verbally, shall have at heart a spiritual truth. "This truth," she explains, "may be any one of the many virtues, such as generosity, kindness, hospitality, courage, heroism, and chivalry." Moreover, "it should be worked out in terms of cause and effect, according to the immutable law of literature, the law of compensation, which rewards the good, and of retributive justice, which punishes the bad."—Literary Digest.



### EXTRAVAGANT LANGUAGE.

It will be remembered that not long since a movement was set on foot having for its avowed purpose the simplification of spelling. While many excellent, well-meaning people, sincerely believing in the principle involved, joined the movement, a number allied themselves with it for the sake of the notoriety and cheap advertising it afforded them. Like many another fad, however, it appears to have died a-borning. It is true that some few instances of this orthographic eccentricity are occasionally met with, but it is, practically, a dead issue. The ridicule it encountered was its most formidable foe. It is not such an easy matter to change the written language of a people, no matter how urgent the need may be for reform.

But there is a reform in the domain of speech that is urgently needed, infinitely more so than the saving of time, alleged to be wasted, in the formation of unnecessary letters, and that is, the almost universal tendency on the part of our young people to indulge in hyperbole. Language with them seems to have lost its true significance; simple, direct speech is unknown. Every adjective in the language is laid under contribution, and the wonder is that the supply holds out. The simplest occurrences are described in the most extravagant terms. Nothing less than superlatives seems to be adequate for them to employ in dealing with the most trivial matters. The consequence of this incessant employment of high-sounding, exaggerated phrases is that the whole force of their speech is weakened, and when an occasion arises calling for an expression of enthusiasm, their comments fall flat, for the reason that every simple event has already been glorified to the utmost with all the warmth of language. Like the unpracticed speaker who commences his speech too loudly and forcibly, when he reaches what should be a climax, demanding volume of tone, he finds himself utterly incapable of creating the desired effect, having nothing in reserve.

Doubtless, the methods employed by the modern newspapers are partly responsible for this reprehensible practice. Every woman that happens to be so unfortunate as to be singled out for publicity is at once invested with all sorts of imaginary charms; she is either bewitching, dainty, petite, handsome, or striking. Strange that none of them are plain. Men of moderate

means, under similar circumstances, are millionaires, or at the least, wealthy citizens. A fire is a conflagration; a simple accident, a catastrophe. It is little wonder, therefore, that our young people, being highly imitative, and desirous of keeping abreast of the times, should follow the example set by the members of the Fourth Estate.

The example of the press, however, cannot be held responsible for the multiplication of adjectives that grate upon the ear at every turn. What appreciation of the value of language can that individual have who complacently speaks of having had a "gorgeous time," or who speaks of a bit of exquisite scenery as "delicious"? Yet we are all familiar with these lapses from the proprieties of language. In justice, however, we must say that we believe our transatlantic neighbors are largely responsible for this particular phase of perverted speech. It is from England that such antithetical expressions as "awfully jolly," and "a ghastly time," came, when Anglophobia was at its height; the mode, if not the matter, was largely adopted.

But no matter what the causes were, the condition is here, and we contend that there is far more urgent need of reform in this direction than in the redundancy of letters in certain words, bequeathed to us by our ancestors. English is a beautiful language, and we, whose inheritance it is, should be proud of it; but the rising generation seem to be sadly lacking in reverence for language, as well as other things. Here is a field for real reform, in which the Roosevelts and Carnegies may find opportunities worthy of them.—Health.



#### TOLSTOY, THE BEST-KNOWN LIVING AUTHOR.

There can be no disputing Tolstoy's rank as the best-known, most generally recognized living author. It will be quite accurate to add that he is also the best known of the world's living personalities. There could, therefore, be nothing more appropriate than the world celebration of his attainment of fourscore years.

Who and what is this great Russian, as much a feature of his country's landscape as the Kremlin at Moscow or the troika of the steppes, whom the world has come to regard as a commonplace of its daily thought, and whose name is, it might be said, literally a household word?

There are two Tolstoy's,—one, the writer with an artist's vision and a creative touch seldom equaled and perhaps never surpassed; the other, the preacher whose didactic homilies, while without wide influence on the lives of men, have become vehemently debated counsels of perfection to a world "sick with the zigzag of compromise."

The facts that count in the life of the sage of Yasnaya Polyana are neither many nor particularly noteworthy. The novelist and social reformer was born in the same village where his estate now begins,—Yasnaya Polyana, —in 1828,—August 28 Russian style, September 10 in the chronology of the West. A course in private schools and at Kazan University completed his education, supplemented by an extended tour throughout western Europe. He served for three years in the Crimean War, married Sofia Andreyevna Behrs, of Moscow (in 1862), and has been the father of thirteen children, nine of whom are still living. His activities in the public service, which ought to find mention in even the briefest biographical note, include the organization of peasant schools on a new and original educational basis (1875); coöperation in the editing and improvement of cheap popular publications (1885-'95); the organization of relief for the

starving population of Middle Russia (1891-'92); his renunciation of any property in copyright, land, or money (1895-'96), and the writing and publication of his many literary works, which include novels, stories, essays, pamphlets, and even plays, many of them aimed directly at definite abuses in public administration. In 1901 he was excommunicated by the holy Synod (the Russian church), and this hierarchy also forbade its votaries to take any part in the celebrations of his eightieth birthday.

Tolstoy, the literary artist, may be said to have died with the production of "Anna Kareina," in 1875, a work which the great Russian himself calls poor and unworthy, but which will beyond a doubt be read long after all his preachments are forgotten. It must never be lost sight of, this fact, that Tolstoy himself splits his life in two. His early career, preceding his religious crisis in 1878-'79, during which he wrote all (with the exception of "Resurrection") his great creative works, he now characterizes as unworthy and altogether evil. "I cannot now recall those years without a painful feeling of horror and loathing." He had tried, he tells us, and tested science and modern culture, and had turned from them with a feeling of repulsion because of "the inability of the first to solve the really important problems of life and because of the hollowness and falseness of the second." It is for this reason that he has turned to the simplicity, frankness, and essential kindness of the peasant as being the nearest class on earth to the ideal Christian. Since 1878 his writings have been almost exclusively polemic and didactic.

Have Tolstoy's life, writings, and philosophy exerted any real influence on his time? The critics point to the facts that although he lives and dresses like a peasant and preaches the gospel of poverty and nonresistance, his children have been reared as aristocrats, have "married money" and renounced his views, and his tender and devoted wife has always managed "to slip a piece of velvet under her husband's crown just where he wishes it to press most heavily." This is all true. But no man is justified in inflicting martyrdom upon an unwilling wife and children whom he loves. Apparent inconsistencies aside, it will not be disputed that the influence of the aim and life of this man upon the individuals of all classes in Russia has reached from the muzhik's hut up to the very throne of the august Czar. But for Tolstoy's insistent teachings, in all probability the Russian monarch would not have called the First Hague Conference. Thanks to Tolstoy's courageous and persistent writing, even the petrified ritual of the Russian church has shown signs of softening. It is due largely to Tolstoy's condemnation of great wealth and its abuse that Russia is now treating her prisoners more humanely and her wealthy citizens are devoting themselves more largely to philanthropic activities. Without a church, without a congregation in the face of ecclesiastical imprecations, in his remote country home where he lives the ideal simple life surrounded by his wife and younger children and a host of loving retainers, Tolstoy has been the great preacher of righteousness to his age. He has been impracticable and out of tune with the spirit of the age, it is true. But just so long as simple moral truths and the honest radical life of a fearless man who squares his conduct by his religion continue to inspire the admiration and emulation of mankind, so long will Leo Tolstoy remain one of the great moral forces of human history. —From "Tolstoy at Eighty," in the American Review of Reviews for October.



## SEA BIRDS.

THERE are a host of sea birds with which we are not familiar, which are fully as interesting as the land birds. Their habits are quite different, as a matter of course. Many sea birds pass their lives on the ocean, sleeping at night with their heads tucked in their wings and floating peacefully on the water. Their food is composed of fishes and small animals that they snatch on the surface of the water. They go on shore to raise their young, choosing the most desolate places—lonely islands and steep cliffs. Thousands of families are raised on the bare rocks, and mingle their shrill screams with the roar of the ocean.

The gulls are abundant the world over. With their strong wings they fly gracefully over the sea. Often on seeing a tempting morsel under the water they suddenly dive for it. They meet to raise their young on the rocks or sand bars at the mouths of rivers or bays. These beautiful, graceful birds do not venture far out from shore. Their wings are greatly prized by milliners, and are expensive to buy.

Another bird is the stormy petrel, which lives far out on the ocean. A very small bird it is, the smallest of all web-footed birds. It is no larger than a swallow, but quite brave, flying with ease over the rough waters, rising and sinking with the waves, as if in sympathy with them. They are sometimes called "Mother Carey's Chickens," and are one of the pleasures of a sea voyage, as they hover over the vessel from day to day.

The largest bird that swims is the powerful albatross. It has a snowy-white body and black wings. It seems to delight in fierce gales, and has been known to follow a ship in midocean for many weeks. It flits over the water, free as the air, once in a while swimming on the water.

There is an eider duck which is a real sea bird, living in winter in large flocks on the Arctic seas. In spring they mate and swim off the shore. The female builds a nest of dry grass and straw, and lines it with the soft down from her breast. Her eggs are pale green and are usually from six to ten in number. When she leaves her nest in search of food, she carefully covers her eggs with down.

Everyone has heard of eider down and knows of its soft, light qualities. It is a distressing manner in which our eider down is obtained. The natives rob the nests and take the eider down. The eggs are valuable as well as the down. The mother bird, in great distress, builds another nest, the male stripping the down from his breast. This second nest is not taken, as the natives fear the birds would leave the shore entirely.

The awkward, ungainly pelicans look too heavy to fly, but are not so, for their bones have the queerest air, and their heads are nearly all bill. Pelicans

are often seen on Florida coasts. Their distinguishing feature is their pouch of tough skin which they use to carry fish in.

The penguins are odd-looking birds when on land, their legs being placed at the end of the body. Their wings are useless for flying, but can serve them very well in swimming or climbing. They are only found in southern hemispheres. Standing upright on the shore, their white breasts gleaming in the sun, they look like soldiers. Most of the time they are in the water at a great distance from land.—*Baptist Boys and Girls*.

## BETWEEN WHILES.

**Horrible Suspicion.**—"Dat Darwinian theory," said Uncle Eben, "wouldn't worry me none if I could be good an' sure dat some of us weren't doublin' on de trail."—*Washington Star*.

**When Charm Meets Charm.**—Mr. Black—"I done hab my rabbit's foot erlong, but she gimme de mahble heaft jes' same."

Mr. Jones—"Mebbe she done hab her rabbit's foot erlong, too."—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

**Close Quarters.**—The following extract from a letter of thanks is cherished by its recipient:

The beautiful clock you sent us came in perfect condition, and is now in the parlor on top of the book-shelves, where we hope to see you soon, and your husband, also, if he can make it convenient.—*Youth's Companion*.

Maggie—Just think of the money some folks spends on medicine an' things to make 'em well.

Mickey—An' just think of the money some folks spends on suppers an' other things to make 'em sick.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

## WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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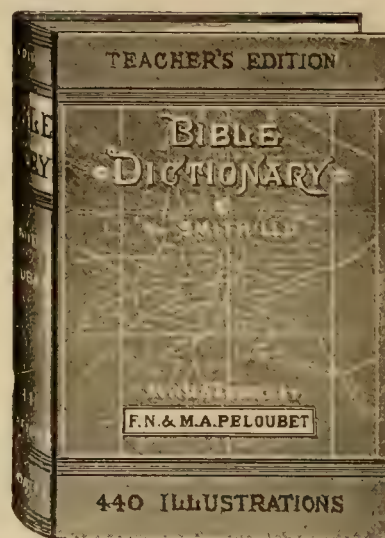
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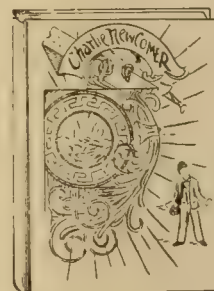
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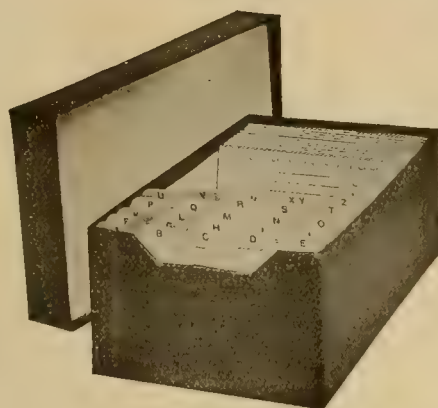


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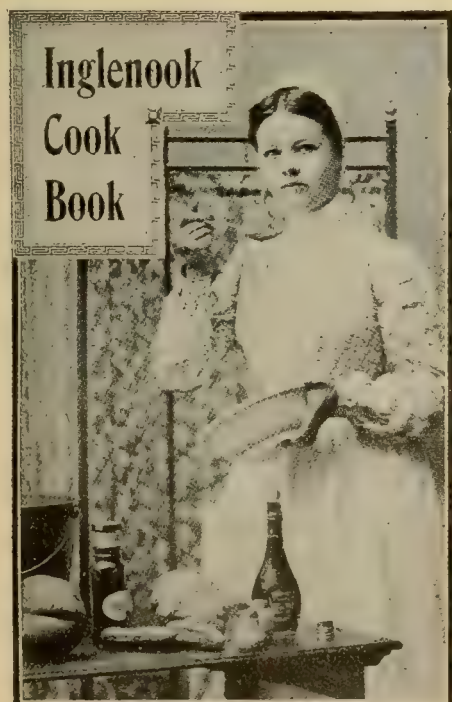
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F. R. Hartman, South Bend, Ind.  
C. S. Petry, West Milton, Ohio.  
Henry V. Wall, Los Angeles, Cal.  
W. H. Johnson, Reedley, Cal.

The Company has no connection with any railroad, land company, or any other corporation. We simply list tracts of land in desirable locations, suitable for subdivision into small parts, and act as agents for the sale of the same to colonists at wholesale price plus the cost of getting the land ready for settlement. This gives the purchaser the advantage of the increased value of the land, besides the profit which by the old way goes into the pocket of the promoter or land agent. We make no profit on the land taken by the colonists. Our plan also insures neighbors with a common interest, good roads, transportation, markets, school and church privileges from the beginning. Our plan also eliminates the privation, waiting and the uncertainty of the old way.

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Vol. X. No. 43.



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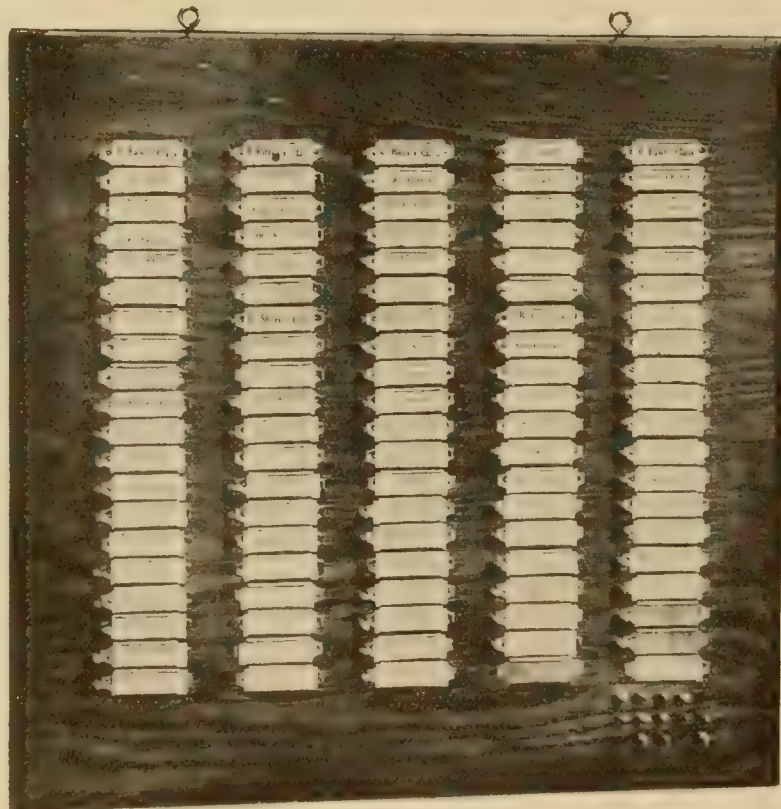
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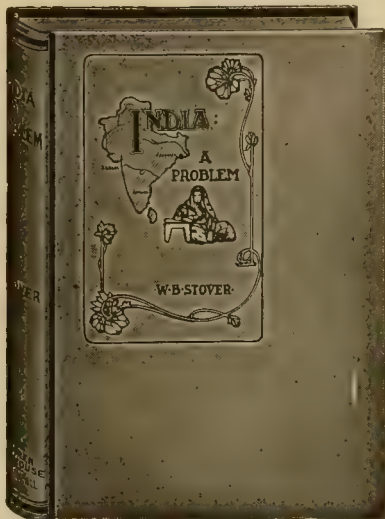
This system provides for the recognition of the scholar's faithful work by an attractive way of recording the same. The necessary equipment to install the system is (1) a record board, containing the names of all the enrolled scholars of the school, placed at a convenient point near the entrance; (2) a collection box, to receive the collection; (3) a card file containing the enrollment card of each scholar, on which his record for each Sunday may be entered for the entire school year; (4) someone in charge who is systematic and accurate in keeping a careful record of the school.

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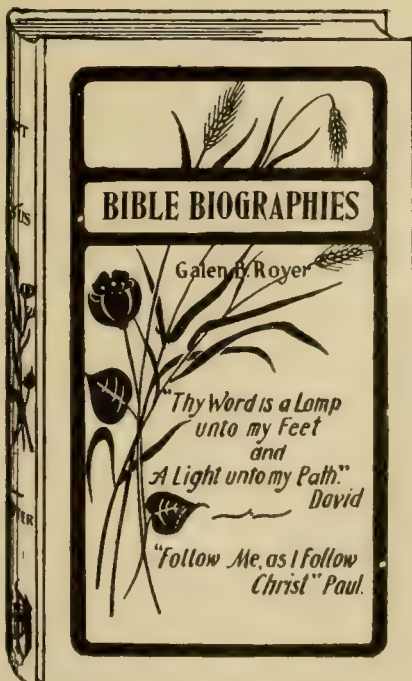
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¶ The Payette-Boise Reclamation Project under the U. S. Government is about completed and will be ready to furnish water to about 300,000 acres of new land in the spring of 1909. These lands can now be bought at reasonable rates and terms, by the settler, and are situated where the country is already partly settled, near good towns, railroads and electric lines.

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for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

¶ Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

October 27, 1908.

No. 43.

## The Tale of Six Cities

O. H. Kimmel

### City VI. London: Imperialism and Progressivism

LONDON is the largest and most cosmopolitan city in the world. It contains people of every land and harbors them within its borders. It contains more Jews than ever lived in Jerusalem. It is the home of more Catholics than are in Rome. Every people, every sect, every belief and every shade of thought found anywhere in the civilized world are found somewhere in London. It contains more wealth and more poverty, more wealthy citizens and more poor citizens, more law-abiding and law-respecting people and more criminals than any other city in the whole world. The city is great in its great things and its good things, and it is the pride of its citizens, but it is also great in its bad things, *i. e.*, in the amount and extent of its poverty and crime.

Bede has said that London is "the emporium of many nations." It has a history quite different from any other city in Europe. Being built off the mainland of Europe, and within the land, far enough up the Thames from the sea to insure protection, it has never been sacked, nor plundered, nor destroyed, as has been the case with most of the other great European cities. Its growth has been a steady and evolutionary one, rising in importance as the English race rose, and taking the lead of the cities of the world in wealth and ingenuity and population as the Englishman became the leader of the races of the world.

Its streets have witnessed bloody scenes, and many places in the city have looked down upon harsh and cruel deeds, yet blood has never flowed profusely in her streets, and she has not withstood the horrors of desolation and destruction that come from those deeds of war.

London is the center, the pivotal point, of English life. It is the scene of all English history. The deeds which either humiliated the nation or crowned her with glory and wealth, were all worked out in theory in London. The Englishman and his traditions cling to London, and London clings to him. Being a city as old as the nation and the English

civilization, it very naturally figures in all the deeds of the race. The history, the art, the literature of the English are filled with the deeds, the pictures and the sentiments of London. And, not only in England, but in all the world, the people read of London Bridge, London Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Hyde Park, and many more places of interest found in the city. The gradual and evolutionary growth of the city is in itself an inspiration to the race and seems to serve as a sort of an impetus to keep it working unto its final destinies. It has known no defeat and has braved the storms of time and it seems to its people that it must endure as long as time shall last.

It is hard to estimate the greatness of this city. When one studies London, the famous message, "What hath God wrought," comes into mind, but the fitness of the message must be changed into, "What hath man wrought, before it becomes appropriate; for, in building London, man has accomplished his greatest feat in building. And its greatness has inspired many of its people into action which is destined, if continued, to control the entire Eastern world. So we find, in London, a dominant force, which, in its imperialistic trend, has extended England into distant lands and into sunny climes. The development and growth of this imperialistic movement has run along with the development and growth of London. As these citizens saw their mighty city grow into the world's great metropolis, they fitted out their ships and soldiery to conquer lands in order that they might possess an empire which would be the pride and the boast of this great capital. And, in this way, the sentiment has grown, and the working out the plans has been so successful that London holds the reins of government of lands of every nook and corner of the earth. An Englishman once boastingly said to a gentleman of another nation; "Why, London's influence extends clear around the world: the sun never sets on the British Empire!"

"No," said the gentleman, "not now. It used to,



but it has become acquainted with you Englishmen now and it keeps its 'eyes on you.'"

And the tendency to absorb everything in sight and just beyond sight has, for a long time, been such a dominant principle of the English, that the gentleman expressed just about the view that the regulation man of any other nation would take of the situation.

England at first suffered, as other nations have suffered, by this colonial policy, but she has profited by the mistakes she made, changed her ways of do-

not through working yet, and recent events seem to indicate that newer ideas are to be given countenance and some older ones discarded.

If it were not for London's progressive ideas and England's progressive people, probably the nation's place among the nations would not take first rank. The imperialistic eye seeks to conquer more territory, more wealth. It cannot devote itself to government and the care of the people. But the progressive eye does not seek to conquer so much as it seeks



London Bridge.

ing things as she saw the error of her way, and has in the end, triumphed in the success of her imperialistic schemes.

In all of her colonizing experiences she has suffered nowhere as in America where she lost the thirteen colonies that afterwards became the United States. From the day when the United Colonies were granted their freedom, to the present time, the government at home has become more and more considerate in her treatment of her colonies until today they enjoy the privileges and rights of free men everywhere.

In granting her colonies the rights of freemen, it was necessary to know first what such rights should be. This "knowing" required the ablest thoughts of her ablest men for many generations. This thinking produced action from which England profited at home quite as much as her colonies profited, for gradually the old idea of the "divine right of kings" was swept away by the light of the reasoning of able minds, and gradual emancipation came, step by step, until England became, in reality, a government of the people, for the people and by the people. They are

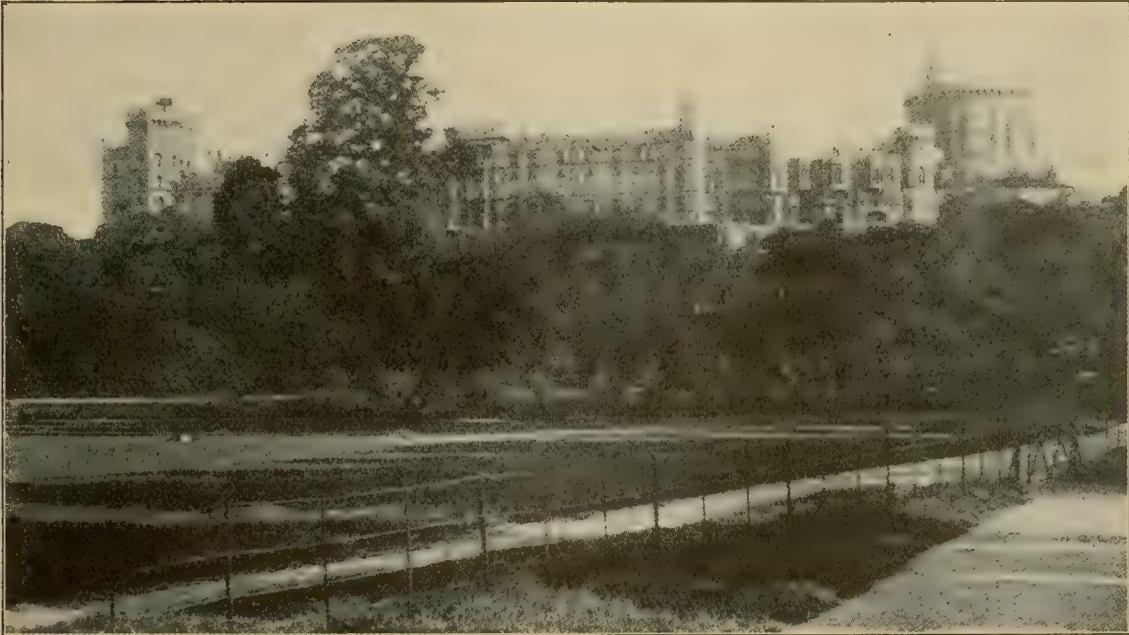
to build up the domain that is already under the flag; and fortunate for England, she has always had a great number of these progressive citizens who seek to build up, to enlighten and to educate the people while the imperialists go on and conquer more country.

It has been rather cruelly remarked that the Englishman, going into a new country, presents the natives with a Bible and teaches them the white man's religion. Then, in a few years, the natives have the Englishman's religion, but the Englishman has the natives' land. Yet, while this statement is rather cruel, the student of history can not declare that it is not true, for it is true. But while the Englishman takes the land, he gives the native the high ideals of the perfect man, the Prince of Peace, which will gradually evolutionize the native into a race of useful people; and this is doing a great work, for, as we read in the annals of history, the events of man from the dawn of history, we go down through all the ages, and do not meet, in record, any nation which has ever done this well in subjugating a weaker peo-

ple. We meet those who take the land and enslave the natives, as Russia would do at this late day, but until we reach England we do not meet the nation which carries to its weaker subjects the Word which teaches the road to perfect life.

And this is why we should prefer to see this nation plant her foot on Constantinople, where her light of reason could radiate out, from the Golden Horn, into all the Eastern World; where the humiliated Russian could see the reflection and even feel the warmth

emancipation of man throughout the wide world. True, they have not done this without a struggle. The struggle has been hard and beset with the greatest difficulties. But these progressive people, like their struggling viking ancestors, set to work, for they knew not how to fail. They took away from English kings their "divine right"; they formed the Bill of Rights; they established the Parliament; they gradually claimed the powers of the kings until one by one they let the powers slip into the people's hands,



Windsor Castle, London, England.

of its glowing rays; where the light of freedom could be given such an impetus that Despotism and Autocracy and Militarism would be given such a deadly blow that their influence would gradually sink from the earth and in their place would gradually arise the popular government freed from the brands of socialism and nihilism until the fruits would be freedom, free people, free institutions, with progress and happiness and good will toward all men.

It means all this to the world and we would have the influence of this nation extended until the ideas and ideals of freedom could be implanted throughout the world. But these destinies lie beyond the control of mortality. We can only say here, as has been said in a previous article, we can only hope, that when the partition of Turkey comes, England will be on the ground where she can plant her institutions in that soil made rich by the terrible deeds of despots.

The greatness of London has been the factor which has extended England into all the world, and the greatness of London has produced these great progressive men who have achieved so much for the

until now, the king of England has no power, and scarcely a voice in the administration; he cannot even veto an act of parliament and cannot express an opinion on public affairs which is truly his own. He is a sort of a social leader who has ample time for dress parade and entertainment, a real relic of the older days, a relic of the past, handed down to the present day, possessing all the pomp but none of the powers of the early days of England's kings.

He very adroitly speaks of the army as his army, of the navy as his navy and parliament as his parliament, yet he has no word to say in the workings of any of these functions and appendages of government. True, he goes before parliament once a year and expresses the ideas within his mind that should be carried out; but these ideas are first worked out by the prime minister whose sanction must be appended to each word uttered by the king.

Parliament is the center of interest in English government; especially is this so with the House of Commons which is the real and dominant power in Parliament. The people have always been the real force in England, though they had to combat the



"divine right" to attain their power, and, since they have attained this power, their greatest refuge is the House of Commons, where they send their representatives to work out their destinies.

Yet London, with all its greatness, with all its great reforms, with all its ambitions for the future, has much yet to do. This city's influence has worked out a good degree of civil liberty, a civil liberty which is more like a democracy than a kingdom, but in doing this, it has never accomplished much in securing social liberty from its castes of aristocracy in which the English social life is steeped.

England is the child of aristocracy which was conceived in London. Kings, with the aristocratic ideas and habits of the mainland of Europe, came to London and established these ideas there, and the ideas took firm root and, socially, still flourish to this day. Thus the king and his house, given over to social intercourse, preserve this great aristocracy for which the Englishman is noted. The government in England is a strange mixture between Lords of rank, and Commons of toil, but it is the result of an evolutionary growth which has granted the nation its civil rights; which has granted the nation representation from the homes of the sons of toil; and which has given prominence and dignity to labor and the great mass of mankind which represent labor and the commoner.

But the society is not such a mixture. The classes are thoroughly segregated in London, and in England, and the feeble attempts to reform this condition have been futile. West London is built up for the higher class and its "terraces, parks, and gardens, upon which are concentrated the most lavish display of wealth and ostentation," is a place where such expenditure and display are more manifest than anywhere else in the world. In this part of London is found the great wealth of the world with its representatives, living alone from the "low" classes of humanity.

But in East London the scene changes. It is not until the traveler reaches East London, and mingles in its streets that he realizes fully what is meant by "the multitudinous desolation of a great city in its interminable acreage of crowded humanity." The people are crowded together in the great tenement houses, in hovels, in any kind of a building that will hold people. The streets are crowded; the incessant throng passes by until the looker-on wonders if the whole world is in London and passing by. And well might one feel that way, for only a short watch will reveal that men and women of all nationalities and races are mingled in the great rushing throng.

Here, too, live the poorest of the poor. What a great contrast are the scenes here, from those in the West End. There, the lavish display of wealth. Here, the discomforts and privations and the crime of the

hopelessly destitute. We know of them with their stolidness, wretchedness, brutality, for we have heard of them always. Here are millions of them! They are helpless; they are "down and out," not for a time, but while time shall last with them. They have known nothing better, and probably the very greater number shall never know anything else. Here, as nowhere else in the world, do we see the great harm that is done by crowding great multitudes of people into close quarters where even fresh air and sunlight are practically unknown. These unfortunate millions are here in their poverty, misery and crime, intrenched in their vices, lost to the upper world, and practically without hope for the future.

And this condition is sufficient for our reasoning that London has much yet to do. She has won her civil freedom, but her social condition is far behind what it should be at this age of her civilization. We do not say that the social caste will ever be broken up in London,—yet perhaps greater things have happened there,—but we do say that the upper classes must awaken to the fact that they are, in a great measure, responsible for this poverty and crime, and that much of the misery and wretchedness found there can be obliterated by them when they awaken to the knowledge of the fact that "they are their brothers' keepers."

And many noted men and women of rank in this city have already begun in the crusade against this horrible condition of the people in the worst districts of East London. This crusade has been taken in hand by the most progressive of the progressive citizens of London and their organized movement has produced the trades unions, the social settlements and the socialist organizations.

The social settlements movement removes the people from the crowded tenement houses into separate cottages, built on separate lots of good size, where gardens and trees and flowers may decorate their homes. This movement has become quite popular and extensive and the fruits of the work are exceedingly gratifying. What a contrast a neat little cottage, standing on its separate lot, surrounded by grass and flowers and trees and gardens, is to the dirty, besmirched narrow street in front of an ill-kept tenement house. And what a different feeling its location and surroundings will put in the human breast. The cottage with its verdant lawn, its beautiful flowers, its stately trees and its inviting garden tells the old story of happiness and contentment which leads the ones who dwell there into better ways of living whether they willfully desire them or whether they do not.

What a great force the social settlement would be if it could be so extended as to affect every poor wretch in this great city! It would instill in these people the hope, the pride, the courage, the happi-

ness, the comfort that are justly due them, and would convert the hopeless, downcast countenance into an upright face with an influence for good and better ways of living.

Surely London has not yet found the better ways of perfect living so long as she permits the privations that many of her citizens still endure, and until she solves the problem in its entirety, she can not boast of having completed her great democratic work in which she has so long been engaged.

Certainly the social problem of all cities is one of greatest magnitude, and ere the problem is solved the greatest minds must continue to work for a long time yet to come. Thomas Jefferson once said of the American Republic, "If our government is doomed to failure in its ultimate purpose, the failure must be due to the crime and corruption found in our large cities. Large cities are a menace to our form of government, and unless they are controlled, they may destroy our very institutions." Jefferson foresaw the dangers that lurk in the great cities even in the early days of this country, when, in comparison with the present time, our country had no large cities. The world has advanced in all arts more rapidly since the days of Jefferson than in any other period of the history of the world, yet, in all the advancements made, the evil influences in most great cities still exist, uncontrolled.

This problem, this great social problem, stands staring London, and all the Anglo-Saxon world in the face, offering the race great avenues of work for many generations.

So far in its history, London has not done much in this work in proportion to what needs to be done. The city has made a good beginning though, and it has much in its favor. Its sturdy and progressive citizens know that reforms only come after lifetimes of campaign and education; they know, as did their great citizen of centuries ago, that

"The mills of God grind slowly,  
But they grind exceeding small."

They are in the work. The city government of this great city is almost a model of perfection and security and honesty. Through all its years of administration its simple machinery of government has been running, meeting and solving problems as gigantic, complex and confusing as ever fell to any governing body in all the world, and it has met these great tasks with such tact and wisdom and integrity that not a shadow of scandal or personal corruption has ever attached itself to a single member of the governing body. It performs its labors and meets the great issues face to face and seeks to execute its labors to the public weal. This government is now seeking, to some extent, to protect its citizens of the middle and poorer classes from the fates that have been against them. It is beginning in the socialistic

trend of all the greater city governments which can but end in the public good. It is building and renting to its citizens, municipal houses, it is improving and beautifying its thoroughfares, and has been noted for many years for its acts creating and building public parks. The council has done great things, and the progressive citizenship seems to have recently settled down to do this great work. Whether it will continue uninterrupted throughout the generations that must come and go before this work can be completed, or whether it will swing aside for a new imperialistic movement, as it did for the Boer War, only future revelations can tell. But we know that the race has achieved much, it has accomplished great things and it never stops short of fundamental truth and absolute right. In this existing truth lies the belief that the race will work out its own destiny, and the belief that the social evils of this day must live in the future only in memory.

The future of England and London must be a dominant force in the future of the entire world. If the ideas that radiate out from this great city where dwell six and one-half millions of people, continue in their progressive trend, if its great citizenship shall continue in its progressiveness and public-spiritedness, the world will respond with a like influence and like power, and the enlightenment of the world will continue to grow in perfection and spread in influence until man will have emancipated himself socially and politically throughout the world. Her progressive spirit will join the progressive spirit that smolders in Russia, that is sparkling in Germany, that is glowing in France and America and will unite the world in peace and justice and honesty and happiness; the entire world will eventually be one of civic righteousness and justice.

The responsibility that rests on this great people is truly great, and it cannot fail in its undertaking without shadowing the world in semi-darkness until the regrowth of her ideas shall have come from America and France and minor parts of the world. London is great. Her works are great. Her influence is to be desired, and all the world must be influenced by her final destiny. This city is the greatest factor politically, socially and financially that has existed on the earth. It has in its power the chance to uplift and brighten the entire world. Its progressive policies will satisfy the Russian Nihilist, and raise to usefulness the downtrodden Turk. Its policies would harmonize Austria and satisfy socialistic Germany and be tolerated by democratic France. Her true greatness in the future lies in her ability to grapple with the great questions that her prominence has placed before her. What her future is will be the future of the world.



"It is foolish to attempt to correct the mistakes of others until we have learned the right method of correcting those mistakes in ourselves."





## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXIX.

WHEN I found that my German companions had deserted me I ran back to them and begged them to come just a little farther with me when I, too, if necessary, would turn back and go with them to our hotel. With this strong persuasion they finally yielded and went a little farther on with me. From the main valley we descended into a smaller one, with an inlet stream but apparently no outlet, except a subterranean passage or set of holes that slanted frightfully away into the honeycombed rock that had been left grinning with gaping furrows ever since the sea

of ice had crunched its giant form along the valley. Down the larger of these the water poured headlong, then into a scooped-out channel it fell and rushed, with guttural thud, finding its unwilling path through the spiral contortions of this hollow, sinking well. Over the top of this one we listened, like children waiting for some great giant to speak to us. Like a great fish with thirsty, opened

mouth, this dangerous fissure drank in the torrent of ice water, choking, far down in his throat, not because there was too much so much as because there was too little to satisfy his cavernous maw. In the main fissure were other fissures leading off in other directions. Seven of these could be counted here, each clearly cut and rounded and polished, all turned out by the glacier mill in the long ago, when the falling water and whirling pebbles and eddying currents metamorphosed the solid rock into one tremendous honeycomb that now was rapidly being covered by big

flakes of snow, making our search for the glacier still more difficult.

The German tourists had no sooner begun to follow me in a climb up a rather steep cliff where the loose rocks strewn about caused us a good deal of dodging here and there, when they stopped short, called out a farewell in German, and started at once to retrace their steps. With a little dismay in my throat I called back a farewell to them and told them that I would push on farther and that they would see me at the hotel at supper-time.

Though the snow began to blow in sheets and struck me full in the face, almost blinding me, I hurried forward and upward, little thinking of danger from a snow-storm on the 8th of July.

I had been feeling well that day, my muscles were flexible, and my spirits were at their highest summit of enthusiasm. So I went on, heedless of the snow, thinking only of the glacier I was hoping soon to explore, and of the story of my

adventure I was to tell around a blazing fireplace that night to astonished tourists from several continents.

Cliff after cliff was scaled, ledge after ledge was reached. I was getting closer to the giant field of ice. The temperature was falling, but I hardly felt the difference as a healthy glow of tingling joy produced by the rapid movement pervaded my body.

Slippery with ice and snow I found it necessary to strap my camera on my back so that I could use both hands in climbing the steep and uncertain path that possibly no other man had ever been over. As if to



"Making our search for the glacier still more difficult."

tantalize me, hill after hill, mountain after mountain, rose in my way. No sooner had I scaled one than looking off I seemed farther away than before from the glacier. All around me now, ugly-looking mountains stood in countless numbers. On every angle was a new valley, a strange gorge, a dangerous slope. From below I had guessed that where I now stood I could throw a stone upon the glacier or step upon it, if I chose. But instead of being at the top I was really at the bottom of a dangerously precipitous ledge, on the side of which repeated avalanches going down for so long a time, had deposited millions of tons of fine silt on the surface of which lay, ready to start rolling at the least touch, huge boulders. Sinking deeply into the pebbles and sand and slipping back about as far as I advanced at each step, I took hold of these boulders to help me up. But no sooner had I been aided by them than they, as if longing for a chance to lie securely in the valley, went rolling and jumping at a dizzy rate, starting other sleepers in their path that rolled and tumbled after them.

One of my virtues has passed into a fault. It is the stubborn persistence to finish something that has been started, no matter how difficult, how dangerous, how impossible or how foolish. If it rains on a picnic day I dress up and go out and sit in the woods, just to get even with the weather man. If the fare is two cents and I wish to be economical, I will walk six miles through mud and storm, wear out a fine pair of shoes, lose my energy, and be "all in" when I get there. But I have saved the two cents—what I set out to do.

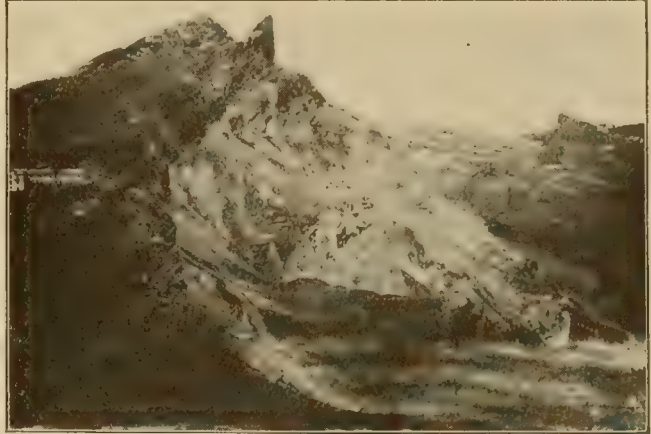
I was going to see the glacier if it—I'll be honest—if it cost me my life!

At last I reached a mere foothold on a dizzy ledge where, by juking, and peering into the semi-darkness with all my optical strength I caught a glimpse of the glacier, where, at its terminus, the big rifts in the ice, covered so that the snow could not reach them, displayed to my curious vision, blue blotches of ice. But the backbone of the glacier was white with snow. It would have been suicide to attempt to scale it. From beneath the mammoth field of ice, at its lower end, where I was, rushed a boisterous torrent that frightened me by its awful noise as it smashed itself into muddy spray over the big boulders lying where they had fallen off of the terminus.

I wished one more and better glimpse of the Sea of Death. "Sea of Death!" I whispered, knocking off the loose snow that had gathered on my cap, "it is well named." Hypnotized by its presence, magnetized by the very danger of the place and time, the monster drew me on with irresistible power. I knew I ought to go back to the hotel. My conscience itself told me that. But I was confident that no danger would overtake me, and heroism urged one more attempt.

To get a better view of the glacier I tried success-

ively three different routes, each time finding that all of my hard climbing on the slippery rocks had been in vain. Above me was an impassable steep, where the mountain hung out over me for hundreds of feet. These rocks were of rotten shale and therefore practically unsafe. Twice I tried to find a way around



Looking Back Toward the Hotel. In the Snowstorm the Peaks Could Not Be Seen.

the rock, by walking along a narrow ledge and hugging the perpendicular side, then lifting my whole weight by getting a hold on the platform above, drawing myself up only to find another and more difficult ascent. Here I stood looking up and looking down, afraid to go back down and absolutely unable to go farther on. When I did leave myself down from these overhanging shelves, I found, like the cat, that it is easier going up than down. Sometimes I took a toboggan slide, with my poor camera under me for the toboggan!

Once more, in a little detour, I tried a last passage. This was through a narrow gorge filled at its bottom by old snow and ice. Below me, under the snow, I could hear the dull roar of the water flowing beneath it. My greatest danger now was in falling into a rift of this snow, now being thickly covered by the falling snow, or in breaking through the frail bridge of ice and being carried into the under channel from which there would be no possibility of escape. So I hugged the side of the gorge, on my left, pulling off pieces of rotten rock that crumbled in my nervous hands, careful not to topple off a big quantity of this rock that hung together with the consistency of ashes. I was climbing a jagged escarpment. Reaching that height, there lay out before me a level space of half a block. Beyond, a flattened crag, ten feet above, with perpendicular slope. Hurrying there I set my alpenstock in a small crevice to keep it from slipping, then, jumping from the other end I swung myself on to the cliff, just reached the top, seized a slippery hold in the rocky edge, and hung there, like a wounded squirrel in a tree-top. If I could only get on top of that, I felt sure the glacier would be unfolded to my view.



After all of my desperate climbing to see it, I didn't like to give up here. But my fingers were getting numb with cold. They were *slipping*. Here I was, hanging to the edge of a rock, ten feet above the landing, with such a slope below that when I fell I was sure to keep on tumbling, and in danger of rolling into the stream under the snow. My feet kicked the air in vain for a foothold.

In pure exhaustion I slipped off, dropping down on the shelving of rock below me, and picking up my walking stick as I went falling and rolling down, my poor camera swinging wildly about my head. I succeeded in balancing myself, right at the very edge of an open fissure in the snow, and started on my "downward road."

To my dismay the tracks I had just made in the loose snow had been snowed shut, but I knew the general direction, and hurried on, as fast as my feet could carry me. The torrent, gushing under the snow beneath me, dashed itself at last into spray and thundered on down over the ledge at the terminus of the gorge.

I was now in the valley again. But on looking for the peaks that were to guide me to my hotel, they were lost to view. The storm had increased to a blizzard. Although it was not exactly dark, night had fallen already for over an hour. Two miles lay between me and the safe hotel,—two miles of deceptive pitfalls and almost impassable fissures. Like a flash, the sensation came into my mind that I was lost,—lost in the Alps, in a blinding snowstorm. Whether I was going east or west, I no longer knew.

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### PERSEVERANCE SUCCEEDS WHERE GENIUS FAILS.

MARY E. CANODE.

THE world is always ready to bow in homage to genius; regarding it as a rare, unapproachable something which renders its possessor worthy of almost idolatrous adoration; often ignoring the fact that the earnest, steady labors of less-gifted individuals have accomplished more real good in the world than the extraordinary natural gifts of the much-envied being whose ability can be of service in one direction alone.

To the mind of the genius we are usually indebted for great discoveries and unusual developments and for this reason we may well honor and admire his abilities, realizing how powerless we are to reach his gifted height. But the genius is usually as powerless to descend to the level of the commonplace, and the common things are those with which we must deal at all times, and it is to meet their requirements that the more ordinary persons often must develop abilities and accomplish results that prove to be more important and usually of greater service to the greater number than are the accomplishments of genius.

The plodding student bitterly laments the fact that his lesson in language, science or mathematics requires three, four or even five hours of hard study, often attended with a failure in class recitation, while a classmate perhaps asks but twenty minutes for the same lesson and is never known to fail. Now, were perfect recitation the standard by which education is measured, the genius of the class should be called the educated man. But education is the result of mental development and this comes only from hard study and close application and the reward in the end comes to the one who has worked for it.

In general, our best educators of today are not the boys and girls that in school were the geniuses of their classes. Easy ability to grasp the ideas of a branch, too frequently resulted in their caring nothing for the development of the special endowment and through that negligence the world has been deprived of its due results from their natural gifts. Consequently the persevering ones are succeeding where genius failed to accomplish its designed work.

It is by perseverance that the individual gains the power and ability to meet the emergencies and heaviest duties of life. The persevering man learns the value of small things and how to appropriate them to his use. He who has learned to appreciate and make use of every opportunity, he who has learned to value a second of time, has earned and acquired an endowment greater than genius ever could have brought him.

Strong natural ability is a desirable rather than an objectionable possession. But it often proves detrimental to its owner's success. By this easy power of grasping those things of his peculiar bent he usually fails to develop himself in other particulars that are necessary to successful business and profession. To be sure, a straight, forward aim to the point in view is generally the proper and best way to attain nearest perfection in any desired line. To this end, what is commonly called a broad education—a reasonable amount of knowledge of many things—is sometimes considered detrimental. But no knowledge can be detrimental to the acquisition of other knowledge. Its acquisition will take time and retard the progress toward the specialty, but in the end it will prove itself to be a strengthener in the foundation upon which that specialty is built. There is always something weak and deplorable about the man who knows but one thing, even though he may know that one thing well.

So, while the gifted few, in many cases, abuse or neglect their abilities, those possessing moderate powers are the ones who recognize the necessity of developing those moderate talents and through perseverance often become more proficient than the natural-born artist who is too liable to depend entirely upon natural gift. However, the truth is recognized that genius can and frequently does accomplish wonders by employing perseverance. Mr. Edison, the greatest of all

modern geniuses, claims that the greater part of, his marvelous ability is the result of hard work and perseverance.

The world, in the main, must depend upon the persevering man for its necessities. We are not obliged to depend upon architects, such as fashioned the temples of the ancients, or even upon the experts of our modern cities to plan and construct our buildings.

We need not wait for some natural-born sculptor to chisel the granite and marble for our monuments and pillars when the trained hand of the deft workman is able to satisfy.

Few, indeed, are the born artists. But as few also are the persons who have not some artistic tastes, and as a result, our homes need not present bare walls because natural artists are few.

If we could only hear soul-stirring melodies and chords played or sung by a Paderewski or a Patti the musical world of today would not be continually adding new adherents to the Divine Art.

We have no modern Shakespearean writer; no Milton, Dante or Goethe. Neither do we need them. They have indeed done much for the languages of the world, but our modern universal press with its thousands of editors and authors is doing much more for the enlightenment of the world.

"The poet is born, not made," is an oft-repeated saying, only partially true. For there are rules of composition that have been deducted from the study of the best poetry which when thoroughly understood and followed, will enable others than the fortune-favored beings to write the mystical lines. And often with better effect than that produced by the natural poet.

The same would-be discouraging remark might as well be applied to the doctor, lawyer, preacher or teacher. And yet we well know there are many persons engaged in these professions who were not especially gifted in an adopted line, yet have been eminently successful. Many a man has been prevented from entering upon the profession of his natural inclinations, whose determined efforts in another have won him enviable success.

The individual who is the possessor of unimpaired mental powers, backed by a determined will, can learn to write poetry; can learn the secrets of appealing to the hearts of his hearers in law or theology; can learn to see an image in a marble slab or train his eye to represent the beautiful outlines of a face or a landscape.

When one looks with admiration, reverence and awe upon the great works of genius, he is apt to depreciate his own abilities by allowing the feeling of comparative insignificance to overcome him, forgetting that the very fact that he is able to appreciate those works, proves the existence of kindred tastes and powers within himself that are pleading for development.

The Giver of all things good is not sparing of his gifts even though but few become the inheritors of extraordinary abilities, intended for the accomplishment of special work. As with the faithless steward of the one talent which doubtless was to have been especially blessed, the gifted few too often fail to meet his requirements. His work must be done and if the specially gifted are lacking in their share of the work, the others must work all the more diligently to make up for the deficiency and to this end he has seen fit to make it possible for perseverance to succeed where genius fails.



### TRUE CITIZENSHIP.

MARK B. SPACHT.

NINETEEN centuries ago there lived a man in the Orient who traveled from city to city proclaiming the Word of God. He was reviled, persecuted, whipped with cords, beaten with rods, and cast into prison without a fair trial,—yet a Roman. A Roman in his time had the full protection of the law, especially when freeborn. On one occasion his accusers seized him and brought him before the chief captain, and the chief captain commanded him to be examined by scourging. As they were tying him with thongs he said to the centurion who was standing by, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man who is a Roman, and uncondemned?" The centurion when he heard this was afraid and went to the chief captain saying, "Take heed what thou doest, for this man is a Roman." Then the chief captain came to the prisoner and said, "Tell me, art thou a Roman?" And, in my imagination, I can see Paul, one of the greatest teachers that ever lived, one of the truest heroes the world has ever known, rise to his feet and reply, "Sir, I am a Roman citizen." The chief captain answered him, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." And Paul said, "But I was free born." His accusers when they heard this were afraid and immediately left. The chief captain trembled with fear because he had bound him. The prisoner was tried in three different courts and before as many different rulers, but they could not find evidence enough to convict him. Paul was a true citizen. He was true to his God, true to his fellowman, and true to his country.

As we look into the history of Europe we find that its beginning was Greece. The Grecians were ardent in art, science, and literature. And in these they had no rivals. Grecian art and literature have lived through every age, and they furnish ideal models for the present day. If you wish to read a great comedy, read Aristophanes; if you wish a tragedy, read Euripides; if you desire a great epic poem, read Homer; if you wish to excel in sculpture, master Grecian architecture; if you are interested in oratory, study the life of Pericles or Demosthenes.

While Greece was conquering nation after nation



and establishing the greatest civilization the world had then known; while Alexander was conveying Grecian power and culture into nearly every kingdom; while the conqueror's successors were fighting among themselves and dividing the empire; while the Ptolemies were promulgating Grecian thought, but not Grecian freedom in Egypt, there was slowly rising on the banks of the Tiber a city that was to found an empire greater than Alexander's, and mold a new Grecian civilization, art, and literature and keep them centuries after the decline of Greece. This was the Roman Empire. If you will look into the history of these nations you will find that the Grecians were overcome by the Romans, and also, that the Romans were conquered by the barbarians. You ask what caused the downfall of these nations. I reply, it was the greed, the jealousy, and the corruption of their citizens and rulers.

As we study the history of past nations we are made to ask the question, will history repeat itself and our own country decline? Methinks I hear millions of voices echo back the answer, No. You ask why, I answer, Our country will not perish, first, because of the principles which urged our forefathers to found it; second, because of the freedom and power of its citizens; third, because the spirit of true patriotism and the principles of truth and right are inculcated in the hearts of our American youths.

The Spartan youth could boast that his sire stood guard at old Thermopylæ or at Marathon; the Roman youth could boast that his ancestors were with the armies that conquered city after city, nation after nation until Rome arose in all her power as the ruler of the world; the French student may rejoice in the fact that his father scaled the Alps with the mighty Napoleon; the English scholar may revel in the knowledge that his ancestors were with the fleet that destroyed the Spanish Armada or with Nelson at Trafalgar; but the American youth can glory in the fact that his forefathers came to America not to found empires, and rule as fierce tyrants, but to lay the foundation of a nation that was to be the most free as well as the most powerful in the history of the world.

Gov. Glenn, of North Carolina, in a recent address said, "If our boys and girls of today are destitute of honor and the principles of true manhood and womanhood it takes no prophet to foretell the future of our State." There is a great warning given in that sentence, for from the youth of our land today will be chosen our future officers. The training that a youth receives will influence his later life. If he is taught to lie and steal and get wealth unjustly, without a doubt he will follow that career. The politician who has greed, graft, or corruption planted in his character is not worthy to enact laws over an American citizen. And, gentlemen, if you would act like men, cast your ballot against such a man. If this great Republic

of ours is to keep on progressing and achieving greater successes than it has in the past, it will be because its officers, in their youth, inculcated in their lives the principles of truth and right.

We may look on the magnificence of Gothic architecture; we may look with admiration upon the master paintings of Raphael, Landseer, or Millet; we may gaze with wonder upon the monuments erected in honor of our illustrious dead; we may behold Nature in all her beauty and infiniteness; but the grandest picture that can cross our vision is to see a youth with a solid character leaving home to fight the battles of life.

The vital need of our country is men. Jeremiah says, "Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem and seek in the broad places thereof if ye can find a man." Men were scarce among the ancient people, and they are not too plentiful today. The world is always in need of men; men who are not for sale; men who are brave; men who are true. It is not possible for us all to win fame and be great in the sight of the world, but we are truly great if we do our duty. If it were in my power I would print, in letters of gold, above the door of every workshop, "Men Wanted"; I would write it above the entrance to every political hall; I would imprint it above the threshold of every American home; I would engrave it, in glowing letters, on the starry heavens so that every eye might behold. I would impress upon the mind of every citizen the importance of being true, so that when the twentieth century will have passed and we again look to the future of our glorious Union we may see the greatest and most stable government, the grandest and most magnificent civilization the world has ever known.

*Williamstown, Ohio.*



#### BACTERIA.

EMMA HORNING.

As early as 1675 bacteria were observed by Antony Van Leeuwenhoek of Amsterdam. He succeeded in grinding a lens perfect enough to see animalcules in water, alimentary canal of animals and tartar from the teeth. He reported his observations to the Royal Society of London September, 14, 1683.

In 1762 Marcus Antonius Plenciz, a physician of Vienna, declared himself a firm believer in Leeuwenhoek. He endeavored to explain how all infectious diseases are related to these micro-organisms and that each disease is caused by a separate germ. This theory was very slow in gaining a foothold among medical men. Even as late as 1820 it was referred to as an "absurd hypothesis."

The great question during this time was whether these organisms came into existence by spontaneous generation or were produced in the way larger organ-

isms are produced; whether these were causes or effects of diseases.

The birth of modern bacteriology begins with the year 1881 when Koch began his research upon pathogenic bacteria. He demonstrated and proved that they are the cause of most diseases by the culture of the bacteria, by artificial means, and producing the disease by inoculation, and by continuous inoculation from infected to healthy animals. By his persistent scientific study along this line he has opened a very important and extremely interesting field of observation which is but in its infancy as yet.

Bacteria are a large group of minute vegetable organisms which multiply by transverse division. They are classified in three divisions—round or cocci, rod-shaped or bacilli, spiral or spirella. The first are divided according to the mode of division into diplococci, streptococci, tetracocci, staphylococci, and sarcina. The second into slender, short, ciliated, and spider. The third into vibrous, commo, and spirochæta. They are composed of protoplasm and a central fluid enclosed in a cell membrane. Many species also have a gelatinous capsule as a protection. Reproduction takes place very rapidly. Under favorable conditions they divide every twenty or thirty minutes. As a means of more permanent preservation spores are formed, one from each bacillus which is often preserved under very unfavorable conditions. (They are actively motile, different species having their own movements which are usually caused by their flagella. These vary from one to very many. The typhoid bacillus has from five to twenty.)

Owing to the lack of chlorophyll in their composition, they are forced to live on organic matter, therefore are either saprophytic or parasitic. The saprophytes are very essential to the existence of higher organisms. They resolve all dead animal and vegetable tissue into simple substances such as nitrogen, carbon, also into carbonic acid, water and ammonia which can thus be used by the vegetable kingdom. We are also dependent on their activity for many of the useful arts. These minute organisms are essential to the manufacture of linen, jute, hemp, sponges, leather, indigo, vinegar, wine, all alcoholic beverages, butter, cheese, tobacco and many others. Thus the saprophytes which form a large majority of all bacteria must be looked upon as benefactors without which existence would be impossible.

On the other hand, the parasites have the opposite effect, causing loss to both animal and vegetable kingdom. Their host must be a living body on which they not only prey but in which they aliment poisonous products which are destructive to the tissue in which they grow. It is to this group that the pathogenic organism belongs. Each disease has its peculiar organism which is distinguished by its microscopic form,

by its effect on the individual, by its activity in pure culture and various others ways. The diphtheria bacillus fastens itself on the membrane of the throat where it multiplies rapidly, secreting a violent poison. Tetanus poisons the body in the same way by its growth in a local wound. Asiatic cholera is produced by their growth in the intestine from which the poison is distributed. The typhoid bacillus invades the intestines, liver and spleen, giving off the poison which causes the fever. The tuberculosis bacillus attacks various parts of the body and spreads slowly, causing consumption, scrofula, white swelling, lumpus, etc. In anthrax and blood poisons of various kinds, the bacillus invades the blood and is quickly taken to all parts of the body. All suppuration and inflammation are caused by these invaders. Leprosy, glanders, gonorrhœa, pneumonia, influenza, whooping-cough, measles and many other diseases arise from the same cause.

These organisms obtain access into the body through the air in the nostrils, by contact through the skin, especially through cuts, bruises, etc. Also through water and food infested with them. In malaria and yellow fever the mosquito is the first host, the disease being inoculated into man by their bites, but the organism is not vegetable but animal.

In malaria these organisms occupy the red-blood corpuscles. Here they germinate in about two days and when the spores burst from the corpuscle they cause the malaria chill. It is at this time that quinine is effective in killing the spores before they enter the corpuscles again. Other diseases, such as ringworm, are caused by a branching plant organism something like mold which invades the skin, causing inflammation and irritation.

Counteracting parasitic bacteria is the study of the age. From the knowledge of bacteria much more has been done in preventing disease than curing it. A strong body combats with these organisms ably without medical help by aid from the phagocytes which load themselves with the bacteria and carry them away. The body also forms an antitoxine which often counteracts the influence of the toxine of the bacteria. It is very hard to find drugs to destroy the bacteria that will not harm the body.

*Shanghai, China.*

✽ ✽ ✽

"There is no God?

Stand quiet there a space.

Let his love shine upon your face,

The whispering air stir soft your hair.

Let down the barriers of your will

Till light and faith dark spaces fill.

Why, all is God!"

✽ ✽ ✽

"TRUTH embitters those whom it does not enlighten."



# THE INGLENOOK

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## HALLOWE'EN.

IN each season there is found some day which possesses greater interest or attraction than any other, at least for some classes. At this season the evening of October 31, or Hallowe'en, is the important day. But it would be difficult to approximate the number who attach any importance to Hallowe'en and difficult also to estimate the value at which this varying number holds the season.

To the sober-minded who are inclined to take most things seriously, Hallowe'en is of no importance and is passed by without a thought, unless it be to deplore some of the present-day methods of observing the day. And, in the light of the malicious and harmful deeds that are perpetrated under the guise of this celebration, all right-thinking people may join in frowning down upon it and lend their influence against such observation.

Coming down to us, as it has, from the times of the deepest and most dense ignorance and superstition, any observance of Hallowe'en must, in these enlightened days, be but a mere mockery. And because it has no true place in this age, it is seized upon by society and made much of as a season for entertainment of the silly, make-believe sort.

So long as these observances of Hallowe'en are harmless, we have nothing to say against people seeking diversion of this kind, but when it grows into the perpetration of tricks which work positive injury and destruction, then it should be stricken from the calendar as a time for celebration. When a day has some important significance and its celebration degenerates until it becomes a positive evil, it is worth while to undertake a reform, but when the day has no real meaning in connection with any phase of our life, and its observance is a disgrace to our civilization, then it should be blotted out.

Hallowe'en is the evening before Halloween or All Saints' Day, and was looked upon in ages past as the

season when the fairies and like spirits were unusually active and propitious. According to good authority, Hallowe'en is clearly a relic of pagan times, as there is nothing in the religious observance of the following day of All Saints to give rise to such extraordinary notions as are connected with this celebrated festival, or such remarkable practices as those by which it is distinguished.

"There is a remarkable uniformity" says one writer, "in the fireside customs of this night all over the United Kingdom. Nuts and apples are everywhere in requisition and consumed in immense numbers. Indeed the name of Nutcrack Night, by which Hallowe'en is known in the north of England, indicates the predominance of the former articles in making up the entertainments of the evening. They are not only cracked and eaten, but made the means of vaticination in love affairs." The following stanzas from Burns's poem of Hallowe'en tell of the ceremony with nuts:

"The auld guidwife's well-hoordit nits

Are round and round divided,  
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,  
And burn thegither trimly;  
Some start awa wi' saucy pride,  
And jump out-owre the chimly  
Fu' high that night.

"Jean slips in twa wi' tentri, e'e;

Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;  
But this is Jock and this is me,  
She says in to hersel':  
He bleezed owre her, and she owre him,  
As they wad never mair part;  
Till, fuff! he started up the lum,  
And Jean had e'en a sair heart  
To see't that night."

There were many others ceremonies of similar nature. Some of them have come down to us and hold an important part in the evening's program. Some have been displaced by others more suited to modern times. And in some places, we are sorry to say, these innocent games of former days have been found too tame and in their stead the evening is given over to the perpetration of cruel jokes and to the destruction of property. We trust that none of our readers will be found among those who find pleasure in such lawlessness.

The festival of All Saints' Day, November 1, which is observed in some places, "takes its origin from the conversion, in the seventh century of the Pantheon at Rome into a Christian place of worship, and its dedication by Pope Boniface IV to the Virgin and all the martyrs. The anniversary of this event was at first celebrated on the 1st of May, but the day was subsequently altered to the 1st of November, which was thenceforth, under the designation of the Feast of All Saints, set apart as a general commemoration in their honor. The festival has been retained by the Anglican Church."

**A WORD TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.**

ALL the editors of the INGLENOOK, from the time of its beginning to the present, have given some expression to the deep gratitude which they have felt toward the contributors who have made it possible to give the magazine to our readers week after week. Whatever of good the magazine has accomplished is largely due to those faithful writers who have willingly lent their talents to the dissemination of the highest ideals through the medium of its pages. They have been quick to understand our aims and ready to help us in working up to them.

But, according to the announcement in a previous issue, the INGLENOOK is to be discontinued at the end of the year, and that means that the inspiring work of these writers must find some other agent. For they should not lay aside their pen because we can no longer employ their efforts.

The INGLENOOK is always planned several weeks ahead of the date of its issue and we therefore have on hand sufficient manuscript, we think, for the remaining issues of the magazine. Our contributors will please take note of this and spare us the necessity of making individual explanations.

**FINDING A WAY AROUND.**

WHEN the way gets hedged up, go around.

Things get mixed up in this world sometimes. It seems to us when these hard times come as if we could not stand it. We fret and fume; we make life miserable for ourselves and for everybody else; we keep the air blue with words that cut and sting and make all who hear them unhappy. Worse than that,—we sometimes blame the Lord for our troubles. Is this right?

A good many years ago I was talking with an old man who had been a slave. He said that every once in so often his master would get his slaves together and give them a good whipping, no matter whether they had done anything to deserve it or not, just to keep them in mind what they would get if they did not behave themselves.

That is the way we look on the things that come to us sometimes. The Master of us all is hurting us, just to show that he can do it!

It is a wicked way of looking at it, and we know it when we stop to think about it. The fact is, a good share of the misery we have in this world comes from our own wrong-doing. We sow tares and forget that there ever will be a harvest.

In our farming we plow and fit the ground; we get in the seed, and we go to sleep, just as sure that there will be something to harvest, by and by, as that the sun will rise and set. Experience has proved that this will be so.

But when it comes to other things, we forget all

about this natural law and sow the seed right and left as if we never expected to hear from it again. The first we know, up comes the seed. Swiftly the grain comes to the ripening. Before we know it, whether we will or no, we must put in the sickle and reap what we have sowed.

Or, our crops are bad. Now that is hard to bear. After working all the year and then to have the crops turn out badly is discouraging. But how is it? Have we done as well as we might? Did we plow and harrow and sow good seed? If not, how can we expect good crops?

It is a sign of a real man to find a way around or make it. It does not take much of a man to give up. The true man never knows that he is beaten. Getting up is the mark of the hero.

Have you been hit on the head this year? Hurts, doesn't it? Makes a fellow see stars for a few minutes. Wonder what hit us, anyhow?

Let it go! Rub the bruised spot; but begin now to hunt for the way around. More times than one, men have turned defeat into victory, and lived to see the day when they were glad they did not have everything their way away back yonder.

There is a great deal of speculating in these days. Even farmers get the spirit, now and then. It is a bad thing from any point of view. Money we get that way is never money that makes us as happy as that we earn by good honest toil.

And the market went the wrong way; we lost. It is the best thing that ever happened to us. If we had gained, we might have kept on dabbling in stocks until we were ruined forever.

The crops we did not get this year may bring us the experience that will help us to reap a splendid harvest next season. The way around is a sure way to peace and happiness. And it brings us home all right.

So for us all, the day will come when we will see that the Lord did not hedge the way up for us, but he did make the way around.—*Farm Journal*.

**THE GOLDEN AGE IS NOW.**

There are no days for me in long ago,

No days in which to work and love and pray,  
No richly freighted hours where sweet winds blow.

There is no treasure for me but today.

There is no field where I may sow my seed  
Beyond the reach of evening's setting sun.

If to this soil today I pay no heed,

The future's fertile fields may ne'er be sown.

The age of iron, of bronze, they are not now,

The bright-gemmed present is my golden age,  
In which I think and live and love and do

What deeds are worth life's brave and noble wage.

And finding in today my age of gold

Tomorrow glows with promise and delight,

As if the Happy Isles oft dreamed of old

Were dawning now upon my blissful sight.

—Author Unknown.





## The Girl in Adolescence

Catharine Beery Van Dyke

I SPEAK of adolescence in the different sexes because at this age sex development consciously introduces itself. The late beloved Dr. Mary Wood-Allen used to plead for a sexless childhood. I was wonderfully surprised at this at first, but observation and experience have taught me that the sex instinct not only can be latent but is so normally and ought not by any artificial, superficial, or vicious means be aroused until Nature leads the child into sufficient maturity of body, mind and soul that it may be governed and wisely directed by the individual.

At this time in a girl's life the world seems to have all changed about. It may come to her at the age of eleven or thirteen and stay until the age of sixteen or twenty. I don't know what it depends upon. Do you?

The imitation games which she used to revel in, such as "Come to see" and other "make-believes" are fast slipping out of her use. Even her doll must be dressed up in its last good suit and laid away or played with only when it will not attract the attention of older people. Her dresses must hang a little nearer her ankles and she must comb her hair pretty and put on collar or lace if she has not worn it before. The girl who seemed hitherto to be the most obliging, yielding and loving in her attitude toward mother will some day surprise you with open revolt. If she has any snap or backbone in her, she will display it during this time, sometimes in cruel, saucy and bitter words to either parent. Sometimes she will take it out on the younger children or her associates. While these outbursts are painful—often humiliating—to the parents, they are even more so to the child herself. Drifted and tossed and hurled by the "storm and stress" within she is also tortured with a sense of her waywardness and folly and suffers doubly.

There is, too, another side to this age. It is termed the "enthusiasms," when the young woman (or man) feels that life is beautiful. Feels but cannot express nor understand that she is going into a new attitude toward the world. She wonders if she shall give to the world some masterpiece of literature, con-

tribute to its treasures in music or art or emancipate woman from being woman and lead her to the polls to vote. And sometimes she thinks she'll not do anything at all—just leave things go to rack and ruin so far as she is concerned. A sense of the importance of her individual, personal self steals over her and she awakes to the almost overpowering knowledge of responsibility. Is it any wonder that sometimes she's up and sometimes she's down?

These are some of the causes and symptoms. Some one suggests a cure. I don't think it is a matter to be cured any more than we would attempt to cure babyhood. There is this, however, to be observed. This period of a young person's life can be made more intelligent, and profitable and even beautiful to the girls and less unbearable to those who are her counsellors and associates if parents and teachers will be wise and patient with her, keeping in mind this particular time in their own lives and profiting by their subsequent experiences. To the girls, during these years, comes that remarkable "miracle of nature" which endows her with the power of motherhood. Inexperienced—often with an uncommunicative mother—she is left to divine, as best she can, the meaning and intent and alas! sometimes to question the wisdom of it all. Here is where "society" women, unwise, ignorant, "nasty-nice," "goody-good," superficial and falsely-modest mothers commit the mistake of their lives in failing to prepare the child to meet this important change in her life. I hold motherhood to be of such high type and station that I feel to make this sweeping statement. No woman is worthy to be a mother who, in this day of advanced thought and practice, and in the light of the possibilities and opportunities to be herself an informed and intelligent woman, does not inform her children upon these emphatically vital changes which occur in the family and to each individual of the family. I simply mean that fathers and mothers should inform and talk with their boys and girls—not their men and women—sons and daughters—but to their little ones as they grow in mind and body, about the mysteries of sexual life—boy and girl life—

father and mother life—and the reproduction of life. When I recall my own experience during my life in the teens, and ponder over the experiences of other women that have been told to me, tears of pity unbidden fall and I wonder that so few women are suffering today—you know there are myriads who are—but I wonder that there are not more sickly women and consequently, sickly children than there are in the world. God is very tender and plenteous in mercy, and Nature tends always to mend and heal her broken laws, else the world would be worse today than it is.

Mothers are you trembling? I am. Oh, this operating with God in the reproduction of immortal life is enough to make any human being tremble. Tremble with horror, tremble with fear lest it might be marred; and tremble with the supreme responsibility that God has allowed us to assume when we marry!

Yet, he prepares the back for the burden and fits the burden to the back if we do not hinder. God help us to be loyal to him, to each other and to our children! Let's have our girl enter womanhood like this:

Blessing she is; God made her so,  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

—James Russell Lowell.



### THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,  
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"  
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

A Persian proverb wisely saith,  
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead,  
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"  
Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart,  
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,  
"Though feet should slip ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,  
"Who keeps the tongue doth keep his soul."  
—New England Farmer.



### TOO GOOD.

I RECENTLY heard a good story. It is Japanese, so I know it will charm you, too. In a certain village were two families, one prosperous and rich, the other merely getting along; yet the former was famous in the village for its unhappiness and the friction between its members, while the latter was equally renowned for its peaceableness and content. The happy family became continually happier—to him that hath shall be given—the unhappy family became continually

more unhappy—from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he seemeth to have.

The man of wealth could stand it no longer. He went to his humbler friend and asked where he thought the trouble lay.

"I have land enough, and house enough and money enough, yet we are always quarreling and unhappy. You have nothing like the means for comfort and enjoyment that I have, and yet your people are affectionate and contented."

The poor man replied thoughtfully, "Perhaps it is because you are all such good people at your house."

The rich man objected that if they were all good people, certainly they ought to be happy together.

But the poor man would not recede. "No, you are all good at your house. Now, at my house it is different. We are a very faulty lot, and we all know it. To illustrate, suppose I am sitting on the rug by the brazier, and the maid passing there kicks over my teacup, spilling the tea over the mats. I immediately out with, 'Excuse me, excuse me. Very stupid of me. No business to leave a teacup out in the middle of the room for the people to stumble over. Serves me right.'

"But the maid will not have it that way. She drops down, wipes up the tea with her handkerchief and with beaming face cries, 'Oh, master, what a blunderer I am! Always stumbling and making trouble. It will only serve me right if you turn me off without a word one of these days.'

"You see how it is, we are such a faulty lot all around, and we know it so well that there is no chance for ill-feeling or quarreling."

And the rich man, after thinking a moment slowly said, "I see it all. It would be very difficult at our house. I would turn on the maid with, 'Stupid, what are you up to now? You've only two feet; can't you look out for that number, or are they so big they are bound to hit every object in the room? I'll have to turn you off some day and get a maid of more delicate build,' and the maid suddenly mutters, 'A lazy man has no business to spread himself all over the room and get in busy people's way.' I guess you are right, we are all too good—or at least we think we are."

In the application of this story I will follow the method of an old college instructor of mine. When some special bit of foolishness had been perpetrated, he would express his opinion of it very vigorously, then, looking vaguely around the class-room, but meanwhile pointing his fat finger at the youth deemed guilty, would close with, "I don't mention any names; I put the shoe there." And I, in turn, point my finger at half the people I know, myself included, and without mentioning any names, put the shoe there.—*Christian Intelligencer*.



### A FEW FACTS ABOUT GENIUS.

At the International Congress of Psychiatry, recently held at Amsterdam, it was announced that geniuses are most often found among the younger children of large families, and in support of this theory it was stated that Coleridge was the youngest of thirteen children. James Fenimore Cooper was eleventh in a family of twelve, Washington Irving the eleventh, Napoleon the eighth, Daniel Webster the seventh, Benjamin Franklin the seventeenth, Rembrandt the last of six, Rubens the last of seven, and Schubert the last one in a family of fourteen. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher were the seventh and eighth children in their family. T. De Witt Talmage was the fourteenth child, John Wesley was the fifteenth, and his brother Charles was the nineteenth, while their mother, Susanna Wesley, was the twenty-fifth child of Dr. Samuel Annesley, who was twice married.

The growth and maturity, intellectually, of the parents was the heritage that these late coming children received, one that those earlier missed because the parents had not then such development to transmit. Genius in the child is often the manifestation of a high state of intellectual development in the father or mother, or both.—*Exchange*.



### SELECTED RECIPES.

**FIG AND PECAN SANDWICHES.**—Remove the stems and chop figs fine. Moisten with hot water and cook in double boiler until a paste is formed. Add a few drops of lemon juice and cool. Then spread on thin slices of buttered bread. Sprinkle with finely-chopped pecan meats and cover with slices of buttered bread. Remove crusts and cut in small shapes.



**A NICE LUNCHEON DISH.**—Four ounces of smoked beef, one cup of tomato juice, one-third cup of grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and two eggs well beaten. Chop or break very fine the beef, add to it the tomato juice. When very hot, add cheese. Make a thin paste of one teaspoonful of flour and a little water. Add this and the eggs the last thing. Cook just long enough to make a creamy substance. Serve on hot buttered toast.



**BOSS GINGERBREAD.**—One cup of molasses, one tablespoon of sugar, one tablespoon of butter, two teaspoons of soda, two-thirds of a cup of boiling water, a little salt and a teaspoon of spice. Put molasses in bowl and add one teaspoon of soda, then the butter. Mix, stir in flour until very thick. Dissolve the other teaspoon of soda in the boiling water and stir into the mixture. It will be like cream. Bake immediately in two tins. This makes a delicious and cheap cake.

**SEAFOAM.**—This is one of the most delicious of the new candies; it is also very easy to make. Dissolve two cupfuls of sugar in one half cup of hot water, then add one half cupful of table syrup, and boil until a little dropped in cold water will harden. Have the white of two eggs beaten very stiff, pour the boiling candy, a little at a time, over these, beating all the time. Add one cupful of nut meats minced very fine and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat until a little dropped on a plate will stand up in shape, then drop by spoonfuls on clean wrapping paper, from which they are easily removed when cold.



**OMELET.**—Cover one-third cup of broken bits of bread with milk and leave to soak. Beat the yolks and whites of three eggs separately, the whites very stiff. Add to the beaten yolks one-fourth teaspoon of salt, a shake of red pepper, and the mashed and drained bread crumbs. To drain, press lightly with a fork and pour off the surplus milk. Mix this well. Warm a spider, grease it well with butter and leave a very little extra butter in it, then put it on the stove to get piping hot. While this is doing, turn the whites gently into the yellow mixture and stir—not beat—until well blended, which will be in a few seconds. Pour into the spider, leave for a minute over the intense heat, then move to a moderate heat, cover with a warmed lid and leave fifteen minutes. Cut through the center and fold. Slide onto a hot platter and serve at once. Be sure to use a spider deep enough to allow the omelet to puff without touching the lid.



### LIME WATER FOR WORMS.

THOSE who are troubled with wire-worms, earth-worms and white worms in flower-pots should water their plants occasionally with clear lime water. This is made by stirring a liberal quantity of fresh-slaked lime into a vessel of water, and allowing it to stand until the liquid becomes clear. This is a simple remedy, but it is prompt and reliable.—*Selected*.

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## The Children's Corner

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### A QUESTION OF POCKETS.

Little Lucy Locket,  
She hasn't any pocket—  
No place to carry anything at all;  
While Lucy's brother Benny,  
He has so very many  
In which to put his marbles, top or ball,  
That when he's in a hurry  
'Tis sometimes quite a worry  
To find the one he wants among them all.

Now why should Lucy Locket,  
Not have a little pocket—  
A handy little pocket in her dress?

And why should brother Benny,  
Who doesn't need so many,  
Be favored with a dozen more or less?  
The reason, if you know it,  
Be kind enough to show it,  
For really 'tis a puzzle, I confess.

—Selected.



### BETTY'S BEST DAYS.

CLARA NORTH RULEY.

BETTY was very ill. Mamma's and Papa Dan's worried faces told Betty so and the Family—why they never laughed any more and they were the "laughingest" family that ever was. Betty wondered and laughed all the more in her little weak voice just to make up for the rest.

Then Uncle Doctor came out from the City. Uncle Doctor was a very great man and cured oh, so many people, but when he saw his little grandniece three tiny wrinkles appeared between his eyes and then Betty knew for sure, for had not those same little wrinkles come when Mrs. Caseys had Uncle Doctor come out to see Baby Norah whose back was crooked and didn't the angels come and get Baby Norah very soon?

Betty was not at all afraid, for passing from this life to another better one seemed a very small thing to her, but the Family, and Mamma, and Papa Dan—they would miss her so. When Betty thought of how they would miss her a great lump seemed to come in her throat, but she would swallow bravely and laugh all the more to cheer them up.

Then Uncle Doctor went back to the City and Mamma and Papa Dan had a talk. "Let's make her life—what there is left of it—as happy as possible," said Papa.

"I will never give up hope as long as we have her, but of course we will all try to make her happy" said Mamma. "If you could only be home more, Dan? She loves you so."

"Perhaps I can. The firm has taken contracts for some buildings out here. I shall see if I cannot superintend them."

"That would be lovely," cried Mamma, "for then you could be home for lunch every day."

So they went about making Betty's last days her best days. The company gave Papa Dan the contracts as he hoped they would, for Corporations have hearts just like other people, only they are so busy making money that they forget about them until a Betty or one of the other "little ones" touches these world-hardened old hearts.

Papa Dan screened in an upstairs porch opening off from Mamma's bedroom, for Betty an outdoor sleeping room, and because she loved flowers so well, he constructed a row of window boxes. It was not long until they were green with growing plants. Betty watched them from early morning until the fair-

ies of Slumberland touched her tired eyes with their wands, planning what she would do with the flowers when they bloomed, for you see Betty could not help giving any more than she could help loving Papa Dan, Mamma, and the Family.

They planned all kinds of merry-making's, some of which took place in the "Sky Parlor" and others on the lawn, with one glorious picnic when Uncle Doctor sent his big automobile out from the City and took the Family, including Betty and Mamma and Papa Dan to Cedar Lake. It was a beautiful day for all. Betty caught a fish all by herself and Mamma cooked it. There were plenty of common fish on the big platter, but everyone agreed that Betty's was the best, and they had reason to know, for she gave them all a taste.

After awhile the news leaked out that the family were making Betty's last days her best days, and the whole village became interested. When the Abbotts went abroad for the summer, they pretended they could find no place to leave Toto, their little toy spaniel, and asked would Miss Betty please to care for him until their return. Of course Miss Betty was delighted to have such a dear little playfellow.

Every one seemed to vie with every one else in bringing the little invalid gifts of fruit and flowers until she was fairly overwhelmed with good things. The Higbees suddenly discovered that they were all too big to ride in their pony cart, so they sent word that Tiny and the cart only waited Miss Betty's acceptance, which was immediately forthcoming you may be sure. Tiny was such a dear shaggy little Shetland pony, and so gentle that Betty could drive him all by herself, though one of the Family went along with her to do the numberless errands she always seemed to have, for as Betty realized her time in this beautiful world was growing shorter, she wanted to do as much for her friends as possible, and the pony and cart made everything so convenient. So crippled Tom and Grandmother Lindsay, who wasn't Betty's grandmother at all, as well as others of God's poor welcomed the pony cart and its pale little occupant, many many times that summer.

One day in September, Papa Dan said to Mamma, "Dearie, it seems to me that Betty is a shade plumper, and she surely has more color than she had a few weeks ago."

"Do you know, Papa Dan, I have been thinking that myself, and this morning when I went out on the porch to see if she was all right, I discovered that she was actually getting a double chin," said Mamma. "Suppose we have Uncle Doctor come out."

And Uncle Doctor did come. Betty took him a ride in the pony cart; they laughed and chattered and had a "beautiful time," so Betty told the Family afterward.

But Uncle Doctor watched his little niece closely while he laughed with her and this time no wrinkles



came in between his eyes, and Betty was so very happy that she quite forgot to look for them. When they got home and Betty was busy eating a big bowl of bread and milk, for she was always hungry nowadays, Papa Dan, Mamma, and Uncle Doctor had a quiet talk out on the front porch. "I must admit, children, that I was mistaken about the child," said Uncle Doctor, "I really thought her days were numbered, and even now I believe that the beautiful time you gave her, freedom from study and her life in the open air have saved her to you. You are too ambitious for your children, both of you. The material things of life seem so big to you that your time was all taken by them and you did not give your little daughter the companionship she craved. The other children did not miss it but Betty is such a sensitive little soul that she was fading away for lack of it. Keep up the treatment, with no school this winter, remember that," and he held up a warning finger, "and she will outlive all the rest of the Family."

"And we'll make *all* her days her best days," said Mamma, softly.

*Milford, Ind.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### AN ELECTION HINT.

R. BRAUNSTEIN.

THE saloon is the foremost lawbreaker of our modern times. It is the arch destroyer of all that is dear to man.

It is sleepless, restless, insatiable, mighty.

There is but one power in the land that is *stronger* and that power is the Church.

If the saloon must be overthrown, the Church must do the work.

The question arises: "Will she?"

She can do whatsoever she will in this, her most important work—for the drink evil in nine cases out of ten is responsible for the evil in this world, if not always directly, then indirectly. Crime, in all its forms can be traced to the saloon.

The service which the Church has already rendered in antagonism to the saloon, is not, by any means, to be disparaged.

On the contrary, it is to be acknowledged as well-nigh invaluable.

More than all other agents, she has rescued perishing inebriates, and softened the hearts of those who were forcing their brothers down to drunkards' graves.

She, more than anything, or more than anybody else, has created the sentiment which rules the saloon, and its adherents out of respectable society, and places drunkard-making in the list of crimes.

Nearly all of her denominations have cried aloud

against the drink habit, and traffic, and have denounced it in unmeasured terms; and some of those denominations have so legislated that none of their members can lawfully buy or sell, or use as a beverage the deadly liquid.

All honor to the Church for the work which she has been doing: she deserves all the praise we can bestow upon her.

*But she is still in the van.*

Before she can fully accomplish her mission to which we believe God has called her, she must take a much longer step in advance, and strike far heavier blows.

Her forces must be thoroughly and permanently organized, and, combined with kindred forces, must constitute the OPPOSITION.

The foes of the saloon must unite against its friends.

The issue must be fairly joined.

The saloon has long carried the black flag.

Henceforth the Church and her allies in this particular warfare must carry it too.

The battle must be desperately fought and the field of battle must be the field of *politics*.

The opposition must enter that field just as did the opposition to the extension of slavery, and it must remain there until prohibition, like freedom, shall become an accepted doctrine against which no party shall dare to speak.

From every organization that sympathizes or compromises with the liquor traffic, Christian men should separate themselves, and unite in an organization every member of which, shall, at all times, including election days, and in all places, including the polls, and with all power, including the ballot, stand against the giant evil of the day.

The voting ministers and laymen of the Church must become a unit on this subject of the ballot-box—the point at which they have been divided in the past and are divided now.

Here, indeed, is a difficult problem.

But it could be solved, and it would be solved were it not for the strength of political party ties, than which nothing on earth could be stronger.

Prohibition measures are good, but alone they are not sufficient. They need to be enforced. They cannot enforce themselves. They must have action in back of them. And action means strong men—morally strong men who care,—who care for their children, their wives, their sweethearts, their brothers, sisters,—men who care for their homes and the future of their country—men with patriotism.

As well might we, at the very outset ask that they enact themselves as to ask later on, that they carry themselves into effect.

The strongest cannon may be accurately aimed, but it will never harm the enemy unless there be some friendly hand to apply the spark.

Of what avail be a Maine law if the friends of the saloon are elected to enforce it?

What benefit can result from even constitutional prohibition so long as Christian men vote for candidates who are out of sympathy therewith, and who will, if elected, wink at the violation thereof?

Saloonists will defeat, if possible, all prohibitory measures. But if in spite of them, prohibition is enacted, they will redouble their energy and open wide their purses for the election of their friends, that the law may be made a dead letter.

They know, full well, that, even though their business be forbidden by the law, they will be able to prosecute it just the same, if they can only place in office men who will violate their oaths.

Oh, for that time to come when the saloon, and its *results*, and its *power* shall be no more! When the great battle shall be a mere matter of history—not a victory for the Church—but for those outside the Church as well.

When once the Christian voters form and execute the determination to vote only for pronounced and *proved* prohibitionists who stand upon unequivocal prohibition platforms, the end will be at hand—and the saloon will go.



#### "IF A REDEEMER CAME."

[This poem, written by I. Zangwill, the noted Jewish novelist and poet, is given the title "Blind Children" by him. The last stanza challenges special attention, in view of the fact that the whole world is, as it were, on the tip-toe of expectancy. These are great days in which to be alive.]

Laughing, the blind boys  
Run round their college lawn,  
Playing such games of buff  
Over its dappled grass.

See the blind, frolicsome  
Girls in blue pinafores,  
Turning their skipping ropes.

How full and rich a world  
Theirs to inhabit is:  
Sweet scent of grass and bloom,  
Playmates' glad sympathy,  
Cool touch of western wind,  
Sunshine's divine caress.

How would they know or feel  
They are in darkness?

But—O the miracle!  
If a Redeemer came,  
Laid finger on their eyes—  
One touch and what a world,  
New-born in loveliness!

Spaces of green and sky,  
Hulls of white cloud adrift,  
Ivy-grown college walls,  
Shining loved faces.

What a dark world—who knows?  
Ours to inhabit is!  
One touch, and what a strange

Glory might burst on us,  
What a hid universe!

Do we sport carelessly,  
Blindly upon the verge,  
Of an Apocalypse?

—The Bible Record.



#### BUSINESS AND RELIGION.

WHAT is the precise relation between a man's religion and his business? In what way, and to what extent should his faith in God influence his conduct in commerce? That ought to be a simple question, easily answered by Christian people, and yet, whatever theories we may have, practically, for the average man, it is a question beset with difficulty.

Let me, then, indicate what seems to be the true and vital influence of religion on business life in three practical propositions:

First. Every business creates certain specific temptations of its own; it is the business of your religion to resist these temptations.

Second. Every business develops certain definite qualities and capacities along its own special lines; and it is the business of your religion to sanctify these talents and capacities.

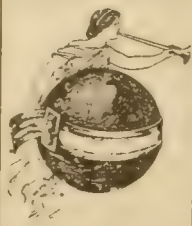
Third. Every business opens up certain opportunities of helpfulness and service for God and man; and it is the business of your religion to teach you how to realize these things for the glory of God and the benefit of your fellow-man.—*Selected.*



#### UTTERMOST LIMIT OF LOVE.

WHEN human power cannot reach any farther, Jesus Christ completes the salvation for which the human heart longs. The cry of age after age is for a personal God and a God that can forgive sins. Job expressed the longing of his generation when he said, "O, that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat!" Plato, the pupil of Socrates, was an exceptional man of Greece, and Greece itself was an exceptional country. This sage from the depth of his heart cried out, "O, for a God, or for a God-inspired man!" The Jews had been longing for deliverance for generations, and when Jesus came they were all on the tip-toe of expectancy. That they failed to see the desired Savior in Jesus Christ does not lessen his power and love. When the little band of Greeks that came up to Jerusalem for the feast came to Andrew and said, "We would see Jesus," they expressed the longing of the Gentile world. They had gone to human shrines, had drunk of the wells of human learning, but they failed to reach the point for which their souls yearned. There is truth in the proverb that man's extremity is God's opportunity. He has come in Christ to coöperate with man and supplement man's power. He brings salvation in abundance.—*Selected.*





# Echoes from Everywhere

The long distance record by wireless is now claimed by San Francisco and the island of Oahu, one of the Hawaiian group. A message was transmitted from the California city to the station of Kuhuka, on Oahu, a distance of some 2,200 miles.

The suburb of Boston known as Chelsea, which recently was almost destroyed by fire, has had another visitation of the consuming element. Recently factories and residences to the value of over \$1,000,000 were burned, including the yards of the Boston and Maine railroad.

A deadly disease, in some respects like the grip, but highly contagious and far more mortal than the grip in this climate, has attacked the already depleted tribes of the Creek Indians on the shores of James and Hudson bays, killing men, women and children by scores.

Electric flatirons are becoming very popular in central Vermont, owing to the enterprising advertising of the Consolidated Lighting Company, which serves the district of Montpelier and Barré. There are 28,000 inhabitants in this district, and one out of every twenty-seven uses an electric flatiron.

A typhoon at Amoy, China, has demolished all the buildings erected for the reception to the officers and men of the American battleship fleet, with the exception of the main reception hall. Many stores in the town were badly damaged and the electric lighting plant is under six feet of water.

A recent estimate shows that the United States Government still holds 714,895,296 acres of public lands. This would give every man, woman and child in the country nearly ten acres apiece. Nearly half of this land is in Alaska and much of it will likely never be settled, still millions of acres of good land are available in the West, and it will be some time before there will be a land dearth in this country.

The Indianapolis News says the six greatest women in the country are Julia Ward Howe, because of her patriotism; Jane Addams, because of her reform work; Helen Keller, because of her perseverance; Maud Ballington Booth, for her work in uplifting the fallen; Frances Folsom Cleveland, an embodiment of American wifehood and motherhood, and Helen Gould, because of her philanthropy.

The English authorities are making known through the medium of the press the disagreeable facts relative to tuberculosis in cows, and phthisis in human beings. The relation of the two is said to be a scientific fact. In many districts of Devon 25 per cent of the cows have tuberculosis. The average number of deaths from consumption among the people of the single county of Devon alone exceeds 300 per annum. In one charity organization 80 per cent of the children are suffering from this dread disease.

The reindeer herd which Uncle Sam is experimenting with in Alaska now numbers almost 20,000 animals. The herd is scattered. A number of animals are loaned to the numerous missions from the station at Unalaska, and all the increase from these divided herds are the property of the Eskimos who care for and train the deer. The Eskimos readily learn to handle the reindeer and love to manage the mission herds.

The average life of an automobile does not exceed five years, according to the published statistics of automobilism in France. In January, 1903, there were in France 12,984 recorded automobiles. During the year 1903, 6,900 new cars of French make were sold, and 350 automobiles were imported. Hence there should have been 20,224 automobiles in France at the end of the year, but the number recorded in January, 1904, was only 17,107. From these figures and those of the following years it has been computed that the average life of an automobile is 4.99 years.

More than twice as many children are seeking employment this fall as last fall, and there has been a decided falling off in marriages, according to the records compiled by the health department. In September last year 1,300 children 14 years old applied for certificates that they might become breadwinners. Last month more than 2,700 children asked for employment certificates. This means that a larger number of parents find themselves without employment or with their earning capacity reduced, so that the children's help must be enlisted. The falling off of marriages is almost as noticeable as is the increase in the number of children asking to be allowed to go to work.

Some time ago, in another department of the magazine, mention was made of the interest President Roosevelt was taking in the condition of the farmers, and of the appointment of a commission to secure for him the desired information. Some of the questions now going over the rural routes are:

Are the farm homes in your neighborhood as good as they should be under existing conditions?

Are the schools in your neighborhood training boys and girls satisfactorily for life on the farm?

Do the farmers in your neighborhood get the returns they reasonably should from the sale of their products?

Do the farmers in your neighborhood receive from the railroads, highroads, trolley lines, etc., the service they reasonably should have?

Do the farmers in your neighborhood receive from the United States postal service, rural telephone, etc., the service they reasonably should expect?

Are the farmers and their wives in your neighborhood satisfactorily organized to promote their mutual interest?

Are the renters of farms in your neighborhood making a satisfactory living?

Is the supply of farm labor in your neighborhood satisfactory?

At the recent annual convention of the Mississippi Valley Medical Association, held at Louisville, Ky., an interesting paper of the final session was that of Dr. T. D. Corthers, superintendent of the Walnut Lodge Hospital, Hartford, Conn. He contended that inebriety was a far more fatal disease than consumption and was more widely spread. The so-called moderate use of spirits by diminishing the vitality and lowering the resisting power of nature, he said, was an active cause of consumption and typhoid fever, and was accountable for over 80 per cent of all cases of pneumonia.

After ten years of toil and disappointment, Rocco M. Viniello, of New York City, has invented a heavier-than-air flying machine. He has not availed himself of any of the motive forces now in use. Finding that a bird's ability to soar and glide is largely due to its power of breathing, Viniello has invented what is practically a breathing machine, which embodies the principles of respiration. He has succeeded in rising ten feet. The machine is built of steel tubing. It is 10 feet high, 6 feet wide and 4 feet deep. The machine has three pneumatic pumps, which their inventor operates by turning a windlass. At every compression of air in the piston the machine jumps.

The arbitration treaty between the United States and China was signed in Washington a few days ago, Secretary of State Root representing this government and Dr. Wu Tingfang, the Chinese minister, representing the Emperor of China. The principal article of the treaty is as follows: "Differences which may arise of a legal nature, or relating to the interpretation of treaties existing between the two contracting parties, and which it may not have been possible to settle by diplomacy, shall be referred to the permanent court of arbitration, established in The Hague by the convention of July 29, 1899, provided, nevertheless, that they do not affect the vital interest, the independence, or the honor of the two contracting states, and do not concern the interests of third parties."

Emperor William has invented a new hub and brake for railroad trains and automobiles, which is described as offering the greatest possible guarantee against accident arising from the failure of existing brakes to operate when called upon. Some time ago Emperor William took a lively interest in this branch of technical work, but he has done nothing in it of recent years. The recent accident on the elevated railroad of Berlin, however, revived his interest, and he spent part of his time during his recent holiday in the country in working out the present device. The practical experiments with it have not yet been completed. Emperor William, who at one time was a pupil of Professor Slavy, will resume his studies in advanced technical science in the professor's laboratory after the end of the winter social season.

After a recess of more than four months, the Supreme Court of the United States resumed business Oct. 12. As has long been the court's custom, no business beyond making a formal call on the President was transacted the first day. This call is one of the most formal ceremonies occurring in Washington official life. The first case to be heard is that of former Deputy Auditor of the Treasury Crawford vs. the United States, a criminal proceeding dealing with the irregularities in the Postoffice Department of some years ago. The court will begin business with a larger calendar than it has had at the beginning of a term since the passage of the Court of Appeals act.

Summing up the foreign missionary work of one hundred years done by all churches of Christianity, Finis Idleman of Des Moines, speaking before the international missionary convention of the Church of Christ, at New Orleans, Oct. 12, said: "We crown a hundred years with 1,250,000 of converts on heathen soil, and with 5,000,000 adherents. There are 4,000 missionary stations with 10,000 organized churches. There are 8,000 Bible schools and 1,500,000 pupils; 50,000 native ordained preachers tell their story in the languages of the countries wherein they were born." A. E. McLean of Cincinnati, president of the Foreign Missionary Society, declared that the society's medical missionaries last year treated 99,000 patients; that it maintained forty schools and colleges with an attendance of 3,388, and had doubled its receipts in ten years.

Paris, Oct. 14.—It is believed here that the international conference on the Balkan situation, which is now regarded as certain will be limited to the ratification of private arrangements. The matters to be settled between Turkey and the powers probably will be the recognition of the independence of Bulgaria and the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina as accomplished facts; the annexation of Crete to Greece through the intermediary of the four powers under whose protection Crete has been; the opening of the Dardanelles; the abandoning of the Austro-Hungarian tutelage over Montenegro, and, if possible, some sort of satisfaction to Servia. It is declared here in competent quarters that Great Britain, provisional upon the consent of Turkey, is now ready to see the Dardanelles opened to certain of the powers. The Black Sea is regarded as a "mare clausum," and Turkey's compensation from all quarters is to be largely financial.

The system of lights used in railway signal is by no means perfect and scientists who have been investigating say it should be abolished and something besides colored lights substituted. The white light for safety is objected to because it is the ordinary light of the home and other places and might be mistaken by the engineers; the green light, which warns to be cautious, may become obscured a little and then looks like a dim white light; red light, the danger color, is produced at an enormous waste of light, as on the average it takes a 30-candle-power white light behind a red glass to produce a one-candlepower red light on the other side. It is suggested that signals be used at night, all of the same color, but which depend upon their form for significance. Horizontal, slant, and vertical lines of light it is suggested, could be used.

**Too Clear.**—"I hope you came out of that horse trade with a clear conscience."

"Yes," answered Si Simling; "but it kind o' worries me. My conscience is so onusually clear that I can't he'p feelin' I must o' got the wust o' the trade."—Washington Star.

**Useful Place.**—Freddie—"Say, wouldn't you like to have three eyes?"

George—"Yes."

Freddie—"Where'd you have the other eye?"

George—"I'd have it in the back of my head."

Freddie—"You would? I wouldn't."

George—"Where would you have your other eye?"

Freddie—"Why, I'd have it in the end of my thumb, so I could poke it through a knothole in the fence and see the ball game for nothin'!"—The Delineator.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### CRIMINALS AND THE PROBATION SYSTEM.

Doubtless you will recall the story told by Charles Reade of the little girl who went to see a burglar that had just been captured. She proffered her request with a curtsy and stood waiting the production of the burglar with eager curiosity. When Farmer Fielding led forth the prisoner, however, the child's expression of pleasurable anticipation changed to one of disappointment, and she exclaimed: "Oh, sir, I couldn't have told it from a man."

Some decades later the world at large made this same startling discovery—that the criminal is a man. "Treat him like a man," arose the cry, "and he will behave like a man."

So we provided better prisons, better food and better clothing. We did away with cruel punishments. We began to abolish degrading customs. We provided hospitals, physicians and dentists. We supplied chapels and chaplains. We established schools and libraries. We provided lectures, entertainments and concerts. We gave big dinners on holidays. And we allowed the prisoner to shorten his term by good behavior. The Gospel was carried into the prisons by volunteers. Associations were formed to help prisoners. And at last such a sickly sentimentality grew up about convicts that, as Charles Dudley Warner once put it, "A self-respecting murderer is obliged to write on his cards, 'No flowers.'"

This rose-water treatment, however, was not successful. The change from severity to humaneness did not reduce the number of confirmed criminals. Eighty per cent of the men in prison still became backsliders. Both methods had failed. And the reason they had failed, some thought, was because we treated the criminal problem too much as a physical one. We had changed the prisons without changing the prisoners.

Yet the movement had not been in vain, for it had helped the new idea to gain a foothold. The old theory held that punishment was for the sake of vengeance. It was built upon the law of Moses—"an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." The offense rather than the offender was considered, and an attempt made to "make the punishment fit the crime." But men commit similar crimes from different motives and suffer different degrees of torture from similar punishments. Hence it is obviously impossible to "make the punishment fit the crime." The new penology, therefore, purposed to make the punishment fit the offender rather than the offense. It stood for reformation rather than retribution. It was founded on the Golden Rule. Its object was not to harm but to benefit.

Under the old system of retribution fully 80 per cent of those sent to prison became backsliders. Although they had committed criminal acts, many of them were not really criminals. Imprisonment made them criminals. Given a chance to reform without imprisonment, most of them would have become good citizens. Here, then, was the point at which to begin the work of human salvage. "Im-

prison no one," was the dictum, "who is not a menace to the community."

This, of course, called for probation. As early as 1878 Massachusetts provided a probation officer for the city of Boston. The result was so encouraging that probation was soon applied throughout the State. With a few exceptions, of which the most notable is perhaps Illinois, the other States have adopted the system. Today probation is an accepted part of our penal procedure.

Before the days of probation, the alternative to imprisonment was release without restraint. This method was objectionable. The offender was likely to think his offense of little consequence, and to be encouraged in wrongdoing. And there was no supervision of future conduct to stimulate him to right living. Under probation the offender knows that though he is at large he is not free. From week to week he must satisfy his custodian, the probation officer, that he is living correctly; and at stated intervals he must appear before the court to report his progress. The probationer's own conduct determines whether he shall be discharged, continued on probation or finally imprisoned. The result is usually a stimulation of the probationer's moral nature.

Probation also keeps the probationer in proper relation with his family. The man in prison cannot support his family. The probationer can and must. Thus the public escapes the double burden of maintaining a prisoner and providing for his dependent family. Finally, the probationer is saved from institutional contamination, from harmful acquaintanceship and from the stigma of prison servitude.

Probation is more than justified by its results. In New York City, for instance, nearly nine-tenths of all probationers turn out well. Out of a total of 6,579 children placed on probation since the opening of the Children's Court in 1902, it has been possible to set the feet of 3,543 firmly in the path that leads to good citizenship—a percentage of 84. Of the 1,260 persons placed on probation during 1907 by the Court of Special Sessions, 95 per cent did well. And 90 per cent of the 197 persons put on probation by the Court of General Sessions, where those guilty of the most serious crimes are tried, became good citizens. Especially has probation been valuable in the police courts, where it is applied to husbands who abandon their wives. Through its influence thousands of families have been reunited, the dependent ones saved from privation, the father from going wrong. What is true of New York is true of other cities. Thousands have been saved by probation to become respectable and valuable members of their communities.—From *The Man Who Goes Wrong*, in *October Circle*.



### CHURCH WELCOME TESTED BY A MINISTER.

Another experiment in church visitation to test the quality of the welcome meted out to shabbiness has been tried. In this case it is a man, a clergyman in disguise; and his experiences, tho confined to Chicago, are wholly

at variance to those undergone by Miss Laura A. Smith, whose career in a similar capacity East and West was freely exploited last year. The Rev. John Thompson, of Chicago, says The Michigan Christian Advocate (Detroit), utilized his summer vacation in making practical tests in order to determine for himself whether a man in ordinary dress would be welcomed in a fashionable church and made to feel at home there. His adventure is thus set forth:

"He put on an old threadbare coat, trousers bagged at the knees and fringed at the bottom, a dark-colored shirt, a stained celluloid collar, a faded pink tie, a black hat, a pair of old shoes, and in this disguise he visited several wealthy churches, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, and Methodist.

"Nowhere was he recognized as to his identity, but everywhere was he heartily welcomed, comfortably seated, given hymn-books, and otherwise cordially treated. In one church he was seated well at the front, and was warmly invited to come again. In one crowded congregation, all seats being taken, a well-dressed man arose, approached the (to him) stranger, and invited him to enter the family pew. He did so, and the courteous pew-holder then found an extra chair, placed it against the radiator and occupied it during the service. In all services he found people who interested themselves in him, and in summing up his experience, writing to a local city paper, he says:

"Now, after all this 'melancholy whine,' about shabby strangers being snubbed at church, we have the truth of conditions in the wealthy churches of Chicago.

"I am satisfied that the wealthiest and most fashionable churches are exerting every effort to make any stranger feel perfectly at home. I saw so many instances of this that I am convinced that all the churches I visited are thoroughly democratic and sincere in their purpose."

"Any intelligent person who doubts that Mr. Thompson's experience would be representative in any other case, might try the matter for himself."—Literary Digest.



#### WHAT ONE MAN IN BERLIN MIGHT DO.

On the eve of the opening of the Interparliamentary Conference at Berlin last month, Andrew Carnegie sent a letter to Hon. Richard Bartholdt, president of the United States Group of the Interparliamentary Union, in which he said:

"I cannot escape the conclusion that the abolition of war among civilized nations as a mode of settling international disputes is very easily accomplished. There will be one man in Berlin while your congress is in session who has only to speak the word. The emperor of Germany has it in his power to abolish war among civilized nations. All he has to do is to ask Great Britain, France and the United States to unite with him in declaring that, since the world has contracted to a 'neighborhood' and is in constant and instantaneous communication one part with another, the interchange of products between them amounting to thousands of millions a year, the time has passed when any one civilized nation can be permitted to break that peace in which all are so deeply interested. International disputes must be settled by arbitration. Neither of the three countries named could afford to reject this invitation, and the emperor would have performed a service to the world unequalled by any human being that ever lived. Whether his majesty is to fail in this great mission and pass into history as one of a long line of rulers not men of achievements, but

only of title, or to awake some morning to his duty and perform his mission, we cannot tell, but I shall hope that the angel of the Lord will appear unto him."

This is a restatement of the plan which has several times been suggested by Mr. Carnegie, notably in his St. Andrews University Rectorial address, to ensure the settled peace of the world. His thought is that the four great powers mentioned should enter into an agreement never to go to war with each other, and never to allow any other two powers to fight each other.

It is possible that a league of peace of this kind might work, if the enormous difficulty of starting it could be gotten out of the way, and at the same time admission of the other forty powers to it were made perfectly free. No such league based on force could possibly succeed if it were made exclusive, and the rest of the powers were forced to feel that they were to be under the compulsion of the mailed fist of the four as to their conduct in reference to one another. History has made perfectly clear what the result of such a coalition would be.

But Mr. Carnegie is probably entirely right in believing that Emperor William holds the key, or at least one of the keys, to the conditions which would lead to the abolition of war among the civilized nations. Germany and Great Britain, more than any other or all others of the powers, stood in the way at The Hague last year of the adoption of certain measures which would have made war extremely improbable, if not impossible, in the future. Germany refused to have anything to do with limitation of armaments and declined to accept the proposition for a general treaty of obligatory arbitration, even of limited scope, to both of which Great Britain was favorable. Great Britain, in her turn, rejected the proposal for an agreement to make unoffending private property at sea exempt from capture in time of war, a proposal favored by the Kaiser's government. These reserves of the two great powers on opposite sides of the North Sea put a big stick in the wheels of the Hague Conference which blocked the whole machinery. Now, if the German government, led by the Kaiser, would say to Great Britain, "we will accept a general treaty of obligatory arbitration and the principle of limitation of armaments, and will be ready sincerely to coöperate with you and other powers in carrying these principles into operation, provided the British government will agree to the immunity of private property at sea," the greatest political obstacle to the further progress of the cause of world peace would be out of the way. Something like this would have to take place in any event between Germany and England, even if the Kaiser should attempt to create a league of compulsory peace, as suggested by Mr. Carnegie. If this, however, were done, there would be absolutely no demand for such a league of force, for a world league of a purely pacific nature composed of all the nations would be the natural and almost immediate result. It is along this line that the Kaiser's supreme opportunity lies.—Advocate of Peace.



#### THE NIGHT-RIDER FOLLY.

Perhaps nothing less than tragic experience will halt a great section of the American farming population on the broad road to destruction which it has started out to travel.

There was some excuse for the Kentucky tobacco growers who organized the night-rider violence. The Tobacco Trust had begun in the most cold-blooded fashion to put in operation a policy which would have ruined every tobacco grower in the State. As a matter of fact it did



ruin many before effective opposition was organized. It was the best farmers in every sense of the word who got together to fight the trust—the most thrifty, the most enterprising, the most social and capable of some personal sacrifice in the interest of coöperation for the common good. It was the selfish and penny-wise ones who refused to make common cause with their neighbors and allowed themselves to be made tools of the trust. Such men always provoke the anger of their betters and the wrath of such as believe in solidarity, but who blunder from their lack of foresight and self-control. Then begins the unfortunate resort to coercion and lawlessness, to compel the "scabs" to come into the "union." It does not appear that the cotton planters of the lower South have had any such provocation as the tobacco growers had, and their imitation of the night-rider methods of the Kentuckians is a deplorable blunder. If the example shall be still further and more widely imitated by other parts of the agricultural population of the country the consequences will be overwhelmingly disastrous to them and to the nation.

No very profound knowledge of human nature and of political economy is needful to understand what will inevitably happen if these methods are persisted in in Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi or elsewhere. They involve an enormous destruction of property, a reign of terror in every neighborhood, and a succession of tragedies bringing lifelong grief to scores of families. Men of sense will not continue indefinitely to reside in such neighborhoods, and try to make their living under such conditions. Their lands will be for sale and there will be a buyer standing ready with the cash. That buyer will not be an individual, but a trust, and the outcome will be that within the lifetime of a generation the choicest tobacco lands, the choicest cotton plantations, and so on, will be owned and tilled not by self-respecting, prosperous independent farmers of the old stock, but by tenants and hirelings, largely foreign born. The most interesting and hitherto thriving agricultural communities will be transformed in character, and the balance of power which the agricultural population has until now held in economic affairs and in politics will have been destroyed. A tremendous stride will have been taken toward crushing out the middle class, destroying the chief opportunity which the man of independent spirit now has to be his own employer and to manage his affairs in his own way, and so dividing the entire American people into two great opposing factions, the capitalistic employers and the wages class.

Meanwhile the moral stamina and the law-abiding spirit, which are essential to a people that hopes to solve the immensely difficult problems that modern industrial evolution has raised, will have been strained and impaired. Violence, whether falling short of revolution, or rushing madly into it, achieves nothing but destruction. It may sweep away obstructions and clear the ground for better things, but it leaves a barren waste upon which constructive effort must begin anew, and the new construction is almost sure to recreate privilege and abuse if the people have lost their power of self-restraint and their habit of attaining ends by lawful means.

We sincerely hope that we have exaggerated the danger, and that the farmer folk will listen to reason, and halt in their madness before they have paid the cost of folly to the last. Surely they should be capable of learning something from the mistakes of organized wage-earners in their century-long conflict with employers. The machinery-smashing period came to an end only when it had

forced the unhappy blunderers to abject submission under starvation. Every sane labor leader now admits that the régime of strikes has accomplished nothing. There is no "way out" for the working man except the way of construction instead of destruction, and that way demands self-control, knowledge, persistent effort and vast patience under loss and wrong. The farmers will find that there is no other way out for them.

Whether it will be through the development of voluntary coöperation or whether it will be through much patient and law-abiding experimenting with governmental regulation that fair play and an equalizing of opportunity will be established in our economic life, we do not undertake to say. Perhaps it will be by methods that no one as yet clearly foresees. It certainly will not be accomplished through lawlessness and violence, and every hour and every dollar put into these mistaken attempts, instead of into a patient study of the problem and a whole-hearted effort to develop constructive plans, merely puts off the day of better things.—The Independent.



#### BETWEEN WHILES.

To the Rescue.—"Writing to Charlie?"

"Yes."

"I thought he was engaged."

"He writes me that his girl has thrown him overboard, so I'm dropping him a line."—Kansas City Journal.



In Blissful Ignorance.—A ganger on one of our large lines of railway has a keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon, while walking along the line, he found one of his men placidly sleeping on the embankment. The "boss" looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a full minute and then remarked:

"Slape on, ye lazy spalpeen, slape on, fur as long as you slape you've got a job, but when you wake up you ain't got none."—Tit-Bits.



Business is Business.—"But, look here," said the indignant antiquary. "In my article on Early Grecian sculpture I distinctly mentioned Phidias. Why has his name has been deleted?" The editor smiled quietly. "When," he said, "you find old man Phidias getting his work advertised in this paper under five shillings a line, you come right around and let me know."—The Bangkok Times.



Latest Kind.—"So your son Josh is going to law school?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel; "but he don't pay no 'tention whatever to his books. I guess maybe he's goin' to be one o' these here unwritten lawyers."—Washington Star.

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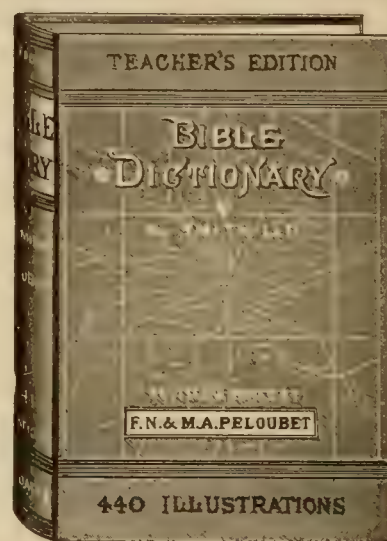
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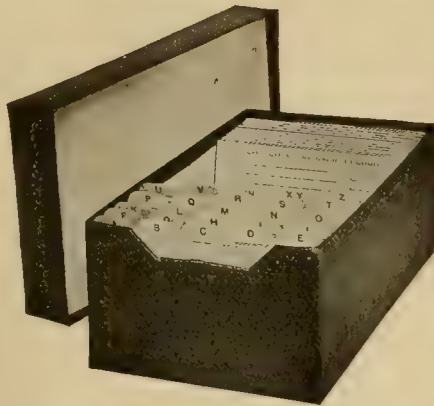


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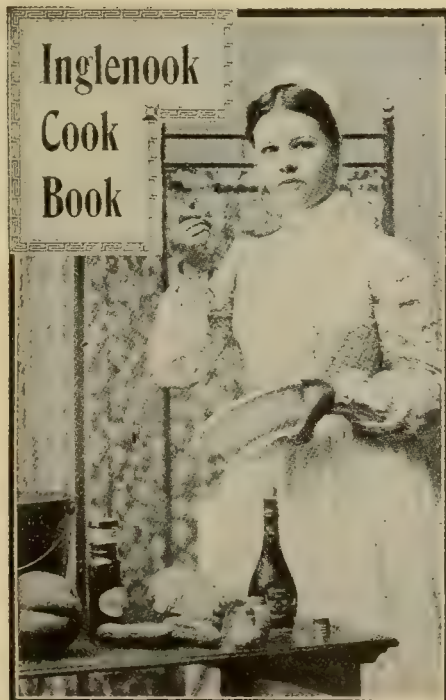
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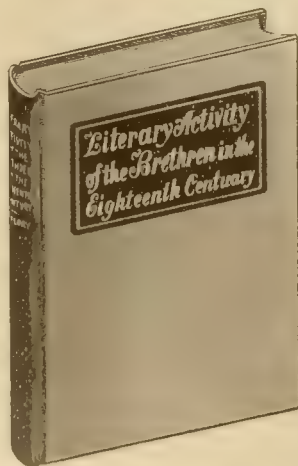
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Keeps Map Makers  
Busy**

If it hadn't been that the Siskiyou Mountains got their backs up—away back ages ago, when the world was young—this story of the greatest farm land opportunity on the American continent might never have been written, says Carl P. Johnson in "Home Life."

But the fact remains that the Siskiyou grades are steep, and after the Southern Pacific had grown tired of hauling the heavy trans-continental trains over that huge hump, at terrific cost in coal, its engineers began to look about for a route offering easier grades.

The immediate result was the construction of a "cut off" running North and South straight through Butte Valley from one end to the other.

But the most far-reaching result from the standpoint of the men and women who read this article was the opening up of 33,500 acres of wonderfully fertile valley land to the homeseeker and investor.

But for the coming of the railroad, Butte Valley, with all its splendid natural advantages of rich, black soil, abundance of pure water, delightful climate and magnificent scenery, would have remained in undisputed possession of the jack rabbits for decades to come.

But fate, or the Siskiyou Mountains or the railroad—whichever you choose to thank—intervened, and in two years' time Butte Valley has bloomed into a veritable garden, with 11,000 acres already settled.

A hundred families—the vanguard of an army of homeseekers—are now living there and making money rapidly as the land is adapted to general farming, fruit culture, stock raising, grain raising and dairying. The new town of Macdoel has five stores and several shops, numerous dwellings, a \$4,000 church, which is also used as a school, and at the present rate of growth will soon be an important trade center. The railroad is pushing its way westward with all possible speed, and when connections are made with the old line of the Southern Pacific at Eugene, Oregon, the bulk of the road's trans-continental traffic will be carried through this valley.

## **Wonders of Butte Valley.**

Do you delight in the grandeur of mountain scenery? Butte Valley offers you a scenic panorama that has no parallel in magnificence. Forty

miles to the south towers snow-capped Mount Shasta. Sixty miles to the north, Mount Pitt lifts its giant head.

The background for the picture is formed by the connecting range before referred to—the Siskiyou. Beyond, to the east, lie the foothills. The valley is as level as a floor—and the soil is no less wonderful than the scenery. It is volcanic sediment from three to nine feet deep—black as the ace of spades—and so rich that it has already surprised the world with 27-pound cabbages, 8-pound potatoes, apples measuring 15 inches in circumference, pears that have never been surpassed in size, shape or flavor, and enormous yields of grain, timothy, clover and alfalfa. There is not a stone in the whole valley big enough to throw at a chicken.

The altitude of Butte Valley is 4,200 feet. The climate is that of Salt Lake City. Asthma, catarrh, tuberculosis, bronchitis, hay fever, etc., are unknown. The valley has 20 inches of rainfall, besides sub-irrigation.

The water is soft, cold, pure and abundant. The land is quickly and easily cleared by simply breaking down the sage brush and raking it off.

Dame Nature seems to have overlooked nothing essential to the happiness and prosperity of those who were to people this marvelous valley when she poured her bounties into its lap.

## **Growth of Butte Valley Seems Like Magic.**

News of the wonderful advantages of Butte Valley has spread with remarkable rapidity. The railroad builders are being closely followed by the home builders.

New houses are going up so rapidly that it is impossible for the local sawmills to saw lumber fast enough to meet the demand. Carload after carload of lumber is being shipped in from Weed and Klamath Falls. Many people are living in tents while their houses are being built. From one elevated point, where one year ago only five inhabited shacks were to be seen, you can count over a hundred new buildings. Where the town of Macdoel now stands there was nothing but sage brush one year ago.

The growth of the valley is absolutely without a parallel in the history of colonization movements.

The opportunities for money-making are so exceptional that the attention of the whole country has been attracted, and it will be but a comparatively short time until every available acre of Butte Valley land will be taken.

Approximately one-third of Butte Valley land has already been settled upon. This leaves only 22,500 acres. By the time you read this the Fall excursions will be bringing in hundreds of eager landseekers, most of whom will undoubtedly buy Butte Valley farms.

## **Fruit Basket of the Western World.**

The fruit business in Butte Valley is in its infancy, yet the remarkably fine apples, peaches and pears grown along the outer edges of the valley prove the coming greatness of the industry. Experts in the department of agriculture of the government bear witness to its splendid fruit possibilities. The following extract from a report of the Bureau of Soils, Washington, D. C., will prove of special interest to the man who is looking for a good place to invest his money in a fruit country:

"Apples have yielded abundantly and the fruit has been of choice quality, be-

ing of bright appearance, brilliantly colored and free from fungus or insect pests, and the outlook for the development of this industry is promising.

"The varieties likely to succeed best are the Spitzenbergs, Newton, Pippins, Northern Spy, Jonathan and the Rome Beauty. Pears, plums, quinces and berries would also do well in all localities favorable to apple culture."

Unquestionably the valley will be one of the greatest fruit countries in the world. Small fruits do exceedingly well. Colonists obtain wholesale rates on fruit trees. The vast number of acres planted in apple orchards this season is ample evidence of the confidence the residents have in the future of fruit raising in Butte Valley.

The pests that ruin fruit trees in the East are unknown in the valley. The authorities examine every tree and shrub shipped in, to see that no pests are brought in.

## **The Valley of Fat Cattle.**

Thousands of cattle are fattened in Butte Valley and thousands of sheep graze on the surrounding foothills. Stock raising is highly profitable. The succulent natural grasses, pure water and eternal sunshine provide every essential for successful dairying.

No better location for creameries than Butte Valley can be found anywhere, as electric power can be furnished at a very nominal cost, owing to the many mountain streams.

Fortunes will be made in the dairy business—and quickly, too.

## **Opportunities for All.**

Just now, while land is cheap and sold on easy terms, the Butte Valley offers remarkable opportunities to the young man starting in life, or the older man seeking a fresh start.

A nice little Butte Valley fruit farm will, in the course of a few years, make a man independent for life. Truck farming is immensely profitable. The mines and lumber camps now use all the people can raise. Beef cattle and dairy products pay handsomely. Macdoel offers a splendid opportunity to those wishing to go into business. The surrounding mountains are covered with dense forests of pine, cedar and fir, and lumber companies are reaping a harvest.

More sawmills are badly needed, as the product of the two mills now in Butte Valley does not even begin to meet the demand. Any man can make a success in Butte Valley if he is willing to work, but a lazy man would feel mighty lonesome out there among the hundreds of hustlers who are transforming the land of sage brush and jack rabbits into a twentieth century paradise.

## **Go and See for Yourself.**

My earnest advice to every reader of Home Life who can possibly make the trip is to take the first train for Macdoel and see with your own eyes the wonders of Butte Valley.

The railroads are making special excursion rates for September and October, the best months in the year to go. I understand that the "homeseeker's" rate is only a trifle more than half the regular fare.

Northern California is simply glorious in September and October. By all means take advantage of the cheap rates and join the stampede for cheap farms and happy homes in Butte Valley.

Ask **E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A., U. P. R. R. Co., Omaha, Neb.,** for literature.—The Lincoln (Neb.) Daily Star.

# Silas Smith's Second Wife

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This very popular story is in great demand from every State in the Union. It has now reached its

## One Hundred Thousand

The last edition is designed especially as a Souvenir edition, and is beautifully and profusely illustrated. The regular price is 25 cents, but we will mail a copy to the readers of the Inglenook Absolutely Free upon receipt of your name and address or that of your personal friends. Order now as the probabilities are that when this edition is exhausted it will be out of print. We have received, within the last month, as high as 400 orders a day for this charming story. Write a letter or card now for one and address anyone of the following.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Omaha, Nebr.

D. C. CAMPBELL, Colfax, Ind.

ISAIAH WHEELER, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

E. M. COBB, Elgin, Ill.

LEE FRANK, 193 So. Clark St. Chicago.

**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND COMPANY**

**MACDOEL, CALIFORNIA**



# Too Scientific

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In these days of scientific research it is quite fashionable to hail with joy every new remedy that is endorsed by eminent men of science. Some years ago it was Dr. Koch's lymph for consumption. Soon invalids from all parts of the world congregated at Berlin to be treated by that eminent man of science, yet the name of his remedy has already been forgotten. While it is not to be denied that science has made some rapid strides and that many things have necessarily been learned which were not known before, there are, at the same time, some things which possibly it shall not be given man to know; the human system is so complex and the science of medicine, if we shall call it science, is so uncertain in many respects.

It is not always the extremely scientific treatment that brings relief. A common poultice, made by an old negro coachman, in a case of white swelling not long since, proved more beneficial to the patient in a single day than a whole month's treatment by a renowned doctor. In the treatment of diseases there are, however, a few main principles on which all are agreed, and if we keep these faithfully in mind we can not go far astray.

In the first place, we must recognize that the blood

is the life; furthermore, that this vital fluid must be kept pure and vigorous if we are to enjoy good health. This is all-important. If our blood becomes weak or impure our whole system will suffer. We will become sick. The weakest spot in our anatomy will become affected first. It may be the stomach, the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the lungs or other vital organs. We are, in a sense, in constant peril.

An impure condition of the blood will show itself in many ways. We may have aches here and pains there—touches of rheumatism; our skin may show outbreaks of impurities; all these symptoms require attention. It is our duty to assist Nature in her efforts to throw off these impurities, the cause of the trouble, through the proper channels.

It has always been and is, to this day, a source of wonder to the public that diseases which have apparently baffled the so-called highest scientific skill have yielded to the quiet influence of some plain household remedy, and yet the secret of the whole business is that it struck at the root of the trouble—the impurity in the blood. The following is a case in point:

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St. Vincent's Orphan Home,  
Ft. Wayne, Ind., Sept. 14.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.:

Dear Sirs:—It is with the greatest pleasure that we report to you the complete cure of a child at this institution. It is the case of a little girl, eleven years old, who has had an eruption for five years and which eventually covered her entire body. At first it showed itself in red spots about the size of a five-cent piece, but finally they became the size of a dollar. The older they became, the more angry and fiery they looked. These spots would cover with scales. We had the services of many, and

among them highly experienced physicians, but all in vain. Finally we took refuge in your **Blood Vitalizer**, and O what a wonder! After the use of a few bottles, the eruptions had entirely disappeared. We can but tender you our sincerest thanks and give your remedy its deserved praise. We wish that all the people might learn of the wonderful healing properties of your preparation. Wishing you God's blessing, we remain,

Sincerely yours,

Sisters of the St. Vincent's Orphan Home,

Sr. M. Martha, Superior.

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## THE ONLY MEDICINE.

Toledo, Ore., Jan. 9.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.:

Gentlemen:—I thought I would write to you and thank you for the great benefit my wife has derived from the use of the **Blood Vitalizer**. It is the only medicine that has ever done her any good. We obtained the **Blood Vitalizer** of your local agent here and the remedy is taking the lead of all medicines in this neighborhood.

Kindly send us your paper and pamphlet.

Yours truly,

T. P. Fish.

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## PAST THREE SCORE AND TEN.

Salunga, Pa., Oct. 4.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.:

Dear Sirs:—I am using your **Blood Vitalizer** as an invigorator for my system. I once used your medicine for eczema and it cured me. Since then I have used it whenever I need a little building up. I am past three-score and ten, yet I do a man's labor on the farm. I am going to acquaint the Mennonite Home at Lancaster with your Remedy.

Yours truly,

Jacob M. Greider.

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When all else has failed try DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. But why wait till then? Why not commence treatment at once with this old, time-tried preparation, before the malady has become too firmly entrenched in your system? Nothing is gained by delay. DR.

PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, unlike other ready-prepared medicines is not to be obtained in drug-stores, but is sold to the people direct through local agents by the proprietors.

## DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue

CHICAGO, ILL.

A TIMELY  
BOOK!

# The Unfolding Life

A Study of Development with reference  
to Religious Training by

**Antoinette Abernethy Lamoreaux.**

The latest and best book on child study. Highly endorsed by many prominent Sunday-school workers. This book endeavors to meet the need of the busy parent or Sunday-school teacher who desires to nurture intelligently a developing life. Some of the great facts which Child Study and Psychology have revealed concerning growth and development from early childhood to maturity are discussed in untechnical language, and their practical bearing upon work in the home and Sunday school made clear. Although nurture, physically and intellectually, is not overlooked, the underlying purpose of the book is to make sane and effective the religious nurture of unfolding life.

"Read with great interest and pleasure"

*I have read Mrs. Lamoreaux's book, "The Unfolding Life," with great interest and pleasure. It is a splendid and scholarly presentation of the subject, and I consider it the best book I have read on the subject.—M. G. Brumbaugh, Superintendent Public Schools, Philadelphia.*

*I have read "The Unfolding Life," written by Mrs. Lamoreaux, and pronounce it the best treatise on the development of the human life that it has ever been my good fortune to read. Every Sunday-school teacher and parent should read and re-read it at the earliest possible date. It will add new joy to the work of child training.—I. B. Trout, Sunday-school Editor, Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois.*

A book we cannot recommend too highly  
Price, Postpaid, 75 cents

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**By John S. Flory, Ph. D.**

With an Introduction by Elder D. L. Miller

An intensely interesting volume dealing with the history of Educational Work and Literary Endeavor in the Church of the Brethren during the first century of their existence as a denomination. Owing to the careful and conscientious research on the part of its author, this book will be referred to as an authority on the subject for years to come.

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I have just read "The Literary Activity of the Brethren in the Eighteenth Century," by Dr. J. S. Flory, of Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Va., and pronounce it a par excellent work in every respect. It is a book that every person ought to possess.—Eld. I. B. Trout, Sunday-school Editor.

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est interest. The amount of matter digged up is marvelous. It is with difficulty that you stop reading, when once you begin.—Eld. H. C. Early, Member of General Mission Board, Church of the Brethren.

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If you have not already secured a copy of this book, place an order with our nearest agent, at once. A cloth bound book of 335 pages. Price prepaid, \$1.25.

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.**



# OVER 200,000 ACRES

of land have been filed on under the CAREY ACT in the Twin Falls District, Idaho, since April, 1907.

¶ There is still a large amount of land waiting for the settler in the above district. Also great opportunities are offered at American Falls, at Gooding and other points along the OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD.

¶ The Payette-Boise Reclamation Project under the U. S. Government is about completed and will be ready to furnish water to about 300,000 acres of new land in the spring of 1909. These lands can now be bought at reasonable rates and terms, by the settler, and are situated where the country is already partly settled, near good towns, railroads and electric lines.

¶ Rural mail routes and telephone lines are already established. Good schools and churches. No storms or cyclones. Farming is done by irrigation. No failure of crops by reason of too much rain or drought. Fruit crop is abundant every year. The people are happy because they are prosperous.

## Wonderful Possibilities

for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

¶ Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

¶ Arrange your plans to go and see Idaho as soon as possible and secure some of this fine land.

¶ HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP EXCURSION RATES are on First and Third Tuesdays of each month in 1908.

¶ Colonist One-Way Cheap Rates to points in Idaho, Oregon and Washington in effect daily from Sept. 1st to Oct. 31, 1908 inclusive.

¶ WRITE NOW for printed matter and full particulars regarding this great country and how to get there.

**S. BOCK,**

Colonization Agt.  
Dayton, Ohio

**D. E. BURLEY,**

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.  
Salt Lake City, Utah

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

November 3, 1908.

No. 44.

## Martin Luther

Nathan Martin

### In Three Parts. Part One.

MARTIN LUTHER, the Apostle of the Reformation, was born in the little German town of Eisleben, November 10, 1483. His father was a miner, who, though in humble circumstances, moved in somewhat higher social circles than others in his class, being well-read and of an intellectual turn of mind. His mother was a woman of marked modesty, reverence and prayerfulness. She was industrious and her highest concern seems to have been centered in her son, a worthy object. The home government, while always well-meant, was sometimes austere.

Soon after Martin's birth, the family moved to Mansfield, where the youth assisted his father in wood-cutting and kindred labors, thus developing the fibre which later served him so well in his lofty office. The result of his early labors was not selfishly hoarded up by his father, but was devoted, when an opportune moment came, towards the son's education.

At the early age of fourteen, Martin was sent to school at Magdeburg. After continuing here for two years, he was sent to Eisenach, where better facilities were offered. By this time, it happened that his funds ran low, and he resorted to street singing, a practice quite common among the students. He was diligent in his work and progressed rapidly in Latin and other studies. Proficient in literature, the modern High German Language stands as a monument to his memory.

In his eighteenth year he went to the University of Erfurth, where, four years later, he received his Master's degree. He read carefully the works of Ovid, Virgil and Cicero. His hobby, however, was philosophy. Yet while the scholar was developing in a very striking way, the spiritual man was even more predominant. The teaching of the village pastor influenced his life most of all; already as a child he had imbibed strong religious principles.

Several events conspired to arrest him in his course and to lead him to decide his future. Among these may be mentioned the finding of a Latin Bible in the

University Library, the death of a friend, and his own grievous illness at about the same time. He discovered the Bible while he was looking at random through a number of books to notice their authors. He examined it closely and soon found to his delight that it contained vastly more than the excerpts or selections commonly used in the churches. Imagine how his father was shocked when he found out that the young student, for whom he had sacrificed so much, had utterly abandoned the law, and would now hear nothing but divinity. The father's long-cherished hope was blasted.

The transition required but little time. One evening, calling his fellow-students together, he entertained them at a farewell supper. Hardly had his guests left, when he stood before the monastery in the town, knocking for admission. He held in his hand two books, a Virgil and a Plautus. To one of his thoughtful, philosophic mind, the convent was not a perfect paradise. Much, indeed, of his three years' stay in its solitude was fraught with bitterest agony. He was disappointed in his belief that peace of mind could be gained by ceremonies and penances. Though the efforts of a friend, who directed his attention to the works of St. Augustine and other holy writers, the light appeared. He was consecrated a priest in 1507.

The following year, through the influence of his staunch friend, Elector Frederick of Saxony, he was chosen professor of philosophy in the University of Wittenberg.

Luther's observation, together with profound study and meditation, confirmed him in the belief that some of the observances of the Church, as well as some of the powers of its officers, were open to serious question. His investigations wrought him up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. No stone would he leave unturned. But until he was assured of the correctness of his views, he must remain loyal to Rome. In 1510, while on a visit to Leo X on an ecclesiastical mission, he ascended Pilate's staircase on his knees as an act of devotion, and he thought he heard a voice, "The



just shall live by faith." This formed the seed-thought of a bountiful harvest.

Two years later he was promoted to the rank of doctor of theology. So diligently did he labor, and so earnest were his ministrations, that the little wooden chapel could scarcely hold his audiences. He knew Greek and Hebrew thoroughly. The classics, the fathers, scholastic philosophy and theology were his delight. Added to this was a wonderful eloquence. Little wonder then that the eyes of all turned to him!

The first notable opportunity for the demonstration now presented itself, and with it the harmony between Luther and his church was to receive a rude shock. Leo X was building St. Peter's, and was in need of funds. He resorted to the scheme of granting indulgences. John Tetzel, a Dominican monk, was a prominent agent. Arriving at Wittenberg, he called on the people to buy. All day long he shouted, "Drop a penny in my box for some poor wretch in purgatory, and the moment it clinks on the bottom, the freed soul flies up to heaven."

When Luther heard of the effect of Tetzel's work on the common people, he was moved to much sorrow. Many of his followers, claiming pardon by the indulgence, refused to submit to his teaching. He set

to work immediately and wrote out the famous Ninety-five Theses, a copy of which he nailed to the door of the church of Wittenberg. To these he invited the criticism of scholars. In a few years the press had spread both the writings and their history all over Germany. The sale of indulgences ceased. Tetzel fled to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where he issued a series of counter-theses. These were ardently opposed by the students of Wittenberg, who entered the cause of their champion with great enthusiasm.

Excitement over the matter increased. The Pope had treated the matter lightly, but now saw that some action must be taken. Luther was summoned to appear at Rome, but refused to go. Various efforts were made by different means to effect a reconciliation. About this time he was joined by Philip Melancthon, professor of Greek in Wittenberg University.

Luther was challenged in 1519 by Dr. Eck, a man famous all over Europe for his learning and skill in controversy. For nine days at Leipsic the debate continued. Luther denounced indulgences and challenged the authority of the Pope. The entire debate was characterized by intense earnestness. Luther showed plainly that not only had he drawn the sword, but that he would fight the battle to the finish.

## Delving Into Nature's Secrets

John H. Nowlan

### Rocks.

THE study of the earth has made great progress in the last few decades. Many of the theories given in our textbooks of a few decades ago have been discarded.

Dynamic geology treats of the natural forces that operate in changing and modifying the structure of the earth. They are known as *atmospheric*, *aqueous*, *igneous* and *organic*. Aqueous action, the action of water, is either mechanical or chemical. Moving water and ice exert a mechanical force, and mineral waters produce a chemical change. Igneous action is the action of heat, producing changes in the bottom of the ocean, the surface of the land, and is believed to be the causes of *all* motion of the earth's crust. Organic action was the cause of vegetable accumulations forming coal and bitumen, and of all animal remains forming limestone.

The outer part of the earth is a cool crust covering the heated interior. As to the heat of the central portion we can only speculate. The mean surface temperature of the earth is above fifty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, being sixty degrees in the northern hemisphere and fifty-six in the southern.

While there is a daily and an annual variation in

temperature in every locality, at a certain point beneath the surface there is no variation. At the equator this point of invariable temperature is only a foot or two beneath the surface, while in temperate climates it is sixty or seventy feet. Beneath this depth the temperature increases with the depth, though the increase is not uniform in all localities—depending upon the conductivity of the rocks.

The crust is composed of layers of rocks of varying thickness, but occurring in regular order. Sometimes one or more formations may be missing in a certain locality, but when found at all it will be found in the same relative position as in the other parts of the world.

Stratified rocks consist chiefly of mud and sand deposited by streams in the ocean or lakes. Intermingled with this deposit were the shells and bodies of animals inhabiting the water or that were borne from the land and sank. Later these mudbanks became solidified and formed rocks. From the nature of the fossils they contain we learn whether they were formed in fresh or marine water.

The planes separating the strata were not always horizontal, nor was each stratum of uniform thickness. Frequently one overlapped another. Each stratum was like a large cake, thickest in the middle

and thinning out at the edge where it interlapped with other cakes.

Arenaceous rocks were sand, gravel, shingle, rubble, etc., and in their compacted state form sandstone, gritstone, conglomerates, and breccia.

Argillaceous rocks were mud and clays. When partly consolidated and finely laminated they form shales. When completely consolidated and laminated they form slate.

Calcareous rocks are chalk, limestone and marble. Limestones being formed of powdered shells, corals, etc., are organic sediment. Calcareous rocks formed by chemical action are due to the fact that water can retain carbonate of lime only as long as it contains carbonic acid as well. When such water comes in contact with the air it loses some of the carbonic acid and the lime is deposited.

Some silicious beds, most limestone, and all coal are composed of the remains of plant or animal life.

Assuming that the stratified rocks were originally



Volcanoes.



Interlapping Strata.

horizontal, it is evident that forces have been at work changing the position of the rocks forming the earth's crust. Sometimes these changes are found near the ocean, but more often they are found high up in the mountains. There they are tilted, folded, slipped and in some cases overturned, so that in many cases it is difficult to determine their original position.

The inclination of strata from a horizontal plane is referred to as the dip. The angle of dip is measured by a clinometer and the direction by a compass.

The line of intersection of the strata with a horizontal plane is called the strike and is always at right angles to the dip.

When strata dip on opposite directions from a ridge the ridge is called an *anticlinal* and when they dip toward a basin they are termed *synclinal*. Strata dipping in the same general direction though at different angles are termed *monoclinical* while those dipping in every direction from a common centre are called *periclinical*.

A group of strata conformable throughout and containing similar fossils or organic remains, and separated from other groups by nonconformable rocks is called a *geological formation*.

During the carboniferous era logs and stumps

floated into the lakes to become buried in the vegetable debris. Stones may have been attached to the trees, which accounts for the occasional boulder found in coal.

Igneous rocks are due to heat in some form. Absence of stratification and fossils, and the difference in their mode of occurrence differentiates them from the stratified rocks. They underlie all the stratified rocks, their uplift forming the axes and peaks of nearly all great mountain ranges. Sometimes they form vertical sheets in fissures between other strata. When such intrusion cuts coal seams they partially coke the coal or even burn it completely, leaving only the ash.

Igneous rocks are classed as volcanic and plutonic. A volcano is simply a hole in the earth from which at times material is ejected and deposited around the crater. The intense heat melts the rocks and completely destroys their original character. Sometimes the rocks are reduced to dust, forming what is known as volcanic ash. When this ash falls into the ocean it is stratified and may even contain fossils, yet it is properly igneous rock.

Plutonic rocks are the same as volcanic—the difference being in texture. They cooled at a great depth, and as the cooling went on slowly the materials arranged themselves in more or less crystalline form.

All rocks are more or less changed or metamorphosed since originally deposited, but metamorphic is used by geologists to apply only to those which have been changed to a crystalline structure and usually without fusion. Some of the examples of metamorphic rocks are the marbles, gneiss, and much granite. All the lower and older rocks are metamorphic. It is, however, no test of age, but is usually associated with foldings, tilting, or very thick strata, all of which indicate great pressure.

Metamorphism may simply compact and solidify, it may produce a change in color, change carbon to anthracite, graphite, or diamond. Mechanical energy is convertible into heat. The blacksmith can make iron hot by simply hammering, the heat being evolved by the sudden compression on the iron. The rising and sinking of the rock strata also produces intense pressure which is converted into heat and produces the changes called metamorphism.

*Mulberry Grove, Illinois.*



#### SOME NOTES ON TEACHING.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

As the teacher, so the class, is a truth which we accept, but really do not more than half believe until something occurs in our own experience to wake us up, and turns the abstract into a vital concrete truth. Such an awakening came to me through a young girl who, after I had taught her for nearly three years, surprised me by saying that when she entered the



school room and looked into my face she could tell what kind of day that day would be to her; not that she feared any unkindness, but she was to catch inspiration, receive enthusiasm, or suffer depression and defeat, from the spirit that looked out upon her from her teacher's face.

From that day teaching became more serious and sacred to me. Imparting instruction became a very small thing, compared with meeting the inner needs of pupils, with putting the impress of my personality, my own individuality upon the young lives before me, nay, in my very hands—and I saw that I *must* do this, whether I would or not, that I had been doing it all along unconsciously.

To be sufficient for *these* things is the chief concern of the true teacher, and it is not so much what the teacher must do, though what he must do, and what he must not do, are matters of no small importance, but his sufficiency lies most in what he must be.

If he have any clear perception of these deeper needs and should set himself to meet them, if he ignore the less-important and less-abiding demand for actual instruction in the facts, principles and practice included in the course committed to him, he will fail of his object, for the class will not receive the more important things from the teacher who fails to recognize his obligation for the less important—a case in which to be successful in the greater, the teacher must be faithful in the less.

To hold either the respect or the attention of the class, then, the teacher must be possessed of his subject, not merely in a general way but in relation to each particular lesson. He must remember that he is to supply the basis for about all the enthusiasm he may reasonably expect from the class. No matter what he teaches, he must love his subject; he must love it—not try to seem to love it—but really love it, whether he ever did before or not. This he can scarcely help doing, if he is in dead earnest about getting the class to learn it and love it.

He must be resourceful in his manner of presenting his subject; for sometimes he will have to come up to it from as many sides as there are pupils in the class, going steadily as far as he can carry the body of the class, then “chocking” back and bringing up the weak ones. He must be familiar with the details of the simplest lesson in the simplest subject, and have his plans well laid with each member of the class all tangled up in those plans, and each one must feel this to be so; each one may be called out; each one may be reached in some way,—so that each feels as the recitation proceeds “that the teacher did not forget me, he asked me a question, he gave me a chance.”

And beyond all this he must be possessed of such a love for the members of his class as to enable him to enter into their very being and straighten out, often

better than they themselves can, their tangled threads of thought and feeling. A general love will not bring this power; nor that kind that says, “Of course I love my pupils,” putting so much emphasis on the *my* that they feel the real root of the love lies in the *my*. It must be an individual, personal feeling that says, “How I love that boy John!” A love that is not simply sorry when John fails, but suffers keenly in his pain at failing, and finds the day grow golden when John has come out well. This gives him such a consciousness of being understood that if he fails, trying, he knows the teacher does not set it down against him, but will seek some new plan to reach his need. This love that brings not pity—that galls the spirit—but the sympathy that helps the teacher to recognize effort and give the true reward—even if the end has not been fully reached.

Often it means more for one pupil to rise to his feet and try ever so lamely to answer a single question, than for another to stand and recite the whole lesson without a blunder. Which then deserves the more of praise? Which then generally receives it?

In matters of discipline—for there will be need of discipline even under conditions that most nearly approach the ideal—it must be directed by wisest love.

When it is all over, and we see things as they are, it will not be surprising to find that half, at least half, the bad conduct in class lies at the teacher's door.

When a pupil does wrong, the thing to be desired is to lead him to quit the wrong; and the mildest means that will reach this end is the best means. If a glance of regret, of disappointment, or even of surprise straight into the eyes of the offending pupil, with a smile that points him expectantly in the opposite direction will reach this result, then the look and the smile will be sufficient, and a real victory has been gained, furnishing a new bond of sympathy between the teacher and the pupil. He understands that he is understood, and comes into a restfulness of spirit, and the best within rises to respond to the confidence expressed. When penalty should follow, it must never be just to make the offender suffer, or simply to maintain the authority of the teacher; either of these things, however covered, will be felt and resented by the pupil, and will hinder the very object of all wise punishment, namely, to help the pupil himself and lead him to *want* to do right rather than *fear* the wrong.

There must also be a good grasp upon the class as a whole, so as to establish certain general and continuous conditions, and still keep that element of flexibility which will enable the teacher, in an emergency, to speak the happy word, apply the appropriate remedy for the relief of an acute situation in time not only to preserve the decorum of the class and hold the opportunity for presenting the subject, but to

save the student, it may be forever, to better ways and better work.

There must be no East winds behind the teacher's desk, bringing a peevish or fault-finding spirit; no stinging word of either rebuke or ridicule; no ill-chosen or grotesque form of punishment which robs a pupil of his self-respect, and leads other students to taunt him. The teacher should avoid being whimsical or even changeable, holding very strict requirements today and being lax tomorrow, so that the class can never be quite sure what is expected of them, or what they may expect in case of failure to meet the changing conditions.

It may seem unnecessary to include some of these more palpable conditions—but who has not seen at some time in his life, in some school or in some home, places of need like these?

Then who is sufficient for these things? Only he who, with some appreciation of the responsibility of creating conditions which shall affect or even fix immortal destinies, and who lingers before the *Teacher* and *Savior* of men, until he has learned to be under his controlling *Spirit*, nay to control his own spirit, too, who has learned to love until he is ready to give his very life to these who come to him to be taught and trained at least in part at his hands and by his life, for the life that now is and that which is to come.

Inexpressible responsibility—priceless privilege. Our sufficiency is of God.



#### INTEMPERANCE AND CRIME.

MANY men who use intoxicating liquors to excess do not end with crime. Very few men have a criminal career who were not helped along their pathway by the use of strong drink. Before us are some figures furnished by David Judson Starr, chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary, which ought to be given a wide circulation. They indicate some connection between strong drink and the prison sentence.

In July of this year there were 1,684 prisoners in the State penitentiary. Ohio has only one such institution, located at Columbus. This is the largest number incarcerated there for several years. According to their own statements 1,366 of these had been intemperate in the use of intoxicating liquors before coming to the prison. This leaves less than one in six claiming to be total abstainers or temperate in the use of liquors. No one would confess to excessive indulgence unless it were true, but some might deny being addicted to drink when that were true. As these figures are from the prisoners' statements, they make the best showing possible, doubtless better than the real facts in the case.

Of the 1,684, 370 claim that intoxicating drinks were the direct cause of their crimes; that is, they were either intoxicated at the time or led into the com-

mission of the deed by drink, and but for drink they would not have been criminals. This is more than one in six. When, by their own confessions, five-sixths of the convicts are drinking men, and more than one-fifth were driven to crime by drink as the direct cause, the social and economic aspect of the drink problem forges to the front. We have but put in figures what everybody knows in a general way, but which is a fearful blot on our country. But for the demon of revenue and the demon of appetite, we could cut out the greater part of the crime and the cost which criminality entails. Eighty-one per cent of Columbus' convicts, according to their own words, drank to excess. This tallies pretty well with the verdict of judges, chiefs of police, and students of criminology, which is that eighty-five per cent of our crime is due by a direct or indirect line to strong drink.—*The Religious Telescope*.



#### A COUNTRY WITHOUT PAUPERS.

BELGIUM, according to an article in the September World's Work, is a country without paupers, and from which people do not emigrate. This reputation, which every other country would earnestly covet, exists not because of old age pensions or public charity, for Belgium has neither, but because the government has made systematic effort, long continued, to encourage thrift among its people. The means used most effectively is the postal savings banks, through which deposits may be made at any postoffice in the kingdom, and in amounts of one franc and over. Deposits are recorded by special adhesive postage stamps which are pasted in the bank-book furnished to each depositor free of charge, and bearing each an official number. After the book is issued, money may be deposited at any postoffice in the kingdom, and depositors may correspond with the bank free of postal charges. Through the instrumentality of these banks, the writer believes that the idea of thrift has been ingrained in the national character. Children are impressed with the necessity of saving from their school days up, and the result is found in a people who live contentedly and always within their incomes.—*Exchange*.



I WOULD rather be right and in a dungeon than be wrong and on a throne.—*Jacob Todd*.



WHEN you hear an evil report about any one, halve and quarter it, and then say nothing about the rest.—*Spurgeon*.



THERE are moments when the pale and modest star, kindled by God in simple hearts, which men call conscience, illumines our path with truer light than the flaming comet of genius on its magnificent course.—*Mazzini*.





## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXX.

GLEAMS of a good fire shining from the grate of a warm stove of crackling logs in a Swiss fireplace, lighting up happy faces huddled around it, and a long table set with many courses of choice food, hurried me on with a zeal too fast for profit. Time and again I came to the edge of precipices over which I dared not attempt a descent. Turning back with no small disheartenment, I sought another way of getting down into the valley, only to be forced, at the lateness of the hour and in the bitter cold wind, to turn straight back on my steps, not exactly sure that I was going in the right direction. It is not enough that you are going right. You must *know* that you are going right.

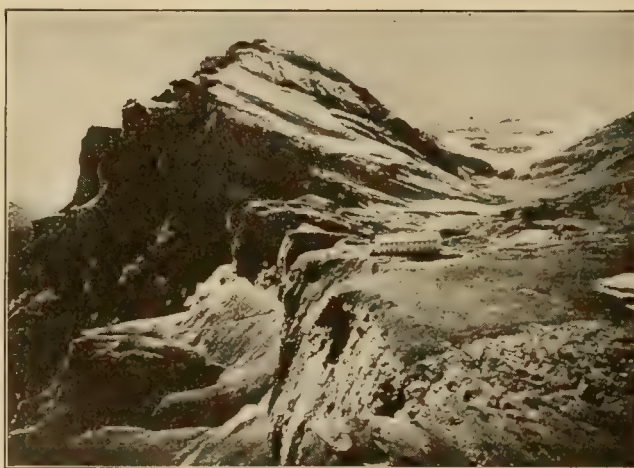
An inclination swept over me to walk in a circle, for when one is lost, or thinks he is lost, he is afraid to venture into the unknown. He goes *in a circle*, not by accident, but because he has a hankering for the place in which he already is. He knows that that is all right, or nearly so, and to think of pressing forward and getting more lost is not easy. To hold what he has already obtained he therefore swings constantly to one side, often returning to and crossing many times the same spot. Entirely overcome by this desire,—to hold what one already has,—the panic-stricken traveler will sometimes sit down and be content in that place where he lost his bearings. Overcome with fatigue, he may fall asleep and in sleeping be frozen to death, or killed by wild animals.

A cold shudder seized me as I peered through the thickly-flying snow and recognized no familiar mark in the rough contour of the locality.

Rather than go farther and farther out of my way I deemed it wise to stop still for awhile. There I

stood and measured and compared and sought to recall. I went over every bit of my outward climb and back again, twenty times. In my mind I set stakes along the way. When one is lost all of this nice balancing and measuring with the aid of the imagination and memory alone seem so useless. It is easy to sit before a class of young people and tell them what to do in such an emergency,—how they should never lose presence of mind, become excited or act foolishly. But the chair is easy, the room is warm, our socks are dry, and mother or wife is near. We ourselves would never think of using the same rules were we to be lost. But it pays to think. The deliberate move-

ments of the ass, after careful thought, are better than the wild dash of the excited horse. But it is hard to *act like an ass* even though you *feel like one*, when you are lost. You haven't a moment to waste in thought,—the snow is flying all about you,—and night is coming on with its black fingers to catch you. And I suppose that this is where genius or good sense decides the contest. Here the valuable is sifted from the common. Such mo-



"Here I remained for two days afraid to go down the winding path after the snow."

ments are great ones for great souls. Under the influences of such stimuli they expand to sudden greatness. Could we all encounter these soul enrichments by degrees, we would grow taller in our moral status. But the fault lies in the amount of learning that must be taught, under such circumstances, at one time. It comes in such big doses. It either kills or cures.

At the edge of the cliff I had just reached I gathered together some small rocks from out of the snow, formed them into a semi-circle, to the height of about three feet, and sat down here, with my legs sticking out on the side from the storm. But I knew I would be unsafe here, the snow would cover me, and by morning I

would be frozen or smothered. My clothing was too thin to endure the winter night. After a few minutes I arose and went in the direction that seemed to be the right one. Had I known it, I was but fifty yards away from some rock-ribbed fragments of an avalanche I had noticed in coming up with the Germans. From here I could find my way, for east of this pile of debris was the stream that led close by the hotel. But the lay of the ground seemed as new as though I had never seen it. It is this illusion that so often deceives experienced Alpine climbers and lures them to their death over a precipice. The stream near here flowed far down in a steep-gorged cut, and the noise it made when right on the bank could be heard but a short distance back.

I kept on until I reached the precipitous bank of the stream, hidden from my view still by rocks that here formed a sort of wall along its very edge. In going across it in the afternoon I had used a footbridge,—a single long plank reaching from side to side, some twenty feet above the rushing water. Impetuously I hurried up to and along the steep banks, eager to locate the footbridge. Finding the footbridge I was almost certain to reach the hotel in safety. On my hands and knees I climbed over the little bluff or wall, holding my breath as I looked everywhere for the footbridge.

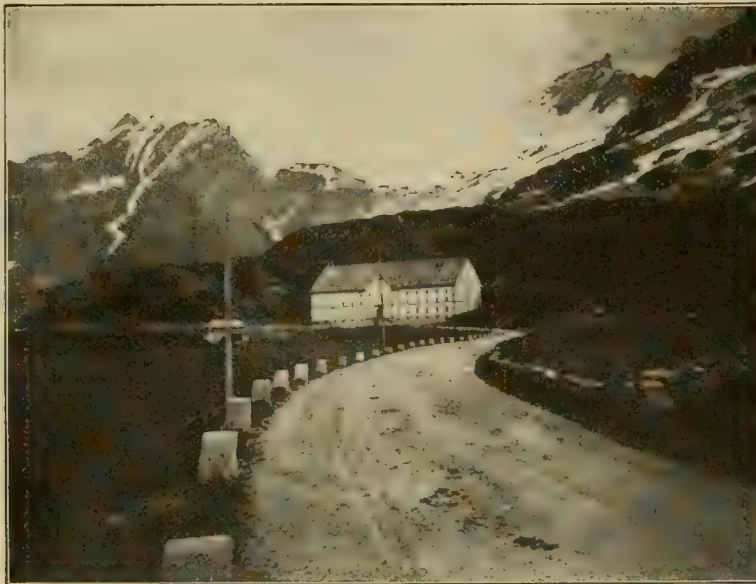
I thought I saw it, all snow-covered, and the water shrieking back at me deep below it as it flung itself madly over the rapids. Tho it was right there, I wasn't sure about it until I had planted my foot upon the end and slowly snailed across. On the other side I clambered up, on my hands and knees, barely able to prevent my slipping back into the stream itself. I was so eager to get to the hotel and tell my adventure and eat my supper that I started now on the run. I could now see the lights in the dining hall. After a few minutes, in going over a ridge, with my eye too keenly set upon the light, I slipped into a chasm, dropped my Alpenstock, and went rolling and sliding to the very bottom. The Alpenstock kept me company, rattling and sliding with me, and rested at last on the extreme far side. I should have gone on without it,

but having no nails in my shoes for climbing I found myself a prisoner in the open cave, unable to get a foothold on any side. What a fool I had been for hurrying so,—right when I was so close to the hotel! I might have lost my life right by the door, for how did I know whether I was coming up to it on the *right or safe side*? On the wrong side meant death to approach it by falling over the precipice. How often we lose a good thing by too eagerly seeking it! How often men tumble over the abyss to destruction when a good supper and a warm bed and friends to cheer them await their return!

When I had laid hold of my Alpenstock again, I was cautious in picking my way along over the water-worn crevices, unwilling to trust the snow that made the surface appear as if it were level and safe.

When finally I walked down the long hallway and

saw the many pairs of shoes sitting before the doors of the rooms (in European countries guests place their shoes outside the door in the hall so that the porter may shine them during the night and bring them back before morning), I knew it was late. But my supper had been saved for me, and the landlady stayed up past her hour for retiring to serve me with hot ribble-soup, roast beef, fried potatoes, mountain



"The day following his descent into Rhone Valley, Mr. Spickler climbed the Great Simplon Pass, exploring snow field above the Hospice."

greens, rice, and cherry dessert. She removed my wet shoes and placed on my feet a big pair of red-spangled, frowsy slippers.

To her and several late guests, drinking cognac and smoking "Colorado" cigars, I told my story. They had feared for my safety but thought I had possibly gone to the Schwarenbach Hotel for the night. Several times they had been minded to get St. Bernards and men to seek after the tourist who was going "around the world without a cent."

The next morning when I awoke late my room was cold. A snowbank had drifted alongside of the house and reached up above the open window, for I never sleep in a room without one or more windows raised. A drift lay curled upon the floor. Under two woolen blankets, a spread, and the usual German "feather-bed" for a cover, I had slept *cold*, in *July*. How I would have fared in that rude stone house I had con-



structed in the mountains I can not tell, but I think that ere daylight had dawned somebody would have been frozen. The air outside was like the frost of mid-winter. Snow was everywhere,—everywhere but in the green valley lying sixteen hundred feet below. All the flowers were stiff in frost. Here I remained for two more days, afraid to venture down the winding path that led into the Rhone Valley. In the meantime,

tourists on foot, men and women, girls and boys, came and went. Six parties called in one day at the hotel, had one meal and were then off, down the mountain side, to spend the night in the valley. I think it wiser to remain on these heights as long as you can, breathing the pure air and drinking in health for many days to come.

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## The Indian Markings of the Susquehanna

D. C. Jacobs

FROM the confluence of the Juniata to its mouth I have noticed many rocks bearing Indian hieroglyphics. Those on the banks have been obliterated by railroad cutting and to observe the complete work one must now go to the middle of the river channel. The accompanying views I secured in mid-stream near Safe Harbor, Pennsylvania.

The rock is of a gneissic nature; the cuttings that remain are nowhere more than an eighth of an inch deep. The ice of many winters has planed these rocks until in many instances the whole group cannot be traced. The casual observer would not even note the

bird with long neck, small body and long tail. On the opposite side of the rock are two complete group carvings.

'Tis long since the last war whoop of the Indian resounded over Lancaster County's fertile hills. The settlers who followed the Red Lands northward have left deserted mills along many ravines, while the great dam at McCall's Ferry and the railroad on the crest of the river hills are the markings of the pale face of today.

In our haste and progress may we not pass by the beauty of nature which surrounded the Indian.

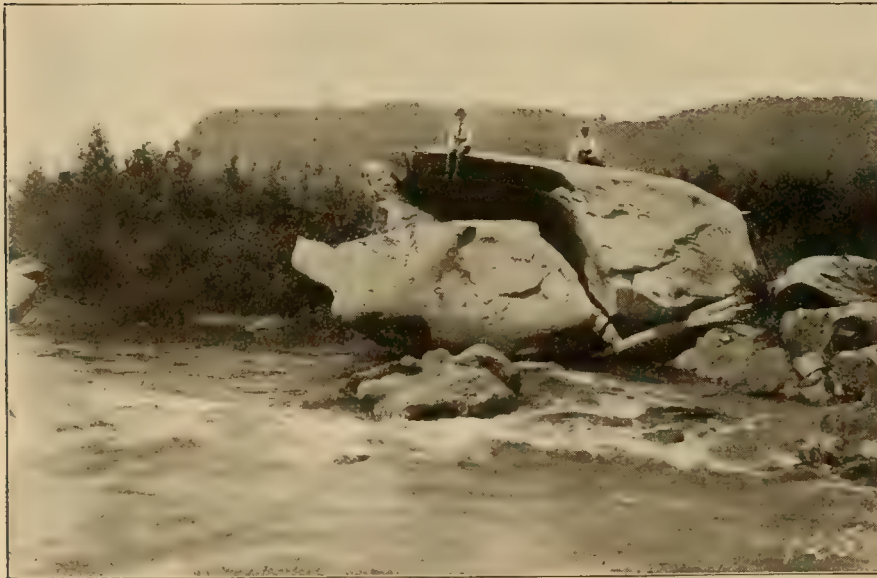


### OUR BIG RICE INDUSTRY.

It is a remarkable thing that it takes any country a long time to find out what its own capabilities are. It was in 1694 that the cultivation of rice was first introduced into this country from China, but for two centuries we have nevertheless been importing practically all our rice when all the time we might have been raising it, and even exporting large quantities, if we had but known how to go about it. Until recently it was supposed by most authorities that on account of the lack of cheap labor among us we could never be able to grow rice in competition

with the coolie labor of India, China, and Japan, but science can always give points to mere brute force, and within the last few years we have found out that modern methods applied to rice culture enable us to produce rice at a price that will eventually drive the Oriental product out of the market.

Formerly the only section of this country that produced rice was the Carolinas—the marshy coast region there being well adapted for its culture by the Oriental method. Slave labor was so cheap that for years before the Civil war the annual production of this



writing on the rocks. In these views I carefully traced the cuttings with lampblack, thus being able to photograph them.

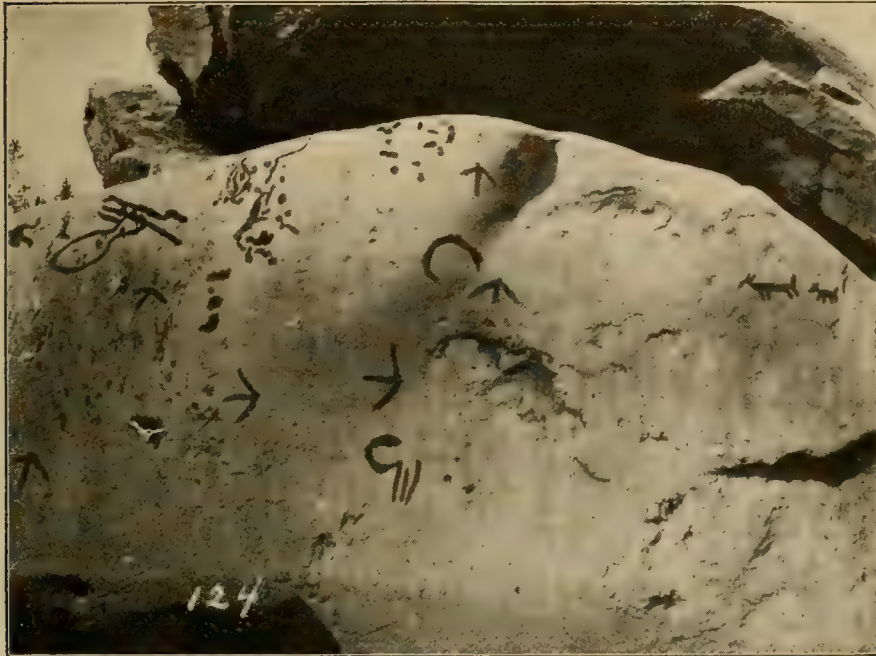
View No. 125 shows the complete rock. The large portion broken off is evidence of ice work. View No. 124 shows an enlargement of the broken portion. Other views (not here given) show side of rock on which is clearly shown the flying eagle and the Indian bearing his bow. The wild turkey is well represented in one. On the top of the rock are represented snakes, turtles, footprints, handmarks, bird tracks and a huge

cereal was over 100,000,000 pounds. But the war interrupted the industry and changed labor conditions, bringing the output down to only about a third as much. About a generation ago however the cultivation of rice was introduced in the prairie region of southwestern

makes the crop costly. But the transplanting system has been mostly given up in this country, as it cannot compete with modern machine methods.

The improved American method consists of treating the rice very much the same as any other grain.

That is, the ground is well prepared and the seed is drilled in by machine, the harvesting being also done with self-binders, at a great saving of expense. There is such a thing as growing rice by the dry-land farming method, but rice is naturally a water grass and it flourishes best when flooded at appropriate intervals. There are different practices about this flooding, and the times when the water is let into the fields and the depth it is allowed to stand have much to do with the perfection of the crop. The whole culture is a matter involving considerably more nicety of judgment and promptness than is required with the ordinary native grains. After the rice is



Louisiana, and from here the industry has spread into Texas, so that these States now grow the great bulk of the crop. And yet it is estimated that not more than one-sixth of the available rice land is yet under cultivation. Already however the crop runs over half a billion pounds, or five times what it was before the Civil war, and instead of sending to the Orient for most of the rice we consume, we now get only one-fifth of it there.

The Japanese, who are experts in rice culture according to Oriental methods, are taking very kindly to the industry in this country, and there are numerous Japanese colonies in Texas that are making a great success in this work. These colonies are generally headed by young Japanese of wealth and education, and the little brown men are so adaptable and so energetic and industrious that they meet the conditions admirably. In some places the Japanese methods are still followed, as on the large plantation at Deepwater, Tex. If you were to visit this farm you would imagine you had been transported to Japan for the workers are all Japanese, and they even stick to the use of their picturesque rainy-day dress consisting of capes and hats made of thatches of rice straw. Their method involves letting the rice sprout in small beds until the plants are some inches in height and then setting them out in rows by hand, one by one. This is the way rice is universally treated in the East, and even with the price of labor so low it

cut, bundled and shocked it has to be carefully watched, as dampness may ruin or greatly injure it.

At first the Louisiana and Texas rice was only grown along the rivers, where irrigation water was to be easily had. The fields of course have to be fairly level, or made so by grading, and low levees, embankments, sluices, gates, etc., must be provided so that water can be turned on a field at will, and likewise drained off when the time comes. Contrary to the popular idea, rice does not grow well if planted in water; it needs to be sown in mellow, warm soil neither too wet nor too dry, like other grains. When the slope of the plantation is considerable, the fields have to be made small, and arranged in a series of steps, so that the water can be made to stand on them at a uniform depth. In Japan, where every bit of tillable land is prized, rice is much grown even on hillsides, but the surface has to be laboriously graded into these steps and properly inclosed with banks to keep the water in and conduct it from one level to another.

When the rice is six or eight inches high it is usually given a flooding of water to a depth of three to six inches. It will not do to let this water get stagnant, as then the growth of weeds is encouraged, but it is renewed at intervals by a fresh supply. It is then drawn off a sufficient length of time before the harvest to leave the ground fairly dry. In South Carolina the practice is to give the fields three separate



floodings between sowing and harvesting. The harvesting differs little from that of other grain, but rice at all stages requires specially careful handling.

There is a good deal of difficulty involved in the preparation of the rice for market. First it is threshed from the stalks and in this form of "rough rice," as it is called, the grains are still covered by a husk. This husk is hard to remove. The work was by the old method done by pounding small quantities at a time in a mortar, but special machinery is now provided for the purpose. People are used to buying rice that is artificially polished, though the quality of the grain is injured by this process. Housewives are beginning to find this out and are calling more and more for unpolished rice. The polishing is done by passing the rice grains between series of brushes made of the softest leather, and this removes some of the best part of the kernel.

There have been several thousand distinct varieties of rice identified, for this grain has been cultivated for so many centuries in the East that it has become more highly differentiated than any other plant. The grains range in color from white to yellow, red and even black, and the shape of them also varies greatly. The Carolina type of rice has a long, slender grain that is very pretty, and it commands the top price, while the Kiushu or Japanese type, which is raised mostly in Texas, has a short, roundish grain, not so pearly. In the milling of the rice a large share of the grains are broken. This broken rice is sold at low prices but is equally as good as the whole, for dietetic purposes. The rice flour which is produced in the course of the process is also a valuable foodstuff, though not in general use. This flour is also used for a variety of industrial purposes, such as making paste, sizing for muslins, buttons, billiard balls, piano keys, etc.

Rice is the principal single foodstuff in the world, but it is not a perfect food because it is too rich in starch and deficient in nitrogenous elements. In China, Japan and India the inhabitants do not live on rice exclusively, as is so generally supposed; their dietary is supplemented by the use of millet, peas, beans and similar vegetables, to say nothing of fish, eggs, etc. The nitrogenous elements are furnished by the beans, etc., and thus the dietary is well balanced. Meat is not specially needed, as the beans take its place, and at reduced cost. What is called rice paper is not made from rice or rice straw but is a totally different product. The rice straw in Japan is largely used for making plaits for straw hats, for export, as well as the coarse sandals and hats used by the common people.

While in the Gulf region the cultivation of rice was at first confined to the river sections, it was years ago discovered that this whole district is underlaid with a deposit of gravel which when tapped with artesian

wells furnishes an inexhaustible supply of water. This has led to the rapid extension of rice growing, as irrigation can readily be secured by pumping. The yield is thus made large and certain, and there is every reason to assume that within the next few years rice will move up among the crops that head the list, though of course it will never rival corn, wheat or oats.—*The Pathfinder.*



#### WHAT IS AN ARTIST?

AN artist is one who finds joy in his work, whatever it may be. He not only finds joy in it, but he finds it a means of expressing his inner life.

The artist may be a sculptor, a chiseler of marble; a painter, putting on canvas his best and highest conception.

Or the artist may be a woman, giving a feminine touch to a lowly cabin. A laundress, taking pride in finding expression for her soul in the spotless garments that her patient hands have transformed.

The artist may be a farmer, tilling the fields, plowing the straight rows, allowing the trees, or shrubs or vines to grow on the exact spot on his farm that gives it an artistic finish. The artist farmer instinctively knows where to build the house, the barn, where to make the lanes, where to place the orchard. He may not be an educated man, but he is a man who likes to see things in order, and his eyes are always open to the beauties of the landscape about him.

An artist may be one who writes an editorial or a book. Digs in the ground with pick and shovel. He may be educated or illiterate. He may be producing things of high value as art products, or may be merely working for a small wage at rough, dirty work.

The artist is one who sees what beauty there is about him, and adds to that beauty in whatever way he can.

The artist is one who takes pleasure in his work, finds expression not only for his muscles and his brain, but his soul speaks through his work.

The child scrawling on the slate a rude caricature or crude picture is an artist, for he is trying to give expression to himself by the creation of his own hands. He should be encouraged, not punished.

It is not what a man happens to be doing that proves him to be an artist. He may be simply a drudge, and be a sculptor, a painter of pictures. It is his mental attitude toward his work that makes or unmakes him as an artist.

All men and women are either artists or drudges. They are artists if they find joy in their work, and through their work find expression to their inner life. They are drudges if they find no joy in their work, and their work gives no expression to their inner life.

A drudge works for pay, and is quite as apt as artists to be working for small pay.

The artist works because he loves his work, and finds in it a means of expressing himself. He is as likely as the drudge to be receiving for his work a good salary.

With the drudge the salary is the whole thing, the end for which the work is simply a means.

With the artist the work is the whole thing, for which the salary is simply a means.

The drudge looks forward with anxious expectation towards pay day, while the artist looks forward with anxious expectation for the completion of his work, his self expression, and the manner in which he has accomplished it.

I was entrusted with an errand to the wash woman not long since. I found her living in a narrow alley, in a one-story frame house. The surroundings were a disgrace to the city.

But an artist lived there. In a box of her own construction grew some vines and flowers, close by the door. In the window was another box, and in every available space were vines climbing up strings, fastened to nails which her own hands had driven.

Inside was cast-away furniture, given her probably by well-to-do people whom she had served. Everything was arranged in taste, not profusion.

Even the pictures on the wall were interesting. I looked at one with interest, and she began talking about it. I encouraged her talk, and found her fully alive to the meaning and artistic value of every one of her possessions.

Her children were courteous and cleanly dressed, though meagerly. Even in her wash garments there was something interesting about her. The joy of life was in her face, in spite of her discouraging surroundings.

Not long after I visited another home, where everything that wealth could buy was to be seen. The mistress talked to me about trivial things, and in vain did I seek with her to get some closer insight than a mere casual glimpse into the things of beauty and costliness by which we were surrounded. A reference to a picture brought the reply, "Oh, I don't know anything about it. My husband bought it in Europe. It cost a great sum of money." The expensive volumes in the costly book-case apparently had never touched her soul. Her whole conversation was complaint or levity, and produced in me a sickening feeling of the worthlessness of her life.

To be sure, artistic feeling can find better expression through abundant means. But the trouble with it is, that abundant means do not bring the artistic feelings. The man of wealth may be an artist in his soul, and use his wealth to give artistic expression to everything he does. But his wealth did not purchase for him the artistic instinct. The artistic instinct is a temperament, a mental attitude, an inner life seeking to project itself into its objective surroundings. It

can be acquired, and should be the aim of all education.

The artist is essentially a religious man. A religion that does not bring a joy of life, a keen appreciation of the worth of all things, is either no religion at all, or else it has been dimly comprehended by the devotee.

True religion is an awakening of soul life, and the daily practice of religion is an effort of that soul to realize its ideals in the things nearest to it. It despises nothing. It attempts to appreciate everything. It finds values where others find only faults. It recognizes not only brotherhood, but beauty, in all animated creation.

Which life are you living? The life of the artist, or the life of the drudge? It is within your power to choose either life, as you will. It may seem a little thing at first to change your mental attitude toward the humdrum things of life. A very little thing. But it will grow on you, and bring a rich reward. Finally, the things that used to annoy you, that were done in a perfunctory manner, the object that only embarrassed and troubled you, all become messengers of joy, to make your life rich and full, even though it may look to others empty and discouraging.

The real artist is making a constant attempt to realize his ideals out of the materials furnished by everyday, humdrum life.

The drudge may have his ideals, but he makes no attempt to realize them today, with the materials at hand, but is ever postponing his ideals for a more fit place and occasion. In the meantime, he is simply enduring life, despising the present, overlooking all the beauties by which he is surrounded.

The drudge will keep on drudging, and never get even a glimpse of the misty ideals he cherishes, without any good to himself or any one else.

The artist may have poor materials to work with, may never realize his ideals, but all the time he has been living the life of the artist by using what he has in such a way as to make the most of it.—*Health*.



"WHEN you lose your temper you always lose a good deal beside."



"A FANATIC is one who wants to be good and to do good, and is very earnest about it, but does not yet know what he is good for, has not learned his trade, and cannot produce the good things that he admires."



"THE boy who gets up late to breakfast, is taken to school in an automobile, and hears the jingle of many coins in his pockets, this boy is handicapped in the race for distinction in the work of the school. He doesn't have a fair chance with the boy who has work to do before school hours, who knows how to economize, and who feels that school work is a major factor in his life."



# THE INGLENOOK

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## COMING INTO OUR OWN.

WE have supposed all along that we were living under a democratic form of government. But this supposition has been a sort of delusion, as many have already learned. For reasons well-nigh insurmountable the government of so great a country cannot be thoroughly democratic. But, these reasons aside, our government is not as democratic as it might be. We have recognized the impossibility of doing our legislating first-hand, but we have not realized that we might still have our wills carried out. We have left everything in the hands of our representatives, and have been satisfied with their reasons why matters have not always gone as we desired. Or, if we have not been satisfied, it has not occurred to us that there was anything *we* could do to improve conditions.

And so it has gone on, with the misunderstanding or breach between the people and their representatives growing wider all the time. But we are in a fair way to make up now, and it is the executive in one of our States who has helped to open our eyes. We have all heard a great deal of Governor Hughes, of New York State, and we are likely to hear much more, for it is not probable that the people will let a man of his ability and force of character go into retirement very soon. He is the man who has by actual demonstration shown the people the strength and scope of their influence.

When Hughes came into the governor's office he desired the passage of certain laws which he feared the legislators would turn down. So he "appealed to the people," direct, to learn their will in the matter. He "got the idea, perhaps, from the State Constitution, which recognizes the people as the ultimate authority. The appeal was bitterly resented by unfriendly legislators, who called it 'coercion.' This resentment was but human; and it was not less human of the electors that they took the opposite view.

Thousands of them who heard the Governor's speeches awoke to their importance as the final authority to determine the policies of their government. It was a perfectly simple principle, drawn from the Constitution itself, but other governors before Hughes had not thought to use it for an appeal in behalf of their recommendations. By this method he won a Public Service Commissions law and the Anti-Race-Track Gambling laws from unwilling legislatures.

"He went with his arguments to the people, pleaded his own case before the voters as a court of last resort, and then 'rested.' The decision being in his favor, legislators were deluged with letters; some were denounced at meetings of citizens, some made to see that they would fail of reflection if they offered opposition to the reform program recommended by the Governor and approved by the people. Before this pressure the legislative opposition broke in 1907, and again in 1908. The procedure was in the nature of a referendum, with the legislators acting as special agents of the people to carry out their definite decrees. And to remove doubt as to the force of their decrees the electors have retired legislators who refused to accept their decisions."

Will this new order of things last, and will it spread beyond New York? These are questions that must be left to the future to answer. We see no reason why the people should not exercise the power with which they are invested by the Constitution of the United States and of the several States,—no reason why our legislators should not be our representatives in deed and in truth. Under this condition the people are bound to inform themselves more thoroughly on the needs of the country and consequently we will have better laws and a better observance of them.



## WITH OUR READERS.

REFORMS have come to be a popular thing and as a rule the present-day reformer is given his meed of praise and honor during his lifetime. But this was not always so. There was a time when the man who advocated any radical changes in the accepted order of things took his life in his hands and stood almost alone, not even being granted so much as an impartial hearing. Such was the reformer about whom Nathan Martin tells us in this issue. From our early schooldays we have known of Martin Luther, but our real knowledge of the great man has, in many cases, been vague and uncertain. There are many books that would give us a full account of Luther's life and work, but many of us do not have the time for an extended account. By such we believe the article herein given will be especially welcomed. The article is divided into three parts; and considering the clear and interesting way in which the account is written we believe that those who read

Part One will be sure to read the others also.

Most of us are in school now, or else are deeply interested in the welfare of those who are. Whatever our relations to the schools, it will do us good to read Richard Braunstein's "Notes on Teaching," and to weigh well what he says of the teacher's responsibility. Whether we are teachers or not, we need to know what the teacher's real position is—his power for evil if he is incompetent and his power for good if he fills the measure of a true teacher.



#### TOBACCO AND COLOR-BLINDNESS.

THERE are eyes which cannot distinguish colors, as there are ears which do not know one tune from another. This may seem a light matter; but, when a red light means danger and a green light means safety, it is a pretty serious matter if a railroad man cannot tell red from green. Doubtless many a railroad accident has thus resulted from color-blindness which caused an engine driver to disregard signals of danger.

The worst of this is, many are color-blind who do not know it; and a man may be color-blind this year who was able to distinguish colors a year ago. For color-blindness is a difficulty which people often bring upon themselves. The *Philadelphia Press* has something to say on color-blindness as follows:

"It is true that scotoma, or color-blindness, is produced quite often from excessive use of strong tobacco," said one of the most prominent oculists in Philadelphia, in speaking of the results of the investigations of the Committee on Color Vision of the British Royal Society. The committee, in its report, said, among other things:

"After the most arduous investigations the committee finds, that though alcohol rarely if ever causes this defect in vision, it results very frequently from smoking of strong tobacco, the most prevalent form being the inability of distinguishing red from green, these colors usually appearing white."

"I have three cases in point now under treatment," continued the Philadelphia oculist. One is a prominent politician, another a hotel-keeper, and the third a barkeeper, who have unmistakable symptoms of amblyopia, or general color-blindness, which I am positive has been brought about by the excessive use of tobacco, combined with the alcohol habit, although in every case they were intolerable smokers; and, while the use of alcohol may have assisted in contributing to the result, the excessive use of tobacco was the main cause.

"It, of course, originates from a brain center which the nicotine poison affects, and the optic nerves suffer accordingly. In all cases the use of tobacco must be abandoned and a proper treatment by some competent oculist observed. These cases occur usually in middle-aged people, although I treated a

young dentist, aged twenty-two years, who was afflicted with amblyopia, and who was an inveterate smoker."

"One of the leading professors of the Wills Eye Hospital, who has given much time to the subject, said: 'Beyond any question the toxic effect of nicotine poisoning produces optic neuritis. And this so very largely with those who smoke tobacco in pipes; it is much more injurious than the use of cigars; and if those so affected do not abstain from the use of tobacco they are apt to lose their sight entirely, or at least for a time and the first symptom that indicates the total color-blindness and subsequent atrophy in smokers of tobacco is the failure to quickly distinguish the color of red in the center of the field of vision. In tobacco amblyopia, or color-blindness, the excessive pipe smoker is the first affected, next the cigarette and cigar smoker, while the chewer of tobacco is affected last and not frequently.

"Middle-aged people are usually the victims, and to show you how virulent the nicotine poison is, a case is reported of a woman who became affected with optic neuritis while attending her husband, who smoked inveterately.

"I know of a young man who was affected with color-blindness who smoked twenty cigars a day, and quite recently I have treated an insurance man, a merchant, and a florist, who brought on a partial color-blindness from the constant smoking of their favorite pipes. In the first stages it will yield to proper treatment and total abstinence from tobacco in all forms in from two to five months or longer. The brain center is first affected and then the nerve centers of the eye.

"The railroad companies simply find out in a mechanical way if their men can distinguish the different colors and reject all those who cannot distinguish red from green. Many a competent employee loses his position for a cause that proper treatment might entirely remove.'"—*Health Culture*.



#### A TOAST.

Here's to the men and women who work,  
To the thinking mind and muscles strong,  
Who look in the sun-lit face of hope,  
And greet each day with a song.  
And here's to the love we won or lost,  
And the kisses we gave or received.  
The shattered idol, the broken cross,  
Or the troth in which we believed.  
Here's to the flowers we gathered and pressed,  
And the wild rose left in the wood,  
Before we had learned to understand,  
Or hoped to be understood.

—Arthur G. Lewis.



"SOME people only want the best, but the happiest are those who make the best of what they have."





## Vegetable Proteids

Lenna Frances Cooper

### Article 12.

IN previous articles we have already considered two kinds of proteid foods; namely, eggs and milk. This month we shall take up two other kinds—legumes and nuts.

The legumes are a class of vegetable foods with which many are already familiar. This class of food consists of peas, beans, and lentils in the mature or dried state. They differ from other vegetable foods in possessing a high percentage of proteid, the average being about 25 per cent. Besides proteid, they contain about 60 per cent carbohydrate and about 1 per cent fat. The legumes have always filled an important place in the diet of the nations of the Orient. Lentils formed the chief part of the food of the Egyptians. It is said that the builders of the pyramids subsisted chiefly on this class of foods. It was no doubt a dish made of a certain kind of red lentil for which Esau sold his birthright. In India today a variety of red lentil forms the chief source of proteid, the people being vegetarians, and therefore obtaining their proteid from a vegetable source.

For people with delicate stomachs there may be one objection to the use of legumes—the hull, which is hard, tough and indigestible. This may be removed, however, by putting the cooked legumes through a colander. Thus they are much more easily digested, and are a much more nutritious food. Legumes should be carefully looked over before cooking. Reject all imperfect ones. Then wash and put to soak in cold water for several hours if possible. If not convenient to treat them this way, they should be put to cook in cold water and allowed to come slowly to the boiling point. Cook until tender. This usually requires several hours, the time depending upon the age.

Nuts and nut preparations are another important source of proteid. Nuts contain, on an average, from 15 per cent to 20 per cent proteid, 50 per cent to 60 per cent fat, and 9 per cent to 12 per cent carbohydrate. Pine nuts contain as high as 33 per cent proteid. It is because of this large amount of proteid that the legumes and nuts are often used in place of meats. The two constituents of flesh foods are pro-

teid and fats, the proteid, which is the distinguishing feature of flesh foods, ranging from about 10 per cent to 20 per cent. The carbohydrate is lacking, since meat contains neither sugar nor starch. The fat is a varying quantity, ranging from 4 per cent to 42 per cent.

By referring to the following tables, taken from Atwater's tables, Bulletin 26, published by the Department of Agriculture, it will be readily seen that these foods may be substituted for flesh foods. The proteid in these foods is as high as or higher than that of flesh foods, pound for pound. The fats, which are not necessary accompaniments of the flesh foods, are in excess in nuts. This is a substance which may be added to the food if it is not already present. As will be seen, the nutritive value in these vegetable proteids is higher than that of the flesh food:

#### Flesh Foods.

|                           | Protein<br>% | Fats<br>% | Carbohy-<br>drate % | Food<br>value<br>per lb.<br>Calories |
|---------------------------|--------------|-----------|---------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Steak (Porterhouse), .... | 19.1         | 17.9      |                     | 1.110                                |
| Ham (Smoked), .....       | 17.5         | 18.5      |                     | 1.105                                |
| Bacon (Smoked), .....     | 15.5         | 42.6      |                     | 2.085                                |
| Chicken, .....            | 21.5         | 2.5       |                     | .505                                 |
| Cod, .....                | 16.5         | .4        |                     | .325                                 |
| Salmon, .....             | 15.3         | 8.9       |                     | .660                                 |
| Oysters, .....            | 6.2          | 1.2       |                     | .235                                 |

#### Nuts and Nut Foods.

|                    | Protein<br>% | Fats<br>% | Carbohy-<br>drate % | Calories<br>per lb. |
|--------------------|--------------|-----------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Almonds, .....     | 21.0         | 54.9      | 17.3                | 3.030               |
| Brazil-nuts, ..... | 17.0         | 66.8      | 7.0                 | 3.265               |
| Butternuts, .....  | 27.9         | 61.2      | 3.5                 | 3.165               |
| Filberts, .....    | 15.6         | 65.3      | 13.0                | 3.290               |
| Nuttolene, .....   | 12.1         | 10.46     | 6.9                 | .848                |
| Pecans, .....      | 9.6          | 70.5      | 15.3                | 3.435               |
| Pine-nuts, .....   | 33.9         | 49.4      | 6.9                 | 2.845               |
| Protose, .....     | 21.3         | 10.2      | 2.8                 | .912                |

#### Legumes.

|                     | Protein<br>% | Fats<br>% | Carbohy-<br>drate % | Calories<br>per lb. |
|---------------------|--------------|-----------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Beans, .....        | 22.5         | 1.8       | 59.6                | 1.605               |
| Peas (Dried), ..... | 24.6         | 1.0       | 62.0                | 1.655               |
| Lentils, .....      | 25.7         | 1.0       | 59.2                | 1.620               |

By referring to the table it will be seen that the nutritive value of a pound of nuts is about three times

that of a pound of meat. A pound of shelled nuts of most varieties can be obtained for about fifty cents. Meat will cost, on an average, about twenty cents a pound. Of course, some varieties can be bought for less. If the meat has no bone or waste, the nuts are still the cheaper food; but there is considerable waste to flesh foods, hence from an economical standpoint, nuts and nut foods are less expensive. Vegetable proteids vary from the proteid of flesh foods in that they are free from disease and unwholesome substances. Animals are as likely to be diseased as human beings. Prof. Stone, of the New York State Agricultural College, has shown that of the cattle in the State tested for tuberculosis by veterinarians obtaining the tuberculin through that college, about one-third reacted to the test. If this be true in New York State, it is no doubt equally true elsewhere.

Veterinarians are realizing the gravity of this condition, both because of its being a menace to the stockman and the dairyman and because of its danger to human life.

Housewives, preparing meat as a food, should see to it that it is thoroughly cooked, in this way lessening the danger from tuberculosis, tapeworm, etc.

Even though the animals be healthy, there is still a rather objectionable feature to this class of foods. The living organism is continually breaking down and forming waste products that are poisonous substances and must be thrown off by the excretory organs if the animal remains in health.\* In our bodies we are constantly breaking down and forming waste products which must be carried off. We have special organs for carrying off these waste products in normal amounts, but if we take in foods which are already laden with waste products, we are adding to the excretory organs an additional task which in time may overburden them and cause serious results.

Physiologists are becoming more and more of the opinion that the American people use altogether too much meat in their dietaries. The amount of proteid formerly considered necessary is now regarded by eminent physiologists quite too high. Prof. Chittenden, of Yale University, has conducted a series of experiments extending over a number of months. Men engaged in active labor not only could subsist but have actually gained in strength and endurance by materially decreasing the amount of protein in the dietary.\*\*

\*When death ensues, the waste products which are in the body and which would have been carried off, remain there and furthermore these products are still formed in the tissues for several hours after the animal is killed.

\*\*Indeed many people have found that they improve in health, strength and endurance, also in efficiency, by eliminating from their dietary almost all of the foods which are high in proteid and living upon a diet consisting of fruits, vegetables, cereal preparations, some nuts and with perhaps some milk and eggs used in the preparation of these substances.

### Bean Croquettes.

2 cups stewed beans                      2 tablespoonfuls butter  
3 cups corn flakes                      3 tablespoonfuls tomato  
1½ teaspoonfuls salt if desired.

Soak one cup of beans in cold water over night or for several hours. Then put to cook in three or four pints of water and let cook until tender. When cooked down quite dry, add the butter, tomato, corn flakes, and salt if desired. Steam together and form into croquettes. When shaped, place in the hot oven and bake until nicely browned. This is a nice recipe for using up left-over beans.

### Savory Roast.

1 cup lentil, bean, or peas puree  
2 eggs  
½ cup granola  
Juice of medium-sized onion  
2 teaspoonfuls sage  
1 cup strained tomato  
2 cups nut meal or finely chopped nuts  
½ cup browned flour  
2 teaspoonfuls celery salt  
¼ cup cream  
1 teaspoonful salt.

Cook the legumes (either lentils, peas, or beans) until quite tender and dry, then put through a colander, in this way removing the hulls. Beat the eggs slightly and add the other ingredients in the order given. Then bake in a loaf in a hot oven twenty to thirty minutes or until nicely browned. Serve with legume sauce.

### Legume Sauce.

1 cup lentil, bean or peas puree  
¼ cup browned flour  
2 teaspoonfuls onion juice  
½ cup water  
1 cup strained tomato  
1 teaspoonful celery salt  
1 cup cream  
1 teaspoonful salt if desired.

Prepare the lentils as above, putting them through a colander, then add the water and the strained tomato, and put through a colander. Add the celery salt, onion juice and salt. Put all to heat over the fire. Moisten the browned flour with a little cold water and stir until smooth, then add to the boiling liquids. Cook five minutes, then add the cream. Re-heat and serve at once.



### ENTERTAINING.

FLORA E. TEAGUE.

Not every one is an adept in the art of entertaining. After partaking of the hospitality in some homes, you come away happy, pleased with yourself, pleased with your hostess, and pleased with those whom you met. Again, you have departed from other homes relieved that the ordeal was over, after the siege of



depression. Why this difference? It may have been in the hostess, or her guests, or yourself. Let us look at some of the requisites that go to make a successful entertainment.

About the first thing the housewife thinks of is the bill of fare. This should not be so elaborate that "hard times" will afflict the family for some weeks afterward, or one that will cause your guests to wonder in their own minds how you can afford it. Neither should it be one that will cause your guests an attack of indigestion. Simple viands, daintily served, are always far more attractive and satisfactory to all concerned than over-abundance.

Where houseroom is meager and guests many, dainty lap suppers are very satisfactory, but do not overdo here, as men particularly find themselves in exceedingly awkward positions at times, when their minds are drawn too closely to the perplexing problem of holding on to chinaware with two hands filled and none left to convey food to the mouth! If a table is used for a simple luncheon, dainty doilies instead of an entire cloth may be used. If a regular meal is to be given, then it is better to use white napery with a centerpiece of flowers. There are so many helps in the way of table decoration today in nearly all of the household magazines, that it seems superfluous to say more on this topic.

The next thing to be thought of is the guests. Make a study of them so as to make your gathering a pleasant one for all. Let them be congenial if possible. Mingle them together in such a way that the lively and gay will have the timid and quiet to entertain; the sober-minded and dignified, the jolly, happy-go-lucky; the story teller, a good listener, etc. If any one is overlooked, resort to some ruse to find a *tete-a-tete* for them. There are always some who like to talk freely. Then there are a few who prefer to listen. See to it that all have their desires gratified. Then the result will be that all may go away feeling that they have had a good time. Mingle freely among your guests, have kind and pleasant words for all; make them feel that you are enjoying their society and conversation; give them a strong invitation to return again and you will have done your part well.

Sometimes some simple games for young people are good ways "to get the ice broken," if there is a tendency to dryness or stiffness. Especially will this be helpful where the guests are not well acquainted with each other. Occasionally a musical selection is enjoyed. If a good reader is among the guests, all will enjoy a selection in this line. So much for the hostess' part. Every guest is also in duty bound to contribute to the enjoyment of all as much as lies in his power. No one should attempt to monopolize the conversation, no matter how brilliant or learned he may be, but also avoid being a stick. Fall in

with "the lay of the land," be courteous to all, be impartial, aid your hostess in making all happy and cheerful, and one and all will go home wishing for more such pleasantly spent pastimes.

*Lordsburg, Cal.*



#### A PEACEFUL SPIRIT GIVES HEALTH.

HERE is some good advice once given by a beautiful woman to a girl admirer who asked her for her recipe for remaining "such an evergreen":

"Never work on till you are seemingly at your last gasp, whether at your business or your pleasure, but rest as you go along. If you forego rest until your work is done, the chances are that you will then be too tired to take it. Get all the beauty sleep you can. Remember that late hours are fatal to good looks and health, and don't commit the folly of working far into the night, and then wondering why your work is not well done and you feel so good-for-nothing the next day.

"Shield your nerves, and don't let them become too sensitive. Make yourself take life calmly. If you lose a train, don't pace the platform wildly, but inquire when the next train comes in, and sit down calmly to wait for it. That's just what most women don't do; they sit down, perhaps, but they tap the floor with their feet, clinch and unclinch their hands, and are apparently in a fever-heat of excitement over the arrival of every train that comes in, even though they have been assured that theirs is not due for another half-hour. That half-hour of waiting means to them a frightful wear and tear of nerves, and they are practically weeks older for it. Try to cultivate calmness; but if you cannot do that all at once, you can keep your face still."—*Family Herald*.



#### SKIMMING IT.

"If you are going to give a pan of milk, don't skim it first," the old grandmother used to say; meaning, if you are going to do a favor, don't spoil it by an ungracious word or manner.

Haven't we noticed how much of this "skimming" goes on in ordinary family intercourse?

"Another errand? I never can go down town without half a dozen commissions!" complains Bob, when his sister asks him to bring a book from the library. He never refuses to oblige her; he does not really count it an inconvenience; he only takes the cream off his kindness.

"Those gloves ripped again," exclaims Mary, when John wants her to take a few stitches. "It seems to me they always need mending when I am in a hurry with something else." She would be shocked at his going shabby and distressed if any one thought her unwilling to render such office, but she makes it a little unpleasant to ask the favor.

The children follow the fashion. Tommy shuts

the door at Bridget's request, but he grumbles at having to leave his top. Susie goes to the door when she is sent, but she departs with a protest that it is Tommy's turn. Thus all day long people who love one another skim the sweetness from every service they render.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.



#### HELPING THE POOR TO BUY AND COOK.

ONE would be inclined to think that almost any woman knows enough to be able to cook a fairly good meal and has enough judgment to vary the menu so the family won't get tired of what is on the table. But such is not the case, especially in some of the big cities. In New York city the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has been getting close in on the home life of the tenement people and has been teaching that class a few things that are proving to be undisguised blessings. The agitation that came on as a result of the discovery that many children were underfed set this association hard to work and a regular corps of women was set to work on the tenement homes. To get at just what was going on these representatives accompanied the housewife to the market, saw what she bought to eat and how much she paid for it and then went back with her and watched how she cooked what she had purchased.

This investigation was an eye-opener, for the delegates learned that much of the suffering was due not so much to poverty as to a lack of knowledge of what to buy and how to cook it. Lessons in buying and cooking then began, not like those lessons in the regular cooking schools, for there they have all sorts of things to experiment with and all kinds of utensils in which to cook them. The object of the association cooking teacher is to be able to buy enough with the family's limited income to nourish all the members sufficiently and to show the women of the home how to cook them attractively in the utensils at hand. According to recent reports of the association the plan has worked admirably; many families who were formerly dependent upon charity for help are now buying judiciously, wasting little, cooking attractively, and are saving some of the money that formerly was spent upon things which were unnecessary and were not nourishing. The result is that the children instead of making a lunch on a stick of inferior candy have something that gives them strength, and the fathers are not driven from a disgusting table to seek something palatable at the free-lunch counter. The health of many families has been greatly benefited, and good humor and economy made virtues in the household.

One of these teachers has been at her work so long that she can easily feed a family at 15 cents a day a person and give each individual enough to eat. She teaches the family how it is that a very cheap cut of meat is really more expensive than one a little higher in price per pound, and how what is saved in

buying is more than equaled by the greater amount of fuel used in cooking the tough and inferior stuff; she shows her wards what vegetables to eat in the fall and what in the winter and other seasons, and the result is that many families of five that used to spend \$1.25 and more a day on the table are now getting along nicely on less than 75 cents. The poor and unlearned are thus taught to make a science of buying and cooking, and the result is said to be amazing.—*Selected*.



#### REFRESHING AN OIL-CLOTH.

A READER sent us the following: Wash the oil cloth with a piece of soft flannel dipped in warm water to which enough soap has been added to make a good suds, with a little borax (a teaspoonful to a gallon of water) dissolved in it. Cut one-half ounce of bees-wax in a cup and cover it with turpentine; set on the back of the range, or in a pan of hot water until it is melted. After cleaning and drying the oil cloth, dip a soft cloth in the melted wax and wipe the oil cloth with it, going over a small space at a time, rubbing it lightly to remove all surplus wax. This will leave a polish, and prevent the cloth from cracking.—*Selected*.

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### *The Children's Corner*

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#### WHAT RUFY WAS AFRAID OF.

HE said it modestly enough, not at all in a boastful way. You see he was only quoting grandma.

"I heard her say it. I couldn't help hearing," Rufus said, quietly. And of course, he couldn't help the soft little pink color that spread all over his cheeks, either. When a boy is nine and can't help hearing his grandmother say: "Rufus is a very brave boy! I declare, I don't believe he's afraid of anything!" well, maybe, you wouldn't flush with pleasure yourself!

Polly was nine, too, but she was a girl; and dear, dear, how many things Polly was afraid of! Nobody had ever heard anything else, not a grandmother even, say she was very brave.

"Not anything, Rufy? Aren't you truly afraid of anything?" she breathed, in awe.

"I guess not, unless it's wild things that 'most everybody's afraid of. I shouldn't want to meet a lion anywhere; but I don't believe I'd mind a bear."

"Well, then, cows?" Polly said, gravely. Polly was so afraid of cows!

"Cows?"

"Well, snakes, then, or e-normous dogs, or the dark?"

"No, I'm not afraid of those things. I guess not!" laughed Rufus. "Ask me something hard."

"Injuns?" That was the "hardest" thing Polly could think of.



"Huh!" scoffed Rufy. "I honestly like 'em!" Suddenly mother looked up from her sewing.

"Rufy is brave," she said, gently; "but there is one thing he is afraid of."

"Mother!" Rufy's voice was a little hurt. "What is it please?"

"I'd rather you would find it out yourself, dear. Besides, now it is time to get firewood and a pail of water. It is almost supper time."

"Oh, I don't like to get firewood one single bit!" Rufy grumbled softly.

"Besides, there isn't any chopped, mother. I didn't chop a stick yesterday or the day before."

"No, dear, I know."

"And the pump's so far off! I wish one grew in our back yard! Oh, dear, and I s'pose you'll say it's feed-the-chickens-time too!"

"Yes, dear."

But Rufy did not move. In a minute more he had forgotten all about the chickens and pumps and firewood. When he thought of them again he was in bed!

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" he cried out suddenly. "I didn't mean to let mother do it!" For he remembered that mother must have chopped the wood and fed the chickens and got the water. Then he remembered something else too, that mother had said she would rather he would find out himself. There in the dark, all alone, Rufy "found out." He sat up in bed and uttered a little exclamation.

"Oh, I know, I know! And it's—so!" he cried out in shame. "She meant I was afraid of—work!"  
—Selected.

## For SUNDAY READING

"FRUIT BEARING." John 15: 8.

A Sonnet.

JOSEPH D. REISH.

The fruit of the Old Man, or Sin, is death. (Rom. 6: 21.)

Of the New Man is everlasting life. (Rom. 6: 22.)

The New Man's free from sin and worldly strife. (Rom. 6: 22.)

Is God's servant. Hath all his servants hath.

He follows Christ and treads the narrow path,

His fruit-bearing God expects to be rife; (Philpp. 4: 17.)

And rightfully he does. He is not stiff

And stubborn in his own belief and faith.

The bearing of good fruit is a true sign

Which shows all whose we are and whom we serve. (Matt. 7: 16.)

Self we must sacrifice; our all resign. (John 12: 24.)

Cares of this world may tend our strength to swerve. (Matt. 13: 22.)

To gain strength and bear fruit we must consign

To Christ our self and all without reserve. (John 15: 4.)

## REVERENCE FOR GOD.

PERHAPS the most pronounced characteristic of the present age is lack of reverence for God. Men's minds are so taken up with a consciousness of the greatness of human intellect and of human achievement, and so full of confidence in their own judgment as to what is right and what is wrong, that they are scarcely able to think of God as being infinitely wiser and greater and more intelligent than the greatest of men, or to realize that his character and his acts are the only true standard of goodness.

This is a very great calamity, because reverence for God is the foundation of genuine humility, and humility is the backbone of a strong and noble character. Pride, which exists in some form in every human heart, and which opens the doors of the heart to all other sins, is the great source of human weakness; and pride can only be driven out of the heart by a spirit of deep reverence for God. (See Job 42: 5,6.)

True reverence for God does not spring up naturally in any human heart, because pride is there and pride is not reverential. Reverence must be cultivated if we desire to develop Christlike characters.

The reason why this age has so little reverence for God is to be found in the fact that children are not trained to be reverent. God's plan for training men and women to obey him is to teach the children to obey their parents, and his plan for teaching reverence for him is to train the children to reverence their parents. Then, as they grow older they need to be trained to reverence the name of God, and the day which God has set apart as his day, and the Book in which he has revealed himself, and the truth which he has given to the world in that Book. That was the way God taught the Israelites to train their children, and it was the way that the children of pious parents were trained in this country and in Europe up to the early years of the last century. And it produced strong characters. But now good men and women pride themselves on their lack of reverence for the Book of God or for the Lord's day, and they also pride themselves on following what they consider more enlightened methods of training their children. And the result is that true, deep reverence for God is almost a lost virtue and genuine humility is almost an unknown quantity.

We need to get back to the first principles, and the way to do that is to give up thinking of ourselves and our opinions and our rights, or of the greatness of human discoveries and achievements, and to study the works and ways of God, and think of him as both the ultimate and the present source of all human goodness or knowledge or power. Anyone who does this persistently will soon learn to feel as Job did when he exclaimed:

"What is man that thou shouldst magnify him, and that thou shouldst set thine heart upon him,

and that thou shouldst visit him every morning, and try him every moment?"

Man is a great being, greater than he can imagine even in the height of his abounding self-conceit. But his real greatness consists in the fact that God has set his heart upon man, to "magnify him," and that God condescends to visit him and try him.

If we have an almost infinitely greater conception than David had of the extent and wonderfulness of the material universe, have we not so much the more reason to exclaim,

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?—*Selected.*



### THE THINGS THAT DEFILE.

Mark 7: 14-16.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

AMONG the greatest evils of the present age is the debasement and lowering of the demands of conscience which seems so prominently to mark it. This means corruption at the very fountain of integrity, and a consequent disregard of moral obligation and divine law, which leads to confounding right and wrong, and makes men careless of good and evil. It also leads them to wink at iniquity, to countenance evil-doing, and sit quietly down without resistance or protest, while the very elements of manhood, virtue and integrity are being destroyed, and corruption and iniquity flood the land with shame. In financial circles, with their gigantic swindles; in great corporations, with their oppressive and grinding monopolies and trust combinations; in political parties, with rotten rings of hangers-on and place men; in civil government, with the graft and greed and speculation by which office-seekers thrive; and even in religious associations, with their sectarianism, favoritism, and time-serving and secret wire-pulling, this leaven, once hidden and allowed to remain, must eventually leaven the whole lump with rottenness and decay. It is the output of the results of all these which, in the end, if not corrected, must ruin us.

Woe to that man whose conscience is thus defiled! His glory is departed. He has parted with the choicest jewel of his manhood and the treasures of Egypt and the gold of Ophir cannot supply its place. He has become indifferent to right, tolerant of wrong, and careless of the authority of God. His course, henceforth, is downward. It is the things which come out of a man, his actions and results, that defile the man, and work his ruin.

Let us make the great object and end of life to keep a good conscience; to see that nothing that comes from us all shall defile either ourselves or others. A man must stand for God, though he stand solitary and alone. He may be poor and disheartened and

sad, but God will be his friend, and in due time he will come forth to light and honor. Keep a good conscience if you keep nothing else. You may miss opportunities, and lose positions, in this world, but God will provide for you some better things instead. Live, then, the pure and undefiled life, for there is a crown at the end for such.



### THE ENDURING LIFE.

THE saddest sight in the world is a little, hard, puny, bad soul that will not feed and grow and rejoice amid a gracious environment. To fail to be a man is to fail in spite of an infinite outlay on God's part. Fed, clothed, taught; homed in a Godbuilt world; sung to by a million stars; appealed to by the voice of wisdom; oft aroused by the goads of conscience; tugged at by strong, unseen hands; invited by a glorious and eternal destiny; warned of the wages of neglect and sin; with all shackles struck from him—will man come at last to his grave and to his judgment a poor, mean, wretched, lost soul? When he stands before God at last, will he be as lean and as naked as if he had trudged all his years through a barren, parched, desolate waste?

It is the unsatisfied, the hungry, the aspiring, the ambitious, the striving, the courageous, the heroic, the conquering, that shall attain high and enduring life. To get rid of all low ideals; to quit all mere time-serving; to keep under the flesh and cultivate the spirit; to forego the gratification of the present moment whenever it will make for the enrichment of eternal life; to use the utmost diligence to change environment into abundant and eternal life; to vindicate myself as a son of God and heir of immortality—these are the pledges a man should make, and die rather than unmake.

"I'm tired of sailing my little boat

Far inside of the harbor bar;

I want to be out where the big ships float—

Out on the deep where the great ones are!

"I can't be ever content to abide

Where only ripples come and go;

I must mount the crests of the waves outside,

And breathless plunge to the troughs below.

"And should my frail craft prove too slight

For storms that sweep those wide seas o'er,

Better go down in the stirring fight

Than drowse to death by the sheltered shore!"

—From "*The Divinity Within Us.*"



A LITTLE boy wanted to give his mother a birthday present, and he did not know what to give her, so at last he decided to give her a Bible. Then he did not know what to put on the front page, so, after looking through some of the books in the library, he decided to put the following on: "To dear mother, with the author's compliments."





# Echoes from Everywhere

Report is current that President Roosevelt will, on his return from his African hunting expedition, become editor of the Outlook at a salary of \$30,000 per year.

Congress will be requested by the Ohio Valley Improvement Association, which recently convened at Louisville, Ky., to appropriate \$63,000,000 for a lock and dam system for the Ohio River.

The Missouri State Baptist Association has laid plans for the conversion of at least one thousand persons next year. During the past twelve months the boards of home and foreign missions of the State raised \$50,711.

Because of a blight or fungus that was first noticed about four years ago the chestnut forests in the eastern part of the United States are in great danger of being destroyed. Already the infection has killed thousands of fine trees, and there is said to be no known remedy for it.

Under military rule, according to official statistics just published in St. Petersburg, there were 627 executions by the government of the Czar during the past year. Of these, eighty-four of the victims were soldiers and 543 civilians. The Baltic provinces furnished the largest number, 134.

A powderless, bulletless gun is now being used in Paris for target-shooting. The weapon is properly aimed and the pulling of the trigger registers electrically on the target the exact spot at which it is pointed. It is unnecessary to say that such a gun cannot be employed in hunting, and all danger from accidents is eliminated.

The Monona Lake (Wis.) Assembly, the second oldest Chautauqua in the United States, will hold no more sessions. The directors have so voted, because of inability to compete with numerous smaller Chautauquas which have sprung up during the past few years. The Monona Lake Assembly has been in existence a third of a century.

Three hunting parties, comprising nine persons, were lost in a terrific blizzard which raged in the mountains of Western Colorado a few days ago. Snow blocked the efforts of rescuers. A heavy fall of snow is reported in the eastern section of Kansas, while Missourians have been shivering by reason of the unexpected severity of the weather.

Reports of officers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which has just held its annual convention at Denver, Colo., indicate an increase in temperance. Prohibition was asserted to prevail in Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, Georgia, Oklahoma, Alabama, Mississippi, and North Carolina. During the year 1,506 new Unions have been organized and 25,472 total abstinence pledges have been taken. The net gain in membership was 20,463.

Notwithstanding the rains in some sections, forest fires up to a recent date continued their work of devastation in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin. A Michigan relief train, filled with stricken refugees from the burned district, caught fire and over a score of people were burned to death.

An insignificant looking little piece of silver, a half dime, minted in 1802 and for which the treasury officials in Washington will give only a nickel, was sold at auction in New York for \$715. The purchaser was H. O. Granburg of Oshkosh, Wis., the most noted coin collector in the Northwest.

Seventeen of the suffragettes who were arrested in London Oct. 13, during the "storming" of the House of Commons, have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from three weeks to three months. The women were offered the alternative of giving bonds for their good behavior, but they elected to go to jail.

Continuous drought of more than fifty days in the inland towns of Illinois, tributary to Alton, forced the residents of that section to send away for water for cooking and drinking. Each day a train of five cars was sent out of Alton loaded with water for the towns. Large steel coal cars were pressed into service and were loaded with 15,000 gallons each. The Mississippi river fell to a lower point than it had been before in twenty years, and the intake pipe of the water company was only thirty inches under water.

A \$7,000,000 corporation, to be known as the Minnesota and Ontario Power Company, has been formed at Minneapolis, to develop idle water power, establish a paper manufacturing center, and conduct lumbering operations over a territory containing 150,000 square miles. The contract has been let for the completion of the immense dam and hydro-electric power stations at International Falls and Fort Frances, and the construction of the ground wood sulphite and news print paper plant. This will become one of the largest, if not the largest, paper producing points in the world.

While Tokio and Yokohama have been lavishing millions in their reception to the American fleet, the business men of Japan are driven to desperation by a financial depression which is sweeping the country, declared First Officer Orthland of the German steamer Nicomada, which arrived at San Francisco a few days ago. The principal cities of Japan, says Mr. Orthland, are the scenes of constant rioting by the unemployed, and the harbor at Yokohama is blocked with idle ships. The day the Nicomada left Yokohama Orthland says a mob burned a police box there and opened a big bull pen in which prisoners who had taken part in bread demonstrations were confined. The final demonstrations were held at Yokohama Oct. 23. Perfect order was maintained on the streets during the visit of the Americans.

Such a water famine as has never been known in New York State in generations is reported from many parts of the Hudson and Walkill valleys. At Cornwall-on-the-Hudson water is being retailed at 13 cents a barrel. At Middletown dairymen are driving their cattle ten miles to water. Reports from the lower Catskills are equally bad. The city of Kingston is almost without water and scores of mills have shut down. Forest fires there which were thought to have been quenched have started up again and the situation in many places is serious.

The highest telephone line in Europe, which runs to the Regina Margherita Meteorological Observatory on Mont Rosa, at an altitude of 14,958 feet, is nearing completion. It was found impossible to run this line on poles, owing to the high winds and bad storms which prevail at these altitudes. It was also thought to be impracticable to lay an insulated cable, as it would gradually sink into the ice and would make repairs impossible. The final solution of the problem was to lay a bare wire across the glaciers, and depend upon the insulating qualities of the snow and ice.

Many restrictions on commerce have been removed by new instructions issued to the Turkish customs officers. Consul Jewel of Trebizond, in a report, says that the press is now free. Typewriters are no longer forbidden, and electrical goods are unrestricted. Turkey has become a new field of enterprise, which the consul urges should be looked into by American manufacturers of electrical equipment, chemicals and firearms. In general, the removal of former custom-house restrictions is expected to greatly increase the foreign commerce of Turkey.

In the Dunfermline, Scotland, slaughter-house they are employing a new means of killing the animals used for food. It is a kind of gun, about a foot long, with a rifled barrel and a bell-shaped muzzle, the latter being bent at an angle so as to adapt itself to the shape of a bullock's head. The cartridge is inserted in the other end of the barrel, and the muzzle of the instrument is adjusted to the forehead of the animal to be killed. The cartridge is then exploded and the bullet speeds along down the spinal cord, severing it completely. If the device has been properly adjusted, death is instantaneous and without pain.

The National Association of Manufacturers has been making a canvass of its members to see how business stands just twelve months after the panic of 1907. The industries allied with this association are iron and steel, machinery, tools and hardware, agricultural implements, textiles, paper and printing, leather and its manufactures, vehicles, food products, and cement and clay products. Agricultural implements show the largest percentage of increase and vehicles the lowest. The textiles show a small percentage of increase, but the possibilities for the future are not bright. The steel trade and pig iron make a good showing, these being considered the most active barometer of trade conditions. In food products, 89 per cent report business good, 94 per cent have had an increase, and all are optimistic for the future. Lumbermen report 85 per cent good, and 80 per cent have had an increase, while 93 per cent of them are hopeful for the future. Of the leather manufacturers, 91 per cent report good and 94 per cent have had an increase and 93 per cent are optimistic.

The comptroller of the currency announces that henceforth many of the national banks will be examined by the government examiners three and four times a year instead of twice, as heretofore. The reason for this is that some of the banks violate the regulations which the government imposes upon them and more frequent examinations will be necessary to keep track of these violations and suspend the bank if the infraction of rules is considered great enough.

While England is suffering from severe trade depression, the diamond trade reports brisk business. The famous De Beers diamond mine at Kimberly, South Africa, is working increased hours, the revival of trade being attributed to the rise in prosperity in America. For some years past America has provided the best market for gems, and the normal conditions are now being restored. Curiously enough, the English market also shows signs of improvement.

No other city in the world presents such a conglomerate street traffic on a large scale as Shanghai. The main thoroughfare is choked with heavy handcarts, loaded with a ton or more of merchandise, each drawn by ten or twelve coolies; wheelbarrows, heavily laden with freight or passengers, sometimes a dozen persons riding on a single wheelbarrow, these vehicles dodging hither and thither in an effort to avoid collision with faster vehicles; numberless rickshas running pell-mell, bicycles and motorcycles with bells ringing and motor cars, and public and private carriages trying to pass everything on the streets. When to this surging mass is added a double-track street railway running down the middle of the street that in some places is less than twenty feet wide, the difficulties are obvious.

It is one of the anomalies in the homestead laws, over which Congress, session after session, does so much pottering, that residence on unsurveyed land, however long continued, does not give such vested right as will protect the land from prowlers who pester homesteaders and other settlers with their mineral "explorations." If the land has been ascertained to be what is known as mineral land before entry has been made, legal title to that land cannot be acquired under our present agricultural or settlement laws. Any homesteader, male or female, can go upon government or public land, build a comfortable brick building upon it, with accompanying outhouses and other structures, make a lot of costly improvements upon it, and live on that land and in that dwelling house for four years or more; but if it actually develops through "mineral exploration," or otherwise, that oil, coal or any other mineral is under the soil, the homesteader will have to clear out and lose the dwelling, the outhouses and all of his or her money and time spent on improving the land. The only thing that can save him or her from the absolute ruin brought about by these "mineral" explorers is a final certificate, or a right to it. Such a right a homesteader can acquire after five years' actual residence on the land, and then two years after that in which he or she can "make proof." If the land is found to contain oil or minerals before that "proof" is made, entitling the homesteader to a patent, the homesteader is up against it.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE TOILERS, DEAD.

Let us raise up a monument to these  
Such as a monarch for his tomb decrees;  
They did not perish in a patriot war  
With glory leading onward like a star,  
Nor for some cause, pre-eminent, alone,  
Die, and their fame in human hearts enthrone.  
No! But upon their bones our cities rise,  
That, towering, take the morning from the skies;  
Untold, unknown, innumerable brotherhood,  
They have cemented empires with their blood;  
They have gone down with roaring in their ears  
To dedicate with death our out-flung piers,  
And where great-breasted ships now sail the sand  
They clove a path asunder thru the land  
With a thousand flashing picks, while, as with fire,  
Their bones were racked with aches and fevers dire;  
They hewed the forests down and cleared the ground  
Where now the wheels of industry resound;  
Beneath the crashing tree oft-times they fell,  
And knew nor funeral train nor passing bell;  
Deep in the dim, wide-washing seas they sleep,  
Having sowed their bones that luxury might reap;  
They knew the mad machine; the Moloch mill  
Vociferous, has slain, and slays them still,  
And where the hot blast lights the sky with flame  
They perish day by day, unknown to fame,  
Let us seek out the noblest spot on earth,  
And—Eiffel-like in height, of Pyramid girth—  
Rear up, tremendous, to salute the sun,  
Some witness to the perished million  
Who went down unto death with none to cheer,  
And with their lives bought all we prize as dear,  
This wonder, and this glory, and this shame  
Called "Civilization" when tongues name the name.  
Let us build up a monument to these  
Such as a monarch for his tomb decrees.

—The Independent.

### A YEAR AFTER THE PANIC.

Nearly a year has passed since the destructive panic of 1907. The second half of this year, or the period beginning in March, has witnessed a constructive process in motion in nearly every branch of trade. In this respect the East has not been so fortunate as the West and the proportion of improvement in New England, in New York, and in Pennsylvania has been considerably smaller than in the Northwest, the Middle West, and on the Pacific Slope. The East has been to lower depths of depression than the West, and her products are not of the sort to command the immediate, cash-realizing markets, on which the farmer of Minnesota, or Kansas and Nebraska, can depend. The panic began in the East. The effects of it will remain there longest. It is unquestionably true that the brief duration of extreme trade dullness was possible, owing to the immense reserve wealth of the agricultural sections of the country and the large accretions of riches as soon as this year's bountiful crops

passed from the elevators into the primary markets.

The tide of business ebbed away rapidly from the end of October last year until February or March of 1908. Certain localities and certain industries felt the turn of the current long before others had shown the smallest sign of recovery from almost complete prostration. As late as May there were indications of great sluggishness in business. Idle freight equipment was greatest at the end of April. Then 413,000 cars, representing a train 10,300 miles long, were out of commission. It is perhaps most apt to date the universal recovery in confidence and the beginning of business expansion with the actual inauguration of harvesting operations in the winter-wheat States and the evidence then produced that the yield would be much above the average and that there would be very little falling off in the purchasing power of the great consuming sections of the trans-Mississippi region. Certain it is that since June there has been a progressive improvement in trade.

A year after the panic business in the East is about 60 per cent of the volume of the first part of last autumn. It has risen between 15 and 20 per cent from the lowest point of depression. It is approximately 80 per cent of the volume of October, 1906, full as large as that of the same month in 1905, and greater than in 1904.

If it had been possible for a merchant of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia to have played a Rip Van Winkle part from 1905 up to the present time he would waken now in astonishment over the industrial activity in many of the leading manufacturing sections. The slump in business is mostly relative to 1907 conditions. Eliminate that year of tremendous boom, of froth, of greatest output, and of smallest profits American producers have ever known, and the situation, as it stands today is not at all unsatisfactory.—From "A Year of Business Recovery," by Charles F. Speare, in the American Review of Reviews for October.



### WHERE 100,000 CHILDREN WAIT.

They have been rescued from so much worse, that is really why society has always felt that it had a right to be complacently self-satisfied over the charities that it supports for them, says Mabel Potter Daggett, in the November Delineator. Found on a doorstep blanketed in the snow of a winter's night, picked up drifting about in the alleys, living from hand to mouth, committed by a kindly court that snatches them from crime to crime. So they have arrived by devious courses, but always trailing clouds of tragedy with them. And, however the details vary in their previous condition of suffering, it is usually true that they were hungry and cold and ragged and dirty. A board of directors and an association of managers and an annual meeting of trustees took them in—into a fine tall brick building. In 1241 institutions throughout the United States 100,000 such children are gathered today. There they are steam-heated and shower-bathed and check-aproned and dining-room-rationed, with

bread baked by the hundred loaves and meat bought by the hundred pounds.

But, listen! Still they are hungry and cold—with a hunger that is heart-deep and a chill that strikes to the soul. This is the new revelation that has come through the most advanced sociology. Nineteenth-century methods of philanthropy are called sternly to the bar by the twentieth century. "Why," falters the amazed defendant, "see, I have invested millions of dollars in the beautiful buildings in which I have housed these children!" "But," demands the plaintiff, "are they happy?" And before this charge down go defenses. The institution has done much for the dependent child. But the indictment brought against it is that it cannot do enough. For when it has fed and clothed and warmed him, it has not loved him. There is the difficulty that weaves and interweaves all through its carefully regulated system.

In this particular kind of well-established charity, New York State leads in point of numbers, but in a percentage comparison it is the District of Columbia that ranks first, with a ratio of 321.4 dependent children to every 100,000 of the population. New York's ratio of 317.3 is second, and California with a ratio of 290.8 has third place. Some of the States have attained a diminished ratio because they have found a better way of caring for the dependent child.

But the institution is still the accepted method in most communities. The county orphan asylum, or the sheltering refuge, or the home for little wanderers is proudly pointed out as an object of local interest along with the soldier's monument and the new town hall. Visitors admire, as well they may, the beautiful building with its faultless architecture. All about are widespreading reaches of velvety lawn. When the children, one hundred, six hundred, maybe a thousand, come down the stone steps from the great doorway two and two abreast, the long, winding column will keep closely to the gravel paths. The red geranium flower-beds bloom brilliantly in carefully laid-out stars and circles and crescents. Here and there the grounds are ornamented with statues of good men that are gone. On the marble tablet of the entrance hall you may read the names of the old first families of the town, to whom this institution is a memorial. The superintendent will be glad to show you over the building, every nook and cranny of which she knows is orderly, and rigidly clean. And you will find it so. And after you have written your name in the visitors' book in the office, you will turn to say, "This is indeed a beautiful home for the children." Then you walk off down the hill lost in admiration of how the wheels go round.

This you will do unless you have the new sociological vision that refuses to be dazzled by a polished, beautiful building. Then you will look beyond all architecture to the real exhibit and say, "Yes, but how is it with the child?" Out from the rows of others lined up so soldierly you will call one. Resting a hand gently on his head, and lifting his chin, so, you will look into that child's eyes, where you can read the answer to the institution's efficiency. What you have found there is a look that can only be loved away.



#### THE TUBERCULOSIS CONGRESS PROCEEDINGS.

THAT tuberculosis in its early stages can be cured has been announced more than once in late years. The statement was reiterated in more than one paper

read before the Sixth International Tuberculosis Congress at Washington. Among those who spoke on this subject were Prof. M. A. Barber of the University of Kansas, who spoke for himself, and Dr. Gerald Buell and Dr. W. S. Williams of Colorado Springs, Prof. A. Calmette of the Pasteur Institute, Lille, France, and Dr. Edward R. Baldwin of Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Dr. Ishigami, director of the Ishigami Institute, at Osaka, Japan, declared positively that by the use of a serum tuberculosis patients can be almost without exception completely cured in from three to six months. He said:

"After continuous investigations for more than ten years I have succeeded in getting two remedies of comparatively great efficacy and free from any detrimental reaction.

"1. The one is a chemical preparation from tubercle bacilli and is applicable to incipient and feverless patients.

"2. The other is an immunization serum and is applicable chiefly to patients in an advanced stage of the disease.

"Tuberculo toxoidin, the first, is a preparation made by chemically dissolving the tubercle bacilli and transforming the toxic property, thus getting rid of the reaction which is the common detriment of all the other preparations from tubercle bacilli.

"The incipient and feverless tuberculosis patients can be almost without exception, completely cured within from three to six months by the injection of this preparation.

"In patients in more or less advanced stage, if the nutrition is in good order, similar results can be obtained. In feverish patients a satisfactory result is often obtained by means of the injection used side by side with antipyretics. In more serious cases, beyond a certain degree, it is quite useless.

"Out of the total of 772 tuberculosis patients, each of whom has received more than fifteen injections of tuberculo toxoidin in my clinic within the last few years, there were 274 who were completely cured and 258 who were partially cured. These last two figures added together made 532, being 68.91 per cent of the total number of patients. Those who discontinued the treatment on various reasons numbered 107. Those who died numbered 29, and the remnant numbered 104.

"Satisfactory immunity to tuberculosis has only been obtained experimentally by the use of living bacilli. Any successful method of producing freedom from tuberculosis must be sought through the use of the living germ.

"The idea was first carried out by mice and anthrax germs. Encouraged by results, guinea pigs, animals very easily rendered victims of tuberculosis, were inoculated with the germ of tuberculosis. About forty guinea pigs have received inoculations, beginning



with one live tubercle bacillus and increasing up to thousands; so far none, as proved by post-mortem examinations, have become victims of tuberculosis."

Benjamin C. Marsh, executive secretary of the committee on congestion of population in New York City, read a paper on "Town Planning in Relation to the Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign." He said in part:

"Town planning involves the determination by the city of the lines of its development. It means that the city sets a standard for density of population which, while recognizing the values which the inner sections have acquired through the unrestricted and hence too intensive use of land, grades the use to which land may be put to secure as near as possible to the city center a requisite standard of living and work for its population.

"Fresh air, rest and good food is the standard emphasized over and over again in this tuberculosis exhibit, and they are essential to the prevention of tuberculosis. It is difficult to inject fresh air into tenement house blocks with a density of 500 to the acre. New York has many blocks with a density of 1,000, which cover from 65 to 75 per cent of the site.

"No effective warfare can be waged against tuberculosis without a systematic plan for the development of every city. Each should adopt a standard of the number of cubic feet of air space and admit that natural light should be provided for all workers in factories, stores and offices."

Washington, despite its beauty, was branded as a disgrace; and Paris is even worse.

Mr. Jacob H. Schiff made a strong plea for the compulsory treatment of advanced consumption by the State or municipality. Mr. Schiff summarized his conclusions as follows:

"That the private hospital and sanatoria exclude from admission advanced and incurable consumptive patients.

"That the State make ample and adequate provision for the proper care of sufferers from advanced and incurable consumption, and that the isolation of phthisis sufferers in advanced stage be made compulsory by law, though in a manner which shall accomplish this with the greatest possible consideration for the sensibility of the patient.

"That a thorough system be organized through which can be disclosed the existence of cases of weakened constitutions and anæmic conditions in children and young persons, especially in families afflicted with consumption."—*Scientific American*.



#### BETWEEN WHILES.

**Magnanimous Bridget.**—"Bridget," said Mrs. Hiram Offer, sternly, "on my way home just now I saw the policeman who was in the kitchen with you so long last evening, and I took occasion to speak to him—" "Oh, shure, that's all right, ma'am. Oi'm not jealous."—*Washington Inquirer*.

**Knew Her.**—Neighbor—"Bertie, your mother is calling you."

Bertie—"Yes'm. I know it, but I fancy she doesn't want me very badly."

Neighbor—"But she has called you seven times already."

Bertie—"Yes, I know, but she hasn't called 'Albert' yet."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.



**He Could Not Tell a Lie.**—Inquiring Lady—"How much milk does your cow give a day?"

Truthful Boy—"Bout eight quarts, lady."

Inquiring Lady—"And how much of that do you sell?"

Truthful Boy—"Bout twelve quarts, lady."—*Human Life*.



**One Step Enough For Him.**—A little Swedish boy went to school and the teacher asked him his name. "Yonny Olsen," he replied. "How old are you?" asked the teacher. "Ay not know how old Ay bane." "Well, when were you born?" continued the teacher. "Ay not born at all; Ay got stepmutter."—*Western Christian Advocate*.



**A Sermon on Money.**—"Dey ain't no use," said Brother Williams, "ter try ter git money w'en you ain't at de gittin'-place; an' de trouble is—de jingle er it is so confusin'! Hit's lak' de rattle er a rattlesnake—you dunno whar an' what time ter jump! Hit's trouble ter git money, an' trouble ter keep it: Dey despise you ef you ain't got it, an' ef so be you has, dey'll despise you ef you don't give it away!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.



**One on Mr. Sankey.**—A story, told by the late Ira D. Sankey on himself, and published in *The Boston Herald* in 1894, has been revived since the evangelist's death. One day in Geneva he entered a music-box shop and asked to see some music-boxes. The salesman graciously showed him a number, but none was what he wanted.

"Have you none that play sacred music?" he asked.

"Why," answered the salesman, "we have some that play a kind of half-way sacred music."

"What?" inquired Mr. Sankey.

"Oh, these Moody and Sankey hymns; I can't imagine what the people see in them, but we sell thousands of the boxes that play them. We have enormous orders for these boxes," continued the salesman, "from every part of Europe," and then he added, apologetically, "it's a matter of business you know, with us."—*New York Tribune*.

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

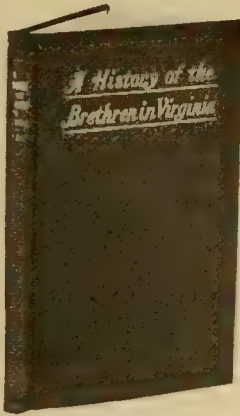
Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

---

**WANTED.**—All the readers of this paper to send 25 cents for a copy of a new Piano Reverie "Twilight Whispers." Mrs. J. E. Parsons, Jennings, La.

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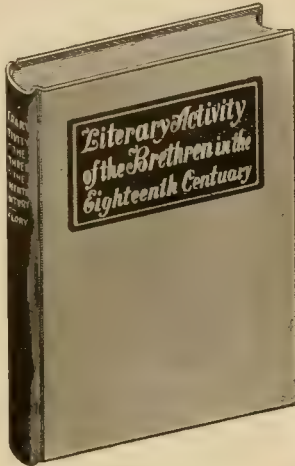
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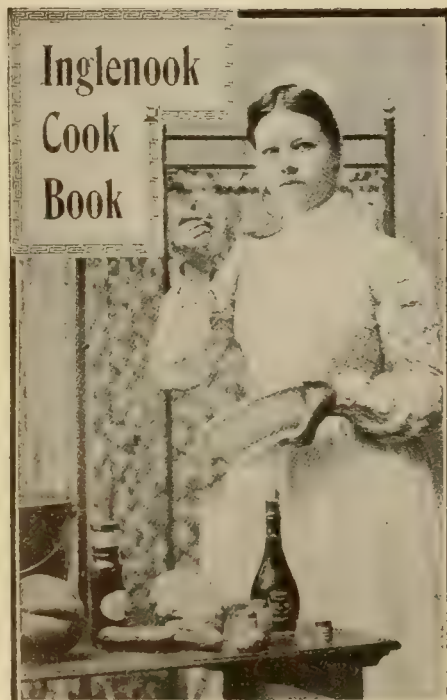


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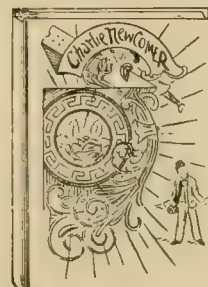
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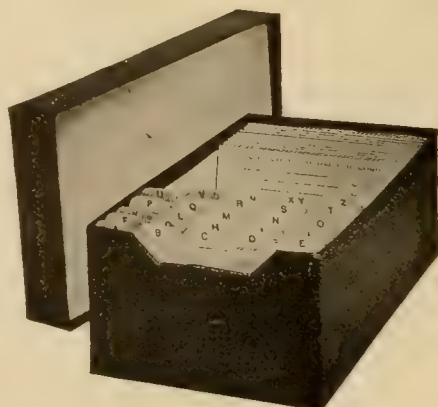
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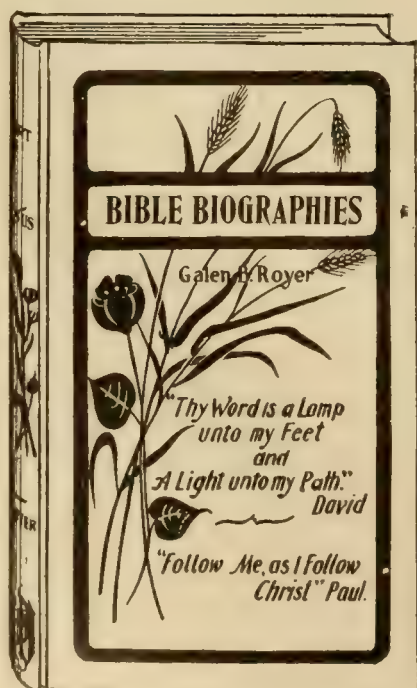
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F. R. Hartman, South Bend, Ind.  
C. S. Petry, West Milton, Ohio.  
Henry V. Wall, Los Angeles, Cal.  
W. H. Johnson, Reedley, Cal.

The Company has no connection with any railroad, land company, or any other corporation. We simply list tracts of land in desirable locations, suitable for subdivision into small parts, and act as agents for the sale of the same to colonists at wholesale price plus the cost of getting the land ready for settlement. This gives the purchaser the advantage of the increased value of the land, besides the profit which by the old way goes into the pocket of the promoter or land agent. We make no profit on the land taken by the colonists. Our plan also insures neighbors with a common interest, good roads, transportation, markets, school and church privileges from the beginning. Our plan also eliminates the privation, waiting and the uncertainty of the old way.

## ONE HUNDRED FAMILIES

are wanted at once for our co-operative colony to be located in the best part of the famous San Joaquin Valley of California, between now and March first, next, if possible. This colony will be located about 150 miles from San Francisco on or near the Santa Fe or the Southern Pacific Railway, thus insuring good transportation and nearby markets.

This Valley has good water in abundance, very fertile soil, and good climate. Grain, grass, truck, fruit, nuts, berries, etc., are grown in profusion with good results. A good place for HOMES, or INVESTMENTS.

If you are not interested in this California Colony, write us about our other colonies to be located in the Southwest, Northwest, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and other places of merit.

### REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD JOIN ONE OF OUR COLONIES:

1. Small tracts of land may be obtained at wholesale cost.
2. You have a part in selecting the land.
3. Lands increase rapidly in value under our plan.
4. The Company provides for improvement of land for nonresidents.
5. Many families locate together at the same time.
6. Public schools, church, and Sunday-school privileges are assured at once.

For fuller information, write

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# STAMPEDE FOR NEW HOMES

**Rapid Growth of Butte Valley  
Recently Opened to Settlement  
by the Extension  
of Southern Pacific  
Keeps Map Makers  
Busy**

If it hadn't been that the Siskiyou Mountains got their backs up—away back ages ago, when the world was young—this story of the greatest farm land opportunity on the American continent might never have been written, says Carl P. Johnson in "Home Life."

But the fact remains that the Siskiyou grades are steep, and after the Southern Pacific had grown tired of hauling the heavy trans-continental trains over that huge hump, at terrific cost in coal, its engineers began to look about for a route offering easier grades.

The immediate result was the construction of a "cut off" running North and South straight through Butte Valley from one end to the other.

But the most far-reaching result from the standpoint of the men and women who read this article was the opening up of 33,500 acres of wonderfully fertile valley land to the homeseeker and investor.

But for the coming of the railroad, Butte Valley, with all its splendid natural advantages of rich, black soil, abundance of pure water, delightful climate and magnificent scenery, would have remained in undisputed possession of the jack rabbits for decades to come.

But fate, or the Siskiyou Mountains or the railroad—whichever you choose to thank—intervened, and in two years time Butte Valley has bloomed into a veritable garden, with 11,000 acres already settled.

A hundred families—the vanguard of an army of homeseekers—are now living there and making money rapidly as the land is adapted to general farming, fruit culture, stock raising, grain raising and dairying. The new town of Macdoel has five stores and several shops, numerous dwellings, a \$4,000 church, which is also used as a school, and at the present rate of growth will soon be an important trade center. The railroad is pushing its way westward with all possible speed, and when connections are made with the old line of the Southern Pacific at Eugene, Oregon, the bulk of the road's trans-continental traffic will be carried through this valley.

## **Wonders of Butte Valley.**

Do you delight in the grandeur of mountain scenery? Butte Valley offers you a scenic panorama that has no parallel in magnificence. Forty

miles to the south towers snow-capped Mount Shasta. Sixty miles to the north, Mount Pitt lifts its giant head.

The background for the picture is formed by the connecting range before referred to—the Siskiyou. Beyond, to the east, lie the foothills. The valley is as level as a floor—and the soil is no less wonderful than the scenery. It is volcanic sediment from three to nine feet deep—black as the ace of spades—and so rich that it has already surprised the world with 27-pound cabbages, 8-pound potatoes, apples measuring 15 inches in circumference, pears that have never been surpassed in size, shape or flavor, and enormous yields of grain, timothy, clover and alfalfa. There is not a stone in the whole valley big enough to throw at a chicken.

The altitude of Butte Valley is 4,200 feet. The climate is that of Salt Lake City. Asthma, catarrh, tuberculosis, bronchitis, hay fever, etc., are unknown. The valley has 20 inches of rainfall, besides sub-irrigation.

The water is soft, cold, pure and abundant. The land is quickly and easily cleared by simply breaking down the sage brush and raking it off.

Dame Nature seems to have overlooked nothing essential to the happiness and prosperity of those who were to people this marvelous valley when she poured her bounties into its lap.

## **Growth of Butte Valley Seems Like Magic.**

News of the wonderful advantages of Butte Valley has spread with remarkable rapidity. The railroad builders are being closely followed by the home builders.

New houses are going up so rapidly that it is impossible for the local sawmills to saw lumber fast enough to meet the demand. Carload after carload of lumber is being shipped in from Weed and Klamath Falls. Many people are living in tents while their houses are being built. From one elevated point, where one year ago only five inhabited shacks were to be seen, you can count over a hundred new buildings. Where the town of Macdoel now stands there was nothing but sage brush one year ago.

The growth of the valley is absolutely without a parallel in the history of colonization movements.

The opportunities for money-making are so exceptional that the attention of the whole country has been attracted, and it will be but a comparatively short time until every available acre of Butte Valley land will be taken.

Approximately one-third of Butte Valley land has already been settled upon. This leaves only 22,500 acres. By the time you read this the Fall excursions will be bringing in hundreds of eager landseekers, most of whom will undoubtedly buy Butte Valley farms.

## **Fruit Basket of the Western World.**

The fruit business in Butte Valley is in its infancy, yet the remarkably fine apples, peaches and pears grown along the outer edges of the valley prove the coming greatness of the industry. Experts in the department of agriculture of the government bear witness to its splendid fruit possibilities. The following extract from a report of the Bureau of Soils, Washington, D. C., will prove of special interest to the man who is looking for a good place to invest his money in a fruit country:

"Apples have yielded abundantly and the fruit has been of choice quality, be-

ing of bright appearance, brilliantly colored and free from fungus or insect pests, and the outlook for the development of this industry is promising.

"The varieties likely to succeed best are the Spitzenbergs, Newton, Pippins, Northern Spy, Jonathan and the Rome Beauty. Pears, plums, quinces and berries would also do well in all localities favorable to apple culture."

Unquestionably the valley will be one of the greatest fruit countries in the world. Small fruits do exceedingly well. Colonists obtain wholesale rates on fruit trees. The vast number of acres planted in apple orchards this season is ample evidence of the confidence the residents have in the future of fruit raising in Butte Valley.

The pests that ruin fruit trees in the East are unknown in the valley. The authorities examine every tree and shrub shipped in, to see that no pests are brought in.

## **The Valley of Fat Cattle.**

Thousands of cattle are fattened in Butte Valley and thousands of sheep graze on the surrounding foothills. Stock raising is highly profitable. The succulent natural grasses, pure water and eternal sunshine provide every essential for successful dairying.

No better location for creameries than Butte Valley can be found anywhere, as electric power can be furnished at a very nominal cost, owing to the many mountain streams.

Fortunes will be made in the dairy business—and quickly, too.

## **Opportunities for All.**

Just now, while land is cheap and sold on easy terms, the Butte Valley offers remarkable opportunities to the young man starting in life, or the older man seeking a fresh start.

A nice little Butte Valley fruit farm will, in the course of a few years, make a man independent for life. Truck farming is immensely profitable. The mines and lumber camps now use all the people can raise. Beef cattle and dairy products pay handsomely. Macdoel offers a splendid opportunity to those wishing to go into business. The surrounding mountains are covered with dense forests of pine, cedar and fir, and lumber companies are reaping a harvest.

More sawmills are badly needed, as the product of the two mills now in Butte Valley does not even begin to meet the demand. Any man can make a success in Butte Valley if he is willing to work, but a lazy man would feel mighty lonesome out there among the hundreds of hustlers who are transforming the land of sage brush and jack rabbits into a twentieth century paradise.

## **Go and See for Yourself.**

My earnest advice to every reader of Home Life who can possibly make the trip is to take the first train for Macdoel and see with your own eyes the wonders of Butte Valley.

The railroads are making special excursion rates for September and October, the best months in the year to go. I understand that the "homeseeker's" rate is only a trifle more than half the regular fare.

Northern California is simply glorious in September and October. By all means take advantage of the cheap rates and join the stampede for cheap farms and happy homes in Butte Valley.

Ask **E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A., U. P. E. E. Co., Omaha, Neb.,** for literature.—The Lincoln (Neb.) Daily Star.

# Business Brevities From Butte Valley

Mr. Roy E. Swigart has recently received his well-drilling machinery from the East, which he will use in search of artesian water. The inhabitants of the Valley look forward to some very valuable revelations with the coming of Mr. Swigart's machinery.

---

Mrs. I. B. Harter has purchased a block east of the railroad in the town of Mcdoel, on Montezuma Avenue, and purposes in the near future to erect a number of dwellings, which are to be wired for electricity and piped for water. She has contracted with Mr. Swigart for an artesian well, so that her dwellings may be supplied with the modern convenience of water in each room in the house; others in the immediate neighborhood will probably do likewise.

---

Mr. D. D. Hufford has bought a block lying just south of Mrs. Harter, upon which he expects to erect a number of dwellings.

Mr. George Goddard, of Oklahoma, writes that he expects to ship household goods and bring a number of parties in the near future to the Valley. Many others are doing the same.

---

Mr. D. C. Campbell arrived recently with a party of five from Indiana and Illinois.

---

We still are receiving hundreds of letters daily, regarding rates and freights to the Valley, which is unquestionable evidence of the universal interest of the people in obtaining cheap homes in a good country.

---

A number of exhibits of grains, vegetables, etc., are being shipped east to the International Corn Exposition at Omaha, and to the International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago, Ill.

---

If you have not obtained the information you want concerning excursions, dates or rates, write any of the following :—

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D. C. CAMPBELL, Colfax, Ind.

ISAIAH WHEELER, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

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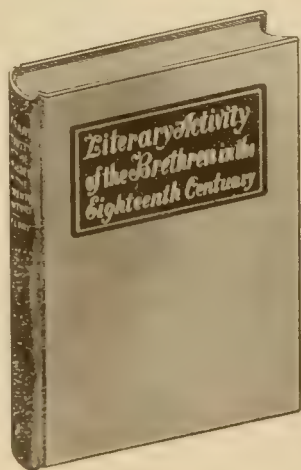
*I have read "The Unfolding Life," written by Mrs. Lamoreaux, and pronounce it the best treatise on the development of the human life that it has ever been my good fortune to read. Every Sunday-school teacher and parent should read and re-read it at the earliest possible date. It will add new joy to the work of child training.*—J. B. Trout, Sunday-school Editor, Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois.

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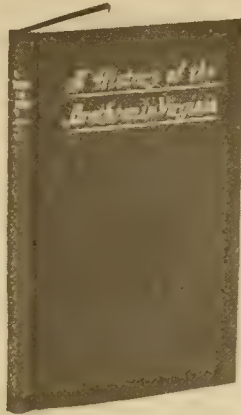
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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

November 10, 1908

No. 45.

## Martin Luther

Nathan Martin

### In Three Parts. Part Two.

THE Papacy, already shaken to its very foundations, now fell back upon the resources at its command. Dr. Eck had failed. The efforts thus far, whether friendly or otherwise, had alike proved unfruitful. What was to be done? The means finally agreed upon was a bull of excommunication, with three main stipulations: (1) Luther should be declared a heretic; (2) his writings should be burned; (3) he should appear at Rome within sixty days.

It proved a waste of energy and paper. One winter day, in the presence of students and townfolk, he cast the document, together with several law books, into the fire.

Summoned by Emperor Charles V to appear before his court, Luther started out for the city of Worms. Among the many who warned him against going was Spalatin, chaplain to the Elector Frederick, and a close friend of Luther. The reply to the various messengers was, "Go and tell your master that even should there be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the house-tops, still I should enter it."

On the way crowds came out to meet him and music formed the common tribute of the people as he passed. It was a critical moment for even as great a soul as his. On one hand was an applauding populace, welcoming the first beams of common sense that lighted the path of their religion; on the other hand, an offended aristocracy, boldly and proudly calling itself the Church.

Coming near enough to Worms to see its roofs and spires, Luther rose up in his carriage and sang the famous hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," a veritable war-cry during the entire period of the Reformation. But the hymn was not to die when the Reformation ended: its memory can only die with the memory of its author. One hundred and ten years later, Gustavus Adolphus caused it to be sung before his army on the battle-field of Leipsic, and a little later on the fatal ground of Lützen the hymn was intoned

by the legions of the same commander as the voice of one man.

News of his arrival at Worms quickly spread. The evening was spent at the inn, where many nobles and scholars had assembled. No sooner had they left than Luther repaired to his room, fell upon his knees and in broken language uttered a prayer to God for support and guidance.

The next day, just before sunset, the auspicious moment arrived. Great was the contrast between the pale, thoughtful monk and the brilliant court. In their presence he was interviewed by Dr. Eck, who asked him to recant. Luther, after a day's preparation, answered in a two hours' speech, ending thus: "Unless I be convinced by Scripture and reason, I neither can nor dare retract anything; for my conscience is a captive to God's Word, and it is neither safe nor right to go against conscience. Here I take my stand; I can do no otherwise. So help me, God." Having failed of accomplishing anything for Rome, the Emperor dismissed Luther and announced his intention to treat him as a heretic.

But the heresy was not to be easily punished. While on his way back to his native town, Luther was met by a band of masked men, who took him to Wartburg. These men were carrying out the instructions of Elector Frederick, who, according to some historians, had previously arranged for the capture with Luther.

Almost a year passed in comparative seclusion. Part of the time was spent in rambling, hunting and fishing. Four months of the period he devoted to the translation of the New Testament from the Greek text of Erasmus. Subsequently, aided by Melancthon, the translation was revised.

But soon his presence was again demanded at the front. Affairs had assumed a threatening aspect at Wittenberg. A few extreme and injudicious reformers had resorted to such measures as the breaking of images and ridding the University of all books



on theology except the Bible. Returning at the risk of his life, Luther by his moderation restored quietness and order, though it meant to him nothing less than eight consecutive days in the pulpit. He had won another laurel.

In 1524 he laid aside the garb which he had won as a monk, and the next year married Catharina von Bora, one of the nine nuns whom he had induced by his teachings to renounce their religious vows. The union was blessed with six children, and his home life was a great inspiration to him.

About this time occurred the Peasants' War, which arose in the region of the Black Forest and raged over the vast territory of the Rhine. Luther had been violently, though unjustly, charged with instigating the strife. A gloomy sadness hung over his heart; though conscious of his innocence, the humanity within him was too sensitive to forget easily the injustice of his fellow-men.

While among churchmen there were constant friction and difference on creed and doctrine during these stormy years, there were not lacking those who ardently desired a closer union of the churches, especially where the difference in practice was not particularly marked. Foremost among the advocates of this idea was the Landgrave of Hesse. He brought about a meeting between Luther and Zwingli in 1529, to adjust differences. In their discussion the chief point in question was the Lord's Supper. After some reasoning, the discussion culminated in a debate which parted the two contestants rather less friendly than they were when they met.



### SUCCESS THROUGH FAILURE.

J. C. FLORA.

SOMETIMES we learn more wisdom from failures than successes.

It is a mistake to suppose that men always succeed through success; they much oftener succeed through failure. By far the best experience of men, experience from which they gain the most lasting value, is gathered from their failures in their dealings in the affairs of life. Ask the successful business man and he will tell you that he learned the secret of success through being baffled, defeated, thwarted, and circumvented, far more than from his successes. Precept, study, advice, and example could never have taught him as well as failure has done.

Many have to make up their minds to encounter failure again and again before they finally succeed; but if they have pluck, the failure will only serve to rouse their energies, and stimulate them to renewed efforts.

The man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived and is never likely to live. If you fail now and then, do not become discouraged; bear in mind that it is only the part and experience of every

successful man. We might even go further and say that the most successful men often have the most failures.

Robert Bruce is a good example of one who succeeded through failures. Discouraged and disheartened by repeated defeats, he came one night to a poor hut under whose thatched roof he tried to rest till morning. Throwing himself upon a heap of straw, he lay upon his back with his hands placed under his head. As the morning dawned he gazed at the rafters of the hut, disfigured with cobwebs. Forgetting for a time the apparent hopelessness of the enterprise in which he was engaged and the misfortunes he had encountered, he watched a spider trying to swing itself by its thread from one rafter to another, but failing repeatedly, each time vibrating back to the starting. Twelve times did he notice its unsuccessful attempt. Not disheartened at its failure, it made the attempt once more and lo! the rafter was gained. "The thirteenth time!" exclaimed Bruce, springing to his feet. "I accept this as a lesson not to despond under difficulties and shall once more venture my life in the struggle for the independence of my beloved country." History records the result. Success crowned his efforts and it is said that he never afterward met with any great defeat.

If the little ant does not succeed the ninety-ninth time in carrying its food to its home it makes the hundredth effort.

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet-maker, locomotive builder, and grocer, but as often as he failed he tried again until he could stand alone, then crowned his victory by giving \$1,000,000 to help poor boys in time to come.

Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the *Tribune* and made it worth \$1,000,000.

Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook until he made himself the ornament of his age and nation.

Abraham Lincoln failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood, failed to earn his salt as a Mississippi flat-boatman; he had not even wit enough to run a grocery and yet he became president of his country and made himself a grand character of the nineteenth century.

Phillips Brooks failed as a teacher in a Boston Latin school, but, undaunted by disappointments, and predictions of friends, he became one of the noblest preachers of the century.

These examples should inspire us to press onward to success in spite of our failures. Then, young man, young woman, do not give up if you fail several times. The world is not coming to an end, nor society going to destruction because your petty plans have failed. The present failure should only teach you to be more

cautious in the future, and thus you will gather a rich harvest as the final outcome of your efforts.

Above all do not sink into despair. Rouse yourself and do not allow your best years to slip past you because you have not succeeded as you thought you would. Is not the sun just as bright, and nature just as smiling as before? Why, then, go about as if all hope had fled? If success were to crown your efforts now, where would be the great success of the future? Many a prominent reputation has been destroyed by early success.

Who lives that has not, during his life, aspired to something that he was unable to reach? Then in your efforts to attain some great end, to accomplish some noble work, do not be daunted by the thought that you can never be sure of success. Let it suffice that the end you have in view is the right one, and if you are not destined to accomplish it, eventually it will triumph. With prophetic eye look forward to the dawning of the time when, long after you have been called hence, posterity shall enter into your labor and eat of the fruit of the tree that you have planted.

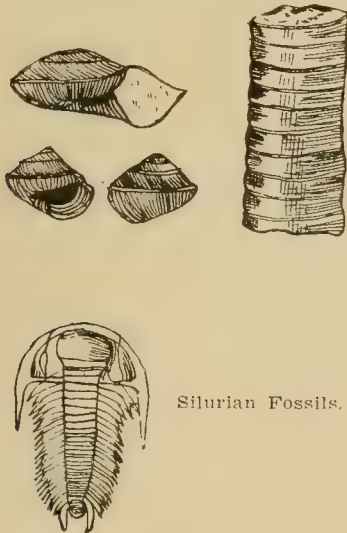
*Clovis, New Mexico.*

## Delving into Nature's Secrets

John H. Nowlan

### II. Fossils.

DURING the formative period of the world shells were imbedded in the shore deposits, logs and leaves from high lands and carcasses of land animals were carried into the swamps and animals walking on the muddy shores left their tracks. Many of them were destroyed beyond recognition, but some have been preserved with more or less change. Such preservations are called fossils. There are almost numberless fossils scattered through all the stratified rocks, but each



Silurian Fossils.

group of rocks has its own peculiar fossils, from a study of which we obtain the truest key to the different formations.

Each era, age, period and epoch has a flora and a fauna distinctly marking it from every other era, age, period and epoch.

The earth's history is divided into seven ages, all except the first being found upon the classes of organizations found in them. They are:

(1) The Archæan of Eozoic, represented by the Laurentian system of rocks.

(2) Age of mollusks, or age of invertebrates, represented by the Silurian system.

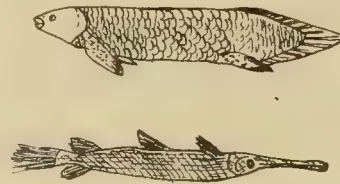
(3) Age of fishes, represented by the Devonian rocks.

(4) Age of amphibians, shown in the carboniferous formations.

(5) Age of reptiles, represented by the Secondary rocks.

(6) Age of mammals, Tertiary and Quarternary formations, and (7) Age of man, recent formations.

*Archæan Age.* A study of the Canadian rocks re-



Devonian Fossils.

vealed the fact that the highly metamorphic rock which was everywhere destitute of fossils was everywhere nonconformable with the overlying Cambrian, thus es-

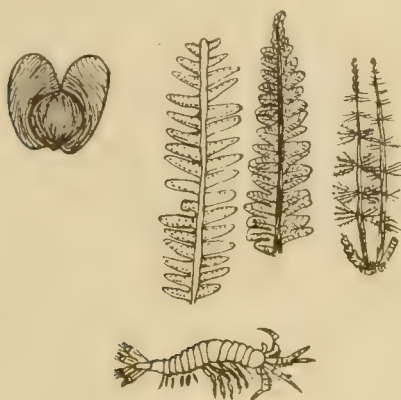


establishing the fact of a distinct era. Extreme and universal metamorphism is the only distinct characteristic of the Laurentian system. Inter-stratified with the schist, quartzite and marble are immense beds of iron ore, and deposits of graphite.

The presence of graphite argues for the existence of vegetable growth, for graphite is only the extreme term of the metamorphism of coal.

The existence of rizopods, the great limestone builders of later times, is also believed to be demonstrated. This supposed animal is called Eozoon (dawn animal).

*Silurian.* The Cambrian period of the Silurian formation abounds in fossils. About four hundred are known in the United States and Canada, and in the very lowest zone of the Cambrian one hundred and thirty-four species are found. About a dozen plants also are known. Between the Archæan and the Paleozoic is a lost interval of enormous duration, the absence of fossils being accounted for by the supposition that they were of an unenduring structure. The plants of the Silurian were mostly, if not entirely, seaweed. Animal life abounded in great profusion, all the species observed being invertebrates. Over 10,000 have been described, all of which belonged to the four sub-kingdoms—Protozoans, Radiates, Mollusks, and Articulates. Thin layers of carbonaceous matter are sometimes found, and even a small bed of



Carboniferous Fossils.

anthracite has been found, having apparently been formed from seaweed.

*Devonian.* This system is characterized by the development of fishes, all of which are ganoids and placoids. In conjunction with the abundant vegetation, insects are found in great numbers. Never since that time have fishes been so abundant or so large, but all are now extinct. In this time also was found the first true forest vegetation, consisting of immense ferns, equisetæ and conifers similar to those found in the Carboniferous. Coal is mined in France from the Devonian.

*Carboniferous.* The Carboniferous is the most im-

portant age of the world's history so far as the human race is concerned. This is the period in which was stored the coal supply of the world. LeConte says, "In the Carboniferous proper are contained nine-tenths of all the worked coals, and probably nine-tenths of all the workable coals of the world."

*Mesozoic.* The Mesozoic was noted for the development of reptilian forms. The conditions were yet



Mesozoic Fossils.

favorable to a luxuriant growth of plants, and their preservation. It is divided into three periods, Triassic, Jurassic and Cretaceous.

During the Triassic and Jurassic periods existed animals which were a strange combination of lizard and flying creatures, besides plants and marine mollusks. Among them were the ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, the rhamphorhynchus, and the archeopteryx, a creature approaching the true birds but with a vertebrated tail.

The Cretaceous is named from the chalk deposits (a soft, white pure carbonate of lime) of England and France.

In America there is a transition period between the Cretaceous and the Tertiary, called the Laramie. In it are found the largest coalfields of North America except those of the Carboniferous Age. In this age we find the progenitors of the mammals and birds, prominent among them being the ichthyornis hadrosaurus.

*Age of Mammals.* Some of the Tertiary fossils are sivatherium and tinoceras, while in the Quarternary we find the mammoth, Irish elk and similar forms.

Thus, by observing the fossils found in the various strata, we are able to tell at what period of the earth's history they were formed.

It is not likely that all the strata can be found in any one place. The coal measures may rest upon the Archæan, Silurian, or Devonian, and again the coal measures may be missing and any one of the strata above may rest on any one of the lower strata.

*Mulberry Grove, Illinois.*



### INDIAN SUMMER.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

It is a wraith of those dear summer days

When all the woods were garbed in beauty rare,

When odorous breezes trickled through the air

In currents cool, and in the woodland ways

Fair wildings bloomed through the long sweet days.

When feathered poets from some leafy lair

Poured forth their souls in lyrics: now this bare

Bare apparition draped in shining haze.

It is a wraith and in a ghostly way

Haze-draped, silent and pale it stalks along.

Dead are its wreaths and lost its jewels of song,

As it moves o'er the spent earth, winter gray,

Late birds fly upward from the flowerless path,

And insects murmur in the aftermath.



### JEFFERSON DAVIS.

DALLAS B. KIRK.

JEFFERSON DAVIS was born in Christian County, Ky., June 3, 1808, and his opposite, Abraham Lincoln, was born in the same State the following year. Both occupied a presidential chair in America at the same time.

Jefferson was a student of Transylvania College, Ky., and a graduate of West Point Military Academy in 1828.

He served in the Black Hawk War and was made first lieutenant of dragoons in 1833.

Becoming engaged to a daughter of Gen. Taylor, and not getting her parents' approval, he eloped with her and was married; the estrangement lasted for a number of years. Mrs. Davis lived only a few weeks after the marriage.

Davis resigned from the army in 1835 and became a cotton planter, which career he followed for about ten years. He became an active politician in 1843; Democratic elector for the State of Mississippi, 1844; elected to Congress in 1845. Davis also remarried this same year.

Ex-President John Q. Adams, after listening to Davis' first speech said, "That young man is bound to make his mark," and so he did, for only a few months later he performed duties that were a credit to the man. It was Col. Davis at Buena Vista in the Mexican War saved the day when the now famous "V" movement was used by Davis with success. He was wounded in this battle. He was praised by

the Duke of Wellington, Gen. Winfield Scott and others.

He was elected U. S. Senator in 1847.

During the presidency of Franklin Pierce he was made Secretary of War.

He was again elected Senator in 1857, and was Democratic leader of the 36th Congress. He at all times was a firm believer in and an active advocate of "State rights."

When the State of Mississippi seceded in January, 1861, Davis withdrew from the Union a few days later, after delivering a short but well-prepared speech in Congress.

Jefferson Davis could be classed in the Ciceronian school of orators, for to hear him was to imagine yourself listening to an old dignified Roman.

Davis was just the opposite to the story-telling Lincoln, being in all things a serious-minded man.

When the Confederacy rose on the horizon of events, Davis was the man the Confederates elected as their chief executive officer. He would much rather have become leader of the Southern army, for he was a remarkable soldier.

During the stormy days of the Rebellion many prominent Southern citizens criticized Davis' acts severely, but after the light of half a century has shed its rays upon his work, we must be sparing with our blame.

At the close of the war Davis was arrested and imprisoned in Fort Monroe for two years. He was even manacled for a few days, which to us now would seem a very rough way to use such a prisoner. But in 1867 he was liberated and included in the amnesty of 1868.

He spent his remaining years at his old home at Beauvoir, Mississippi. It was here he wrote his history of the Confederacy. And it was here he entertained large numbers of guests, some even coming from Europe, for his hospitality knew no bounds, and at last it put him in a very poor condition.

"Winnie" Davis (sometimes called the Daughter of the Confederacy) has told of her father's kindness of heart and his home life, and it certainly is worth patterning after. He was a gentleman at all times to his wife, which is another good point in his life.

Davis liked poetry and music and knew the good from the bad. His tastes were exalted and he could not be rated with those public men who have a vulgar side to their nature.

He died on December 6, 1889, in New Orleans.

The month of June, 1908, marked the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

*Pentz, Pa.*



"GIVING a boy a manly job is the best way to cure him of boyish measures."





## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXXI.

I AM now looking at the dizzy crest of one of the most famous Alpine passes,—the Great St. Bernard, which I will try to cross, into Italy. As I push my good wheel up the mountain path and know that before many hours the wonders of a new country will open her treasures for my tourist eyes, my feet linger in the thrifty country of Switzerland with a positive dislike to hurry on. Reluctant, I ascend the steep mountain. My memory is a spacious picture gallery of beauty. Though glad to move forward, I am held by a thousand sweet spells of romance flung at me by mountains and by lakes and by people.



"Two gay old ladies, one with a half bushel balanced on her head, turning the crooked corner."

I have found Switzerland so well governed, her people so happy and prosperous, that little thought of her government or politics has come to me. When machinery runs perfectly, we scarcely think about how or why it runs so well. Only defective machinery and defective governments call our attention to the *modus operandi*. Switzerland is such a success because her public servants are true, and must be true,

to the country they serve. They, and not the people, are at the mercy of wholesome checks of control. Graft is not known here as it is known in America. Incomes are graded. A man with \$100 income pays fifteen cents tax; with \$1,000, more than ten times more than on \$100. Schooling is free. Books, slates, paper, pencils, etc., are also free. Children *must* go to school or their parents to jail. You can send a barrel of salt or a load of hay by mail, if you put on the postage. Studebaker's wagon factory or "Old Sandstone" at Mt. Morris, Ill., could be sent by mail in Switzerland. In the United States only packages of four pounds and under can be sent by mail. Here in Switzerland

I can send a telegram for six cents and for each extra word one-half cent. It is the best telegraph system of Europe or America.

I can ride on the trains all over the most scenic parts, night and day, for a week, for less than half the fare from Chicago to Denver. I have not ridden a mile in the cars here on this journey around the world, but I did ride in them when here for the first time while a junior in college. I know that they afford excellent service and every railway servant treats the passenger as if he were a prince. When you want to send your baggage ahead of you, you tell the postoffice, and a man comes and gets your trunks and grips, two or a dozen, and the cost is only a trifle. In America, the right, or "trust," to handle your baggage is sold to a private monopoly, and you pay trust prices,—

fifty cents to haul your trunk a block. The baggageman smashes it, breaks your valuables, and the railroad company charges you a fabulous price for extra weight and then for storage. Going on a journey in America is like going to a funeral, a *burn down* and a *moving* all at once. In Switzerland it is a delight, in the United States it is a menace to health, sanity and conscience. I see now

as I never saw before why these conditions are so different. In Switzerland everything is done to help the people,—for their *common good*. In the United States everything is left over to the wicked grafter. Here I could use the telephones for a few cents, with finest service for they, too, are owned by and operated by and for the people. The telephones, like the railroads, are the property of the people. The street cars are made for the comfort of passengers. The systems have been mostly taken over by the municipalities. Hence, these, too, are run for the common good.

But Switzerland is European in some things. Laboring people often take the place of a horse. I saw a baker pulling his wagon with bread and pies, up steep hills in Zurich, and behind him came the street sprinkling wagon, also pulled by one man. These were a few of the very few objectionable sights seen in this Alpine country I am now leaving.

Napoleon himself crossed this famous St. Bernard Pass, and Hannibal and Cæsar before him. At the Napoleon hotel I slept over night and sat in the same chair used by Napoleon when he stopped here. On the height of the pass I spent part of two days at the hospice, which is managed by the Augustinian monks, who entertain up here twenty thousand tourists each year, making no charge for their services. My room here was No. 21. How bare it was of fine furniture! But it was full of air,—pure, fresh, mountain air, and I slept like "sixty." When I awoke in the morning I saw on the wall the picture of George Washington,—hanging, there on the top of the Alps. Looking from my window I saw the long, giant snow and ice field above me, with cold, scraggy peaks all about me. The scenery was so different from that of the quiet, grass-covered valley, it gave me a great appetite at once for my breakfast.

At noon that day, while being served with roast beef and a second plate of soup, an incident occurred that I should not pass by. By my side sat an Italian army officer. He liked wine. It is the custom at hotels in the Alps to pour out the wine for the one sitting by you, and he for you. But as I am a Good Templar in temperance principles, which is a teetotaler, I dare not drink myself of this wine served at all hotels, nor dare I give it to my neighbor. This was the cause of a discussion at the table of temperance principles that drew the attention of every one at the table, to the Italian army officer and the world tourist. No sooner had I shown my colors than I found two other tourists on the other side of our table who were of my own sentiments in temperance. Their smiles and recognition of honor for my stand paid

me well for the trouble. The officer was refilling his glass with the free wine, when I raised my glass of clear, cold water above my plate and pointing to it, I said:

"God made this; it is better than that wine in your glass."

"Ah, monsieur," he replied, holding up his red-filled glass, "man made *this*."

"No, not man," I replied, "but *Le Diable!*" laughing with the others at the table who saw the drinking guest go down in graceful defeat.

I did not think of it then, but I have thought since that day, that this temperance sermon, unwittingly preached on the highest Alps by the penniless tourist, would be told for good, by every traveler who took



A Load of Tourists about to Go Down from the Simplon Pass. Mr. Spickler Attended Divine Services Here One Sunday.

dinner that day with the good old monks.

It is these little, accidental things, in our everyday life, that count for or against us in the summing up by our friends of our character or influence. Goodness is good only as it helps others to be good. The goodness that stops with self is not good, but is one of the meanest of vices. More people are surrendering to the evil forces of this world by "keeping still" because of too weak a backbone, or for mere love of peace and gentle living, than the vast multitudes that go the downward road in drink, lust and theft.

My touring in Helvetia had ended. On the 17th day of July I had climbed the pass, on the Swiss side, looking down, as I ascended, upon pasture fields in



which grazed quiet-eyed kine, and upon hundreds of gleaming little wheat fields that goldened in the evening sun as it flooded the warm valley of the Rhone and hastened the wheat for the sickle. There is no rural beauty comparable to an Alpine sylvan scene when viewed from a lofty eminence in fair weather at sunset. Now I stood on the line between Switzerland and Italy. The big St. Bernard dogs who met me as I approached the hospice, wearied and footsore, now barked their loud good-byes at me as I sat on my wheel, my feet testing the coaster brake, ready to roll down into an Italian landscape almost as quickly as though falling from the clouds. For the only severe rule imposed upon guests at this mountain hotel is that while the hospitality is free, visitors may remain but one night.

How we did turn curves and bounce and leap! What silvery roads, o'erhung with verdant suggestions of flowery Italy! The scenery was of the most wildly romantic, changing from the grand into the awful, dissolving at every turn into astonishing vistas. My only care was to watch the sharp curves and steer across the narrow bridges, and ride, balancing on my little iron steed, and filling my swelling chest with samples of a dozen different atmospheres, at first cool and rare, then warm and fragrant, soft with the gentlest touch of sweet-whispering, valley-born winds! Below me, a thundering stream broke into rapids, or churned its greenish waters into spasms of terror as its great force thrashed the big rocks far below its deep banks.

I hadn't ridden far at breakneck speed right down through a floating mass of cold, damp clouds, when I saw coming ahead of me an armed Italian custom officer who ordered me to stop. The half fear that he would order me back came to me. But when I showed him my cycle touring passport, he allowed me to proceed after he had waved away a second officer armed with a Winchester who stood guarding the pass on a great boulder near by. He had also affixed to my wheel the Italian government license tag which allowed me sufficient time to ride all over Italy with no more tax on my wheel than the few cents for the tag.

I was now in Italy. How I wish I might bring to the reader the sweet transport of joy that the real tourist knows when coming at last into a long-dreamed-of land! Italy, with her sunshine, her flowers, her art galleries, her marble cathedrals, her Roman legions of old!

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#### AN INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

E. C. HOLLAR.

MUCH has been said and printed within the last few months, about the war preparations of the various nations. Although there have been two peace con-

ferences within the last couple years, yet have the preparations gone on apace. In fact we are almost appalled as we scan the various newspapers and read of the race of the nations to occupy the highest rank in the class of human destroyers. Battleship after battleship has been built and used but a short while, because others more powerful have rendered them practically useless. The most painstaking inventors of impenetrable armors have been baffled in their purpose by the inventive genius of the gunmakers, but still the race goes on and on. Never before in the history of the world have there been preparations for war so gigantic as today. But after all there is not afloat a squadron or even a single ship that in itself is invincible. Then, might we not ask, of what practical benefit is all this grand display?

If we but go back in history to the time of the Athenian supremacy, and carefully note the pains which they took to make themselves, as they thought, invincible and how by the blunder of but one man the whole was brought to naught, I think we have therein a satisfactory answer to the question above. All that vast preparation was made with the sanction of the great Pericles, the same as today the great men of the several nations sanction what is being done now. The Athenians were as wrapped up in their fleet and as confident of their strength as any of the world-powers today. But Athens fell, and fell completely. In the day, in the hour, in the minute, wherein her fleet was destroyed did the strength of Athens fade away, for she had trusted her destiny to the hands of her sailors, and to the weak bottoms of her harbor full of ships, but more especially to the bottoms of her ships.

We are prone to trust our safety to those things which are but the instruments of safety when skillfully handled, and think but little of who is to manage them or how. We may have a navy the best in the world and yet be weak because of the character of the men in command. Or, again we may have a poor navy, as was once the case, and yet be strong because of the patriotic pride of our sailors. History tells of many instances that will prove the truth of these statements, one of the most thrilling of which is the account of the fight between John Paul Jones on the *Poor Richard* and the better-armed *Serapis* with a much larger force of officers and men.

Many more such could be given, but it is needless, as they all point towards the fact that deep patriotism laid upon the principles of equal rights is the most invincible Armada that any nation can possess. And that all the ships and guns and whatsoever engines of death and destruction we may have, are little better than idle show unless handled with the cunning and dexterity of patriotic minds.

*Hardin, Mo.*

## THE OVEN BIRD.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

ABOVE the sweet notes of numerous other songsters that echo through the woods, in early summer is the "teacher, teacher, teacher" of the oven bird, the beautiful little pedestrian of birddom.

This bird was formerly classed with the thrushes, and called the golden-crowned thrush. Later writers class it with the warblers. The general color above is yellowish olive, the under parts and a line over the eye, white. The breast is streaked with arrow-shaped spots of black which heightens its resemblance to the thrushes. The crown is orange brown, bordered by black. Altogether it presents a very pleasing appearance.

The oven bird is essentially a ground bird, only mounting to the branches of trees to sing or when scolding an intruder. On the ground it walks about keeping time and balance with a motion of the head, in the most dainty, dovelike manner. It is preëminently a walker. It never describes the turns and curves after the manner of the flycatchers, nor flits among the branches like the sparrows, but scratches among the leaves as does the chewink.

It is found coming North in April and a month later has assumed household duties. The nest is a beautiful structure, generally substantial and roofed over, with an entrance on the side. Its resemblance to the old-fashioned outdoor oven is so marked that the builder has been almost universally christened the "oven bird." The nest is mainly built of leaves, strips of bark and dried grasses, and often ornamented with mosses. The eggs are four or five in number, unusually rounded, and of porcelain whiteness, finely spotted and specked with red, brown and lilac, the marks being mostly around the larger end in the form of a wreath. They are more than ordinarily beautiful.

Last Decoration Day, while on a tramp through "Buzzard's Roost," a tract of primeval forest near Indianapolis dedicated to the use of the State Nature Club of Indiana, by Mr. William Watson Woollen, I came across an oven bird on her nest. It was on the ground near a log and when the bird, startled by my presence, left the nest, she hopped upon the log and walked the entire length of it, giving me a most excellent view of her olive-colored back and her beautiful manner of walking. She pretended to pay no attention to her nest, but it was quite evident that it was the center of attraction. As I retreated she turned about and came towards the nest until finally she perched upon the arched roof, and from there slid into the nest.

The song of the oven bird is a peculiar ascending chant, resembling the word teacher, repeated four or five times and gathering strength and volume with each syllable. The call note is a sharp "chip." Mr.

John Burroughs gives an accurate description of its song as follows: "Mounting by easy flights to the top of the tallest tree, he launches into the air with a sort of suspended, hovering flight, like certain of the finches, and bursts into a perfect ecstasy of song, clear, ringing, copious, rivaling the goldfinches in vivacity and the linnets in melody. This strain is one of the rarest bits of bird melody to be heard, and is oftenest indulged in late in the afternoon or after sundown."

As might be inferred from its habit of living on the ground, the food of the oven bird consists of harmful worms, grubs and bugs that live in the soil and under leaves, also noxious weed seeds.

*Spiceland, Ind.*



## THE OPOSSUM.

W. D. NEHER.

THE opossum is a native of North America and is found in almost every State in the Union and parts of Canada.

If I wished to hunt him for his fur or savory flesh, I would pitch my tent in the Ozark country, Indian Territory, Arkansas or Missouri, for no doubt he is found more plentifully in that territory than elsewhere, although it is not profitable to hunt him for his fur, as it is an inferior quality and sells cheaply and he is rather a hard animal to catch in traps.

I trapped three successive and successful winters in Arkansas and trapped only one opossum in that time. Although I wasn't setting my traps for them, there being so many there it looks as if I would have caught more.

The most successful way to catch them would be to hunt them with dogs in the early part of the night. They can only climb a tree or vine that they can reach two-thirds of the way around, or no larger than their body and one can easily get to them.

Many people catch them for food, as they think their flesh a delicacy. The dorky is a great lover of their flesh. I once was, but it is strange how one's taste changes as he grows older.

The opossum is a very strange creature. The female carries her young in the pouch or sack under her until they get several weeks old. Then she changes them to her back and will carry them there until they get quite large.

Opossums are found in almost any old place. They are not very particular. Sometimes they make their homes in hollow logs and stumps and under rocks, under a rail pile or any place where they can cover themselves with leaves, or hide. I have found them in corn shocks and along draws, in brier patches or hedges, several miles from the timber.

If you should run onto one with your dog and the dog would give it a good shaking, it would lie there as if dead, or if you would hit it with a rock or stick



it would sulk and act dead, and it is hard to discern life in one that sulks. About the only way is to hold him up by the tail, and if it crooks at the end there is life there and if you should leave him for dead, as is often the case, as soon as you are out of sight he would shuffle away, probably unhurt.

The opossum will eat most anything he can get, unless it would be tobacco.

He loves fruit. You can find him in the grape vines, or black-haw bush, eating papaws or mulberries. He is a lover of persimmons also. He likes all the varieties of the bug family and eats birds and any other kind of meat. He will eat stale meats as well.

On one occasion (in the evening), I was out hunting deer where there were a great many opossums, and as I was making my way cautiously I got the scent of a carcass, and being inquisitive to know what kind of an animal it was, I followed the scent and found it to be the carcass of a cow, almost dried up with hardly anything left but skin stretched over the bones. I went up to it from the rear and stamped on the ribs and out ran two fat-looking opossums. They had been feasting on that old carcass.

My friend Silverthorne, a truthful fellow, was telling me that he had been down in the Osage Nation one early fall on a visit to his relatives, and while there he went to see the burying place of the Osage Indians. In the cemetery there was a tall pole planted in the center with a horse's tail tied to the end flopping around in the breeze. There were many graves there, or piles of stones. They bury by setting Mr. Indian down, in the shape of a letter L. They then build a stone house the same shape all around him only leaving an opening in front of his face. Many of these graves tumble down in time.

My friend said he went to one that was in a fair state of preservation, and looking in he saw the grinning skull of an Indian. Just then he heard a grating, hollow sound. He was frightened and stepped back, and to his surprise out ran a big fat opossum and shuffled away into the underbrush. He had been feasting on that Osage Indian.

*Chenoa, Ill.*



#### WHAT BECOMES OF OLD RAGS.

WE often wonder what becomes of the old, filthy rags the ragmen gather out of the streets and gutters, and other like places; but in these days of utilitarianism, nothing is lost, and some day you may find these same dirty old rags awaiting you at the breakfast table, or on the reading table in the living room, in the shape of a beautifully printed newspaper or magazine; or, it may be that the paper on which you write your dainty notes was once nothing but a mass of these same old, dirty rags. Huge bales of lowly rags are fed into a "thrasher," a great cylindrical receptacle, revolving rapidly and supplied with long

wooden arms, or "beaters," and driven by power. During a great thrashing and pounding, the dust is carried off in suction tubes, and the whipped rags are carried to a "sorting," or "shredding" room, where the rags are assorted as to size and condition, buttons, hooks, buckles, etc., removed, and the larger rags cut into smaller pieces. From this room, the rags are carried by machinery to the "cutter," where revolving knives cut them into smaller pieces, and free them from more dirt. They next go to the "devil," or whipper—a hollow cone with projecting spikes against which work the spikes of a great drum, dashing the rags about at a great speed; from this they go to the "duster," a conical, revolving sieve. Here the mass of rags is tossed and shaken and the loosened dirt and dust is carried away by air-suction, and the rags are pushed on to the "digester" in the room below. This is a huge, revolving boiler, usually upright, with a digestive capacity of several tons of rags, charged with a solution of lime and soda. Under steam pressure, the rags are cooked in this lime solution for fourteen hours, and the mass is tumbled about in the scalding bath until all color and impurities are loosened. When it leaves this bath, it is cleansed and purified, but still unsightly. Next the mass is conveyed into oval-shaped tubs twenty feet long, called "Hollanders," where a revolving roll, covered with knives cuts the mass while a continuous stream of water washes out and further cleans them. After a six-hour bath in a bleaching material, the mass is carried to the "beater," and is again beaten up by knives on revolving rollers and made still whiter by the use of bluing. The mass is now called pulp, and from this cleaning house, it passes on to the great machine which eventually turn out the finished product in dainty papeterie that goes into all homes, offices, factories, shops, in some form or other, carrying messages from one part of the world to another, or in the paper used for newspapers, books, magazines, or the various grades of wrapping, or other paper, while other grades are made into all manner of conveniences for the varied industries of the world. It is wonderful. Yet it is but "gathering up the fragments, that nothing be lost."—*The Commoner*.



#### QUEER HABITS OF MUSICIANS.

WHEN listening to the wonderful strains of Beethoven's immortal symphonies and sonatas it is difficult to imagine that they could come from the pen of such an eccentric man. Though musicians are, as a rule, men with many peculiarities, Beethoven was probably the most extraordinary of them all.

He wrote his music in all sorts of places—when dining, walking, or conversing with a friend. Often in the midst of a crowded street he would stop and write furiously for a few minutes on the back of a letter or an envelope, oblivious to the bustling crowd

about him. Some of his greatest themes were composed when he was walking along in the pouring rain, for in the worst weather he was a familiar figure in the streets of Vienna, and, though often the object of much ridicule and many gibes, he was profoundly inattentive to his surroundings, as his mind was wholly occupied with his music. His friends were not unaccustomed to have him break off in the midst of a conversation and begin to write rapidly some motif which had presented itself to him.

This great composer would play for hours at a stretch, and in order to cool his hands, which often became feverish, he would seize a water jug and walk about the room, pouring the water first on one hand and then on the other, utterly ignoring the fact that there was no receptacle to catch it. This was the cause of many of his hasty retreats from his lodgings, for the slightest complaint would cause him to give notice to quit, so puerile was he at times. As a result he sometimes was paying for no fewer than three different lodgings at the same time, which, after engaging for a month, he had abruptly left in a day.

Wagner, too, was not exempt from peculiar fancies. His mind seemed to run to the gruesome, and during his lifetime he had his grave constructed. It was in the garden back of his home, and he would often go and look at it that he might not forget its existence. But the worst of it was that he constantly insisted that his friends should remember it too, and when he was entertaining them at dinner he would suddenly break off in the conversation and begin declaiming on eternity and the grave.

"My friends," he would say, "in the midst of life we are in death. Death is a lot that we all must face, even so great a man as myself. I, too, must die. I should like very much to show you my grave, if you will allow me."

And starting from the dinner table he would lead the way, followed by his guests to the corner of the garden where his grave was, and there he would give his companions further dissertations on eternity.

Meyerbeer gathered his thoughts amid the rumble of thunder, the flash of lightning and the downpour of rain. In order more fully to expose himself to the stimulating effects of the elements he had constructed for himself, at the top of his house, a room whose sides were entirely of glass, and here he would hasten at the approach of a storm and amid its fury would have a rush of musical thoughts.

There is a story about him to the effect that once when entertaining friends at dinner he heard a distant rumble of thunder just as the soup course was served, and to the astonishment of his guests, he hastened from the room to his musical chamber and left them to care for themselves for the rest of the evening.

The Italian composer, Donizetti, courted inspiration by a means which proved so injurious that it caused the premature decay of his faculties. He was accustomed to shut himself in a room with a quantity of music paper, pens and ink and three or four pots of strong coffee. He would then begin to write and drink, and when this supply of coffee was exhausted he would order more and continue to drink it so long as he wrote.

He asserted that the coffee was necessary for his inspiration. The result of his pernicious habit was a yellow, parchment-like complexion, with lips almost jet black and a nervous system which soon caused his breakdown and death.

Rossini was perhaps the laziest of all musicians whose names are famous. He would rarely rise until midday, and often when he awoke and the weather was dull or the muse did not inspire him to write, he would turn over again and after directions to his servant to be called the following day, would sleep blissfully for another twenty-four hours.

He did most of his writing in bed, and before retiring for the night he would place music paper and a pencil near his bedside so that he would not have to move in order to have the means at hand for writing down the musical thoughts which came.

It is told of him that after writing part of a beautiful duet for an opera the sheet on which he was writing fell to the floor and caught by a puff of wind was soon beyond his reach. He was too lazy to get up and get it and thereby disturb the nicely arranged bedclothes, so he set to work and wrote another melody, as he could not remember how the first one went. Thus, in the opera *Il Turco in Italia*, there are two duets for one situation, and the singers can choose the one which pleases them best.

Liszt was probably the vainest of great composers and also one of the most capricious. It was only when in the mood that he would play, and if pressed to do so against his will he would often become almost insulting.

It is told of him that after being entertained at dinner he was asked by his hostess to perform on the piano, and on refusing and again being asked he stalked to the piano and after dashing off a short but brilliant composition he hurried from the room, saying as he went: "There, madam! I have paid for my dinner!"

On a similar occasion after a dinner party, he was pressed by his host to play. Not being in the mood, however, he refused; but no doubt thinking that genius needed urging, his host insisted. The musician then walked to the piano and, turning his back to the keyboard, favored the company with one of the popular airs.—*The Musical Million*.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## GETTING DOWN TO WORK.

Now that we have accomplished the task of deciding who shall be our president for the next four years, we can get down to hard work without any more preliminaries or excuses. Whether or not there are any real grounds for caution, we get the credit for possessing wisdom and foresight when, during a presidential campaign, we cease to push our business or stop work altogether till after the election.

The real facts scarcely justify this action, at least not to the extent it is followed. But the argument makes splendid campaign material,—for either of the big parties, and for that reason alone it is likely to continue to be used. An impartial study of the platforms of the two parties and of past history when either one or the other was chief director of affairs will convince any one that we need look for no unprecedented reign of prosperity from one, nor fear any great period of depression from the other. Our periods of depression cannot rightfully be traced to any political party. Perhaps if we could estimate their real value, any political party would be glad to have been their originator. We have such a very narrow, selfish way of judging of such things as prosperous and calamitous times.

Really, in these days of advanced civilization our political parties do not have a great deal to do with the welfare of our nation. That they seem to do so is largely due to some erroneous notions we have on the subject. Right and wrong are the forces that make for our welfare or our woe, and no political party has a monopoly of the former power and not one is free from the latter.

Let us get down to work, then, assured that when we have faithfully done our part we shall have taken a long stride on the road to prosperity.

## WHAT OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

It is not likely that many institutions will escape the spirit of improvement and reform that so largely dominates the present age. Just now the public schools are on trial. They are charged, mainly, with taking up the pupils' time in learning things which in no way fit them for active life. In order that our readers may be able to look at both sides of the question we are this week reprinting an article on each side, taken from other publications.

No doubt our public schools might be better than they are—might unite in one harmonious whole the mental and physical qualities by a fair development of both. Though it may be one way of arousing interest in the subject, it is not the truth and it does not make for a just settling of the question to charge that the schools are wholly in fault. But it seems that a great many people these days cannot do anything with moderation. If a thing is bad, it must be altogether bad. The schools, for instance, can hardly be the failure they are accused of being by some, or they could not have turned out these same very active, intelligent and capable people.

No legitimate business will suffer by having its methods examined by the public. If they are not what they should be, the attention given to them will in all probability put them on the way to improvement and the business will be the gainer in the end. So the schools will not suffer by our taking a look into their workings.



## WITH OUR READERS.

THE chapters of "Around the World without a Cent" continue to be as interesting as in the beginning. The optimistic nature of the writer has made it possible for him to get out of his experiences much more than the average traveler is able to secure. And by the same means the interest of the reader never wanes while he recounts his experiences. Besides, the interest is not a passing one. Mr. Spickler has come into contact with the real representatives of the countries he has visited—a thing the ordinary globe-trotter does not do,—and for this reason he is able to impart information that is worth storing up and which will broaden the minds of those who have the privilege of reading his articles.

ON the cover page of the INGLENOOK of Nov. 3 is a poem taken from the *The Independent*. Through a mistake, as it appears it gives a wrong impression as to its authorship. With the author's name given, the quotation marks should be omitted. With all the care and watchfulness that may be given a publication as it passes through the various processes in its making, it is to be doubted whether our most experienced editors ever find one issue of their publication in every respect exactly as they would have it appear.

**1,100 KNOWN DISEASES.**

A GERMAN physician who has a bent for statistics is responsible for the statement that the human frame is liable to 1,100 diseases. If he is correct one can but marvel at how few of these ailments the average person manages to contract during a lifetime.

The eye alone is subject to no less than forty-eight different and distinct affections. Considering its apparent vulnerability to contagion it escapes with great good luck, but in reality it is not as exposed as at first thought would seem. The eyelids are automatic in their protection of the eyeball, and the first instinct is to snap shut when a blow is directed toward them. Incidentally they "oil" the eye and keep its surface free from dust, etc.

It is for the good of the human race that the practice of medicine has changed during the last twenty-five years. Formerly there was a specific remedy for each disease, and the poor patient was almost drugged to death. Nowadays physicians recognize that healing is a matter of restoring normal conditions, and more attention is given to favorable influences of mind and surroundings and less to medicine.

The German doctor's figures are rather appalling, but the daily progress of the science of health and healing is rapidly reducing the number of dangerous diseases, and ultimately may eliminate them. Study and experiment have marched far. Tuberculosis, the white plague, will be fought to a standstill within a few years, the average standard of health and strength will be raised and the average duration of life will be prolonged.

Thus medicine wins greater victories in the science of prevention than it ever won in the science of healing.—*Selected*.

**THE POVERTY OF INDIA.**

IN a recent book entitled "Prosperous India" are some figures which may be of interest to the American wage-earner and head of a family. The author, the late William Digby, resided for a lifetime in India, and his statistics were gathered painstakingly from official bluebooks. Some of his figures are astonishing.

In 1850 the average daily income per capita in India was 4 cents. Imagine the poverty of the poor, when you consider the resources of rich native dignitaries. Imagine that in 1882 the 4 cents had fallen to 3 cents per person, and in 1900 had lost another cent, until the whole immense population was living on an average of less than 2 cents each.

Then consider for a moment that in 1905, out of the average annual income of about \$6, the poor man had to pay a tax of \$2, and you will begin to see that the country to which Great Britain points with such

pride as an evidence of Anglo-Saxon civilizing power is hardly likely to be as proud as the Englishman.

The total taxation of India amounts roughly to \$200,000,000 a year. One-half of this enormous sum is remitted to England by Englishmen in the Indian civil or military service. Part of the other half is expended by Englishmen for their living expenses in India. What is left goes to public works, military expenses, and the usual government costs.

For one hundred and fifty years the Englishman has been tutoring East India. Fifty years ago he freely promised self-government. In the meantime unjust taxation and laws that destroyed great manufacturing industries which gave India at one time immense wealth have reduced her to grinding penury. It grows every year worse, instead of better.

There appears to be but one remedy. If India is not today fit for self-government, it is a sad commentary on British training and example for a century and a half.—*Chicago Daily Journal*.

**"THE LONELY ONES."**

A MINISTER, whose early years had been spent in an orphans' home, in speaking of what had decided him in the choice of his life's work, said the one thing which had interested him in the story of Christ, as told to the little waifs in the institution, was that he seemed never to have had anything of his own. The lonely life of the Man of Galilee appealed to the sympathies of the lonely little boy, and drew him on, from sympathy to love, until he determined to go out into the world and tell the story to others, that all the lonely, homeless ones might draw comfort from the fact that the Son of God had trodden the desert path, hungry for the love withheld, just as they were doing, and that he triumphed in the end. The dream grew with the growth of the little body, and when he was sent out to make his own way in the world, he carried the dream with him. His one longing was to comfort the comfortless. Working by day, talking of evenings, and studying by night, he fared on, slowly and laboriously overcoming the obstacles of youth, ignorance and poverty, until he became a minister of the Gospel, ordained to carry the good news whithersoever he might. He chose to minister to the lowly and overlooked—the neglected ones in the wastelands of the world. He was never alone; he always felt the supporting hand, and he never thought of giving up his dream. From the souls to which he bore the bread of life, he gathered the love that filled his own with strength and sunshine.—*Selected*.



MANY a man who would feel degraded if put to blacking boots is putting in his time blackening characters.—*Home Herald*.





## The Boy in Adolescence

Catharine Beery Van Dyke

Boys and girls are very much alike in infancy and early childhood; their affections are similar; their mental tastes often coincide. It is true that the boy will mount a stick and gallop away on horseback while the girl gives attention to her dolls and her tea party, but they are very companionable and will yield to much the same kind of instruction and discipline. But there comes a time when boys become distinctively boys and girls, girls. This is at the age of transition from immaturity of body to maturity. At this age boys seem to shun girls for a time, but are privately sizing them up. If they have a good mother or good sister, and know it, they will make them their standard of womanhood and will be disappointed in any girl who falls below that standard. But it is not only an age when they begin to regard girls in a different light, but they look at the world differently and all that is therein. So great is the influence of sex and sex development over man and matter.

Sex? The world is full of it. The snake, the worm, the fly, the birds and beasts and buzzing things, yes, and trees themselves and plants and flowers. But in man sex means far more than in these lower orders of life. Why, sex is vulgar, isn't it? What does it mean? and what was it made for? It was made for the propagation of life, and it means all that has ever been accomplished by man in this whole big world. It means symphonies; it means poetry and other literature; it means masterpieces in art; it means civilization, agriculture, the achievement of wealth and education and homes and—well, I believe it means everything short of redemption. And it is not vulgar. Why do I say so much about sex under the caption I have chosen? Because adolescence means that part of a person's life reaching from childhood to manhood or womanhood and manhood and womanhood are sex-terms and sex-states and adolescence is the period of sex-development.

Now since sex is accountable for so much if not all of the achievements of life, is it any wonder that he who is taking it on should be affected by nearly all states of feeling and impulse conceivable?

While a girl is often emotional and sentimental during this period, the boy shows his colors in boldness, daring and defiance. He likes to dispute his father's word and have his father prove his position; he likes to argue; he expresses doubts about religious creeds and doctrines; he fears to die because he wants to live, for he thinks the world could hardly make it without him; he fears to die because he doesn't want to go out of mind and memory; he fears to die because he has disputed the claims of religion. Fortunately for him, he is often overtaken in these years by conviction of sin which leads him to conversion.

The other day a boy came to our house with his mother. The boy was sixteen and must have been as tall as his father. We were talking first on the porch, when suddenly he got up and, although a perfect stranger, he craned his neck to look in at the front door. His mother spoke to him and he said he wanted to see what time it was. I ascertained the time for him and we went to the cellar. While his mother and I were talking, he took up a large wooden ball, as big as one's head, and rolling it violently over the cement floor tried to make it go up the wall. This was repeated until we were annoyed. When we went up stairs he was clumsy and awkward in getting around but finally found the children's wagon and with his weight thrown into it on one knee tried to guide the wagon and take himself a ride. He was continually on the move and engaged in such unlooked-for movements that his very presence was a source of uneasiness. But he couldn't help it. It is not easy for a parent or teacher to deal patiently with such a subject and it is only when one reaches a plane (a *point* is too insignificant) of contact with such a person that he can do him much good.

Now if we could separate ourselves from these adolescents—both boys and girls—until the chasm is crossed and meet them on the other side as full-grown—well-grown—men and women it would be a whole lot easier for us. But it is not our business to look for an easy job when our boy or our girl needs us and when we remember that this is a part of the

bargain we entered into when we said "Yes" to the man who loved us. It is God's plan, too, that, in helping these young people, we should ourselves become better equipped and disciplined to meet a wise and good old age.

This period of a boy's life has been defined as "the awakening of those powers which fit him to take his place in the family, in the state, in the church, and in society." Now the boy does not realize this and for that reason he is apt to do a good many things that will cause him remorse or regret in after years. This is, perhaps, what Job means when he says, "For thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." And his friend says to him: "His bones are full of the sin of his youth," and David, "Remember not the sins of my youth," and Paul, "Flee also youthful lusts." These scriptures are to me significant of the dangers attending the boy in adolescence. It is dangerous because of its very nature—the functioning of new powers untried as yet, and dangerous again because so many boys must enter upon it without warning. Fathers, do you care? You want to help your boy to a splendid education, you want to help him to get started in a good business, won't you help him first of all to enter upon, to acquire, a clean, good strong manhood?



#### THE GUEST OF EVERY DAY.

"Homely work is mine today,  
Floors to sweep, and fires to lay,  
Plates to wash and clothes to mend—  
Work which never seems to end;

Yet I pray,  
Jesus, be my guest today.

"Not as one to dwell apart  
In the spare room of my heart,  
But as one to whom my prayer  
May confide the smallest care,  
Thus I pray.

Lord, be thou my guest today!"



#### FAMILY TROUBLES.

Was there ever a family without its troubles? Adam and Eve had their troubles in Eden; and all families have their troubles. Every family has a skeleton behind the door; every person has a thorn in his side. It is said that "misery loves company"; so take courage, helpless man, wearied woman. You are in the majority. "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." A useless family would yours be if it knew no trouble. Trouble is our great teacher. It nerves us with strength; it gives us courage; it tempers our metal; it develops our self-control; it quickens our inventive powers. Troubles are to us what the winds are to the oak, what labor is to the muscle, what study is to the mind. Life is a school, and trouble is one of the great lessons.

Troubles are not to be courted, but when they come, we must get over them the best way we can, or bear them with the best fortitude we can arouse. Take courage, therefore, troubled one. Not in vain are your trials. They make you brave, strong, and, it is to be hoped, better. Be not cast down; cheer up; cast aside your weeds and woes. Look the world in the face; do your duty; take every trouble by the horns; overcome it with the courage of a true soldier in life's great campaign, and stoutly contend for the victory of will and wisdom.—*Selected.*



#### THE GREENHOUSE A JOY.

"THE old idea that only the extremely rich can afford to have fresh vegetables during the winter months is a mistake," declared a woman who has supplied her family with fresh vegetables for the last four winters and has sold enough besides to pay all the expenses of heating and working the greenhouse, according to the *New York Sun*. "With only an ordinary greenhouse and the same amount of care that is given geraniums, palms and other house plants an abundant supply of fresh vegetables can be had all the winter long.

"I have a three-quarter span greenhouse eighteen feet long. It is divided in the middle by a glass partition for the sake of controlling the temperature.

"In one compartment I raise tomatoes and string beans along with roses and other flowers requiring a warm house. The second compartment is almost exclusively devoted to vegetables, though I usually try to have a few carnations on hand for the sake of their blossoms and perfume.

"Almost every variety of vegetable that grows in our gardens may be successfully raised in the hot-house excepting green corn, peppers, eggplants and such subtropical plants. When it comes to money returns, tomatoes and lettuce are in great demand during the cold months and fetch almost any price that you choose to ask.

"Last winter I sold a dozen tomatoes for a dozen dollars. They were nice, smooth fellows, of a beautiful color, but not large. They were bought by a family whose country home is near mine and who were giving a luncheon, and fresh tomatoes were about the nicest and most expensive salad to be had.

"That was during the first week in December and those tomato plants had already been bearing a month. Properly managed tomato plants can safely be depended on to bear from November to June.

"The plants should be put on the benches in the greenhouse in August or the first part of September in rather poor soil, as blossoms set much sooner in it than in rich earth. When the first crop is well on manure should be added and the application continued all the winter and spring to induce new growth with fresh blossoms and fruit.



"During the first two months it is necessary to fertilize the blossoms by applying the pollen with a camel's hair brush. When the plants get older it is only necessary to jar the vines every day or so and the pollen will spread sufficiently. I have found the Freedom, Sutton's Perfection and the Lorillard the best forcing varieties.

"When the vines grow too freely I prune them thoroughly. In some instances I prefer the one-stem system of pruning, tying to an upright wire. The temperature of my tomato house is between 60 and 75 degrees.

"Unless a person has tasted the string beans grown under glass he really does not know how delicious a common vegetable can be. I have found the early Warwick the most desirable variety for growing in the greenhouse. They are extremely easy to grow, do not require a very rich soil and occupy the space a short time, usually from six to eight weeks.

"As one of the chief secrets in growing vegetables in a hothouse is to keep your space filled, when my beans give signs of yielding their last crop I plant new seeds between the old rows. Just about the time they are well out of the ground the old bushes are ready to go. Occasionally I have planted radishes for a second crop among the beans, but have never had as good returns as from the colder house.

"In the colder half of my greenhouse the temperature ranges from 50 to 65 degrees. Lettuce, cauliflower and radishes are the three vegetables which are to be had there every day throughout the winter.

"As the first object is to supply my family, I have never tried to raise the tougher varieties of lettuce that will stand handling for the market. We all prefer the tender kinds, which are the most delicious for the table but cannot stand shipment. My preference is for the Golden Queen above all other varieties.

"I plant a row of lettuce seed every Monday morning so as to have the young plants ready for the constant succession demanded by my family and friendly customers. While the soil for lettuce should be about as rich as can be made, it is desirable to put on a covering of sand about an inch thick. This makes good surface draining and prevents the under leaves from rotting. In the majority of cases every leaf of my lettuce plants is eaten.

"Watercress does well in a cool house and furnishes a nice variety for salad. It should be planted from the seed rather than taken from a brook. It doesn't require any special cultivation or watering. I treat it just about as I do the other plants.

"A bed ten by six inches is all that I have ever put out. That not only gives my family of six all they want two or three times a week, but leaves enough to be sold at least once a week. So far as

quality is concerned, it is as good as any grown out of doors that I have ever tasted.

"I usually put in a small bed of peppergrass cress also. It is useful for garnishing and for flavoring salads. The only drawback is that it so soon runs to seed that only the tiniest quantity can be planted at a time.

"Among my every Monday plantings are radishes, of course. The Early Rockets and Rapid Forcing are the best varieties for hothouse culture. They should be in very rich soil and usually are ready for the table in between three and four weeks.

"Table peas can be grown without difficulty, though they do not yield heavily and have proved useless with me after April. Nott's Excelsior is the most satisfactory variety. Champion Moss Curled parsley is a good kind for forcing. It should be planted in September and will furnish a supply through the entire winter.

"The Early Snowball is the cauliflower which I have found the most satisfactory. The soil should be very rich and the plants set eighteen inches apart each way. A succession of plants should be kept regularly coming on and promptly set in place as the others are cut. I have found that a light application of Peruvian guano from time to time gives good results.

"Between the rows of cauliflowers I always transplant two rows of thick-leaved spinach. This is ready for use before the leaves of the cauliflower cover the ground. No vegetable that I have ever grown meets with such general appreciation from my family and patrons as my spinach. They all agree that it far surpasses any spinach that can be grown in the open ground.

"As all the vegetables that I have mentioned are to be grown on the benches it is as well for the would-be forcer of hothouse vegetables to be reminded that the space under the benches is valuable. Personally I prefer to grow mushrooms and asparagus, but the few people who have tried to follow my example in raising vegetables under glass draw the line at the mushrooms.

"My mushrooms have invariably been successful and there are only two points, so far as I can judge, to be considered. The manure should be pure and free from anything that will injure the young mushrooms and the spawn should be produced from the mushroom tissue itself in this country rather than the imported spawn. This last I have found totally worthless, though others tell me it is the best.

"The young mushroom is delicate, but when conditions are satisfactory the yield is abundant and furnishes a nutritious food that sells at what seems to the majority of people an exorbitant price.

"For making a success in forcing asparagus it is only necessary to be sure of getting well-matured roots with strong crowns. The soil is of minor im-

portance, as the material stored in the roots will make a fair crop. Five-year-old roots are the best.

"It seems almost useless to add that asparagus brings huge prices in the winter. While there is always some on the market shipped from the south, it is not to be compared to that grown practically in the market and eaten within a few hours after cutting."



#### SUGAR AS A DISINFECTANT.

IN many parts of Europe it is customary among the people to burn sugar in sick rooms, a practice which is considered by physicians as an innocent superstition, neither beneficial nor harmful. Prof. Trilbert, of the Pasteur Institute at Paris, has, however, demonstrated recently that burning sugar develops formic acetylene-hydrogen, one of the most powerful anti-septic gases known. Five grammes of sugar (77.16 grains) were burned under a glass bell holding 10 quarts. After the vapor had cooled bacilli of typhus, tuberculosis, cholera, smallpox, etc., were placed in the bell in open glass tubes and within half an hour all the microbes were dead. If sugar is burnt in a closed vessel containing putrified meat or the contents of rotten eggs, the offensive odor disappears at once. The popular faith in the disinfecting qualities of burnt sugar appears, therefore, as well founded.—*Selected.*



#### THE "VANILLA BEAN."

THE vanilla bean is the fruit of a vine belonging to the orchid family, originally found in Mexico, but now cultivated in South America, Java, and other tropical regions. The term "bean" is incorrect, as the plant is not a legume, and the long, pencil-shaped fruit pods, containing thousands of minute seeds, do not resemble a bean. The beans having the finest flavor and the most expensive as to cost, are brought from Mexico.—*Selected.*

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### The Children's Corner

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#### JET.

LITTLE ELMER lived in the country on the top of a high hill. On one side of the house the hill sloped away to a beautiful brook where Elmer used to play for many hours at a time. He would build tiny dams where the water could go rushing over the stones, singing the sweetest songs you ever heard, and again he would whittle out a water wheel, and fix it in the brook, so that the wheel would turn round and round as the water ran over it. It was a nice place for a boy to play, and mamma knew that no harm could come to him among the trees, with the birds singing around him and the brook for a companion.

But one day when Elmer went to the brook, he

heard the funniest whirring noise in the goldenrods which grew near a big maple, not far from where he built his dam. At first he thought it might be a great bear which had somehow come there during the night. Or, perhaps, it might be one of those hostile Indians Brother George was reading about in his history lesson. So he stood very still and listened for a moment, opening his bright brown eyes just as wide as he could. But no matter how wide he opened them, he could see no trace of a bear or Indian, so he tiptoed very, very softly in his bare feet down to the edge of the brook.

Even there he could not catch a glimpse of anything, so he waded through and went quietly to the spot where he had seen the goldenrod moving, as though something was beneath it. Then he bent down and what do you suppose he saw? A poor, wounded crow, struggling and trying its best to get away. Some cruel boy must have thrown stones at it, for one of its wings was broken and its leg. It looked up, when it saw Elmer, and tried still harder to get out of the way; and made the queerest kind of a moan, as if to say:

"Don't hurt me, little boy. Go away and leave me alone; only I wish you might help me."

Now Elmer was just seven years old, and at first he was almost afraid to touch the crow at all, but after a moment he reached his hands down into the goldenrod, and lifted the poor bird up very tenderly. Then he held it carefully against his red blouse and carried it back to the house, talking to it all the way.

Now, it happened that the doctor was there to see Elmer's mamma about some grapes she had to sell, and when he saw the crow he set its wing and its leg just as carefully as though it was Elmer himself who was hurt. Then mamma made it a bed in the woodshed where nothing would disturb or frighten it. It was only a few weeks until it was well, and by that time it had grown so tame that it would follow mamma all over the house. But Elmer was the one Jet cared most for. Jet, you see, was the name Elmer had given it, because it was so black. It would fly down and perch on his head, or if it was up in the branch of the apple tree, and saw Elmer coming, it would call out just as plain as you could say it:

"Elmer! Elmer!"

One day something occurred that made every one love Jet more than ever. Mamma was lying down to rest an hour, and Elmer was at play in the brook when he heard Jet calling him in a very loud tone. "Elmer! Elmer!" it called, and then stopping a moment began all over again. "Elmer! Elmer! Elmer!" just as quickly as it could cry the words.

Jet did it in such a strange way and kept it up for so long that Elmer began to think that something must be wrong. He ran to the house as fast as his little feet could carry him, and what do you think he found?



Some one had set the grass on fire by the roadside, and it had crept up until it was burning the chips which lay scattered all around the wood piled against the side of the shed built close to the back kitchen. A very few minutes more and the house would have been in a blaze.

Elmer saw it at a glance, and it did not take him long to rouse mamma, you may be sure. She sent him down the road to tell Mr. Read, who lived in the next house, and while he was gone she worked all alone to put out the fire, while Jet sat in the apple tree and called:

"Elmer! Elmer! Hur—hur—hur—hurry up!"

You may be sure Elmer did hurry up, and when he got back with Mr. Read, papa was home from the city, and the fire was soon put out with very little damage, except to the wood pile. Then Jet flew down upon Elmer's head and picked at his cap with his beak, which was his way of asking for a romp on the grass.

While they were rolling around having a great time together, Elmer stroked the glossy wings of his pet and said:

"You're the dearest, nicest bird I ever saw. You saved our house from going up in smoke, and I love you more than ever."

Papa was standing by and sat down upon the grass and threw his arms around them both.

"It all comes from your not leaving a poor wounded crow to endure pain alone, my boy. Kind actions, even to a bird, bring rich rewards. Sometimes it is nothing more than keeping your own heart warm by loving everything, but that is a great deal. There is an old, old song which goes this way:

"He prayeth best who loveth most  
All things both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

—Every Other Sunday.

## For SUNDAY READING

### FAINT NOT.

J. O. BARNHART.

Oh, what's the use of crying and a-sighing,  
Just keep trying,  
And say it makes no difference to you,  
If people won't believe you, or your best friends won't  
receive you,  
The world moves still, whatever they may do.  
The world is full of sorrow, but we will never borrow  
Grief from next year, but we'll enjoy today.  
The clouds may be above us, but o'er them God who loves  
us;  
The stars shine, too, and sing upon their way.  
So we will never weary, nor think the world is dreary.  
The sun is shining somewhere all the time.

And our lives shall brighten, and our cares shall lighten,  
And make our own and other lives sublime.

The Father watches o'er us and angels sing their chorus,  
And we today will join the holy strain.

To all hearts filled with sadness, we'll bring peace, joy  
and gladness.

And heaven in all hearts on earth shall reign.  
Chesterville, Ill.



### LESSONS FROM THE LILIES.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

IN the sixth chapter of Matthew, at the 28th verse, the Master has taught us a most important lesson—the lesson of going to nature to find illustrations of some great life-principles. Marvelous and beautiful is the great parallelism. Physical nature and the spiritual world are but counterparts, one of the other. The principles and laws that obtain in the one hold good in the other.

"Considering the lilies, how they grow," we may learn first some important lessons on our spiritual development.

The lily grows, first, by remaining in permanent touch with the soil in which it is planted.

This is absolutely necessary, as it draws sustenance from the soil and will wither and die if drawn for but a few hours away from its life source. "Ye are trees of the Lord's planting." It is likewise necessary that we remain in permanent contact with the element in which we have been planted.

Having been planted in the soil of divine grace, let us remain steadfast therein and grow up in the fullness of the knowledge of and love of Christ.

The up-and-down, in-and-out experience might possibly at last save us from perdition, but it certainly would not assure our normal development in the true fruits and graces of the genuine spiritual life.

Again, the lilies grow by the principle of yielding up themselves. No matter how good the seed, how well-adapted the soil, how favorable the season, there can be no growth without the principle of surrender. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Then, after it dies and springs up again, it must continually yield up itself to soil and sunshine. Every little root of the stock must open the myriads of tiny mouths, with which nature has provided it, and allow the surrounding element perpetually to pour in the countless supplies of particles which are needed for food, treasured for its use. Every sprig and leaflet upon the plant must unfold and surrender itself to sunshine and rain, to wind and dew, and thus conform to the requirements of universal nature.

So likewise must those who would know Christ and the wonders of his love and grace, yield themselves in glad self-surrender to him and to the gracious providences and mercies with which he surrounds them.

and their members as instruments of righteousness and true holiness. Every power of the body, and faculty of the mind, every dollar, that they can possibly spare, and the influence of their lives must be yielded up in the loyal obedience of his will. Then will the hidden fountain be opened, and the secret streams feed them till they hunger and thirst no more.

"Considering the lilies, how they grow, though they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet are clothed more beautifully than Solomon in all his glory," we may learn a lesson on divine protection.

How is it that, through all the rolling seasons of burning summer suns, and chilling winter winds, the lily blooms afresh in all its beauty with each returning spring? The answer is easy—God clothes. If he clothes and protects so short-lived and insignificant (insignificant in comparison to wonderful man) objects in nature, shall he not much more clothe and protect the creatures made in his own likeness and having the power to love and obey him?

"Considering the lilies" as symbolical, we may learn a lesson in moral purity. The beautiful white lily is typical of the purity of Christ. "I am the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley."

Not only so, but it is a type of his beloved, "The Church." "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." Bold, beautiful figure, setting forth by striking contrast the harmless innocence and purity of the wholly devoted life. Just what God requires and the soul longs for—a pure heart, a heart made whiter than the driven snow!

"Considering the lilies" we may again find a lesson on unconscious influence. The delicate, sweet odor of the lily of the valley, symbolizes the strange undercurrent of power that flows out of the life of every holy man and woman.

There is a genuine softening, refining power in the odor of flowers, which like the lute's gentle note, or the strains of an Orpheus' harp, quiets the restless nerves, soothes the sorrowing, aching heart, awakens the noblest sentiments and quickens aspirations for the attainment of all that is high and holy. A quiet walk through a garden of flowers will do more to stir up the soul for a flight into the ethereal realms, or to brace it up for a hard pull over the "moors and fens" in the world of strife and sorrow, than reading whole chapters of good books.

As a rule, the most peaceful and spiritual people love and cultivate beautiful flowers, while the less civilized and more carnal natures bestow upon them but little care.

Let us fill our yards and surround our homes with sweet flowers, and our hearts and lives with the fruits and graces they beautifully suggest and symbolize. Let us in all things, *Consider the lilies*.

### THE GAPS IN THE FENCE.

A POINTED story is told by the *Epworth Herald* of a man who prided himself on his morality and expecting to be saved by it was constantly saying, "I am doing pretty well on the whole; I sometimes get mad and swear, but then I am pretty honest; work on Sunday when I am particularly busy, but I give a good deal to the poor, and never got drunk in my life."

This man hired a Scotchman to build a fence around his pasture lot. He gave him very particular directions. In the evening when the Scotchman came in from work the man said:

"Well, Jack, is the fence built, and is it good and strong?"

"I canna say it is all tight and strong," Jack replied, "but it's a good average fence, anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, others are extra strong. I do not know but I have left a little gap here and there a yard or so wide, but I made up for it by doubling the rails on each side of the gap. I dare say the cattle will find it a good fence on the whole, and will like it, though I canna say it is perfect in every part."

"What!" cried the man, not seeing the point; "do you tell me that you built a fence around my lot with weak places and gaps in it? Why, you might as well have built no fence at all. If there is one opening, or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and will be sure to go through. Don't you know, man, that a fence must be perfect, or it is worthless?"

"I used to think so," said the man, "but I hear you talking so much about averaging matters with the Lord, it seems to me we might try it with the cattle."



### A RAINY DAY TEXT.

Do you all have a rainy day text? I hope you do, for on rainy days we all need such texts badly. On sunshiny days there is more or less sunshine reflected inside. Here is a rainy day text that has often helped me a good deal; it is in Isaiah 55: 10, 11:

"For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall *my word* be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall *accomplish* that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing *whereto I sent it*."

Right in the margin of my Bible opposite this text I have written Matt. 5: 48: "*Be ye therefore perfect*, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

If every rainy day that comes to us could bring us that text, that it is God's will that we be as perfect in our sphere as God is in his, then the rainy days may come profitably and they will not bring us the gloom that they otherwise might bring.—*The Lifeboat*.





# Echoes from Everywhere

It develops that the tax of two cents per barrel which the United Brewers' Association recently decided to place on beer is to create a fund with which to fight prohibition.

Belgium has a Sunday postage stamp which is used by those who do not wish to have their mail delivered on the Sabbath. All mail bearing this stamp is held over for delivery on Monday morning.

A company has been formed to bore another tunnel connecting Switzerland and Italy. This tunnel will run through Mt. Blanc, starting at Martingly, in Switzerland, and coming out at Courmayeur, Italy. It will be 28 miles long and it is expected that it will be completed in three years.

It has been ascertained by careful investigation, says the Connecticut Citizen, that in regard to twenty leading industries, as compared with the liquor traffic, one million dollars' worth of legitimate goods call for \$500,000 worth of raw material and 165,000 men to do the work, while one million dollars' worth of liquor requires only \$100,000 worth of raw material and 30,000 men to do the work.

The bureau of engraving has completed designs for the new stamps, the distribution of which to postmasters will begin next month. The new stamps will be in the denominations of one cent, two, three, four, five, six, eight, ten, fifteen, fifty, and one dollar. No two and five dollar stamps will be printed. The one-cent stamps will contain a profile of Franklin, the others a profile of Washington. The colors used will be red and blue.

A considerable number of new cash prizes for aviation performances have been offered of late, the largest and most recent of which is one of \$20,000 given by the Aero Club of France for a big aeroplane race to be held next fall in France. At Nice a cash prize of \$2,000 will be put up for a similar race in the summer. In addition to the \$50,000 cash prize for an aeroplane flight of 180 miles from London to Manchester, the London Daily Mail offers \$2,500 for the first flight across the English Channel.

The 2-cent postage rate to Great Britain has not materially increased the amount of mail passing between the two countries, as had been confidently expected would be the case. The rate has now been in effect for a month and the general postoffice reports that there has been no increase in the amount of first-class mail passing between the two countries, except a very slight one in letters addressed to London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and other big cities in Great Britain. On the other hand there has been a marked increase in the amount of printed matter handled in the mails, although the postage rate on that class mail has not been changed.

The department of agriculture is beginning a campaign of education on the subject of road making and is enlisting the co-operation of all the newspapers possible. It proposes to supply them with a monthly article in which its expert road-makers will tell how roads should be constructed and what kinds are suitable for different localities. If the papers will conduct a correspondence column, the department engages to answer all queries free of charge. In this country there are nearly 2,500,000 miles of public roads, and on them \$80,000,000 a year is spent, much being wasted because of bad methods used.

A novel mode of warfare against the mosquito, but one that is proving highly successful, is being carried on in the city of Tampa, Fla. There are many rain-water tanks and cisterns throughout the city for supplying water for lavatory and various other purposes, and these are favorite breeding places for mosquitoes. The warfare against the annoying pest consists in stocking these reservoirs with small fish to feed on the mosquito larvæ. This method has been tried in one place and another in Florida, and has proved successful in every case. The fish eat the larvæ greedily, keeping the water clear of them, and live for years, even in tanks that are covered, and their living place one of darkness.

November 1, on the occasion of the jubilee celebration of the entry of the British government into India, Queen Victoria having been proclaimed throughout India on Nov. 1, 1858, King Edward issued a long message to the princes and peoples of India, which the viceroy, the Earl of Minto, later read at the Durbar at Jodhpur. The message dwells upon the peaceful progress of the empire under a beneficent administration, pays warm tribute to the loyalty of the Indian subjects and troops, announces amnesty for prisoners and a further gradual extension of the principle of representative institutions in the direction of equality and citizenship and a greater share by the Hindus in legislation and the government.

Medical experts throughout the country are interested in a case just demonstrated in Washington where a local epidemic of typhoid fever, after long mystifying the health authorities have at last been traced to a milk-woman. This woman had typhoid 18 years ago, and though she recovered she seems to have kept the germs in her system so that she has been giving them off constantly ever since. As she milked cows and sold the milk the germs were scattered in such a way as to cause a number of cases of the disease. Surgeon-Gen. Wyman of the marine hospital service declares that this is an important source of typhoid, which should hereafter be carefully watched. In other words, a certain percentage of typhoid victims are capable of giving the disease long after they have recovered to full health.

In Great Britain the General Federation of Trades has issued a bulletin stating that there are 1,500,000 out of work with 7,500,000 dependents. The federation has asked that a minister of labor and a permanent "unemployment" board be constituted, and that all members of trades unions refuse to work overtime. While the figures as given above are undoubtedly overrated, there is no doubt that conditions are more serious than for many years. Testimony of social workers makes certain that the resources of philanthropic people will be taxed this winter to provide for those who must be helped.

Some eighteen months ago two Holland sleeping cars were put in service experimentally on the Illinois traction system; and they have been so well patronized as to prove a paying investment. It has developed, however, that in the future, because of the noise and vibration which they occasion, both motor cars and air pumps should not form the equipment of a sleeping car. Consequently, the two additional sleeping cars which the company has ordered will be trailers. The company believes that ultimately a profitable, low-fare sleeping car service will be established over the entire system.

On the round-the-world tour of the big fleet it was found that the battleships Maine and Alabama could not keep up with the other vessels and so they were sent on home by the direct route instead of following the regular itinerary. They have now gone back, after making over 36,000 miles and using over 20,000 tons of coal apiece, in 208 days. These are the first U. S. battleships to make a continuous trip round the world, though the Ohio has been around once by fits and starts. Both the Maine and the Alabama, though built less than 10 years ago, are now practically obsolete, as judged by up-to-date standards. This illustrates the costly pace of modern naval progress.

A very commonsense idea in education is being developed in Canada by Sir Wm. Macdonald. It looks to the training of children in agricultural matters in a really scientific way. In order to stimulate them to seek success in farming about nine years ago he offered \$10,000 in prizes to the boys and girls who could cultivate by their own care the largest and most vigorous growth of wheat and oats from a certain area. Later on he established schools in rural districts where the selection of seed, rotation of crops, etc., were scientifically taught. The plan worked admirably, and now household science, school-garden work, and manual training have been added. As many as 20,000 boys and girls in Canada are profiting by this great opportunity offered them.

The president has had a committee of three foreign mining engineers—one English, one Belgian and one German—investigate mining conditions in this country for the purpose of suggesting how they can be improved and especially how the terrible losses of life can be curtailed. These experts recommend that the government should declare safe standards for explosives, and that greater precautions in the use of such things should be taken—the explosives being prepared only in cartridge form and not used in unnecessarily large charges. Schools to teach the intelligent handling of such dangerous materials are urged. Especially in mines where gas or dust is known to collect, extra care is suggested. The committee deplores the reckless waste of our coal resources due to the haphazard methods employed.

Less than three months ago Count Zeppelin's fourth airship was destroyed, yet so quickly and generously did the entire German nation come to his aid—\$750,000 was raised—that he has already built the "Zeppelin V.," which made its initial flight above Friedrichshaven October 23. The press reports indicate that a successful flight was accomplished. The new airship carried 10 passengers and maneuvered for 3½ hours. It rose to a height of 600 feet and attained a speed of 29½ miles an hour. On the same day the "Parseval" military dirigible of Germany is reported to have dropped suddenly some 6,000 feet, owing to the bursting of the rear-most compartment of the envelope. A safe landing was made, and no one was injured. Our own government dirigible is being patched up at Fort Myer, the plan being to make some more practice flights with it before packing it away for the winter.

The Scientific American tells of an invention which should have far-reaching effect upon the Portland cement industry, and which incidentally will enable a hitherto useless product to be turned to commercial advantage. It has recently been perfected by Mr. Sherard Cowper-Coles, the well-known English electro-metallurgist. This invention consists of the direct production of cement from blast-furnace slag. The latter is taken when still molten as it issues from the furnace, and conducted to an electric furnace, where its temperature is further increased. During this period a predetermined quantity of chalk is added to the slag, and the whole then subjected to electrolysis, which brings about certain reactions producing a Portland cement equal in strength and quality to the best grades obtained by the existing methods, at a very small cost as compared with the generally adopted process and in practically one operation.

#### Our Loss by Fire.

The annual fire loss in the United States is the subject of a vigorous appeal to the public from President J. Montgomery Hare of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. He states that the total property loss by fire in this country in 1907 was nearly \$200,000,000, while the average for the last five years has been over \$251,000,000. Losses by fire are unlike most losses, in that they represent a total destruction of property. If money is put into a manufacturing enterprise it is all paid to somebody for materials, labor and equipment, and if the venture is unsuccessful the money will have had some useful purpose, and some assets will remain, but if an investment is made in a building which is later destroyed by fire the loss is much more complete. In spite of our boasted pre-eminence in engineering and building, the annual per capita fire loss in the United States is almost ten times that in the leading European countries; to be specific, it is \$3.02 in the United States, 29 cents in Austria, 26 cents in Denmark, 30 cents in France, 49 cents in Germany, 12 cents in Italy, and 30 cents in Switzerland. We have 4.05 fires to each 1,000 population in our cities, while the figure for Europe is only 0.86. In Europe fires are confined almost invariably to the buildings in which they originate, while here it is not unusual for them to spread from one structure to another, owing to the low standard of construction as respects resistance to fire which we have.—Engineering Record.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### UNSKILLED WORKMEN ARE THE PRODUCT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Less than five per cent of all the millions of school children in the United States ever reach the secondary school, says Rheta Childe Dorr, in the November *Delineator*, and it is safe to say that not more than twenty-five per cent of the whole number ever go above the fifth grade. That is to say, of the 23,792,723 children enrolled in 1907, at least 18,000,000 will leave school between the fifth and sixth grades.

A report of the United States Commissioner of Education issued in 1904 gives the average amount of schooling for all public school children as 4.65 years. The term varies from 2.84 years in the South Atlantic division, to 5.93 in the North Atlantic. The average term has increased slightly since 1904. The term is still very short, not more than five years. If the children who finish grammar-school and spend perhaps a year in the high school are as densely ignorant as the evidence indicates the average child who attends school five years must go forth to meet the struggle for existence almost an illiterate.

Last year, 14,881 children left the New York City fifth grammar grades. In lesser numbers children in every town and city in the United States, from Maine to California, left school at the same time, the vast majority of them to earn their bread. Children of the people, for whom the public schools exist, they left school with minds practically void of knowledge. Most of them could barely read and write, and not one of them had been taught anything that would even remotely or indirectly help him to earn a decent living.

Think what this means industrially! It means that every year millions of American boys and girls—for all grow up to be Americans, no matter where they were born—are sent out wherever workers are needed—to factories, to trades, to commerce, to all industries, as ignorant and helpless as kittens! They are turned out into a world of fierce competition utterly unfit to compete, into a world of splendid opportunities, without the training or the intellectual power to enable them to take advantage of these opportunities. Is it strange that skilled workmen are so few, or that the unskilled, low-waged occupations are so overcrowded, or that our armies of unemployed are larger every time hard times bring them into notice?

Parents who, often at the cost of extreme self-sacrifice, keep their children in school after the legal working age have a right to demand of the school authorities why, with extravagantly equipped high schools in almost every town, they find it necessary to send their children to business colleges to learn, not only stenography and typewriting, but commercial arithmetic, bookkeeping, letter-writing and business forms. The United States Commissioner of Education, in 1905, had reports from 529 private commercial schools whose total enrollment was 146,086. Fewer institutions reported in 1906, but that must not be taken as an evidence of their decline.

The commissioner writes: "It is well known that there are hundreds of small business schools which do not report to this bureau." Most of these schools, practically all of them, would have to close their doors tomorrow if they lost the patronage of the public school child.

Whenever a word of criticism is directed against the public school, the indignant answer always comes back: "The schools are much better than they ever were before."

Our schools are better than they were forty years ago, or twenty years ago; in some respects they are better than they were ten years ago.

The charge that can with sincerity be made is that the schools have not advanced with other departments of national progress. The schools—instead of keeping pace with the great changes that have affected the social order; with the altered conditions of home life, and, above all, with the greatly extended demands of life upon the children on leaving school—have lagged far behind. They have seemed content to exist apart from the world as a sort of hermit kingdom, absorbed in their own affairs, ignoring the rest of the universe.



### VOCATIONAL EDUCATION.

We are prone to extremes. The golden mean is as difficult and rare in our time as it was in the age of Aristotle. In education we have not only one extreme following another, but a chaos of extremes. We had too much corporal punishment; now we will have none at all. College government was too minute and inquisitorial; henceforth we say, the less the better. From extreme prescription of studies we rush to extreme election; and from the extreme cultural aim we plunge to the extreme practical aim.

Just now it is the cry for practical education that is loudest and most insistent; and the extreme of this extreme is vocational education, which is fast growing most clamorous of all. It is urged that children should be provided with trades—carpentry, shoe-making, plastering, printing, or some other mechanical pursuit; so that as soon as they leave school they may enter a vocation and become self-supporting members of the community. For this purpose it is proposed that separate schools shall be opened, and that courses of industrial instruction and training shall be given instead of the present academic courses. The schools shall be apprentice schools and shall turn out journeymen. Our present schools, it is said, fail to qualify the pupil to do anything. When he leaves school he is unable to make a living. To be of real use the schools must send out pupils who are of use. Besides, there are large numbers of young people who do not care for the kind of education now offered and therefore drop out of school and begin the struggle of life with no training of either kind.

It is easy to see the force of these statements. That the form of education which they advocate has a value, no well-informed person will dispute. And the facts

given are facts of common observation. Yet there is one final and fatal objection to it—it is extreme. It concentrates at one end and leaves the other end out of view.

Vocational education ignores two vital considerations,—the one political and social, the other inherent and universal. The first one is that our government is a democracy. The child is a citizen of a democratic nation, and his education ought to qualify him for his great citizenship. It ought to fit him to perform the functions of a member of a democratic state. In a democracy the welfare of the state depends on the civic intelligence, the elevation, and the unanimity of the common life. There must be a close community of opinion, of sentiment, of hope and aspiration and aim. Therefore nothing will so certainly insure its existence and prosperity as a universal education, which shall imbed in the minds of its youth a body of common ideas and common interests. Anything, and especially any education, which tends to divide the population into classes and to foster class prejudice and animosity, distinctly threatens the national peace and, unless corrected, will in the end destroy the national life.

It is, then, a decisive objection to a purely vocational education that it consigns the child to a social and industrial class and trains him solely for his functions as a member of that class, neglecting those functions and that breadth of feeling and interest which belong to him as a member of the state. It will inevitably magnify those class distinctions which under a government like ours need to be minified to the last degree. Already we see the grim specter of caste looming before us. Class hatred is taking deep root among us, and is nourished by much angry speech and many hard-fought conflicts. Under such conditions it behooves us to guard vigilantly against division and to cultivate with the utmost care those influences which bind us together. To confine children during the period of their education to the narrow and narrowing limits of a trade will restrict their mental horizon and render them incapable of broad and catholic feeling. That is to deliberately invite social antagonism and put in peril the very existence of our political institutions.

But the advocates of a purely vocational education not only overlook the demands of democratic citizenship and ask the state to lay the mine for its own destruction, but they ignore the nature and aim of education itself. The true purpose of education is not to convert children into carpenters and cobblers, but to develop them into men and women. The child is, first of all, a human being. That human nature which is alike in him and in every other member of the race, is his greatest heritage; and the most sacred duty of education is to make the most of this humanity in him. It should open his faculties, should extend their reach outward and upward, should awaken in his breast universal sentiment and sympathies, and should inspire him to realize the fullness of his nature. Rousseau was right: "Let him first be a man."

However short his school career may be and however necessary it may be that he should be rendered capable of earning a livelihood, his education ought to lead him at least a little way into the world of elevated thought and feeling. He may be destined to spend most of his waking hours in the treadmill of toil; but all the more should he learn how best to use the few hours of precious freedom that remain; and all the more should he be able to bring light and largeness of view into the work of the treadmill itself. His education should help him to understand that the emancipation of the spirit is the

crowning good of human life. It should do more. It should help him to attain it. It should open to him the doors of that great life and guide him into its noble fellowship. It should bring his mind into contact with at least a few of the world's spirits of illumination. He can feel the inspiration of Marcus Aurelius, of Longfellow, of Tennyson, of Wordsworth. Much of what these and many others wrote can be made familiar to the child and the youth, and may remain in their minds a fountain of strength and inspiration. To enable a child to appreciate high thought and sentiment and to make him a lover and reader of good books, is to give him the power to partake of the best there is in life.

But while I earnestly protest against the exclusion of intellectual and spiritual training, I would protest with scarcely less earnestness against the exclusion of physical training. The hand, the eye, the whole muscular and nervous organism, should be subjected to a discipline which will impart skill and strength and endurance. The child should acquire the free use of himself; and bodily training develops, not only manual skill, but mental dexterity and insight and realizing power.

After all, however, physical training of any kind is but a subordinate part of education. The primary object is the development of the mind, and the development of the body is chiefly for the sake of the mind. Physical education therefore should not supplant but supplement the direct education of the mental and moral powers; and constant care should be taken to keep the emphasis on the higher and essential factors. The different forms and means of education should be so combined as to make the individual life deep and rich and strong. They should so expand and equip his mind that in whatever sphere he may perform his outward toil, whether as farmer or mason or miller or whatever else, he yet may realize that he belongs to the universal brotherhood, yet may see and sympathize with the common life and feel the beatings of the universal heart. When the extremes have been thus wisely blent, education will do more than it ever yet has done to realize in each individual the ideal humanity and to heighten and hasten the progress of the world.—Dr. W. H. Scott, O. S. U., in *Ohio Educational Monthly*.



#### THE TRAINING OF RAILROAD APPRENTICES.

Owing to the lack of skilled mechanics the education of apprentices is one of the most important problems with which the railroads have to deal. A number of the companies have accordingly established systematic courses of study for their young men, to which the older workmen are, in some cases, also admitted. This work has now passed the experimental stage. In the night schools conducted by the Union Pacific in its Omaha shops attendance by apprentices is compulsory. A regular three-year course is mapped out, including arithmetic, elementary mechanics, and mechanical drawing. The Omaha Public Library has established a special branch at the shops, containing books on mechanics and engineering, to which the men have free access. The boys take great interest in their work and advance rapidly. As soon as they finish the course and are properly qualified they are put at more responsible work. This school proved so successful that another has been opened by the company in its shops at Cheyenne.

A similar apprentices' night school is maintained by the Oregon Short Line at Sparks, Nev., under supervision of a professor from the State University. A feature of this school is the time credits allowed to the boys



for punctual attendance and proper interest. This credit amounts to thirty days for each year, and is applied on their apprenticeship. For instance, an apprentice having taken four years' tuition and having received a credit of thirty days for each year, can complete a four years' apprenticeship in three years and eight months, receiving his rating as journeyman four months earlier than otherwise. In its transportation department the Oregon Short Line trains young men as brakemen under the care of experienced crews. The students are drilled in the methods of handling trains and are required to study the rules and regulations of the operating department. Their progress is carefully watched, and when proficient they are recommended to the train-masters, by whom they are thoroughly examined before qualifying as regular brakemen. Although the services of these young men are not of much value while they are learning the business, the company pays them sufficient wages to support them during their apprenticeship.

The Grand Trunk road has an apprenticeship system that has now been in successful operation for a number of years, and has been the means of supplying that company with skilled mechanics. Applicants for an apprenticeship must first pass examinations to prove their moral, physical, and mental qualifications for service as a mechanic. They are then indentured to the machinist's trade for five years, or to the blacksmith, boilermaker, and other trades for four years. Five cents per day is deducted from the wages of each apprentice, and the total sum is returned to him at the end of his apprenticeship, together with a bonus of \$25 if his services have been satisfactory. Examinations are held each year for the apprentices on the entire system. Prizes are awarded to the successful competitors, and keen rivalry is shown in these events. Upon completing their apprenticeship the young men receive certificates officially setting forth the fact that they are competent mechanics. The Grand Trunk also supports six scholarships at McGill University, where there is a course in transportation. These scholarships are open to the sons of employes as well as to the younger men in the employ of the company, and are eagerly sought for, two usually being awarded each year.

A new apprenticeship system was inaugurated on the Atchison system last year, beginning at the main shops in Topeka. It is to be extended gradually over the entire line. A foreman is appointed for each shop, with the sole duty of instructing apprentices in the use of tools and machinery and how to care for every part of a locomotive. Thus it will not be necessary for the boys to depend for instruction on the regular shop foreman, who is usually busy with his own duties. Classes in arithmetic, mechanics, and mechanical drawing are being established in each shop. On the theory that instruction is more readily absorbed in the morning, when the mind is fresh and clear, the boys attend the classes from 7 to 9 A. M., three days in the week. They are paid for their time during these study hours just the same as when they are doing regular work. The new system covers all branches of the mechanical department,—machinists, blacksmiths, boilermakers, cabinet and car shops, painting and metal and wood working. The "pay-while-learning" feature also obtains in the New York Central's scheme of education for apprentices.

The expenditures by the companies for the education of their apprentices is fully warranted in their estimation by the more efficient work they will get, the saving of time and material due to higher proficiency, and the as-

surance that on completion of his course of study the apprentice will be a competent mechanic.

Both the Illinois Central and the Chicago & Alton companies subscribe for scholarships in the railway course conducted at the University of Chicago, which they distribute freely to their young men. This course is designed especially for railroad employes, the classes being held in the evening, in order to allow them to attend.—American Review of Reviews for October.



### CHARGE OF THE SPELLING BRIGADE.

Half a leag, half a leag,  
Half a leag onward,  
Gallopt the spelling board,  
With its three hundred;  
Knockt out one "g" from eg,  
Lim is the word for leg,  
Hear Brander Matthews beg:  
"Lern the three hundred."

Forward the spelling board,  
Teach 'em to spell it "sord,"  
Slashing words lim from lim,  
How we have blundered.  
We'll never yield the gost,  
What tho the scoffers rost,  
Spred them from cost to cost,  
All the three hundred.

Dettors to right of them,  
Colums to left of them,  
Bedsteds to slumber them,  
Changed in the making;  
Fonografs squeaking loud,  
Bravely they spelt and rowed—  
What tho their heds were now  
Wofully aking.

Gone were the extra "ps,"  
Dum were the silent "bs";  
Difthongs were routed;  
Crazed by fonetic schemes,  
Quire singers rote by reams  
Such words as solem,  
Camfor and autum,  
Harang and thum and lam,  
Pamflet and diafram,  
Tho the world douted.

Bravely they bilt and well,  
Teaching us how to spell  
Campain and boro;  
Even that dred diseze,  
Tisis, they spell with eze,  
Honor such words as these,  
Rebilt as thoro.

—Detroit Free Press.



Uncle Toby was aghast at finding a strange darky with his arm round Mandy's waist. "Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his arm 'way from round yo' waist," he indignantly commanded. "Tell him yo'self," said Mandy, haughtily; "he's a pufect stranger to me."



A clergyman, while walking along a country road in Ireland, saw a man breaking stones and kneeling to get at his work better. "Ah, Pat, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones," said he. "Shure," says Pat, "p'raps yer riverence don't work on yer knees!"

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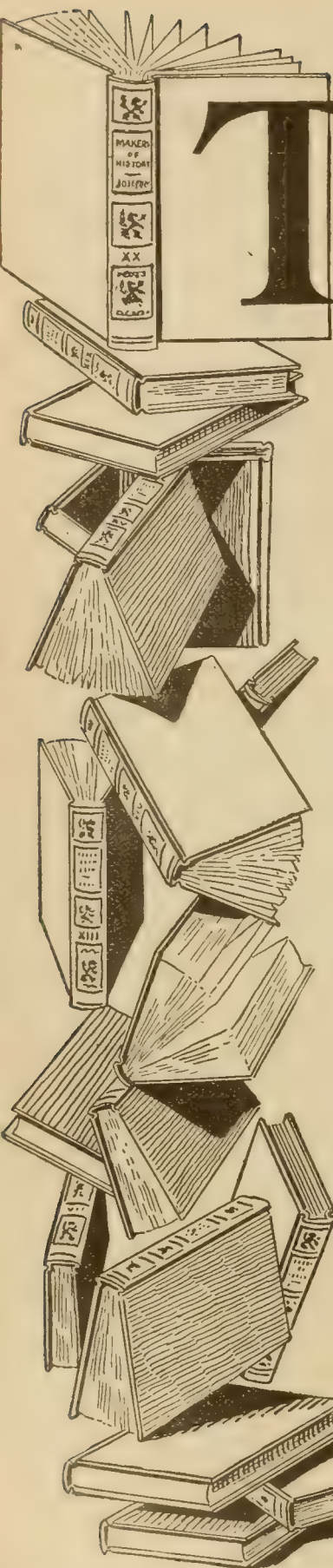
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"History is our Heaven-appointed instructor. It is the guide for the future. The calamities of yesterday are the protectors of to-day. The sea of time we navigate is full of perils. But it is not an unknown sea. It has been traversed for ages, and there is not a sunken rock or a treacherous sand-bar which is not marked by the wreck of those who have preceded us. There is no portion of history fraught with more valuable

instruction than the period of those terrible religious wars which desolated the sixteenth century. There is no history so wild as the veritable history of those times. The majestic outgoings of the Almighty, as developed in the onward progress of our race, infinitely transcend in all the elements of profoundness, mystery and grandeur, all that man's fancy can create. The cartoons of Raphael are beautiful, but what are they when compared with the heaving ocean, the clouds

of sunset, and the pinnacles of the Alps? The dome of St. Peter's is man's noblest architecture, but what is that when compared with the magnificent rotunda of the skies?"

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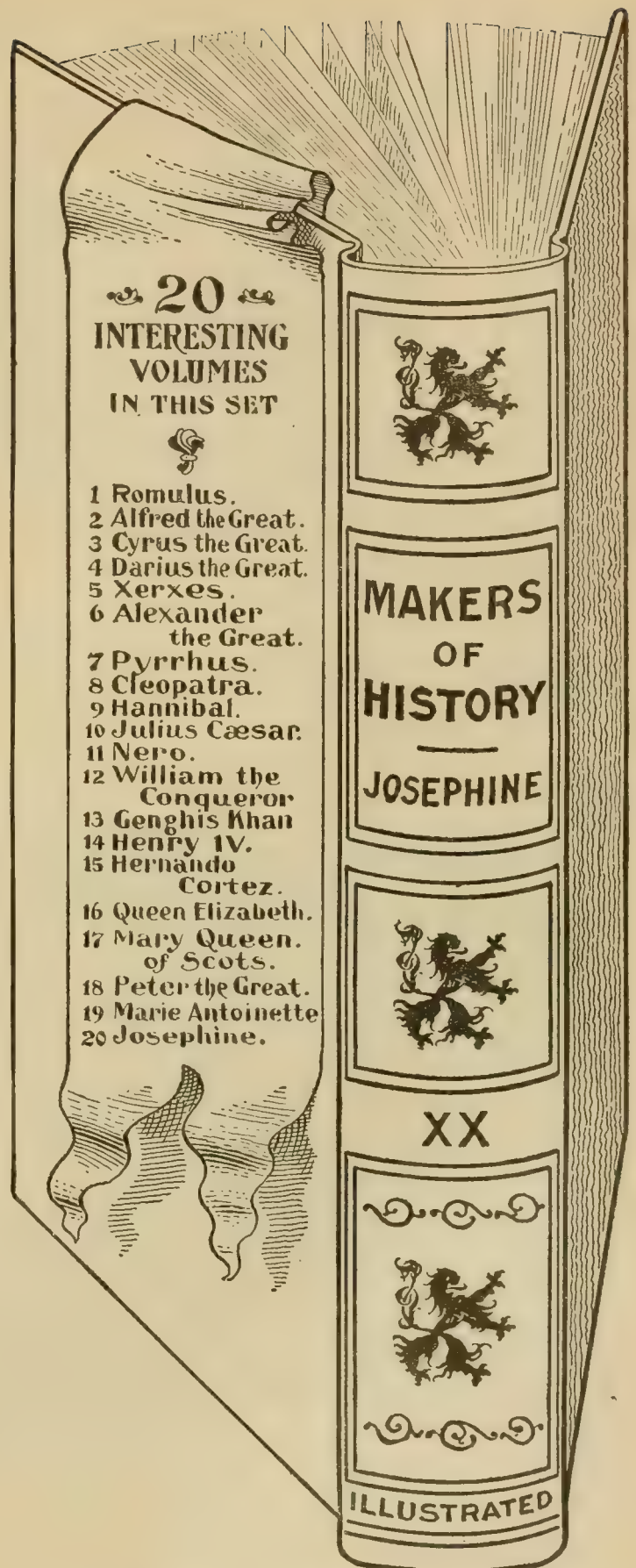
*"History is the great school of truth,  
reason and virtue."*

**GUIZOT**

*"History is one of the best schools for  
that kind of reasoning which  
is most useful in practical  
life."*

**W. E. H. LECKY**

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ALL THE BOOKS**





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In a conversation that Jacob Abbott, the author of "THE MAKERS OF HISTORY," had with President Lincoln before the latter's death, Mr. Lincoln said:

*"I want to thank you for Abbott's Series of Histories. I have not education enough to appreciate the profound works of voluminous historians, and if I had, I have no time to read them. But your series of histories gives me, in brief compass, just that knowledge of past men and events that I need. I have read them with the greatest interest. To them I am indebted for about all the historical knowledge I have."*

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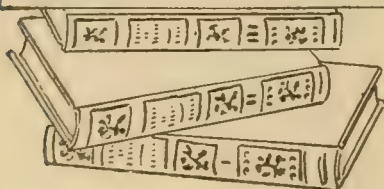


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Our prices are \$9.00 per acre and up, on easy terms—ten years to pay for land when the purchaser settles on the land. Excursions every week. Cheap rates and railroad fare refunded to purchasers of 320 acres or more.

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# CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION

Is the purpose of a new organization just formed, with the following Brethren as Directors and Officers:

S. F. Sanger, Pres., South Bend, Ind.  
Dorsey Hodgden, Vice Pres., Huntington, Ind.  
Samuel Borough, Sec'y., North Manchester, Ind.  
W. W. Barnhart, Treas., North Manchester, Ind.  
Levi Winklebleck, Hartford City, Ind.  
S. S. Keller, Bourbon, Ind.  
E. M. Grossnickel, North Manchester, Ind.  
F. R. Hartman, South Bend, Ind.  
C. S. Petry, West Milton, Ohio.  
Henry V. Wall, Los Angeles, Cal.  
W. H. Johnson, Reedley, Cal.

The Company has no connection with any railroad, land company, or any other corporation. We simply list tracts of land in desirable locations, suitable for subdivision into small parts, and act as agents for the sale of the same to colonists at wholesale price plus the cost of getting the land ready for settlement. This gives the purchaser the advantage of the increased value of the land, besides the profit which by the old way goes into the pocket of the promoter or land agent. We make no profit on the land taken by the colonists. Our plan also insures neighbors with a common interest, good roads, transportation, markets, school and church privileges from the beginning. Our plan also eliminates the privation, waiting and the uncertainty of the old way.

## ONE HUNDRED FAMILIES

are wanted at once for our co-operative colony to be located in the best part of the famous San Joaquin Valley of California, between now and March first, next, if possible. This colony will be located about 150 miles from San Francisco on or near the Santa Fe or the Southern Pacific Railway, thus insuring good transportation and nearby markets.

This Valley has good water in abundance, very fertile soil, and good climate. Grain, grass, truck, fruit, nuts, berries, etc., are grown in profusion with good results. A good place for HOMES, or INVESTMENTS.

If you are not interested in this California Colony, write us about our other colonies to be located in the Southwest, Northwest, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and other places of merit.

### REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD JOIN ONE OF OUR COLONIES:

1. Small tracts of land may be obtained at wholesale cost.
2. You have a part in selecting the land.
3. Lands increase rapidly in value under our plan.
4. The Company provides for improvement of land for nonresidents.
5. Many families locate together at the same time.
6. Public schools, church, and Sunday-school privileges are assured at once.

For fuller information, write

**CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY**  
**North Manchester, Ind.**

# THE INGLENOOK

## NOVEMBER.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

The trees are empty now,  
The birds have flown,  
The leaves have fluttered softly  
To the earth;  
The air is chill, again come  
Frost and snow,  
Again the ruddy fire burns  
On the hearth.

Through rifts of blue-gray sky  
Gleam rays of gold  
Upon a quiet landscape  
Brown and sere;  
The hazy Indian Summer  
Days pass by,  
November comes—late evening  
Of the year.

November comes. The harvest  
Now is past,  
And Nature bids her children  
Rest in sleep,  
Till one by one each tiny voice  
Has said, "Good night!"  
Each form has given itself  
To slumber deep.

November days, though cold,  
Are fraught with good;  
November skies, though gray,  
Sift golden light.  
And thus may life's November be—  
Replete with good,  
The way illumed with rays of gold  
When we, too, say, "Good night!"

Tipton, Iowa.

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

November 17, 1908.

Price \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol. X. No. 46.



# STAMPEDE FOR NEW HOMES

**Rapid Growth of Butte Valley  
Recently Opened to Settlement by the Extension  
of Southern Pacific  
Keeps Map Makers Busy**

If it hadn't been that the Siskiyou Mountains got their backs up—away back ages ago, when the world was young—this story of the greatest farm land opportunity on the American continent might never have been written, says Carl P. Johnson in "Home Life."

But the fact remains that the Siskiyou grades are steep, and after the Southern Pacific had grown tired of hauling the heavy trans-continental trains over that huge hump, at terrific cost in coal, its engineers began to look about for a route offering easier grades.

The immediate result was the construction of a "cut off" running North and South straight through Butte Valley from one end to the other.

But the most far-reaching result from the standpoint of the men and women who read this article was the opening up of 33,500 acres of wonderfully fertile valley land to the homeseeker and investor.

But for the coming of the railroad, Butte Valley, with all its splendid natural advantages of rich, black soil, abundance of pure water, delightful climate and magnificent scenery, would have remained in undisputed possession of the jack rabbits for decades to come.

But fate, or the Siskiyou Mountains or the railroad—whichever you choose to thank—intervened, and in two years' time Butte Valley has bloomed into a veritable garden, with 11,000 acres already settled.

A hundred families—the vanguard of an army of homeseekers—are now living there and making money rapidly as the land is adapted to general farming, fruit culture, stock raising, grain raising and dairying. The new town of Macdoel has five stores and several shops, numerous dwellings, a \$4,000 church, which is also used as a school, and at the present rate of growth will soon be an important trade center. The railroad is pushing its way westward with all possible speed, and when connections are made with the old line of the Southern Pacific at Eugene, Oregon, the bulk of the road's trans-continental traffic will be carried through this valley.

## **Wonders of Butte Valley.**

Do you delight in the grandeur of mountain scenery? Butte Valley offers you a scenic panorama that has no parallel in magnificence. Forty

miles to the south towers snow-capped Mount Shasta. Sixty miles to the north, Mount Pitt lifts its giant head.

The background for the picture is formed by the connecting range before referred to—the Siskiyou. Beyond, to the east, lie the foothills. The valley is as level as a floor—and the soil is no less wonderful than the scenery. It is volcanic sediment from three to nine feet deep—black as the ace of spades—and so rich that it has already surprised the world with 27-pound cabbages, 8-pound potatoes, apples measuring 15 inches in circumference, pears that have never been surpassed in size, shape or flavor, and enormous yields of grain, timothy, clover and alfalfa. There is not a stone in the whole valley big enough to throw at a chicken.

The altitude of Butte Valley is 4,200 feet. The climate is that of Salt Lake City. Asthma, catarrh, tuberculosis, bronchitis, hay fever, etc., are unknown. The valley has 20 inches of rainfall, besides sub-irrigation.

The water is soft, cold, pure and abundant. The land is quickly and easily cleared by simply breaking down the sage brush and raking it off.

Dame Nature seems to have overlooked nothing essential to the happiness and prosperity of those who were to people this marvelous valley when she poured her bounties into its lap.

## **Growth of Butte Valley Seems Like Magic.**

News of the wonderful advantages of Butte Valley has spread with remarkable rapidity. The railroad builders are being closely followed by the home builders.

New houses are going up so rapidly that it is impossible for the local saw-mills to saw lumber fast enough to meet the demand. Carload after carload of lumber is being shipped in from Weed and Klamath Falls. Many people are living in tents while their houses are being built. From one elevated point, where one year ago only five inhabited shacks were to be seen, you can count over a hundred new buildings. Where the town of Macdoel now stands there was nothing but sage brush one year ago.

The growth of the valley is absolutely without a parallel in the history of colonization movements.

The opportunities for money-making are so exceptional that the attention of the whole country has been attracted, and it will be but a comparatively short time until every available acre of Butte Valley land will be taken.

Approximately one-third of Butte Valley land has already been settled upon. This leaves only 22,500 acres. By the time you read this the Fall excursions will be bringing in hundreds of eager landseekers, most of whom will undoubtedly buy Butte Valley farms.

## **Fruit Basket of the Western World.**

The fruit business in Butte Valley is in its infancy, yet the remarkably fine apples, peaches and pears grown along the outer edges of the valley prove the coming greatness of the industry. Experts in the department of agriculture of the government bear witness to its splendid fruit possibilities. The following extract from a report of the Bureau of Soils, Washington, D. C., will prove of special interest to the man who is looking for a good place to invest his money in a fruit country:

"Apples have yielded abundantly and the fruit has been of choice quality, be-

ing of bright appearance, brilliantly colored and free from fungus or insect pests, and the outlook for the development of this industry is promising.

"The varieties likely to succeed best are the Spitzenbergs, Newton, Pippins, Northern Spy, Jonathan and the Rome Beauty. Pears, plums, quinces and berries would also do well in all localities favorable to apple culture."

Unquestionably the valley will be one of the greatest fruit countries in the world. Small fruits do exceedingly well. Colonists obtain wholesale rates on fruit trees. The vast number of acres planted in apple orchards this season is ample evidence of the confidence the residents have in the future of fruit raising in Butte Valley.

The pests that ruin fruit trees in the East are unknown in the valley. The authorities examine every tree and shrub shipped in, to see that no pests are brought in.

## **The Valley of Fat Cattle.**

Thousands of cattle are fattened in Butte Valley and thousands of sheep graze on the surrounding foothills. Stock raising is highly profitable. The succulent natural grasses, pure water and eternal sunshine provide every essential for successful dairying.

No better location for creameries than Butte Valley can be found anywhere, as electric power can be furnished at a very nominal cost, owing to the many mountain streams.

Fortunes will be made in the dairy business—and quickly, too.

## **Opportunities for All.**

Just now, while land is cheap and sold on easy terms, the Butte Valley offers remarkable opportunities to the young man starting in life, or the older man seeking a fresh start.

A nice little Butte Valley fruit farm will, in the course of a few years, make a man independent for life. Truck farming is immensely profitable. The mines and lumber camps now use all the people can raise. Beef cattle and dairy products pay handsomely. Macdoel offers a splendid opportunity to those wishing to go into business. The surrounding mountains are covered with dense forests of pine, cedar and fir, and lumber companies are reaping a harvest.

More sawmills are badly needed, as the product of the two mills now in Butte Valley does not even begin to meet the demand. Any man can make a success in Butte Valley if he is willing to work, but a lazy man would feel mighty lonesome out there among the hundreds of hustlers who are transforming the land of sage brush and jack rabbits into a twentieth century paradise.

## **Go and See for Yourself.**

My earnest advice to every reader of Home Life who can possibly make the trip is to take the first train for Macdoel and see with your own eyes the wonders of Butte Valley.

The railroads are making special excursion rates for September and October, the best months in the year to go. I understand that the "homeseeker's" rate is only a trifle more than half the regular fare.

Northern California is simply glorious in September and October. By all means take advantage of the cheap rates and join the stampede for cheap farms and happy homes in Butte Valley.

Ask **E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A., U. P. E. R. Co., Omaha, Neb.,** for literature.—The Lincoln (Neb.) Daily Star.

# After All Has Been Said and Done, It Is Results That Count

Everybody gives credence to that truth, and here is another just as true.

**BUTTE VALLEY GRAINS HAVE OUTCLASSSED ALL GRAINS ON EXHIBITION FOR PRIZES THIS YEAR WHERE SHOWN.**

We have had wheat, rye, oats and barley from Butte Valley this year on exhibition at the following places:

IOWA STATE FAIR, DES MOINES, IOWA.

AK-SAR-BEN, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

NEBRASKA STATE FAIR, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

KANSAS STATE FAIR, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

ILLINOIS STATE FAIR, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

Our grains were not submitted in a single instance in competition for prizes, yet at every place, without exception, competent judges have said that the Butte Valley grains far outranked those from the various States on exhibition.

## HERE'S ANOTHER THING.

Grains for prizes and awards were all carefully handpicked, straightened, and artistically arranged so as to catch the eye. Butte Valley grains were pulled up heads, stalks, roots and all and SHOWN JUST AS GROWN, and that's what caught the eye of the farmer. He's looking for quality and quantity. IT'S RESULTS THAT COUNT. Write us for particulars about Butte Valley.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Omaha, Nebr.

D. C. CAMPBELL, Colfax, Ind.

ISAIAH WHEELER, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

E. M. COBB, Elgin, Ill.

LEE FRANK, 193 So. Clark St., Chicago.

**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND COMPANY**

**MACDOEL, CALIFORNIA**



# A PROFESSOR'S LOGIC

## How It Compares with the Simple Reasoning of a Plain House Wife and Mother

A short time ago the papers contained an article written by a Chicago doctor, a professor of pathology at that, wherein the doctor, in answer to an inquiry regarding **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer**, the well-known herb-remedy, declared that this medicine was but little better than other ready-prepared medicines. The peculiar part of the professor's position was that he disclaimed having any knowledge whatever about the remedy—of what it is composed or its effect on the human system. The mere fact that it was a ready-prepared medicine was enough to condemn it in his eyes.

Another equally absurd instance of "scientific reasoning" took place not long ago in the U. S. Circuit Court at Detroit, Mich. It was an action brought against infringers and imitators of **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer**. Their attorneys, for want of any defense, sought to assail **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer** and the question of its usefulness as a medicine was naturally raised. A prominent physician, called as a witness on behalf of the opponents of the **Blood Vitalizer**, made the assertion that even though he had indisputable evidence that the **Blood Vitalizer** would cure certain ailments, he would not prescribe or recommend it. Asked his reason, he replied that "professional ethics" would not allow it, which simply amounts to this, that the doctors have agreed that they will not recommend a ready-prepared medicine, regardless of its value.

While such "reasoning" may meet the approval of the "doctors" it certainly does not appeal to the layman, whose interests lie in the problem of getting well regardless of "ethics." So much for "professional logic."\*

What a pleasing contrast we find in the following letter! How much more sensible and logical are not the words of this plain wife and mother who, after relating that twenty years ago her little girl, then three years old, was cured of an open sore on the leg by the **Blood Vitalizer**, after doctors and many remedies had failed, says: "If the **Blood Vitalizer** can cure sores like that on the outside, why should it not cure other and inside ailments?"

Columbus, Kans., March 4.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sirs: I have received and read copies of your "Surprise" for several years. About twenty years ago, we used the **Blood Vitalizer** in our family. Then my little three-year-old girl had a spell of fever and after that a sore broke out on her ankle which eventually spread to her knee. We tried doctors and various remedies that were recommended to us, but it did no good. I heard of your medicine, the **Blood Vitalizer**, and sent for it. It cured her, and she has stayed cured. She is now a wife and mother. If the **Blood Vitalizer** can cure sores like that on the outside, why should it not cure other and inside ailments?

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. Lucetta Burk.

### SOME MORE SOUND ARGUMENT.

Mrs. Emma J. Modlin, of Burr Oak, Kans., the writer of the following letter relates how she was cured forty years ago, of scrofula and running sores by the use of **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer**. She has not forgotten the incident, but as her letter indicates holds it in grateful remembrance. Note what she says, "I am now in my 54th year, but have never lost faith in nor sight of your **Blood Vitalizer**. I am now at the stage of life where I believe your **Blood Vitalizer** would again be beneficial and I know that a medicine which could cure a child as full of blood impurity as I was, forty years ago, will be a blessing in advanced years."

Her letter follows in full except such part as is of a strictly personal nature.

\*It remains to be stated, however, that when all the evidence had been presented to the court, its findings of fact were, that the **Blood Vitalizer** was a good and valuable medicine and the court further decreed that an injunction should issue against the manufacturers of imitations of the **Blood Vitalizer**.

Such is the testimony regarding **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer** given by those most competent to speak—those who have used the medicine. Who can gainsay the fact that a remedy which produces such radical curative effects in ailments so serious as those above mentioned, must be above the ordinary?

Should not its success, when symptoms are so alarming, justify the belief that its use in less serious blood ailments will be equally satisfactory?

Thousands have by personal experience demonstrated the truth of that conclusion, and for that reason are recommending to fellow-sufferers the use of that particular remedy which sustained them in the hour of need. That is, briefly stated, the reason for the popularity of **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer**.

This old time-tried herb-remedy is not a drugstore medicine—not an article of commercial traffic. It is supplied to the people direct through local agents appointed by the proprietors,

Burr Oak, Kans., March 1.

Dr. Peter Fahrney,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir: After many, many years of silence, I take up my pen to write to you. I am the (once) little girl that you doctored and cured of rheumatism, scrofula and running sores about forty years ago, when located at Polo, Ill. My name was then Emma J. Myerly. Perhaps you will remember me. I have been married now for twenty-two years and live in Burr Oak, Kans. I am now in my fifty-fourth year, but have never lost faith in, nor sight of, your **Blood Vitalizer**. I am now at the stage of life where I believe your **Blood Vitalizer** would again be beneficial, and I know that a medicine which could cure a child as full of blood impurity as I was, forty years ago, will be a blessing in advanced years.

I do not know of any agent for the **Blood Vitalizer** in this particular neighborhood, although I believe Bro. Gish was agent some fifteen or eighteen years ago, but he has departed this life and his family has moved away. Possibly I might act as agent and introduce the remedy in the homes of our church people. We have a good-sized church here. Please send me your terms to agents and even if I do not take an agency, I will order some for myself. It will depend on how much the express or freight charges amount to if I take the agency. Please let me hear from you.

Yours truly,

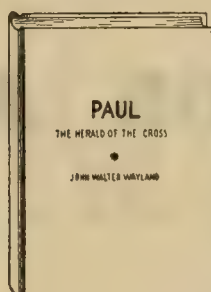
Mrs. Emma J. Modlin.

**Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co.,**

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue,  
Chicago, Ill.

## Paul the Herald of the Cross

By  
J. W. Wayland



The story of Paul's life is told in an interesting and instructive way. It will appeal to boys and girls, and older persons, too, and will leave them the better for reading it. Brother Wayland follows the Great Missionary from youth to death, and all the way he holds the attention. One cannot read the book without feeling a desire to help in spreading the Gospel. 105 pages.

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## The Singing Class

Vocal music will always be a vital part of our church services. For this reason, if for no other, you should be interested in good singing. Why not secure the services of a proficient music teacher, and begin an old fashioned singing class.

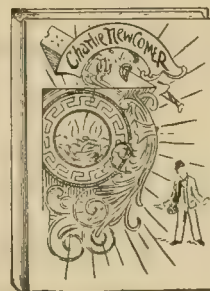
## Practical Exercises in Music Reading

by Brother Geo. B. Holsinger will prove a most valuable text-book. It is suitable for use in day-schools, Music Institutes, Normals, singing classes and individual students. The author has had some 30 years' experience as a teacher and composer. His knowledge of what the student of music needs most, has made possible this practical text-book. A Manila covered book of 32 pages, containing numerous exercises and a goodly number of first class songs and hymns. We can furnish either round or shaped notes. Single copy postpaid \$.15, Per dozen, prepaid \$1.50. Special prices to teachers using quantities.

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## Charlie Newcomer

By  
Elder Wilbur B. Stover



Five editions of this little volume have been printed. It is an inspiration to any child and will lead many of them to think of serving the Lord while young. Boys and girls enjoy reading it, and we do not know of a book which we can more heartily recommend, for it can have only a good influence over those who read it. It is the story of the life of a boy of our own day, though perhaps of a boy whose heart turned to the Lord earlier than is usually the case. Give it to the children to read, and you will do them good. Sixty-nine pages bound in cloth.

Our Price, .....17 cents  
(Postage extra, 4 cents.)

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,**  
Elgin, Illinois.



# OVER 200,000 ACRES

of land have been filed on under the CAREY ACT in the Twin Falls District, Idaho, since April, 1907.

¶ There is still a large amount of land waiting for the settler in the above district. Also great opportunities are offered at American Falls, at Gooding and other points along the OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD.

¶ The Payette-Boise Reclamation Project under the U. S. Government is about completed and will be ready to furnish water to about 300,000 acres of new land in the spring of 1909. These lands can now be bought at reasonable rates and terms, by the settler, and are situated where the country is already partly settled, near good towns, railroads and electric lines.

¶ Rural mail routes and telephone lines are already established. Good schools and churches. No storms or cyclones. Farming is done by irrigation. No failure of crops by reason of too much rain or drought. Fruit crop is abundant every year. The people are happy because they are prosperous.

## Wonderful Possibilities

for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

¶ Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

¶ Arrange your plans to go and see Idaho as soon as possible and secure some of this fine land.

¶ HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP EXCURSION RATES are on First and Third Tuesdays of each month in 1908.

¶ Colonist One-Way Cheap Rates to points in Idaho, Oregon and Washington in effect daily from Sept. 1st to Oct. 31, 1908 inclusive.

¶ WRITE NOW for printed matter and full particulars regarding this great country and how to get there.

**S. BOCK,**

Colonization Agt.  
Dayton, Ohio

**D. E. BURLEY,**

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.  
Salt Lake City, Utah

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

November 17, 1908.

No. 46.

## Martin Luther

Nathan Martin

### In Three Parts. Part Three

IN rather close succession, Luther figured more or less directly in a number of public functions. Shortly after the debate with Zwingli, a Diet was called at Spires for the purpose of raising forces for the Turkish War, and of stirring up sentiment to put an end to the religious troubles of the nation. The representatives of Rome drew up their creed; to this the party of Luther replied in a vigorous "Protest," from which they are called to this day the Protestants, as distinguished from the adherents to the Romish faith.

In the year 1530 the famous Augsburg Confession was drawn up and presented to the princely assembly convened in the ancient town of Augsburg. It was written by Melancthon, but most of the material was Luther's. Twenty-one articles set forth the Protestant belief: the remaining seven were devoted to the errors of Rome.

The Confession was rejected; but the decision was ineffective, so well had the doctrines of Luther already taken root. The Emperor himself took no decided stand, knowing that to offend either the State or the Church might prove an expensive action. The proceedings of the Diets of Worms and Augsburg were formally nullified, but their effect, far-reaching and beyond the power of any ruler to rescind, could not be thwarted.

Meanwhile Luther was devoting more or less time to his translation of the Bible. The work was finally completed in 1534, a glorious service to his countrymen! The common people no longer needed to take for granted the teachings of the priest, but the book itself was placed in their hands, translated into the everyday speech of the masses. What could be more of a death-blow to superstition and ignorance? The translation is a remarkable one. It is characterized by a simplicity that places it on a level with a child's understanding; on the other hand, it is so thoroughly eloquent of beauty and strength that its place in literature is perfectly safe and sure.

We have cited briefly the story of how the shackles were broken which had so long and so cruelly bound Central Europe. Looking back over the world's history we find the record of many who lived and died in a similar cause,—the cause of spiritual enlightenment and a whole-souled devotion to the Master's work as they understood it. Notably among these were the Albigenses, the Waldenses and the Bohemians; among individuals, John Wycliffe, Huss and the noble Savonarola, all of whom showed an enthusiasm and zeal for their cause which no persecution could shake. But the name of not one of these stands out as prominently as that of Martin Luther. Why? Probably none of them was such a profound scholar and thinker as he; few were otherwise qualified as he. But is that all? No, there are at least two other great factors to be considered, neither of which adds to the luster of Luther's name, nor detracts from those of the others. They are the invention of printing and the capture of Constantinople by the Turks; the former completely changing the balance of forces in the moral world, giving to Truth an almost perfect omnipresence and dispelling, as the morning sun does the dew, the influence of time-honored Tradition; the latter spreading the Greek language and culture all over the civilized world, thus making available the key to the understanding of the New Testament.

Surely it was an opportune moment, a time when seemingly all influences conspired in the grand tragedy in which Luther was the hero, and Romanism, then a mere symbol for blind belief in the teachings of a self-constituted aristocracy, the victim. For a thousand years the thralldom of blind reverence and superstition had held captive many true and noble hearts. But this was no longer to continue. The darkest hour of the long and bitter night was indeed to be followed by a day of hope and exquisite brightness. The occasion was there; the conditions made a change not only desirable, but absolutely imperative. The man was there, an exceptional man for a special work,



a chosen vessel meet for the Master's use.

After the storm subsided somewhat, and the doctrines of the Reformation began to flourish, Luther gradually retired from active life. But even to the very last he continued his private work of teaching, preaching and writing. Many were the difficulties he had to encounter. His friends failed him when most needed; on every hand enemies beset his pathway.

He died February 18, 1546, after a brief illness. His last work on earth was an attempt to reconcile the Counts of Mansfield. His attitude toward life he showed in these words: "The world is weary of me, and I of the world."

Prominent among his characteristics should be pointed out his simplicity and his earnestness. While a profound scholar, he had the rare faculty of expressing with childlike plainness the truths and conclusions he arrived at only after years of patient and incessant labor and meditation. His vivid, practical insight enabled him to see clearly the influence of the Romish system upon an ignorant and unlettered mass of people. His fervid zeal and energy would not allow him to disregard the sufferings of his fellowmen.

In judgment he seemed to be negligent. Melancthon, upon whose shoulders fell the leadership of the Protestant party upon Luther's death, often upbraided him for his indiscretion and vehemence. His vigor and self-confidence remained unabated to the last. His greatest concern, when after the burden and heat of the day he composed himself for his last sleep, was that the kingdom might continue to spread and that the world might know that the One whom he so faithfully served during life had not forsaken him in the hour of death,—that he died in the faith he taught.

*Elizabethtown, Pa.*



#### ORIGIN OF THE BATTLE HYMN.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

FROM the study of American literature, there has come to the public's notice, every now and then, some old isolated poem that perhaps has been hidden for years.

One of these poems that has caused so much surprise and pleasure is the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," written by that celebrated Boston writer Julia Ward Howe. Every true patriot and Christian knows and also appreciates the value of those inspiring words echoed from almost every choir in the world.

The poem has a peculiar charm of its own, but it is not more pleasing than the way in which it came to be written, or the manner in which its history was introduced to the public.

The Battle Hymn was written during the Civil War, but the interesting facts concerning its history were not brought before the public until some time later when they were made public in Boston, to a Boston audience.

The occasion was a gathering to hear the late Chaplain McCabe's lecture on "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison." During the evening, Mrs. Howe was present; as the guest of honor she occupied a seat on the platform and evidently took a great delight in the lecture.

This was of special interest to Mr. McCabe because during his confinement in the prison, he had been the first to sing Mrs. Howe's famous hymn.

At the close of the lecture Mrs. Howe was earnestly requested to speak. She stepped to the front of the platform, and, after speaking briefly of the agony of those long years of war, she said, "Perhaps you would like to have me tell you how I came to write the Battle Hymn."

Then she went on in her simple yet eloquent way to tell how, at that time, she was living in Washington with her husband, who being too old to go to the front, kept close watch of every movement during the war. One evening they went out to see a review which took place near the city. As they rode slowly homeward in the falling twilight, the bands were playing "John Brown's Body," when one of Mrs. Howe's friends asked her why she did not write a hymn that the boys in blue could sing to that tune. She replied that she had often wished she could and the matter was dropped.

The next morning she awoke in the gray dawn and began to think of the hymn she wished so much to write. As she thought more and more intently, it began to come to her one line after another until she had the entire hymn in mind. She hastily arose and in the dim twilight blindly shaped with her pencil the words that she did not even try to see. Later in the day she rewrote the whole hymn, and thus was born the immortal poem—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"Then," modestly continued Mrs. Howe "after Chaplain McCabe's splendid voice had sung it, the soldiers had taken it up, and the North was learning to love it, then people began to ask, 'Who wrote it?'"

This quiet, yet impressive narrative was followed by great applause, when to the great delight of the audience Chaplain McCabe stepped to the instrument and sang the famous hymn while the great throng joined in the mighty chorus, "Our God is marching on."



#### SOME PHASES OF THE KANSAS PROHIBITION SITUATION.

W. O. BECKNER.

THERE is now confined in the city lockup of McPherson, Kansas, a man under conviction for violating the Prohibition law. His case furnishes a splendid example of what is going on continually, and to the thoughtful mind it is indicative of the progress being made in ethical ideals.

His actual name is B. F. Merrill. He lives in a house for which he pays \$9.00 per month rent. He is a day laborer, unskilled. In summer he works in the harvest fields and the other seasons at whatever he can get to do. He has no trade. His family consists of a wife, and four unmarried children at home. Dolph is twenty-three and works in the flouring mill. Tennis is eleven; Tiny is nine and Frank, the baby boy, is four. Dolph of course, is his own man and has a right to his own earnings, though he stays at home. The others are absolutely dependent on daily earnings for daily bread.

On Sunday evening, September 13, Mr. Merrill was taken into hand by the city marshal. He was found down in the railroad yards with a package of "booze" that he and some friends had just opened. They had it shipped in from outside the State and had just taken it out of the car. The brewing companies refuse to fill small orders, so three or four fellows go together and order a box sent to one of them, then when it comes, all share in the expense. The city officials had scented the trail of the company several times and were on the lookout. But Merrill was alone, waiting for one of the fellows to come for his part when he was found. Some had come and already gone, each with his bottle.

He plead guilty to the charge of dispensing liquors illegally on two counts and received sentence of thirty days in jail and a fine of \$100.00 on each count. The fine must be paid in cash or labor at \$1.00 per day. He can not "lay" it out in jail.

The Government Revenue Officers received word and visited Mr. Merrill in his cell. He who would dispense liquors must hold a Government license in addition to complying with the State laws. Mr. Revenue Officer called for \$96.87 to be in his hands by the end of the month when he must make up his reports, else he must report Mr. Merrill as a Federal offender, which would come extra to his State offense. There were two days' time left in which to raise the revenue.

Wife at home is worried almost sick because of conditions and the landlord says to move out in about a week. The rent will run out then and he has a chance to sell, he says. No place to move into. Head of the family confined in jail and unable to look after things in any wise.

Another thing. Mr. Merrill is a member of a lodge. He carried insurance in that for the protection of his family. It is against the rules of his order for members to dispense liquors illegally, so when word was received at headquarters that he was an offender, he soon received a letter suggesting that he withdraw from the order immediately to save himself the disgrace of expulsion which was sure to come. His

policy had already been canceled. Mr. Merrill is past fifty years of age and therefore disqualified for membership in another order. His insurance dues are all lost to him.

I said to him that it looked to me as if the fellows who were with him in ordering should certainly be with him now in raising the money for the revenue officer. But he tells me that they are no longer friendly to him as they were when they were using him as a tool. They do not even come to the jail to see him. He declares revenge upon them if they forsake him entirely.

There are two things worth note in this. Mr. Merrill was raised in a State where alcohol and whiskey were as common drinks as water. He says that as a boy it was taken for granted that there was no harm in its use. Everyone took his dram before breakfast or dinner and thought nothing about it. Out here in Kansas there are hundreds of boys that have never seen a saloon; hundreds more that have never tasted alcohol in any form. The environment is such as to keep them away from the formation of the habit until they have maturity enough to stand upon their own principles. The habits of our childhood seem natural to us all our lives. Mr. Merrill was allowed to form a habit that now leads him into the toils of the law. But, as he well says, he is only one that is guilty; there are plenty of others that have not been caught. Many of the older generation of Kansas people have come from just such childhood influences as he, and find it hard to unlearn the habits of the early home. It is to the generation that has grown and is growing up in Kansas today, men like our present State Attorney, who is himself a Kansas product, that we look with hope for the complete extermination of the lust for drink. Experience proves that it is safe to raise children where the saloon is under a ban, where it is not the common sight as they go home from school, and where it is true that men are better men for not having suffered blight of ethical ideas in childhood.

The second feature in this case is the attention it directs to the Interstate Commerce Laws. Under the present law, Kansas may prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcohol within her borders, but she cannot prohibit its being shipped in from other States. That is in violation of interstate commerce. Last winter Senator Tillman of South Carolina introduced a resolution in Congress which if adopted would give a State the right to police her borders and make all products, the sale of which is illegal in the State, confiscated property as soon as they crossed the border. As yet there is no such provision.

There is no subject that is of more absorbing interest in the Kansas mind today than law enforcement, with special reference to the Prohibition law. Our present State's Attorney was recently renominated



for office, when it is well known that his policy is rigid enforcement of law. Many are the unscrupulous city officials who have been terrified at his proceedings. Kansas people are awake to the necessity of making our laws mean what they say. Yet it is to be regretted that our representatives in the National Legislature have lacked the courage to represent the Kansas sentiment there. It is to be hoped that our next Senator will prove himself as staunch a supporter of this feature of law enforcement as he was in the postoffice frauds. When we are able to police our border, we shall be able to save many of our citizens, such as Mr. Merrill, from the suffering that is certain to follow him who transgresses. We would have it so that crime may be prevented. We must cure the sick, but to prevent sickness is our greater task.

*McPherson, Kans.*



### DILIGENCE.

ROBERT H. MILLER.

SUCCESS in any line of business wholly depends upon the way one applies himself. In all departments of activity to have one thing to do and then to do that one thing is the secret of success.

It is a true saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss. The man who is constantly changing from one line of work to another is the man who never meets with success. He is always hunting for a place in life where there are no difficulties to meet, where he can receive a crown without bearing a cross. There are no such places in this world, and the man who spends his time in search of them is a complete failure. Opposition is what makes the man, and the greater the opposition the greater the glory of overcoming it.

The statesman, Solon, confronted by that great problem of finance, through his never-ending diligence and tenacity which knows no failure, made that thing which to some is but a handicap, a *blessing* to him and thus became the one who so effectually pacified the critical strife between the rich and poor of the Athenian state which would have resulted in her downfall.

Abraham Lincoln, a youth with none of the advantages of a young man of today, through his perseverance and determination brought himself from the lowly occupation of a day-laborer to be president of the United States. We can truthfully say that few men have lived so worthily and been so sincerely mourned when removed by death as Abraham Lincoln.

Circumstances rarely if ever favor great men. But with an *unwavering* determination they diligently apply the ability which God has given them and *always* come out *victorious*.

Look out over the long line of heroes, grown all of them from small beginnings. Are your powers feeble? So were theirs, but through a diligent application in every undertaking they developed them. Are your

possibilities unknown? So were theirs, but they grew and expanded them, and so may you if you but lay hold of your undertakings diligently and with a determination which meets with nothing but success.

There are three things which all men may possess—ability, opportunity, and application. We do not have control of our ability or of the number of opportunities which come to us, but we do have control of the way we apply ourselves, therefore our destiny is in our own hands. A man may have the ability of a Shakespeare, opportunities innumerable may come along his pathway, but if he does not take advantage of them through the diligent application of his ability he is a complete failure.

If all would practice this diligent application of their ability in the right direction there would be no need of jails and penitentiaries. God did not place a man upon this world without the ability to care for himself. Although some men lack this ability it is not because God did not give it to them but because they have ruined it through the vices of some evil habit.

Our success does not depend upon our ability or upon the opportunities which come to us but upon the way we apply ourselves. Benj. Franklin plainly expressed this truth when he said, "Diligence is the mother of good luck and God gives all things to industry."

It is wonderful how a seemingly-insurmountable difficulty vanishes away when confronted by a determined will. And when the difficulty is overcome it is not only a glory to the one who through his diligent application has overcome it, but a source of strength and encouragement by which he becomes able to overcome greater ones.

Men all delight in having honor. They love to be respected. But few have the diligence to rightly apply themselves, which is the only means by which one may become worthy of the praise and honor of his fellow-men.

Honor and shame from no conditions rise,  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Therefore, an honest, diligent application of the ability with which God endowed us to the performance of the duties which come to us from day to day is the *only* means by which we can reach true greatness.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;  
We build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And mount to its summit round by round.

*North Manchester, Ind.*



### WHEN I WAS A CLERK.

IRA P. DEAN.

At thirteen years of age I entered the largest department store of my home city as a cash boy. I had many amusing experiences while in this position,

but my most amusing ones were during my clerkship. I worked in various departments, but finally was placed in the druggist sundries department. I had been promoted to clerk when I was fourteen years old, but did not enter the drug department until about sixteen.

I was going on with my regular work one day when a well-dressed old lady stepped up to the counter. All the clerks knew her and she was branded as a mean, unreasonable crank. She asked for a cake of Pears' Scented Soap. I got it, wrapped it up, made out my check and received a sum of money from her and sent it to the cashier over the system. While waiting for her change she tore open the package, and commenced smelling the soap, threw it back on the counter and turning up her nose, indignantly said, "This is not Pears' Scented Soap, I don't want it." I tried to tell her it was, I showed her the name on the soap and also on the box and told her she was mistaken in thinking it was any other than what she asked for; but she insisted that she knew about as much about fine soaps as I did, and perhaps she did, so she demanded her money back.

Well, I had to make out a return-money check and have the floor-walker sign it; and clerks don't enjoy very much of that. She got her money and went out without the soap. The next day she came back again for Pears' Scented Soap. I gave her the same cake she refused the evening before. I did not make out my check at once, for I expected another argument, but to my surprise she nicely unfolded the paper in which it was wrapped, smelled the soap, then looking up, said, "Now, young men, that is what I wanted yesterday, that's Pears' Scented Soap." I said nothing, but waited till she left to make out my check and laugh.

Lots of customers like that. A gentleman called for an ounce of Jockey Club Perfume. I gave it to him out of the bulk and he went home. In the evening he returned and said his wife didn't like it, she wanted musk. We did not have musk at the time and were also forbidden to exchange perfumes, so I poured it into another bottle (that is, the perfume he returned), but did not label it; he took it home and came back for more of the same kind. His wife said it was the best she ever had.

Some people want everything for nothing. An old lady and her daughter wanted to see our best perfume, the very best we had. I showed her some imported Russian Essence of Violets \$8.00 per ounce. I did not tell her the price and she did not ask. I knew she didn't want it. She got me to rid out an entire show case and nearly half a shelf to find something she wanted. After looking and smelling for about fifteen minutes she wanted a small bottle of the Russian Essence of Violets, at all cost. She said she was looking through all the other stores but could not find

what she wanted and she must have that, if it cost her last cent. The bottle held one-eighth of an ounce. I took the bottle and wrapped it up. She asked me the price. I said, "One dollar." "Whee! My sakes!" and it nearly took her off her feet. "I don't want that; show me something for about twenty-five cents an ounce." She then took ten cents' worth of twenty-five cent perfume.

Two old ladies stepped up to another clerk who worked with me and asked to see a black comb, set with some kind of stones; he showed them a beautiful comb set with imitation diamonds. "That is a fine comb and very attractive," said the clerk. "What kind of stones are they?" asked one of the ladies. "Those are Rhinestones," replied the clerk. "What kind of stones did he say they were?" asked one of the ladies, who must have been deaf, of the other. "Grindstones," replied the other lady, and the clerk excused himself to take a laugh.



#### A BEAUTIFUL OLD POEM.

Thou wilt never grow old,  
Nor weary, nor sad in the land of my birth;  
My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold  
In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth.  
O holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,  
In that kingdom of light, with its pathways of gold,  
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where  
Thou wilt never grow old, love—never grow old!

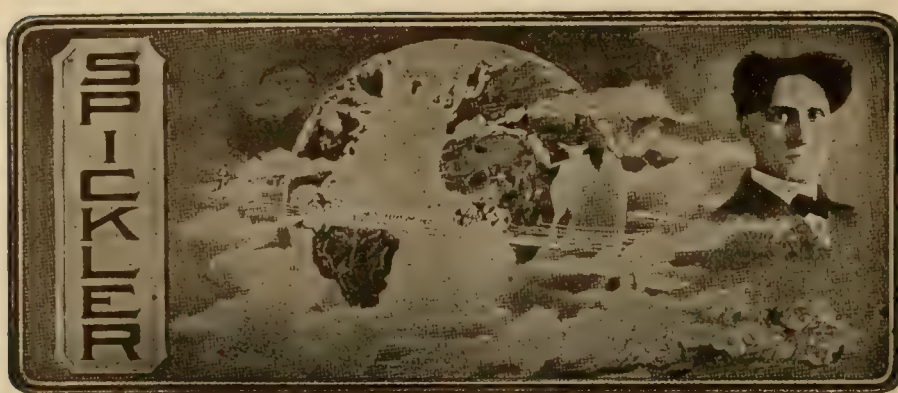
I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin  
Haunting my footsteps wherever I go;  
Life is a warfare my title to win,  
Well will it be if it end not in woe.  
Pray for me, sweet, I am laden with care;  
Dark are my garments with mildew and mold;  
Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,  
Thou wilt never grow old, love, never grow old.

Now, canst thou hear, from thy home in the skies,  
All the fond words I am whispering to thee?  
Dost thou look down, with thy soft beaming eyes,  
Which greeted me oft, ere thy spirit was free?  
So I believe, though the shadow of time  
Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold,  
Thou wilt still love me, and, blessed belief!  
Thou wilt never grow old, love—never grow old.

Young wilt thou be, when the pilgrim grown gray  
Weeps when the vine from the home-trees are riven;  
Faith shall behold thee as pure as the day  
Thou wert torn from the earth to be planted in heaven.  
O holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,  
In that kingdom of light, with its pathways of gold,  
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where  
Thou wilt never grow old, love; never grow old.

Ellen C. Howarth, the author of the above poem, was born of Irish parentage; from the age of seven years, she worked in a factory, and in her young womanhood married a laboring man, making her home in New Jersey. She contributed many beautiful poems to literature when the name, poem, meant more than verse and jingle.—*The Commoner*.





## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXXII.

I NEVER coasted so in my life. For many miles the road, curving so wickedly quick, now to the left, now to the right, threw me down at the valley. Scores and scores of turns I had to make to follow the corkscrew road that was out of repair in places.

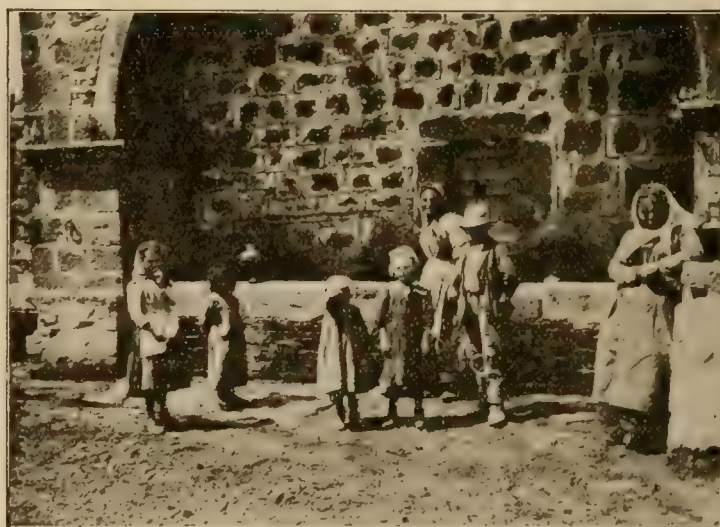
Though only twenty minutes from Switzerland the scenes had changed. No longer did pretty children smile and wave dimpled hands at me as in the Swiss rides. None of them lifted their caps, big or little people, as did many of the country people of the fairest little democracy on earth,—Switzerland. The Italians had not taught this exquisite politeness to their children. The people to whom I spoke were impolite, or they merely stared at me as an intruder. Their little, hard, dark eyes were so in contrast with the big blue or brown of the tender Swiss. And yet I was only twenty minutes from Switzerland. It was just like two streets running along a block, or more like the same street, with the two nations living, one on one side, the other on the other. I had just said "good-bye" to the Swiss, now I was insinuating myself into the good will of the Italians.

And the beggars! Not one in Switzerland, the land of Protestantism and liberty and brotherhood. But here many wretched beggars, dwarfs, lames, blinds, sores, dragged their stiffened forms along the way or sat in the wayside churches for alms.

But there are curious and charming sights. The hills—I never saw such hills! There is a look about them that is like Italy, I know, and yet I don't know why, old, worn, rugged, rotten, steep, the rocks shoot up into the sky with lusterless hue, but with a wonderful strength for weird beauty. Then I glide into the fertile valleys where the vegetable life is prolific. I see some fences here and there, for few European lands enclose farms and bound roads with fences like those seen in the Middle States. But here I see wood, wire, and hedge fences.

When I come to a town I find the streets littered with filth. Broken glass is everywhere and it is un-

safe to ride. The children are poorly dressed and dirty. I know they are also ignorant, for ignorance has always been the attendant upon dirt and disease, and although I am an apostle of jeans, I find that the best people are usually the best clothed. The wicked lout who parades under the guise of a good man's dress, which is always good of course, for no good man would wear a bad dress, is the exception. The yards and the little squalid houses are indescribably dirty. Untidiness marks everything but the cathedrals. The finest streets are full of cows that go bawling about, grabbing at a bright dress for a mouthful of calico or stealing a mouthful of fruit from a stand. The offal from these cows is gathered up into baskets by rough-looking women—mothers and daughters with their bare hands. Loaded with this fertilizer they go waddling down the street, the basket of it on their heads, so that the speeding cyclist must needs look carefully on turning a short corner lest he collide with these street scavengers and be doused himself with what was meant for the garden. To



"Their little hard, dark eyes were in contrast to the big blue or brown of the Swiss."

walk with your best girl in her new shoes through these village streets after dark is hazardous.

The stores are so funny. You buy a yard of calico



over the same counter where you get chocolate or coffee. You get postage stamps at the tobacco stores. The proprietor, usually a woman, is sitting outside knitting or mending an old skirt. If you wait long enough she will come in and get what you ask for if she has it, which is very seldom the case.

My first hotel in Italy was at Aosta, the Mt. Blanc



"The women washed their big batch of white clothing in the cold spring water."

hotel, built, as are many Italian hotels, around an open court, with promenade verandas on every floor to entice the stranger to walk about them and look down upon the flowers that grow so fragrantly below. Here the landlord showed me great care and made me at home with generosity. My luncheon, like all the meals, was new. Strange foods were placed before me. My bread consisted of six slender loaves, a yard in length and about as thick as a lead pencil. These were baked crisp and you were expected to dip them into your coffee as you ate. Good! No name for it. The soups are good and the dishes are usually cooked in butter and flavored with some rare Italian mint.

The Italian lakes nestle like well-bred kittens in the lower lap of the rosy-hued Alps. Their calm sequestered beauty wins to their bosom scores of thousands each year. A first-class round trip ticket was in my pocket as I boarded the graceful little boat at Arona, to enjoy, unmolested, one of the sweetest pleasure trips of my tour, on Lake Maggiore—lake is lago,—the largest, as its name suggests, of the three Italian lakes, Maggiore, Lugano, and Como. While sailing in and out of the sweeping bays, enchanted by an ever-changing panorama of magic-tinted water, bluest of skies and fairest of mountains, through some deep gorges of which gleamed in the distance the snow-mantled Alps, I took my pencil and extemporized the lines:

#### To Lake Maggiore.

Maggiore, sweet Italian,  
Glassy blue and dimpled green,  
Softly straying 'mong the mountains,  
Come and be my sunny queen.

Maggiore, gentle maiden,  
Love not others far away,  
I am dreaming on thy bosom,  
In thy charming lap I lay.

Maggiore, sky-loved water,  
Play not truant with thy grace,  
I will take thee with me ever,  
I will always see thy face.

Maggiore, sun-kissed Maggie,  
Break not soon my spell of thee,  
Keep my thoughts with thee forever,  
Lover true I'll ever be.

And while lying in the soft lap of this beautiful Italian maiden,—I mean this beautiful Italian lake,—I read from a paper printed in Italian, "*Le Pape Morte*," the Pope is Dead!

I was greatly shocked at the news, for the Pope was truly a great man, and I had wished to see him alive. As that chance had forever passed, my next effort was see him in his coffin in the public funeral which was to be held in St. Peter's in Rome at the end of the week.

At the very next landing, therefore, which the boat made on the south side I said farewell to the kind captain, and with less than half of my great ride completed, I left the boat, and along crooked, ill-kept, narrow-fenced country roads, I hurried through the scorching afternoon sun, toward Como, passing Lu-



"The Italian villages turned out their representative people who posed for a picture."

gano on my left on the way. Two young Italians with their wheels, left the boat at the same place, and these also seemed to be going to Como. They first placed big silk kerchiefs under their caps, having them to



fall loosely over the head and face, to break the terrific force of the heat, the most glaring and intense I had ever seen before—the July sun in Italy. I did likewise. Their wheels carried no burdens and they also knew all the turns in the road. My wheel gave me some trouble and before I mounted again these Italians had ridden clean out of sight. But I tried to follow them, racing after them like a policeman. Over bridges where the dirt had been washed from their approaches I bumped and fell, got up and on again, the sweat running over me in streams. In many places the rocky road left no trace of their wheels and here when I came to a cross road I had to take one of the three different ways, each of them as plausible as the other. Whether or not I was developing in my brain the cerebral center possessed in so striking and miraculous way by the carrier pigeons, I seemed to hit the right road, for I was too far from Como to believe that the road leading there would be the most traveled one. To my utmost chagrin I had followed the road up to a mean little resort or hunting and fishing shack on the edge of a little lake not on the map. Here it came to an end. Well, the main road was not far back so I humped on my wheel again and back I went, blowing like an engine. At last I did overtake the boys, to lose them a little later for all time.

"Only fools and Americans brave the Spanish sun in July," and so here, and few people were passed on the road. Peasants bearing in baskets on their bent backs and drooping shoulders loads of vegetables and babies, got out of my way as if I were the Kansas City Limited.

I reached Como that is built right on the bank of the celebrated lake just at sunset. On the picturesque bank of this glorious gem, where the charm of calm beauty spread her poised wing, in rapture I stood. Before me a giant opal, set in amethyst, sapphire and emerald. Each wooing breeze that kissed her dimpled cheek lay where it touched, forgetful of its mission from yonder cloud-wreathed purple peaks, drowned by its own ecstasy in the mirrored resplendence of a thousand hues!

On the veranda of Hotel Metropole right by the beach, you might have seen a graceful Italian waiter in full dress, serving the seventh course to a dusty cyclist, who though filled with picturesque emotion was filling up on something more substantial. As I devoured a speckled beauty from an art dish, several of his brothers, amazed at my audacity, leaped from time to time, from the magic waters.

Night had fallen, but nothing would have held me longer at Como. Milan was a half-day run distant,—Milan, the great Cathedral City. With the brilliant electric lights, filling the gay streets of Como with light, I rode out into the country, by a southern road which seemed to be west and northwest to me from my natural or home compass, but south when consid-

ered by the map of the book of Italy I carried in my mind. I had a road map, but what was it to me in the dark, with the wind blowing out matches and I had been warned that in order to have a better chance to escape the Italian banditti that lie in wait along the roads for wheelmen who may carry money, it was wise to ride with lamp unlighted.

The greater part of the way was over the most disheartening of roads, through a country I could affirm in court I had never been guilty of seeing before, then, or since. I felt my way, especially when my wheel plunged into a ditch and once into a culvert which had been removed for a new one. To be sure that I was riding toward Milan and not away from it, I dared to stop at the gate of country peasants, after they had retired, and call them up out of their beds. When they came to the door in their "nighties" and asked in the new tongue what I wanted, I almost ran. But in the most plaintive, earnest tones, appealing for sympathy, I asked in the best Italian I could use "Is this the way to Milano?" Every one said, "Si! si!"—Yes, yes, adding, "straight ahead," which was somewhat like the French for "straight ahead"—tout adroit,—and went back to bed without cussing me.

One episode during the ride was amusing. I had overtaken a countryman in a two-wheeled cart with a rack like a hog-rack on his short cart box. He wanted me to get in and ride with him, for he took me for an Italian. I persisted in walking and pushing my wheel where the roads were bad and riding slowly where they were good. He was talkative, very talkative, and if I rode with him I knew he would find out I was a foreigner, and that fact might scare him, at midnight. So I left him talk-talk-talk. Once in awhile I said, "Si, si,"—yes, yes! and often I laughed at his remarks where he seemed to indicate I ought to laugh, and sometimes I grunted or muttered a few unintelligible syllables, when he would laugh and go right on, just as if he had heard what I had not said. He didn't care what I said. He was listening to himself talk, and I was glad of it, for if ever in my life I wanted a man to do all the talking it was this stranger on this midnight ride to Milan, in Italy.

My how he talked! I didn't understand a word but "yes." But I was a good actor and when he got home I suppose he had a big story to tell his family of the interesting talk he had enjoyed with an intelligent Italian on a bike.

I know he must be still talking. I rode on.

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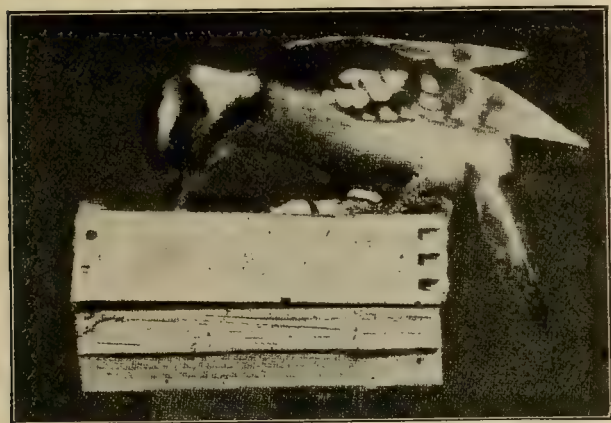
### THE BLUE JAY.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

"How proud he act,' an' swell an' spread  
His chest out more an' more,  
An' raise the feathers on his head  
Like it's cut pompadour."

THIS is part of James Whitcomb Riley's characteristic description of the blue jay. In the poem, "The Jaybird," Riley evinces his love of Nature and the accuracy of his observation. It is his great love of Nature, more than anything else that has won for him the distinction he bears.

The blue jay belongs to a very large family, consisting of jays, crows and ravens, and it is said that with the exception of South Africa, Australia, and the



Pacific Islands, there is no country upon the globe where some of its representatives are not found. There are several species of the jay, but our common blue jay is the only one that is a resident of the Central West. Here he is with us the year round, noisy and ever full of good cheer. It would be hard to find a country boy that is not familiar with his high, peaked crest, his black whiskers and his broad wings and tail so beautifully banded with blue, black, and white. Birds of blue color are few in this section of the United States. The bluebird, blue jay, great and little heron, belted kingfisher, and blue-gray gnat-catcher about complete the list.

One who has never lived with the jays can have no idea of the variety of noises and calls they can make. Many times I have hastened to find a strange, new bird, only to be greeted with the bright plumage and calm assurance of the jay. When it is too cold for the other birds, he is flashing about, important and busy. In the nesting season, after his scraps with the other birds that may want to build in the same neighborhood, he settles down into a model householder.

The jay is about twelve inches long and has a wing expansion of about ten inches. Above, he is purplish blue and below pale gray. Around his neck is an irregular black band. His crest is conspicuous, which he raises and lowers at his pleasure. The nesting season begins about the middle of March and continues until May. The nest is built in a bush or tree from five to twenty-five feet from the ground. It is not a very elegant specimen of bird architecture, being carelessly put together, bulky, and much like that of the crow. It is made of twigs, roots, weeds, rags,

and strings, and, occasionally has a lining of mud. For three successive springs a pair of jays has built in an old apple tree but a few feet from the house. The nest is always in the same crotch, about twenty feet from the ground. I have never been able to decide definitely whether they repair the old nest each year, or build a new one, but I am inclined to think they work over the old nest, from the fact that at the first intimation of nest building there is a sort of platform or foundation visible. The eggs are greenish drab, marked with various shades of cinnamon brown, and from three to six in number. Both birds take part in incubation and in the care of the young. In their domestic relations and habits they are models of propriety and devotion. The young birds leave the nest when they are about sixteen days old.

The blue jay has been denounced by many, perhaps with some show of reason. One author says of him, "He is mischievous as a small boy, destructive as a monkey, deft at hiding as a squirrel, and unsociable, disliking the society of other birds." Neltje Blanchan says, "In a peculiar sense he is a case of beauty covering a multitude of sins."

So much has been said about the nest-robbing habits of the jay that special search has been made by the United States Department of Agriculture, with the result that traces of egg-shells were found in three stomachs and remains of young birds in two out of a total of 292 stomachs examined. He eats mice, fish, salamanders and snails, while among insects he devours many beetles, grasshoppers, caterpillars, and that member of the sphinx moth family that is so destructive to grapes. In August the jay, like many other birds, turns his attention to the grasshoppers, which constitute nearly one-fifth of his food for that month. His favorite food is the various kinds of mast; acorns, chestnuts, chinquapins and beechnuts.

The result of the examination by the Department of Agriculture shows that, while the jay does rob other birds' nests to a small extent, he also destroys many noxious insects, and that he does but little harm to agriculture.

John Burroughs thinks that birds which have suffered from the raids of the jay often retaliate by destroying the jay's eggs. He found a jay's nest with five eggs, every one of which was punctured, apparently by the sharp bill of some bird, with the sole purpose of destroying them, for no part of their contents had been removed. He suggests that in the bird world the Mosaic law may be, "an egg for an egg," instead of "an eye for an eye."



THE highest ambition of love is to be a servant. It is the nature of love not to be waited on, but to serve.—*Chimes*.



## A RAILROAD 150 MILES OUT INTO THE OCEAN.

A RAILROAD to be pushed, with stupendous difficulties and at an expense of \$15,000,000, through the Atlantic to a remote reef—what is the reason for so monumental an undertaking?

The answer lies in Henry M. Flagler's belief that the island of Cuba will some day strike its destined gait of prosperity and growth. For Cuba is the true objective of the railroad to Key West. When the work is finished, huge ferries will carry solid trains to and from Havana; and a through-rail route from New York to Cuba will be completed.

A railroad to Key West would serve other purposes as well. As the quickest route for mail and passengers between the United States and the Panama Canal, as a long stride nearer the commerce of South America, as a military and naval base of immense



The Long Key Viaduct Which Stretches Across Two Miles of Open Sea.

strategic importance for coming generations, a terminus "farthest south" appealed to Mr. Flagler's imagination.

For two miles across the green sea this structure towers as a wall of masonry carried on noble arches—180 of them, built of concrete reinforced with steel. It has the aspect of a Roman aqueduct built of solid stone, and its colossal strength and dignity of outline are framed in a setting altogether lovely. Seen from the shore of Long Key, its arches march across the water, away, away, until they seem to run sheer into the horizon with nothing to mar their splendid isolation. Save for the low keys at either hand, there is no land in sight anywhere, nothing but ocean shifting from green to blue as it rolls to the Gulf Stream on the one hand, and melts into the western sky on the other. A passenger on a train crossing the Long Key viaduct may be lucky enough to see a school of flying fish skitter past and a porpoise or two hurtling in chase of them. The cost of this one link between the keys was a million and a half dollars for two miles of construction, but unless a ferry is operated so that the traveler may see it from a distance, he will miss any adequate view of this noble and impressive structure.

Only one more stretch of open water comparable with this remains to be bridged. It extends from Knight's Key, the present terminus, to Bahia Honda.

Even after seeing the Long Key viaduct, the observer cannot view this great expanse of sea below Knight's Key without a sense of wonder and incredulity at the thought that it is to be bridged. Before him shimmer seven miles of ocean to the farther key, seven miles without a square foot on which a man may walk dry-shod. In fact, Bahia Honda Key is so far distant that it dips below the horizon and is invisible from the water's edge. So far as can be seen, it is a matter of launching a railroad straight at the blank horizon of the Atlantic.

Of this seven miles of sea, three miles will be bridged by two concrete viaducts of equal length, leaving four miles of solid rock embankment to be raised. Omitting this unfinished work, the completed road to Knight's Key has wrought itself over thirteen miles of open water and nineteen miles of submerged swamp in ninety-two miles of track. It is a railroad built of rock and concrete for so much of its length that it is virtually a sea-wall. The Government at Washington became uneasy at the notion of a solid wall stretching from the mainland to Key West, fearing that it might shut off the tidal flow and so disturb the aquatic equilibrium of the Bay of Florida. Thereupon the railroad builders were respectfully informed that they must leave a certain number of bridges by way of openings in their embankments, in order that the immemorial habits of the tide should not be hampered.

While the prevailing shallowness of the water has made it possible to throw up mile after mile of embankment, it has made the problem of transportation immensely difficult. It was found impossible to approach, even in light-draft launches, many of the keys, on which hundreds of men must be camped and fed. A flotilla of stern-wheel steamboats from the Indian River and the Mississippi, reputed to be able to navigate in a heavy dew, was imported to operate on these lagoons, but they ran hard aground miles from the places they sought to reach.

In the forty miles from Bahia Honda south to Key West the island formation differs as radically from the keys to the northward as if they belonged to another geological period. The coral rock disappears and what land there is, is of solid limestone. The keys are so low that many of them are mere swamps densely covered with mangrove. Throwing up embankments across them has been largely a matter of dredging. And for this particular kind of dredging Mr. Meredith designed a new species of amphibious monster. All known methods of railroad building had to be discarded. To feed any of the usual types of dredge with coal and fresh water was impossible because supplies could not be transported over the shoal lagoons and landed within reach. Therefore Mr. Meredith evolved a startling innovation by using a

gasoline engine as his dredging power. Six of these gasoline dredges were built on barges. Where there was enough water to float them, they waddled across the key, indefatigably heaping up embankments. When they came to a dry bit of going they were yanked ashore, mounted on wheels, slid on to a steel track, and so progressed as effectively as ever.

As the construction camps floated in among these southern keys, they invaded the haunts of scattered and solitary dwellers in their fastnesses, here a pure-blooded Conch, or native of the keys, whose forefathers had drifted over from the Bahamas, dropping their "h's" en route; there a renegade from some civilization which had cast him out. Or it might be such a picturesque figure as the withered Montenegrin, Nicholas Mackovitch, who has set spring guns around his cabin for some thirty years and who refuses to discuss his past. Such denizens as these sculled their skiffs across the lagoons to wonder at this infernal

it had not known since the Spanish War. Then the crooked old streets were filled with war correspondents, real and alleged, and with groups of men and officers from the gray cruisers and battle-ships of Sampson's fleet. Now the host that flocked in to arouse the town from its tropical calm was made up of dredging crews, and laborers commanded by tanned young engineers.

When J. R. Parrott reported to H. M. Flagler that there was no room for deep-water terminals along the harbor front, he was told to go ahead and make enough dry land to serve his purpose. This in itself was a princely undertaking, for it meant filling nearly two hundred acres of salt water, a good-sized town site, with material dredged from the bottom. Suction dredges pushed their tentacles far out to find mud enough to feed their hungry maws, and an army of men built a sea-wall of rock to contain this filling. Already almost a hundred acres have been made terra firma, and the outline map of Key West has been considerably altered. The Federal Government appears to have been afraid that the energy of these railroad makers was likely to play hob with the geography of Florida, for, as the work progressed, again there were signs of uneasiness at Washington. The Navy Department protested that it might some day wish to make a torpedo station of one of the near-by keys, and would need some mud for filling it. At the rate they were working, these railroad dredges would soon scour Key West harbor clean.

Mr. Parrott thereupon agreed to replace all the mud exactly where he had found it, in the event of the Government's needing it. This very courteous offer was accepted, and the incident closed with no mud-slinging by either party.

The tourist journeying south to Knight's Key will find maps and time-tables of little help in getting his bearings. When the road runs through to Key West, however, he will be able to chart his course by the string of lighthouses along the Florida Reef, ten miles out to sea. These spider-legged skeleton towers of steel rise from the open sea, one after the other, visible from the railroad by day, flashing their several beacons by night. Sombrero Reef, Alligator Reef, and American Shoal Lights will serve the traveler in place of mile posts and stations, which is just as it should be on this seagoing railroad. Besides, as he is carried over salt water through long hours of sunshine, with the wind sweeping sweet and cool through the open window, he may watch the stately procession of south-bound ocean steamers which pass close along the Florida Reef in the great tide of traffic to the West Indies, to Central America and South American ports. Nor is it at all fanciful to suppose that if he is wise enough to carry a fishing-line and bait, he may find lively sport from the car platform should the train happen to halt on the Long Key or on the Bahia Honda viaduct. —Everybody's.



Trains Now Run to Knight's Key, Connecting There with Steamers for Havana. The Balance of the Road Will Likely Be Completed Early in 1909.

invasion of their private rights by the railroad grade that rose as if by magic in the flooded swamps. Tiny clearings were brought to light in which the aguardiente smugglers from Cuba have made their rendezvous, for generations. Every Cuban revolution for a century past has sent swift vessels to flit among these keys and pick up hidden stores of arms and swarthy leaders waiting to return from exile. The old-time wreckers of the Florida Reef have sailed through these labyrinths to land and to divide their spoil after arranging a wreck beforehand.

While these serried keys were dotted with camps and their waters swarmed with the fleet of the builders, Key West itself awakened to such feverish activity as



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## HAVING A GOOD TIME.

THIS is a subject about which the young are especially inclined to think. They work, but even while performing their daily duties they are thinking about and planning for the good time. There is nothing wrong in desiring to have a good time—unless our definition of a good time is wrong. It all depends on that. We all want a good time, and the sooner it begins the better we shall be pleased. There is a good time coming; it has been promised to all who comply with the conditions. And he who said this would not have made the promise if there had been anything wrong about it.

But when we speak of having a good time we are very far from all having the same thing under contemplation. One man wishes for nothing better than a quiet and restful season at home when his work is done. Another wishes to get out with boon companions and spend a large part of his leisure hours in drinking and gambling. There is no end to the different ways in which men and women seek their happiness. Some limit it almost entirely to the things of this world, and others look beyond, across the river. But in some way all of us have sought, are seeking, or will seek our good time.

And when we are just entering on life, just beginning to make decisions for ourselves, we need to pause and think, to seek the counsel of those who have traveled the road and have learned what and where many of the pitfalls are. To enjoy one's self is not wrong at all if no harm is done. But there are so many things classed under the head of pleasures, and they differ so much from one another that we must distinguish between them. They are not all good and desirable; a great many of them leave us poorly prepared for the duties that come afterwards. These we do not want, and will not have, if we are wise.

We used to know several young men who went to

town occasionally to have a good time. Later in life one of them told us that, as he looked back, he could see nothing good, nothing elevating, nothing strengthening to mind or body, in the things they did. The best that could be said about them was that they might have been worse. And yet for several years these boys, or young men, had little ambition for anything nobler than their so-called fun. They were not entirely to blame, for that way of seeking recreation was the common one in their locality. They went to town, and in a day would "blow in" as much as they had earned in the week or month previous. Foolish, wasn't it?

Some persons never get away from such desires. One or two of these did; but they were the weaker for what they had done; they were less able to solve the problems of life as they came to them, and were more easily overcome by the temptations which beset them later. Whether they will win success finally or go down in defeat is still to be decided. The things of early life stick to us unto the end, helping or hindering, a blessing or a curse. The trouble is that so few realize this until it is too late for them to profit by their knowledge. The average boy—and perhaps the average girl—thinks he can do as he pleases for a few years, and then straighten up and go straight. But there he makes a great mistake. Only a divine miracle will enable him to be what he ought to be.

Have fun, by all means, when there is time for it. But settle in your mind what fun or a good time is. Is it fun to do that which injures yourself or someone else for a time? Is it fun to destroy in a moment, or in an hour, that which another spent weary days or weeks in creating and which meant so much to him? Is it fun to do things which grieve parents and friends? Is it fun to ridicule holy things? Boys and young men do so many things thoughtlessly. They are carried away by the impulse of the moment, by the example of some older person in whom they have confidence. As is natural, they live very largely in and for the present.

We would not make them old men before their time; we would not burden them with the responsibilities of middle age before boyhood is fairly gone, but we would have them get, as early as possible, right ideas of life; we would have them think of the pleasures and preferences of others; we would have them realize that every action has certain results, and we would have them consider before acting. To do this would make them different from what they are, would make them more manly—and who will say that the change would not be for the better all around?

You can tell much about a person by learning his definition of a good time. We shall not all agree on this, for the circumstances of no two of us in early life have been the same. But in the main we can be at one. To injure one's self or another in any way can-

not be called having a good time. Nor can there be true enjoyment in doing that upon which we must look back with shame and regret. We think there is no room for difference of opinion here; and we urge our young friends to settle the meaning of some phrases which are in common use among them; and one of the most important of them is this one which we are now considering. What is your definition of "having a good time"? Think it over, write it down, improve it, ask your friends in whom you have confidence to improve it for you. It is well worth your while to do this, though you will not fully realize this till much later in life.



### MY SHIPS.

RICHARD SEIDEL,

When my ships come in from the foreign shores,  
From across the sea,  
The precious wealth of the sunny lands  
They will bring to me.

You laugh and you say they are fairy ships,  
But how should you know?  
For I sent them out with their sails afloat,  
Long—long ago.

One ship is Love, and she courses on  
Under Faith's command;  
And the shining cloud of Hope leads on  
Like a guiding hand.

And Charity, with her colors out,  
And her white sails spread,  
Steers on through the winds and waves of life,  
To the port ahead.

I've watched and waited their coming in,  
Though as yet, in vain,  
Still I know they're breaking the swelling waves  
Of the rocky main.

Sometimes I see the black clouds rise  
In the northern sky,  
And I know by the breath of the old storm king  
That he's thundering nigh;

And think of my ships, far out at sea,  
On the heaving blue,  
And then I think of the trusty hearts  
Of my trusty crew.

And I laugh at my weak and foolish fears,  
For at once I see,  
That the Father holds in his mighty hand,  
Both the land and the sea.

But when the fav'ring winds blow calm,  
And the summer sun  
Goeth down in a haze of blue and gold,  
When the day is done,

Ah! then I think of my ships afar  
On the billows blue;  
And again I think of the happy hearts  
Of my happy crew.

And my heart grows light, for I see and know,  
That through day and night,  
Through calm and storm, will the beacon glow,  
With the promise bright.

My ships! my ships! Ah, yes they'll come,  
From across the seas;  
They'll come with their snowy sails afloat  
In their native breeze.

My happy hopes are not in vain,  
Nor my trustings o'er,  
For I know they'll come across the main—  
From the foreign shore.



### PASSIONLESS PREACHING.

SAID a noted actor, in substance, to a preacher, one day while discussing the reason why the theaters are crowded and the churches forsaken, comparatively: "The main reason is that we present that which is merely fiction as though it were living truth, while you people go into the pulpit and preach the real truth as though it were fiction and you did not believe your own message."

That actor struck the keynote of a general weakness in both ministry and laity. Great numbers, we doubt not, are keenly aware of their deficiency on this line, and have grieved that their sermon or testimony did not pour itself spontaneously from a heart burning with a realization of the truths uttered, and with a stronger passion for the salvation of the lost and unsanctified.

He who depends for effect on the mere facts of Revelation, and takes no account of the spirit in which they are delivered, need not lay the blame on this godless age, entirely, if the crowd drifts elsewhere. A human heart, full of love and sympathy and downright sincerity, is a powerful magnet to draw other hearts to itself and to God. The world is always attracted to a man who is dead in earnest. Look over the names of the preachers who have swayed multitudes and see how genuine and decidedly in earnest they have been. They did not stand in the pulpit and deliver a religious lecture in a way that impressed their hearers that their whole thought was focused on the mere discussion of the facts in the discourse, with no concern as to the effect it might produce on the souls of the people before them. Instead, if they were not able to stick to a clear exposition of their text, one thing they did not fail to stick to, and that was the crowd of dying men and women to whom they were preaching.

Fine homiletical sermons are no doubt good, but a red-hot message, homiletical or not, is a thousand times better.

A consuming fire for souls would change the center of gravity of a large per cent of the praying and preaching of many of God's messengers. They would not be content with a few minutes of commonplace praying daily. They would no longer study to build stately sermons, designed more to inspire admiration than to produce remorse for sin, or hunger for holiness. Would to God that some angel or prophet, or Balaam's ass, could speak the word that would awaken his modern ministry.—D. R. Pierce.





## Hints on Dress

Flora E. Teague

WITH thoughtful young women not the question, what shall I put on to be in style? worries them, but what shall I appear in that will be becoming to my make-up, simple, and unobtrusive?

I consider it wisdom on the part of women to make becoming dress a study in order that suitable material, durable, and in becoming colors may be selected. If one's purse is limited, it certainly requires careful thought and planning to choose the proper material. There must of necessity enter into the purchase, then, the design, expense, durability, shade, and season. A tall woman should not select stripes, and a short one would discard checks and plaids. A broad person is less conspicuous in dark than light. No cultured woman would select striking colors or figures. Even were they becoming, their conspicuousness would soon lose their novelty and the wearer would be detected at a distance, for the combination would soon be known!

Some complexions look sickly in pale greens, others in lavender. Some should never don a dead white. Fortunate, indeed, is the woman whose complexion permits much liberty. The unfortunate ones should be exceedingly careful in their selections, should they desire to be becomingly attired, and what kind of woman does not?

Choose durable colors as well as durable material. A fading dress looks equally as bad as a threadbare one. In expensive materials select goods that can be turned and made over. Some women are so skillful in remodeling garments, that one is made to wonder and admire.

Delicate colors are beautiful and very becoming to some, but soil so easily. No woman of broad proportions should select dainty colors. She is just broad enough to come in contact with everything that soils. Leave such dainties for the daintily formed.

The broad or short woman will not wear many horizontal tucks or deep flounces. A fold or two at the bottom of the skirt or a narrow flounce is helpful to the stout woman. Her skirts will not then cling about her feet. The slender woman will not

wear lengthy tucks up and down. Short plaits about the waist will be more becoming. Padding may sometimes be necessary to give a good form to a smooth-fitting waist or jacket, but, my dear young lady, avoid artificialities in the many forms they are presented. Palpitating bust forms are vulgar and would not be worn by women of culture and refinement. No woman should attire herself in anything that attracts attention from all and causes light remarks to be bandied about as she passes.

Avoid fads. Some women adopt the non-corset fad. I most certainly disapprove of wearing laced corsets. Equally as much do I disapprove of women appearing in public with their waists so lightly covered that they seem to have no more form or solidity than an angle-worm with a string tied about its middle, quivering like jelly, ugh! There are sensible and comfortable corset waists on the market that can be worn with more ease and do less harm than tight-fitting under-waists or bands about the body. Do not, I implore you, for the sake of your health as well as modesty wear too thin waist coverings. Open net work and lace work that attracts the attention of the lewd and probably causes others to become lewd, are not the proper garments for modest women. Neither are they the garments for health.

Be too independent to follow the unwise and unhealthy custom of wearing trailing skirts in the street. Sensible women should wear dresses just lengthy enough not to touch and thus save themselves the ungainly and common habit of clutching up their back skirts. Doubtless, we women are all glad for the freedom from tightly-fitting waists that cramped the action of the body as well as the heart. May they never more return!

Avoid too thin dressing in cool weather and doffing undersleeves too soon. Many women are subjects of rheumatic and neuralgic pains because of this, and many, many more in the future will be. Protect well the ankles. Probably they are often the worst neglected parts of our bodies and the source through which most of our aches and pains come. Avoid

wearing low shoes and thin stockings in cool or damp weather. If you prefer low shoes slip on worsted gaiters in the cool or damp.

Avoid drafts when overheated. It is a good plan when sitting down, after being overheated, to throw a light woolen shawl or wrap about the shoulders. Pneumonia, rheumatism, colds and bronchial trouble might often be avoided by doing so. Remember good common sense and judgment in taking care of your health is as essential in helping a woman to look beautiful as are the most exquisitely-fitting and beautiful garments.

*Lordsburg, Cal.*



### WHEN I AM GONE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

I wish no monument for me

When I am gone.

No haughty stone or drooping tree

When I am gone.

When I shall bow to God's decree,

When he shall set my spirit free,

My earthly life shall ended be,

When I am gone.

This robe of flesh shall I disown

When I am gone.

My soul shall wing to realms unknown

When I am gone.

The glassy sea, the radiant throne,

The four and twenty elders prone—

The **Lamb** shall to my eyes be shown,

When I am gone.

So if you love me, tell me now,

Ere I am gone.

Again thy friendship true avow

Ere I am gone.

Before the shrine of love I bow,

For God is love. May I endow

That shrine ere Death shall touch my brow,

And I am gone.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



### IDEAL MARRIAGE.

THE institution of marriage is founded upon the requirements of nature. It is admitted by all civilized and Christian people that the union for life of one man to one woman is a divine ordination. Some philosophers see the principle of matrimony running through all nature, not only in the sexual distinction of all animals, but in the sexual form of all kinds of vegetable life. But the Bible is our authority. Early in the opening pages of the Old Testament we read these words: "And the Lord said, it is not good that man should be alone; I will make him a helpmate for him." And in the New Testament we have these words from the lips of Jesus himself, "Have ye not read that he which made them from the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and

they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Marriage, therefore, is that union of one man to one woman by which there is a fulfillment, not alone of the natural, but also of the Divine Law of God. Ideal marriage demands moral royalty on the part of the husband. Wives are here commanded to submit themselves "unto their own husbands as unto the Lord." The husband is here called the "head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church." The idea of supremacy of the husband is manifest all through the teaching of the Word. But what is this supremacy to consist in? It consists of the Divine right to govern, as the head of the family. But the rulership should be similar to that rulership which Christ holds over the church. Not the rulership of superior muscular force or intellectual power; such a rule would be despotism and nothing less. The husband is to rule by moral influence. How does Christ rule the church? Not by force, but by love, by royalty of his character, by the sublimity of his thought, by the Divine grandeur of his aims. The church bows lovingly to his authority because of the supremacy of his excellence. Thus the husband is to rule his wife. It is only as the wife sees in her husband true moral grandeur, that she can bow loyally to his scepter and feel a loving reverence in her heart.

There should be a mutual understanding between husband and wife in all of the affairs of their united life. The husband should share with her all the responsibilities of home, of a family, of the demands of society, and the claims of the church. The wife should share with him in the responsibilities of his business or labor in gaining a livelihood. She should know his plans, his burdens, his success, his discouragements, his failures. The wife can advise, give encouragement, and, through her Christian fortitude and prayers, make strong and noble the hopes, the ideals, the ambitions, and work of her husband. But this can not be unless there is in the husband that which the wife can and does respect, honor, and cherish in deepest and most devout love.

It is said that the glowworm never shines after it becomes a parent. Some women lose the luster of all delicacy and refinement under the influence of men whom the law compels them to call "husband." The aim of the true husband should be to make the character and life of his wife "without spot or blemish," glorious in its highest and sweetest realizations of vital moral and matronly strength and sweetness.

Behold the picture of a true husband! The marriage in which there is no such husband is no true marriage, it is an impious mimicry. When a woman is, through the marriage ceremony of the church, called upon to obey a man, smaller in intellect, narrower in sympa-



thies, and inferior to herself in moral character, she is also called upon to do violence to her nature—to do that, in fact, which the eternal laws of her womanly nature forbid her in sincerity and truth ever to perform. Who can admire the contemptible? Who can reverence the mean? Who can really love the morally unclean? Who can obey cheerfully an inferior?

The true man appears clean, strong, noble, royal, in the eyes of his wife, or he is not a husband at all, in the true and spiritual meaning of life. The true husband is not a stranger to the spiritual trials and experiences of the heart closely linked to his. He feels the religious responsibility of parenthood and shares with his wife in the work of rearing those whom God has given them. He shares in the responsibility of their early moral and intellectual training and physical development. He does not throw, entirely upon her, these grave and heaven-appointed duties, nor does he delegate them to the exclusive influence of Sunday-school teacher, pastor, or father confessor. He desires for them, as for himself, the best and the highest. He feels, that as head of the family, he is in charge of souls as precious, yea, more precious than his own.

Ideal marriage also implies moral loveliness on the part of the wife. If she is to be loved she must be lovable, for it is impossible for the human heart really to love the unlovely as it is for the mind to believe a mathematical contradiction. There are women, beautiful in person, who are unfortunately repulsive in conduct. The true wife must possess a love-centralizing power of character. There must be that fascination of moral spirit about her that will draw and hold the affection of the husband from all the dearest of other objects and center them in herself. He should discover in her virtues so numerous and strong as to not only attract him, but draw his sympathies and affinities from all others unto herself, giving him to feel that he can repose his utmost confidence in her, trust her with his noblest ideals, and bestow upon her his most ardent love.

Thus it is in true marriage. The wedding of a human pair makes each the other's property. They are one flesh so long as the flesh endures. The husband and wife are no longer independent and self-complete personalities, but are incorporated into a new existence common to both. Their love must correspond to this fact. If the man loves himself, if he values his own mind, his moral character, his own body, and tends to guard from injury or base control, he must do the same equally by his wife, for her life is the complement of his own.

Unfortunately there are too often marriages of convenience, wherein love has no place, but property is the chief consideration. Such alliances invariably

result only in "vanity and vexation of spirit." People thus mated live in constant constraint before company, and too great familiarity alone. When they are within observation they fret at each other's carriage and behavior; when alone they revile each other's person and conduct. In society they are in purgatory, when alone, in hell. There is no common interest that is true, noble, inspiring. Their life is spent in discomfort, and very largely in sham.

The happy, the ideal marriage, is when two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without personally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. They see in each other, something that each can trust, something that each prizes most highly, something that strangely warms and thrills the heart and fills the soul with deepest respect, reverence, love. They love in spite of adversity, illness, misfortune. Love, cheerfulness, hopefulness, trustfulness, fill all their life. Their love grows by loving. Their love abides forever—pure, sweet, holy.—*Charles Edward Odell, in Vick's Magazine.*



#### FINDING A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE COLORED SUPPLEMENT.

Our children are not much acquainted with the comic supplement or its kind, as the mail comes through the hands of their careful father, who leaves such matter to kindle his office fire. I care for the children myself, and they are not yet old enough to go visiting alone, so I know just about what they have seen and heard. So, one day, when a neighbor's child brought in a comic supplement, I felt very sure it was the first time either of them had seen such a series of pictures.

The little visitor was an old friend of "Buster Brown," and was much excited and pleased over his tricks as he spread out the sheet for Helen and Philip to see. I thought it best not to interfere, and watched the three with interest.

If I had entertained a hope that picture-appetites, fed upon such pictures as Perry and Brown and the best magazines send out, would revolt at the gaudy and grotesque display arrayed on the Buster Brown page, this hope was quickly dissipated. Two pairs of eager eyes hurried through the stages of Buster's adventures, and two excited voices questioned the little visitor.

"Oh, mamma," Helen cried; "Come and see what this boy does."

"And what the dog does," added Philip.

I was surprised. I knew that children who were used to them cared for such pictures, but I was hardly ready to believe them so attractive as to arouse love at first sight.

I picked up a book presently, and opened it at a

picture the children had not seen before, a beautiful engraving of startled deer.

"Come here," I said, "and see this picture."

They came, and displayed a pleasing interest in what I showed them, looking at the picture and questioning me about it; but after a few minutes they were all on the floor again intent on "Buster Brown."

I went over and studied the engrossing sheet, with an attempt to find its charm. My experience with children led me to believe that it did not lie in the wrong-doing which was pictured, for while this element in picture or print creates an appetite for itself, I had not found any predilection for it in unpolluted minds. Certainly, the charm was not in its rude coloring, for neither Helen nor Philip is specially attracted by colors, usually preferring the uncolored pictures in the primary reader to the colored ones in gift books. Neither was its charm in the grotesque appearance of the characters, for I had found that in the advertising section of the magazines they prefer the natural to the fantastic.

"Why do you like these pictures?" I asked.

The children looked at me in surprise for a moment, and then turned again to the pictures.

"I like to see what they do," Philip said.

"Every one keeps doing so many things," Helen added.

Then the thought came to me that the charm for which I was searching lay in the continued action of the pictures. It is one of the fundamental principles of our modern system of education that the child is interested in what things do, rather than in what things are. Why should not this principle apply to pictures?

I am not much of an artist, but that evening, with pen and ink and drawing paper, I made an effort at a series of pictures, and next day, when the time was ripe, I gave them to Helen and Philip. The result was better than I had hoped for.

Number one showed an old tree with a hole in the trunk from which a family of squirrels watched an old squirrel, with a nut in his mouth, scampering up the tree toward them. Number two showed a woodsman applying an ax to the tree. Number three showed the woodsman resting with his back to the tree, while a row of squirrels scurried down the opposite side of the tree, along the ground, and up another tree. Number four showed the tree falling under the woodsman's ax, while a family of squirrels watched the destruction of their erstwhile home from a nearby tree-trunk.

After going eagerly through the series, the children went back to number one to begin again, and continued to do this for a long time with gratifying enthusiasm. Yet it was but a poor effort at a picture-story.

Wholesome picture-stories, put regularly into the homes and schools and kindergartens, would not only

do much to counteract the evil of the comic supplement, but would also supply a crying want in the way of child culture. Children's books and periodicals show that action in picture is becoming more and more popular. In the latest pictures the characters are all doing something. But why not have them continue to do something through a series of pictures? The normal child is full of activity, and movement appeals to him. His first stories are pictures, and for a long time after they cease to be the only ones he reads, they remain his favorites. How fitting that they should be full of action. These stories in picture need not differ greatly from printed ones. The best story in words will usually make the best story in picture, if it covers only a short period of time, and is not wanting in movement. Fun should find its way into them, and a touch of tragedy. Nature should play an important part, and children should often find themselves on the pages. Above all, the standard of purity, in morality and in style should be as high as that of the word-story.—*American Motherhood*.



#### PASTE THIS IN YOUR COOKBOOK.

SOUPS must not boil but simmer.

Broiled things should be turned frequently.

Cookies should have as little flour as possible.

Roasts require a very hot oven at first, and slower later.

Biscuits and muffins require a quick oven; also cookies.

Fried things need the grease very hot before they go in.

Bread must have even temperature, and flour should be warmed in winter.

In making cake, the batter must be beaten a long while to make a fine grain.

Bread does best in a rather slow oven at first, increasing slowly, but never very hot.

When making pie-crust use little water, and fold often; for biscuit, as much liquid as flour will bear, and little working.—*The American Agriculturist*.

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### *The Children's Corner*

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#### LIKE DADDY.

##### Soliloquy of a Baby.

I'm a little baby boy,—

Only came one month ago

To this world of doubtful joy,

Filled with strange things I don't know.

But, I think I'll stay awhile;

Nothing seems so very bad;

Every one gives me a smile,—

And they say I look like Dad.

Daddy's eyes are very blue,

Mine are just as blue, 'tis said,



Daddy's hairs are very few  
 On the front part of his head,—  
 So are mine,—as scarce can be—  
 But for that, of course, I'm glad.  
 What's the use of hair on me,  
 If I'm going to look like Dad?

Mother wanted me with curls,  
 But that wasn't in the plan,  
 Curls are only made for girls,  
 And I want to be a man,  
 Just like Daddy, big and strong;  
 So from him I pattern took.  
 Fast I'll grow,—it won't take long,  
 Since like Daddy now I look.

Pink and white is Daddy's skin;  
 Mine is pinker, whiter too,  
 And the dimple in his chin?  
 Well, I've got one right in view;  
 Then, like him, I'm always good,  
 Never cross and never bad,  
 Sleep and smile as babies should,—  
 Just because I look like Dad.

My dear Daddy says each day:  
 "Prettiest boy on earth is he"—  
 Funny thing for him to say,  
 Not polite, it seems to me;  
 Now, when mamma says it o'er,  
 I don't mind,—it makes me glad,  
 For I think she loves me more,  
 Just because I look like Dad.

Daddy loves her, so do I,  
 And she calls us each "Her Boy";  
 He and I will always try  
 Just to give her sweetest joy.  
 Oh, what chums we three will be,  
 Always happy, never sad!  
 Then I guess we'll all agree,  
 That it's nice to look like Dad.

—Selected.



#### HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you cross and disgusted, my dear little man?  
 I will tell you a wonderful trick  
 That will bring you contentment, if anything can:  
 Do something for somebody—quick!  
 Do something for somebody—quick!

Are you very tired with play, little girl?  
 Weary, discouraged and sick?

I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world—  
 Do something for somebody—quick!  
 Do something for somebody—quick!

Though it rain like the rain of the floods, little man,  
 And the clouds are forbidding and thick,  
 You can make the sun shine in your soul, little man—  
 Do something for somebody—quick!  
 Do something for somebody—quick!

Though the skies are like brass overhead, little girl,  
 And the walk like a well-heated brick;  
 And are all your affairs in a terrible whirl?  
 Do something for somebody—quick!  
 Do something for somebody—quick!

—Selected.

### For SUNDAY READING

#### JEALOUSY A DIVINE ATTRIBUTE.

I. J. ROSENBERGER.

"I the Lord thy God am a jealous God."—God. "I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy."—Paul.

JEALOUSY is commonly cast off and resented as a trait that is evil; whereas I maintain, as indicated in my title, that it is a high and worthy attribute, that is ascribed to God. This is clearly evidenced in the motto text quoted. "Jealousy," says La Rochefoucauld, "is in some sort rational and just; it aims at the preservation of a good, which we think belongs to us. It is in this sense that God is said to be a jealous God, because he is earnestly, and as it were passionately desirous of our supreme love, reverence and service."

Our first love and chief service belong to God; hence when a power or influence is exerted that draws that love and service from him to other gods, the world and the devil, it arouses God's jealousy. This is just, for God seeks man's welfare; and these detracting and seducing powers will work man's ruin.

When a husband realizes that an influence is being exerted to rob him of his wife's love and affection, if he is a pure-minded man, he will feel that his enjoyment and the purity of his home are being destroyed, and his jealousy will be aroused. When brethren come among us and preach unsound doctrine and lead members from the self-denying principles of the Gospel, and introduce fashion and the world into the church, creating discord, distrust in our holy family, it will arouse a feeling of resentment on the part of every true child of God's family. This feeling of distrust and resentment, I call jealousy,—godly jealousy.

When a man sees the love and affection of his wife being drawn from him and his home, and is in nowise disturbed, it is evidence conclusive that he lacks purity. In like manner, the brother and sister that see the love and zeal for Christ getting less, the church assimilating more and more of the world, seeking the praise of men, and are not disturbed at the scene, no spirit of jealousy aroused, it is evidence conclusive that they are not pure. They are adulterers or adulteresses; hence enemies to God.

Jealousy is from the root zealous, desirous of purity, right relationship, etc.

True, Solomon says: "Jealousy is cruel as the grave." The marginal reads, "hard," meaning unbending. A spirit that resents impurity ought to be hard or unbending like the grave. Some authors define jealousy as including rivalry. In this they mistake envy for jealousy. The first and basic meaning of envy contemplates rivalry; whereas jealousy engages no spirit of rivalry; but alone seeks purity,

right relationship and the ultimate happiness of the human race.

We pray that there may be more of this high, this holy, God-given attribute of jealousy in the church.  
*Covington, Ohio.*



#### THE PENNY WISE MAN.

GRUDGED gifts are not gifts at all. They are close-fisted, mean-spirited attempts to buy religion at a bargain. Most people learn that when they buy clothes or houses or animals cheap, they usually get a cheap article for their money, but the same folks will not realize that the religion they buy on the "penny down and a penny a week installment plan" is not the best all-wool-and-a-yard-wide goods.

To point out some of the defects in their goods is a duty which has been too long neglected. In the first place religion should have a good deal of faith woven in, but the cheap article has very little, so little, in fact, that people who buy it are afraid that the Lord would overtake them if they should put a nickel more than usual on the plate.

Then religion should have a basin of brotherly love instead of the love cheaper forms of religion contain—a shiny and showy imitation. Its smoothed surface looks very well under the artificial lights on prayer-meeting night, and it rustles well during an exhortation, but some keen observers have noticed that it does not stand severe weather.

Further, real religion should be cut after a liberal "good works" pattern, but the cheap goods is cut on very scant lines, hardly ample enough to get around the owner. It can never be stretched to protect a neighbor, and as it grows it is very apt to shrink.

From what has been said it is plain that this is not the kind of religion for hard, every-day wear. For certain purposes it can be made to serve, but there is no need of such economy.

The real religion can be purchased without price—free to those who cannot pay, costing others only what they are able to spend. Remember, the religion that has not cost us anything is not worth anything.  
—*Selected.*



#### A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY ENTERS THE PULPIT.

LEAVING a salary of ten thousand dollars a year and a position in the steel mills which promised him much larger things in the future, a Pittsburg man, named Grant, has entered a western theological seminary with the intention of fitting himself for the ministry. Mr. Grant is a man 40 years old and has grown up in the steel business from the time he was 17; he has acquired an intimate knowledge of the work which would make sure his future success and an acquaintanceship among the "captains of industry" which most men would feel it folly to leave. Yet,

because he believes he can better serve his fellowmen, he has left all this to fit himself for work in the profession which demands more and pays less in money than any other. We like to record little incidents of this kind for the benefit of our own readers and of those others who never miss an opportunity of taking a fling at Christians and the church. Mr. Grant does not feel that he has done more than his simple duty; he does not ask the praise of men, and we do not praise him. We simply point him out as a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed," a type of tens of thousands of others who value the world's salvation above their own salaries.—*Home Herald.*



#### THE TRUE MARTYR SPIRIT.

IN all ages the people of God have been a target for the devil and his angels. They have faced bitterest opposition, reproach and slander, while fearlessly defending the cause of God; and some have suffered even death itself, rather than flinch or give up the strife. It will always be so to the end of time. He who expects to have smooth sailing in his voyage to the port of glory will find himself mistaken and defeated sooner or later. "Sure I must fight if I would reign," says the poet, and in the next sweep of his pen expressed the deep cry of his soul in the words, "Increase my courage, Lord!" For it surely takes courage, and will take more and more on the part of every saint in these awful days of spiritual wickedness in high places. Then after breathing out this prayer for courage, there comes the consecration in the words, "I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, supported by thy Word."

This is the true Christian life in a nutshell. He who can say this with faith in his heart, can stand all the opposition that comes, and will be among the overcomers who have come up through great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.—*Herald of Light.*



#### AN APT REPLY.

A NUMBER of years ago Frances E. Willard made a temperance address in Boston. During her stay in the city a man called on Wendell Phillips, who entertained him till late in the night telling of old abolition days, and showing him relics of their struggle. As the young man rose to depart, he said to Mr. Phillips:

"Mr. Phillips, I think if I had lived in your time I would have been heroic too."

Mr. Phillips, who had gone to the door with his caller, pointed to the saloon down the street and his voice was keen with indignation.

"Young man," he said, "you are living in God's time. Did you hear Frances Willard last night? Be assured that no man could have been heroic then who is not heroic now. Good night."





# Echoes from Everywhere

There is now being built in Holland an exact reproduction of the ship "Half Moon," in which Hendrik Hudson in 1609 discovered the Hudson River. Next fall this ship will sail from Holland and cross the sea to New York, to take part in the Hudson-Fulton tercentennial celebration.

By a treaty of 1834 Spain agreed to pay some \$600,000 in claims to American citizens. She has been paying the interest ever since and has paid the debt more than three times over. Now she has just paid the principal, and our government will turn it over to the parties interested.

About 2,500 pounds of copper, tin and other metals taken from old French locomotives and other machinery used on the Panama canal have been sent to the Philadelphia mint, to be made into bronze medals which the president will give to employes who work on the isthmus two years or more.

The postoffice is now beginning to issue its "winter" postage stamps. Few people know it, but Uncle Sam puts a harder kind of gum on the stamps intended for summer use, so they will not stick together. The gum is made from sweet potatoes, so that people who "lick" their stamps get considerable nutrition.

Chicago has a population of 2,250,000 people and 90 per cent of these are of foreign birth or parentage. Chicago has 3,000 Chinese, 7,000 Prussians, 7,000 Lithuanians, 7,000 Roumanians, 25,000 Holland Dutch, 30,000 French, 42,000 Austrians, 60,000 Italians, 60,000 Russians, 100,000 Bohemians, 100,000 Polish, 200,000, Scandinavians, 600,000 Germans. Sixty different languages are spoken in the city.

Leang Cheng Kwie, a special commissioner sent by China to establish Chinese schools in the United States, has been to Washington to consult with the Chinese ambassador on the subject. There are many Chinamen in this country who, though they speak a sort of Chinese dialect, can neither read, write nor speak the true Chinese language. It is now proposed to teach these. Schools have been set up in Sacramento and Chicago, and others will be started in due time.

This great tidal wave which the liquor people think (or hope) is "receding," has swept across the north temperate zone and struck Iceland. In a national referendum, taken in that little democracy within the Arctic circle on September 10 last, twenty-one out of twenty-four election districts declared for national prohibition by a vote of more than two to one. When the full returns have been filed the "alting," or parliament, of Iceland, will proclaim the result and set the day after which all importation and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes must cease. The manufacture has been prohibited for some time.

Illinois ranks third among the States in the production of minerals, being surpassed as a mining State only by Pennsylvania and Ohio. According to a report made public recently by the geological survey the value of the mineral products of the United States in 1907 was \$2,069,289,196. Two minerals—coal and iron—are credited with approximately 55 per cent of the total mineral value, and three more—copper, clay and petroleum—furnish 22 per cent.

An automobile street sweeper has recently been put in operation in Paris, France. It is actuated by a 16-horse-power motor and travels from 4 to 6 miles per hour. It is provided with a water tank and pump, by means of which water in the form of a nebula or fine spray is directed on the pavement in advance of the roller broom for the purpose of agglomerating the particles of dust. The amount of water used is very small, being only about 1 gallon for 1,200 square feet of pavement swept.

The world's production of cotton for all consumption during the year ending Aug. 31, 1908, exceeded by 2,340,000 bales the production of the previous year, according to the census bureau's report on the supply and distribution of cotton. It is a significant fact, the report shows, that the fluctuations in the world's supply of cotton are measured practically by the variations in the annual production in the United States. If the consumption of cotton in 1909 equals that of 1908, the United States, it is declared, must contribute about 12,500,000 bales to prevent future decrease in the stocks. The number of cotton spindles in this country is 27,964,387. The annual exports of manufactures of cotton are declared to be subject to wide fluctuations, those of 1908 amounting to \$25,177,758, or less than one-half the value of exports for 1906, which aggregated in value more than \$50,000,000. This reduction is due to the falling off of the exports to China.

Indications of the awakening of the Chinese to the demands of the 20th century continue to pile up. The latest is the decision of the Chinese government to establish a bureau of engraving and printing, in order to produce paper money, revenue stamps and eventually postage stamps. The plant for this institution is to cost \$200,000 and it is now being purchased in this country. L. J. Hatch, who was formerly in the bureau of engraving and printing at Washington, has charge of the matter and will take a number of American engravers and other experts to China to get the shop going and teach the Chinese how to run it. China now suffers greatly from the lack of any uniform currency or adequate medium of exchange. The people are suspicious of all paper money and of new coin; any coin as fast as issued disappears from circulation, either to be made into jewelry or cut into bits, to be traded by weight for merchandise.

What is said to be the costliest stretch of railroad construction in the world is the 60-mile section of the new branch of the St. Paul road from Taft, Mont., to St. Joe, Idaho. This cost over \$11,000,000, or \$190,000 a mile, there being 35 tunnels on the line.

A new refrigerator car has been successfully tested during the past month, the invention of a commission merchant of Minneapolis, Minn. In this car the ice-box is situated in the center of the car and overhead, with false ceiling and ends to promote circulation of the air within the car. The ordinary car has the ice bunkers at each end, and as a result warm air gets toward the center and near the top of the car, and it is said that perishable goods cannot be loaded to much more than one-half or two-thirds of the capacity of the car. With the overhead scheme it is claimed that very much more goods can be loaded into the car, and they are kept at more uniformly low temperature with less consumption of ice. Another inventor has secured a patent for movable partitions for ice bunkers, so that these may be situated in the center of the car or at either end, as desired, or taken out altogether.

Thomas Estrada Palma the first president of free Cuba died of pneumonia, complicated with other diseases, in Santiago Province Nov. 4. Senor Palma was born July 9, 1835, on the largest of his father's estates at Bayamo, eastern Cuba. His father, who was one of the wealthiest and most respected land owners in Cuba, died while Estrada was yet a boy. The lad had been sent to Seville, Spain, to be educated as a lawyer, but on his return to his widowed mother in Cuba, he never practiced law to any great extent. The struggling condition of the island engrossed his attention and he devoted himself to a study of its involved political and economic affairs, together with the administration of his family estate. Because of his activity in behalf of Cuba in her efforts for freedom, he was at one time thrown into Moro Castle at Havana. When at last, by the intervention of the United States, Cuba became independent, he was living in exile in this country and in the organization of the government the people put him at the head of affairs.

Invitations to a second meeting in Washington of the governors or their representatives have been sent out by the National Conservation of Resources Commission. The date announced is Tuesday, Dec. 8. At the same time letters are going out announcing for Tuesday, Dec. 1, the first general meeting of the conservation commission itself for organization. At the forthcoming meeting the governors will discuss the work which the commission has been carrying on during the summer and fall. The outcome of this work is the first thorough inventory of the nation's natural resources the federal government has ever made. On this inventory the report which President Roosevelt has requested the commission to make to him not later than Jan. 1, will be based. The week beginning Dec. 6 will be a conservation week in Washington. Besides the meeting of the governors the country life commission will hold a meeting after having completed the first part of its swing around the country. The Southern Commercial Congress, whose chief purpose is the awakening of the people of the southern States to the value of their natural resources, will be in session on Dec. 7 and 8, and will then merge with the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, which will hold its annual meeting Dec. 9 to 11.

The merchants' association of Manila has issued a statement which says: "Manila is reported by the health authorities to be practically free of cholera. Since Nov. 1 in a population of nearly a quarter of a million, one case daily has occurred. These cases were found in outlying districts unusually visited by whites. The late visitation proved of a light character and in July only twenty-two cases developed among the white population. Of these but ten proved fatal. There was not a single case among the 12,000 city school children."

A thousand delegates from nine States in the middle West assembled in Des Moines Nov. 10, for the conference of the central district of the American Anti-Saloon League, which includes Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado. One of the chief matters for discussion was the preparation for a new campaign to secure in Congress the enactment of the interstate commerce bill for which a fight has been made many years without success and whose defeat at the last session of Congress was laid at the door of Speaker Cannon and used against him in his recent contest for re-election. There was also some discussion of the legislative policies of the league in the different States and in this connection, also, some debate on the relative merits of the prohibition and local option laws.

#### BETWEEN WHILES.

"O mamma, there's a whole field of Bologna sausages growin'," exclaimed little Angie as the train rushed past a cat-tail swamp.

"Woman will be famed as well as man!" she ejaculated, as she threw down the book. "Yes," responded old Cynicus, "for untold ages."

**Time for Change.**—Politician—"We will carry the country this fall."

Constituent—"I hope so. The country has been supporting you fellows long enough."—Puck.

**One Way to Figure.**—Artist—"I got more than I expected for that landscape."

Friend—"Why, I thought your landlord agreed to take it in lieu of rent?"

Artist—"Yes, but he raised my rent."—Harper's Weekly.

**Rural Wit.**—As a countryman was sowing his ground, two smart fellows were riding that way, and one of them called to him with an insolent air: "Well, honest fellow," said he, "'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied, "'Tis very like you may, for I am sowing hemp."—The Catholic News.

A hearty laugh had gone almost around over the story of the fisherman who, to locate the place on the lake where he had good luck, cut a nick in the side of his boat. "Almost around," for the Englishman sat solemn and silent. About five minutes later, however, he awoke with a roar of laughter, and when asked the trouble, replied:

"Well, wouldn't it be a corking good joke if that fisherman got a different boat the next time he went out!"



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE VALUE OF WALKING.

There is one form of outdoor exercise that does not require the coöperation of a number to make it pleasurable (although a congenial companion renders it more enjoyable), and that is, walking. It seems as if the American people had lost the art of walking, if indeed, they ever possessed it. We refer to the inhabitants of towns and cities, for those engaged in country pursuits, must, of necessity, indulge in a certain amount of pedestrian exercise, and even the city dwellers must walk more or less, perfunctorily. No doubt, the strenuousness of American life is, to a large extent, responsible for this. Both men and women are usually in such haste to reach their destination that walking is considered a waste of time.

Herein we differ from our transatlantic cousins, the English. They are a nation of walkers, and walk for the love of it. It is a common thing for young fellows to spend their vacations in tramping through the country, and the same practice obtains, to a large extent, in Germany. Not alone is it a healthful method of spending a vacation, but it is largely educational. There is no better way of seeing a country, and at the same time broadening one's mind. Walking is a most excellent means of exercise, although it cannot be claimed for it that it will develop the whole body, in fact, there is no single exercise that will accomplish that feat, it needs a combination of exercises to do that. But it may be truthfully said, that no exercise is more healthful than walking, since, in addition to the physical effort required, it involves the presence of the individual in the open air, and the flooding of the lungs with life-giving fresh air.

It also enables us to visit places that are inaccessible by other means, the mountain side, the leafy valley, the cool pathway through the woods. Like all forms of exercise, it is most beneficial when the mind assists in the exercise. If the mind be trained to habits of observation, then walking becomes a delight. To such a mind, a walk through a shady lane, or by a rippling stream, is fraught with interest. At no period of the twenty-four hours is a walk more entertaining and health inspiring than in the early morning. Then Nature is at her best, the air, most pure, and the delightful calm that precedes the turmoil of the day, falls like a balm upon the spirit and strengthens it for contact with the world.—Health.



### CHANGING THE MAP OF THE NEAR EAST.

The expected has happened. Bulgaria has at last thrown off the Turkish yoke and Ferdinand the pompous has assumed the crown and style of Czar of the Bulgars. The bauble crown that he had made a dozen years or so ago at Munich has at last become of use. Austria, seizing her opportunity, has annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina to the dual monarchy. The Sultan, shorn at this double stroke of more than 50,000 square miles of territory, turns helplessly to the ministry thrust upon

him by the party of Turkish reform and asks, "What shall I do?" The Young Turks, knowing full well that the internal dissension which they have stirred up has so weakened the morale and efficiency of the army that its effectiveness is seriously crippled, gather about café tables and sip masticas and wonder if they will be able to weather the storm of national indignation which a tame submission to the despoilers will inevitably bring on. Hot-headed Serbia, seeing in the fate of Bosnia a forecast of her own, is arming for resistance. Roumania, needing a longer coast line, is almost ready to throw in her lot with Bulgaria,—for a quid pro quo. Greece, the mischief-maker, scents trouble from afar and comes hastening up, ready to take sides with the stronger party. The Albanian tribesmen are sharpening their yataghans, and Nicholas of Montenegro has bidden his warriors keep their powder dry, or words to that effect. Macedonia,—that distressful land,—still reeks with the blood of her murdered people and the smoke of her burned villages. If war comes she knows full well that it is she who must bear the brunt of it. The Balkan bonfire is ready to be lighted.

But it is not Ferdinand with his toy crown, nor Abdul the shifty-eyed, nor any one else south of the Danube who will decide the matter of peace or war. It all rests in the hands of a half-dozen grave-faced, frock-coated gentlemen in the chancelleries of London, Petersburg, and Paris, of Berlin, Vienna, and Rome, who sit at the ends of telegraph wires and decide whether the Balkan apple is fully ripe, and, if so, how it shall be divided.

The Balkan Peninsula has aptly been called the cockpit of Europe. It is there that the eternal Eastern Question has its origin; it is there that the East and the West, the Cross and the Crescent meet; and it is there, one day, when Europe is ready, that the fate of the Ottoman Empire will be decided. Of all parts of Europe none is so little known to the average traveler as the Near East. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that many regions of Asia and Africa are more familiar to the traveled American than the lands which lie beyond the Adriatic.—From "The Men Who Count in the Balkans," by E. Alexander Powell, in the American Review of Reviews for November.



### WHY OUR "GOOD ROADS" ARE POOR.

That the best of our macadam roads are not up to the English average is a criticism often heard from those familiar with the driveways of both countries. This is due, we are told by an editorial writer in Engineering News (New York, October 1), not to our ignorance of road-building, but to the fact that we do not take care of the roads when built. We construct costly macadam highways and then let them go to rack and ruin. When they are a disgrace we tear them up and build new ones. In England every road receives intelligent care from the moment it is built, and this care is not relaxed for a

single day. Roads cared for in this way are always good. Says the writer:

"'Repair' . . . does not mean the restoration of ruined portions of the road, but current maintenance. England not only has regular road repair, but even the refinement of sweeping. . . .

"The macadam roads that are most often pointed to with pride, 'the best that we can show in New Jersey or New York, or Massachusetts,' receive no greater maintenance attention than our worst neglected roads. They are built well, but they are not maintained well; with the partial exception, perhaps, of the roads of one State, they are not maintained at all, in fact. And this, no doubt, is responsible for some of the difference between American and English roads. To quote Professor [I. O.] Baker:

"'The system of employing a man to give his entire time to the road is almost a necessity—with first-class broken-stone roads, the maintenance of which requires intimate knowledge and constant attention.'

"But where in our country do the macadam roads enjoy the benefit of this system? And where do they get the benefit of the 'intimate knowledge' that is essential?

"Not that there is no money spent on road maintenance. Such money is spent, although far too little, if we may judge from the remarks on this subject made in the last report of the road authorities of one of the States quoted. The trouble is that the money spent is practically all wasted. The work is under no competent direction. Political officials without the slightest knowledge of road construction are in full control, and the actual work is done by equally incompetent hands.

"No one appears to realize that costly and carefully designed stone roads are worth a proportionate amount and kind of attention to maintain them, and that patronage is an inefficient device for the purpose.

"Proper results cannot be expected under such a system, or lack of system. Until the maintenance of the macadam-road network is put under able and conscientious direction the present conditions will continue. What form of organization is to be selected for this direction we are not prepared to say, and indeed the subject is difficult; but it is needless to attempt to deal with it now, or before there is a general realization of the need for a changed system. The community must come to recognize that it cannot afford to consign its investment of \$5,000 to \$8,000 per mile to rot and neglect."—Literary Digest.



#### A PLEA FOR AN AMERICAN PEERAGE.

Those who keep tab on worldly matters tell us that within the past generation upward of four hundred American girls have married more or less decorated Europeans, and that the sum total already paid for titles is close to the four-hundred-million mark.

Truly, this is bad management on our part. We have allowed our independence and our imperial scorn of rank and heraldry to cheat us most ingloriously.

If our American beauties must have titles, to complete their native queenliness and crown their fortunes, would it not be blending good sense with gallantry to ourselves supply the needed tinsel? Indeed, ought we not to be ashamed—big, brawny, handsome specimens that we are—to stand by in passive onlooking and see some of the fairest of our daughters compelled to purchase coronets with such funny little valentines attached to them?

Before God, or a bear, a duke has no points of su-

periority above a lumber-jack. "Your lordship" rises no nearer to heaven than "Mike, old boy." It is so writ in the gospel of democracy; and there lives today no sound-chested, healthy fellow on this side the Atlantic who would swap his title of American "Mr." for any string of princely names and decorations. "Mr." stands for Master.

If, therefore, a badge of nobility is a thing so empty, there would seem to be no more reason why we should be so skittish about it than there is for a horse to stand on its hind legs in the presence of a paper bag. Would any one of us be any less a sovereign if Willie Sniffle-Jones of Newport were dubbed a baron? It is not likely. And when we consider what this innocent ennoblement would mean from the viewpoint of good statesmanship we shall be astonished that we have so long tolerated in our imperious Constitution the fear-inspiring clause forbidding the granting of titles. For, besides making Willie happy and in nowise hurting anybody, we should thus be enabled to juggle him from a social liability to a very appreciable asset.

As Lord Sniffle-Jones, with a plenitude of good nature and rich relations, and with a pedigree which through the aid of an expert genealogist could be worried back through the Mayflower to William the Conqueror, he would prove irresistible bait for some golden dower which would otherwise have taken wings beyond the sea. For it may be at once assumed that our daughters of the rich, in their bargain-hunts for crests and embroidered names, would instinctively prefer such as were tagged with a familiar species of husband.

An American nobleman, however apish his love of pomp, could generally be reckoned upon to be chivalrous and clean-blooded and labelled with a name that would at least sound like it looks and not appear to have been coined in a fit; a man who, besides the coveted scutcheon, could give in return something more than a rheumatic old castle and a mouldy lineage of soft-headed drones, and who, furthermore, through training and heritage, whatever be his vices or shortcomings, would never forget—that the foreign nobleman has not yet learned—that his American wife is his social peer and not a mere woman thrown into the bargain with the purchase price of a title.—Clifford Howard, in November Lippincott's.



#### CITY AND COUNTRY.

THERE is being established an equilibrium between the city and the country. Each is capable of improvement, and a partial exchange of characteristics would benefit both. As a matter of fact there is not half the gulf between city and country that is pretended. How could there be? Multitudes of the most active and successful city people are country born and bred; and a great part of the remaining portion are only a generation or two removed from the soil; while there is scarcely one country family in two that does not have a representative in town. When people say they could never be happy in the one place or the other they are generally mistaken. It is usually only one's habit of living and thinking that fixes his heart on town or farm or village. And even these habits admit of change—often most readily. And the equilibrium is constantly being approached. Wide



streets, parks, a partial destruction of smoke, and a relative disuse of steam cars in favor of the trolley, the building of model tenements, and the gradual abolition of the slums—these things and others, together with a reawakened love of nature, are making the cities, if not more countrified, at least a little less citified than formerly. And a host of progressive notions involving the telephone, the trolley, rural mail delivery, up to date reading matter, furnace heating, sanitary plumbing, and the like, with higher ideals of education and culture—these are robbing the farm of its one-time narrowness and isolation, and putting country people on a personal equality with the best of their city neighbors. It will be a good thing for all when this balance shall have been reached—when the city shall not control the best of everything in the way of libraries, schools, the arts and the like, and when the country shall not have almost all of the fresh air, the sunshine, and the natural beauties and advantages of the earth.

Until that time comes there are bound to be misconceptions—no doubt but scarcely so glaring as at present. Because they don't understand the conditions of each other, city and country many times work themselves up into states of assumed righteous indignation, and are at loggerheads over practically nothing. Designing politicians more times than a few skillfully apply the spark of suspicion and fan flames of discord for evil purposes of their own. How often in the State assemblies do the "bosses" pit the city members against the country members, cheer on the strife, and, kindly agreeing to hold the coats of the combatants, gleefully pick their pockets during the fray!

After all the city is wonderful, and the country is great. And their interests, in the long run, are identical. We can afford in the city to welcome every infusion of country blood, for it means power and nerve and endurance in every mill and store and office. And in the country we can gladly accept every device of ingenuity and intelligence that will render us happier or more effective.

If the farmer and his "brother in town" will only clasp hands, they can, in ten years of time, redeem America from the boss, the spoils system, the perils of immigration and the shadows of anarchy. They can make the country safe and the city pure. They can make their country first in everything that is good, and keep her so forever—until the rest of the world catches up. And perhaps they shall, who knows?—*Our Native Land.*



#### HEALTH NOTES.

For insomnia, a writer in the *Inter-Ocean* recommends this: Simply take ordinary pumpkin seeds, a handful at a time, throw into a quart of boiling water and let them boil until there is but a pint or less.

Strain, and drink the water either hot or cold, and relief is sure to follow, with no troublesome after effect. The tea acts on the kidneys and produces a healthful and refreshing sleep.

In the same paper, Dr. Reeder says: "The lactic acid secured through buttermilk or thick, sour milk is the best that can be secured, and it is in a form exactly suited to the system. However, if this can not be taken without distress, the best substitute would be a bran lemonade, prepared as follows: Take a pint of clean bran (such as you feed to stock) and pour over it a pint of pure, cold water, allowing it to stand a few minutes, after which drain off the water and make a lemonade from the same by the addition of lemon juice and a little sugar.

For aching limbs, tired hands and arms or feet after the continuous exertion of house-cleaning, hot salt baths are excellent, if one is not too tired to take them; even bathing the limbs in the hot salt water is relieving. Make the solution quite strong.



#### A CITY MAN'S DREAM OF COUNTRY LIFE.

"I WOULD flee from the city's rule and law—from its fashions and forms cut loose—and go where the strawberry grows on its straw and the gooseberry grows on its goose; where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat as she clutches for her prey—the guileless, unsuspecting rat on the rattan bush at play; I will catch with ease the festive cow and the cowlet in their glee as they leap in joy from bough to bough on the top of a cowslip tree, and list while the partridge drums his drum and the woodchuck chucks his wood, and the dog devours the dogwood plum in the primitive solitude.

"Oh, let me drink from the mossgrown pump, that was hewn from the pumpkin tree! Eat mush and milk from a rural stump, from folly and fashions free—new gathered mush from the mushroom vine and milk from the milkweed sweet—with pineapple from the pine. And then to the whitewash dairy I'll turn, where the dairymaid hastening hies, her ruddy and gold red butter to churn from the milk of her butterflies; and I'll rise at morn with the earliest bird, to the fragrant farmyard pass, and watch while the farmer turns his herd of grasshoppers out to grass."—*Selected.*

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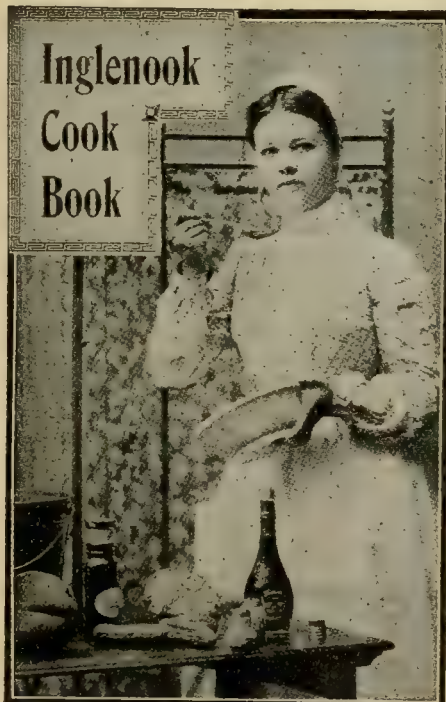
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# The Twentieth Century Sunday-School Record System

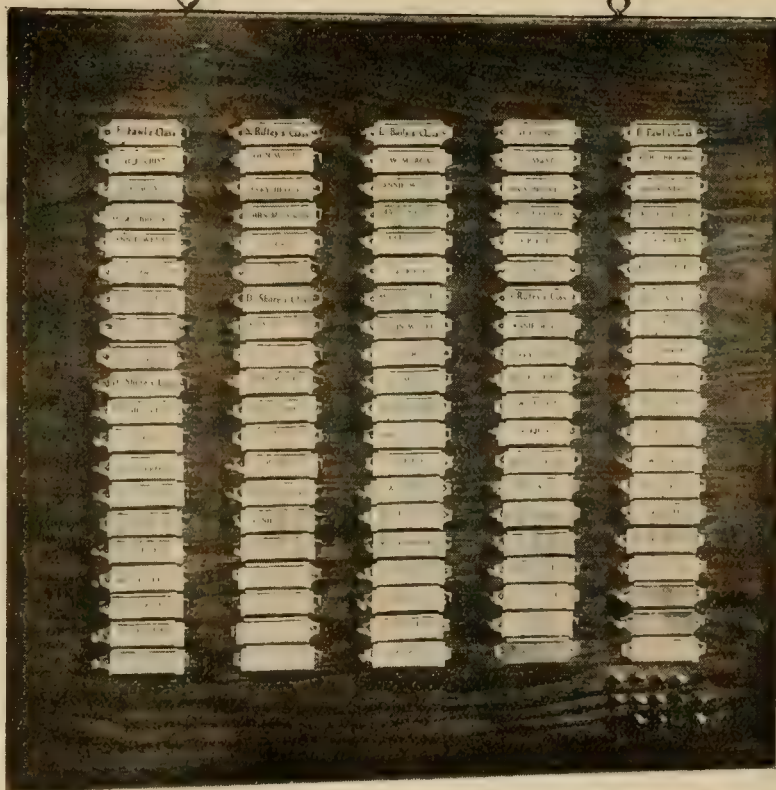
Recommends itself to every wide-awake worker because it:  
Enlarges the Enrollment. Places a Premium on Punctuality. Begets Bible Bringing. Increases Attendance. Encourages Systematic Giving. Relieves the Teacher of Keeping Class Books. Provides for Offering at Entrance Rather Than in Class During Recitation Period. Makes Possible the Keeping of Accurate Records, Without Unnecessary Effort.



Twentieth Century Collection Box.



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The Twentieth Century Record Board.

## A Unique, Original and Thoroughly Practical System.

If you want a thorough record of your school,—a line on every scholar,—at a central point,—try the Twentieth Century System. No other like it.

If you are interested, write for catalogue and price list.

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This system provides for the recognition of the scholar's faithful work by an attractive way of recording the same. The necessary equipment to install the system is (1) a record board, containing the names of all the enrolled scholars of the school, placed at a convenient point near the entrance; (2) a collection box, to receive the collection; (3) a card file containing the enrollment card of each scholar, on which his record for each Sunday may be entered for the entire school year; (4) someone in charge who is systematic and accurate in keeping a careful record of the school.



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The prosperous settlers in Sunny Southern Alberta have just finished harvesting a bountiful crop. It is now **THRESHING TIME** and their yields are enormous.

Some fields are yielding as high as fifty bushels of wheat per acre. And oats are yielding as high as one hundred and thirty bushels per acre. The crop on one acre brings enough money to buy two acres! Could you want anything better?

We have just secured, and are now offering for sale, 50,000 acres in the Nanton District where already there is established a large and prosperous settlement of the Brethren.

Our prices are \$9.00 per acre and up, on easy terms—ten years to pay for land when the purchaser settles on the land. Excursions every week. Cheap rates and railroad fare refunded to purchasers of 320 acres or more.

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The Co-operative Colonization Company has arranged to locate a colony of BRETHREN and other good people, on their Co-operative plan, in central California, in the San Joaquin Valley, between the cities of Merced and Stockton. The tracts selected are on two trunk-line railroads, near good markets, and have been carefully examined by a committee sent out by the company.

There is but one California, no other State has such a variety of climate, soil and products. The San Joaquin is one of the world's famous valleys, noted for its mild climate, rich soil and variety of products. In this valley are grown successfully wheat, rye, oats, barley, alfalfa and other grasses. Peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, nectarines, loquats, figs, olives, pomegranates, oranges, lemons, pomeloes, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, loganberries and grapes in great variety. Vegetable are grown almost every month in the year. English walnuts, almonds, pecans, peanuts and chestnuts do well and are profitable. Dairying, beekeeping and poultry raising are carried on successfully.

## IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS

are possible on these Colony tracts, each one has a nice town site, on a good railroad. These lands are partially fenced, with some improvements on them, the soil is mostly a sandy loam and quite productive. These tracts are a part of a large wheat ranch, are well cultivated and are easy to irrigate. This is one of the finest irrigated districts in the State, and the water generally belongs to the land.

Our aim is to establish self-supporting congregations of our Brethren on these Colony tracts, with good Church and School privileges from the beginning of a colony. Look well into our co-operative plans, and if pleased, join our Colony, either as a settler, or investor. We can help you to secure lands at lowest prices and on best terms, with most favorable conditions.

If you are not ready to join this colony, write us about others to be located in other sections of this or other States later.

The Co-operative Colonization Company has no connection with any railroad, land company, or other organization; the following are the present Officers and Directors: S. F. Sanger, President, South Bend, Ind.; Dorsey Hodgden, Vice-President, Huntington, Ind.; Samuel Borough, Secretary, North Manchester, Ind.; W. W. Barnhart, Treasurer, North Manchester, Ind.; Samuel S. Keller, Bourbon, Ind.; Levi Winkelbleck, Hartford City, Ind.; E. M. Grossnickel, North Manchester, Ind.; F. R. Hartman, South Bend, Ind.; C. S. Petry, West Milton, Ohio; Henry V. Wall, Los Angeles, Cal.; W. H. Johnson, Reedley, Cal.

For fuller information write

## CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY

North Manchester, Ind.

Or S. A. Sanger, General Organizer, South Bend, Indiana.

# THE INGLENOOK



"Many sails were seen on the Mediterranean as I rode along the Riviera."—Around the World Without a Cent.

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

November 24, 1908.

Price \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol. X. No. 47.



# Good=Bye

"Good-bye" will soon have to be said between the many readers of "The Inglenook" and those who have used its columns for advertising. So the writer, who has been the author of most of the "UNION PACIFIC" advertisements that have appeared in the "Nook" for the last seven years, wishes to call your attention to the clipping from the Denver Republican of Nov. 10th that appears on this page and wishes he could ask each one of you personally,

1. Did you ever question the truth of the Union Pacific advertisements about the South Platte Valley?

2. Did you at any time ever say to a friend, "They are overdoing the advertising about the possibilities of raising Sugar Beets in the South Platte Valley"?

3. How many of you readers when told six years ago there is only one sugar factory there now, but inside of a few years there will be more and the farmers will all be making money, told your friends, "McDonaugh is only a railroad man, be careful how you let him influence you"?

## My Regret

is that the stopping of the "Nook" will prevent my calling all the readers' attention inside of two years to even greater showing than this one in the South Platte Valley and that will be the showing of the growth of BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, where over 100 families have located in last eighteen months and over 100 more families will be located before Christmas 1909.

Geo. L. McDonaugh.

## BEET MEN WILL GET A MILLION DOLLARS TODAY

### "PAY DAY" FOR PROSPEROUS SUGAR FARMERS OF COLORADO.

GREAT WESTERN COMPANY,  
CONTROLLING NINE FAC-  
TORIES, DISTRIBUTES  
MUCH MONEY.

Just Forty Per Cent of "Money Crop"  
Will Bring in Two and  
One-half Millions.

One million dollars will be distributed today to the sugar beet farmers of northern Colorado. It is the first pay day of the Great Western Sugar company, which controls nine sugar factories. The second pay day will be on Nov. 20, when \$1,500,000 will be disbursed, making a total of \$2,500,000 for the month, a pretty snug sum by which to measure up the prosperity of the people who are raising Colorado's "money crop," and this, too, for only 40 per cent of the beets. The other 60 per cent is still to be marketed and will call for the distribution of over \$5,000,000 on pay days during the succeeding three months.

Since the siloing of the sweet tubers went into practice, farmers keep 25 per cent or more of their crop safe from frost in the coldest weather and market them as they are called for by the factories.

The volume of the crop is said to be about the same as last year with the contents in sugar slightly less than last year on account of the first spring drouth known in Colorado since weather records have been made.

The beet farmers receive \$5 for the crop when marketed direct from the fields, and \$5.50 per ton for the siloed tubers. They are paid mostly in checks sent through their banks, and in measuring the prosperity of the Colorado beet grower it should be noted that almost without exception everyone has a bank account. The nine factories of the Great Western Sugar company are at Greeley, Eaton, Windsor, Fort Collins, Loveland, Longmont, Brush, Fort Morgan and Sterling. The company also owns what is known as the "Sugar Beet" road, running from Eaton through Windsor, Johnstown and Loveland to Longmont.—Denver Republican, Nov. 10th, 1908.

# They Are Free and we are Printing More of Them

Every mail brings piles of letters and cards for that wonderfully popular story "SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE."

We are doing the best we can, and yours will come in its turn as registered. Be sure of that.

## HOW ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS?

Do you want us to mail a copy of this famous booklet FREE to a dozen families of friends for you? You furnish the names and addresses, and we will furnish the books and the stamps. How's that? Send them this week if possible, and we will try and get the book to them for a Thanksgiving present. See?

## Address any of the following:

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D. C. CAMPBELL, Colfax, Ind.

ISAIAH WHEELER, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

E. M. COBB, Elgin, Ill.

LEE FRANK, 193 So. Clark St., Chicago.

**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND COMPANY**

**MACDOEL, CALIFORNIA**



# The Twentieth Century Sunday=School Record System

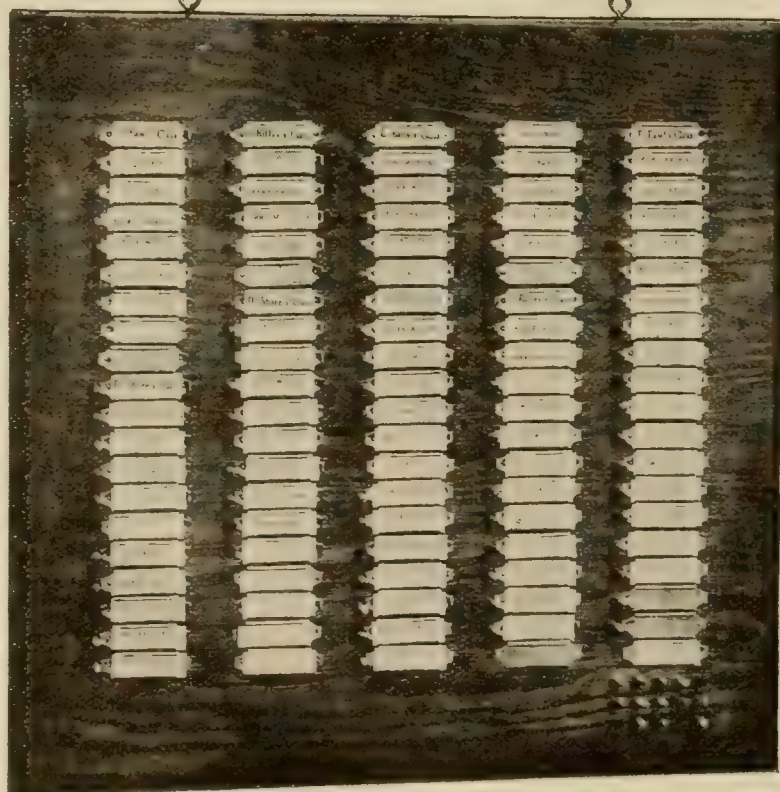
Recommends itself to every wide-awake worker because it:  
Enlarges the Enrollment. Places a Premium on Punctuality. Begets Bible Bringing. Increases Attendance. Encourages Systematic Giving. Relieves the Teacher of Keeping Class Books. Provides for Offering at Entrance Rather Than in Class During Recitation Period. Makes Possible the Keeping of Accurate Records, Without Unnecessary Effort.



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# The Story of the Anabaptists

By C. E. Pike.

This volume is one of a series of 13 volumes, on "Eras of Nonconformity." We imported this book to meet an urgent demand for the same.

The term "Anabaptist" signifies one who has been re-baptized, referring mainly to those who, in infancy, received sprinkling or pouring, and sometimes immersion, and, on coming to years of maturity, were, upon their confession of faith in Jesus, immersed. The work, in a brief way, deals with this phase of church history from about 600 A. D. to 1634 A. D. It is a valuable little book and will prove quite interesting.

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BRETHREN  
PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

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By Elder S. N. McCann.

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By Sylvanus Stall, D. D.

A Book for Boys.

A discreet presentation of subjects concerning personal purity.

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Part I.—How God reproduces the flowers, insects, fishes and animals.—Mamma and papa plants.—The two natures in the oyster.—The bird's eggs and the baby bird. Part II.—The manner in which the reproductive system is injured in boys by abuse. Part III.—The consequences in boys of abuse. Part IV.—How boys may preserve their purity and strength. Part V.—Our duty to aid others. Part VI.—How purity and strength may best be regained. Part VII.—The age of adolescence.

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By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen,  
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Those who participated in the splendid song service at Des Moines will be sure to want a copy of the **Bicentennial Song Book**. The book contains 80 pages of the very best songs selected from "The Brethren Hymnal" and "Song Praises," besides the "Bicentennial Song" which was written for the Conference.

Your Sunday School

and Christian Workers' society should have a supply of these books for use during the year.

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We will furnish this book in Manila cover at the following rates: Per dozen, prepaid, \$1.00; per hundred, F. O. B. Elgin, \$6.00.

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contains a large assortment of books, Bibles, cards, church and Sunday-school requisites and Christmas booklets. Have you asked for one? If not, drop us a line today. All you need to do is to say "Catalogue" and sign your name, with proper address. "We'll do the rest."

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## Imperial Valley, California

is a country where things grow too large to write about. You will have to come and see them.

The great ALPALFA and FRUIT district, situated 180 miles east of Los Angeles, on the Southern Pacific R. R. Send for illustrated booklet.

Address, W. F. Gillett, Holtville, Cal.

## EUREKA INDESTRUCTIBLE POST

FIELD POST. Cheap as cedar. Made where used. Great inducements to agents. Address, with stamp,

W. A. DICKEY, North Manchester, Ind



# OVER 200,000 ACRES

of land have been filed on under the CAREY ACT in the Twin Falls District, Idaho, since April, 1907.

¶ There is still a large amount of land waiting for the settler in the above district. Also great opportunities are offered at American Falls, at Gooding and other points along the OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD.

¶ The Payette-Boise Reclamation Project under the U. S. Government is about completed and will be ready to furnish water to about 300,000 acres of new land in the spring of 1909. These lands can now be bought at reasonable rates and terms, by the settler, and are situated where the country is already partly settled, near good towns, railroads and electric lines.

¶ Rural mail routes and telephone lines are already established. Good schools and churches. No storms or cyclones. Farming is done by irrigation. No failure of crops by reason of too much rain or drought. Fruit crop is abundant every year. The people are happy because they are prosperous.

## Wonderful Possibilities

for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

¶ Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

¶ Arrange your plans to go and see Idaho as soon as possible and secure some of this fine land.

¶ HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP EXCURSION RATES are on First and Third Tuesdays of each month in 1908.

¶ Colonist One-Way Cheap Rates to points in Idaho, Oregon and Washington in effect daily from Sept. 1st to Oct. 31, 1908 inclusive.

¶ WRITE NOW for printed matter and full particulars regarding this great country and how to get there.

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Colonization Agt.  
Dayton, Ohio

**D. E. BURLEY,**

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.  
Salt Lake City, Utah

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

November 24, 1908.

No. 47.

## A Chapter in Negro Progress in the South

**Emmett Scott, Secretary of Tuskegee Industrial Institute**

SOME twenty-five years ago, in an obscure, old-fashioned town in Alabama, there lived an industrious and prosperous Negro mechanic, Lewis Adams by name. He was a shoemaker, a harnessmaker, a tinsmith, a Jack-at-all-trades, in fact, and having a real knack for mechanics, had gained a reputation among neighbors, black and white, as a sort of genius who could do anything you asked him to, and was highly respected by everyone.

In those days there used to be, as indeed there is today in many parts of the South, a great deal of complaint that the younger generation of Negroes was growing up into habits of thriftless idleness, and was losing possession of the trades and the habits of industry that the older generation had learned in slavery. Mr. Adams had never been to school a day during his life, but he had picked up in slavery a knowledge of reading and writing, and had been well trained in the trades and had gained the sort of mental discipline that working with real things alone can give.

Mr. Adams used to talk occasionally about the character and condition of his people with his friend, Mr. G. W. Campbell, a local banker, and they agreed that there was something wrong with the education the children of the freedmen were getting. The discipline of slavery was relaxed, and, as there was no real family life in slavery, there was nothing to take its place in the life of the younger generation. Finding that they agreed pretty well in this matter, these two men, the one an ex-slaveholder, the other an ex-slave, determined to remedy it.

At the session of the legislature during the winter of 1880 a bill was introduced and passed appropriating two thousand dollars (\$2,000) annually, for a normal and industrial school for colored students at Tuskegee, Alabama. Having obtained the support and sanction of the State, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Adams, who had been made trustees of the institution, began to look about for a teacher. They wrote to General Armstrong of Hampton Institute, Virginia,

already famous as an industrial school for Negroes, asking him to send them a teacher. General Armstrong sent them a young colored man, by name, Booker T. Washington. That was the beginning of the Tuskegee Institute which has made the names of Booker T. Washington and of Tuskegee familiar in all parts of the world, and has done even more, perhaps, than Hampton Institute itself to promote and popularize industrial education, not only in the United States, but in many other parts of the world.

In order to appreciate the remarkable progress which this Negro school at Tuskegee has made since that time it will be necessary to make some reference to conditions as Mr. Washington found them in Macon and surrounding counties of the Alabama Black Belt upon his first visit to this part of the country.

Before opening the school Mr. Washington spent a month traveling about, studying conditions and getting acquainted with the people. He has told in his autobiography, "Up from Slavery," something of what these conditions were. He found the people on the big plantations living for the most part in little one-room log cabins, all sleeping and eating together in a single room. He took dinner one day in a cabin in which there was but a single fork on the table, but in the corner of the room stood an organ for which the family was paying sixty dollars (\$60.00) on the installment plan. Another day he was surprised in driving along the road to come upon a number of children, some of them eight or nine years old, going about naked, without any apparent sense of discomfort and with no sense of shame. He found the schoolhouses in very bad condition. Indeed, for the most part there were no schoolhouses in the country districts, and the schools, such as they were, must needs be held in churches or abandoned cabins. Many times no provision had been made for heating the buildings and in winter it was necessary to build a big fire outside the building so that the children and teachers



could go outside and warm themselves when it became too cold inside the building.

Summarizing what he saw upon this journey, Mr. Washington said:

"I confess that what I saw during my month of travel and investigation left me with a very heavy heart. The work to be done in order to lift these people up seemed almost beyond accomplishing. I was only one person, and it seemed to me that the little effort which I could put forth could go such a short distance toward bringing about results. I wondered if I could accomplish anything, and if it were worth while for me to try.

"Of one thing I felt more strongly convinced than ever, after spending this month in seeing the actual life of the colored people, and that was that, in order to lift them up, something must be done more than merely to imitate New England education as it then existed. I saw more clearly than ever the wisdom of the system which General Armstrong had inaugurated at Hampton. To take the children of such people as I had been among for a month, and each day give them a few hours of mere book education, I felt would be almost a waste of time."

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute was formally opened on July 4, 1881. On the first day, about thirty students appeared. One of these was fifty years old. Most of the others had had some schooling and had done some teaching in the adjoining counties. Upon examination of applicants for admission, however, it appeared that this schooling consisted for the most part of mere scraps of quaint and curious learning, reminding one of a second-hand store, where the contents of hovels and the furniture of palaces are heaped together in wretched and indiscriminate confusion. Some of the teachers had studied a little Latin and Greek. Others had a smattering of theology. All who had had this "education" were very proud of their accomplishment, but none of them had gone so far as to ask themselves what they intended to do with what they had learned. There was no thought of applying it anywhere to actual life.

Naturally enough, with this idea of education in their minds, and with the feeling that to have a little learning was a distinction that was to lift them above manual labor, free them in some way from the necessity of work, the first pupils did not take very readily to industrial education, to an education of the mind and heart through the exercise and training of the hand. Many of the children's parents complained to Mr. Washington that they did not send their children to school to "learn to work." They could learn that at home. It was only gradually that the real meaning and value of industrial education came to be understood and appreciated. It has been the work of a quarter of a century to make it popular.

Actual industrial education could not in any case begin, only as the school acquired an equipment, and at the beginning it had nothing, not even a school-house; and none of the money appropriated by the State was available for the purpose of erecting buildings, buying land and equipment.

The first thing necessary was land. To secure possession of an abandoned farm which shortly came on the market, Mr. Washington borrowed two hundred dollars (200.00) on his personal responsibility from a friend among the officers of Hampton Institute. Some one else gave him a blind mule with which to work the land secured. With this money and this mule, work and teaching in the first industry, agriculture, was started at Tuskegee. The students began by making a garden and planting the things with which they wished to furnish the table.

Gradually and ever more rapidly as the number of pupils increased and the finances of the school permitted, the number of industries was increased; carpentry, blacksmithing, cooking, laundering, and dress-making were added to meet the necessities of the growing school. Finally, tinsmithing, harnessmaking and shoemaking were undertaken. At the present time the educational plant consists of some two thousand, four hundred acres of land; eighty-three buildings, large and small, used for dwellings, dormitories, classrooms, shops, barns, which together with the equipment, stock in trade, live stock and personal property are valued at \$917,237.60.

This does not include the value of the public lands granted to the school by the Central Government, the estimated value of which is two hundred thousand dollars (\$200,000.00). Neither does it include the endowment fund which amounts at the present time to one million, four hundred ninety-four thousand, twenty-one dollars, sixty-four cents (\$1,494,021.64).

Meanwhile, the number of industries taught has been increased to thirty-seven. The number of teachers and officers of the school is something over one hundred and fifty and the number of students is in the neighborhood of one thousand six hundred (1,600). Last year the total registration was one thousand six hundred and forty-eight (1,648), representing thirty-six States and twenty-one foreign countries. During these twenty-six years of its existence, the institute has sent out into the world something over six thousand graduates and others sufficiently prepared to fit them to become leaders of their people in the communities in which they live. These facts are fully borne out by the reports and investigations of Rev. R. C. Bedford, secretary of the board of trustees, who devotes nearly all his time visiting former students in different parts of the country, inspecting the work that they are doing and giving them advice and encouragement in the task which they have undertaken. There is hardly an in-

stitution of any great importance in the South where industries are taught in which there are not one or more Tuskegee graduates as teachers. In many of the Southern States these graduates have gone out and founded, upon their own initiative, institutions in imitation of the one at Tuskegee. This is notably true in the case of the Snow Hill Normal and Industrial Institute at Snow Hill, Alabama, founded by William J. Edwards; of the Mt. Meigs Institute at Waugh, Alabama, founded by Cornelia Bowen; of the Robert Hungerford Institute, at Eatonville, Florida, founded by R. C. Calhoun; of the Utica Normal and Industrial Institute at Utica, Mississippi, founded by William H. Holtzclaw; of the Voorhees Normal and Industrial Institute at Denmark, South Carolina, founded by the late Elizabeth E. Wright Menafee; and of the Topeka Educational and Industrial Institute at Topeka, Kansas; the Branch College for Negro Youth at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and the Christianburg Institute at Cambria, Virginia. Each of these last three was reorganized and put upon its feet by graduates from Tuskegee Institute.

Several parties of Tuskegee graduates have gone out at different times to Africa, to Togoland, to the Upper Hill region, and elsewhere, employed as teachers of the industries to the natives.

In his last annual report to the board of trustees, Principal Washington says:

"The constant and urgent demands that reach us from all sections of the country for men and women trained at Tuskegee Institute is proof of the value placed on our work by the general public. It is a conservative statement to say that we cannot supply even one-half of the requests that come to us. Practically every student who finishes any one of our courses is engaged before he graduates. This widespread demand for men and women who have received our training is responsible, in part, I fear, for the large number of students who leave us before finishing the full course. These requests come from:

"(1) Colored people who want them engaged as teachers in the public schools or in the smaller industrial schools, and in industrial operations of one kind or another. (2) The demand for these trained men and women is just as great or greater from white citizens who wish their services utilized in connection with many of the industrial enterprises of the South."

But the actual work of the Tuskegee Institute has for some years grown beyond the limits of the school-grounds. Every year sees the amount of this work increase. The first and most important part of the "extension work" is that done by the Annual Negro Conference which was started fifteen years ago in February, 1892. In that year Principal Booker T. Washington sent out invitations to about seventy-five representative Negroes in Macon County,—farmers,

mechanics, schoolteachers and ministers. The majority of the men who came to this conference were farmers. Instead of seventy-five, something like four hundred responded to this invitation. The success of the first conference has been repeated each year since, and the fame of its annual meetings has extended until Negro farmers come from all over the South to attend its meetings. So many visitors, students, and teachers began coming to these conferences for the purpose of getting first-hand knowledge of conditions in the South that it was finally decided to hold the conferences two days, giving the first day to the farmers and the second day to the students and teachers. This has resulted in the division of the work of the annual conference, into the Farmers' and Workers' Conferences. The Workers' Conference follows the Farmers' Conference, and takes its theme from it.

A conference agent is employed by the school, whose duty it is to organize local conferences already established in order to encourage them in their work. At the last accounting about eighty-one local organizations had been established.

A Plantation Settlement was established in the spring of 1898, on what is known as the Russell Plantation eight miles from Tuskegee. This was an original attempt, made by Mrs. Booker T. Washington, to adapt the methods of the "University Settlement" to the needs of the people who live in the primitive conditions that still obtain on the large plantations in the "Black Belt." The work was begun in an abandoned one-room cabin, the use of which had been loaned Mrs. Washington by the owner of the plantation. Miss Annie Davis, a young woman graduate of the school, who had had some experience as a teacher, moved into this cabin, opened a school and began her life among the people. The school has been supported from the first by such funds as Mrs. Washington is able to obtain from friends. Several of the Tuskegee teachers made small contributions to maintain the work. From the first the parents of the children who attended the school have contributed what they could. For three years past they have been trying to pay a small monthly tuition. Two years ago Miss Davis obtained fifteen dollars a month from the county towards the support of the teacher. There were sixty-five pupils enrolled last year. They raised on a few acres attached to the school eighty-five bushels of corn, thirty-five bushels of potatoes, four hundred bushels of other vegetables, in addition to the vegetables in the garden, and collards, cabbages and peas for Miss Davis and her family during the winter. This family consists of another young woman and a boy.

The Mothers' Meetings established in the town of Tuskegee by Mrs. Washington have extended their influence to other portions of the country and beyond to small communities in other parts of the State. Eleven of such communities in this county and



elsewhere maintain meetings of this kind. The purpose of these meetings is to interest the women in the condition of their families and their homes, to suggest methods for helping their husbands in caring for their children, and to encourage those who are making an effort to improve and lift themselves out of the prevailing conditions. About six hundred persons are reached through the medium of these meetings.

Rural School Extension, a work intended to encourage the Negroes in the country districts to secure better schoolhouses and maintain longer school terms, has recently been taken up by the school. In a large number of places throughout the South, especially where the colored people own homes and are permanently settled on the land, it has become the custom for the people to supplement by voluntary contributions the funds given by the State. A similar effort is being made to improve the school in Wilcox County and the region round about Snow Hill; in the neighborhood of Mt. Meigs, Montgomery County; in the neighborhood of Utica, Miss., and in the neighborhood of Denmark, S. C. Industrial schools of the same general character as that of Tuskegee, have been established at all of these places by Tuskegee graduates.

A model Negro village is in process of building just beyond the limits of the Tuskegee Institute schoolgrounds. This is the village of Greenwood. About sixteen years ago the little village of Greenwood was started north of the schoolgrounds. The houses built at that time now lie within the limits of the school farm. Five years ago the school purchased two hundred acres of land west of the grounds and began to sell lots to the employés of the school. This was the origin of the model village of South Greenwood.

A Village Improvement Association conducts the affairs of this village which, with the school, makes a community of about two thousand one hundred inhabitants. This improvement association collects a voluntary poll and property tax which is used in maintaining the streets. This tax amounts at present to about two hundred dollars a year. The town is lighted at the expense of the Institute and if the effort now being made to find a sufficient water supply succeeds, the village will be made a part of the institute water system. The association is conducted by a Board of Control which is elected by the householders in the community. Incidentally this improvement association is a school in self-help and self-control.

A Local Negro Business League—a branch of the National Negro Business League with headquarters in Tuskegee—was recently formed in the town and county for the purpose of encouraging the industrial and economic improvement of the people in this region. For several years past Negroes have been in business in the town and in the neighborhood of the school.

There are something like twelve stores in small settlements in different parts of the county. For several years past one of the better conducted stores of the town has been that of a graduate of Tuskegee, A. J. Wilborn.

A Negro county newspaper, *The Messenger*, was established last fall by C. J. Calloway, formerly conference agent of the school, in the interest of the Negro farmers of Macon County. In conjunction with the Macon County Negro teachers and the Macon County ministers' associations, this paper is an important aid to the extension work of the school.

The Farmers' Institute was established in 1897 and has held monthly meetings winter and summer, ever since that time. At these meetings the farmers hear simple lectures and demonstrations covering the principles of agriculture and are invited to give their own experience in attempting to apply these methods to the soil. In connection with this and auxiliary to the work of the Farmers' Institute there has been established since 1903 a "Short Course in Agriculture" which runs from four to six weeks and is expressly adapted to the understanding and needs of farmers. For a number of years past, also, it has become customary to hold Negro Farmers' Fairs at which prizes have been offered for the best products of the farm, the loom and the kitchen.

The night school in the town of Tuskegee was started eight years ago and has been supported by the institute. In addition to the common branches, brickmasonry, carpentry, cooking and sewing are taught. A considerable number of men who have not been able to attend day school, have learned enough of the industries to be able to work at them as trades. A number of women employed as cooks among the white families in the town are allowed to take lessons in cooking at this school.

A reading room for town and country folk is maintained in the town by the Institute. The literature is supplied almost wholly by donation from Carnegie Library of the Institute, and by friends of the school. The special aim of this institution has been to give the young colored people of the town an opportunity to read and to supply the country folk, in their weekly visits to town on Saturdays, with suitable reading matter to take to their homes.

The Children's House is the public school of the Institute community. To this school the county contributes \$238, and the Institute \$950.19. In addition it has an income from the tuition of the children which amounts to \$349.25. For many years this training school was located in a building poorly suited to its purpose. In 1902 a generous friend gave the Institute money to erect a suitable building in which to carry on this work. It contains an assembly room, one room for kindergarten and two rooms for grade work. Rooms are also provided to serve as a kitchen,

diningroom and bedroom for girls and as a manual training room for boys. Teachers are supplied from the Institute.

The results of these varied and multiplied influences of the school have completely changed the character of the country in the vicinity surrounding the school and to a large extent throughout the county, and the influence and example of what has been accomplished here has inspired a desire for better homes, for a more thorough and more practical education to a large part of the Negro population of the South. In seeking to teach the fundamental things of life and to reach not the few but the masses of the people the work of the Tuskegee Institute has undoubtedly gone further than and accomplished more than any other school in existence. For that reason, because of the importance of the problem it is seeking to solve, and because it is supported so largely by small contributions of its many and widely-scattered friends, Tuskegee Institute has begun to assume the character of a great national institution. Principal Washington, with this in mind, no doubt, referred to it some years ago as a "public institution supported by the public." The President of the United States has given it in his message to Congress emphatic official approval. At the twenty-fifth anniversary of the school he sent Secretary Taft as his personal representative to take part in the exercises, and upon his visit to the South the year previous he went out of his way to visit the little town of Tuskegee so that he might see the Institute and address the students.

*Tuskegee, Ala.*



#### BEFORE MATCHES WERE MADE.

S. Z. SHARP.

I REMEMBER about seventy years ago, when I yet slept in a trundle-bed, in the same room with my parents, that I saw my father get up in the morning before day and take his flint-lock shotgun, place some tinder in the pan of the gun and pull the trigger. The hammer of the gun contained a piece of flint which struck a piece of steel above the pan of the gun that produced a spark which fell upon the tinder in the pan and ignited it. By blowing this spark, the tinder became a live coal which readily caused paper to burn in a blaze. The tinder was obtained from knots in hickory wood and was easily ignited. This method of obtaining fire, by means of steel and flint, was a great improvement over the method employed by savages who rubbed two pieces of dry wood together until it became hot and at last burst into a flame. This was a long and tedious process, but it was the only way they could obtain fire, hence the more civilized method by means of steel and flint was considered a great improvement.

When fire was once obtained, great pains were taken to preserve it. At that time the open fireplace

was in every home and a large piece of wood, usually green, called a "back stick," which burned slowly and retained fire, was placed against the back wall of the fireplace and in the evening, before the family went to sleep, the fire was carefully covered with ashes to save it till morning. This practice of covering the fire in the evening was made compulsory in England by William the Conqueror who ordered a bell to be rung in every church about eight or nine o'clock in the evening. The signal given by the bell was called "the curfew," derived from the French word *couvre-feu*, meaning, cover the fire.

In 1829 John Walker, a chemist in England, experimenting with chlorate of potash, found that this could be instantly ignited by friction. He used small sticks coated with sulphur and dipped in an emulsion of mucilage and chlorate of potash. The inventor of matches was urged to patent his invention, but he disdained to do so because the process of making them was so simple. He made no effort to take advantage of his discovery, hence matches did not come into general use until some time after when they were introduced to the public by Prof. Faraday.



#### NOVEMBER.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Low-lying belts of fog that blur the sun  
And shroud the hill-slopes with purple pall;  
Outwearied leaves, as soundless as the fall  
Of death-shod dusk, down drifting one by one,  
On wood and field and weed-retarded run.  
Oppressive silence, deep, Sabbatical,  
Save when at eventide the querulous call  
Of questing quail loud-shrills from meadows dun.

Thrice drear November! Since thou summonest  
Old memories, sadly sweet, and long-pent tears,  
That flood dim eyes with misty overflows!  
And yet—and yet—a glimmer on thy breast,  
Like some fair hope against the grief of years,  
Midsummer's legacy—one crimson rose!



#### SUNRISE.

Upon the sadness of the sea  
The sunset broods regretfully;  
From the far lonely spaces slow  
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

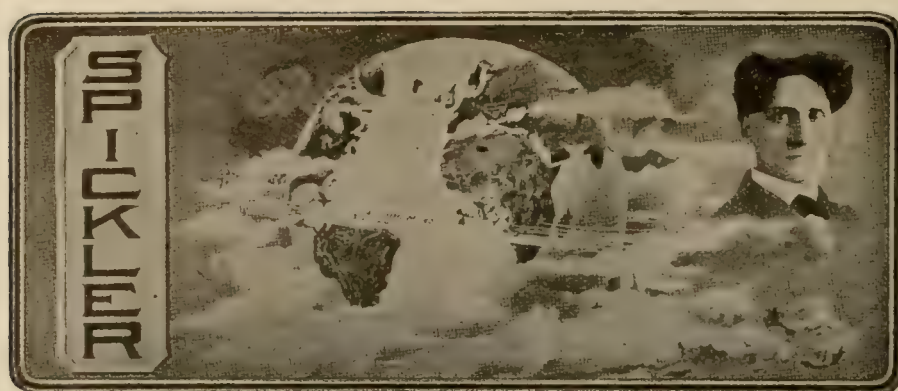
So out of life the splendor dies;  
So darken all the happy skies;  
So gathers twilight cold and stern;  
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day  
Shall chase the bitter dark away;  
What though our eyes with tears are wet?  
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore  
Our light and hope, and joy once more.  
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget  
The sunrise never failed us yet.

—Celia Thaxter.





## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXXIII.

SOME time after midnight I reached the big city of Milan, where I rested on an iron bench in a big square that seemed to be the center of the city. It was too cold to sleep, for the nights in Italy in the hottest weather are chilly. But I chained and locked my wheel fast to the iron fence that enclosed some grass by the side of the bench. When I had settled into a restful condition, the night thieves prowling about came up, examined me to see if I were yet asleep, then began to handle my wheel. Not one, but a dozen, hung around, making even a slight doze impossible. But just to rest after a hard ride, in the place you have been coming to, is a comfort, so I was happy and expectant. The next day I was to look upon the white marble cathedral whose beauty and splendor had attracted tourists from all over the world. Men and women, with their lovely daughters and brilliant sons had come to this spot from

remote corners of the globe at an enormous expense to see just what "Around the World Without a Cent" was going to see in a few hours for nothing. So I was laughing to myself all night long and chuckling with Yankee glee in the very face of these pickpockets, with one eye always open to them for the glittering stiletto or the sudden blow with the fist.

I was almost asleep when dawn fully came and I straightened up and rubbed my eyes in astonished bewilderment of joy. Right there in front of us,—the robbers and me,—stood the great, pure, white mountain of marble in the most gloriously beautiful cathedral I had seen. Right there by me all through the night

was the old cathedral of marble! The hotels would not open until after sun-up, so I went over to the wonder and laid my hands upon it, not to seize it or try to take it with me, but simply to touch it. But my head felt awful. I was sleepy, tired, stiff from exposure in the night air after riding, and my eyes worked like putty that needs oil. Oh, I felt so bad just then, and the grandeur of the church before me, towering into the blue sky, made me feel so little and poor.



Sailing Crew on the Mediterranean. The Dark Sailor, Wearing Coat and Cap, Near Center, Had Been to America and Spoke Good English.

On one of the marble projections I threw myself for a little nap before breakfast. It was warmer here than on the iron bench, but the marble was still like ice. Highly polished marble on a cold, damp night, after a hard day's ride in a malarial sun, is not conducive to exhilarated feelings. I was the first American to use the Milan cathedral for a feather bed. But though I felt like taking a bath, a breakfast and

a good sleep all at once, I was happy, for I had been my own railroad, hotel, guide and cash register all combined. All space, time and chance were mine.

My first impressions were less than I expected, but the longer I looked, the greater and whiter it grew. Tremendous is its size, bewildering are its intricate embellishments, the beauty of which is all exterior. Workmen were even now arranging the interior for the Pope's funeral service to be held simultaneously with the greater one in Rome.

The daring originality of its flying buttresses compels the attention of architect and tourist alike. Beaten by thousands of storms, eroded at the joints

by weathering, its graceful sweep in curve preserves intact the harmony that was first in the mind of the builder. The foundations were begun one hundred and six years before Columbus sailed to discover our world, and yet this Milan church, built of white carara marble, stands upright today amid all of the seismic disturbance of violent Vesuvius at the south.

It is a church with ninety-eight pinnacles and two thousand spires, each one of which is crowned by heroic-sized statues, keeping their silent vigil over the city throughout the centuries. As the first rays of the sun kissed with gold the needle peaks of this mountain of marble, its four hundred and eighty-six feet of length seemed more like a dream than a reality.

At one of the best hotels the landlord urged me to take one of his cozy rooms and enjoy a real sleep and genuine rest. Then, at a late hour, I had my breakfast in the dining hall. Other tourists were all about the hotel, chinking their money, parading in fine clothes, and hobnobbing with hobnobs. It was a little gnawing at times to resist the temptation to wish great wealth so that I, too, might travel *de luxe*. But I saw no one I envied. I was always afraid they would envy me.

Here at Milan, I took the train for Genoa, the first time any wheel but my own was to help me around the world. It was necessary in order that I might reach Rome by Saturday so as to be present at the public funeral of Pope Leo.

It was again midnight when I left the elegant depot and led my bike into the square. Close by was a small park of palms, in the center of which rose the graceful monument of Columbus. Riding down town I found all the big hotels boarded up, for the great high doors that open like barn doors are closed and locked after a certain hour. I hammered upon some of these heavy doors with my fists, but I might as well have tried to swim across the Mediterranean Sea which I saw first when morning came, as to awaken the lousy porter on the inside of these big, hard, wood frames. With bruised knuckles and my head full of wheels from the long, dusty and rough ride on a crowded car, I rode back to the palm garden, and as the temperature was pleasingly warm because of nearness to sea, I sought sleep, as at Milan, on one of the benches

arranged in a circle around the statue of the world's greatest discoverer. When about to fall away into sleep, I took a last look about me, to see if all was well, for my wheel stood at the next bench, below me. On an opposite bench lay another bum,—I mean another *gentleman*. Well, he was a bum very probably. He was leaning on his elbow, looking now at my bike, now at me. But for him I would have slept well. Then a happy idea struck me. I would see Genoa by night. So I drew myself together, and stood up,—with Columbus. With lamp lighted I rode many miles around the wonderful city, astonished to find so many stores open and work going on. In a more elegant part of the city, I met many pedestrians, with others in carriages, coming home from *soirees*, or sore eyes. Some were dressed, and some were undressed,—I mean in their evening dress,—their flashing diamonds, real or paste, sparkling in the electric light.

At one shop a baker was mixing dough for about five hundred loaves in a large vat in the window. As I was screened by the darkness outside, I watched him there to see how he "worked" the dough. He had removed his shoes, or possibly didn't wear any, rolled his trousers above his knees and jumped in full weight upon the batch of half-mixed dough and began to wade around in the bread that was to be

chewed that morning by Genoa's swell set of light heads and not by me. Then he seized an overhead strap and began pummeling the batch. His feet would stick fast in the sticky stuff, when with a vigorous jerk he would free himself with a report created by the suction much like that produced by uncorking a bottle. Then he worked back and forth his big toe to remove from between it and the other toe the surplus flour, milk, yeast, lard, alum, sugar, salt, cloves, and whatever else Genoese bakers put into their bread.

No wonder Columbus wanted to get out of Genoa!

As for myself I left the city by way of the Riviera, a beautiful road running along the sea, in and out, to keep touch with bays and peninsulas. Here grew the fragrant vanilla plant and every drink from the old wells was flavored all ready for me, for vanilla is in the air. The breath you take is vanilla. When you shake hands here you have and receive a vanilla



"Cart painted like a picture with spokes and felines carved, and horse adorned with gaudy harness."



touch. When engaged lovers kiss, the kiss is flavored with vanilla. The kerchief I used over my face was scented with vanilla. Here were pomegranates, oranges, lemons, peaches and pears. I pulled off a lemon and bit into it. It was as sour as ours!

I took breakfast at a fashionable watering place and went on towards Rome.

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## LIFE IN A GREAT CITY. No. 1.

W. C. FRICK.

ALL modern life, especially city life, is an extremely busy life. Indeed, it is altogether entirely too busy. We take time to think about nothing except that which immediately concerns ourselves. Thus it comes that we who live in great cities become accustomed to and pass by almost unnoticed, sights which make our rural friends shrink with horror or weep with compassion.

My first impressions of Chicago were made on July 4th several years ago. Indeed, I had gotten some impressions an hour before I struck the city. The lowlands and prairies of this part of Illinois don't begin to compare with the hills and valleys of the good old Buckeye State and I thought, "Oh, my, if Chicago is like this!"

I had been previously directed how to reach by car a certain number about five miles from the station. But I preferred to ride on my wheel, partly for pleasure and partly to keep my bearings and not get lost. Well, I got the pleasure but lost my bearings more than once. State Street was then one of the worst of Chicago's streets. Two blocks away was one of the finest streets. I preferred to brave the ups and downs of State Street because I didn't know about the other. I saw more colored people that morning than I ever dreamed lived north of the Mason-Dixon line. I concluded later that most of the white people went away to celebrate the day while the colored people celebrated at home.

But are Americans and colored people the sole residents of your great cities? By no means. Probably forty different nations are well represented in Chicago. What a world all to itself is a great city!

One-twentieth or more of a city-man's life is spent on the street cars. For this reason they are an important consideration to him. A late political campaign in Chicago was fought on the street-car issue. Last fall's campaign in Cleveland was fought on the same issue. Here in Chicago we have every variety of service, from the worst to the best, and cars, from such as our rural friends wouldn't use for a small haybarn to the finest cars in the world. It's an invigorating sight to behold one of the latter promenading one of the former through our city streets. It is generally conceded that street-car systems are operated upon a basis of greed.

Crowded cars are the delights of such a management. A car is not considered to be full until seats, aisles, and platforms are crowded to the limit, several hang about the outside and now and then some aspiring personage climbs onto the roof. In riding street cars you pay for a ride. Don't ever make the mistake of thinking you are paying for comfort as well. At such a time when some one stands on both your feet, some one else jams his elbow into your side while reaching for his fare, it's very pleasant to hear those words so familiar to a city resident, "Move up in the car, lots of room up in front."

And that suggests a comparison in the way laws are enforced in this country. There are city ordinances which say cars shall be comfortable, but the transportation companies are permitted to interpret the term comfortable just as they see fit. The law isn't enforced anywhere in this city. We judge if it had been intended to be enforced, it wouldn't have been made. On the other hand there is a law prohibiting the crowding of a church or public hall. The law is enforced simply because in the majority of instances it needs no enforcement. Did you ever see a church crowded on an ordinary occasion? If it were a common thing for churches to be crowded, judge for yourself how well the law would be enforced. Again, church-going people are generally considered to be law-abiding citizens. Judge for yourself where most people are in most danger, in crowded street cars or churches.

But why such crowded cars? Several factors operate which shouldn't even exist. One of the most important is the great army of women workers. I drop a single thought here, hoping it will move some one to write an article on the subject: "If woman was occupying her sphere, judge you how many would patronize our street cars during the so-called rush hours of the day."

Another factor is the shopping woman, so loaded with boxes and bundles you can hardly find the woman. She has shopped all day and just as the hordes of weary toilers are coming home, she suddenly discovers it is time she were home making supper and then she drags her freight into the already-crowded car, expecting some care-worn soul to vacate his well-earned seat for a thoughtless being who should have been home at least two hours before.

Still another factor is the man who persists in occupying the platform, regardless of the room there may be in the car and of the distance he is going and there are about twenty such people on each car. Think of the speed such cars are capable of making.

Cars must have ventilation. In no place better than Chicago is this fact realized (out of season, however). Just now (Nov. 5) we are granted the privilege of riding in open cars. Well-crowded cars need good ventilation. We console ourselves by thinking of

several advantages of open cars, we get first-class ventilation, we get out and in easily and quickly.

You are in a hurry this morning. Ten blocks from home a coal truck has become implanted in a mud-hole, blocking the cars in that direction. "Has the driver a union card?" "No?" "Well, the company's wreck-wagon for yours," and away drives the teamster who might have given a lift. Meanwhile you wait from a half hour to an hour on that wrecking-crew and are so much late to work as a result. "Delayed by an accident, were you? Well, that isn't my fault," and you are docked an hour or two's wages.

"Oh," you say, "such a dark picture! Is there no bright side?" Yes, the bright side is so much brighter because the dark side is so black.

None too often does a man vacate his seat in favor of a woman especially if she be young, but due respect is shown the aged. A few nights ago during the rush hour I saw the following occurrence: Two foreigners occupied a seat. An old lady entered. One of the foreigners, seeing her, motioned her to his seat, but as he attempted to rise another man was watching it intently bent on having it. Seeing this the foreigner, half standing, half sitting, drew the woman toward him, at the same time holding the intruding person away until the woman was seated. Imagine my opinion of that man to see him squeeze into the seat anyway.

Again, a hopeless cripple comes into the car, distributes cards containing verses such as you may have read, and then retracing his steps, gathers such alms as the people are inclined to give. You pity him as do others and he makes a good living. And why should he not? Neither you nor I am the poorer, indeed, we are made the better and the wants of one of the world's unfortunate ones are well supplied.



#### TRY TO EARN YOUR THANKSGIVING.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

A FRIENDLY government has made a holiday in which we may be thankful for our blessings. Most of us have something to be thankful for—usually something beyond our deserts.

I personally have to be thankful for many things that I have received from the kindly hands of my Good Father. The favor of good health has been bestowed upon me by a wise Providence; my efforts in the service of Jesus, my Savior, have been blessed and I have progressed in the higher attainments of life. Thus I have to be very thankful to the Creator for all the good gifts bestowed upon me.

We all travel the little journey from swaddling clothes to the cemetery attended by a large company of habits, which pilot us wisely or unwisely, according to their characters. The bad habits need no invitation to march in the procession. The good habits must be coaxed and cajoled to join our company.

They cannot be recruited in a day or in a week, but after a good while spent in sincere effort to secure their services, they can be won over, and thereafter made to do service for which we may be truly thankful.

On the day named in the President's proclamation we can begin to enlist a good habit. It may be the habit of reading, that has transformed many a dull, unthinking man into a useful, intellectual citizen. It may be the habit of industry, harder to secure than any other, but more immediately serviceable financially. The habit of thought will follow either of the others into our presence. We can neither read much nor work much without thinking a little.

If you choose the habit of reading, select a good book and read it slowly. Think about its meaning. If it is scientific, study its theory; if it is fiction, study its character; learn the lessons that the author, consciously or unconsciously, has put into it. Remember that the best of all men who write is in their books. Shakespeare was a pleasant, gentle personality, but had he never written he would have been forgotten in a very few years after his death. Herbert Spencer put the deep, careful thought of a long and tremendously valuable life into his books. Dickens and Thackeray and Robert Louis Stevenson and, in America, Hawthorne and Washington Irving, wrote their best thoughts in their books. It makes no difference which of these you choose, or if you choose none of them, so long as you determine to read the best literature, and to read it with enough interest to make reading a habit. At Thanksgiving Day that habit will be started. You will discover a new pleasure of life, a new interest in the men who have made civilization, and in civilization itself. And for the beginning of that one habit, though you feel that you have little else to be thankful for, you will have a reason for gratitude that will be sufficient for one Thanksgiving Day.

If you prefer to put industry ahead of knowledge, you can begin Thanksgiving Day to make it a habit. Stop putting duties off till the last minute. Try to do a little more than you are paid for, instead of considerably less. Finish today the thing you have begun, if possible. If that is not to be done, see how much more progress you can make on it than you did yesterday. Spend the hour you believed necessary for recreation at noon thinking about what you are going to do in the afternoon. Make tomorrow's work better than today's.

Industry has been made a habit with all successful men, whether they were geniuses or not. Some are born with it, but they are few. None is so brilliant or so gifted that he can accomplish anything important without it. If you have facility, which is the knack of doing things with less effort than the average man, you are especially in need of industry. Facility induces a man to slight his work, to put little



thought into it, to get through it as quickly and with as little friction as possible. And most of those who are born with facility become idlers, and finally failures, because they have relied on an inherited aptitude to do what only honest effort can do.

The gifts of the Creator to his children on the earth are so many and so varied that few need to look far for reasons for reverent thanksgiving, not only once a year, but all the time. But as humanity is first of all vain, we extract more satisfaction from blessings in the bestowal of which we feel that we have had at least a little part. An inherited fortune, recovery from illness, a good dinner, a loving, helpful wife are things which most often come to us through no merits of our own. But a good habit cannot be added to our blessings without effort on our part. Therefore, if we do no more than start to acquire one on the day of national thanksgiving, we can feel entitled to our share in that holiday with a fairly clear conscience.



#### BILLY'S TELEGRAM.

WAVES of spicy fragrance flashed through every crack and crevice of the little farmhouse, while from the kitchen came the important clatter of egg-beating and the chatter of Mrs. Hollister's excited voice.

"You needn't tell me, Melissy, that eggs don't know the difference between one of them new-fangled beaters and a fork that's been in the family ever since Billy was a kiddie big enough to stand on that there stool and lick the leavings sticking to the mixing bowl. Perhaps the machine-made ones do froth up a mite quicker, just as you can raise more chickens by an incubator than with a good old-fashioned hen, but I'll be bound they miss the cluck."

"Sakes alive, Eliza," retorted Miss Bartlett, with an impatient click of her knitting needles, "if you're going to attribute feelings to raw eggs, I'll quit!"

Mrs. Hollister laughed good-naturedly, as the silver fork with its work-worn prongs tested the stiffness of the shining piled-up whites flashing up and down the platter atilt upon the aproned knees. "I reckon I am a bit daffy this morning! But don't it often seem that way to you—like as if your own feelings spilled over on to everything about you? Land of love, the day Billy went to Centerville when I came to make up my bread the dough sucked in its breath and heaved and sighed fit to beat the circus band, and now he's coming home for Thanksgiving—well, Melissy, you can see for yourself how the smiling faces of them pans grin at you!"

Melissa turned a scornful back upon the row of jelly cake pans ranged along the table and stared stonily into space, but Mrs. Hollister, unconscious of being snubbed, began a happy-hearted song.

"Melissy," she broke off at last, "help yourself to them cookies over on the dresser. I got up betimes this morning and made the whole batch before break-

fast. To my way of thinking they're positive lumpy with raisins, but you can't get in enough to satisfy Billy."

"H-u-umph!" snorted Melissa, munching critically. "If you don't spoil that boy terrible!"

"Well, ain't he worth spoiling?" was the smiling retort, as Mrs. Hollister rose, bearing the heaped platter to the mixing-bowl on the table.

"I don't mean that Billy's an angel," she continued, gently lapping the beaten whites into the golden batter awaiting them. "He's just a real live boy, brimful and running over with mischief and teasing and playing pranks fit to beat the circus band! But he's the loveliest rascal! Thinks a heap sight of his mother and ain't ashamed to show it neither!"

Melissa's needles clicked sharply. "Nowadays young folks' affection ain't very deep." She gave an ugly little laugh. "Mother's apron strings snap pretty quick when a boy gets away at school."

"But a mother's heartstrings hold for life if they're tied right, Melissy Bartlett!"

"You needn't get huffy, Eliza," sniffed Melissa. "I only judge by what I see. There's Jim and Jack Carter—my sakes, last summer they tagged their ma's heels everywhere, and now they ain't even coming home for Thanksgiving."

"Ain't coming home for Thanksgiving?" gasped Mrs. Hollister. "I want to know!" She stood speechless, her uplifted spoon dripping the light creamy cake dough into the pan that she had begun to fill. "Why, Mrs. Carter told me herself that the boys would come on the train with Billy tomorrow morning! And she gave up the new bonnet with violet strings that she's been hankering for, just to send them an extra check so they wouldn't have to take their pin money to pay for tickets!"

"They'll have tickets to pay for all right." Melissa counted off stitches to hide a malicious smile. "I suppose Billy's wrote you as how the Centerville High School team is going down to Milton tomorrow to play football against the Academy fellows? There's to be a lot of doing at Milton, Friday, too, and Jim Carter wrote that they wouldn't miss the lark for all the turkey and pumpkin pies at Cloverdale."

"Land of love!" ejaculated Mrs. Hollister, indignantly. "As if turkey and pumpkin pie was all there is to Thanksgiving Day! I'd like to hear our Billy talking that way!"

"Jim and Jack 'lowed they might coax Billy into staying with them." The home thrust was given as she tied the strings of her hood into a tight, stiff bow.

"They're welcome to try!" snapped Mrs. Hollister. "They could coax till kingdom come and they'd never budge Billy. I can tell by his letters! Why, if the dear boy hadn't been so ambitious for an education, nothing could have kept him in Centerville all these

three homesick months, and as for you insinuating that—"

Mrs. Hollister's eyes still blazed but biting her lips she forced back the threatening torrent of angry words. "Wait a minute, Melissy," she said, abruptly, "I want that you should take one of my pumpkin pies." And she pattered hurriedly across the kitchen into the pantry shutting the door behind her.

"There, I did swallow my temper! But land of love! it went down harder than castor-oil in one of them egg-sized capsules I took when I had that bad turn last summer!" She folded one of her best fringed napkins over the golden circle of pumpkin surrounded by the flaky, fluted rim of crust. "Poor Melissy, I'm sorry I got so riled up." As she smoothed out a sheet of brown paper for the final wrapping, a growing light softly pushed away the vexation from her face. "I reckon," she said to herself, "it ain't *all* for the enemy's sake that we was told to feed him. It helps *you* a lot even to give him a snack like this!" And with her old familiar smile she pattered back into the kitchen again.

"Melissy," she said almost tenderly, "sleep on it another night—the invitation to take dinner with us tomorrow. It ain't natural to be alone Thanksgiving and father and me wants all that can to share Billy with us."

Melissa Bartlett gone, the bustle of preparation for the morrow's love feast went on with unabated breath, but a note of discord had been struck and again and again Mrs. Hollister's thoughts sang out of tune.

Would the heart-strings really hold? Had her boy already changed? A hundred questioning doubts pricked her faith and hopes.

And when the cake had been thickly spread with Billy's favorite jelly she stole stealthily into her bedroom, opened her Bible and gazed lingeringly at the baby curl she had cherished between the worn leaves.

"It kinked the prettiest way!" she murmured aloud, "and—" She gave a start, flushing like a bashful girl. "Why, father, in them rubbers you make no more noise than Tommy Atkins! I never heard you come in at all—what's happened? You look terrible down in the mouth!"

"I'm all took back by this here pesky thing in my pocket!" He fumbled in the inside of his overcoat and brought out a crumpled scrap of vivid yellow paper.

"A telegram!" cried Mrs. Hollister. "Is anything wrong with Billy?"

"Nope, the lad's all right enough. It begins that way,—'Nothing the matter'—wait till I get my specs."

Mrs. Hollister's hands impatiently played a tune on the table while her husband adjusted his spectacles with great deliberation and carefully smoothed out the paper on his knee.

"'Nothing the matter,'" he read at last in his high-pitched voice, "'but cannot come home tomorrow as

expected. Will explain later'—now what in the name of gumption does he mean by that?"

"Football!" flashed back Mrs. Hollister. "I ain't a mite suprised, not a mite! I've been feeling it coming on ever since Melissa Bartlett left!"

He gazed at her, a bewildered expression on his kind, unimaginative face. "What coming on? One of them spells like you had last summer, mother?"

"No! Feeling the telegram coming on just as plain as if I'd been one of them telegraph wires that brought it! John, the new generation is perverse, and without natural affection! Billy has stayed with them Carter boys to go to the Thanksgiving football game!"

Mr. Hollister shook his head disconsolately. "I suppose young folks will be young folks, but it won't be much like Thanksgiving without Billy, that's sartin! Still, mother," he added, attempting comfort, "it ain't as bad as though tomorrow was Christmas."

"It's worse!" declared his wife, decidedly. "Christmas belongs to everybody alike but Thanksgiving to parents most particular. Ain't it our harvest-home day? Does that only 'ply to pumpkins, and grain and fruits that perish'? Haven't fathers and mothers a right to gather in something more lasting? Since Billy was a little toddler, clinging to our hands to keep from falling haven't we been digging and watering, and trying to plant good seeds in his character? And if he turns out selfish and indifferent, and—and not caring for things that are worth while, ain't our harvest a failure just as much as though there'd been grasshoppers and dry rot and—listen! What was that?"

Clear and triumphant as the song of the first bird of springtime a meadow lark's note rose and fell in the November out-of-doors.

"It's Billy! Our Billy, John!" And Mrs. Hollister flew from the room.

"Liza, are you plumb crazy?" called her husband after her. "How can you hear Billy whistle when he's way off in Centerville!"

But the words of wisdom never reached Mrs. Hollister's ears for she had already slammed to the kitchen door, and was darting down the garden path toward the tall lad running to her with outstretched arms.

"Oh, Billy," she cried laughing and crying in the same breath, "how glad I am that you changed your mind!"

"Changed my mind?"

"Yes, dear, and came home after all. I must confess, Billy, that the telegram distressed us beyond words!"

Billy threw back his head in exuberant young laughter. "Did you and father really bite?" His roguish face twinkled with mischievous joy. "I promised to 'explain later,' so I suppose I must. You see I could not come home *tomorrow*, as expected, because I succeeded in getting off *today*!"—*S. S. Advocate*.



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## PSALMS OF THANKSGIVING.

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name: shew forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

Honour and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys

also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.—*From Psalms 96, 65 and 97.*



## "AND BE YE THANKFUL."

AGAIN we have come to that season of the year when our chief executive recounts the blessings of the past seasons and directs us to turn aside from the business of every day to express our gratitude to the One who has given us all these good things. The proclamation has been repeated by those whose authority bears more directly upon us and on down the line it has come, until every hindrance has been set aside,—every influence that would in any wise detract from the chief purpose of the day.

Having attended to the formal preliminaries of Thanksgiving, we are ready to approach the subject as it relates to our individual selves. Just as we make this an individual matter, to that degree will the real purpose of Thanksgiving be attained and a beneficent God be glorified. We may give a thought to the fact that all over the land the thankful spirit is being given expression and we may find inspiration in the thought, but we will not think *much* about what the rest of the world is doing. We will enter into the inner sanctuary of our own lives and conduct a praise service there that shall bring us into a state of abjection before our Maker and at the same time open to us anew the abundant treasures of his grace and mercy.

Of course we should be thankful every day in the year, but do not interpose that suggestion now, for it may have the effect of weakening the well of thanksgiving that should spring up and overflow in our hearts at this particular time. This tendency to think of the duties of a whole year when we should attend only to the duties of one day is likely to bring results similar to those relative to a phase of missionary endeavor. Some one becomes enthusiastic over a certain field. He is worked up to the highest pitch of inspiration and consecration, and is ready to spend and be spent for the establishing of the cause in that place. Then some one, who for some reason is able to talk very coolly and calmly on the subject, suggests that there are other fields just as needy,—for instance, the people at home have not all been converted yet. The enthusiast is honest, he wants to be fair, but in his endeavor to spread himself impartially over the whole field, no place is materially benefited.

So now, let us not talk about being thankful the other days in the year. If our thanksgiving and consequent reconsecration are as full and complete as it is possible for them to be, the influence is bound to

reach out, just as one's zeal in planting the Gospel in one place is bound to be an inspiration to the work in all other places. The business of the day is a talk with God. We speak about heart-to-heart talks. That is the only kind of communion God holds with his creatures. And when we consent to look at ourselves in the same way, there will be no doubt about our observing Thanksgiving Day.



#### THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits, and humbly to implore his protection and favor: And whereas both houses of congress have, by their joint committee, requested me "To recommend to the people of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed with acknowledging with grateful hearts the many signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness."

Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday the twenty-sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being, who is beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be: That we may all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks for his kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies, and the favorable interpositions of his providence in the course and conclusion of the late war:—for the great degree of tranquillity, union, and plenty, which we have since enjoyed:—for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted:—for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge:—and in general, for all the great and various favors which he hath been pleased to confer upon us. And also, that we may then unite in most humble offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of nations, and beseech him to pardon our national and other transgressions;—to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually:—to render our national government a blessing to all the people, by constantly being a government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, directly and faithfully obeyed;—to protect all sovereigns and nations, (especially such as have shown kindness unto us,) and to bless them with good governments, peace and concord—to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and

the increase of science among them and us;—and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as he alone knows to be best.

Given under my hand at the City of New York, the third day of October, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-Nine.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.



#### GOD'S HAND IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

"By me kings reign, and princes decree justice." Leslie M. Shaw, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, has had an intimate acquaintance with three chief executives, and one day, says the *Saturday Evening Post*, he was telling Mr. Roosevelt about the other two. "Mr. President," said Mr. Shaw, "it seems to me that in the matter of the man in the White House God has always been very good to this country. Partisan though I am, I believe that if Mr. McKinley had been president when Mr. Cleveland was, we would have had free silver, and, by the same token, I believe that if Cleveland had been president when McKinley was, we would never have taken up the cause of bleeding Cuba against Spain." Mr. Roosevelt thought it over, and finally declared that he believed Mr. Shaw was right. "Yes, sir," continued Mr. Shaw, "God has been very good to this country in the matter of the men he put into the White House, and I believe—" here Mr. Shaw leaned over and laid his hand impressively on the President's knee—"I believe he still is." For some moments Mr. Roosevelt looked long at the man from Iowa. "Mr. Shaw," he at last answered, "I have great confidence in him."—*Exchange*.



#### THE "FUNNY" PAGE.

MUCH of the wickedness for which the father punishes his son during the week has been learned from the colored supplement whose pages they laughed over together on Sunday. The character of these supplements becomes steadily worse as the years go by. They consist in a series of inexpressibly vulgar pictures which exalt every possible form of boyish folly. Deviltry is shown triumphant, while youthful righteousness is invariably brought to grief. Disrespect for parents and old age is set up week after week as something smart and worthy of emulation. Coming to the children at the most impressionable age, given the approval of laughter by their elders, these pictures exercise a harmful influence whose extent cannot be measured. There is nothing good to be said for any part of the Sunday paper, filling, as it does, the minds of the toilers with sensational rubbish on the one day that they have to read. Every part of it represents intellectual dissipation, but the comic supplement carries moral poison. Those who have not enough respect for their minds to prevent them from reading the paper owe it to their children to burn the supplement at least.—*Home Herald*.





## Some Talks with Fathers

Catharine Beery Van Dyke

### Approbation vs. Faultfinding.

"Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus write: I know thy works and thy labor and thy patience and how thou canst not bear them which are evil: and thou hast tried them which say they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars: and hast borne and hast patience, and for my name's sake hast laboured and hast not fainted. Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Remember, therefore, whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the first works: or else I will come unto thee quickly and will remove thy candle stick out of his place, except thou repent. But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes which I also hate. . . . To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God." Rev. 2: 1-7.

A great many children are driven from bad to worse by the manner in which they are approached by their fathers about their misdemeanors. It seems to be more common with fathers than with mothers to lose their tempers and sometimes their good sense when occasion calls them to meet their children on the grounds of discipline. A wife of a Christian man—a good man—once told me that her husband became infuriated when he came to deal with the children concerning their faults. I think it was not because he did not love his children. I can see two reasons for this. Perhaps there are more.

In the first place, the average father is with the children so little in a constant way and so lacks the self-discipline which disciplining others ought to bring to a person, that he does not enter upon the work in a proper frame of mind. In the second place, the matter may be so presented to him that, by a feeling of loyalty to his wife, disappointment in his children or annoyance at the situation in itself, he is aroused to an undue or hasty condemnation of the offenders. Both of these conditions, however, ought to be subdued, and with thoughtful self-control the man should take up his part of the business of child-training in such a manner as to find himself and the child the better for the contact.

Too often when a father meets his child to correct or punish or help him, it is with a look of anger spread all over his face. This terrorizes or else in turn angers the child and the relation is not one conducive to best results. Sometimes he meets him with an uncontrolled tone of voice, with words at once of condemnation or shame: "A big fellow like you!" "It's a pity you must be brought to me." "Aren't you ashamed that you hurt your mother's feelings?"

It's all right to teach a boy to be loyal to his mother when it is done in a proper way, but when appealed to in this manner she must seem to the boy like a sort of tattle-tale-sissy and I fear the result will not be real loyalty, even though he is ashamed of something. Or, if the offense happens to be against the father, he is apt to make some ironclad vows which will have a tendency to embarrass him when he returns to a state of calm reflection.

The mother must put up with a multitude of irregularities in the conduct of the children that the father does not even need to know about—not that she does not at all times need his coöperation and sympathy in this great work, but because in the plan of the Infinite, it is her highest and foremost duty constantly to foster and guide and be near to the children. But while a man's business usually causes him to be much away from home and children, it is still his commission to "rule his own household well."

I have chosen the scripture at the head of this article to serve as a copy for fathers in meeting their children in their errors and waywardnesses. While it was really the purpose to warn and to correct the fault of the church of Ephesus, Christ authorizes the angel to say for him: "I know thy works and thy labor and thy patience and how thou canst not bear them that are evil," etc., "for my name's sake." "Works," "labor," "patience," hating them that are "evil for my name's sake," surely these were good qualities of the church and the child has not always been wholly bad.

There are few children who have had a fair show in the home but have had, at times, a sincere interest in

the family and its affairs, no matter how grievous is the present fault to be dealt with, and these children can, in all probability, be successfully appealed to, in the manner in which Christ dealt with the church of Ephesus. Their "works" in the interest of the home have counted for a good deal, their daily "labor" often meant sacrifice to themselves; and it was for your sake and the sake of right that they have often withstood evil. They themselves, perhaps, have often had "patience" with other members of the family. They are not altogether, teetotally bad. Let such thoughts possess you as you approach your child.

Do not approach him in haste, thinking all evidence is against him. Be compassionate. Ask wisdom of God who is your Father and who, if he dealt as severely with you, according to your worth, as you naturally feel like doing with your child, might make it exceedingly uncomfortable for you.

At any rate, let your child know that no matter what the offense has been, no matter what the punishment must be, it will be given deliberately and for the sole purpose of his improvement.

After commending their virtues, Christ says: "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee because thou hast left thy first love." Now, with the child feeling that you appreciate his former good conduct, he will be in a better state of heart and frame of mind to receive your disapproval of the error at issue. Here is a place where parents often make a mistake—the mistake of condemning the person instead of the act. If you put the condemnation on the deed you can soon get the child on your side against the wrong which was done, while, if you condemn him, you fight alone and are divided against your child whom you ought to win.

Notice Christ's appeal again: "Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen and repent," etc., "or else—." Then show the child again what the consequence of his own conduct will be if persisted in. Again his mercy is on the side of the erring Church as if he were really looking for the good things in it. "But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds—which I also hate." As soon as the boy sees you recognize that you and he have something in common he will begin to relent, take my word for it—no, don't take my word for it, but prove it for yourself.

Now the beautiful wind-up of this dealing with the church of Ephesus: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

Inspire the child to overcome. A child likes to be put on his mettle and when he knows he has his father's sympathy and approval he'll work like a hero.

### BENEATH THE STARS.

All day the pressing cares of busy life,  
Its petty ills, perplexities and strife  
Have claimed me; but as now at night I stand,  
And note the shadows deepen o'er the land,  
Earth's weary noise and turmoil seem to cease;  
All things are touched with dew's of heavenly peace,  
Beneath the quiet stars.

Gate after gate of glory swings aside,  
Revealing starry vistas open wide;  
The heavens seem by feet of angels trod,  
And all the universe instinct with God.  
Ah, who would think that one could cherish aught  
Impure or base, either of deed or thought,  
Beneath those holy stars?

O awe-inspiring, deep, majestic night!  
The things of time and sense fade from my sight;  
Mysterious voices float with far-off sound,  
Infinity seems opening all around;  
And face to face with the Eternal One,  
My soul in reverence says, "Thy will be done,"  
Beneath the solemn stars.

—Viola E. Smith.



### HELPFUL HINTS.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

*To Clean Mica in Stove Doors.*—When the mica in a stove door becomes discolored by smoke, it can be easily cleaned by washing it in strong vinegar, and rinsing in warm water.



*To Keep Liquid Glue.*—Liquid glue may be kept from evaporation and drying, and other annoyances prevented, by sealing it up air-tight after using each time, and always be ready for instant use when wanted. Glue two pieces of writing paper together, give one side of this double sheet a coating of the glue, and press firmly down upon the top of the bottle. This seals the glue up air-tight, and it will keep as well as if never opened. Always wash the brush before putting away.



*For Icy Walks.*—Hot sand is an improvement over either rock salt or coal ashes for sprinkling on icy walks, being fully as effective as the others and much more cleanly. Salt is good if the first application will loosen the ice so that it can be removed at once; otherwise the result is a damp, dirty mixture to be tracked into the house. Coal ashes on a walk keeps every house in the neighborhood dirty from the ashes brought in on boots. The ice condition may be greatly improved by going out when the sun is shining, in the early afternoon and removing all the loosened ice.



The average person is unaware that milk from cows eating frost-bitten grass will give to infants consuming the milk a severe diarrhea; and in one case which has come to the writer's notice, meningitis. The only prevention, if the cow is not one's own, is a change of food until after the cow is stabled.—Lewiston (Maine) Journal.



Here is a word of warning that is a new idea to me, although I have lived in a dairy community more than forty years. I do not know whether it is correct or not.

*Belfast, Maine.*



### THE EVER-USEFUL NEWSPAPER.

FOR polishing lamp chimneys, windows and stoves, nothing excels them.

To clean glass water bottles or any kind of bottle or cruet, tear up a newspaper into shreds. Put this in the bottle. Pour on it some warm soap suds with a pinch of soda added. Shake often.

Put papers between your flower plants and the windows on cold nights.

Put newspapers between comforters on beds on cold nights. They are light and hold the heat.

Put newspapers under the carpets. When you clean house take up your carpets, roll up papers and dirt with them. It saves work.

I use newspapers to cover the top of the kitchen table when cooking a meal. After your work is done gather up the paper and throw it away and underneath is a perfectly clean table.

Wet newspapers, tear them into shreds and throw them on the carpet before sweeping; the dust collects on them instead of flying in the air, besides making the carpet look brighter.

Cut newspapers into small pieces and stuff hammock pillows with them.

Woolen clothing thoroughly cleaned and securely wrapped in newspapers is perfectly safe against the ravages of the invidious moth, and lacks the disagreeable odor of the various preventives in common use.

Fastened across the shoulders and chest before putting on one's coat the newspaper makes an excellent protection against cold when obliged to be out for any length of time.

It is a fine polisher for windows and mirrors and equally good to rub the stove with. It is a good idea to remove the grease from cooking utensils, inside and out with a piece of newspaper, before putting them into the dish water.

A fresh lining daily of newspapers in the garbage can keeps that vessel sightly and sanitary.

Several newspapers spread around the sink while dishwashing is going on is a better plan than having to wipe that part of the floor with a mop several times a day.

Spread a newspaper under your lamps when filling them, and lay one on top of your table to catch vegetable parings. It is much easier to catch up the paper and dispose of its contents than to clean the table

again or wash another receptacle. And so on, *ad infinitum*. Always keep a pile of newspapers at hand.

You can save soap and chamois skins and keep your brass, nickel and copper, faucets, teakettles, tea and coffee pots and nickel on stoves bright as polished gold and silver all the time by polishing them with old newspapers. Clean them thoroughly and immediately polish them with the old newspapers, then each day afterwards (preferably after dishwashing in the morning), rub each up a little with the papers; only a few seconds required, when it is done every morning. Notice how they will shine and never get tarnished.

After polishing these, use same paper to rub over the top of cooking ranges. You won't have to black with stove polish except once in a while, especially if you use the coffee left over after breakfast to wet an old rag and wipe over the top of range, and then polish with the newspapers, thus saving stove polish and hard labor.

Then throw the paper into chip basket to help kindle fire in the range in the morning. We save scouring our draining board next the sink, by putting fresh clean papers every morning on it and setting the dishes on that, as we take them from the dining room and again after washing and wiping, before taking to pantry.

On the shelves of our tin closet we put papers and save the scouring of those. They are always clean; these are some of the many uses of old newspapers that save much work.—*Collected*.

## The Children's Corner

### CONTENTMENT.

#### (A Thanksgiving Verse for Boys and Girls.)

A little bird sat on a tree,  
And sang this song right merrily:  
"I'm glad, as glad as I can be,  
That I'm a bird upon a tree."

A pretty golden butterfly  
Among the blossoms fluttered by,  
And asked her mate, who wandered nigh:  
"Who would not be a butterfly?"

A tiny little daisy-flower  
Unclosed her eyes when passed the shower,  
And smiled to feel the sun's warm power;  
"It is so sweet to be a flower."

A gentle, playful summer breeze  
Blew o'er the fields and stirred the trees,  
And whispered to each one of these:  
"Don't you wish you could be a breeze!"

And Jack, a chubby little boy,  
With romping dog and rattling toy,  
Cried out, with shouts of keenest joy,  
"It's jolly fine to be a boy."

—Donald A. Fraser, in the November Delineator.

## HELPING MAMMA.

IDA M. HELM.

THE merry words of "The Grape-vine Swing" came in sweet notes from Miriam's throat and rang through the whole house, as she ran hastily down the stairs. She was a care-free girl. All her life she had been permitted to do about as she pleased. Today, as she reached the foot of the stairs, she saw her mamma coming into the living room. "Please don't sing, dear, grandma has a headache and the noise makes it ache harder," said she. "Where are you going?" she questioned when she saw that Miriam had her hood, coat and mittens in her hands. "The girls are going skating and they want me to go with them," answered she. "I was counting on having you help me," said her mamma, "grandma will need all of my care today and baby is fretful. I thought perhaps you would take care of him."

A shadow came over Miriam's face. "The girls are all going and oh, I do want to go so much. Please let me go, mamma," pleaded she.

"If you love yourself and the girls better than you love grandma, mamma and baby brother, go and I will do the best I can caring for grandma and baby," said mamma.

Just then Miriam imagined she heard a faint sob coming from grandma's room; she had a tender little heart though her strong self-will did seem to predominate sometimes, "I believe grandma heard me and she is crying about it," thought she, and she felt a twinge of conscience. "I'll stay and take care of little brother," said she. Then she tiptoed into grandma's room to see whether she was crying. No, she had sobbed because her head pained so badly, she had not heard Miriam's words. "I'm glad she did not hear me, and I'm glad that I decided to stay at home and help mamma," thought she, and she went and put her coat and hood away. Then she took her little brother in her lap and cared for him all the day long, and her mamma took care of grandma. In the evening grandma's head was better and baby was sleeping soundly. Miriam felt sure that she was happier than she would have been if she had spent the whole day skating and enjoying herself with the girls.

After supper her mamma told her this story: "A long time ago, about sixteen hundred and fifty years before Jesus was born into this world, across the great ocean in far-away Egypt, a little boy was born. He was a goodly, beautiful child and his mother was much concerned for him, for she dearly loved her little baby and the wicked African ruler had commanded that all the little Hebrew boy babies should be thrown into the River Nile. The mother's name was Jochebed and she began immediately to contrive means by which she might save her baby from the cruel edict of the king, and she risked her life and kept him hid three months and he grew stout and

hearty. Then she could no longer keep him hid so she made a little boat-cradle, they called it an ark. She made it of bulrushes, a plant that was extensively cultivated along the Nile, from which skiffs suitable for navigating the shallow places of the Nile were sometimes constructed. She had to make the boat-cradle water-proof, so she daubed it with slime and with pitch, then she put the baby into it and put it among the flags—river weeds—that were growing by the river's brink.

"Moses, the baby, had a sister named Miriam. She was perhaps twelve or thirteen years old. She loved her little brother and wanted to do all she could to help her parents in their efforts to save him, so she went and stood at a distance from the river, but close enough so that she could plainly see the little boat-cradle looking very much like a large chunk of Nile mud. She stood and watched to see what would become of her brother. Soon a fine lady, a princess, came down to bathe in the Nile. The princess was attended by her maidens and they walked along by the river side. The king's daughter saw the little mud-ark and she sent one of her maids to fetch it. The maid brought it and gave it to the princess and she herself opened it and, lo, she saw a beautiful little baby. As soon as the basket was opened he made himself heard, his lusty little lungs were not given to him for nothing, and he wept.

"The princess knew it was a Hebrew child and she knew about the wicked mandate that her father, the king, had given, but her heart was filled with pity for the helpless child thus thrown on her mercy. Miriam saw the princess open the little ark and she knew that if she purposed to save the child she would employ some woman to nurse it, so she hastened to her side and offered to call a nurse of the Hebrew women. Miriam's heart must have beat high with mingled thankfulness, joy and hope, for the princess bade her go. She ran quickly and brought her mother, and the princess offered to pay her wages if she would take the child and nurse it for her.

"What a happy family they must have been, for they had their little boy back in their home again and it was under the protection of the king's daughter, and they had no need to fear that the authorities would come and take him and throw him into the river. When he grew large enough to understand, Jochebed had a chance to teach him the history of the Hebrews. The whole plan was doubtless the overruling providence of God. The parents, the sister, the ark, the baby's cry, the sympathetic heart of the princess, all were instruments in God's hands for accomplishing his purpose. And, Miriam," continued mamma, "you and I can work for God just as the Miriam of the Bible and her mamma worked for him by faith so long ago. Today God *wants* us to work for him."

After Miriam had gone to bed, she thot to herself,



"The Bible Miriam helped her mamma and my name is Miriam. I'm glad I stayed at home and helped mamma take care of baby today. I must be true to my name."

Ashland, Ohio.

## For SUNDAY READING

### AUTUMN.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

The autumn leaves are falling,  
My heart expands to sing,  
This is a solemn warning  
To every earthly thing.  
We've had our day of summer,  
And springtime in its place,  
And soon must meet the winter,  
In honor or disgrace.

If we have stored our garner  
And precious wheat lies there,  
We have no fear of hunger  
Or feelings of despair.  
The God of justice ruleth,  
And giveth to each one  
According to his labor,  
Or timely service done.



### CHARITY FOR THE HETERODOX.—Luke 10: 25-37.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Two things in human nature are peculiarly humiliating. First, animosity between men is intense in proportion to the nearness of the relationship. No quarrels are so bitter as those in the same family. Secondly, men are more unforgiving towards those who differ from them in opinion than towards those who have done some actual wrong. A criminal may be pardoned, but for a heretic there is no quarter. The bitterness of the *odium theologicum* has passed into a proverb. It seems to be one of the delusions by which Satan cheats us, that hatred of heresy passes with us as zeal for the truth.

If we happen to be of the number of those who say *Shibboleth*, woe to the man who says, *Sibboleth* in our presence! War to the knife will show him how we love the truth. The Jews of old were comparatively tolerant of Greeks and Romans, of Assyrians and Babylonians; they fraternized to a criminal extent with the grossly idolatrous Canaanites, the worshippers of Baal and Astarte; but towards the Samaritans—who were worshippers of the true God, who held the Pentateuch, who were only slightly alienated either in blood or religion—they had the most intense and bitter hatred.

Our Lord's parable of the Good Samaritan, therefore, seems intended to teach a lesson somewhat different from that general love to enemies which is in-

culcated in the Sermon on the Mount, different even from that universal brotherhood of man, in illustration of which it is often quoted. The "lawyer," who furnished the occasion for this most beautiful parable, was glib enough in regard to the general duties of humanity. He would have been among the foremost to applaud the saying of that noble Roman, "*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" (I am a man; whatever concerns a man concerns me) He read the law aright,—that the whole duty of man was comprised in supreme love to God, and in such love to our neighbor as we bear to ourselves. But he found it hard to believe that these hated Samaritans could be his neighbors. Even when compelled to admit that in one instance, at least, a Samaritan had done a neighborly act, and had shown himself a neighbor indeed, the orthodox religionist gives a most reluctant assent. Our Lord had described the conduct of three several parties—the Priest, the Levite, and the Samaritan—towards the man who had been wounded, and turning to the lawyer, asked him to say distinctly which of these had shown himself truly the neighbor to the one in distress. Was it the Priest, the Levite, or the Samaritan? The lawyer unable to evade the conclusion, yet unwilling to let the hateful name pass his lips, replied by a mean, half-hearted circumlocution,—"*He that had mercy on him!*"

Why not say at once, "The Samaritan"? His Jewish bigotry made that name stick in his throat. The *odium theologicum* rose up and choked the utterance. He could admit the truth in general terms, of whoever would do such a deed of mercy, but not specifically of "the Samaritan." He had still at heart the feeling of his co-religionists, on another occasion, who, when they wished to express their extreme abhorrence of Jesus, exclaimed, "Say we not well that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?" The taint of heterodoxy was in their eyes, and in the eyes of this lawyer, the one unpardonable sin. Better to be a heathen, an idolater, a blasphemer, an atheist, than "a Samaritan"!

Such was the feeling, if not expressed in so many words; such is too often the feeling, in all ages of the world, among all sects; such is one of the humiliating perversities of poor human nature. We are less tolerant of those who almost hold with us, but yet differ from us, than of those who are entirely outside of our vale; we are less tolerant of those who differ from us in religious creed, than of those who are guilty of actual crime.

Jesus would teach us to be charitable towards those who are not orthodox. This seems to be the peculiar lesson of the Good Samaritan. Not that we should be indifferent to the truth of religious opinions, or to the purity of religious worship, but that Christian sects should dwell more upon the points in which they agree, and less upon those in which they differ, and that we

should never shrink from fraternizing with one of a kindly heart, because he happens to be a Samaritan; because he says Sibboleth instead of Shibboleth; because he does not belong to our particular corridor in the household of faith.



### BIGGER PRAYERS.

OUR prayers are too small. They are sincere enough and good enough—what there is of them—but they are too small. They lack size and scope. There are many prayers that do not reach beyond our own threshold; and millions, probably, that never stretch beyond the walls of our church. And some prayers touch only the soul's need; some only the body's claim. Some prayers seek our neighbor's salvation, but forget his pantry; others remember his stomach, but forget his soul. One prayer seeks a glorious revival of religion, but forgets to vote out the saloon; while another seems marvelously exercised over the heathen in China, but just as marvelously silent about the out-of-works at home. We want bigger prayers.

But is there not force in the objection that humanity cannot possibly be exercised over so many things; so if it is that in covering such a territory the interest in any one place must necessarily be pretty small? It is possible that most of us have met individuals who were interested in a thousand different things, but who were not specially interested in anything. And yet it seems universally recognized that such individuals are not normal; in fact, it is almost universally held that this lukewarmness is an indisputable evidence of some most undesirable deficiency. Great souls feel greatly. Insensitiveness is a sign of degeneracy, and not a token of progress. If we care to investigate the matter, we shall probably find that the individual whose lack of interest gives force to the objection, would manifest little or no increase of interest, even if we restricted his sphere of interest to a very small portion of its present area. The lack of interest arises from something within the man.

Greatness in man is characterized by both intension and extension. The great man is great souled, and he feels greatly. The soul puts itself into all its feelings. There are no little things to a big man. Hercules reveals himself in his hand-grip as well as in his cleaning of Augean stables. And true greatness cannot be kept at home; the taller a man the wider his field of vision will be. The great souls of all ages have ever been going upon pilgrimages to other lands. Your true missionary is willing to live and die amongst the people of his choice, even if their skin be of a darker hue and their habits far removed from his. This, then, is one thing we may remember, to get bigger prayers we must get bigger men. A prayer is like a rifle-ball, it cannot be bigger than the rifle in which it is used. The calibre of the man settles the size of his prayers.

And the size of a prayer cannot be measured by the pendulum's swing. A prayer might be a mile long, and no thicker than the strand of a spider's web. A man may pray all night, and never a syllable reach the ear of God. And the volume is no better gauge than the length. The prayer that is shouted may not be nearly as loud as the prayer that is sobbed. To make God hear, we do not need to batter down the church walls with the thunder of our amens. We have no special objection to a noisy prayer, and no special love for a silent one; the noise and the silence are alike immaterial. What does count, however, is the man in the prayer, and this counts always. The heart in earnest is always sure of a hearing; but we must throw the whole strength of our manhood into our prayers if we would have them reach the throne of God.

And there is a reflex action in this. Bigger men make bigger prayers; and bigger prayers in turn make bigger men. No man can throw his whole heart into a petition for the heathen abroad without becoming a little more of a true missionary himself. No man can pray honestly and fervently for the poor about him without becoming a little more like the Good Samaritan. When the rich man bows at the mercy-seat he gets nearer to man as well as to God, and prayer has proved itself one of the most potent solvents of all social problems. And the solving power lies in the production of a larger manhood. Littleness and meanness are well-nigh synonymous; greatness and magnanimity also mean much the same.

Is it not time that we pulled up the tent-pins of our old prayers and set them farther out? It may be that our prayers today are smaller even than the prayers of our earlier faith. Surely today we ought to have a broader vision, a deeper sympathy, a wider range of interest, and a stronger, tenderer love. "Thy kingdom come" should have worlds more of meaning in it for us today than it did years ago. Has it? The boy outgrows his clothes; the man outgrows his prayers. The boy's clothes may not be out-worn, they may be good as far as they go, but they are outgrown. We are persuaded that if we had all grown as God intended us to, there would be many a church that today is ample to hold its congregation which would have been outgrown years ago, and the people called Methodists would have covered much more of the Master's territory than they now occupy, and from the bigger men produced there would have come bigger leaders to marshal the Lord's hosts for successful attacks upon every form of evil.—*Christian Guardian*.



It is his moral attitude toward his work which lifts the workman above the fatalities of time and chance, so that, whatever fortune befall the labor of his hands, the travail of his soul remains undefeated and secure.—*Bliss Perry*.





## Echoes from Everywhere

The thirty-second annual meeting of the American Humane Association was held in New Orleans last week. The first half of the meeting was devoted to the interests of the work for children, the second to that for animals.

New South Wales has reason to be proud of the fact that during the past seven years out of a total number of passengers carried on her railways of 258,620,836, only one has been killed in a railway accident.

According to the will of the late Geo. F. Parkman, the city of Boston gets \$5,000,000 for the maintenance of public parks. The money will be used to improve and maintain the famous Boston Common and other parks.

An anti-alcohol union of workmen and railroad employes has been formed in seven European countries with a total membership of 7,600. None but total abstainers are admitted. Sweden heads the list with 4,300 members. Finland comes next with 1,300.

The Illinois Central Railroad has recently announced that its terminal in Chicago is to be electrified. This is considered an important victory for the public in their agitation against the smoke nuisance. It is estimated that the cost of electrification without power generation will amount to nearly \$4,000,000.

The new divorce law, increasing the period of residence from six months to one year, was carried on Nov. 3, in South Dakota, by a vote of two to one. Hereafter Sioux Falls will hardly be so much sought as a place of residence by those wishing to secure an easy divorce by short methods.

The pay-as-you-enter cars possess other advantages besides that of securing fares which are ordinarily lost to the company. It is reported that the introduction of this type on the Chicago City Railway has reduced the number of fatal accidents by over sixteen per cent. It has also reduced the number of less serious accidents due to getting on and off the car.

Plans whereby the blind residents of Chicago may become self-supporting wage-earners are being made by the Chicago Woman's Club. A workshop and industrial school for the blind, similar to the institutions of Cleveland, New York and other cities, with competent instructors in weaving, basket-making, cane-seating, sewing, carpentry and many other trades, is to be established. There are about 2,500 blind people in Chicago and it is safe to say that no more than 100 of these are engaged in paying, profitable occupations. Fifty per cent, at least, of the others are able-bodied except for the defect in sight. If the Chicago Woman's Club's plans are sufficiently extended and successful they will be able to give pleasurable and profitable employment to most of this number.

The people of New Zealand are now complaining that under the socialistic régime the birth-rate of the country is rapidly declining, it having dropped from 41 to 27 per thousand in the last eight years. The minister of labor has issued a report on these "staggering statistics," in which he expresses the fear that unless measures are taken to increase interest in the family life the industries will shrink instead of expanding.

During the first eight months of 1907 the output of Chicago breweries amounted to 3,292,678 barrels; during the same eight months of 1908 the output of the same breweries amounted to 3,144,496 barrels, showing a decrease for Chicago breweries alone of 148,182 barrels in eight months. During the month of August, 1908, only 480,355 barrels were produced, showing a decrease of 47,797 barrels as compared with the month of August, 1907. Does it prohibit?

Le Mans, France, Nov. 13.—Wilbur Wright, the American aeroplanist, succeeded this afternoon for the first time in making a start with his flying machine without the use of the derrick previously employed for this purpose. He circled the field twice on this flight and then came to the ground. It was in order to comply with the conditions imposed by the Sarthe Aero Club for trials for the club's prize of \$200 for a flight for height that Wright abandoned the derrick. When Wright descended the commissioners appointed to witness the trial announced that the prize would be awarded him.

The government of the Australian commonwealth is very anxious to secure more population for the country. The exclusion tactics adopted under the laborite policy have discouraged immigration, but now special efforts are to be made to attract settlers from Europe. Advertisements are to be published in the English papers telling of the advantages of life in Australia and immigration bureaus are to be maintained which will secure recruits for the colony and advance passage money and land-warrants to the deserving ones. Australia could get plenty of Asiatics but the sentiment against them is even more bitter than in America.

Paris authorities have discovered that the telephone system of the city is largely controlled by the nervous system of the telephone girls. The majority of these girls live alone and neglect their proper meals, and in consequence subscribers suffer from the telephone girls' nerves more than is necessary. The telephone officials, to remedy this condition of affairs, have organized cantens to provide their girls with luncheon and dinner at 12 cents and 14 cents a meal, consisting of roast beef and mutton, and plenty of sweets. The authorities have drawn the line at caramels, which, says the official circular, "tend to disorganize the service." Subscribers' complaints, it is stated, have diminished 30 per cent since the innovation.

Tsze Hsi An, Dowager Empress of China, died Nov. 15. She had been in ill health for some time, but it is believed her death was hastened by the news of the death of her nephew, Kuang-Hsu, the Emperor of China, a few days previous. Tsze Hsi An was considered the most powerful woman in the world. She was the fifth wife of a former emperor and since his death in 1861 has practically ruled that great kingdom, and by her wonderful diplomacy, merciless as it was matchless, China has emerged from mediævalism to modernity. Pu-Yi, the three-year-old son of Prince Chun, regent of the empire, has been placed on the throne. The Dowager Empress was in her seventy-fourth year.

With an instrument that will send a message 180 miles and register a signal in the cab of a moving locomotive, the Union Pacific believes it has solved one of the most valuable problems in the campaign for the prevention of accidents on railroads. The device is the invention of Dr. F. H. Milliner, electrical engineer, who has been experimenting at the Union Pacific shops in Omaha for two or three years. Dr. Milliner has now so far perfected his patent that any number of locomotives on the same track may be equipped with the signals and yet only the one which it is intended to reach will receive the signal. The device consists of a neat contrivance placed in the cab by which a station agent may signal a train between stations and advise the engineer of impending danger. A bell and a red light are used for the signal, and these are operated by wireless telegraphy. The new signal is worked in connection with the block signal device.

The paper war in the United States is seriously affecting the traffic returns of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario railway. At the commencement of the year the commissioners of the railway estimated that during the present 12 months 50,000 cords of pulp wood would be shipped over the road. These estimates were based on the actual contracts made with American buyers. The trouble in the paper world across the line has, however, led to only a very small proportion of that amount being shipped, although the wood has been cut by the settlers and delivered at various points on the railway. The position is a serious one. If the wood is not shipped soon it will become worthless. The railway authorities have done all in their power to get the buyers to take the wood out, and a large quantity has been barked, but very little has been shipped so far.

The temporary roll call of the House of Representatives for the Sixty-first Congress has been completed and published. It presents a complete list of members of the new House as shown by unofficial returns, and gives the politics of all of them. According to this publication the next House will consist of 219 Republicans and 172 Democrats, a total of 391, as against a total of 389 in the House during the last session, of whom 223 were Republicans and 166 Democrats. The result is a net loss of four from the Republican side and a net gain of six on the Democratic side, the discrepancy being due to present vacancies. All told, the Democrats gained seventeen districts and the Republicans twelve. The most marked advance made by the Democrats was in Indiana. Of the thirteen members constituting the Indiana delegation, only two will be Republicans in the next Congress, whereas in the present Congress there are eight Republicans from that State.

Although it is early as yet to compare the cost of operation of electric and steam locomotives, enough has transpired to indicate that the electric locomotives cost considerably less. It takes 30,000 miles of running to wear down the tires of an electric locomotive 1-32 of an inch, whereas that amount of wear will take place in from 8,000 to 9,000 miles on steam locomotives. It is not necessary to give the electric locomotive a round-house inspection at the end of every day's work. They are inspected at the end of every thousand-mile run, and the work can be done in about three and a half hours.

A London man has recently patented a process for making a fuel of peat and coal which will make a good fire and yet give off no smoke. His method is to take one-third part, by weight, of wet peat and two-thirds part of fine coal, place them in a retort and heat to about 850 degrees, Fahrenheit. This temperature drives off the hydrocarbons that make smoke and the coal, fusing, binds the peat into a coherent mass which may be easily ignited and which burns in an ordinary grate without producing smoke. The inventor uses the gases driven off from the peat and coal for heating the retort in which they are placed, thus making the process to a fair degree economical.

Election day in Cuba, Nov. 14, passed off quietly. The result of the election is unquestioned, General Gomez, the liberal candidate, being elected by a substantial majority. The orderliness on election day and since augurs well for the second attempt of the island in independent government. The government of intervention will make preparations for evacuation soon, as the newly-elected officials are to take charge Jan. 14.

Nov. 15 attorneys for the Standard Oil Company were formally notified that the government will take the case in which a fine of \$29,240,000 was imposed to the United States Supreme Court. The notice was served upon John S. Miller and Moritz Rosenthal, announcing that application will be made for a writ of certiorari Nov. 30. District Attorney Sims who has been in consultation with Attorney General Bonaparte at Washington is confident that the \$29,240,000 fine will be sustained by the Supreme Court and that the judgment of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals will be reversed.

No more reciprocity treaties are to be negotiated until the policy of Congress is changed. The government decided a few days ago to go even farther and reciprocity will not be discussed until there is some assurance that Congress will give the subject favorable consideration. A committee appointed by Secretary Root, of which President James of the University of Illinois is a member, met in Washington recently for the purpose of formulating a programme for the fourth international American conference, which will be held at Buenos Ayres in 1910. After full consultation with leading administration officials the committee decided that the subject of reciprocity should not be discussed by the United States at the forthcoming international conference.



"CHILDREN in Italy are not allowed to rub their eyes. When an infant bursts into tears no effort is made to repress the emotion, but the youngster is allowed to have its cry out. It is asserted that this beautifies the eyes and makes them clear, while rubbing the eyes injures them in many ways."



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE BEE AS A SOCIALIST.

That a beehive is "a perfect example of the equalitarian product of state socialism" is the opinion of Prof. Gaston Bonnier, of the University of Paris, expressed in an article contributed to the Independent (New York, October 8). Professor Bonnier's anecdotes of bees and accounts of experiments that he himself has tried on them, are interesting, but not as original as the conclusion that he states in his closing paragraphs. Professor Bonnier's study of socialism among bees leads him to hope that the system will not be adopted widely in human society. He says:

"The isolated bee is without individuality. It is only the colony as a whole which possesses any individuality. All the bees of a hive, all the workers, perform the same task, because they obey a collective order. But the hives themselves differ from one another. I might give many examples of this, but I will confine myself to one. It may happen in a bad season that you will notice that all the hives of an apiary are, with one single exception, inactive. At this one hive you will see the workers flying in and out, 'as busy as a bee.' The reason is that the searchers of this hive have been so keen-sighted or so lucky as to discover, perhaps two or three miles away, a field of blooming colza, which the searchers of the other hives had overlooked.

"We may liken a bee colony to a sort of mammal whose constituent elements are being constantly renewed, which preserves its general form and its own individuality. It resembles a human being with a slow-moving brain, for we have seen that the ruling committee requires considerable time before a decision is made and carried out. Again, the individual bee does not reproduce itself. What is reproduced is the individual formed by the whole colony, and this act is called swarming.

"Swarming among bees is generally due to the hive becoming too small for the increased population, and it occurs as a rule at the end of spring, when it is too warm for so many bees to live under the same roof. The hive selects a new queen; and the old one—not the new one, as has often been supposed—prepares to go forth to found a new hive with the surplus population. Before their departure special searchers are sent out to hunt everywhere in the neighborhood for some old chimney, some crack between blinds, or a hospitable hollow trunk, where the new hive may be formed. It most often happens that no such shelter can be discovered. But they must go forth, nevertheless, for they are in reality driven from the old home. But those who stay behind are not too cruel and selfish, for each emigrant is provided with a good store of honey from the common stock. In case no suitable spot has been found for the new hive, the bees swarm on a branch of a tree, and then move on from branch to branch, the number growing smaller and smaller till it quite melts away.

"If this first swarming has not sufficiently relieved the hive, a second one may take place. You can easily know

in advance if this has been determined upon by the council; for, if another swarm is to be formed, the young queens who are still in their cells are not killed, and, to know whether this is so or not, you must listen in the evening to what is going on within the hive. The young newly born mother utters a peculiar chant—*tih-tih-tih*; while the queens still shut up in their cells reply, *konah-konah-konah*. If you hear these sounds, you may be sure that a fresh swarm is about to quit the parent hive.

"An objection might be raised to this idea of bees being associative. It might be said that a hive is not a society, but a family, since the bees of the same hive are sisters. But this objection can be easily refuted. Thus, we have seen above that during the height of the honey season some bees mistake another hive for their own and are well received by the hive into which they have strayed. Again, the experiment of changing the queen of a colony has shown that this may be done several times. You may put in a hive of Italian bees a Carniolan queen, or vice versa; and yet the society formed in this way by bees of different origin will go on creating, working, and planning just as well as it would if none of these changes had been made in it.

"A beehive, therefore, is a perfect example of the equalitarian product of state socialism, where is neither love nor self-devotion, neither pity nor charity; where everything is sacrificed to society and its welfare through ceaseless labor; where there is no government, no rulers; where there is discipline without subordination. It is the realization of ideal collectivism. Motor-cars and balloons may some day, perhaps, bring about the universal association of men. But if humanity is to be kept on earth only by the sacrifice of all individuality, as among the bees, by the sacrifice of every joy and every virtue, I should not be surprised if, some fine morning, the fancy should seize man to swarm to another planet!"—Literary Digest.



### THE BERLIN TREATY OF 1878.

It has been well said that the treaty of Berlin showed much more regard for the interests of the powers that made it than for the national aspirations and even vital needs of those affected by it. Almost contemptuous of the ambitions of the various Balkan States, this historic compact, imposed on Russia and Turkey by Bismarck's cynical ambition and Disraeli's challenge of the Muscovite empire, carefully provided for the commercial profit of the chief signatories, and ruthlessly suppressed the national desires of almost all the Balkan States. Russia, triumphant over Turkey after the war of 1878, with her victorious armies within a day's march of Constantinople, was held back by the fears and jealousies of combined Europe, and the treaty of San Stefano (March, 1878), which registered her triumph and would have made her rich and powerful in the Near East, was torn up by the diplomats of the rest of the Continent, who substituted for it the now famous treaty of Berlin, agreed upon in the German capital in July of the same year. Its general

provisions as affecting the general European situation were:

The establishment of the independence of Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro; the creation of the province of Eastern Rumelia, "with administrative autonomy and a Christian governor, but under the control of Turkey"; a gradual extension of the Greek frontier (carried out in 1881); the mandate to Austria to occupy and administer the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which, however, were to remain nominally subject to Turkey; the cession by Turkey to Russia of valuable territory, including the cities of Kars and Batoum; the cession to Great Britain of control of the Island of Cyprus, nominally subject to Turkey but giving the British Empire virtual control of the Levant; the carrying out of certain legal reforms in Crete; the granting of full religious liberty to the Christian subjects of the Sultan, and finally, the "erection" of the principality of Bulgaria as an autonomous state tributary to the Porte, but with a Christian governor and a national militia. The three Turkish vilayets,—Kosovo (the greater part), Monastir (all), and Salonika (all),—known to the western world as Macedonia, which were occupied by the Russian troops during the war of 1878, were handed back to Turkey without reserve.

The Berlin treaty left Turkey in Europe about the size of the State of Missouri, mutilated and uncertain of her status, undoubtedly more dissatisfied than if the apparently harsher terms of the treaty of San Stefano had been permitted to remain. In most of the provisions of this highly artificial compromise Europe laid up for itself endless troubles and uncertainties which have disturbed almost every year of the past thirty. The anomalous status of the Bulgarians, a Slavonic people, permitted to choose a Christian governor but pay tribute to the Ottoman Sultan; the economic administrative control by Austria of the two provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, inhabited largely by a Slavonic race, but nominally subject to Turkey, and the highly inflammable character of the racial and religious mixture in Macedonia,—these conditions could not be expected to remain permanently as the Berlin treaty provided.

Indeed, they were not expected so to remain, and the assertion of Bulgarian independence and the incorporation of Bosnia and Herzegovina with Austria-Hungary were the inevitable outcome of the Berlin compromise, inevitable just so soon as there should be the least weakening of the murderous and sickening despotism of Abdul Hamid. Bulgaria could not be expected to keep a compact to which she was not a party. As for the perfidious "treaty breaking" of Austria, the fact seems to be forgotten,—but a fact, nevertheless, it is,—that almost every provision of the Berlin treaty had been openly and cynically broken by almost every one of the signers years before Austria "annexed" the two provinces. In 1880 Montenegro got Dulcigno. The next year Greece forced the Porte to cede large sections of Thessaly and Epirus. In the same year Roumania became a kingdom instead of a principality, and Servia followed suit. Four years later Eastern Roumelia revolted and Bulgaria calmly annexed it. A decade later the Turk took his turn at violating by massacring the Armenians. All of these developments were in direct violation of the Berlin compact. Why, then, insist so strenuously upon observing the letter of the treaty now?—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for November.



#### A GREAT NATION IN THE MAKING.

At Durban, Natal, a "closer union convention" is now in session. It is discussing the destinies of the self-governing British dependencies in South Africa and the advisability of consolidating, federating or uniting them into one great nation. The sessions are secret, and the

delegates—many of whom are men made famous during the war in the Transvaal—have refrained, so far, from giving the interested world a direct hint as to the trend of the deliberations and debates.

This much, however, has been cheerfully acknowledged—that the spirit is auspicious in the extreme; that the Dutch and English delegates are constantly exchanging expressions of respect and trust, and that each of the four colonies represented is prepared to make the concessions necessary to union.

The task of the convention is to devise a scheme which should unite the whole people of South Africa and give them one government, one tariff system, one policy of internal development. Cape Colony and the Transvaal have much to gain from union, while Natal, being under the control of Englishmen, has had reason to fear Dutch influence. If, however, union in some form or other is to be effected, she cannot safely refuse to enter the combination. Customs and railroad discrimination against her would endanger her prosperity and progress.

At first the probabilities pointed to a South African federation on the Canadian or Australian plan, but now the belief is general that actual union will be the outcome of the convention. That is, the four States will cease to be separate entities and will be governed by one parliament and one constitution. It is felt that union will best promote the interests of the people of South Africa and give them the status of a great nation embodying the finest qualities of the Dutch and the English stock.

The fact that such a convention is in existence a few years after the recovery of autonomy by the Boers, and that even in ultra-imperialist circles there is no dread of Boer domination and anti-British tendencies, is of the utmost significance. In contemplating such a fact even an early unification of South Africa ceases to be astonishing. —Chicago Record-Herald.



#### CHINA AND THE OPIUM TRAFFIC.

CHINA is showing earnestness in her desire to stamp out the opium traffic and use. About nineteen months ago an edict was issued, proposing a plan of curtailment by which ten years would witness the complete overthrow of the drug. This was made in conjunction with a promise of England. The latter agreed to decrease her importation of opium into China about one-tenth a year, if China herself would lessen her raising and sale of opium according to the same ratio. In this proposition, England showed her commercial spirit. Recognizing the destructiveness of opium, she was willing to help China, if China would help herself. One could read between the lines that, if China intended to continue raising opium, then England was going to continue importing it. This is on the principle that if people are going to drink whisky, one might just as well erect a saloon and get some of the profits. England's offer might be considered fair from the commercial standpoint, but there was no fairness in it from the moral side.

Notwithstanding China's reputation for hypocrisy, she has proven herself capable of single dealing in this case. From this distance, the Empire is worthy of greater credit than England. When the first edict was issued,



it had reference only to the danger and the decrease of raising and selling the drug. Nothing was said regarding a way to replenish the treasury through the lost revenue. Predictions were made freely that when the government faced this loss it would reconsider the matter and tacitly agree to the continuance of opium culture.

The second edict came from governmental quarters in July, which proves the good faith of China. This deals with supplying the deficit in revenue, which matter is committed to the minister of finance with instruction to take steps for obtaining funds in other ways. The provinces have tried to carry out the provisions of the former edict. Some of them have gone in advance of its provisions to such length that opium raising is almost at an end. Others, through the indifference of officials and more complex conditions, have not been able to make the ten per cent reduction annually. On the whole, the Empire has passed beyond the provisions outlined.

The last edict calls particular attention to the moral duty of the Chinese to rid themselves of the curse which philanthropists in other countries have volunteered to help destroy. It continues: "How can we show our gratitude to the foreign philanthropists who have been showing such self-sacrifice both of time and money to help us? Indeed, once we fail, it is to be feared that the opportunity may not come again to us. If we show ourselves eternally unable to get rid of the fatal habit, we shall be a lost country. This is a question of whether our country is to be a strong one or a weak one in the future, and whether our subjects are to be strong and healthy, or weak and short-lived; hence it is important that all our officials, high and low, in Peking and in the provinces, should use their best endeavors to eradicate the evil."

When a nation, bound hand and foot by the use of opium, displays the courage shown in the above words, the admiration of all the world is challenged. If England should prove guilty of double dealing, and prove herself blinded by revenue, as she has been so many times in the past, the two countries will exchange places on the moral scale of nations.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.



#### THE BENEFICENT SCRAP-BASKET.

So long has the editorial scrap-basket been looked upon as the foe to literary progress, that it is difficult to convince the casual observer that it should be classed with the benefactors of mankind.

It is high time that it was paid something of the homage that is its due, both by the reading public and by those literary craftsmen who are beneficiaries by its eliminating quality.

The mission of the scrap-basket is that of the preserver of literary standards, yet we unreasonably persist in classing it with the destroyers, as if all progress

did not mean merely the survival of the fittest. It is quite customary to regard it as a foe to the finest literary effort—a cruel dragon with open jaws, forever seeking for whom, or what, it may devour. Especially is the spleen of the disappointed literary aspirant directed towards this editorial accessory. According to his indignant protest, the waste-basket stands ready to consume all that is new, original, unique; it swallows ruthlessly, and so nips in the bud, the promising productions of those "inglorious Miltons" who are not "mute."

If there is any tragedy connected with the mission of the scrap-basket, it is its failure to consume much that is rightfully its own. That such is the case is feelingly deplored by a contemporary lecturer in a recent discourse on "The Development of the Newspaper"; "but," he remarks regretfully, "it isn't possible, with all care, to get everything into the waste-basket that belongs there." He goes on to protest that few give the waste-basket the credit it deserves, especially in the matter of keeping up literary standards and protecting a helpless reading public.

The beneficent scrap-basket! It tells no tales, but buries in tranquil oblivion at least a portion of the great mass of literary misdoings. It clears the air of literary sayings that had been better left unsaid. It dispels the illusions of the misguided ones who have blindly mistaken their vocation, and bids them seek another road to fame or fortune. It brushes aside blunders, and withholds mischievous suggestions. It is a literary guide, philosopher, and friend, and if at times it makes trifling mistakes, it yet persistently keeps full in view worthy ideals. It stubbornly rejects that which it deems of any special value, and gives the yearning aspirant the benefit of many doubts. It snatches eagerly at misdirected effort, and prevents sorry muddling of complicated affairs. It quashes scandal and blots out much vulgarity. It punishes misdeeds in letters and wipes out anomalies in literature. How many precious reputations it saves by the art of elimination, and how much pleasure it confers by cancellation!

Salvation in the world of letters comes ever by selection, and were there no literary scrap-baskets, how could the world of letters hope to be saved?—*Lippincott's*.



Two tramps approached a railroad telegraph office not far from New York and looked hungrily through the window, but there was not even a dinner-pail in sight to induce them to ask for food. One of them finally tapped on the window, and the operator left his key long enough to inquire, "Well, what can I do for you?" "Just report two empties going east," replied the tramp, with a grin, and started down the track toward New York.

"In my judgment, a knowledge of history becomes more important with the passing of time; and it seems to me that it never was so important as in these days of stirring events and wondrous change."  
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Arrangements have just been completed, enabling us to furnish you with a set of Abbott's "Makers of History," at a price that will interest you.

Abbott's "Makers of History" is the grandest set of books we have ever offered. They are the apex of narrative genius, weaving one historical fact after another into the story in such an entrancing manner that you read on and on, the finish of one volume stopping you only long enough to take up another. Not for one member of the family, but for all. You cannot possibly have a languid moment in reading the entire set. Read titles of books.

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A complete set, twenty splendid volumes, durable cloth binding and seventy-five illustrations. The regular selling price of this set is \$40.00, but by filling out the accompanying blank and returning same to us with \$7.50, you secure the 20 volumes at a saving of \$32.50.

This offer is one that should interest every student of history and is presented to but a small number of our friends. The greatest historical series ever written, describing fully the lives of the greatest characters and the most famous events of history.

Don't miss this opportunity. Cut out and sign the blank, put \$7.50 with it, place in an envelope addressed to Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill., and mail today. We can guarantee delivery at this price for a short time, only.

#### FILL THIS OUT.

.....190

Brethren Publishing House,  
Elgin, Illinois.

Dear Sirs:—In compliance with your offer, I enclose herewith Seven and One-half (\$7.50) Dollars in full payment of one 20-volume set of "Makers of History," cloth binding. Ship by Express at my expense.

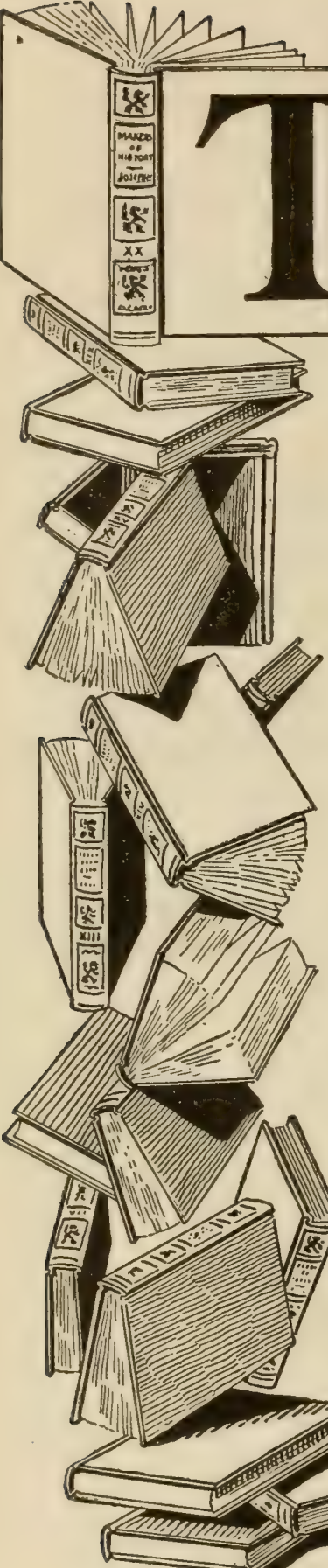
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HAVE BEEN STANDARD FOR TWO GENERATIONS.

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*Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.*

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Every great event in history turns upon the action of an individual. Behind every campaign there is the military mind that directs it; behind every reformation there is some man with the power of initiative and the love of action; at the head of every political combination is an astute leader, who, perhaps, not so eloquent as his associates, possesses the more valuable *power of commanding*. The world's history, like its civilization, is what men and women have made it.

For this reason, the lives of those who have made history will always be instructive and interesting.

Every member of the family will find this set of books interesting. The older people will find in its pages food for thought. To the younger members of the family it will bring pleasure and instruction.

Hundreds of historical characters are written about in these volumes, and their lives and actions are described in the most interesting style imaginable. In reading "THE MAKERS OF HISTORY" one really feels he is a part of the time and people he is reading about.

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*President of Union Theological Seminary at New York; President of American Committee for the Revision of the Authorized Version of the Bible.*

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of sunset, and the pinnacles of the Alps? The dome of St. Peter's is man's noblest architecture, but what is that when compared with the magnificent rotunda of the skies?"



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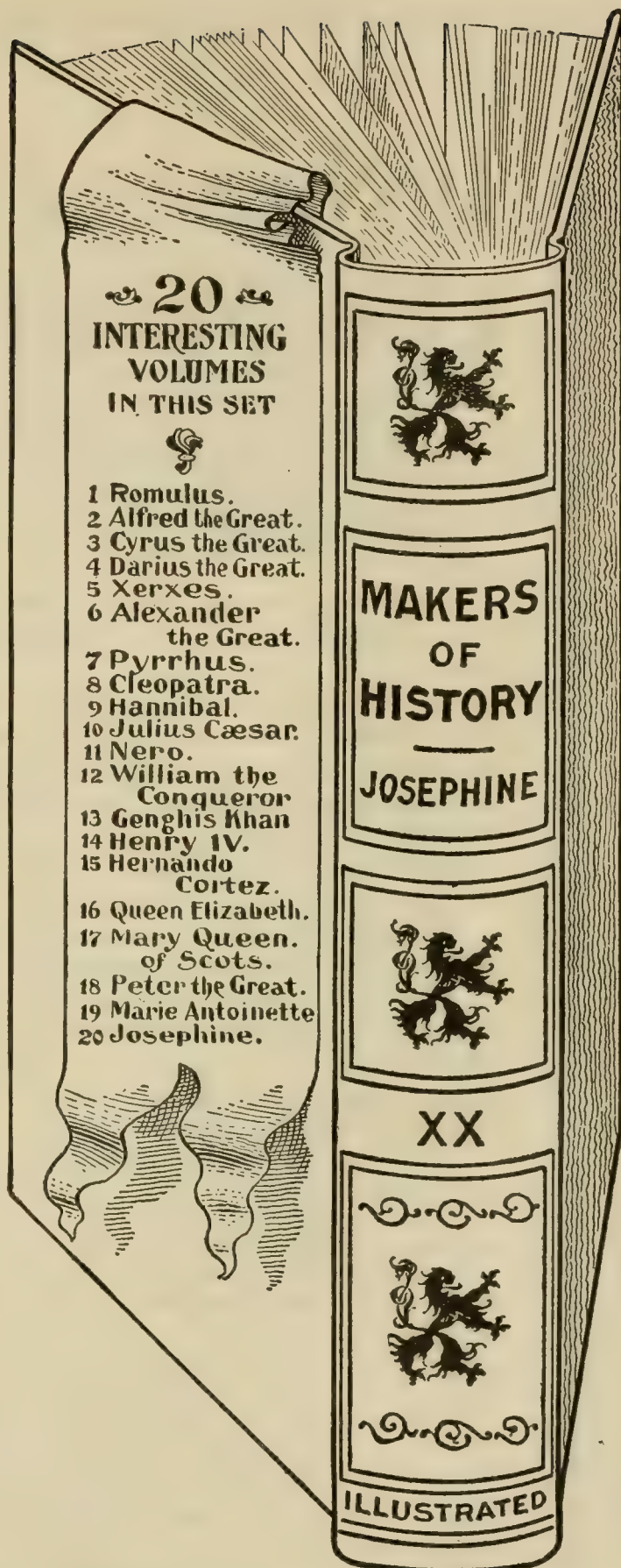
*"History is the great school of truth,  
reason and virtue."*

GUIZOT

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that kind of reasoning which  
is most useful in practical  
life."*

W. E. H. LECKY

READ ON BACK PAGE WHAT  
**LINCOLN SAID**  
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THIS CUT IS ACTUAL SIZE OF  
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# Irrigated Land in the Miami Valley

“Even five acres is enough to support a family and keep it busy.”—Theodore Roosevelt.

“Irrigated land yields from \$100 to \$500 per acre per annum. This means \$1,000 to \$5,000 from 10 acres.”

As proof of the above,

Our neighbor, Mr. M. M. Chase, under conditions identical with ours, raised \$4,000 worth of vegetables from 3 1-2 acres of garden this year.

One bed of celery 63x75 feet in size yielded \$500 worth of Giant Pascal celery. From this bed he had an exhibit at the Albuquerque Irrigation Congress. A majority of the stalks were 3 1-2 feet high. All of these vegetables have the unsurpassed flavor gained by irrigation growth.

This garden was farmed on the shares and yielded Mr. Chase and his gardener each \$2,000 spot cash.

Their market was the nearby coal camp of 5,000 people at Dawson and the thriving city of Raton.

His garden was only a small side issue with Mr. Chase this year. He is one of the first fruit growers of New Mexico. His orchard this year yielded 9,000 boxes which sold at from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per box. His average income for the past thirty years from 69 acres in orchard has been \$300 per acre.

Every apple is perfect—fine Rainbos, Bell Flowers, Jonathans, Wine Saps, etc., besides plums and pears and small fruits in profusion and perfection.

Said Frank Wolf, a recent visitor in our valley, after seeing the Chase ranch, “I see no reason why this Miami Valley should not become a veritable garden spot.”

Besides the money possibilities we have that greater inducement to offer—healthfulness. Our altitude is just high enough to make the climate agreeable, healthful and pleasant.

We are offering you land free from all brush and rocks ready for the plow, with full water right and with the future possibilities of the above at from \$35 to \$70 per acre.

Write for booklet and, what's better, come and see it for yourself.

Farmers' Development Company, Springer, N. Mexico



A Sample of the Oat Fields in the Nanton District.

# Harvest Time

The prosperous settlers in Sunny Southern Alberta have just finished harvesting a bountiful crop. It is now **THRESHING TIME** and their yields are enormous.

Some fields are yielding as high as fifty bushels of wheat per acre. And oats are yielding as high as one hundred and thirty bushels per acre. The crop on one acre brings enough money to buy two acres! Could you want anything better?

We have just secured, and are now offering for sale, 50,000 acres in the Nanton District where already there is established a large and prosperous settlement of the Brethren.

Our prices are \$9.00 per acre and up, on easy terms—ten years to pay for land when the purchaser settles on the land. Excursions every week. Cheap rates and railroad fare refunded to purchasers of 320 acres or more.

For particulars, address,

**REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., ( R. R. Stoner, Pres. )**

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**MINNEAPOLIS,**

**MINNESOTA**



# CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION

The Co-operative Colonization Company has arranged to locate a colony of BRETHREN and other good people, on their Co-operative plan, in central California, in the San Joaquin Valley, between the cities of Merced and Stockton. The tracts selected are on two trunk-line railroads, near good markets, and have been carefully examined by a committee sent out by the company.

There is but one California, no other State has such a variety of climate, soil and products. The San Joaquin is one of the world's famous valleys, noted for its mild climate, rich soil and variety of products. In this valley are grown successfully wheat, rye, oats, barley, alfalfa and other grasses. Peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, nectarines, loquats, figs, olives, pomegranates, oranges, lemons, pomeloes, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, loganberries and grapes in great variety. Vegetable are grown almost every month in the year. English walnuts, almonds, pecans, peanuts and chestnuts do well and are profitable. Dairying, beekeeping and poultry raising are carried on successfully.

## IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS

are possible on these Colony tracts, each one has a nice town site, on a good railroad. These lands are partially fenced, with some improvements on them, the soil is mostly a sandy loam and quite productive. These tracts are a part of a large wheat ranch, are well cultivated and are easy to irrigate. This is one of the finest irrigated districts in the State, and the water generally belongs to the land.

Our aim is to establish self-supporting congregations of our Brethren on these Colony tracts, with good Church and School privileges from the beginning of a colony. Look well into our co-operative plans, and if pleased, join our Colony, either as a settler, or investor. We can help you to secure lands at lowest prices and on best terms, with most favorable conditions.

If you are not ready to join this colony, write us about others to be located in other sections of this or other States later.

The Co-operative Colonization Company has no connection with any railroad, land company, or other organization; the following are the present Officers and Directors: S. F. Sanger, President, South Bend, Ind.; Dorsey Hodgden, Vice-President, Huntington, Ind.; Samuel Borough, Secretary, North Manchester, Ind.; W. W. Barnhart, Treasurer, North Manchester, Ind.; Samuel S. Keller, Bourbon, Ind.; Levi Winkelbleck, Hartford City, Ind.; E. M. Grossnickel, North Manchester, Ind.; F. R. Hartman, South Bend, Ind.; C. S. Petry, West Milton, Ohio; Henry V. Wall, Los Angeles, Cal.; W. H. Johnson, Reedley, Cal.

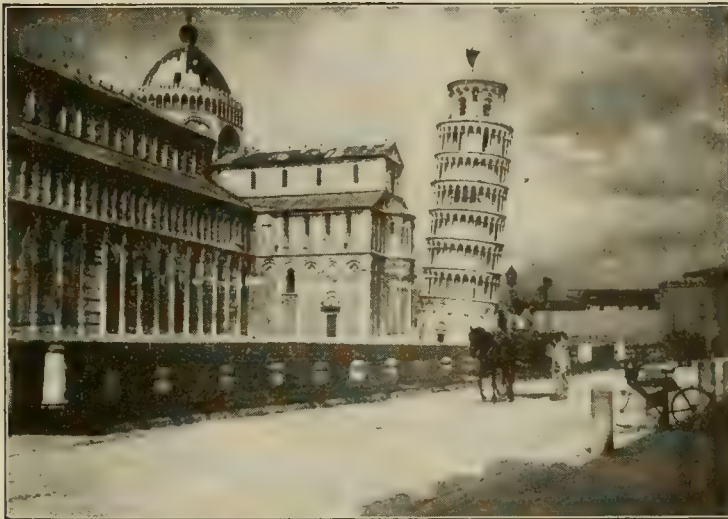
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Or S. A. Sanger, General Organizer, South Bend, Indiana.

# THE INGLENOOK



"I hurried to town so as to see it when it fell,—this Leaning Tower of Pisa."—Around the World Without a Cent.

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 1, 1908.

Price \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol. X. No. 48.



# Good=Bye

"Good-bye" will soon have to be said between the many readers of "The Inglenook" and those who have used its columns for advertising. So the writer, who has been the author of most of the "UNION PACIFIC" advertisements that have appeared in the "Nook" for the last seven years, wishes to call your attention to the clipping from the Denver Republican of Nov. 10th that appears on this page and wishes he could ask each one of you personally,

1. Did you ever question the truth of the Union Pacific advertisements about the South Platte Valley?

2. Did you at any time ever say to a friend, "They are overdoing the advertising about the possibilities of raising Sugar Beets in the South Platte Valley"?

3. How many of you readers when told six years ago there is only one sugar factory there now, but inside of a few years there will be more and the farmers will all be making money, told your friends, "McDonaugh is only a railroad man, be careful how you let him influence you"?

## My Regret

is that the stopping of the "Nook" will prevent my calling all the readers' attention inside of two years to even greater showing than this one in the South Platte Valley and that will be the showing of the growth of BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, where over 100 families have located in last eighteen months and over 100 more families will be located before Christmas 1909.

Geo. L. McDonaugh.

## BEET MEN WILL GET A MILLION DOLLARS TODAY

### "PAY DAY" FOR PROSPEROUS SUGAR FARMERS OF COLORADO.

GREAT WESTERN COMPANY,  
CONTROLLING NINE FAC-  
TORIES, DISTRIBUTES  
MUCH MONEY.

Just Forty Per Cent of "Money Crop"  
Will Bring in Two and  
One-half Millions.

One million dollars will be distributed today to the sugar beet farmers of northern Colorado. It is the first pay day of the Great Western Sugar company, which controls nine sugar factories. The second pay day will be on Nov. 20, when \$1,500,000 will be disbursed, making a total of \$2,500,000 for the month, a pretty snug sum by which to measure up the prosperity of the people who are raising Colorado's "money crop," and this, too, for only 40 per cent of the beets. The other 60 per cent is still to be marketed and will call for the distribution of over \$5,000,000 on pay days during the succeeding three months.

Since the siloing of the sweet tubers went into practice, farmers keep 25 per cent or more of their crop safe from frost in the coldest weather and market them as they are called for by the factories.

The volume of the crop is said to be about the same as last year with the contents in sugar slightly less than last year on account of the first spring drouth known in Colorado since weather records have been made.

The beet farmers receive \$5 for the crop when marketed direct from the fields, and \$5.50 per ton for the siloed tubers. They are paid mostly in checks sent through their banks, and in measuring the prosperity of the Colorado beet grower it should be noted that almost without exception everyone has a bank account. The nine factories of the Great Western Sugar company are at Greeley, Eaton, Windsor, Fort Collins, Loveland, Longmont, Brush, Fort Morgan and Sterling. The company also owns what is known as the "Sugar Beet" road, running from Eaton through Windsor, Johnstown and Loveland to Longmont.—Denver Republican, Nov. 10th, 1908.



# New Store in Macdoel

The above illustration is taken from a photograph of the new store of Charles Messick & Son, Macdoel, California. This is the latest addition to the town, and is certainly a credit to it.

Mr. Messick began business here two years ago in a very small building, but his business has been steadily growing until it has outgrown his small quarters, and now he has this large building at the corner of Montezuma and Railroad Avenues.

Mr. D. C. Campbell has received a large shipment of fruit trees, and is setting them at this time. Many acres of apple orchard are being planted this fall, and we are glad to say that the best kind of fruit trees only are being used by the settlers. What a vast difference in the looks of the valley there will be when these trees assume the proportions of large apple trees changing the valley from a sea of sagebrush to a beautiful orchard of fancy fruit!

Mr. Roy E. Swigart is using his new well-drilling machine to demonstrate to the people that there is oil under Butte Valley. Many people believe this now, but are not sure of it until after it has been further demonstrated by an actual gusher.

This will be quite a boon to the settlers who have already bought, since every one knows the value of oil wells.

The next excursion leaves Chicago, Wells Street Station, Tuesday, Dec. 8th, 10:45 P. M.; Omaha, Wednesday, Dec. 9th, 4:00 P. M.; Kansas City, 10:00 A. M., Dec. 9th.

For future information address:

GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Omaha, Nebr.

D. C. CAMPBELL, Colfax, Ind.

ISAIAH WHEELER, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

E. M. COBB, Elgin, Ill.

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**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND COMPANY**  
MACDOEL, CALIFORNIA



# OVER 200,000 ACRES

of land have been filed on under the CAREY ACT in the Twin Falls District, Idaho, since April, 1907.

¶ There is still a large amount of land waiting for the settler in the above district. Also great opportunities are offered at American Falls, at Gooding and other points along the OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD.

¶ The Payette-Boise Reclamation Project under the U. S. Government is about completed and will be ready to furnish water to about 300,000 acres of new land in the spring of 1909. These lands can now be bought at reasonable rates and terms, by the settler, and are situated where the country is already partly settled, near good towns, railroads and electric lines.

¶ Rural mail routes and telephone lines are already established. Good schools and churches. No storms or cyclones. Farming is done by irrigation. No failure of crops by reason of too much rain or drought. Fruit crop is abundant every year. The people are happy because they are prosperous.

## Wonderful Possibilities

for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

¶ Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

¶ Arrange your plans to go and see Idaho as soon as possible and secure some of this fine land.

¶ HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP EXCURSION RATES are on First and Third Tuesdays of each month in 1908.

¶ Colonist One-Way Cheap Rates to points in Idaho, Oregon and Washington in effect daily from Sept. 1st to Oct. 31, 1908 inclusive.

¶ WRITE NOW for printed matter and full particulars regarding this great country and how to get there.

**S. BOCK,**

Colonization Agt.  
Dayton, Ohio

**D. E. BURLEY,**

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.  
Salt Lake City, Utah

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

December 1, 1908.

No. 48.

## Who Shall Own Our Railroads?

John Walter Wayland

AT present the steam railroads of the United States are owned and operated by private corporations, and regulated or controlled, to a greater or less degree, by Federal and State authority. Frequent abuses of privilege, however, on the part of the railway companies, and their failure to satisfy the demands of public safety and convenience, have combined in pushing forward the question as to whether some other form of ownership, control, and operation would not be an improvement over our present system.

If we inquire what other systems may be inaugurated, we find that the following make up practically all that are possible: (1) Our present system modified: that is, under closer restrictions, or with greater privileges; (2) Ownership, control, and operation by the several States; (3) Ownership, control, and operation by the Federal Government; (4) Ownership and control by the States or by the Federal Government, with operation by private companies.

Now, it must be evident from the very nature of conditions, that ownership, control, and operation by each State, of the particular railroad mileage within its own borders, would be a financial and commercial failure: any near approach to such a system would be impracticable. Moreover, the experience of the past has fully demonstrated the validity of this conclusion: several States have owned railroads, but after operating them at great loss for short periods have been glad to dispose of them at figures far below cost. I do not know of a single exception to this rule. The same principle has been exemplified by other short roads, that after a while were combined into long systems: separately, they did not pay expenses; consolidated, they are now paying fair profits.\*

Ownership and control (or attempted control) by the several States or by the Federal Government, with operation by private companies, would evidently

result in an increase of complications, without a corresponding increase of facilities for removing the evils of which we now complain.

The question, therefore, narrows itself down to a choice between two: (1) Our present system modified, and (2) Ownership, control, and operation by the Federal Government.

We have been proceeding thus far upon the assumption that a change from our present railway system is necessary. In order that we may see clearly that such an assumption is by no means unwarranted, let us, before proceeding further, consider some of the reasons that support it.

### Accidents.

First, the death rate by accidents under the present system has become so high as to be appalling, and indicates some radical defect. For comparison: There are in the United States between 4,000 and 5,000 passengers killed and injured every year by railway accidents; while in Europe the proportion is only one-third or one-fourth as great.

### Lack of Conveniences.

Second, under the present system it must be apparent to all that the roads are managed more in accordance with the selfish interests of the companies, than for the convenience and welfare of the public. In many sections of the country there are more roads than necessary; while in many other sections, just as well entitled to them, there are none at all. How many complaints do we hear of delayed passengers and delayed mails, due to the bad connection of trains! Antagonism between competing systems is often responsible for this; but frequently it must be attributed to the absolute indifference of railway managers to the public welfare and convenience. "The directors of the railroads in this country are running them to make money. . . . Every technical railroad man in this country is willing to acknowledge privately that our roads are run in criminal disregard of the safety

\* I am informed that the Southern Railway through Charlottesville, Lynchburg, Danville, etc., affords a notable instance in point.



of the public;" "but there is not one brave enough to come forward publicly and put the blame where it belongs. If he did, he would not be able to get work as a conductor on a horsecar."\*

#### Discriminations.

Third, the unjust discriminations of railroads between places and individual shippers are so well known that I need mention only two or three examples. Sugar is hauled from San Francisco to Denver, or has been until recently, at seventy-five cents a hundred-weight; from San Francisco to Omaha, a much greater distance, for fifty cents. For carrying boots and shoes from Chicago to points in Colorado, \$2.05 per hundred has been charged; while they were at the same time carried from Chicago to California at one dollar and a half per hundred. And these are not exceptional instances, but are characteristic examples, copied from the report of the Federal Industrial Commission on Transportation, and might be multiplied indefinitely. The low rates and high rebates allowed to such powerful corporations as the Standard Oil Company, in spite of the efforts of the Interstate Commerce Commission to prevent unjust discriminations, are well known to all.

#### Popular Demand.

Fourth, there is a widespread and growing sentiment among our people, demanding better things. If the rulers of our land are wise they will not close their ears to this voice of the people. English law-makers were as conservative in 1832 as ours have ever been; but they were also wise enough to grant the reforms that the times demanded, and thus saved England from the woes that were upheaving France, and beginning already to cross the Channel. For the year ending June 30, 1903, the Interstate Commerce Commission reports the number of railway collisions of all kinds at 5,219—about fourteen a day. And the years since have shown a worse rather than an improved condition. Truly, as the Commission remarks, this record is a disgrace to the American people. No wonder they demand a change.

Hence, for these several reasons, as noted: (1) The appalling loss of life from railroad accidents; (2) The lack of provision for public and uniform convenience; (3) The unjust discriminations; (4) The widespread and growing popular demand, it must be evident that there is a necessity for our present railway system to be changed. Conditions for safety and convenience certainly need to be improved; the demands of justice and of the public conscience certainly need to be satisfied. These facts will, I think, hardly be disputed by any one; upon this ground all agree: but it is in the answers to the question, How shall these conditions be improved? how

shall these demands be satisfied? that differences are found: here is the battle ground of conflicting opinions.

As has already been pointed out, the various schemes for improvement that have any strong claims to acceptance may be classified under one or the other of two heads: they aim at improvements either by the radical step of putting all the railroads under the ownership, control, and operation of the Federal Government, or by the more conservative method of seeking to correct abuses by legislation, more restrictive, or less so, than now prevails, while leaving the ownership of the railroads substantially as at present.

#### A Plan Proposed.

The advocates of Federal ownership confidently support their plan as a means not only for correcting existing abuses, but also for securing benefits that we do not now enjoy. They point triumphantly to the success of their plan in many foreign countries, and instance the recognized efficiency of our own postoffice system as evidence that our Federal Government is skillful in shaping legitimate monopolies for the welfare and interest of the public.

Among the benefits that are promised as obtainable by Federal ownership of the railroads, are the following:

- (1) Just and uniform freight rates for shippers.
- (2) "A half-cent passenger rate per mile over the entire country."
- (3) "An 8-hour day for all railroad workers; and the consequent employment of 165,000 of the unemployed to fill this one-fifth reduction in time."
- (4) "The greater development of the natural resources of the country by a sensible application of the capital now invested in 'parallels,' etc."
- (5) The establishment of a system of postal express, for the improving and cheapening of our mail facilities.
- (6) "The emancipation of public men from the evil influences of railway 'politics,' and the attainment of free elections."
- (7) An income to the Government of many dollars annually from the profits of the railway operation.\*

If it be true, indeed, that these promised benefits may be secured, and the abuses of which we complain may be corrected, by the method proposed, without the public welfare becoming endangered by attendant or consequent evils as great as, or greater than, those now existing, then certainly Government ownership, control, and operation of the railways is desirable.

But let us examine the plan more closely: first, as a corrective of existing evils.

Would the death rate by accident be lowered under Federal ownership? In other words, if the Govern-

\* The New York Evening Post, as quoted by the Literary Digest of January 9, 1904.

\* Mr. David J. Lewis, in the Report of the Industrial Commission for 1900, page 724, et seq.

ment should own, control, and operate the railroads, would traveling be safer than at present?

That it would be so is certainly to be hoped; but the contrary is much to be feared. Mr. James Bryce says: "The president of a great railroad needs gifts for strategical combinations scarcely inferior to those, if not of a great general, yet of a great war minister—a Chatham or a Carnot." The same is certainly true, in varying degrees, of division superintendents, train dispatchers, engineers, and all other railroad officials into whose work the power of mind as well as the skill of hand largely enters; and I think, therefore, that most persons would be very reluctant to commit their safety of life and limb to a railway train managed by a raw crew of political spoil gatherers, however skilful they may have proved themselves as party managers. Of course, Mr. Bryce's statement is made upon the assumption that "war is the natural state of an American railway towards all other authorities and its own fellows, just as war was the natural state of cities towards one another in the ancient world"; and it is doubtless true that the unification of railroad interests under the Government would relieve the strategical faculties of the heads of departments considerably; nevertheless, they would still need to be men of gigantic mould, since the problems of administration for many of them would be more complicated than at present, owing to the vastly increased comprehension of the system. Moreover, as has been intimated, the evils of the political spoils policy would often deprive the nation of the men most competent for its responsible and exacting railroad offices, and foist upon it those less efficient. This would almost certainly occur many times, even under the most favorable conditions, and with the most carefully-arranged safeguards. It is evident, therefore, that the traveling public could not hope to have their safety much enhanced by the class of men likely to become officials under Government ownership of the railroads.

Is there anything that would be gained in the way of safety from the proposed system? I think it very probable that a considerable degree of improvement in the materials used in building roads and in the methods of construction, especially of tunnels, trestles, and bridges, would be secured. Such problems as whether it is more economical to build a trestle that will not break down, or to assume the risk for damage suits that may arise by building a cheaper one, would probably be eliminated from railroad arithmetic if contractors were paid from the public treasury. But on the other hand, the advantage thus secured by an increase of expenditure in road construction, would probably be overbalanced by the loss sustained from the difficulty of fixing personal responsibility in the affairs of administration. It has already been ob-

served that political favoritism would almost certainly fill many important offices with incompetent men. Add to this, then, the point just made: the difficulty of fixing the responsibility for an accident upon any particular individual, or set of individuals, under Government ownership, and the outlook is by no means encouraging. Under the present system, individuals rarely suffer the direct penalty of law for a railway disaster; but the corporation suffers as a whole, and accordingly the individuals that compose the corporation and share its losses as well as its profits, suffer indirectly; and, in consequence, that which is said to possess no soul develops notwithstanding a sort of conscience of self-interest. But even this would, I fear, be speedily lost, if all railway damage suits were directed against the capacious coffers of Uncle Sam.

Hence, no great increase of safety could reasonably be expected from a system that would not improve the class of men in important positions, and that would practically relieve these same men from the only sort of personal responsibility that many of them would regard.



#### MODERNITY.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

This is the day,  
The writers say,  
Of individuality;  
When lasting Fame  
Is but a name  
For fervent personality.

It matters not  
The slightest jot,  
If one adheres to verity,  
As long as they  
In some strange way  
Attain some great singularity.

For them, alack!  
The beaten track  
Holds nothing but banality;  
And we must read  
The wildest screed  
While they prevent plurality.

Immortal gods  
Who spread the rods  
Of chastening severity,  
Are these the roles  
Unpunished souls  
May play without temerity—

And weary us  
With futile fuss  
O'er tentative garrulity?  
We're in a big  
Mad whirligig  
Of fearful incredulity.



"THERE are plenty of people who can attend to their neighbor's business by dint of neglecting their own."



## LIFE IN A GREAT CITY.—No. II.

W. C. FRICK.

CITY life in general is a jumbled-up affair and in accordance with this fact we make no attempt to properly arrange the subjects to which we draw your attention.

Depending of course upon the size of the particular city, one sees anywhere from ten to a thousand times more people than he has opportunity to see in the same time in a small village or a rural community. So it comes that one sees many peculiar things in the course of his city life.

Last summer when you had occasion to spend a couple hours in the city and you sought out one of its beautiful parks, you doubtless thought city parks great luxuries.

You mistake. City parks are necessities, not luxuries. Take a large city: its parks are practically the only places where pure, fresh air abounds and Nature's workings can be seen at all. It is easily appreciated how void of pleasure and enjoyment a strictly indoor life would be. In our much-overcrowded cities everyday life is quite void of pleasure for most people.

The streets are hot and dusty and this condition is imparted to the atmosphere all about; dooryard space is at a premium; probably a tree is not seen in several blocks, and as for grass, it is about as scarce as trees. Even our city schoolyards are as a rule void of lawn. Under such circumstances, would you call parks a luxury? You sometimes hear them spoken of as "breathing spaces," and very properly, too. We will have more to say about them in a future article.

Many of our readers have passed through a union station. Perhaps, on your arrival, you were greeted by some dear friend or relative and in your greetings were too absorbed, or perhaps you were an entire stranger and were too occupied in locating yourself to notice your surroundings.

Nevertheless, it is an interesting experience to spend an hour or so there simply watching other people.

At the arrival of every train the friends line up outside the iron gate awaiting the coming of dear ones. And how they strain their eyes and crane their necks to catch the first glimpse of those they love. And you watch and wait and wait and watch and wonder if the train will ever become unloaded of its passengers. And when we recognize the expected ones how we scramble for them and draw them aside that we may shower our greetings upon them, forgetting some of our manners, perhaps, for the time being. That's permissible in a railway depot. For how we city people do appreciate visits from our friends from far away. Our city acquaintances are often limited, for in the city it seems, "every one liveth to himself."

Our joy somewhat subsided now, we start for home and as we turn about we notice a small group, seem-

ingly bewildered, foreigners we conclude from the appearance of their dress and baggage and from their talk. No one has come to meet them. They are entire strangers, both to the city and to American ways. And as we move homeward we wonder time and again what will become of our foreign friends.

You who now live in the city, especially if you have never before noticed it, please make this observation: Take a note of the class of vehicles which obstruct the progress of street cars during the morning hours. You will find that one of every five to ten wagons is a brewery wagon and the driver takes the liberty to hold the right of way longer than the combined time of the other five drivers. There should be a law prohibiting any vehicle upon a street car track between certain hours in the morning and evening except at such places where the street is not properly paved.

Will any one dare to say that the liquor interests are not a great power in the government of our cities?

One very disgusting sight, to me at least, is a woman making as much ado over some woolly puppy-dog as a proud young mother does over her first child. Don't be surprised, for this is of very common occurrence. At such times we think of many children whose hungry stomachs might be filled and whose frail bodies might be clothed if the money and devotion bestowed upon dogs were used properly. Personally we are not going to be surprised if some day our women friends begin to wear headgear to which real live dogs are attached for ornament or some such reason. Not long since the writer saw a young woman in a street car who had a small dog partially concealed beneath her coat, whose head protruded from the front as if it were meant for a breastpin. Imagine that dog in an unguarded moment, escaping with a bound and frightening all the women passengers!

Dogs are useful pets and are all right in their places but never should they replace the child in the mother arms.

Maybe that man was justified in so doing, who said that the more he saw of men (mankind) the better he liked dogs.



## HUMANITY'S REDEEMING FEATURE.

MARY E. CANODE.

"Poor race of man," said the pitying spirit,  
 "Dearly you pay for your primeval fall.  
 Some flowrets of Eden you still inherit,  
 But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

THE deplorable truths herein expressed by the poet vividly recall to mind the struggle that humanity is undergoing in its vain efforts to throw off the yoke of bondage which falls so heavily upon it as a heritage of that awful injunction, "The sins of the fathers."  
 Humanity from time to time has had its heroes,

its pets and its favorites because, perchance, those few have performed some almost superhuman feats of actions, inventions or discoveries, causing their fellow-beings to well-nigh fall down and worship them and to wonder if such extraordinary characters have not raised themselves above the power of the common enemy and the varied temptations to which ordinary beings are subject. But while a people pauses, admires and all but deifies a hero, this well-meant devotion often but serves to turn his head and thus throw off his guard the one admired. Temptations present themselves. He yields to them and the wily foe of humanity once more succeeds in accomplishing his infamous designs! The lately-exalted one falls a broken idol before his worshipers who are ready to turn away in sorrow and despair.

On the other hand, another being of apparently the very opposite nature may be noted, making no pretense of possessing special or even ordinary goodness or ability, but in seeming contrast with the former may appear to be the very embodiment of evil and one from whom none would expect any deeds of right or goodness, but to whom comes at an unexpected moment, an occasion for doing some great and generous act. He does it and society is forced to admire and praise one in whom it once recognized nothing of good. So on one hand man is often ready to despair of the race while on the other he is forced to acknowledge the existence of one redeeming feature possessed to a greater or less degree by every individual. This feature, this "germ," developed or undeveloped, proves itself to have been imparted by that Power which guides all human actions to the accomplishment of designed ends, whether those actions be good or evil.

This trait may appear in varied and complex forms. In ordinary life it is called neighborly kindness, through which every one with whom we come in contact is regarded as our friend and neighbor. In social life it exists often in a somewhat stiff, frozen form called politeness, etiquette, courtesy. But the best and most exalted form is that in which its origin is signified by its name—Christian charity. This universal, redeeming feature which lay dormant for ages and is still sleeping, awaiting development, within some of the races of the world, is the only remnant of Eden's original purity. It is the embodiment of the whole law of the Christian religion. It is the end and aim of all good laws and the only tested and proved guide which wavering human nature may safely follow.

In ordinary life there appears sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its existence. Many secretly or openly admire this trait who do not acknowledge its personal possession but will prove themselves possessed of it by assisting in deeds of kindness, especially when the recipient is in a helpless condition. A sad

calamity befalls an individual and the entire community joins as a unit in exerting its utmost power toward appeasing if possible the sorrow or injury. Death visits a home and practical sympathy flows from every heart and hand. Flood or fire threatens destruction to a city and the whole nation goes to its relief. Famine in the most distant land appeals to the hearts of all peoples and the nations of the world acknowledge their fraternal relationship by assisting in alleviating the woes of the sufferers. All these facts but prove the existence of that same trait, that one redeeming feature, that invisible, inseverable cord which binds all humanity into one common race of mutually dependent, naturally related beings.

Through this feature of his nature, man is enabled and enjoined to love his enemy and his neighbor as himself. And the universal development of this one natural possession would establish upon earth a second Eden and insure to humanity a safe passport to the Eternal Land of Promise.



#### MY LADY CHRYSANTHEMUM.

My Lady Chrysanthemum, dainty and fair,  
Has myrtle-green garments and golden glad hair.  
She tripped in so gaily when roses were done,  
And captured our love with a smile from the sun.

She sent out her children in alley and street,  
They nodded from windows, they smiled at our feet.  
Their simple, glad manners, so child-like and bland,  
Insured them a welcome in all the broad land.

Both old folks and children rejoiced when they came,  
And thought the chrysanthemums worthy of fame.  
They took them to banquets, oh, gloriously dressed,  
And men, women, children, their beauty confessed.

Round fair bridal tables they nodded their plumes,  
And clustered so purely round altars and tombs.  
They stood in silk chambers so silent and light,  
And nodded to baby in her cradle of white.

Why is it, we wondered, these guests from Japan,  
So soon win the praise of child, woman and man?  
And then we discovered their gift from above—  
They came for our comfort, from motives of love.

When all the sky darkens, when leaves fall away,  
When roses are vanquished and snowdrops decay,  
My Lady Chrysanthemum came from Japan,  
And said, "I've a mission of blessing to man."

Her children came over across the dark wave,  
And love makes the welcome that all lovers crave;  
And so, lift your hands up and give them a cheer,  
To say you are glad the Chrysanthemum's here.

So teach us your lesson, dear flowers of the fall,  
So sweetly, so gently, to one and to all,  
That we, too, may comfort when hopes die away,  
And be like thy blossoms through a winter-like day.

—Author Unknown.



NEVER think that intellect is nobler than the heart, that knowledge is greater than love. Not so! A thousand times no.—*Frances Power Cobbe.*





## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXXIV.

AND I am to see the Pope. Shortly after I had left the sea road I saw ahead of me, four miles away, a steeple of some kind that looked as if it were falling down. Accordingly I rode at a more rapid rate to be on hand when the thing did come to the ground. Then I remembered that one of the seven wonders of the world, the leaning tower of Pisa, was in Pisa (pronounced Peesa), and this was Pisa, for my guidebook said so. My heart beat faster when the "discovery" broke in upon me. How I leaned over and pumped!

There it was, the leaning tower of Pisa, looking as if it would fall every moment. I was close to it now. When I went nearer and saw an American Life Insurance Company sign hanging above its door, then I wondered why it didn't fall. In the church near by is the handsome bronze lamp, the swinging of which suggested to Galileo the pendulum that swings on your clock. I saw it swing, too, or at least I saw the same lamp, but I didn't see any clock in it.

On the fresh green grass in the churchyard I threw myself to enjoy at my leisure the charming colors made by the church, the campanile, the cloud-flecked sky and the soft, tender lawn. The red, black and white of the marble came out better each time I raised my wonder-lit eyes from the plain old grass.

While lying thus, a score of little Italians came up and engaged me in a romp. The most playful fellow among them was a little dog,—Italian too,—that cut,

by his running, great circles about me, now and then rushing through the center and coming just near enough so that I might just miss him when I reached out to pat his curly back.

That was Friday afternoon. Saturday morning I reached Rome, riding through the imperial gates of the City of Cæsar and Cicero.

On the other side of a great circular fountain, throwing hundreds of tiny streams, there arose from the most commanding position in Rome a stately structure of stone and marble on the roof of which I read the sign:

GRAND HOTEL.

The hotel had not been recommended to me, but if the landlord was willing to risk me I stood ready to risk him. So I rode over. I was in Rome and I made up my mind I was going to stop at the best hotel on that side of the water, as it is. Near the entrance was a charming garden of palms and flowers, through



"On the other side of a grand circular fountain, throwing hundreds of tiny streams,—the Grand Hotel."

whose shady lanes strolled delighted guests or passing Italian gentry. I meant to come here, myself, after I had registered and filled up on Roman diet.

When I walked my wheel down the stately corridor, pillared with huge granites, I didn't need to knock or ring a bell to let them know I was coming. My hob-nail shoes, used in the Alps, made enough noise for that. Twice my wheel fell down from where I leaned it against a thirty-foot marble column or cornice. Twice I set it up again. The bike wasn't to blame. It was the same old wheel that stood in Mrs.

McGorty's chicken-house in Ireland, and it acted just the same now, only it wasn't used to polished marble hotels and mosaic floors in the capital city of the world. It blushed as much as I. We both half expected to be chased out before we got in.

In the grandest dining hall in Europe I ordered my full *table d'hôte* breakfast at nine o'clock, and while drinking not XXX but thirty X, the best coffee I ever tasted, and eating of the lamb chops and eggs after the new figs and peaches, I thought, while my eyes were fascinated by the artistic decorations of walls and ceilings by real artists, of the poor bum back at Genoa. He would have been grateful for a half-cooked potato. My heart bled for him and in my grace that morning over that sumptuous and most delicious breakfast I will ever probably take, I tried to pray for those who fared so much worse than I.

But I had no time to lose. The doors to St. Peter's would close at exactly twelve o'clock noon. It was eleven when I reached the doors, passing on the way, near the Grand, the tourist agency of Cooke & Sons, best known by, and of best service to, tourists. I am learning that while I can get on admirably on my own guiding, for the regular tourist they are as necessary to his comfort

and profit as a railroad track is to a railroad train. Elder D. L. Miller, Elder Trout and others who have traveled much, know the force of this comparison. No one ventures to go where Cooke's men are afraid to go unless it be explorers to the north pole, and when we discover the pole I will expect to hear that a Cooke tourist agent had been there before the discoverer. For honor, courtesy, refined travel, intelligence and good cheer given you, they lead the world. It has been said that Thomas Cooke & Sons are the real rulers of Egypt and I know they are rulers of more than one other country many times the size of the Nile lands. Still, I would not urge travelers to lean too much upon them. Independence and originality in traveling is as valuable an asset as in other lines.

A big crowd of sad people were in front of the Cathedral of St. Peter's when I pushed aside one of

the heavy leather curtains of one of the several entrances, the portal of which was set with columns forty-eight feet high, surmounted by a parapet along which were grouped two hundred and thirty-two statues, each ten feet in height, and took my first excited glimpse of the most wondrous and stupendous church in the world.

"It made me think," says Stoddard, when he first entered it, "of a great mountain cavern lined with precious stones, hazy with incense."

Twice I passed the catafalque and "viewed the remains" of the Pope of the whole Catholic world, studying minutely his features, the face and form of priest, poet, politician; pope. Even in emaciated death his face revealed an acute, refined mind. The brow, narrow and moderate in height, was intellectual; the chin small and retreating. Red shoes were

on his feet, white gloves on his hands, a cone-shaped hat upon his head. Those were the mortal remains of Pope Leo X and I was grateful that on my tour around the world I had at least a chance to see him at the biggest funeral the world perhaps ever saw. And that I was also to see the coronation of the next pope was scarcely a dream. In the interim, without dar-

ing to begin a description of glorious St. Peter's, I will ride back to Florence and make good the miles traveled on the Italian railway just to be on hand to see the Pope.

The first few hours out from Rome my pedal snapped off and I had to walk, except on down grades. Night overtook me right in the dreaded malarial campagna. I rode awhile, nearly suffocated by foul fumes that rose from the soil. On a higher level where the air was better, I went into a wheat field that was in shocks. The ground was dry and I pulled down part of a shock, used one sheaf for my pillow and five for cover, sleeping pretty well all night, no one finding me, and my wheel safe by me in the morning.

The next night I slept in the top of a wheat stack not yet threshed. The top was so small it was hard to keep "in" my bed. Two nights before I had slept



Office of Thomas Cooke & Sons, Rome. Photographed by Mr. Spickler on the Way to St. Peter's.



in No. 183 at the Grand, with art pictures over the ceiling to inspire me when I awoke, hungry for a splendid breakfast chosen from a long list of the choicest and most expensive of menus in Europe. Now I was in a straw stack. But I had the gorgeous but gentle heavens over me and the stars every one flung out their brightest torches to cheer me. Soft beds and silken covers are all right sometimes. Carpets of velvet and chairs covered with satin and boxed up with springs, are welcome accessories to a room. Electric buttons pushed into the wall to summon a bell-boy or a morning paper, are modern modes of living, but the best of these comforts can not half equal the simple delight and romantic situation of a house in a straw stack, and a whole universe for your walls. Here, alone, with no one but God and myself to know where I was, I lay, restful, warm and safe. I had waited until after dark before crossing the field to the stack, and then no one saw me go there. From its top, looking over as from the summit of a hill or fortification, I saw people passing on the road, walking and riding. But none saw me. I was secure, and so could rest absolutely, without fear or favor. My wheel stood at the bottom, and was used by me as a stepladder to get up past the "bulge" in the stack. By pulling out a sheaf or two near the top, I made a hole big enough to snuggle up in, and here, with my wheel locked, and my prayers said, I fell asleep till nearly morning.

I will ask the editor of the INGLENOOK to show a picture of this same strawstack, the hole near the top being plainly visible, in my next letter.

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## DELVING INTO NATURE'S SECRETS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

### III. Petroleum.

THE word petroleum comes from two words: a Greek word, "*petra*," meaning rock, and a Latin word, "*oleum*," meaning oil.

*Discovery.* Petroleum in some form has been known from the earliest times, some believing it to be the substance used by Noah to render the ark water-

tight. The earliest known oil wells are in Burmah on a tributary of the Irrawaddy. For centuries oil from these wells has been used for illuminating purposes. Japan, Russia, and Peru also supply oil, but the great petroleum regions of the world are in the United States.

Near Titusville, Pa., the Seneca Indians collected oil by spreading blankets on the water and wringing the oil out of them. This was sold under the name of "Seneca Oil" or "rock oil," as a cure for rheumatism. The demand for it was greater than the supply and Col. E. L. Drake told the company preparing the oil that he believed more oil could be found by digging. The company furnished the money for his first

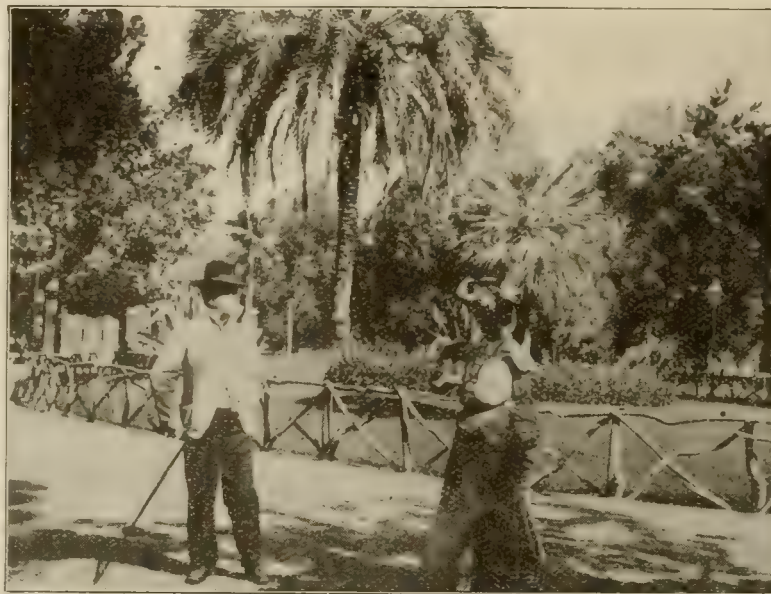
well which struck oil at the depth of sixty feet. Land rapidly rose in value and people flocked to the oil fields as they do to the gold fields.

Oil had been found in the western counties of Virginia before this time by parties sinking wells for salt water, but they considered it as a complete loss, as it ruined the wells for the production of salt. Had they known the value, the Kanawha Valley,

and not Oil Creek, would be called the parent of the oil industry of this country.

Geologists have made a study of the rock where found and now know just when the oil-bearing strata are at hand. Oil is found in almost every State, but not always in paying quantities, though new fields are continually being opened. The territory between Terre Haute and St. Louis is now being prospected. A pipe line has been completed from Casey, Ill., to Alton, Ill., and people along the route hope to see more wells sunk soon.

*Formation.* The formation of petroleum is not as evident as that of coal. The fossil remains of the coal period leave no room for doubt, but the oil leaves no such record. Before the coal period there was a time when the waters teemed with fish and mollusks, much more numerous and larger than now. Their bodies were rich in the elements found in petroleum. As proof, bodies of fish and shellfish have been distilled and a substance almost exactly the same as petroleum obtained. The rocks below the oil rock are rich in



"I meant to come here myself after I had registered and filled up on Roman diet."

fossil remains of fish, which tends to prove the theory. It is supposed that the bodies of these primeval creatures became buried under masses of rock and the heat distilled the oil. Where the rocks above and below were water-tight and the rock between so situated that the oil could form pools it collected; otherwise not.

Many pools contain gas, oil, and water. If the roof be not level and the pool be tapped at the highest point gas will be produced. If tapped lower, the pressure of the gas forces the oil to the surface, while if tapped at the lowest point, water only will be produced. Sometimes the water in the pool is exhausted, then the oil sinks to the level of the opening, and is brought to the surface by pumping.

*Wells.* The wells are just the same as for an ordinary artesian well. A derrick about seventy feet high is erected over the place where the well is to be and on top are pulleys over which run ropes to operate the machinery. The chief tools are a drill and a sand-pump. The drill weighs several hundred pounds and sinks into the rock of its own weight, being raised by an engine. At certain times the drill is withdrawn, the sand-pump inserted, and the sand removed. A pipe, called the casing, is driven into the well to prevent caving.

Sometimes when a well ceases to flow or when it has been sunk almost to the bed rock it is "shot." From twenty to fifty quarts of nitroglycerine are placed in a tin tube and lowered into the well where it is exploded. Unless the pool is exhausted a flow of oil soon appears, though I read of a case recently where a well five miles away became active instead of the well that was shot.

*Refining.* Oil, as it comes from the wells, is called crude petroleum and is of a dirty brown color. Before it is ready for use the different ingredients must be separated. This process is called refining or distilling. The petroleum is placed in a large iron tank with a tube in the top. This tube is coiled and passed through cold water to condense the vapor passing through the pipe. On applying heat beneath the tank the lighter substances pass off first. Kerosene is only one of the products of petroleum. Some of the other products are cymogene, rhigolene, naptha, gasoline, and benzine from the lighter oils. From the heavier fluid we get paraffine, lubricating oil, coal tar, vaseline, and aniline dyes.

The above are only some of the products of petroleum; new ones are constantly being discovered.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



### THE IMPORTANCE OF PATIENCE.

R. D. RYDER.

PATIENCE is one of the grandest virtues of the finite being, and to it may be credited greater achievements and nobler results than the world has yet

acknowledged. It is that peculiar quality of the mind and heart which seals all complaining hearts, soothes the wounded heart and simply abides the time for the accomplishment of a purpose.

To act is a noble thing, but to wait often exhibits a nobler and higher purpose of manhood.

It is not always an easy task to wait patiently while we feel that we are approaching the object of our desire yet seem to see it recede from us.

One of the most serious barriers to real success to the young men of our day is the feeling that the highest triumph of life is to complete their education before reaching twenty years of age. As the boy looks out upon life, he feels that the years devoted to study and preparation are largely thrown away. He resolves to hasten through and take a short cut across the field of knowledge, and consequently rushes blindly into the arena of life's activities but illy prepared for the great combat.

It has been stated that only about seven per cent of the business men succeed in life. No doubt this large percentage of failures is due to the impatience of youthful years. Young men do not appreciate the true value of a thorough preparation for life's work, but enter upon a business career before they are sufficiently matured, either in education or in years, hence they lack the stamina essential to success.

By reading the biography of some great man who won fame and honor, a young man is fired with the desire to become great and honored also, and he sets about to reach the goal. He does not stop to analyze the life of this great man and follow him from the cradle of poverty, through long years of hardship and struggle, years of discouragement and thwarted plans, years in which there were, by far, more cloudy days than sunshine, but he sees only the brilliant crown studded with stars of success. He ignores the element of time in reaching the goal of greatness. He sets aside the factor of life's developing hardships and forgets that true greatness is built upon a foundation laid deep, broad and solid, requiring time and patience. The would-be great man is too impatient to master the elements of his chosen theme, but on the principle of the greater including the less, he plunges into the very heart of his subject, and soon becomes bewildered, discouraged, and with shame and humiliation abandons his wild notion of leaping upon the platform of greatness.

Many great and useful men, it is true, have completed their college course while very young, but nature smiled upon them in a generous manner. Their peculiar aptitude for acquiring knowledge enabled them to pursue their course at a rapid pace without impatient haste. Some pronounce a man of this class a genius, forgetting that genius consists of a special aptitude for performing great labor—patient, persistent, incessant labor.



Nature furnishes us with the grandest example of patience in the whole realm of the universe. Her patient hand is seen on every side. From the tiny acorn she slowly rears to full stature the mighty oak of the forest. Through what long and weary ages has nature pounded on the granite doors of giant mountains pleading for crumbs that fall from rocky tables, that she may bear them down to the vales, to feed the hungry guests that wait in the halls below. Through countless ages she has stood with patient hand and sifted into river beds and ocean depths the fine alluvial morsels that she begged from miser mountains.

Patience has produced the grandest results in the achievements of man. There is no shining goal of human glory too bright or too remote for patience. No height can tire its wing, Strike from the firmament of human greatness every star placed there by the hand of patience, and you cover that firmament with the veil of midnight darkness.

It is patience that has crushed mighty evils and wrought sublime reforms in human history; patience, that dared to stand up and meet the taunts of ignorance and bigotry; patience, that has calmly walked back into the shadow of defeat, with "Thy will be done" upon its lips.

Patience is one of the grandest representatives of the Creator. Truly has it been said: "Patience comforts the poor and moderates the rich: she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny, and above reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman and approves the man; she is beautiful in either sex and every age."

*North Manchester, Ind.*



### THE HOME OF THE HONEY BEE.

D. J. BLOCHER.

THE most definite information in the way of honey gathering comes from the daily records of the scales. We keep a bee on the scales during the summer for our instruction and guidance. No one but a practical bee keeper can appreciate the value of good scales in daily use in a large bee yard. We have gain or loss recorded every day. When the scale records gain day after day we feel encouraged. And as loss comes day after day we feel the other way. The record also predicts the general health and prosperity of the colony, or even of all that are in the yard.

The hive tested last season (1907), as shown in the picture, was just an ordinary colony when put on the scales, but it filled over three supers. Some of the top supers were put on to have them cared for till needed in the yard. All looks clean about this hive as well as the other hives in the yard. Ordinarily there are very few dead bees about the hives, as the bees die at their post, or in the harness, as the old saying is. They leave the hive in good health and often become ill on



the way from home and drop to the ground and die. Many die on the road home with their load. Some die on the flower they visit in search of nectar. Others are killed by accident with man or beast, or fall into water and there expire. Birds and spiders kill many bees. Now come to our yards and vicinity and look for dead bees. You will be lucky if you find a dead bee in the vicinity of our yards. They do not care for fame. They simply followed the instinctive nature the Lord gave them and thus close their mission in behalf of mankind and the propagation of their own race.

*Pearl City, Ill.*

## UP THE ROAD APIECE.

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

I MET Uncle Daniel as he was starting out with a stick in his hand, evidently bound for a walk. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"Jest up the road apiece" he answered, and then slowly turning, for I had started to go in the opposite direction, he hospitably continued, "Wouldn't you like to go along?"

"Yes, indeed!" I answered promptly, for no one in our little town knew and loved the country as well as Uncle Daniel. He walked out into the fields and woods for the mere love of nature. He knew more of her secrets and understood her moods better than we did.

We walked very slowly at first. The dust lay thick and heavy, and as we trailed through it our footfalls left no echo. The road was broad in certain places, especially as it wound through some of the neighboring farms, or in level stretches of land. About a mile from town the road calmly wound its sinuous length through the cool, secluded depths of a grove; where the sun's rays never reach the ground through the thick shade cast by the oak and hickory trees. A woodpecker was noisily at work on one of the limbs, while the squirrels and chipmunks, ran to and fro in the dark recesses of the wood, unafraid. We sat down upon a fallen log and watched them in silence for awhile, then walked slowly on. Neither of us was inclined to talk. These woods inspired a worshipful feeling, and I felt as if we were passing through an old cathedral.

"Them oak trees has to stiffen up an' brace themselves against the storm, many a time," said Uncle Daniel.

There they stood like sentinels, those great oak and hickory trees, waving branches gnarled and seamed, bearing scars of past conflict. Strange, how slowly the old oak grew. There are squash vines and morning-glories back at the farmhouse which far outdistanced the oak in a single summer, but when the frost came, they died, while the oak unharmed sinks its roots deeper into the soil. The task of growing an oak tree is a long, tedious one; many summer suns have shimmered and glinted among the leaves, and a thousand rains must drip down among the branches and water the roots before it rears its mighty head as monarch of the forest; the pitiless storms of wind and sleet have done their worst but they cannot destroy it. We saw light ahead and soon we emerged into the glare of day.

Once free of the woods, we followed the road as it skirted the hill and stretched on over valley and slope ahead like a satin ribbon. And the river was just below with here and there a fisherman deeply absorbed in his task. The river murmured its tale of

past experiences when Indian canoes shot across its surface and the deer and buffalo sought its quiet banks. We watched the gliding river in its mile-wide sweep, edging the hills, girdling the islands, and threading the bridge. When the parching sun destroyed the crops and burnt the fields, and made of this road an alley of dust, the river, undismayed, slaked the ever-rising thirst of its sands.

"Oft in sadness and in illness

I have watched thy current glide,

Till the beauty of its stillness

Overflowed me like a tide.

"And in better hours and brighter

When I saw thy waters gleam

I have felt my heart beat lighter

And leap onward with thy stream."

And now we came to Teacup, a small village consisting of four cottages, all built on the south side of the road, one blacksmith shop, and a postoffice. Like the market-place for the Greeks, the postoffice was the assembly-room for the men of this vicinity. Through lengths of this old road they came to see about their mail, and learn the news. Any letters received here were read with eager, pathetic interest and answered promptly.

The old road stretched away and away into the dim distance until it became a mere thread of silver. And when the shadows lengthened and the light faded from the river, this road turned from white to a cloudy gray that silently faded to a dusky black; and soon one heard the many voices of the night calling to each other and blending at last in perfect harmony. As we returned through the woods we heard the sighing of the leaves and the settling of the branches of the night. A katydid whispered to her lover in a nearby tree and the screech owl troubled you with its uncanny, morose cries of, "who? who? wh'o?" We were close to the river now, and the frogs drowned all other sounds with their croaking voices, as does the chorus in some grand anthem. We sing of the silent night, but it is not silent, it has many voices, some of them too sweet to be heard in the sunlight. Tired, but happy Uncle Daniel and I traversed the dusty road homeward. But it was not the last time; many other afternoons found us loitering somewhere, seeing new beauty in field and sky.

"On the road of life one milestone more!

In the book of life one leaf turned o'er!

Like a red seal is the setting sun

On the good and the evil men have done,—

Naught can today restore!"



THE only humility that is really ours is not that which we try to show before God in prayer but that which we carry with us and carry out in our own conduct.—*Andrew Murray.*



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## THE NARROW ROAD TO WEALTH.

WE talk about the necessity of paying dearly for anything that is of real value,—the need of making sacrifices in order to secure that which is worth while,—that “there is no excellence without great labor.” In whatever line of activity we desire to apply this truth, we find ample proof as to its correctness. In the matter of winning wealth, with all that wealth can give, it is as literally and as strikingly true as in any other line. An utter disregard of this truth in this particular connection is the reason for much of the discontent and complaining against the present order of things.

To be sure there is one road to wealth that allows the traveler to give free rein to all his desires and appetites, without in the least detracting from the assurance that the pot of gold will be found at the end anyhow. But it is the road of graft, of dishonest, get-rich-quick methods, which no noble, upright man can enter. Search as you will, you will have to come back to the road whose keeper demands a reasonable return for every step that is ceded.

We made the statement that much of the rebellion against the present order of things in the business world is due to a disregard of the hard rules that govern the accumulation of wealth. True, there are things in the present order that are not right and just, but we cannot discuss them now. We still urge the reader to test the statement and see whether he will not find that by far the larger per cent of these complainers continually minister to extravagant tastes and know little of the mildest methods of economy, to say nothing of strict frugality.

On a railway train, not long ago, the writer overheard a conversation between a lady and gentleman on this much-discussed subject of money. The lady was rebelling against the conditions that allowed some people to have more money than they could well spend, while others—and she especially—were com-

pelled to work and plan until they were driven almost to desperation.

The man in his reply showed that he possessed more wisdom than one would have expected to find in one of his age and in his profession. His philosophy was this: Let the rich man have what he wants—his riches. It would not satisfy us; we want our work, we want to grow and develop in it. We like to spend money as well as the rich man, but we like to spend it now, as we go along, rather than deny ourselves now that at some future time we may have more than we can spend. The man admitted that it was hard sometimes to accept this view of matters, but he was sure the fault lay in himself and not in his philosophy. We knew from another part of the conversation,—and the man no doubt knew better than we,—that the woman was in the habit of eating that which was not bread and putting on raiment that was not needful clothing and in other ways ministering to extravagant tastes, and he could apply his philosophy to her case and she be unable to utter a word of protest.

And the man was right. The majority of the rich acquire their riches, not by the indulgence of every whim and fancy, but by sober industry and economy. But not all of us are as ready as this man to understand the situation and cheerfully take our place. Like the woman we want to eat our cake and have it too, and when we see that it does not so turn out we cry out against fate, laying the blame to almost everything but the real cause.

We do not wish to be understood as encouraging the accumulation of wealth. We simply contend that this position, so much coveted by thousands, is not reached except over the hard road of self-denial. While we doubt whether the goal is really worth the cost, we do not believe in self-indulgence. However great a man's earning capacity or however great his wealth in dollars and cents, no man has a right to live in a way that will alienate him from the masses or in any way unfit him for the highest usefulness. The way of self-denial has a better goal than that of wealth.



## WITH OUR READERS.

AN editor, of course, believes that everything in his periodical is worthy of a careful reading. But he is not always so conceited as to think that his readers agree with him altogether in this. In fact they sometimes go to the trouble to let him know that they do not. However, the editor of the INGLENOOK is a humble sort of person and there has been no great reason for this pinprick in the bubble of such conceit. At least our readers have been very forbearing.

We know that many readers skip through the magazine reading a little here and there, and for that reason we have now and then called attention to articles which we felt they could not afford to miss. At this

time we wish to speak of the article the first part of which appears on the first page—"Who Shall Own Our Railroads?" This is a question of the day and we should make ourselves acquainted with it. The author is professor of history in the University of Virginia and is well able to handle the subject, as you will find by reading the article.



#### BIRTH OF "THE SWEET BYE AND BYE."

MANY still vividly remember the extraordinary excitement created by Mr. Dwight L. Moody in the United States and England in the early seventies. Immense audiences thronged to hear Mr. Moody speak, whenever he appeared. Even in New York—usually so cynical and indifferent—there were scenes of religious enthusiasm which defy description.

The so-called "Moody and Sankey Hymns" were at once taken up, and sung in nearly every household throughout the country. Hymns like "Hold the Fort" and "Pull for the Shore" appealed even to the irreligious. Their spirited measures rang out from boating-parties and "strawriders" almost as frequently as from religious gatherings.

But others of them touched the heart with a peculiar sweetness, for they were expressive of that yearning for peace and rest which at some time or other stirs every human soul.

None, perhaps was so immediately popular, and none has so endured the test of time, as "The Sweet Bye and Bye." The simplicity of the words matches the irresistible attraction of the melody. The hymn as a whole, has taken its place as a pure gem in the world's collection of religious lyrics.

Some facts concerning the composition of "The Sweet Bye and Bye" are interesting because they show how casually inspiration often comes. At the little village of Elkhorn, Wisconsin, in 1869, two veterans of the Civil War were living as close friends. One of these was Joseph P. Webster, who taught music and, in a modest way, composed it. The other was S. Fillmore Bennett, the village druggist, who, in his leisure hours, studied music under his friend's instruction, and collected short poems, songs and hymns, sometimes writing them himself. These two men prepared a hymnal for use in Sunday schools, and published from time to time selections of religious music.

Mr. Webster was a man of moods, and subject to fits of deep depression. His friend Bennett used to say:

"Whenever I find Webster blue, I hunt up a spirited hymn or a lively song for him to work at. It always proves to be a certain cure."

In 1867, a friend in Detroit had sent to Mr. Webster a poem in which the phrase, "sweet bye and bye," occurred, requesting him to compose some music for it. The lines pleased Webster very much, and the

phrase became a sort of family saying. If anything went wrong in household matters or in business, the members of the Webster family used to cheer each other by remarking: "Oh, it will be all right in the sweet bye and bye."

One cold, dreary morning in November, 1869, Mr. Webster entered his friend's pharmacy, and without noticing any one by even so much as a general greeting, he made his way to the stove and stood there, silent and with a despondent look. It happened that the three men who were present—Mr. Bennett and two of the villagers—were, with Mr. Webster, members of a male quartet, and were in the habit of practicing the various hymns and songs which Webster from time to time had composed. After a moment or two, Mr. Bennett, regarding his friend attentively, asked:

"Well, Webster, what ails you?"

"Oh, nothing much. It will be all right in the sweet bye and bye."

After a short interval of silence, Mr. Bennett remarked:

"By the way, Webster, what do you think of the phrase 'the sweet bye and bye' as a title for a hymn in our book?"

"Excellent," was the reply.

Bennett then turned to his desk, and in less than thirty minutes had written the three verses practically as they stand today, and had placed them in Webster's hands. The latter glanced over the lines, his face brightened, and his despondency immediately disappeared. He reached for his violin, which was kept there for just such an emergency as this. In half an hour he had jotted down the music, precisely as we have it today. And so within an hour from the time when Bennett had asked Webster what he thought of "the sweet bye and bye" as a subject for a hymn, the four men were practicing it together.

While the singing was going on, a neighbor entered.

"What's that you're singing?" he asked.

"Oh, it's a hymn that we've just turned out around the stove, here."

"Well," said the neighbor, "that hymn is bound to be immortal."

This prophecy is likely to prove true, for probably no hymn of modern composition has been so widely sung. Its melody has circled the globe. There is a pathetic interest attached to it from the fact that the first occasion on which "The Sweet Bye and Bye" was sung in public was at a funeral service of the mother of him who made the prophecy. Since then, its strains have brought comfort to many an afflicted soul, bringing to it a promise that the wrongs and hardships of this life shall be righted and assuaged in the happiness of the great Hereafter.—*The Musical Million*.





### THE BOY WITH HAIR OF GOLD.

(To my baby brother.)

MARY C. STONER.

A little curl of silken gold,  
Within my hand I fondly hold.  
Its owner, with his beauteous eyes—  
The blue which came from heaven's skies—  
Has won his way into my heart  
With simple grace and childish art,  
And now, with love I long to hold  
That darling boy with hair of gold.

So safely now, our darling boy  
Is sheltered from the world's alloy,  
With Father's love to guide the will  
That knows and trusts the Father still.  
So safe from sin and all its charms,  
So safely held in mother's arms,  
But mother may not always hold  
That darling boy with hair of gold.

Beyond the love, the joy of home,  
In this or other lands to roam,  
That darling boy shall miss the care  
That blessed the fervent family prayer,  
May feel the sting of friends untrue,  
Of those, whom love had known so true,  
May long for home's sweet nest to hold  
The troubled, wearied head of gold.

But may my darling brother prove  
A man with God's own heart of love;  
May wearied souls find peace and rest  
Through his great life, on Jesus' breast.  
And when the sky's last ray of light  
Shall bless the darkness of the night,  
May heaven's gates in joy unfold  
To greet the boy with hair of gold.

North Manchester, Ind.



### INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

FLORA E. TEAGUE.

How charmingly some people can carry themselves in public places, in social gatherings, as guests in a home, in the most exclusive society, or among the most illiterate and unrefined people. It is largely a matter of culture and education. Many persons are too apt to think that wealth is the golden key that unlocks the barred doors of the so-called higher classes. In some cases it has much to do with the coveted desire. But unless wealth be accompanied with culture and refinement, the owner is still debarred. No matter how penniless one may be, if he possesses a well-stored mind, a refined address, he will not only be

permitted to join hand with good society, but will also be sought after.

Far rather would I gain entrance into the inner circles of culture and refinement through a well-stored mind, than by the more uncertain acquisition of riches. The latter often take wings and flit far, far away and unless you possess some other attraction, you will likely be coldly invited to retire. Not so with the educated and cultured. As long as mind endures and proper conduct one's position is secure.

Everyone may acquire this fortunate boon. Not all may have wealth. Even though you may not have as good opportunities as many others, good books and good literature are abundant. Grasp the idle moments, feed upon the best and grow. A few minutes spent each day in reading the best literature, then storing it away for future reference, after thoroughly digesting and meditating upon what you have read, will soon add much to your beauty of mind, soul, and face, Yes, *face*, for he whose mind is well stored has an expression that empty minds do not possess nor ever can. The beauty of soul shines through and upon the face.

Avoiding reading too much light literature even for pastime. It all becomes more or less part of you. It usually is not very elevating and in your upward climbing, you can not afford to lose any steps. Then, too, reading for amusement has a tendency to weaken the memory. We do not, as a usual thing, try to retain in our minds the light stuff. Hence, we are worse than wasting our time by reading it.

Memorize much. This will enable you to often repeat appropriately beautiful sentiment. Do not neglect the best book in the world, from every point of view—the Bible. Our ablest statesmen knew its contents well and many times fittingly quoted therefrom. A complete range of literature and expression is found therein which is exceedingly helpful, besides the spiritual culture you should gain by reading it.

Converse frequently with the best of people. Closely observe their quiet and refined movements and speech. Use only the best language yourself at all times and in all places. Cultivate gentleness, quiet tones, consideration for others, and the time must come when you shall be one of the desired class you have sought to reach.

## SPEAK THE TRUTH.

D. Z. ANGLE.

"DID you have to pay for him?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't have had to if the boy had kept his mouth shut!"

"Why, how was that, Sam?"

"Well, Jennie, you see I told the conductor that Tommy was five and immediately Tommy corrected with,—'Papa! why, don't you know, I was six my last birthday!' So you see that gave us away and the conductor made me pay half-fare for our boy."

"Well, Sam! you didn't tell any story, did you? for Tommy is five; you didn't need to say whether he was older or not."

"No, Jennie, of course not, and we'd took him home free if he'd just kept still."

"Why, Pa, I am six," insisted Tommy.

"But you didn't need to say so a moment ago and cause me to pay your fare!"

"Say, Pa, can't I raise this window?"

"No! Shut up! I've heard enough out of you today."

"Oh! Whew! Say, Ma, let me raise the window? I'm hot!"

"No, don't raise the window, but you may take off your overcoat." (Tommy proceeds to take off coat without loss of time).

(Pa, to Cousin John outside car who is a porter.)

"Good-bye, John."

"Good-bye, Sam, come again soon and see us in the city."

"Well, don't know, we're about broke now with this trip. You come and see us at the farm, meantime beat the railroad out of all you can."

"Ha! Ha! Well, all right."

The above conversation we overheard while waiting for our train to start out of a great passenger depot on a recent trip. The incident set us to thinking. We thought what a great mistake the gentleman referred to was making. He evidently intended to get his boy a free ride and thus save himself a little money, which he knew he should rightfully pay to the railroad company. He was defeated in his design by the innocent vanity of the boy who would not for a moment leave the impression that he was under six years old.

We thought what a poor sample of training the child up in the way he should go. Better pay ten times the boy's fare and teach and sustain him in his efforts at truthfulness, than to teach him deceit and dishonesty!

The boy may think after a while that if it is right to beat a railroad, it is not wrong to beat some other strangers, and thus set a pace in dishonest living which eventually will land him in a prison cell, and bring shame and dishonor upon himself and his parents, who

unwisely gave him the first lesson in dishonesty and deception. "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." If all children are taught as above, what a crooked lot of human trees the next generation will produce, and what will become of Christian piety, equal rights, and human liberty in this boasted "land of the free and the home of the brave"?

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

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## MIND PICTURES.

D. MAXCY QUELLHORST.

How are we posing before friends? We have on the canvas of our minds many kinds of pictures. Some very beautiful, while there are others we would gladly erase, if it were possible to do so. When we stop to think of it, we are ever having printed upon the mind some kind of a picture. And just as surely, we are posing, as it were, for some one else.

I am thinking now of a little girl, some two or three years my senior. We children are staying over night at her home. Her mamma is away for some reason. Supper is on the table, which consists of corn bread and, if I remember right, water, sweetened with home-made molasses, for the mother is a widow, and very poor. This girl, the oldest of the family, divides the bread, giving her little brothers and sisters such little bits, while she eats to the "fill," and tries to have us eat more than we really want. We want to divide our portion with those poor little hungry children but she says, "no, you eat that, they have enough."

Later on in our picture, we see this girl very disobedient and ungrateful to her dear mamma. She takes things out of the house to buy fine shoes, and clothing, for herself, while her little brothers and sisters must go in rags, and want.

Next in our picture, she is fixing to get married. She is radiant and happy. But, alas for the home she is about to leave, she takes nearly every article of worth, from that poor mother. Now what must be done? The mother, broken down in health, cannot keep the family together. They break up housekeeping. The mother and baby find a home with her husband's brother, while the others are cared for by relatives and friends. The poor, neglected mother sickens and dies, dealing a heart-blow to this ungrateful girl, who is fully awake to her sad mistake.

To say the least, her husband is strange and queer, in his family. He takes her away from all her friends and we see her pining for home associations. For though she is so thoughtless, and cares so little for her best friends, she is kindness itself to every one else. And sad but true, she droops and dies in poverty, destitute of the smallest comforts, amongst strangers.

Now let us take a glimpse at one of the little sisters. She works around, from place to place and makes enough to clothe herself comfortably. She meets and



marries, a man of means, has a family of her own, and 'tis putting it easy to say that kindness, gentleness and goodness can be traced in every line of her features. The kindly beaming of her eyes, bespeaks the warmth of the soul within. And everyone loves and admires her.

As we look back over our past lives, we wonder how we are posing before the minds of our friends and neighbors. Are we helping them to make beautiful pictures of love, gentleness, and kindness, or are we marring the pure white canvas of their minds?



### SECRET OF A LONG LIFE.

You sometimes see a woman whose age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. You wonder how this has come about. You wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.

She did not expect too much of her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions and did not believe all the world wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered. This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.—*Exchange*.

## The Children's Corner

### THE RESULT OF ROBERT'S HONESTY.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

It was a pleasant place in the suburbs of a western town. The house was a comfortable cottage, occupying the center of a large grassy lawn embellished with a few fine old trees.

Back of the house was a garden where grew a variety of late vegetables, a riotous mass of old-fashioned flowers, and a number of trees, loaded with ripening fruit.

The roots of a sturdy grapevine lay hidden in the soil at the edge of the kitchen porch and from that root grew the great luxurious plant that covered the long arbor, leading from the house to the garden.

People passing along the street would often pause to note the pretty, home-like appearance which the place presented. Some wondered who lived there and occasionally one would call upon the elderly white-haired owner and his gentle lady wife who seemed to be new people there as only a few, so far, had learned to enjoy their splendid hospitality.

There were no children in that home. The boys and girls had long since gone and builded for themselves. But these two elderly people liked young company and as they expressed it "wished for some one to love." They had not been in their new home long until they found their hearts' desire. And this is the way that it came about.

Across the alley from the rare old garden was another house—a small four-roomed weather-beaten structure where three orphaned children lived. One of these was Robert Hoyt, a boy of thirteen years. The other two were his sisters—Celia, the housekeeper, who was seventeen, and Alice, the youngest of the family, an invalid of six. It was very hard for Celia and Robert to keep up in their simple style of living, for they owned nothing but their humble home; but they were always ready to work and had always been brave and honest in their unequal struggle for existence.

"Robert," said Celia, "we must find some extra work to do. Perhaps you can find something to do of mornings and evenings when you can spare the time from lessons. And, brother, see what I have done!" The girl shook out the folds of a dainty white dress that she had fashioned for a neighbor's child—about the age of Alice. "They will give me some more work to do if I will take it and I intend to try. Isn't it nice?"

"Well, what more can I do, Celia?" asked the boy, ignoring her last question. "I've done all the work I can find to do. Mr. Clives said I could deliver goods for him the next time he needed an extra delivery boy, but he will want me to work all day. Then when can I go to school?"

"You might ask him, Robbie, if he has any work for you of mornings and evenings."

"Well, off I am, Celia."

No sooner said than done. Robert Hoyt was soon in the presence of his friend, Mr. Clives, the busiest grocer in the town, and stating his case very clearly to that shrewd, energetic business man.

"Well, Robert, I don't want any more help in the store just now, but say," in a more confidential tone, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got some work around home to do, lawn to mow, wood to saw, and so forth. I'll give you that work to do if you are willing to take it, and I'll pay you what is right."

"Very well, sir, I will do it."

"All right, just call there tomorrow morning about six o'clock and—and I'll tell you just what to begin with."

Robert bowed politely and promised to call at Mr. Clives' house in the morning. As soon as he reached the sidewalk he sped away as on winged feet to tell Celia.

"O Robert! how nice to find such good luck," exclaimed the happy young housekeeper. "And see!

I have already found some more sewing to do. At this rate we will be quite rich by the end of the week, won't we, Alice?"

"Yes. Then I can have something good to eat, can't I, Robert?" asked the little girl with an eager light in her tired eyes.

"Maybe we can save enough to buy you some apples, Alice, dear," replied Celia, with a troubled look toward Robert. "Do you know how much they cost, Robert?"

"I don't know, Celia. I'll ask when I go down town again." The next morning Robert was at the home of Mr. Clives bright and early. He worked steadily for two hours, then went to school. At noon he went across lots home to dinner. His route took him past the fine old garden that belonged to the two elderly people who were waiting to make friends with all the young people about them. The Hoyts were yet strangers to them. But it was at this time that Robert's attention was attracted toward the trees. He stopped a moment to feast his eyes upon the ripening fruit, then hurried on. Each day he passed by the garden and each day he wished he might take some of the peaches or grapes home to Alice.

"The fruit is fine now," he said one day as he stood near a bending bough. "I wonder if I cannot just gather a handful and carry them home to Alice," thought he. The fact was Robert was being tempted. He had stopped at the store at different times but he could find nothing suitable, he thought, for a sick person.

"Will you buy some grapes of the people who have the garden, Robbie? I like to hear you tell about the peaches there, too."

"I will ask them if they have any to sell, Alice," he had replied, but when he opened his pocketbook he found it entirely empty, as his slender earnings had gone toward paying for medicine and household expenses. Then he did not like to ask for the fruit without the money to pay with. That was too much like begging, he always said.

As Robert stood looking across the garden he thought it seemed more glorious than ever before. The ruddy peaches hung mellowing in the bright warm sun and on one side of each the rosy blush deepened into a fine red-brown. Leathery pears and big red apples peeped from among the branches, and the grapes lay purpling on the lattice of the arbor.

The hungry boy noticed no one being near. Would it make any difference if he took just one? That great ripe beauty just above his head? "But no," said Robert to himself. "The Hoyts have always been worthy in spite of their bitter poverty. Celia would feel very sorry if she knew and perhaps Alice would not enjoy her treat if it was brought to her in that way. No! No! I will wait until I can buy," and he turned to go away.

Just then he saw a lady walking among the old-fashioned flowers. She was coming toward him. "Wait little boy! Wait!" she cried in a kind, motherly voice. Robert waited nervously. "I have often seen you here by the garden fence," said she. "I do not blame you for stopping to look at them. Aren't they good to look at? Quite ripe, too."

"They are fine," replied Robert, blushing as red as the rosy cheeked fruit.

"Yet you have never disturbed them. Where do you live?" asked she.

Robert told her where he lived.

"So close to us as that?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why have you never helped yourself to the fruit when it is just within your reach?"

Robert hung his head and dug his heel into the cool black soil. "This gentle old lady does not know how near I came to helping myself," said Robert to his conscience, but aloud he made reply. "I have never done anything like that without the owner's leave. Besides, Celia would not like it," said Robert feeling very glad in his heart that he could say so with an open countenance.

"Celia! And who is Celia, may I ask?"

Then Robert told her about himself, his home and his people.

"Well. I must say you are very good children. Wait and I will give you some peaches."

She soon returned with a market basket full of choice fruit and gave it to Robert to carry home.

Then he was too much surprised to murmur anything except "Thank you! Thank you!"

"You are indeed welcome. Tell Celia to come over. I would like to see her."

"Yes, ma'am. I'll tell her."

The next day Celia went over to see the kind lady who sent the fruit. The result was that of a lasting friendship between the two old people and the three young people. As for Alice, her new friends saw that she had all the goodies she wanted to eat and that she had the necessary care to make her well and strong again.

"What if I had taken that fruit without leave?" Robert often asked himself. "We never could have known all this happiness," was his only answer.

## For SUNDAY READING

LORD, INCREASE MY FAITH.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Lord, increase my faith,  
That its power may be  
A light to shine 'mid darkness,  
A guiding star to me.  
Though ebon clouds hang o'er me,



All lesser lights grow pale,  
 Yet faith's unfailing glory  
 No storm-clouds can assail.  
 Lord, increase my faith;  
 My heavenly guide 'twill be,  
 To lead o'er trackless waters—  
 Life's foaming, wave-tossed sea.  
 Oh! what am I without it?  
 A wreck upon the strand;  
 My faith, my sure deliverer,  
 Guides with unfaltering hand.  
 Lord, increase my faith;  
 May it gleam a beacon ray;  
 Pierce through the midnight shadows,  
 And cheer life's stormy way.  
 When fierce the tempest rages,  
 And high the billows roll,  
 This fadeless light from heaven  
 Reveals the shining goal.  
 Lord, increase my faith;  
 Its power is strong to save,  
 It fills my heart with courage  
 To walk upon the wave.  
 My star, my guide, my comfort,  
 I'll follow evermore;  
 Through it I'll brave all danger  
 And reach the sunlit shore.



### THE SUPREME PREROGATIVE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THERE are two words which antedate the ten. First in the mind of God, best for the needs of earth, they are still the glory of man. The poet-historian of Genesis described their origin in Eden when the Creator said: "Be fruitful," and, "Be masters." (Have dominion.) Multitude and magnitude are in them; extension and intention are theirs; and the two together form the primeval program of social and ethical progress.

The joy of multiplying innocent beings was dashed by disobedience; and the tang of sorrow, infused into the cup of bliss, so embittered the first part of our heritage that we have ever turned to the other as the splendid privilege of man. Moreover, in the realization of the second we shall have the recovery of the first. Mastery will sweeten reproduction.

The story of the garden is a bugle call to mastery. Kingship is the keynote of the Book, and it is the supreme privilege of man to have dominion over all that is "of the earth—earthy." Man must prove himself a prince, though disguised and far from home. And it is easy to pierce the disguise and to start upward to the Father's house.

"Be masters in your art," daily insisted a southern farmer to his boys, and one became a tight-rope walker another a ventriloquist while a third excelled as a professional ball-player. "Master your art," should be, "Master your heart." Mastery should be first self-directed, intensive and then it may be objective and extensive.

"Take heed unto 'thyself'" shouted the aged Paul, nearing the top of the altar stairs to the young Timothy below. When David G. Farragut was sent for the first time into the rigging of the ship, the vessel rolled and plunged and the boy's head swam dizzily, the little figure was seen to stagger in midair, when the captain shouted, "Look up, Davy, look at the sun." The upward look restored his equilibrium and saved him.

Not long can man be self-poised if his eyes rest continually on the swirling vortex of commercialism. There must be an upward look, or the dead-level of things will engulf us.

The rich young ruler was troubled with the malady of misplaced emphasis. Longing for the noblest and best in life, he ran to Jesus, with the burning question, "What shall I do?" With him it was a problem of maneuvering instead of mastering, a question of manipulation, instead of manhood. "Do, what shall I do, Master?" cried the unsatisfied noble; but the Master laid his finger on the spot when he said: "It is not a question of doing, but of *being*! If thou wilt be—and be perfect—an imperial master, then turn loose your nervous grip, and take hold anew in my way."

It is the glory of him who sets mastery before us that he himself was the model Master. No mere reformer, he. Others might make men better—he would make them *perfect*. He did not come to reform the world but to redeem and regenerate it. No program of betterment would satisfy him who with garments dyed in blood came out of the woods, forspent, but all content, to bring man perfection. "When he went up on high," explains the apostle, "he led his captives into captivity and gave gifts to mankind." Among these gifts is a complete mastery of self, of sin, and of the world. "Take courage," cries the Master, "I have overcome the world and by this token you also shall overcome." Even to this day, to as many as receive him, to them he gives the supreme privilege of becoming Sons of God! This is life raised to its highest powers according to God's binomial theorem.

Such Alpine heights are not to be reached instantaneously or by a single bound. Enough if the flaccid youth today catch a gleam from the summit and resolve to climb. "Yonder," exclaimed Napoleon, to his engineer and pointing to a lofty peak, "where the eagle screams today we must rest tomorrow!"

Again, it is not only a strenuous climb, but it is also a growth. Now the process of growth is as beautiful as it is mysterious. Just before the battle of Gettysburg a noted southern general was so enamored with the luxuriant fields of wheat that he declared: "If we should not lose a man, it would be an eternal sin to spoil those fields."

Burbank avers that there is no crop on earth that is not beautiful and inspiring in its growth. What

then, of the growth of man? Who can picture the growth of youth towards its ideals! What yearnings and burstings and buddings in the strain after perfection and self-mastery! Now, youth, like plants grows from within, outward. It must be first of all a mastery of internal forces.

Deep within the current of life there is an under-current of passion which must be mastered or it will conquer. Passion is necessary and essential, but woe to that man who falls a prey to its relentless and remorseless grip. Like mud and slime at the bottom of the placid lake, the least change of temperature or summer's shower, will precipitate an ugly uprising and a befouling of the sweet limpid waters. And life's barometer cannot maintain a fixed *status quo*. Some days are clear and pure, and the soul wings and sings. Some dark and stormy and the mists, are heavy and the fog horns' dismal din sends a shiver to the bone—then if the soul can sit on the throne and hold the reins of mastery, all is well.

Passion, like the sea, ever restless, all inclusive, is one, though it has many names and outlets. One man laments his temper; another his appetite, a third his lust and a fourth his avarice—but it is all unmastered passion. Once, let passion be mastered as steel is tempered and these specific forms will disappear. Then when under bit and rein, it becomes a useful and faithful carrier. Here is where many would-be leaders fail—they have not mastered themselves first. No man can be an altruist who has not first mastered his passions and then in turn is fired with a passion for men. Strange paradox this! It is not enough that one have a passion for others. There is a previous question—have you subordinated your own passion? Then

"One master passion in the breast  
Like Aaron's rod swallows up the rest."

"Souls, souls, I have a passion for souls," said an evangelist. The same evening after his sermon on Hell and an unsuccessful altar call, he exhibited a sickening display of temper, declaring, "If you people want to go to Hell, you may go on, but don't blame *me* for it." How different this, from the weeping prophet! St. James, the practical, says that Elijah was a man of like passions with us—but *he prayed*. Splendid process for deliverance!

The kingdom of the mind—thoughts, and imagination, too,—must be mastered. Imagination is the soul's auditorium in which no whisper should be allowed, that has not first been spoken to the virgin door-keeper, conscience. It is the inner laboratory where motives are mixed, where deeds are in solution, where character is perpetually tested and purity solvents are the cheapest chemicals. The deadly skull and cross-bones warn the public to beware of the particular poison so labeled. Oh, that some friendly power would

thus mark those salacious books, stories, companions and places which pollute the mind of our youth! As a man imagines, so he is. What he does in the world he first practices in his mind. Impure thoughts, impure acts. Only the pure in imagination see God; the others see the vile, the faults in fellows, the inequalities in life, the bad church, the dark side of the universe. Misanthropes, hypochondriacs and pessimists have first an apprenticeship to a diseased if not impure imagination. God be thanked that it is man's supreme privilege to be *pure in heart*.

The Bible does not only enjoin it, but it is radiant with shining examples—Moses, and Daniel and Jonathan and Josiah. But Joseph is the Parsifal of the Old Testament. His purity not only served and saved him in an hour of severe temptations but it held him steady, sweet-tempered and sweet-spirited and hopeful through those dark, weary prison years. How versatile is virtue, how long-lived is charity, making their heroes, hundred-handed! The princely Joseph, coming out conqueror, sings with Sir Galahad:

"My good blade cuts the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten  
Because my heart is pure."

Once more the voice from Eden speaks: "Have dominion over the affections." "Set your affections," commands the jealous apostle, as if a mighty effort of will were necessary to direct the volatile emotions. No spirit striving for mastery can afford to select an inferior object of love. He will gravitate toward it. Love is like man's freedom: freedom of the will does not consist in being free to choose or not to choose. Rather, man *must* choose, but he is free to choose this object of love rather than that. Love no woman, unless by so doing, all women become nobler and dearer. Affiliate with no man who does not make you feel that all men must be brothers. This is the ideal set before us when Paul says, "The love of Christ constrains."

Space and time fail us to speak of the mastery of appetite, ambition, and other personal powers.

Finally, though self is mastered it is not *for self*. And this is the peerless motive. Said the Christ: "For their sakes, I sanctify myself; and for their sakes let me master myself." The rich young man must go and sell what he has and give to the poor. Why go and sell? Why not give it as it stood? It was not in shape to be given. It was encumbered and unsuited to the poor, and the poor unsuited to it. Go and sell means to convert it into terms of common usefulness—reduce it to a common denominator. What an ideal this! It can be, for

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,  
The youth replies, I can!"





# Echoes from Everywhere

Postmaster-General Meyer announces that the postal deficit for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, amounted to nearly \$17,000,000. The receipts were \$191,000,000 and the expenditures, \$208,000,000. The deficit is the largest in the history of the postoffice department.

The Victoria legislative council has passed the bill empowering women to vote at state elections. This bill previously had been rejected several times. The women throughout Australia have now won the right of suffrage in both commonwealth and state elections.

This is the season of the year when we read much about the "six best sellers" in bookland, but we have not noticed that many are crediting the Bible with being at the top of the list. Last year 5,638,381 copies were sold, and the Bible is now published in 412 various tongues.

So many peanuts are eaten in this country that the native supply is not sufficient for the demand, and about \$3,000 worth of the African nuts were imported from Marseilles in 1906, and over \$73,000 worth in 1907. The west coast of Africa produces quantities of peanuts.

America could well take lessons from Japan on railroad operation. The corporate-owned railways of the Island Empire carried, last year, 126,000,000 passengers, and deaths from accident were only nineteen. The government roads, which carried 47,500,000 passengers, had no fatalities.

Professor Lombroso, the Italian criminologist, calls attention to the remarkable freedom from drunkenness found in the Jewish race. In the ordinary insane asylum, he says, 55 per cent of the inmates owe their condition to alcoholism, while in the Jewish asylum at Amsterdam he could not find one case of such origin.

The funeral in St. Petersburg of Grand Duke Alexis, who died in Paris Nov. 14, will be attended by Emperor Nicholas in person. His majesty will follow the casket on foot through the streets of the city. This will be the first time the emperor has been seen on the streets of St. Petersburg since 1904, and the fact is a striking testimonial of the progress made in appeasing the people.

The United States Government has brought six suits against the American Sugar Refining Company to recover forfeitures and customs duties amounting to \$3,624,121 on sugar delivered at the Havemeyer & Elder refineries in Brooklyn during the last six years. The Government alleges fraud in weighing the shipments. The first of the suits was for \$1,500,000, and was filed with the courts on October 16, and the others were filed October 28. The filing of the action was kept from public knowledge until after the election. The American Sugar Refining Company has filed a general denial of the charges.

The Navy Department will shortly issue invitations for bids for the construction of a long-distance wireless station in Washington, which is to be of exceptional power and is designed to enable the Department to hold communication with vessels over 2,000 miles distant. Proposals will also be asked for a wireless equipment for ships, to have a radius of not less than 1,000 miles.

It is reported that the engineers who will design the new Quebec bridge are considering the question of placing the new structure ten feet higher above the St. Lawrence than the bridge that fell. The clearance of the fallen structure was 150 feet above high water. The change is designed to accommodate ships that make Montreal a port of call.

General revision of the American financial system cannot be hoped for at the coming session of Congress, but the members of the national monetary commission expect there will be a law passed corrective of some of the developed evils in the administrative features of banking. These probabilities were evident when the commission held its first meeting Nov. 23, preliminary to the making of its report.

Evidences of an extensive plot to smuggle opium to Manila from China have been discovered. A fortnight ago workmen employed on the military buildings at Camp Stutzenberg discovered a quantity of opium concealed in cement which had been shipped from Hongkong. Workmen engaged on the Manila forts Nov. 19 opened a supposed barrel of cement and found it to be half full of opium.

The National Child Labor Committee solicits the cooperation of all industrial, civic, philanthropic, religious and social organizations in properly bringing before Congress the bill to establish a National Children's Bureau, which shall deal with the problems of orphanage, illiteracy, illegitimacy, infant mortality, race suicide and degeneracy, juvenile delinquency, etc. Address communications to Owen R. Lovejoy, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York.

Indorsement of a proposed bill making it unlawful for any pupil of a public school in Illinois to become a member of a secret society was voted by the Irving Park Woman's Club at one of its weekly meetings held recently at the Irving Park Country Club. Such a bill has already been drawn up and is to be submitted to the State legislature in the near future. The proposed bill has already been indorsed by the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs at its convention in East St. Louis, Ill., last month. Among other provisions of the bill there is one making the rushing or soliciting pupils of the public schools to become members of any secret society by any person outside the schools a misdemeanor, punishable by fine.

Quarantine against interstate shipments of cattle in New York and Pennsylvania, ordered by the Department of Agriculture, became effective recently, and simultaneously came word that Great Britain has extended its ban to arrivals from New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The orders are the result of the spread of the foot and mouth disease among the arrivals, and will continue until the contagion is under control.

The War Department is engaged in experiments to determine what can be done in the way of compressing coffee and sugar into tablet forms under conditions which will preserve them for a lengthy period, with a view to including the product in the new haversack ration which has been adopted for the army. This ration includes hard bread, bacon put up in tins, and salt and pepper carried in stout separate envelopes.

In a letter to President Roosevelt from the American Newspaper Publishers' Association the latter charges the census bureau with unreliability in the figures furnished on paper prices. It emphasizes the fact that the census bureau exists for the purpose of furnishing correct data on all subjects, and if it is found misleading in one instance there is reason to doubt its authority on other subjects, and the \$14,000,000 spent in the department may give little of real value in return.

According to a recent consular report, there is a total water power in Switzerland of 1,000,000 horsepower, three-quarters of which may be exploited, though at present only one-quarter of this is utilized. Steps have been taken to protect the use of the streams, with a view to prevent the transmission of current to foreign countries. A resolution was recently passed by the Swiss Congress, placing the utilization of water power entirely under control of the federal government.

The excitement of the presidential election has made itself felt in Panama, where every development of the campaign has been watched by the American exiles with great interest. But not even that was allowed to interfere with the steady progress of the work. Recently arrangements were made for the use of 11,200,000 pounds of dynamite with which to loosen the shale and rock before the immense steam-shovels. Three thousand miles of fuse and 600,000 blasting caps will be employed in setting off the blasts which are expected to make a huge hole in the Culebra cut. Work has been steady for the laborers there, and it is true that the wages are high, but the cost of living is also excessive, a fact which many of the reports fail to state.

The Weekly Review of Chicago Trade, published Nov. 21 by R. G. Dun & Co., says: "Evidences of healthy recovery in commerce become more distinct. The recent rise in the volume of payment through the banks is accentuated by an aggregate which is the largest in thirteen months and exceeds that of the corresponding week in 1906, when business was exceptionally good. Trading defaults also make a gratifying exhibit, both numbers and liabilities being only one-half those recorded at this time last year. Another gratifying testimony is seen in the diminishing ranks of idle workers and freight cars. Investment interest has become very encouraging, a safer balance being established by the check to overtrading in Wall Street securities. Money is ample for legitimate purposes and the discount rate favors renewed enterprise along both industrial and financial lines."

An Englishman has invented an attachment which he says will enable gas consumers to save from 50 to 75 per cent on their bills for that form of luminant. His invention makes use of a new petrol-air gas. This gas is made by the carburetting of air with a small portion of petrol vapor, the resultant mixture being highly illuminating, nonexplosive, without smell, and without injurious effects if inhaled. Applied to special burners it burns with great power and gives off sufficient heat to be serviceable for either cooking or heating purposes as well as for lighting.

The cultivation of certain species of spiders solely for the fine threads which they weave has an important bearing upon astronomy, the oldest physical science, says the Inventive Age. No substitute for the spider's thread has yet been found for bisecting the screw of the micrometer used for determining the positions and motions of the stars. Not only because of the remarkable fineness of the threads are they valuable, but because of their durable qualities. Recently the set of spider lines in the micrometer of the transit instrument at the Alleghany Observatory were examined and found to be in good condition, though they had been in use for 47 years. These threads withstand changes in temperature, so that in measuring sunspots they are uninjured, when the heat is so great that the lens of the micrometer eye-piece is often cracked.

Secretary Root is endeavoring to secure from Russia a revision of the treaty of 1832, one of whose provisions makes it a crime for any Russian citizen to emigrate from his country. At the time that the treaty was signed there was practically no emigration from Russia to this country and the provision was therefore considered of little importance on either side. Since that day conditions have changed very radically; a large number of Russians yearly come to our shores, the majority of them to take out papers of naturalization and become American citizens. The provisions of the treaty which makes it a crime for them to do this and lays them liable to punishment for it on their return to their native land is of course hateful to them, as it is embarrassing to the United States Government. Previous secretaries of state have endeavored to secure a modification of this clause in the treaty, but without result. Nor has any answer been received up to the present time in response to the proposal of Secretary Root.

It is declared that during the coming year a fight on a large scale will be waged in the Republic of Mexico for the control of the local oil market and of the rich and extensive fields which experts declare will be opened up. The chief contestants in this struggle will be the Standard Oil Company and S. Pearsons & Sons, Limited, an English corporation. New companies, however, are constantly acquiring immense tracts, although most of this work is being done quietly. The latest to enter the Mexican field is an Indianapolis corporation capitalized at 40,000,000 pesos. It was made public recently that this company had acquired concessions from the Federal Government and from the State of Chihuahua to explore 10,000,000 acres of land in the eastern part of that State. The president of the new corporation is W. K. Bellis of Indianapolis. Meanwhile it is stated that a syndicate headed by W. R. Hearst and James R. Keene has acquired rights over 220,000 acres in eastern Chihuahua. The Standard Oil Company is reported to have recently purchased large tracts of oil land in the State of Tamaulipas.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### "BACK TO THE LAND."

Most wholesome indeed is this trend of the times which is making farm life so much more profitable and so much less humdrum than it once was. "Back to the land," is a cry which is being widely taken up and widely responded to. And the explanation is that there is money in farming—for where there is money, there you will find people tending. The Manufacturers' Record figures that while the people engaged in agriculture in 1890 produced an average of only \$287 a year each, now they are producing over \$600 each. Why, the value of farm property in this country has jumped from 12 billions to 28 billions in the last 27 years; it has grown over a billion a year for the last seven years. The farmers have had a good deal to say against the aggressions of the banking interests, yet their farms are increasing in value every year more than the total national banking capital; they have looked with jealousy on the way the railroads have expanded, yet their own increase of assets for the last 14 years has been enough to buy out all the railroads in the country, down to the last spike.

Machinery is doing its part in the saving of labor on the farm, and of course there has been a general wave of prosperity which has operated peculiarly to the benefit of the farmer, by greatly increasing the demand for products, and accordingly increasing prices. When all the manufacturing and commercial activities of a country are working to their utmost and people are being drawn to the great industrial centers, a brisk demand for all the products of the soil results, and as the artisan population are all at work and have the money to pay for what they want, prices necessarily go up. Thus the last few years have been the farmers' innings.

The stories they tell about Kansas, "suffering Kansas," for instance, and the way she has feathered her nest during the prosperity era are astonishing. Time was when every day brought new complaints from the Kansas farmers; they were being skinned by the railroads, the trusts and the Eastern capitalists. Now the situation has tetered the opposite way; Kansas has got the powers of plutocracy and monopoly on the run, and her farmers are lending their money instead of borrowing. One congressman who has just been campaigning in that and other Western States thinks that the farmers are being hurt by prosperity and that they in turn are becoming extravagant.—The Pathfinder.

### THE TIPPING EVIL AGAIN.

Some of the New York newspapers have been conducting symposiums of opinion anent the European plan to have tips regulated by the employers of the servants who are the beneficiaries of the custom. The New York hotel men have been interviewed and seem to be unanimously of the belief that the regulation idea may go very well across the water, but never in democratic, free-and-equal America.

According to the metropolitan boniface, regulation of tips would be an infringement upon the liberty of the hotel patron, who, it is declared, tips out of the gladness of his heart in appreciation of having been well served. The better he is served the gladder his heart and the more liberal the tip of course. As for waiters and other servants, the tip in anticipation gives them zest to perform good service; but, say some of the prominent hotel men, "we insist that our help shall give service without discrimination between those who tip and those who do not."

We have all heard how John W. Gates and others, out of gladness of heart wrought by a good dinner, have given tips ranging from hundred-dollar bills to blocks of stock during a bull market. In other cases there is evidence that the "gladness of heart" is about the same as that which prompts a man to hand over his roll to the hold-up man who steps forth from a dark alley. "Gladness of heart" is frequently escape from a café without having the the concentrated eyes of the waiter battalion burn the words "cheap skate" into the back of one's coat. The hotel proprietors, it must be, have not discovered that the discrimination of a servant is as immune from interference as the "liberty" of the patron.

There was a time when it was taught that gratuities tended to degrade the recipient—to mark an undemocratic distinction of caste. In the light of opinion from our erudite hotel proprietors we now must conclude that tips are a gauge of liberty, which is an accompaniment of equality among men. How evolution does evolve!—Chicago Record-Herald.



### OUR PEOPLE'S GREATEST NEED IS THE IDEAL HOME.

The most important gift I could bestow upon the country, had I the power, would be an ideal American home. It would be the home of peace and harmony, says the Right Rev. Samuel Fallows in a symposium, "If I Were a National Santa Claus," in the December Delineator. The husband would never play the part of a tyrant, nor the wife the part of a scold. The household quiver would be full of happy children who would ever see in the companionable, provident father and the wise and loving mother the perfection of marital love. The beauty of holiness would fill the domestic sanctuary. The incense of prayer and praise would daily ascend to heaven from the family altar. Love as law and law as love would bind every member to all the duties of life.

It would be a home of plenty. No wolf of poverty would ever look in at the door. The husband, the house-band, would earn an ample income by honest effort. The wife, the distributor, would make all the household expenditures on a just and yet generous basis. Children would meet no need to go out prematurely to toil for the common subsistence, and miss all the play and sport to which early youth is entitled.

Thus love conjugal, love filial, love fraternal, united with neighbor loves and civic, sanctified and glorified by the love of God, would give a sheaf of graces and virtues before which all other sheaves known to man would bow.

If this gift were bestowed and realized it can easily be seen how widespread the beneficial effects would be. The realization of such a home would mean the solution of the labor problem. No unnecessary burden would be placed by capital upon the laborer's shoulders, whatever the kind of service required. It would mean "live and let live." Mammon would not trample manhood beneath its feet. Such a home would send children to school with every fundamental law of deference to authority ingrained in their natures.

In society these well-taught youths would go, and obedience to law would be as natural as the inbreathing of the vital air.

And with this gift the foul fiend of divorce would cease to blast with the breath of the bottomless pit the fairest flowers of the home paradise.



### WET DRUGSTORES IN DRY TERRITORY.

"Good-by, little barroom, don't you cry; you'll be a drugstore by and by," is the legend on a postcard widely circulated in "dry" States that recently caught the eye of Mr. Harry B. Mason, editor of the *Bulletin of Pharmacy* (Detroit). It marks a development of the drugstore in prohibition territory that is not only a disgrace to the trade, in Mr. Mason's opinion, but one that is likely to call down upon the druggists restrictive legislation that will make the innocent suffer with the guilty and injure a legitimate part of the business.

Two-thirds of the area of the country is now under prohibition, with a population of from 26,000,000 to 28,000,000 people. So the magnitude of the drugstore problem can be imagined. "I have been appalled," declares Mr. Mason, "at the extent to which the name of pharmacy is being dragged in the dust; all over the United States druggists and pseudo-druggists are being prosecuted, and in some instances jailed, for the illegitimate sale of liquor." Mr. Mason made a strong speech on this subject at the recent meeting of the American Pharmaceutical Association at Hot Springs, and as a result the association adopted resolutions declaring that any druggist who goes into the illegitimate sale of liquor "is a disgrace to the profession and should be ostracized by it," and calling upon the local authorities to "assist in exposing and penalizing those druggists who abuse their privileges and who thus drag the name of pharmacy into the mire of infamy and degradation." Similar resolutions were also adopted at the annual meeting of the National Association of Retail Druggists.

Here are some of the most striking passages in Mr. Mason's speech:

"We are facing a great world-movement. It has been instituted by society for the protection and maintenance of its own interests. It will continue its onward development whether we like it or not, and as pharmacists we are affected in so vital a manner that our future reputation and welfare are largely at stake. Prompt and vigorous measures are necessary if we are to avoid public calumny and disgrace.

"Why? For the very simple and apparent reason that a small minority of druggists are willing, nay, eager, to take advantage of the downfall of the saloon and seize upon the business which it is no longer able to continue. In some of the prohibition States, and in most of the 'dry' towns and counties, it is recognized that liquor is

a medicinal necessity, and the druggist is consequently given the legal right to dispense it for legitimate purposes. Sometimes a physician's prescription is demanded; in other instances it is provided that the sale must be only for 'medicinal, chemical, and sacramental purposes,' and strict registration of every sale is required; in still other sections different methods are prescribed, but the fundamental expectation everywhere is that the pharmacist shall observe the spirit of the law and refrain from selling liquor as a beverage.

"Now it is unquestionably wise and proper that by some method or other people who need liquor for legitimate purposes should be left with the means of procuring it, and the drugstore is the natural and practically the only place to look to in such an emergency.

"No article in the *materia medica* is more useful and necessary than liquor, and it would be unfortunate indeed if pharmacists were everywhere denied the legal right of dispensing it. It would be nothing short of a professional disgrace of the most humiliating character if this privilege were to be taken from us through inability on our part to respect it in letter and spirit, and yet this very thing has been done in some States and sections and is threatened in others.

"Every county or city association in 'dry' territory might well make the matter a local issue, take control of the situation, outline a policy, eject members who violate the law, coöperate with the legal authorities, and convince the public, the newspapers, and the officers of the law that pharmacy is a dignified and honorable occupation which will tolerate no liquor abuses. This, as I see it, would prove the most effective method of remedying the evil and averting the crisis."—Literary Digest.



### JUST TOBACCO.

A CIGAR never hurt any one—if it was left alone.

The unselfish tobacco user has yet to be born.

Tobacco is useful for destroying vermin.

If your dog started to use tobacco you would probably shoot him.

If your wife or sister started to use it you would probably be disgusted, but yourself—ah! that's different.

One smoker makes many; and not one is improved in the making. A Christian smoker is apt to make more smokers than Christians.

Your tobacco costs you more than the money you pay for it. Impaired health, lessened labor power, waste of time, loss of will power, diminished Christian influence; these are some of the things tobacco costs some of its users.

Tobacco and chivalry are foes.

Jerry McAuley claimed that no drunkard ever reformed permanently unless he abandoned the use of tobacco.

The church is too sacred to be fouled with tobacco smoke; so is the home; while the body of a man is more sacred than either.

If your body really belongs to God, can you consistently put a pipe between your teeth, or fill your mouth with the poisonous weed?

Tobacco is too often the first step in intemperance.



Don't whine when you are hit. Don't hide behind some other man. Don't plead weakness, face your foe—and fight it.

You can quit if you will. It isn't easy, but it is possible.

The theory that cigarette-smoking will injure a boy, but pipe-smoking will not hurt a grown man, somehow does not sound quite logical.

The parents who wish their boy to follow their example by learning to use the weed are very few in number.—*Christian Guardian*.



#### A COMPENSATION.

THE people we are sometimes disposed to envy because they have the means to go north in summer and south in winter, and thus escape the extremes of heat and cold, may miss, after all, some of the benefits that we who are forced to stay at home receive, for the bracing we get in winter weather lasts through the year, and like the pine tree, "The firmer it roots him, the ruder it blows." When the mercury soars and hovers around the nineties, we may console ourselves with the thought that free perspiration is one of the most effective means of carrying off the uric acid, of which we hear so much as being the base of gout, rheumatism and even worse diseases, if there are any worse. Vapor baths are given by physicians, at a high charge, to get rid of it, and one sits in a box, like an indicted murderer being "sweated," till, like him, we are ready to confess all we did and all we didn't do, to get out. But when we cook over a hot stove, or bend over washtub or ironing-board, we get as good a one without money and without price. There are compensations in every lot.—*Farm Journal*.



THE free home on the land is at once the cradle of the grander race of the future and the insurer of our democracy. Not until we have made such a home possible for all men will we have finished the foundations for the superstructure of an equable government and of a healthy society.—*Maxwell's Talisman*.



SAYS President Jordan: The spirit of ragtime is not confined to music; graft is the ragtime of business, the spoils system the ragtime of politics, adulteration the ragtime of manufacture. There is ragtime science, ragtime literature, ragtime religion. You will know each of these by its quick returns. The spirit of ragtime determines the six best sellers, the most popular policeman, the favorite congressman, the wealthiest corporation, the church which soonest rents its pews. But it does not control the man who thinks for himself. It has no lien on the movements of history, its decrees avail nothing in the fixing of truth. The movements of the stars pay it no tribute, neither do the movements of humanity. The power of graft is a transient deception.

#### BETWEEN WHILES.

Teacher—Billy, stand up and tell the class what you know of the Mongolian race.

Billy—Please, teacher, I wasn't there. I was at the ball game.—*Ohio Educational Monthly*.



"Yes," said the editor, "here are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way of running a newspaper. See that they are all carried out."

And the office boy, gathering them into a large basket, did so.



The customs of military service require officers to visit the kitchens during cooking hours to see that the soldiers' food is properly prepared, says Good Health. One old colonel, who let it be pretty generally known that his orders must be obeyed without question or explanation, once stopped two soldiers who were carrying a soup kettle out of a kitchen.

One of the soldiers ran and fetched a ladle and gave the colonel the desired taste. The colonel spat and sputtered.

"Good heavens, man! You don't call that stuff soup, do you?"

"No sir," replied the soldier; "it's dishwater we was emptying, sir."



#### The Cannon Roared.

While campaigning in his home State, Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak, says Success. In one of the lower grades, an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph, Speaker Cannon suddenly gave vent to a violent sneeze.

"But, hush! hark!" declaimed the youngster—"a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did you hear it?"

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which Mr. Cannon was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But, hark!" (bawled the boy)—"that heavy sound breaks in once more,

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! arm! it is the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when "Uncle Joe" chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."

#### WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

My home for sale near Denver, Colo. 7 acres nicely improved, 2 miles from Denver, 4 miles from Church of the Brethren. For reference write me at Capital Hill station, R. F. D. 2, Box 30, Denver Colo. Eld. L. F. Love.

# Irrigated Land in the Miami Valley

“Even five acres is enough to support a family and keep it busy.”—Theodore Roosevelt.

“Irrigated land yields from \$100 to \$500 per acre per annum. This means \$1,000 to \$5,000 from 10 acres.”

As proof of the above,

Our neighbor, Mr. M. M. Chase, under conditions identical with ours, raised \$4,000 worth of vegetables from 3 1-2 acres of garden this year.

One bed of celery 63x75 feet in size yielded \$500 worth of Giant Pascal celery. From this bed he had an exhibit at the Albuquerque Irrigation Congress. A majority of the stalks were 3 1-2 feet high. All of these vegetables have the unsurpassed flavor gained by irrigation growth.

This garden was farmed on the shares and yielded Mr. Chase and his gardener each \$2,000 spot cash.

Their market was the nearby coal camp of 5,000 people at Dawson and the thriving city of Raton.

His garden was only a small side issue with Mr. Chase this year. He is one of the first fruit growers of New Mexico. His orchard this year yielded 9,000 boxes which sold at from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per box. His average income for the past thirty years from 69 acres in orchard has been \$300 per acre.

Every apple is perfect—fine Rambos, Bell Flowers, Jonathans, Wine Saps, etc., besides plums and pears and small fruits in profusion and perfection.

Said Frank Wolf, a recent visitor in our valley, after seeing the Chase ranch, “I see no reason why this Miami Valley should not become a veritable garden spot.”

Besides the money possibilities we have that greater inducement to offer—healthfulness. Our altitude is just high enough to make the climate agreeable, healthful and pleasant.

We are offering you land free from all brush and rocks ready for the plow, with full water right and with the future possibilities of the above at from \$35 to \$70 per acre.

Write for booklet and, what's better, come and see it for yourself.

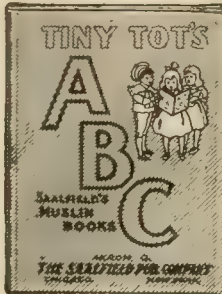
Farmers' Development Company, Springer, N. Mexico



# Muslin Books

## For the Little Tots

THE SAALFIELD BOOKS are printed on soft linen in bright colors. They may be bent, folded and rolled and yet not be broken or torn. They may be washed and the colors will not run. Bright pictures on every page. The print is large and easily read. Published in five sizes as follows:



### SERIES No. 1.

Mother Goose Favorites.  
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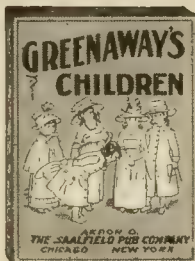
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### SERIES No. 2.

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Greenaway Babies.  
Greenaway Children.

Size, 5x6¾ inches. 12 pages.

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### SERIES No. 3.

On the Nursery Stairs.  
Nursery Pets.  
Furry Friends.  
My Playmates A, B, C.

Size, 6x9 inches. 12 pages.

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My A, B, C Book.  
Baby's Friends.  
Baby's Doings.

Size, 8x9 inches. 16 pages.

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### SERIES No. 5.

Baby's A, B, C Book.  
Mother Goose Jingles.  
Animal Book.

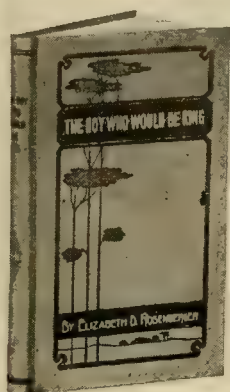
Size, 8x11½ inches. 18 pages.

PRICE, .....\$0.50

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE  
Elgin, Illinois

# Christmas Books

## For Our Boys and Girls



### The Boy Who Would Be King

By Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

This is a companion volume to "Told at Twilight" and "Scarlet Line," by the same author. The children will not only be very much interested in the stories, but they will create a desire for Bible reading when they grow older. Illustrated. Bound in cloth with a neat cover design. 144 pages.

Our Price, .....25 cents

(Postage extra, 5 cents.)



### Told at Twilight; or Bible Stories That Never Grow Old

By Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

This book is written for the little ones, and in such an attractive and interesting manner that they will ask you to read and reread it again to them. The author, Sister Elizabeth D. Rosenberger, has represented Aunt Dorothy as gathering the little children around her in the evenings and telling these old stories in such a way that it is bound to create a desire in the children for more. The book is beautifully illustrated. 151 pages.

Our Price, .....25 cents

(Postage extra, 5 cents.)



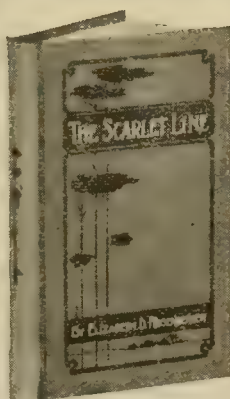
### Paul the Herald of the Cross

By J. W. Wayland

The story of Paul's life is told in an interesting and instructive way. It will appeal to boys and girls, and older persons, too, and will leave them the better for reading it. Brother Wayland follows the Great Missionary from youth to death, and all the way he holds the attention. One cannot read the book without feeling a desire to help in spreading the Gospel.

Our Price, .....30 cents

(Postage extra, 6 cents.)



### The Scarlet Line

By Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

This little book represents "Aunt Dorothy" telling Bible stories in simple language to the children as they gathered around her, asking questions. A very interesting and instructive book for children. The aim of the author is to teach the children to learn to love the Bible. Bound in cloth. Decorated cover design. 18mo. 178 pages.

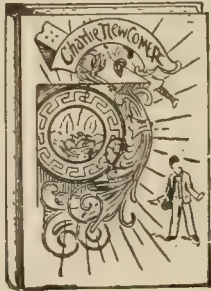
Our Price, .....25 cents

(Postage extra, 5 cents.)



# Christmas Books

## For Our Boys and Girls



### Charlie Newcomer

By W. B. Stover

Five editions of this little volume have been printed. It is an inspiration to any child and will lead many of them to think of serving the Lord while young. Boys and girls enjoy reading it, and we do not know of a book which we can more heartily recommend, for it can have only a good influence over those who read it. It is the story of the life of a boy of our own day, though perhaps of a boy whose heart turned to the Lord earlier than is usually the case. Give it to the children to read, and you will do them good. 69 pages.

Our Price, .....17 cents  
(Postage extra, 4 cents.)

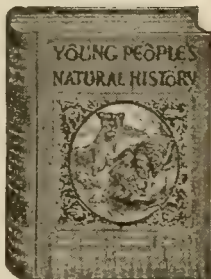


### Among the Giants

By Bertha Miller Neher

This is an excellent book for young folks, for the author has woven into it an interesting story, a child's struggle with the giants of its own being,—Laziness, Carelessness, Bad Temper, Untruth, Selfishness. 122 pages, cloth, illustrated.

Regular Price, .....50 cents  
Our Price, .....34 cents  
(Postage extra, 6 cents.)



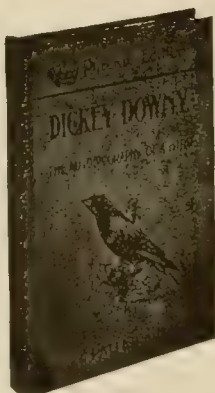
### Young People's Natural History

Edited and arranged especially for the young by Isaac Thorne Johnson, A. M. From the works of Theodore Wood, F. E. S., Henry Schieren, F. Z. S., and other noted authorities.

Forming a popular story of animals, birds, reptiles, fishes and insects, and describing in easy, simple language how wild creatures, great and small, look, live and act, comprising also many thrilling stories of adventure with them, and amusing anecdotes about them. In short, telling just what every curious boy and girl wants to know, but what very few parents can tell them.

Nearly 200 photo-engravings true to life, containing many illustrations, etc. Over 450 pages. Bound in English cloth, with beautiful inlaid lithograph center piece.

Publishers' Price, .....\$1.50  
Our Price, .....70  
(Postage extra, 25 cents.)



### Dickey Downy

By Virginia Sharp Patterson.

The autobiography of a bird. There is not a dull word in this book. It is a powerful protest against the wholesale slaughter of song and other birds. The atmosphere is that of the fields and groves as the various haunts of bird-life are depicted. Besides giving entertainment it will furnish lessons. At the hands of our children our birds must find protection. The children cannot be given a better book, at home and in the schools.

Introduction by Hon. F. Lacey. Four color plates. Drawings by Elizabeth M. Hallowell. 16mo, 192 pages.

Our Price, .....54 cents  
(Postage extra, 6 cents.)



A Sample of the Oat Fields in the Nanton District.

# Harvest Time

The prosperous settlers in Sunny Southern Alberta have just finished harvesting a bountiful crop. It is now **THRESHING TIME** and their yields are enormous.

Some fields are yielding as high as fifty bushels of wheat per acre. And oats are yielding as high as one hundred and thirty bushels per acre. The crop on one acre brings enough money to buy two acres! Could you want anything better?

We have just secured, and are now offering for sale, 50,000 acres in the Nanton District where already there is established a large and prosperous settlement of the Brethren.

Our prices are \$9.00 per acre and up, on easy terms—ten years to pay for land when the purchaser settles on the land. Excursions every week. Cheap rates and railroad fare refunded to purchasers of 320 acres or more.

For particulars, address,

**REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., ( R. R. Stoner, Pres. )**

**430 TEMPLE COURT**

**MINNEAPOLIS,**

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**MINNESOTA**



# CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION

The Co-operative Colonization Company has arranged to locate a colony of BRETHREN and other good people, on their Co-operative plan, in central California, in the San Joaquin Valley, between the cities of Merced and Stockton. The tracts selected are on two trunk-line railroads, near good markets, and have been carefully examined by a committee sent out by the company.

There is but one California,\* no other State has such a variety of climate, soil and products. The San Joaquin is one of the world's famous valleys, noted for its mild climate, rich soil and variety of products. In this valley are grown successfully wheat, rye, oats, barley, alfalfa and other grasses. Peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, nectarines, loquats, figs, olives, pomegranates, oranges, lemons, pomeloes, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, loganberries and grapes in great variety. Vegetable are grown almost every month in the year. English walnuts, almonds, pecans, peanuts and chestnuts do well and are profitable. Dairying, beekeeping and poultry raising are carried on successfully.

## IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS

are possible on these Colony tracts, each one has a nice town site, on a good railroad. These lands are partially fenced, with some improvements on them, the soil is mostly a sandy loam and quite productive. These tracts are a part of a large wheat ranch, are well cultivated and are easy to irrigate. This is one of the finest irrigated districts in the State, and the water generally belongs to the land.

Our aim is to establish self-supporting congregations of our Brethren on these Colony tracts, with good Church and School privileges from the beginning of a colony. Look well into our co-operative plans, and if pleased, join our Colony, either as a settler, or investor. We can help you to secure lands at lowest prices and on best terms, with most favorable conditions.

If you are not ready to join this colony, write us about others to be located in other sections of this or other States later.

The Co-operative Colonization Company has no connection with any railroad, land company, or other organization; the following are the present Officers and Directors: S. F. Sanger, President, South Bend, Ind.; Dorsey Hodgden, Vice-President, Huntington, Ind.; Samuel Borough, Secretary, North Manchester, Ind.; W. W. Barnhart, Treasurer, North Manchester, Ind.; Samuel S. Keller, Bourbon, Ind.; Levi Winkelbleck, Hartford City, Ind.; E. M. Grossnickel, North Manchester, Ind.; F. R. Hartman, South Bend, Ind.; C. S. Petry, West Milton, Ohio; Henry V. Wall, Los Angeles, Cal.; W. H. Johnson, Reedley, Cal.

For fuller information write

"EMPIRE" is the name of the new town and colony to be opened up AT ONCE, by our Company. It is on the Santa Fe Railroad, five miles east of Modesto, Stanislaus Co., in Central California. A special party of Colonists will leave Chicago, Dec. 15. Other prospective Colonists and California Tourists are invited to join us. Write for rates and particulars.

## CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY

North Manchester, Ind.

Or S. A. Sanger, General Organizer, South Bend, Indiana.

# THE INGLENOOK



"She was a kind old woman with an honest-faced boy."  
Mr. Spickler's Lodgings.—Around the World  
Without a Cent.

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 8, 1908.

Price \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol. X. No. 49.



# Good=Bye

"Good-bye" will soon have to be said between the many readers of "The Inglenook" and those who have used its columns for advertising. So the writer, who has been the author of most of the "UNION PACIFIC" advertisements that have appeared in the "Nook" for the last seven years, wishes to call your attention to the clipping from the Denver Republican of Nov. 10th that appears on this page and wishes he could ask each one of you personally,

1. Did you ever question the truth of the Union Pacific advertisements about the South Platte Valley?
2. Did you at any time ever say to a friend, "They are overdoing the advertising about the possibilities of raising Sugar Beets in the South Platte Valley"?
3. How many of you readers when told six years ago there is only one sugar factory there now, but inside of a few years there will be more and the farmers will all be making money, told your friends, "McDonaugh is only a railroad man, be careful how you let him influence you"?

## My Regret

is that the stopping of the "Nook" will prevent my calling all the readers' attention inside of two years to even greater showing than this one in the South Platte Valley and that will be the showing of the growth of BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, where over 100 families have located in last eighteen months and over 100 more families will be located before Christmas 1909.

Geo. L. McDonaugh.

## BEET MEN WILL GET A MILLION DOLLARS TODAY

### "PAY DAY" FOR PROSPEROUS SUGAR FARMERS OF COLORADO.

GREAT WESTERN COMPANY,  
CONTROLLING NINE FAC-  
TORIES, DISTRIBUTES  
MUCH MONEY.

Just Forty Per Cent of "Money Crop"  
Will Bring in Two and  
One-half Millions.

One million dollars will be distributed today to the sugar beet farmers of northern Colorado. It is the first pay day of the Great Western Sugar company, which controls nine sugar factories. The second pay day will be on Nov. 20, when \$1,500,000 will be disbursed, making a total of \$2,500,000 for the month, a pretty snug sum by which to measure up the prosperity of the people who are raising Colorado's "money crop," and this, too, for only 40 per cent of the beets. The other 60 per cent is still to be marketed and will call for the distribution of over \$5,000,000 on pay days during the succeeding three months.

Since the siloing of the sweet tubers went into practice, farmers keep 25 per cent or more of their crop safe from frost in the coldest weather and market them as they are called for by the factories.

The volume of the crop is said to be about the same as last year with the contents in sugar slightly less than last year on account of the first spring drouth known in Colorado since weather records have been made.

The beet farmers receive \$5 for the crop when marketed direct from the fields, and \$5.50 per ton for the siloed tubers. They are paid mostly in checks sent through their banks, and in measuring the prosperity of the Colorado beet grower it should be noted that almost without exception everyone has a bank account. The nine factories of the Great Western Sugar company are at Greeley, Eaton, Windsor, Fort Collins, Loveland, Longmont, Brush, Fort Morgan and Sterling. The company also owns what is known as the "Sugar Beet" road, running from Eaton through Windsor, Johnstown and Loveland to Longmont.—Denver Republican, Nov. 10th, 1908.



# New Store in Macdoel

The above illustration is taken from a photograph of the new store of Charles Messick & Son, Macdoel, California. This is the latest addition to the town, and is certainly a credit to it.

Mr. Messick began business here two years ago in a very small building, but his business has been steadily growing until it has outgrown his small quarters, and now he has this large building at the corner of Montezuma and Railroad Avenues.

Mr. D. C. Campbell has received a large shipment of fruit trees, and is setting them at this time. Many acres of apple orchard are being planted this fall, and we are glad to say that the best kind of fruit trees only are being used by the settlers. What a vast difference in the looks of the valley there will be when these trees assume the proportions of large apple trees changing the valley from a sea of sagebrush to a beautiful orchard of fancy fruit!

Mr. Roy E. Swigart is using his new well-drilling machine to demonstrate to the people that there is oil under Butte Valley. Many people believe this now, but are not sure of it until after it has been further demonstrated by an actual gusher.

This will be quite a boon to the settlers who have already bought, since every one knows the value of oil wells.

The next excursion leaves Chicago, Wells Street Station, Tuesday, Dec. 8th, 10:45 P. M.; Omaha, Wednesday, Dec. 9th, 4:00 P. M.; Kansas City, 10:00 A. M., Dec. 9th.

For future information address:

GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Omaha, Nebr.

D. C. CAMPBELL, Colfax, Ind.

ISAIAH WHEELER, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

E. M. COBB, Elgin, Ill.

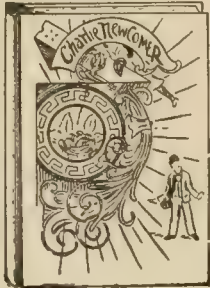
LEE FRANK, 193 So. Clark St., Chicago.

**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND COMPANY**  
MACDOEL, CALIFORNIA



# Christmas Books

## For Our Boys and Girls

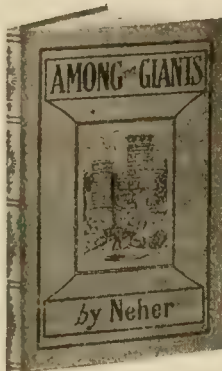


### Charlie Newcomer

By W. B. Stover

Five editions of this little volume have been printed. It is an inspiration to any child and will lead many of them to think of serving the Lord while young. Boys and girls enjoy reading it, and we do not know of a book which we can more heartily recommend, for it can have only a good influence over those who read it. It is the story of the life of a boy of our own day, though perhaps of a boy whose heart turned to the Lord earlier than is usually the case. Give it to the children to read, and you will do them good. 69 pages.

Our Price, .....17 cents  
(Postage extra, 4 cents.)

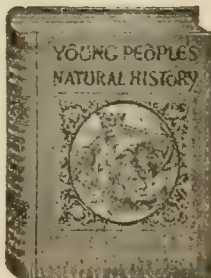


### Among the Giants

By Bertha Miller Neher

This is an excellent book for young folks, for the author has woven into it an interesting story, a child's struggle with the giants of its own being,—Laziness, Carelessness, Bad Temper, Untruth, Selfishness. 122 pages, cloth, illustrated.

Regular Price, .....50 cents  
Our Price, .....34 cents  
(Postage extra, 6 cents.)



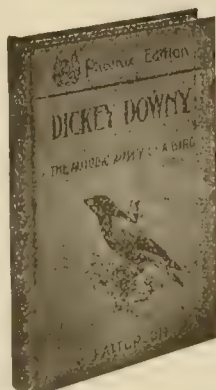
### Young People's Natural History

Edited and arranged especially for the young by Isaac Thorne Johnson, A. M. From the works of Theodore Wood, F. E. S., Henry Schieren, F. Z. S., and other noted authorities.

Forming a popular story of animals, birds, reptiles, fishes and insects, and describing in easy, simple language how wild creatures, great and small, look, live and act, comprising also many thrilling stories of adventure with them, and amusing anecdotes about them. In short, telling just what every curious boy and girl wants to know, but what very few parents can tell them.

Nearly 200 photo-engravings true to life, containing many illustrations, etc. Over 450 pages. Bound in English cloth, with beautiful inlaid lithograph center piece.

Publishers' Price, .....\$1.50  
Our Price, .....70  
(Postage extra, 25 cents.)



### Dickey Downy

By Virginia Sharp Patterson.

The autobiography of a bird. There is not a dull word in this book. It is a powerful protest against the wholesale slaughter of song and other birds. The atmosphere is that of the fields and groves as the various haunts of bird-life are depicted. Besides giving entertainment it will furnish lessons. At the hands of our children our birds must find protection. The children cannot be given a better book, at home and in the schools.

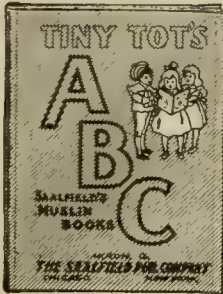
Introduction by Hon. F. Lacey. Four color plates. Drawings by Elizabeth M. Hallowell. 16mo, 192 pages.

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THE SAALFIELD BOOKS are printed on soft linen in bright colors. They may be bent, folded and rolled and yet not be broken or torn. They may be washed and the colors will not run. Bright pictures on every page. The print is large and easily read. Published in five sizes as follows:



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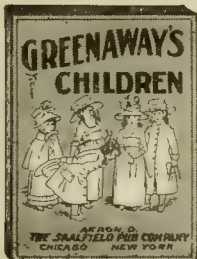
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# OVER 200,000 ACRES

of land have been filed on under the CAREY ACT in the Twin Falls District, Idaho, since April, 1907.

¶ There is still a large amount of land waiting for the settler in the above district. Also great opportunities are offered at American Falls, at Gooding and other points along the OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD.

¶ The Payette-Boise Reclamation Project under the U. S. Government is about completed and will be ready to furnish water to about 300,000 acres of new land in the spring of 1909. These lands can now be bought at reasonable rates and terms, by the settler, and are situated where the country is already partly settled, near good towns, railroads and electric lines.

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for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

¶ Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

¶ Arrange your plans to go and see Idaho as soon as possible and secure some of this fine land.

¶ HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP EXCURSION RATES are on First and Third Tuesdays of each month in 1908.

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# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

December 8, 1908.

No. 49.

## Who Shall Own Our Railroads?

John Walter Wayland, Professor of History,  
University of Virginia

### Lack of Convenience.

WOULD Federal ownership of the railroads contribute materially to the public welfare and convenience?

It is true that now passengers and mails are often delayed by bad connection of trains, due many times either to antagonism between competing roads or to the indifference of managers. Under Government ownership the antagonism of different roads would doubtless be abolished; but it is doubtful whether the indifference of managers would be supplanted by a much more obliging spirit. On the whole, long-distance connections would probably be improved; but it is likely that local conveniences would not be perceptibly increased. On the other hand, much of the present flexibility of management would be lost: the correction of local inconveniences would be a slow and laborious process. Should some remote section of the country, or some individual of no more than ordinary standing and influence, have a grievance, however real, I fear that often before the accustomed bale of "red tape" would be all unrolled, much valuable time would be consumed.

It is true that many localities that need railroads, and that could well support them, do not yet have them; it is true that now the railroads are run to make money; but it is also true that under Government ownership many roads would likely be built where they are not really needed, and where they could never pay expenses. The very fact that railroads now are built with a view to financial gain, acts as a check upon the construction of useless roads, and as a decisive argument for the building of roads where they are most needed. The company that now builds a useless line has it to pay for; furthermore, it has it to maintain at a constant loss until it can find some other company still more foolish than itself, that will buy the useless road. On the other hand, if the Federal Government should build and maintain the railroads, the loss of a few millions on a useless road would not act nearly so

potently as now in checking similar experiments. I dare say that the funds of the people in the national treasury would pay for many a demagogue's election to Congress. The aspirant to political honors, having only a harbor improvement bill or a rural mail delivery scheme to support his claim upon the suffrage of his "fellow citizens," would stand a poor chance indeed with one promising to get a railroad for some backwoods district.

### Discriminations.

Would unjust discriminations between places and individual shippers cease if the railroads were owned by the Government? It is hardly reasonable to believe that they would. If at present or in the recent past railroad passes in the pockets of law-makers and judges, with other and more direct forms of bribery, secure to the railroads many legislative and judicial favors; if strong corporations are able to wrest from railroad managers special reductions of rates in violation of law; is not the conclusion irresistible that even under Government ownership, control, and operation there would still be corporations of shippers strong enough to offer bribes, and railway managers weak enough to take them? The most, therefore, that could be hoped for under this head, is that the evils would be less than at present. How much less they would be, and, indeed, whether they would be lessened at all, it seems to me impossible to decide.

It should be observed, moreover, in this connection, that, according to the most recent reports of Government officials, unjust discriminations by the railroads are being gradually restricted; and, although we can scarcely hope that they shall ever be entirely abolished, we may believe that judicious and energetic supervision by State and National authorities may do much to promote a continuance of the present course of improvement.

### Popular Demand.

That the people, in Government ownership, would get what they are demanding, may be dismissed with



a word. The people are demanding a change—an improvement over present conditions; but the assertion that they can be satisfied by Government ownership alone, is clearly an error. That there are considerable numbers of men, particularly in the North and West, that are anxious to make the experiment of Federal ownership, is doubtless true; but it must be plainly evident that even these men, if they are honestly seeking the public welfare, will be equally well satisfied with any other plan or system, provided only it shall correct the present evils and secure the desired benefits. To say, therefore, that the people demand a change for improvement is true; to say that they demand Government ownership, and that they will have nothing else, is not true.

Being thus obliged to relinquish the position that Government ownership of the railroads would serve as a sure corrective of the principal evils that now exist, and would provide the sole method of satisfying popular demands, let us now endeavor to determine whether the other benefits promised as results of Government ownership would really follow.

#### **Just Freight Rates.**

Would the proposed system insure just and uniform freight rates for shippers? That it would, may at first thought seem beyond denial; but our disposition to question the assertion will likely increase with our study of the conditions.

We have already seen that it is entirely conceivable that even a Federal Government official may be influenced by a wealthy and unscrupulous corporation; and the record of our national experience does not, unfortunately, serve effectively to rebuke the suspicion; but granting that all our officials would be of unimpeachable integrity, and above all reproach, the material and judicial difficulties to be surmounted would still remain.

I quote the following from Professor H. T. Newcomb, a Government statistician of recognized authority:

"Though it will not be claimed that the relations now existing among the charges for railway services are, in all cases, those which are most desirable, a spirit of wise conservatism will insist upon full consideration before accepting any plan involving radical modifications. The body of railway charges has not developed hastily nor are many of its inter-relations accidental. The extremely large number of officials having practically independent rate-making authority has given it an elasticity that though almost too free from reasonable limitations, when considered from some standpoints, has made it capable of yielding readily to new conditions, and to respond promptly to the growing demands upon transportation facilities of increasing commerce and multiplying territorial exchanges. The process is never complete, though it has dealt for three-quarters of a century with the rates

of many railways, and has not failed to act upon those of the newest road in existence.

"Classification of freight is now in a large sense the basis of the adjustment of charges for moving commodities, but no classification is so inviolable as to constitute a serious obstacle to necessary readjustments."

This quotation aids us in appreciating the difficulties that must be encountered in the attempt to make shipping rates uniform, just, and satisfactory; and suggests the conclusion that frequently the railroads are censured unjustly. It was the opinion of that eminent Englishman, Mr. John Bright, "that railways have rendered more services and received less gratitude in return than any institution in the land." A failure to give universal satisfaction in the making of rates does not at all authorize the inference that there is an intention to discriminate. That the Federal Government, with the best intentions, would often fail both to give general satisfaction and to secure the best results in this matter, may be confidently asserted.

"There is a great deal said in regard to equal mileage rates, but there is no great advantage in having them, for they generally act in such a way as to give geographical protection. The coal and iron fields, which have been opened at a distance, would be compelled to close on account of such an arrangement. In Germany this rate was abandoned, for there were so many exceptions that the general application was destroyed."\*

"Discrimination unquestionably exists at present, but it is more than possible that under Government ownership we should have Federal legislation on rates that would favor one section of our country at the expense of another. On the other hand, is it not true that justice both to roads and the public demands that certain discriminations be made, both between different localities and also in classification of goods? Surely charges cannot be made for coal and cattle on the same basis as for chinaware, for the former will not bear the higher rates of the latter though it may cost more to handle; nor can through freight be charged as local for a reason somewhat similar. The public ought to have the benefit of the best utilization of the natural resources of different localities, and the present condition and future development of manufacturing and commercial industries should count for something in determining transportation charges. The theory of making fair rates to all is a complex one, and no doubt the practice meets with obstacles still greater."†

#### **Low Passenger Rates.**

"A half-cent passenger rate per mile over the entire country," is a second benefit promised by the advocates of Federal ownership of railways.

\* Frank L. McVey in *Gunton's Magazine* for July, 1896, pages 57, 58.

† E. W. Arnold, Jr., in *Gunton's Magazine* for August 1898, pages 130, 131. Reference is made by Mr. Arnold to C. H. Cooley's "Theory of Transportation."

That the average of passenger rates is perhaps higher in the United States than anywhere else in the world, must be admitted; and it is not sufficient answer simply to point out the corresponding fact, no less important, that our average freight rate is probably the lowest.

Nevertheless, in comparing rates, we must also compare services: the number, frequency, equipment, and speed of trains, in relation to the price paid; and upon this basis the United States stands ahead of all—far ahead of most—other countries. Moreover, the dissimilar conditions as to density of population, distances covered, etc., must also be taken into account. Upon this point a writer already quoted\* presents the following comparative figures:

"In the United States, in 1893, one train was run ten miles for every man, woman and child in the country; in England,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Belgium, 5; Germany,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , and France,  $3\frac{1}{4}$ . The railroads of the United States give more service, and naturally the rates are higher. But the service given is 25 per cent greater than that of England, while the difference in passenger rates is only 5 per cent."†

#### Low Passenger Rates.

A consideration of these facts, therefore, should guide us in estimating the possibility of reducing American passenger fares.

It is a well-established fact that the present income of our railways yields them only a comparatively small net profit; when, therefore, Mr. Lewis proposes to employ 165,000 more men in the service, and at the same time cut down the passenger rate to less than one-fourth what it is now,‡ we may certainly be excused for wondering how it is to be done, without increasing the freight rates or running the nation into debt.

In justice to Mr. Lewis, however, let it be said that he shows by careful computation how his plan is feasible, *provided* he is right in a certain supposition: that the passenger traffic would at once double with the reduced rate. Upon this supposition his whole calculation rests. If this is not a weak foundation, it is at least one the break-down of which is easily conceivable. The isolated experience of Hungary in 1889, when a reduction of fares produced an enormous increase of travel, appears to Mr. Lewis amply sufficient to "settle the point"; but can we agree? The analogy is too precarious; upon it wisdom would certainly hesitate to embark so vast an enterprise.

Beyond all doubt, any considerable reduction of passenger rates would increase travel; we must also admit that consolidation of the railways would save much that is now wasted by competition; but is it not a fact of our national experience, that Government operation of industries costs more than private operation of the

same industries, and may we not be sure that Government would spend more upon materials and construction than is now spent? To base a computation, therefore, upon conditions in foreign countries, and even upon present conditions here, without making great allowances for the great differences, is plainly unsafe. Taking adequate account of these differences; providing at the lowest possible figure for the additional expenses that Mr. Lewis' plan necessarily involves; and putting the greatest probable value upon its financial advantages, I think we must still conclude that the half-cent a mile passenger fare is more like a shadow that entices the fancy than a reality to be attained.

#### Fewer Hours: More Workers.

In the third place, it is asserted that Federal ownership of the railroads would secure "an 8-hour day for all railway workers; and the consequent employment of 165,000 of the unemployed to fill this one-fifth reduction in time."

Doubtless many railroad men are over-worked; possibly to this are due many of the collisions and other wrecks: a tired, sleepy man at a switch or similar post of responsibility, is a poor guardian of the traveler's safety. Doubtless, also, there are a considerable number of worthy laborers that lack regular employment: others, perhaps, though regularly employed, desire better positions. If, therefore, the working force of the railroads were increased by some thousands of efficient men, the result would evidently be beneficial to both the working class and the traveling class.

But can we not as nearly approach the realization of these benefits by judicious legislation as by Government ownership of the roads? A full and exact realization is perhaps impossible under any system; for the very nature of the work of some railway employes—notably those that run on the road—renders the fixing of a strict time limit upon their labor very difficult; but a legal enactment could certainly prevent the sending of the same train crews upon repeated runs, without intermission for rest and sleep. It is under such conditions, usually, that cases of dangerous and disastrous overworking occur.



#### MT. LOWE, CALIFORNIA.

EMMA HORNING.

ANY tourist visiting Southern California should never miss a trip to Mt. Lowe. Its scenery is the most charming in the world and the road is a remarkable engineering achievement.

Taking the electric street car in Los Angeles, your first stop is at Rubio Canyon (2,200 feet above the sea): Here you alight and are in front of the pavilion. In this canyon you can spend many a delightful hour following the footpath as it winds among the rocks which tower above you hundreds of feet, or resting on the beautiful rustic bridge which spans the mountain brook. Oh, the exquisite pleasure of resting

\*Frank L. McVey, Ph. D.

†Guntton's Magazine, July, 1896, pages, 56, 57.

‡Report of Industrial Commission for 1900, page 724, et seq.



in the coolness of such mountain solitude where is heard naught but the chirp of the bird as it flits from tree to tree, or the sound of a rolling pebble loosened by the frisk of a squirrel.

But we are not satisfied to stay here, no matter how beautiful it is, while the summit of the mountain is beckoning us onward. Who is satisfied with anything less than a view from a mountain top when there is a possibility of reaching it? Mountain tops, like our ideals, ever beckon onward to a fairer, grander view.

We return to the pavilion and take the cable car which draws us up an incline three thousand feet, making a direct ascent of one thousand four hundred feet. At the steepest place it rises sixty-two feet in each one hundred feet traveled. When we reach the top we alight, and are on Echo Mountain, 3,500 feet above the sea. Here are situated the observatory and the great World's Fair search light. Let us go on and spend more time here as we return. We take the electric car for our five-mile trip to Alpine Tavern. Such superb views, such varied grandeur is rarely equaled anywhere. The track is laid on solid granite. By many graceful curves it climbs the height. At one place nine tracks can be seen. Many places you can look down hundreds of feet into shady canyons, while from the opposite side you look straight up perhaps as far. As we turn the short curves we push near the center of the car and tightly grasp the seat. Now we pass through groves of gnarled and knotted oak at whose venerable feet grow the delicate ferns and rare mountain flowers, and again we pass through groves of pine trees whose rugged sides are green with mosses.

From these great pinnacles of granite, as we sweep around these curves on a clear day, we look for two hundred miles, seeing dim blue ranges in far Mexico, and the twin peaks of Catalina, sleeping in the ocean's blue. While between, the plain is dotted with lemon and orange groves, cities, villages and rivers winding to the sea. Still nearer are range upon range of mountains and foot-hills, and at our feet yawn great canyons and dark chasms.

Now we have reached the Alpine Tavern, a rare bit of Swiss architecture, nestled in a glen of rare beauty, overhung by mighty trees where birds build their nests and squirrels play together. 'Tis such a place one loves to sit and dream of past pleasures and future ecstasies, or walk hand in hand with those you love.

But we have not reached the height yet, so we must not linger too long. Now we take the three-mile trail for the summit, 1,100 feet above. Let us go by foot. 'Tis more interesting than on a burro. We follow the trail among groves of pines and oak, over great rocks, by a cool spring, but as we near the summit, the trees disappear, leaving only shrubs, the ascent is more steep, the heart throbs, the perspiration flows, the face burns, but still the goal beckons on. At last

our efforts are rewarded. We stand on a space of perhaps an acre covered with rocks and shrubs. Hundreds of names and addresses from all parts of the world are tied to shrubs and written on rocks here.

But the view, no pen can describe it, only the soul, accustomed to drinking from the fountain of nature, standing here and beholding, can feel and realize its grandeur. Oh, the immensity of the mighty masses of granite as they rise peak above peak, range after range, till they disappear in mysterious vapor in the far distance. Its grandeur fills the soul with awe and reverence. The mind seems absorbed into the vastness of the surroundings; one mingles with the universe and kneels at the throne of the Creator of such sublimity.

Let us descend by the trail on the other side of the mountain. The green depths of the valley below, with its gradual slope to the great peaks beyond, the lovely mountain flowers growing by our side and the cool shades of the afternoon, give a sense of calmness and satisfaction which has not come to one for many a day. As we near the tavern to take the car back we are truly loath to leave the scenes of so many charms.

But the car starts and we must go. As the curtain of night begins to descend we are again winding our way back to Echo Mountain.

Now let us go to the observatory and see Jupiter and its moon, another glimpse into the mysteries of the universe. How swift we are moving, soon the star is out of the field of the telescope.

Now watch the powerful search light, as its great light is thrown on distant objects in the far, dense darkness. They are made as plain as if lying at our feet.

It is time now to take the car and descend the rapid incline. Many electric lights along both sides of the line make the view, as we pass down to Rubio canyon, a fairy scene long to be remembered.

As we take the car back to the city, tired but happy, we dream of the pleasures of the day spent on Mt. Low, 6,100 feet above the sea.



### LIFE IN A LARGE CITY. No. III.

W. C. FRICK.

OVER fifty per cent of city people live in what are known as "flat"-buildings. Not flat in the sense that they are low buildings, quite the contrary. If a large flat-building were tipped over upon one of its sides it might be more properly called a "flat" building. Each apartment of a flat-building is known as a "flat," and as a rule all the flats open to the street by a single common staircase or less commonly by an elevator. So that on your way up to your home in the —teenth story you pass by the front doors of —teen of your neighbors, and while the young lady who lives in the first flat extends her affectionate farewell to her gentleman friend at her front door she is subjected

to the passing gaze of as many of the neighbors as happen to be coming in at that hour of the night. Just think of it, girls!

Many flat-buildings are very poorly lighted. It is plain to see how dark some rooms necessarily are when buildings are so high, and situated so close together, and when smoke is sometimes so much in evidence.

Flat-buildings are so built as to overcome this difficulty in a great measure. The flats are arranged either about an open court or about a closed court which is open at the top or covered by a large glass window, so that each room in the building has a window which opens either upon the street or into the court.

Modern flat-buildings are fitted with many conveniences not commonly found in country homes. Among these are steam heat, electric or gas lights, city water, toilet rooms, door bells, speaking tubes, ornamental fireplaces, mirrors, etc., according to the desire of the owner.

As a rule flat-buildings are placed directly up to the sidewalk and front yards are left for the more wealthy people who own their homes to enjoy. If your landlord has a degree of respect for his tenants he may cultivate a narrow strip of lawn between the street and the sidewalk.

These courts aforementioned, especially the closed ones, are most excellent sound-conductors, and if you ask any flat-dweller what are the woes of flat life he will undoubtedly choose from the following list:

Pianos, music in excess and piano noise not music.  
Vocal music and noise supposed to be vocal music.  
Romping and squalling children.  
Barking dogs and fighting cats.

Burst water-pipes and frozen steam-pipes and the janitor never to be found when he is wanted.

Quite a variety and occurring at all hours of the day or night.

The higher up one lives the less dust, dirt and noise he encounters. These are about the only redeeming features of high life and are probably overbalanced by the increased danger in case of fire, the difficulty in reaching your home and the appearance of your furniture after moving day.

City life is to some people a sort of roving affair. Everlastingly moving. Just as the birds fly southward at the approach of winter, so do many people change their place of habitation at the beginning of each spring, for May is moving time. Some move in order to pay lower rent, some to get into more fashionable quarters and others to avoid paying their rent. The common everyday laborer of our great cities does not own any home but moves from place to place, paying rent. He necessarily encounters all shapes and sizes in flats and rooms. So he buys large rugs instead of carpets. The floor not covered by carpet is then painted and varnished.

At last comes the millionaire who owns a grand stone residence on the boulevard. All the things that go to make up a beautiful home are there and yet as we compare his place with the abode of the humblest resident we wonder which of the two is actually the happier.

We could not do justice to home life in the space reserved for this article so we will continue the story in our next.



### ON THE COMPLETION OF A BOOK.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Turn down the page. Blow out the light.

The ink is dry. The Book is done.

Above the shadow-haunted woods

My blinking eyes behold the Sun.

Must this poor work go out to it,

To face indifference and jeers;

To flaunt its tricks, and feeble wit,

Its foolish merriment and tears!

Well, let it go! The Seeing Ones

Some little seeds of Truth may find,

Slow-ripened under many suns—

At least one critic will be kind!



### PREPARE THY HEART.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Be still, you waves of restless thought and care,

Be still, wild winds of worldly strife and woe;

Sweet Peace on silver wing is hovering low,

Within thy heart a welcome place prepare

For her, the subject of thy hope and prayer.

Flee every troubling guest thy soul may know,

Ambition, Pride, which wander to and fro,

Despoilers of the bliss which thou shouldst share;

Let in the angels of Truth, Joy and Light,

Who swell the fulness of sweet harmony,

Who guard love's ceaseless fountain pure and bright,

They are the ministers of God to thee.

Make welcome these, and Peace will find a place,

And fill thee with her own unfailling grace.



It is not the man who has made the most money or held the most offices who has made the most of himself, but the one who has learned how to develop his soul-life while he neglects not his business.—*Presbyterian*.



"You'd better subscribe for Miner's Weekly, madam," said the agent as he slipped his toe inside the door so "madam" could not close it. "Costs you only 50 cents per year; and every new subscriber gets a life insurance policy, a bicycle, a Merry Widow hat, a bottle of Peruna and a copy of 'What President Roosevelt and Jack London Think of Each Other.'"

"Not me," said the madam. "I've just subscribed for McSquirt's Monthly and they gave me a 'God Bless Our Home' motto, a kitchen range, some fly paper, a rainy-day skirt, an ice-pick, a picture of Edward Bok crossing the Delaware in a gilt frame, and send me to the next exposition throwed in."





## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXXV.

THERE is nothing like sleeping in an Italian straw-stack with the starlit heavens for your ceiling and a grand pageantry of innocent things crowding through the galleries of your memory of the latest past. On all the ride to Florence I carried before me the supreme impressions of that visit to St. Peter's. I saw again the dead pope, lying between the strong-faced Swiss Guard. Again I saw the masterpiece tombs around the towering walls of the cathedral in which one hundred and thirty-two popes are remembered.

With his triple crown half-hidden by his gown, Alexander VII knelt in marble above his richly-adorned tomb. The perfect marble carved and polished, of many colors, appeared, as I remembered it, like the portals of the very gate of paradise, below whose heaven of blue, in its antechamber of the soul, the pope appeared to kneel and pray, pleading for himself and all the world. But the most beautiful of all, that of Pope Clement XIII, I see in all its detail now. He is represented as kneeling with bared head and reverent hands in the darkness of midnight, assured of eternal

life only by the Angel of Death asleep in repose at the one side, while the Angel of Immortality, radiance streaming from her brow, and gleaming from the Cross, held in her hands, stands upright and supreme, victor over Death, Hell and the Grave. The heroic-sized lions, sleeping but majestic in their might, guarded the dust so sacred to millions of Roman Catholics.

So while the reader may see at times only novelty and adventure in my tour, they are finding, I'm sure, something deeper in my plan than risking my life or

health in fever swamps or among dangerous strangers. When the atmosphere is bad about me I change it with the ozone of spiritual wholesomeness or reverent meditation, which robs it of its poison.

The third night a man drove me from his hay shed, and I found lodging in what was once evidently an old palace. A poor peasant family lived in the part I slept in, up an old, rickety stairway of chestnut logs, into a big room on the third floor with brick carpet and timber ceiling, and a crucifix on my poor little stand.



"There is nothing like sleeping in an Italian straw-stack with the starlit heavens for your ceiling."

Lodging was only ten cents here, room, bed and all, and breakfast, with chicory for coffee, poor and also cheap. May God give a better home and an easier time to the kind old lady and her boy who allowed me to take their pictures in front of the stairway door, near which stands the woman, with the stable door arching behind the honest-faced boy. This boy never walked very much. The angle at which he sets his feet proves this. Indians set their toes perfectly straight, or rather a little inward, in front of the heel. All other long-distance pedestrians learn to walk this

way, for the shortest distance between two points, as proven by geometry, and as known by all sensible folk, is the straight line. But a straight line in walking can be maintained only by setting the feet down perfectly straight to the line of movement. This is the natural, easy, graceful and forceful way, and only silly amateurs try to walk any other way.

I was now in the Appenine Mountains, where the road led upward, steeper and steeper, the country bare of all vegetation, perfectly sear and without the least sign of life. Scores of vestiges of extinct volcanoes



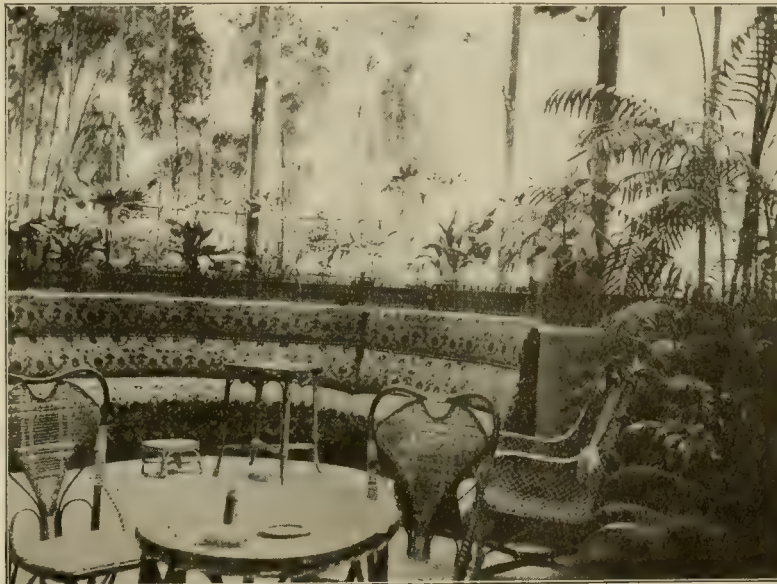
were about me. The cones of some of these were yet plainly visible and the soil about here was of lava formation and quality. For two days I had difficulty in finding either food or shelter and often rode or walked long distances without water.

Unused to travelers, the peasants were sometimes afraid of me and were not inclined to let me enter into their poor homes. At one door of a mountain hut I knocked for some time, and hearing footsteps inside, but running away rather than towards the door, I pushed open the rude door just in time to see the woman close the door to the kitchen with herself on the other side of it. But I made myself at home by taking a chair and looking about at—nothing, for the house was so bare I got the face-ache trying to find something interesting. If these people could live here all their lives and be contented, they might keep on doing so, but I think as much as I like to live, it would be nearly as well to have pious people reading a wonderful epitaph above my grave as to try to live here.

After some time, the man came in. He must have hidden in the wood-box out there, for there was a rustling of dried leaves and chips in that kind of a box shortly before he came in. His wife had opened the lid and let him out. She had told him I was harmless, for she had peeped in at me through a broken timber in the partition. I do not say for a certainty that he hid there, but if you had seen him when he finally came in and told me to go on, that there was no food or wine in the house, you would have concluded that if either of the two were cowardly, it was the man and not the woman in this bleak, Italian home. The poor things wanted to be kind, but they were afraid. They were willing to share their all with me, but they felt that it was not good enough. The greatest kindness they could have done me would have been to receive me as a lost traveler, for I was in doubt as to the right road, and to have allowed me to rest awhile and then go on refreshed. Their wretched hospitality would have been kingly in my eyes—better than that at the Grand. If only I might whisper into the ear and heart of every housekeeper or host I would say: Accept the coming

of a stranger to your door as an angel sent from heaven. If he is good, as he usually is and as he always will be, if you meet him right, you will do him good and a big blessing will abide with you when he has gone. If he is bad, and you meet him with positive force of character, you can control him, change or subdue the wrong impulse and direct him into your own better sphere. It is downright heathen to slam the door in his face, or to let him control *you* by your giving way to the weakness of fear or of selfish indifference to pilgrims passing you on the road of life. I do not say you should admit every Tom who knocks or invite into your family any strangers, but I do say that if you are wise you will seek to do good to all passing pilgrims, to learn something from them, and to give to them something of the same influence that controls you. If you are ignorant and rude in morals

of the social heart, you will be inclined to run away and hide from those who seem superior to you when they knock at your door. If Roosevelt should come to my home for a meal, he would get my best, if it suited that day to have my best. But it would be simple cornbread and pumpkin, or hash and mush, clean and neat, with the hairs picked out, but with *me* and



"While waiting for the scared man of the house to enter, visions of the luxury of the Grand came before me."

*mine* thrown in. We'd be there, I tell you. Roosevelt would care more to meet me and mine than my roast turkey or Virginia biscuits. He could get them at the hotel where everybody can get them. But he could get me and mine only *at my table*. And if I or mine should dare to open our mouths to apologize for a single thing on the table, I hope the Lord who gave it to us would cause a little earthquake just then and break every dish on the table. There's nothing that makes me suffer such horrid disgust as to have those who have prepared a fine meal for me or a plain bite then weary my ears with a wicked string of apologies that such poor foods have been put on the table. I always think more of the food in such a case than of the hostess, and am as sorry as I can be that she has not yet learned the real secret of genuine hospitality.

I always look the second time at my host and hostess who give themselves to me for what they are worth,



without apology or explanation for things that need no apology, and who serve me with their everyday ideas and ways, and do not run to the dictionary or hide themselves in the kitchen wood-box. It feeds my egotism to have them fuss into a big dinner for me and it feeds it again when they apologize for everything on the table. It makes me look into myself and to say, "Humph! I am somebody." But what I went to their table for was to get the average amount of nutriment and to be led into their own way of living and of thinking, so that I would forget even how to sign my own name in the autograph album after dinner, so truly had my host and hostess been themselves, and all themselves in my new-coming. The host who scorns my friendship so much as to seem to delight in giving the least possible of hospitality at his table or in his home, has my contempt. But the overdoing ones have my disgust.

I left the house so hungry and weak that I coaxed or took from a little child sitting on a rock near the creaky door, a bit of sweet stuff, half candy and half cake, giving it in return what I considered a fair equivalent under the circumstances. The babe could get more cake, but the bare hills had only stones for me.

In the lower hills and along through the valleys I found the farmers threshing their grain, by at least four ways. One was by tramping it out with horses, another by a flail, a third by taking the sheaf in the hands and beating it over a stone. The fourth was by steam thrasher. Here there were girls helping the men. Two pitched bundles to the machine, a third cut the bands and others worked on the stack. The threshing was going on before sunup, the girls wearing broad-brimmed hats, and flirting with the men, just as any other pretty girls might flirt at their age in such a place. I stopped and looked on for awhile, greatly hoping the cooks in the house would ask me to stop for breakfast, for it was just about ready and I caught the scent of what they had to eat that morning. With the exception of the machine running before breakfast, the sight was the most American of all the Italian scenes. I think it was their timidity of having a stranger see how humble was their living that kept them from asking me to stay. But my regret is that I did not ask outright, for I have since wondered how they kept things in that house, better than most others, at threshing time, and to see how they said grace at the table, if at all, when the threshers were around.

This was the most social picture on the way over Italy. For the most localities I have found no "society," but just the dryest kind of existence, with poverty so great as to keep only the inferior kind of human dwellers in the country. No young men rode along in rubber-tired buggies. No young people, in clean, bright clothing, wandered leisurely along shady

lanes, and no fresh lads and lassies waded through the tangle of clover. The dull monotony of driving, rasping necessity, sapped the energy and blighted the prospects of these helpless peasants, and the one ray of hope in their life was to hear mass said in a distant church by a priest only half believed in by the Catholics he had baptized, at last to escape a sad and dreary round of sore labor for a heaven of power and plenty and rest.

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## DELVING INTO NATURE'S SECRETS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

### IV. Coal Formations.

THE Carboniferous age is divided into three periods,—Permian, Carboniferous Proper and Sub-Carboniferous, the second one being, as before stated, the world's great source of coal.

In a comparison of coal fields no regular order of series has been discovered, except that just below and in contact with the coal is a layer of fire-clay. Frequently the roof is of carboniferous slate, which is sometimes replaced by sandstone or limestone.

Geologists have two theories as to the origin of coal, viz., (1) That it was formed on the spot where the forests grew. (2) That it was the result of accumulated drift. That it is the result of decomposed vegetable matter all agree. Quite probably both theories are correct, as clay and boulders found in veins indicate drift, and stumps *in situ* indicate swamp formation.

Some geologists have attempted to tell how long it took to form coal, but no one knows. One says that to form a layer of coal one inch thick would require the vegetation of two hundred years at present rate of growth.

Of the Nova Scotia seams one is twenty-two feet thick and one is twenty-seven. To form the rock between the layers would perhaps require as long, hence the coal period must have been very long. However, it was probably formed at a greater rate than today. Everything was different from now. Coal is found in the polar regions, and the fossils are similar in all parts of the world. The climate was intensely hot all over the world. The air was excessively charged with carbondioxide. As this is the food of plants, all these conditions indicate a vegetation vastly greater than the most luxuriant tropical vegetation of today.

In peat swamps of the present day absolutely pure vegetable accumulations occur, and in some of the coal fields of America the coal is so pure that the ash is not greater than would result from the plants from which it was formed. Again, parts of fossil plants are often shown in their natural relation to each other. Further, these perfect specimens are found only in the upper part of the seam as would be the case with the last fallen plants.

Of the one hundred seams in South Wales the underclay of every one of them is crowned with roots and sometimes stumps.

Of the seventy-six seams, in Nova Scotia twenty have stumps in their original positions and the others have stigmata roots in the underclay. These are swamp plants, and the first stage of coal is peat.

Speaking of the growth of coal, Le Conte says: "Plants take the greater portion of their food from the air, and give it in the annual fall of leaves and finally by their own death, to the soil. Thus is formed the humus, vegetable mould, found in all forests. This substance would increase without limit were it not that its decay goes on simultaneously with its formation. But in peat bogs and swamps the excess of water and the antiseptic properties of the peat itself prevent complete decay. Thus, each generation takes from the air and adds to the soil continually and without limit. The soil which is made up of these ancestral accumulations continues to rise higher and higher, until the bog often becomes higher than the surrounding country, and, when swollen by unusual rains, bursts, and floods the country with black mud. A bog is, therefore, composed of the vegetable matter of hundreds of generations of plants. It represents so much matter drawn from the atmosphere and added to the soil.

"In such cases, besides the material deposited from growth of vegetation, the accumulation may be also the result of organic matter drifted from the surrounding surface soil."

Dana says: "There is no reason to suppose that the vegetation was confined to the lower lands; it probably spread over the whole continent (America) to its most northern limits. It formed coal only where there were marshes, and where the deposits of vegetable debris afterwards became covered by deposits of sand, clay or other rock material."

To account for sand, etc., in the seam of coal, we assume that the peat was deposited in the delta of a river and that sediment was brought down and afterwards solidified. Peat was again deposited and successive deposits thus made formed alternating layers of rock and coal.

Coal seams are apt to split, that is, be divided into two or more seams by the intervention of strata common to coal measures. At Staffordshire, England, the "Ten-yard" coal splits into into ten separate seams of coal of five hundred feet of strata in going a distance of only five miles.

This thinning out and again uniting is what is known as a "horse."

A fault is where through a movement of the earth's crust the strata have been broken and a part was raised or lowered, or both changes took place.

In case the fractured edges failed to touch, the

crevice became filled with foreign matter and is known as a dyke, lode or vein. There is no difference in the formation of dykes in coal measures and the mineral veins of the metalliferous districts.

If a fault is first met with in the roof it is called a downthrow, while if first met in the floor it is an upthrow.

Nips or rolls are where the roof comes down or the floor comes up and takes the place of the coal.

Wants or washouts are where after formation the seam has been removed and sand or mud deposited. During the glacial period boulders moved by the action of water ground large holes in the rocks. These holes, filling with loose material, sometimes cause serious disasters when they lie beneath rivers or lakes.

The coal flora is the most abundant and extensive of the extinct floras. There are 8,660 known fossil species and two thousand of them belong to the coal measures. The fern is the most abundant, though there are great numbers of others.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



## THE FUNCTION OF BOOKS.

J. C. BEAHM.

SCHOOL textbooks should be servants to teachers. They are too often their masters. It is a lamentable fact that pupils and sometimes teachers are so tied to books during recitations that only a very low degree of success is attained in many schools. Teachers must realize they are traveling a beaten road; then they should face about to direct the propelling powers of the vehicle and thus lift the wheels from the ruts which have so long retarded our progress. Though the path be old, it may be one of great delight, if they pull out of the beaten track, for then they shall find new flowers, and even the old ones will present new beauties and bring them new joys.

May I briefly present two pictures? The one shall be of a school in a rut, the other of a school which has pulled out of the beaten tracks.

In the first the teacher spends her evenings reading poor, though fascinating literature; or she entertains some friend, or attends a neighborhood party, then retires at a late hour. Then she gets up late, and gets to school late, calls up her classes late. Then follows a pathetic scene—a dull teacher with a dull book before a dull class, all of which conspires to make a dull and worthless recitation.

Should she ask a proper question of some pupil who is servant to the textbook, he will turn to the book, and answer satisfactorily, of course, though only to forget the answer the next minute. And if a less tactful pupil is called upon, he will likely be prompted by his kind neighbor. Such conditions are lamentable, indeed, and mark the point at which school life becomes a positive evil.



In the second picture, we see a teacher who loves her work and is not satisfied until she has the consciousness that her pupils are making hearty, solid progress in the formation of habits and character. She rapidly, though intelligently, reviews the next day's lessons each evening. The next morning she has great physical strength and mental vigor. These, with her moral courage, are at once, though in an unconscious way, transmitted to her school. The classes are called promptly, and the scene is at once joyous! The teacher has nothing in her hand except, perhaps, a pencil—certainly not a book. The pupils are just as free-handed, each telling what he can in his own way, showing that he has used the book before recitation. Thus the teacher guides the pupil in developing mental strength and skill, rather than looking superficially for mere facts. Such conditions show the real worth of school life.

Now, fellow-teachers, the first picture represents a teacher who does not care for her school, the second one a teacher who loves her work; the first is drifting down the stream; the second is propelling the boat against the tide.

It will require some effort to break away from using books during recitations, but try it. Of course, there are exceptions, but your rule should be to stand before your class without a book: Look at your pupils and have them look at you, and soon there will be a system of wireless telegraphy—an exchange of thought and spirit—and the busy life will become the panacea of many school-room ills.



### LYING.

J. I. MILLER.

#### In Two Parts. Part One.

Not long since I noticed an article in a paper where the writer took the position that "swearing (profanity) was the great sin of our great nation." No doubt he was right, but I have my doubts whether lying is not the worse of the two. The individual who swears seldom harms any one except himself. But the person who makes a practice of lying can make more trouble and discord in a neighborhood in one day than all the swearing men can in a whole year. If we stop and think for a moment we find that the first lie was told in the garden of Eden; it was told by the serpent (devil), hence he is the father of all liars.

After giving the subject of lying much thought and paying close attention to about all classes of people as we have come in touch with them in our business of more than thirty years, we find it all the more appalling.

Lying is sometimes done by the very young child and by the gray-haired father or mother,—all ages indulge in the awful sin and no class is exempt from it. The "hobo," the beggar, the moral man and, sorry

to say, the minister in the rostrum sometimes indulges in lying. This is a strong assertion, but is true and has come under our especial notice. It is wonderful, wonderful, indeed, that so many professed Christians of about all denominations we have ever met will persist in misrepresenting things just for the sake of a little gain, or to "get the best of the other fellow."

We do not wish it understood that people who make a practice of lying tell great big lies. They seldom do, but just little ones, because they come so handy. In Gen. 3: 4 when the first lie was told, it was told to deceive. Again in Gen. 4: 9 Cain told a lie because he was guilty of murder. Gen. 18: 15 gives an account of a woman lying. So we find neither sex is exempt from the awful sin. We cannot give all the Bible occurrences on the subject and all the awful consequences as that alone would make a large volume, but in 1 Kings 13: 18 we have a record where a prophet lied: "But he lied unto him."

We have often been made to wonder why this old prophet told a lie to the other prophet and by so doing caused the one to whom he lied to be slain by a lion. We have wondered if there were lions sent out today to slay all who do not tell the truth and they would keep at it for one year, how many people would then be alive or would there be ten per cent of the human family left? We have heard it said, "A lie is a lie, no matter where it is said or who said it." That is all true and yet there are a number of different ones, such as a business lie, a lie for fun, a lie to misrepresent some one, a lie for spite or a lie to get even with some one. Dear reader, stop and think.

*Roanoke, La.*



### PURITY.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

It is a wondrous gift of glory bright,  
Rich essence of divine and sacred grace,  
Upon whose whiteness evil finds no place  
To mar the beauty of its pearly light.  
'Tis clear as sunlight from its golden height,  
Deep as the rolling seas that none may trace;  
High as the blue heaven's ethereal space,  
And strong as the eternal power of right.  
Then vanish every thought of doubt and ill,  
Of sin, of death, of shadows dark and deep,  
That every soul this substance may infill;  
In every heart its holy presence keep,  
Till thoughts and deeds and life and human will  
Are molded in it, and its glory reap.



It is the individual house surrounded by its garden, intensively tilled by the owners, that makes the true home for the race.—*Maxwell's Talisman.*



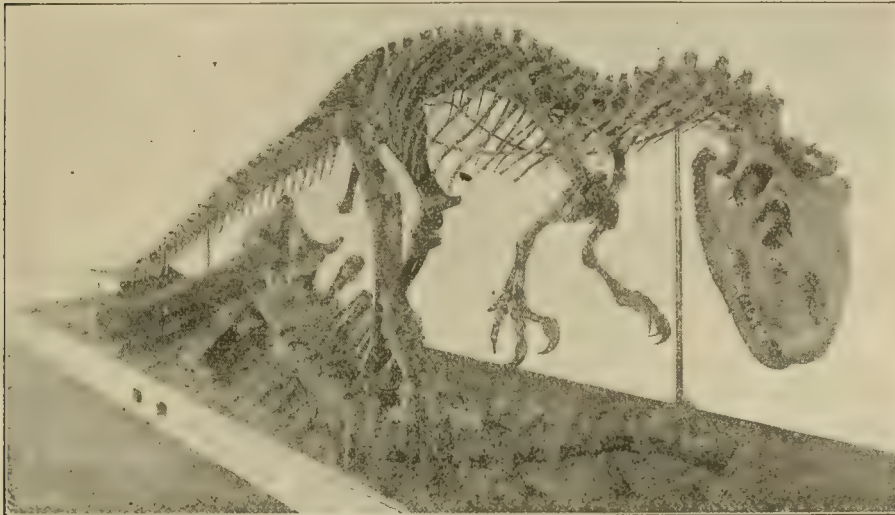
Clerk—What shall I mark the new lot of black silk at?  
Employer—Mark the selling price at \$1 a yard.  
Clerk—But it only cost 40 cents a yard.  
Employer—I don't care what it cost. I am selling off regardless of cost.

### A CARNIVOROUS DINOSAUR: A RECONSTRUCTED SKELETON OF A HUGE SAURIAN.

THERE is now on exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, a skeleton of a large carnivorous dinosaur. Following the policy of the museum, Prof. Henry F. Osborn, who is responsible for this reconstruction, has departed from the traditional methods of mounting, for the flesh-eating animal is here poised as feeding upon the vertebrae of his victim, a huge brontosaurus, a herbivorous contemporary considerably larger than his carnivorous foe. These bulky, slow-moving brontosaurs, seventy to eighty feet long, without any armor or apparent means of defense, were hopelessly outclassed and probably easily overcome in battle by the fierce allosaurs. Additional interest surrounds this specimen, as large carnivorous dinosaurs are exceedingly rare. Though

it is absolutely sure, judging by the intervals between the tooth marks, that a certain allosaurus did prey upon this brontosaurus, and we are justified therefore in bringing the two skeletons together. It is the first time that a fossil animal has been mounted standing over its fossil prey."

In the mount the allosaurus is represented in the act of devouring the carcass of brontosaurus. The head is raised a little, and the fore limbs partly lifted in defiance-like attitude, as if to ward off other animals who might wish to share in the feast. This alert creature was built for speed and strength, as well as for fighting erect; using the very long, powerful hind limbs, to advance by walking or running, in making an attack upon the most vulnerable parts; probably the throat, of the large dinosaurs. In erect attitude it is estimated the head was about twenty feet above ground. The massive hind limbs, eight feet long, with their huge claws, were well adapted to support the enormous frame and to hold down the body of its prey. The short fore limbs, three feet in length, with their immense claws, were used exclusively, it is thought, for attacking and tearing off the flesh of a victim, and not for support. The heavy tail, twenty feet long, served to balance the body. One of the claws of the fore feet is twelve inches long. The skull was three feet in length, and many of the tiger-like teeth measured three inches.



The Mounted Skeleton of the Allosaurus Standing Over the Vertebrae of Its Prey.

three or more distinct types of great dinosaurs lived at the same time and in the same region, the remains of the herbivorous ones have been most frequently discovered, while the flesh-eating dinosaurs have been found only in a few instances. In this mount, Prof. Osborn, to whose courtesy we are indebted for much of the information here given, has scored a twofold paleontological triumph in the innovation of representing a fossil skeleton in action, and in the fact that this is the first giant carnivorous dinosaur of this type to be mounted and exhibited. In referring to the composition and departure from the customary scheme of mounting, Prof. Osborn made the following statement to the writer regarding this specimen:

"Since the allosaurus skeleton was found in the same bluff as the brontosaurus, namely, the Como Bluffs of Wyoming, and not very far away, it is barely possible, although very far from being a demonstrated fact, that this very allosaurus preyed upon this very brontosaurus skeleton. However this may have been,

This skeleton is thirty-four feet in length and eight feet three inches in height, and is one of the treasures of the famous Cope Collection, presented to the Museum by Morris K. Jesup, Esq., the president of the Museum, in 1899. The skeleton was discovered by F. F. Hubbell, a collector for Prof. Cope, in October, 1879, in the Como Bluffs near Medicine Bow, Wyoming, and not far distant from the famous Bone Cabin Quarry, opened by the American Museum, which has yielded the greatest number and variety of dinosaurs of any one spot in the world. Here, by geological uplifts in the distant past, the earth has been thrown into a series of great rock waves or folds. In the downfolds of these, extending to some two hundred and seventy-four feet in thickness, has been found to exist a wonderful layer of entombed dinosaurs of enormous size. The allosaurus was taken to Philadelphia, where it remained in storage in the basement of Memorial Hall for over twenty years until purchased by Mr. Jesup, who paid \$50,000 for the whole

(Continued on Page 1165.)



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## TAKE YOUR TIME.

OUR age has so often been called a fast one that we must believe that it really is fast. Men and women engage in a mad rush to secure what they consider the best things of this world. And in so doing a great many of them rush headlong into ruin—physical, financial, mental, spiritual. These drop out of the hurrying throng into the grave, the insane asylum, the penitentiary, and it goes on as before. Each is so intent upon his own affairs that he does not pause long to look at life as it really is; or, rather, as the Creator intended it to be.

From the cradle to the grave there is a hurrying forward, a planning, a striving, a pushing to reach certain goals. At first the parents and teachers are responsible; and by the time the child is old enough to act for himself he has acquired the habit and as a rule believes that he is coming short of his duty if he fails to do his utmost to reach the mark set before him. He does not see the joy and peace that might be his if he would only take them, give himself time to realize that there are such things in the world.

What is the good of all the rush, anyhow? None, so far as we can see. Life is shortened, disease is invited, happiness is driven away. We are no better for it, but rather worse. It makes little difference what object one is pursuing, he goes after it in the same unreasonable way. How many are broken down in school by crowding beyond their strength! To what good? We may ask the question again and again, but there will be no answer to satisfy the longing soul.

True, sometimes great things, those seemingly impossible, are accomplished by going at them with a rush, a determination to do. That is good once in awhile. But it is also good to take time to think, to consider things in general, our life in its relation to all life. To be always rushing is not commendable.

And then the things after which we strive are too

often of a transitory nature—not worthy the efforts of an immortal being. Wealth, or power, or fame, or position—these are of the earth, earthy. Yet they are among the greatest incentives to hard and prolonged effort. To let our desire for any or all of these things drive us as slaves is wrong—after these things do the Gentiles seek; and quite frequently those who think they are living a higher, a heavenly, life, are urged on by the same motives that impel the man who lives only in and for this world.

We would not have any one lazy or indifferent to his duties toward himself, his family, his country, his God. But there is wrong in attempting too much as well as in doing too little. There is a middle ground where one is safer and happier—not too much nor too little, but just enough, just what will develop the best there is in us to do most for others.

Some of us have our habits fixed; and we are no longer susceptible to change to any great extent. We have reached middle age or gone beyond it: the time for forming habits is largely in the past. We may change to some extent, and we should when it is for the better. But the great reformation, if there is to be one, must be accomplished with the young. It is for them mainly that we write this. Life is before them; and it has for them much more blessedness than most of their predecessors have gotten out of it. What will they do about it?

Along some lines we shall not do too much; and these are the really important lines. Happy will they be who succeed in doing their reasonable service. Let no one decrease his efforts along these lines. We have written of the things that take the time and energy of the average man.

We are on a journey, and we go over the road but once. Let us not hurry too much to see the beauties or enjoy the pleasures along the way. We must not hurry if we would get most out of it. We have no time to waste or lose. The moments are to be filled; but in our haste we often crowd out the best things of life. That is not wise.

Do not hurry. Take your time, but be busy.



## SMALL SINS.

I ASK you to clear your minds of the notion that anything is small which offers to you the alternative of being done in a right way or in a wrong; and to recognize this as a fact—"Sand is weighty," trifles are of supreme importance. My point is this, that the accumulated pressure upon a man of a multitude of trivial faults makes up a tremendous aggregate that weighs upon him with awful ponderousness.

Let me remind you, to begin with, that, properly speaking, the words "great" and "small" should not be applied in reference to things about which "right" and "wrong" are the proper words to employ. Or, to put it into plainer language, it is as absurd to talk

about the "size" of a sin, as it is to take the superficial area of a picture as a test of its greatness. The magnitude of a transgression does not depend on the greatness of the act which transgresses—according to human standards—but on the intensity with which the sinful element is working in it. For acts make crimes, but motives make sins. If you take a bit of prussic acid, and bruise it down, every little microscopic fragment will have the poisonous principle in it; and it is very irrelevant to ask whether it is as big as a mountain or small as a grain of dust, it is poison all the same.

So to talk about magnitude in regard to sins is rather to introduce a foreign consideration. But still, recognizing that there is a reality in the distinction that people make between great sins and small ones, though it is a superficial distinction, let us deal with it now. I say, then, that small sins, by reason of their numerousness, have a terrible accumulative power. They are like the green flies on our rose bushes, or the microbes that our medical friends talk so much about nowadays. Like them, their power of mischief does not in the least degree depend on their magnitude, and, like them, they have a tremendous capacity of reproduction. It would be easier to find a man that had not done any one sin than to find a man that had only done it once. And it would be easier to find a man that had done no evil than a man who had not been obliged to make the second edition of his sin an enlarged one.

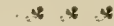
For this is the present Nemesis of all evil, that it requires repetition, partly to still conscience, partly to satisfy excited tastes and desires; so that the second dose has to be stronger than the first in order to produce an equivalent effect; and so on, ad infinitum.

And then remember that all our evil doings, however insignificant they may be, have a strange affinity with one another, so that you will find that to go wrong in one direction almost inevitably leads to a whole series of consequential transgressions of one sort or another.

You remember the old story about the soldier that was smuggled into a fortress concealed in a hay cart, and opened the gates of a virgin citadel to his allies outside. Every evil thing, great or small, that we admit into our lives, still more into our hearts, is charged with the same errand as he had: "Set wide the door when you are inside, and let us all come in after you." "He taketh with him seven other spirits worse than himself, and they dwell there." And so our little transgressions open the door for great ones, and every sin makes us more accessible to the assaults of every other.

So let me remind you how here, in these little unnumbered acts of trivial transgression which scarcely produce any effect on conscience or on memory, but make up so large a portion of our lives, lies one of

the most powerful instruments for making us what we are. If we indulge in slight acts of transgression, be sure of this, that we shall pass from them to far greater ones. For one man that leaps or falls all at once into sin which the world calls gross, there are a thousand that slide into it. The storm only blows down the trees whose hearts have been eaten out and their roots loosened. And when you see a man having a reputation for wisdom and honor all at once coming crash down and disclosing his baseness, be sure that he began with small deflections from the path of right. The evil works underground; and if we yield to little temptations, when great ones come we shall fall their victims.—*Dr. Alexander McLaren.*



"WE want to know more than the silent God deems it good to tell; to understand the 'why' which he bids us wait to ask; to see the path which he has spread on purpose in the dark. The Infinite Father does not stand by us to be catechised, and explain himself to our vain mind; he is here for our trust."



#### A CARNIVOROUS DINOSAUR.

(Continued from Page 1163.)

collection. In 1899, after the purchase, Dr. W. D. Matthews, the associate curator, went to Philadelphia under instructions from Prof. Osborn, to superintend the packing and removal of the collection to the museum. The boxes were still piled up just as they came from the West, and had never been unpacked, except in a few instances. It was thought that the Hubbell collection was not of any great value, as his letters from the field had not been preserved; and as some of his earlier collections had been fragmentary the balance was supposed to have been of the same nature. When the collection was unpacked at the American Museum, this lot of boxes, which was regarded as of little interest, was not opened until 1903. When this specimen was laid out for examination, it was recognized as a prize. Although collected by the crude methods of early days, it consisted of nearly a complete skeleton, with the bones in wonderfully fine preservation. They were dense black, hard and uncrushed, even better preserved and somewhat more complete than the few specimens of the allosaurus obtained from the Bone Cabin Quarry. By comparison and study of the three allosaurus skeletons, with assistance and details from others, the missing bones were reconstructed and the few missing parts were carefully adjusted by Dr. Matthews. Nearly four years, at intervals, were devoted to the preparation of the skeleton.—*Scientific American.*



PROBABLY the most difficulties of trying to live the Christian life arise from attempting to half live it.—*Henry Drummond.*





## Some Talks to Fathers

### Fathers as Their Children's Companions

**Catharine Beery Van Dyke**

God is the Supreme Being. He is seldom represented to us as being alone. He is often pictured to us as being surrounded by celestial intelligences in the midst of his own wonderful creations, or associated with his beloved and only begotten Son. He has communicated directly and indirectly with the human race ever since man has lived upon the earth. He even now urges men to "draw nigh unto him" with the assurance that he will draw near to them. He has promised so many men under so many different circumstances and at so many different times that under certain conditions, which lie within the power of men to bring about, he will never leave them nor forsake them.

Man, too, is a social being and it follows that he must have companions. "To have friends he must show himself friendly." "He is known by the company he keeps." The friends a man, or a child, has will either help or hinder him, will either improve him or make him worse, and his influence on them must have the same effect.

While men have been encouraged and cheered so much by this perhaps the most precious of his promises—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,"—coming from their heavenly Father, it is one of the strongest incentives to a child to know that in all its struggles and temptations, its successes and triumphs, its failures and disappointments, its joys and its hopes, it has the assurance that papa will approve of, will unravel or, with kindly wisdom, will direct its affairs. And does not papa as well as mama represent God to the little ones?

I heard an influential evangelist say last summer when talking from the rostrum on the power of home influence that if one of his children should go to the bad he himself would leave the pulpit, stop preaching and go with the child not to the bad to stay there but follow him night and day until he returned to the paths of righteousness. I think the man was right in his position. Who will look after the children's safety if the fathers and mothers will not?

To be thus closely associated with his children

means, to father and children, company, fellowship, coöperation. Does the father need this? Does the child?

Some months ago a mother pleaded with me to write something in favor of the unloved child, a child with whom his own father had no sympathy, the child, who, from the very nature of things, yearns for and needs the help and love of a father, yet must go hungry through life for a response to that tender love, that ambition in a child's heart that even a mother cannot meet.

A few weeks ago I was strikingly arrested as I looked upon a certain pretty card motto which hung upon the wall of our son's bedroom. It had been given to him by a loving friend and it read: "Children Obey Your Parents." The more I looked upon that card the more I thought. "It isn't fair. It is one sided and the burden is against the child." I determined to take it down until I found its mate, which, unfortunately, I have never seen in print in motto form. But I do not expect again to use this mural decoration until by its side, I am ready to hang this one: "And ye, Fathers (parents) Provoke not your Children to Anger."

I take this opportunity to put fathers in remembrance of these things, hoping that it may, in time, reach some families and that the result will be coöperation and friendship where these did not exist before.

When we remember that the home offers the only place where we can work directly for and with our children and they with us we will see the force of the reason why, in this institution, we should put in our best efforts for their good.

The instinct of fatherhood is strong in most progenitors, I think, but so many men seem to regard the real business of bringing up the children as belonging to the mother and so many women accept the situation in that way, that a man does not realize that he commits any violence to the home by holding himself away as far as possible from the complications and entanglements of child-rearing. I have

known cases where men held themselves so aloof, and, when the children did not turn out well, were ready to add insult to injury by blaming the mother for having done such a poor job.

But aside from its being the duty of every father to "rule well his own household," there is a disciplinary and educative side to this friendship between father and children that is much in favor of the father as a man. When a person is needed in a district as school director, trustee, or committee-man, it is usually the man with children of his own who is selected. And in many other positions a father of children is preferred before a bachelor or a childless man. Why? Not alone because he has been blessed with the power and gift of fatherhood but also because he is, presumably, a more experienced man in dealing with human nature, having those of his own blood in his own household to give him training.

Then, too, the value of a father's friendship with his children may never be calculated in this life. The boy whose confidence in his father's integrity and strength and wisdom has never been shaken is much more easily directed into this ideal formed upon his belief in his father's virtues than it is possible to direct a boy whose father is out of sympathy with him. A girl whose father shows an interest in her will naturally respond to the father love and to the father law. She will for his sake try to live up to the best there is in her and their opportunities for mutual help are many and great. She will think him the grandest man there is. (It means something to any man to be so thought of.) While she needs a good mother for her example, she makes her good father her standard of manhood. The boy needs a good father for his example while he makes his good mother his standard of womanhood. So both as standard and example it is well that the father be on good and intimate terms with his children.

This fellowship between fathers and children implies confidence. Secrets and cherished plans can be exchanged, hopes and fears, ambitions and apprehensions, can be mutually discussed with the acquisition of help and strength and a furtherance of sympathy and love on both sides. But this relationship does even more than this. It bars the possibility of a "gulf" growing between them. It keeps away distance, coolness and misunderstanding and gives to both father and child a broader, clearer, more beautiful, more charitable estimation of other families, other individuals. Even beyond this arises in the mind a vision of the future years, a time when the father and mother are getting old—perhaps very old. How much easier it will be for the children to care for their parents who they know have done their best for them and with whom they have never broken confidence or from whom they never have been estranged

than it would be did they have it to do through a cold sense of duty alone.

I knew a young girl who was petted and loved as a baby but, as she grew too big (?) to be made over, as a little child, there arose in her heart a feeling of fear for her father. No doubt he loved her but he did not express it in word or caress. Through the years of adolescence the misunderstanding increased. I am sure it was misunderstanding for, from the depths of their two separate and separated hearts each loved the other with a strong and tender love, but it was never expressed and for several years this state of things was an agony to the child that could scarcely be endured. Through the power and grace of God the daughter was converted and the heavy stone was rolled away. The angel appeared out of the father-heart and confidence was restored. A sweet mother of three sturdy boys said to us once: "We love our boys very dearly and we often tell them so." Often tell them so! You have often told your children to behave themselves. Have you often told them you love them? Has not God himself said to you and to me: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love"? and further: "Therefore with loving kindness I have drawn thee." Why not pass it on to the children—these confessions of love?

I have known families where, when the fathers wanted to know their own children's plans and hopes and purposes they would ask strangers to tell them or to find out for them. This state of things is unnecessary and positively injurious to all concerned.

Sometimes fathers cannot forgive when children go wrong. Sometimes children cannot forgive when fathers misunderstand or actually wrong their children. Did I say *cannot*? I mean *stubbornly will not*. Sometimes fathers are over-close in money affairs—or the opposite. Sometimes they exact of their children something which they should either allow or overlook. Sometimes they forget that they once were young and fail to give a sympathetic hearing of some case. But, whatever the cause, whatever the occasion, I am sure that if fathers will guard against the first drifting apart, the danger of becoming separated in sympathy from their children will never need to be realized.



#### THE MOTHER'S PRIVILEGE.

WHY is it the American mother gives her small child everything except a Bible?

Why does she wait until he is twelve or fourteen years of age, before she gives him that best gift, the Bible?

He would not understand its pages?

Ah! but I beg to differ. Children understand some of the "deep things," at a very early age.

"At that time, Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because



thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

Very often, a boy or girl receives his or her first copy of the precious book, at Sabbath school.

To me, this is sad. Mother, *you* should be the one to give your child a Bible, the blessed privilege is *yours*.

Mother, give your child a Bible on the first anniversary of his birth, and let him grow up with it in his possession.

"Is God only for grown people, mama?" asked a small lad, his brown eyes full of wondering perplexity.

"Of course not, Heath, why do you ask?"

"'Cause when I talk 'bout God and ask why I don't have a Bible of my very own, you and papa say, wait till you're older,—how old, mamma?"

Yes, *how* old, mother?

I was talking with a mother a few days ago, a mother of two little daughters.

I asked, "Has Grace a Bible of her own?"

"No, it is hardly time to give her one, she is not quite eight years of age, but there are plenty about the house."

"Plenty about the house!"

The careless words grieved me.

Another mother of six children when I asked her if she gave them each a Bible at an early age, answered, "No, they had books of simple Bible stories and pictures, but not the Bible until they were old enough to read."

But why?

Are the mothers at fault or am I?

Why do they give the children books of fairy tales, *before they can read*, with, "Little Son or Daughter, from mother," written on the fly-leaf?

Why not give the Bible *before* the book of nursery stories?

Perhaps some one will ask:

What effect would the giving the inspired Word, have upon a child?

Take, for instance, a small son or daughter of three, present him or her with a Bible, if you have not done so before, and say, "This is God's Word, dear, and mother wants you to own it and cherish it always; she will read to you from it, until you are able to read for yourself."

The baby eyes will brighten, the tiny hands will reach out to receive the gift and it will be handled often and lovingly.

"My Bible," the red lips will lisp.

What child can go far wrong with a praying mother and a mother who makes the Bible *first*, in her gifts to him?

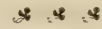
Jesus said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me": and does he want his Word

withheld from them until twelve or fourteen years have flown?

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Mother, it is for *you* to see to it that your child knows God and his teachings at an early age.

This is a subject which has lain next my heart for a long time—I am sad, nay more, deeply distressed when I think of the mother's privilege, neglected.—*American Motherhood.*



#### A LULLABY.

There's a queer little house in Lullaby Town,  
Hush-o, my baby, by-o!

Just over the hill on the lane winding down,  
Hush-o, my baby, by-o!

And a queer little room with lights burning low,  
And shadows that flicker and dance to and fro—  
O haste, little comrade; together we'll go—  
Hush-o, my baby, by-o!

Hush-o, my baby; hush-o, my sweet,  
Come to the cottage on Slumberland Street,  
Clasped to my heart together we'll go,  
Hush-o, my baby, by-o!

On Slumberland Street in Fairy Land Square,  
Hush-o, my baby, by-o!

Haste, little comrade, we soon will be there,  
Hush-o, my baby, by-o!

Soft, downy couch that the angels have spread;  
Slumber, my darling, and God guard thy bed;  
Sleep till the sun paints the morn a rich red—  
Hush-o, my baby, by-o!

—The Commoner.



#### "THE HABIT OF MENDACITY" IN CHILDREN.

PROBABLY there will be a good many parents in this country who will be able to derive consolation from the statements made by Prof. G. Stanley Hall, in a recent discussion of the habits of children.

Dr. Hall has made a life-long study of psychology and child life. He makes the bold statement, "There is a sense in which everybody lies more or less. I am inclined to believe that about all children sometimes lie; that not a few pass through a stage, often prolonged, when they prefer the lie to the truth, while in a few this trait persists through life."

No doubt it frequently has been the case that many devoted and truthful parents have been seriously disturbed over this tendency upon the part of their offspring to wander from the facts into fiction. Little fibs drop out almost unconsciously, and by and by it becomes more serious, and the children begin to definitely make up lies to deceive their parents.

This condition, or "instinct of mendacity," is first observed when the child is very young. As Dr. Hall puts it: "When a boy of two or three rushes into the house with beaming eyes and says he saw a horse with one horn on his head, a dog as big as a house, or that God met him on the lawn and told him not

to pick flowers, that he had been up to the moon—and these are real cases—he has perhaps just discovered for the first time that he can really say things that have no basis in reality. This marks the moment of the conscious birth of the imagination."

The imaginings of young children are hardly to be considered seriously, as affecting their future. It may be taken for granted that every child is endowed, either with an "instinct of mendacity," or a "vivid imagination," just as one chooses to term it.

The serious part of the matter comes a few years later when the child has reached the reasoning age and deliberately begins to concoct stories, or excuses to deceive. It is then that the child must be carefully led and trained and reasoned with, shown the evil of lying and the dangers of it, and thus turned, if possible, in the right direction, in order that he may secure the right start in life.—*The Interstate Schoolman*.



#### HOT BREAD FOR COLD MORNINGS.

*Buttermilk Graham Gems*—One pint of rich buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, graham flour to make a rather stiff batter. Have the gem pans hot, grease, and drop a spoonful of batter in each pan, and bake in a hot oven until well done.

*Graham Rolls*—Put an iron gem pan on the stove after greasing well; warm two tablespoonfuls of lard; take one cup of graham flour and one cup of white flour (which last has been sifted with one teaspoonful of soda) and pour into this half a cupful of good molasses and sour milk enough to make a fairly stiff batter. Dip the batter out into the hot baking pan and put into a hot oven and bake until done. The warm lard should be the last thing beaten into the batter before putting it into pans.

*Graham Gems*—To make a dozen gems, beat an egg light, add one teacupful of sour milk, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, stir well, add a pinch of salt, stir in graham flour to make a rather stiff batter, mix thoroughly; add one tablespoonful of melted butter, and last of all, beat in one-third teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one teaspoonful of hot water. The batter should be just thick enough to barely drop from the spoon. Bake in well-greased gem pans.

*Buttermilk Biscuit*—These biscuit are made a little different from the usual recipe. Sift a quart of flour into the mixing bowl; work into the center of this one teaspoonful each of salt and soda. Pour into this a pint of thick, sour milk (buttermilk preferred), and mix till it becomes a stiff dough. Do not put a speck of shortening in. Pinch off small pieces of the dough and mould into shape, with as little handling as possible. The biscuit will be much lighter and fluffier than when put on a board and rolled with a rolling

pin. Put a heaping tablespoonful of lard in the bake pan, let it get smoking hot, roll each biscuit in this as you lay them in the pan, and bake in a quick oven. They will be white and firm inside, and a crisp brown outside.—*Selected*.

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### The Children's Corner

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#### JACK FROST.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

Jack Frost is a wonderful artist,  
No other with him can compare;  
He comes with a magical pencil  
And writes dreamy lines in the air.

Jack Frost, from the realm of King Winter,  
Came scudding along in the night,  
He brought a magical kind of brush  
And frescoed the world with white.

From his home in the far-away Northland,  
When the nights were cold and still,  
He brought a magical kind of dust  
To sift over plain and hill.

Like millions of precious gems it shone  
On the mystic moonlight way;  
While Jack was finishing up his work  
Ere the dawn of the coming day.

He burnt the sumac and maple leaves  
Till they all came fluttering down;  
He painted the oaks and the elm trees  
In crimson and orange and brown.

The picture he made was a masterpiece  
With a background of hazy blue;  
Each bush and tree was an Indian Prince,  
Each color was blended true.

From the rosy-tinted gold-lined East,  
The sun came forth next day,  
The people arose to their work and—lo!  
They found such a fine display

Of colors that merged into one grand scene  
That they declared Jack to be  
The artist of artists. "Behold!" said they,  
"'Tis perfection. Most fair to see!"

Tipton, Iowa.



#### PHILOSOPHICAL LITTLE TOMMY.

DID you ever hear about him? Grandma once knew just such a little philosopher, and he was the biggest little philosopher I ever knew. I do not think he ever cried; I never saw him cry. If his little sister found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried and cried—as little girls will—Tommy was sure to come around the corner whistling, and say: "What makes you cry? Can you cry a tulip? Do you think that every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here! let's try to right them."

So he picks up the poor flowers, puts their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, and makes the bed look smooth and fresh, and takes her



off to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew far out of sight. Tommy stood still a moment, and then turned around to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tommy," said I, "are you not sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' will not bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tommy!" cried his sister, "you can't play any mo-ore!"

"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me; I don't have to do it for myself, and I'll have more time to whistle. Besides, when I get well I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table, for I say it over and over again till it makes me sleepy every time my leg aches."

If many people were more like Tommy they would have fewer troubles and would throw more sunshine into this world. We must cry, sometimes, but try and be as brave as possible.—*Christian Work*.

## For SUNDAY READING

### "UPHELD BY THE EVERLASTING ARMS."

Deut. 33: 27.

JOSEPH D. RIESH.

(A Sonnet.)

The righteous are upheld by God's strong arm. Psal. 37: 17.

The wicked one's success is never sure. Psal. 37: 17.

He shares in strife and never is secure.

The worldly things are his delight and charm,

But God sustains his own elect. No harm

Can them befall. No one can them allure.

To them all needed strength he does insure.

Thy live in peace and never fear alarm.

Their attitude is submissive and meek. Psal. 119: 116.

And, though they fall (as all may sometimes do),

The Lord will raise them up. Psal. 145: 14; Prov. 14: 4.

When they are weak

He strengthens them, 2 Tim. 4: 17, and starts them on anew.

He keeps them in the way. Ex. 23: 20. For them does seek,  
If gone astray. Matt. 18: 12, 13. When found, has them renew.



### THE REALITY AND DURABILITY OF THE UNSEEN.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

IN a western seaport almost any day you may see scores of people embarking upon the great ocean steamers bound for the Orient. Ask them whither they go, and they will answer, "We sail for the land of the rising sun." Stretching away before them and veiled with clouds and mists, is the trackless deep. They can see but a pace ahead, but far away, beyond

the emerald waters of the broad Pacific lies the land of their anticipations, unseen, unknown, yet real as the sands still warm with the impress of their foot-falls. Whence this confidence? What the basis of these hopes? Certainly they have not arisen from sight or sound, or through any of the faculties of natural perception. Yet these voyagers have evidence. They have *reason*, they have assurance for these anticipations. The record of facts concerning the Orient removes all ground of doubt as to reality.

This is but a hint at the voyage from the unseen, from the temporal to the eternal world.

The universe is composed of two worlds, and we are inhabitants of both. The one, the visible, material ball on which we have our temporal abode, while in preparation for our voyage over the misty sea; the other, the unseen, the immaterial, far beyond the pale of mortal vision, but none the less real.

"The whole frame of the physical universe is but a vast system of shadows, which are mere images of the real, for things which are not seen are eternal." So vast is this material universe that human research, aided by the most powerful telescopes, has never discovered so much as the slightest intimation of a limit, and throughout this colossal system there is exhibited the strongest evidence of a stupendous power. Great rivers move majestically onward in their perpetual courses; fierce tornadoes sweep over land and sea, sometimes lifting the very stones from their beds or driving billowy mountains of liquid death over an ancient Lisbon or a modern Galveston. Ponderous worlds are driven with an awful speed along the tracts of their vast orbits.

Systems, constellations, galaxies, impelled by the invisible hand of Omnipotent energy wheel forever around the Infinite Center. But of all this, what is the most real? Not the torrents of the raging waters, nor the shrieking blasts of the wild winds, nor the gigantic mass of molten rock and iron, in its maddened flight, but the invisible, immeasurable energy back of all.

All around us in the material world lies matter in its manifold combinations, but how little is really known of its true essence! From the days of the ancients men have sought with untiring vigilance to discover the ultimate nature of *matter*. The old alchemist, with his philosopher's stone and the modern scientist, with his compound blowpipe and powerful solvents, have vainly dreamed of capturing this phantom, but, like a will-o'-the-wisp, it eludes the most artful grasp and foils the most subtle scheme. All he can do is to observe its myriad combinations and discern some of its properties. It has dimensions, weight color and other characteristics, but what are the infinitesimal particles of its last analysis, and whence came they? Which is the more real, the more perma-

ment, the visible structure, the conglomerate mass, or the elusive, indefinable essence?

Scientists tell us that substance, or the atoms, whatever they may be, emerged from the unseen world. Chemistry teaches us that there are seventy or more elements from which all the forms of matter are compounded. Some predict that a still further analysis will resolve all these into a final, primordial atom, and show that all the so-called elements are but so many groupings and combinations of this original atom, and that, it, after all, is the only real thing in the material world.

All force or energy belongs to the unseen universe. As we rise in the scale of forces, we find that the subtler the substance, the more efficient the energy. Water is a soft, limpid thing, but mightier than rock. Air is more attenuated and more energetic than water, and the electric and all-pervading etheric agencies are infinitely more powerful than air.

Gold, silver, iron, wood and other material elements have not been the most potent factors in the building of the nations which have secured a place of honor in the world's history. *Mind, spirit, character*, make a nation worthy of recognition. Dynasties, governments, constitutions change; palaces decay, mighty ships of war perish, institutions fail; but the invisible, impalpable energies of intellect and spirit abide!

In harmony with this dual idea of the universe, composed of matter and substance, the seen and the unseen, man himself is a composite being, a duality, or trinity, and that in a sublimer sense. First, the corporeal structure of bone, muscle, blood, "fearfully and wonderfully made," then, the invisible, intellectual, spiritual ego. The body is merely the house in which the real man, the ego lives, the instrument through which the spirit operates; and while the spirit maintains an intimate relation to the body, it is in no essential sense dependent upon it. And the dissolution of the body, instead of ending the existence of the soul will doubtless usher it into an epoch of life far more real, and will greatly accelerate its activities. Which, then, is the more real, the more lasting, the poor, ephemeral body, or the invisible, deathless spirit?

In the deepest nature of man there is an insatiable desire for a nobler environment, a higher fellowship, a diviner music than earth affords. Whence comes this yearning and what is its interpretation? Is it not a prophecy of a world where, released from the encumbrance of sordid matter, man shall, in fullest measure, realize the end of these heavenly aspirations?

Man has already outgrown his harmony with the environments of mere matter.

On the one hand, encouraged by the marvelous disclosures of science, and on the other, inspired by the revelations of the eternal Word, he has lifted his eyes above the horizon of doubt and uncertainty and caught a gleam of light, bright and glorious, upon the

other shore, and his ears are receiving the notes of a melody sweeter than the songs of sirens.

Within and without there are evidences unmistakable of an invisible, ever-enduring world with an all-embracing, all-satisfying life. Upon every tablet of the human heart, in moss-covered rock, on trembling leaf, in sparkling dewdrop, and twinkling star, so plainly is the promise written, that almost faith is lost in sight, and hope merged in fruition. *Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.*

Science has disclosed the wonders of nature; she has charmed us with structure, form and color, astonished us with the evidences of an illimitable power, and abashed us with suggestions of an unsearchable wisdom back of all that is visible and tangible.

The Holy Book has lifted the veil and made known a personality, filled with a sympathy tenderer than a mother's tears, and with a love which has the Cross for its symbol and a dying cry for its expression. The tenderness of that love will hear the faintest cry of every earnest heart, dry every tear-stained cheek, smooth the wrinkles from every care-worn brow, and kiss every sorrow from the troubled soul. The strength of that love will bid every stormy sea with "peace be still," and call every slumbering form forth from the tomb.

Then,

"Build thee more stately mansions, O' my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

Let every heart beat high with this unspeakable hope, and every soul break forth with Israel's holy bard in the prophetic melody,

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."



#### GOOD ADVICE.

SOME officer had disobeyed or failed to comprehend an order.

"I believe I'll sit down," said Secretary Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind."

"Do so," said Lincoln; "write him now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp. Cut him all up."

Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone-crusher that he read to the President.

"That's right," said Lincoln, "that's a good one."

"Who can I send it by?" mused the Secretary.

"Send it!" replied Lincoln, "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters. I never do."—*Democratic Telegram.*





# Echoes from Everywhere

Samuel B. Donnelly, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been appointed public printer, to succeed John S. Leech, who resigned his position and asked to be returned to service in the Philippines. It is said the printing office may be made a bureau of the department of commerce and labor.

Nearly all species of whales are said by Frederic A. Lucas (curator of the Museum of Arts and Sciences, Brooklyn Institute) to be threatened with early extinction by reason of the destructiveness of modern methods of whaling, practiced chiefly from stations located on shore.

Frank Hitchcock is to be postmaster general for President Taft. During the recent campaign he managed Mr. Taft's political affairs and is the first man to be named for a cabinet position. As first assistant and acting postmaster general he gained knowledge in the conduct of the office that should be of great value. Mr. Hitchcock is in the early forties and unmarried.

An engineers' home, to cost a million dollars, is to be erected at Cleveland, Ohio, work to begin next March. It will be a twelve-story structure and is to be completed in one year. The erection of the edifice will mean a permanent home for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and that the headquarters is assured to Cleveland for many years to come.

The coasting steamer, *Ponting*, carrying a large number of laborers from Narvacan to the rice fields in Pangasinan Province, Philippine Islands, struck a rock and sank Nov. 27, during a storm off the town of San Fernando, in Union Province. It is estimated that a hundred of the passengers and crew of the *Ponting* were drowned. The steamer *Vizcaya* rescued fifty-five.

Statistics on marriage and divorce, recently issued by the bureau of the census, department of commerce and labor of the United States, show that on an average one marriage out of twelve in this country ends in legal separation. Decrees are more than twice as common as they were forty years ago. Illinois holds the unenviable record of leader in this matter, with Ohio second, and Texas third. The Dakotas, which have a national reputation as divorce States, prove, on analysis of the tables, to be nowhere, either in total number of divorces granted or number of divorces per 100,000 of population, as against other States. The New England States of Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island each have far more divorces per 100,000 of population than have the Dakotas. The total number of marriages recorded for the twenty-year period from 1887 to 1906 was 12,832,044. The total number of divorces for the period was 945,625. The divorce rate per 100,000 population increased from 29 in 1897 to 82 in 1905. The rate per 100,000 married population was 81 in 1870 and 200 in 1890.

William E. Curtis, the newspaper correspondent, believes that the rates of duty upon many classes of goods will be advanced rather than lowered, and says that American importers and American manufacturers who compete with imported goods are manifesting no concern, evidently holding the same opinion. They are convinced that the disposition of the congressional committees is to advance rather than to reduce duties; to increase rather than diminish the protection that now is extended over American manufacturers.

Worrying over recent events in Germany has caused obstinate insomnia, from which Emperor William is suffering. His physicians have ordered him to take a complete rest. It has been decided that he shall go to Corfu—the Greek Island in the Ionian Sea, where he owns a splendid castle which belonged to the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria—as soon as possible after the Christmas festivities of the court at Berlin. He would go sooner were it not that he fears that if he abandoned them the political effect would be serious.

Campaign contribution figures have been made public by the national committees of the Republican and Democratic parties. The Republican fund reached a total of \$1,700,000, and the Democratic \$620,644. The latter has a balance on hand of \$1,234. Four years ago the Republican management had about \$4,000,000 and eight years ago about \$7,000,000. This year there were four contributions of \$25,000, the donors being Andrew Carnegie, Nelson Cromwell, J. P. Morgan and Whitelaw Reid. President Roosevelt threw \$1,000 into the pot.

In the Morris K. Jesup North Atlantic expedition it was found that in prehistoric times there was a distinct relation between the North American Indians and the tribes of Siberia. Dr. Waldemar Jochelsen recently started from New York to supplement the information at that time obtained. There are at present only about two thousand Aleuts in the Aleutian Islands, which belong to the United States, and in Komondorski, which is Russian territory. The race is rapidly dying out, and for that reason the investigations about to be made are considered of exceptional value.

A Michigan man has invented a device which will answer the calls of the telephone when the person called is out. It will give twice, to each call with phone, any message the one expecting to be called desires to impart to it. The usefulness of the device is apparent. Suppose a physician leaves his office when there is nobody to answer the telephone. This phonograph arrangement, called the annunciphone, is told the piece to speak and during his entire absence it answers the telephone. No matter how many calls, it tells when the doctor will be back, perhaps it tells where he is, if he wishes to give that information.

Whisky jelly<sup>1</sup> has made its appearance in North Yakima, Wash., being recommended by a representative of a Kentucky distillery as a panacea for local option laws. The "drinkless drink" comes in the form of tablets or of stick candy, and can be chewed or dissolved in water, its effect being sufficiently like those of the "real stuff" to convince of its power. This solidified drink is said to be popular in the South, and a rumor of local option laws soon to go into effect in Washington led the manufacturers to find a field for it there.

An automobile hoe, or cultivator, represents a recent application of automobilism to light agricultural machinery. The new implement, which is designed especially for the cultivation of beets and other crops planted in rows, has six blades and is driven by an explosion motor, by means of gearing. The automobile hoe complete weighs 2,750 pounds, and cultivates a strip more than eight feet in width. Over horse hoes it possesses the advantage of suppressing the trampling of young plants, in addition to greater uniformity of action. Hence it will doubtless be generally employed wherever drilled crops are cultivated on a large scale.

For some time past a reign of terror is alleged to have existed on the island of Hayti. Censored dispatches convey only a faint idea of the condition there. A recent dispatch says: "Anarchy reigns throughout Hayti and the country is literally running with blood. Private cables received at St. Thomas, D. W. I., from Port au Prince state that wholesale executions are in progress, both by the government forces and the revolutionists. Foreigners in Hayti are making appeals to their governments for protection. It is the general opinion in St. Thomas that intervention by the United States is necessary to protect life and property in Hayti."

The department of agriculture has ordered a quarantine against the State of Maryland so far as cattle and sheep are concerned on account of the appearance of foot and mouth disease there. The restrictions put upon the State in the matter of the exportation of animals afflicted with the disease are the same as those applied to Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and Michigan. In the opinion of Secretary Wilson the disease, if checked immediately in all the States it has appeared, will cost the government about \$500,000. The arrangement the department of agriculture has made with the States is that the government shall pay two-thirds and the State one-third of the cost of suppression.

The interesting experiment of miners running a mine in the St. Etienne district of France has ended in disastrous failure. The "Mine for Miners," a coöperative society of production, was started in 1890. A grand festival marked the inauguration ceremony, which was attended by many members of the chamber, who spoke of the intelligence of the miners who had emancipated themselves. Three years later the managers of the mine quarreled among themselves. Then litigation began. It ended in several of the founders being evicted from their positions. The rest then terminated their connection with the miners' union of the Loire, which had coöperated in starting the mine. Afterward the mine was carried on by shareholders and workmen, who were described as auxiliaries. Now it is announced that the mine has failed. There is no money to carry it on and no more financial assistance to be had.

One of the Berlin papers has begun a crusade against the free and unlimited admission of foreigners to Germany's splendid technical schools. The agitation is aimed especially against Americans and Russians, who comprise a very large majority of the outlanders matriculated at these institutions. In support of its arguments, it remarks upon the fact that out of 420 engineer graduates at the Darmstadt technical university this month, no less than 109 were Russians. It is declared that Germany is thus providing its foreign competitors with weapons for smashing Teutonic industrial progress in the world's markets.

Cornelius N. Bliss, one of New York's great merchants, sees only prosperity ahead for this country. Mr. Bliss was secretary of the interior under President McKinley, and gained distinction by twice declining the nomination for the governorship of New York, and also declined the post of secretary of the treasury.

The American Railway Association has ascertained that the decrease in the number of idle cars in this country continues, the total number being now reduced to less than 100,000. As the demand for cars increases, the roads are repairing the cars that were temporarily unfit for duty, and are placing them in active service.

The United States and Japan are said to have reached an understanding as to affairs in the Pacific. The agreement is based on the idea of encouraging and defending free and peaceful commercial development in the Pacific. It not only contains a mutual guarantee to respect each other's territorial possessions there, but defines the attitude of the two countries toward China, binding each to defend by every peaceful means China's independence and integrity, and to give equal commercial opportunity in the Chinese Empire to all nations. But more important still, the agreement in the event of complications threatening the status quo, binds the United States and Japan to consult each other with a view to acting together. The agreement has been drawn up in the form of a declaration and consists of five articles, the second of which is a mutual disclaimer of an aggressive design, and contains also a definition of the policy of each government, both as directed to the maintenance of the existing status quo in the Pacific and the defense of the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry in China.

Up to Dec. 5 bids were received for the new Panama canal bond issue of \$30,000,000, bearing interest at the rate of 2½ per cent, and in denominations of from \$100 to \$10,000. They will be redeemable in United States gold coin at the pleasure of the government, after ten years from date of issue, and payable thirty years from such date. This is the third issue of Panama canal bonds under the Spooner law which provides for a total issue of \$130,000,000. The secretary of the treasury says that no special significance can be attached to the issue of the bonds at this time other than that the expenses of building the canal warrant the issue of more and money is needed to pay for the work on the isthmus. The treasury deficit has brought the cash balance of the treasury down to \$18,000,000, so that it seemed advisable to make the issue at the present time. At present the Panama canal is about one-third completed; work was begun upon the project in May, 1904, and it is estimated that it will be completed in 1915. The original estimate of the cost of the canal was \$285,000,000, but the probable final cost will run up to \$400,000,000.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### A TRIP WITH WILBUR WRIGHT.

An account of a brief trip in Wilbur Wright's aeroplane at Le Mans, France, is contributed to *The Autocar* (London, October 17) by the Hon. C. S. Rolls, an English aeronaut of wide experience. This account is valuable as a temperate narrative by an expert who indulges in no heroics, but yet places the value of the Wrights' accomplishments in aviation very high. Says Mr. Rolls:

"After experience with every form of locomotion, including cycle and motor racing, a voyage in a dirigible balloon of the French Army, and over one hundred and thirty trips in an ordinary balloon, there is nothing so fascinating or so exhilarating as flying. It gives one an entirely new sense of life. The power of flight is as a fresh gift from the Creator, the greatest treasure yet given to man, and one, I believe, destined to work great changes in human life as we know it today."

His narrative of the "flight" runs as follows:

"The roar of the engine commenced, the starting-weights were reduced, and off we went with a bound, but not a worse one than when starting on a switch-back. Before reaching the end of the rail we had left it and were in the air; we were now flying.

"Once clear of the ground the feeling of security was perfect, and I was able to watch with great interest the movements of the operating levers. We tore along at forty miles an hour, and soon came to the first corner. Here a point of interest to motorists was demonstrated, viz., that, no matter at what speed a curve is taken, the machine 'adjusts its own banking,' so to speak; at the will of the operator it tilts up gracefully when taking a turn, and is therefore equivalent to a motor-car tilting up the road in front of it, so that it is always 'banked' to just the correct angle to suit the speed at which the curve is taken, all liability to skid outward being thus avoided. Those accustomed to motor-racing on road or track will appreciate the effect of this, which is that taking a curve on a flying-machine will, instead of being more dangerous, be actually safer than on an automobile.

"On this occasion our flight was more than usually interesting by reason of some strong side-gusts that attacked the flyer on certain parts of the course, and we were flying at what Mr. Wright told me was the most difficult altitude, viz., just below the tops of the trees.

"The prevalence of these and other 'undulations' of the atmosphere rendered very close attention necessary to the two levers controlling the equilibrium and altitude. I noticed that both these were kept constantly on the 'joggle' with slight movements.

"One has been accustomed to consider the atmosphere as a mass of air, decreasing in density with its altitude, but otherwise uniform. Experience on a power-driven flyer, however, shows that, far from this being the case, the atmosphere near the earth's surface, even in what we call calm weather, is made up of spiral move-

ments of varying diameter (sometimes vertical and sometimes horizontal), undulations of all sorts, little hills and valleys, and 'streams' of air—in fact, one might call it a new 'world' conquered by man, a world with 'scenery' of great variation, which, though invisible to the eye, is none the less felt by the operator of a flying-machine.

"To maintain equilibrium and steering control while battling with these complex movements of the air has been the great problem which for centuries has baffled human ingenuity, and which is now solved by the Wright brothers after years of systematic study and experiment.

"After a flight of several miles a descent was begun for landing (for a moment the thought of a bag of ballast instinctively came to my mind); at the right moment the engine was stopped, and we came to ground so gently that I found it impossible to tell exactly when the runners first touched the surface. On landing we skimmed along the surface rather like a toboggan, coming to a standstill a few yards from our starting-point.

"The sensation of flight was novel and delightful, and the fact of accomplishing what several eminent scientists have 'proved' impossible gave also an added satisfaction.

"With regard to the 'art' of flying, Mr. Wright and his machine seem to work together as one unit. The management of a machine of this kind in breezy weather, however, is not at all easy; at the same time it can only require patience and careful practise before any intelligent man possessed of coolness and good judgment can learn it."—Literary Digest.



### PRESIDENT ELIOT ON ALCOHOL.

Little attention could be diverted this past week from the political campaign to other topics, but President Eliot's address at the meeting of the Boston No-License League deserves attention. He said he had all his life been a "moderate drinker," had used wine and beer on occasions, not habitually, and had never experienced any ill effects. Yet he recognized the Bible saying that wine "maketh glad the heart of man," and doubted whether the heart of man should be made glad in that way. Said he:

"The dinner at which we are now seated has a cheerful aspect, but for hilarity, jollity and boisterousness it cannot be compared for a moment to one of the dinners of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. I have recognized the fact that alcoholic drinks have a tendency to cheer the people up and make them jolly and noisy, but the question of expediency of that kind of elevation has gained on me as the years have gone on. It seems to me that the recent researches in physiology and medicine tend very strongly to show that the moderate drinking of alcohol is inexpedient.

"As a result of experience it is a fact that men who are

to be exposed to cold or heat or hardships of any sort are not prepared or braced for such encounters by any form of alcohol. It is so in regard to most intellectual labors. It is well known that alcohol, even if moderately used, does not quicken the action of the mind or enable one to support mental labor."

President Eliot then referred to investigations in American and German physiological laboratories, all of which show that the use of alcohol is not beneficial. So he concludes:

"You see, ladies and gentlemen, that I have had some reasons that I can state for changing my mind on the subject of no-license, and I would like to state them here in order that they may perhaps fall under the eyes of my many friends who have not yet changed their minds on no-license. There are a good many of them. There are a good many moderate drinkers whose support for no-license is still essential to the success of that policy. The no-license policy of Cambridge was at first effected and has been long sustained by the votes of men who are moderate drinkers. It is just so today. It is probably so in almost all no-license towns and cities of this Commonwealth. Still I believe that it is desirable to carry these men further, just as I have been carried further, and to procure from them a downright genuine support of no-license for its own sake; that is, for the good it does to all the men, women and children."

Such a statement is much to his honor and ought to be of influence. A Western statesman was arguing to a company of farmers against prohibition, and he told the immense amount of corn, rye and barley used for liquors, and asked: "What would you farmers do if you did not have all that market?" A farmer interrupted to ask: "Do you want an answer to that question? We would raise more hogs and less hell."—The Independent, Nov, 12.



### GATHERING THREE HARVESTS.

We who are city dwellers are a supercilious lot. We work out our own problems and talk of our own affairs all the year as if the city and the business of the city were everything. We caricature the farmer in our funny columns. We gamble with his produce and we shriek along his roads in autos, adding insult to injury. We pile up our fictitious values till a square foot in the center of a great city is worth a square mile in the country, till a strong man would be crushed under the load of ten-dollar bills that would be needed to buy an acre in lower New York.

But as regularly as the small boy turns homeward at the dinner hour, we remember the farmers at harvest time. "Are the crops good?" that question means, "Will times be good?" in both city and country. Waste our resources as we may, a "bumper" crop usually saves us a panic.

For, after all, we are a nation of farmers. The census of 1900 numbered five and a half millions of farmers and four and a half millions of farm laborers. Other occupations dwindle into insignificance beside these figures. Two billion dollars produced every year in cereals, half a billion in cotton and half a billion in hay; it is upon such items as these that the prosperity of the nation rests.

But we raise not only produce on our farms, we raise men. Look up our self-made millionaires, our statesmen, our authors, our strong men in any field. Few of them were born in the city; farms and country villages were the birthplaces of nearly all. During the Civil

War, the agricultural States furnished their quota to the last man, but the mining and manufacturing States had to resort to drafting. Wherever there is a call for brave men or strong men or great men, the boys from the country respond.

We all believe in our nation, in her present and in her future. Confidence is an American trait. We forget that a finger laid upon the tariff can send our manufacturers howling to cover in a panic. We forget that our railroad men see ruin in front of them at the mention of a two-cent rate. We forget how honeycombed with graft and extravagance our great corporations have been found to be in recent years. We forget how slight a breath will shrivel the whole hothouse growth of industry that we have nurtured.

The writer, for one, believes in our prosperity only because of the billions of new wealth that the farmers yearly pour forth. He believes in our national health and happiness only because our farmers are strong, honest and independent, and in our national future only because it rests in the hands of boys who are growing up on the farm.—Home Herald.



### THE CAT AND THE PLAGUE.

During the past plague season in India there have been epidemics of plague in fifty-four towns and villages in Amroati district, and investigations have been made in nearly all of these to find out how far the presence or absence of the disease could be accounted for by the absence or presence of cats. The reports were too numerous and too voluminous for inclusion in a short paper, but it was, says Lieut.-Col. Buchanan, of the Indian medical service in the British army, "perfectly clear from a perusal of them that the keeping of cats is the method of preventing plague." To all other methods, in his opinion, there are objections more or less grave, but to the keeping of cats there is next to none. Hindus object to killing rats because the rat is the sowari (means of locomotion) of their god Gunpati. Some of them even catch rats in order to let them go free in the fields. Jains, it is true, object to cats, but in small towns they are few in number and in villages they are rarely to be found. In Saur plague was severe among the Bhowani Dhers, but the Mallies, who keep buffaloes and consequently cats, which are attracted by the milk, escaped completely. The Dher is not allowed to keep cats because when a cat has kittens or dies in his house he is put out of caste. Some Dhers living in wattle huts escape the plague entirely. This at first puzzled Col. Buchanan until he found that rats do not harbor in that kind of structure. Other Dhers living in mud huts were severely visited by the plague.

So greatly was the Dher community impressed by these facts that now many of them keep male cats, thus avoiding the caste penalty so far as the birth of kittens is concerned. "It is a great pity," continues Col. Buchanan, "that the members of the recent Plague Commission did not make some experiments on the cat as a rat-destroyer. Neither the members of the Plague Commission nor Prof. Haffkine in his recent lecture on the 'Present Methods of Combating Plague,' have, as far as I have seen, said a word about the cat. One member of the commission gives a whole page of figures to show that, in spite of vigorous efforts for a whole year, the number of rats could not be considerably reduced by traps. He does not tell us whether there was one trap or fifty, but I can assure him that his whole argument would be com-



pletely upset if a few cats were introduced." Col. Buchanan looks upon rat destruction and inoculation as temporary expedients capable in certain circumstances of yielding useful results, but both in the main hurtful because they distract attention from the only true remedy. "The more attention we give to inoculation," he says in conclusion, "the less we are certain to give to the only sound common-sense method of preventing plague, viz., the keeping of the natural enemy of the animal that is responsible for spreading the disease."—Indian Medical Gazette.



### NO BUTTER FOR BREAKFAST.

"WHEN I was a boy," said General Grant, "my mother one morning found herself without butter for breakfast and sent me to borrow some from a neighbor. Going into the house without knocking, I overheard a letter read from the son of a neighbor who was then at West Point, stating that he had failed in examination and was coming home. I got the butter, took it home, and, without waiting for breakfast, ran to the office of the congressman for our district.

"'Mr. Hammer,' I said, 'will you appoint me to West Point?'

"'No; Davis is there, and has three years to serve.'

"'But suppose he should fail—will you send me?'

"Mr. Hammer laughed. 'If he don't go through, it is no use for you to try, Uly.'

"'Promise me you will give me the chance, Mr. Hammer, anyhow.'

"Mr. Hammer promised. The next day, the defeated lad came home, and the congressman, laughing at my sharpness, gave me the appointment. Now," said Grant, "it was my mother's being without butter that made me general and President."

'But he was mistaken. It was his own shrewdness to see the chance, and the promptness to seize it, that urged him upward.

He was resolute and unafraid always; a boy to be trusted and counted upon—sturdy and capable of hard knocks. If he said, "I can do that," he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but that he had thought his way to the successful end of the undertaking. He was an unusually determined boy, and as a man he did not begin on anything until he understood it, and when he began he stuck to it till it was accomplished.—*Exchange*.



### A CURIOUS COAT OF MAIL.

THE full armor worn by a warrior of the Caroline Islands is one of the most curious bits of savage workmanship in the world.

The clothing, worn next to the skin, is made by weaving (or rather netting) by hand a web of coarse cords, twisted out of the husks of cocoanut, each cord being tied into a hard knot between each mesh.

The knots are crowded close together, and thicken the cloth so that it would not be easy to stab or cut through it; it also protects the legs against being torn

by thorny shrubs or scratched in clambering over the sharp coral rocks.

But the main curiosity of this armor is the cuirass, or chest and head protector, the like of which is known nowhere else.

The woof, or substance of the cloth, is of cocoanut thread, the size of wrapping twine, but tightly twisted and tough, while the warp upon which these are woven is much heavier, so that the finished cloth is as thick as our heaviest canvas.

The threads are crowded very compactly together also, so that no slight force would be needed to force a blow through. The selvage is bound over a stout cord and ornamented by alternate plaits of black hair and yellow fiber. Ornamental designs are worked in with horse hair, too.

But the form of this outer war jacket is still more remarkable. It consists of two parts, joined into one garment by the bands covering the shoulders.

Through the round hole between the shoulder bands the head emerges, while the broad, back part is folded around under the arms on each side, and laced firmly to the front flap by stout cords.

This done, there stands erect behind the wearer's head a fan-shaped shield, kept stiff by its well-bound border and held erect and fixed by cords passing down to the shoulder on each side.—*Exchange*.



### Between Whiles

**Ambiguous.**—Lodger—"Here's a nice breakfast to ask a friend to. Did you lay the table, Mary?"

Mary—"Yes, sir. All but the eggs, sir."—London Graphic.



**A Puzzler.**—"I always try to treat my maid as if she were one of the family."

"Gracious, how do you get her to put up with it?"—London Opinion.



**On the Other Side.**—"So you cling to that childish superstition about thirteen being unlucky," said the traveler.

"Yes," answered the other. "Can't get away from it."

"But see how completely it is disproved. This glorious country started with thirteen colonies."

"Very true. But I'm an Englishman."—Washington Star.

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

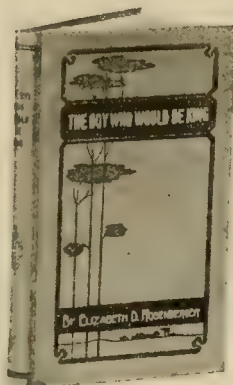
Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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My home for sale near Denver, Colo. 7 acres nicely improved, 2 miles from Denver, 4 miles from Church of the Brethren. For reference write me at Capital Hill station, R. F. D. 2, Box 30, Denver Colo. Eld. L. F. Love.

# Christmas Books

## For Our Boys and Girls



### The Boy Who Would Be King

By Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

This is a companion volume to "Told at Twilight" and "Scarlet Line," by the same author. The children will not only be very much interested in the stories, but they will create a desire for Bible reading when they grow older. Illustrated. Bound in cloth with a neat cover design. 144 pages.

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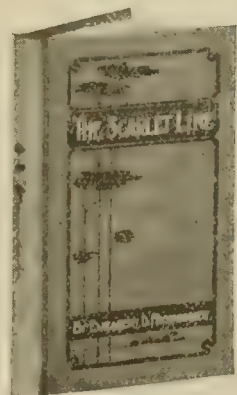


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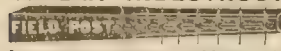
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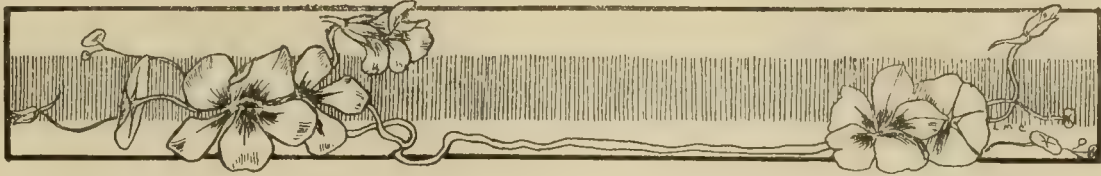
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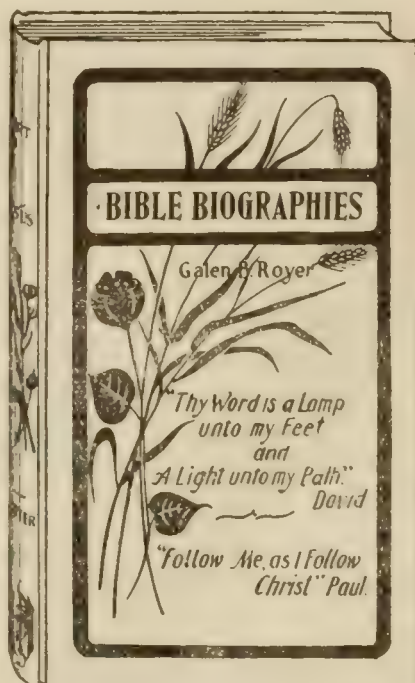
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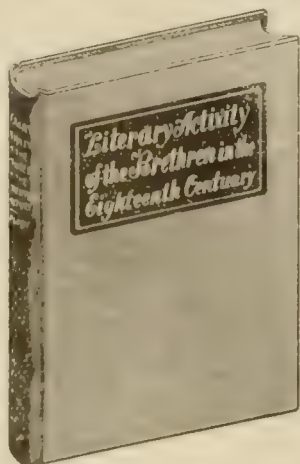
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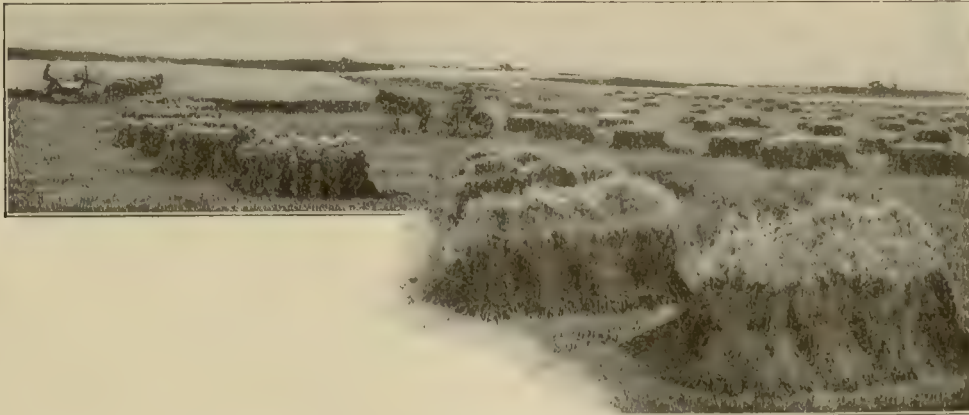


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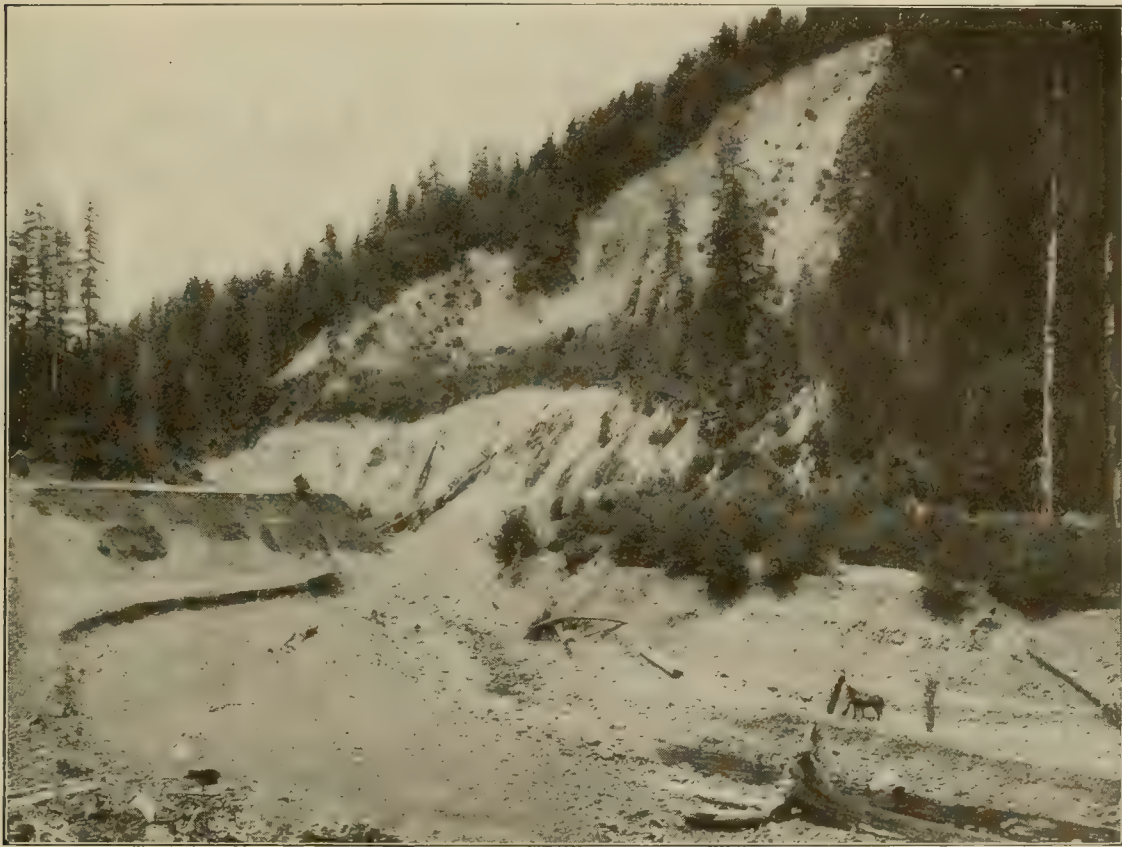
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The Inglenook for 1909—See Announcement

# THE INGLENOOK



Big Landslide on Salmon Creek, Oregon.  
(Photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.)

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

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Vol. X. No. 50.



# Beet Men Will Get a Million Dollars Today

One million dollars will be distributed today to the sugar beet farmers of northern Colorado. It is the first pay day of the Great Western Sugar company, which controls nine sugar fac-

tories. The second pay day will be on Nov. 20, when \$1,500,000 will be disbursed, making a total of \$2,500,000 for the month, a pretty snug sum by which to measure up the prosperity of the people who are raising Colorado's "money crop," and this, too, for only 40 per cent of the beets. The other 60 per cent is still to be marketed and will call for the distribution of over \$5,000,000 on pay days during the succeeding three months.

Since the siloing of the sweet tubers went into practice, farmers keep 25 per cent or more of their crop safe from frost in the coldest weather and market them as they are called for by the factories.

**"Pay Day" for prosperous sugar farmers of Colorado. Great Western company, controlling nine factories, distributes much money. Just forty per cent of "Money Crop" will bring in two and one-half millions.**

The volume of the crop is said to be about the same as last year with the contents in sugar slightly less than last year on account of the first spring drouth in Colorado since weather records have been made.

The beet farmers receive \$5 for the crop when marketed direct from the fields, and \$5.50 per ton for the siloed tubers. They are paid mostly in checks sent through their banks and every one has a bank account. The nine factories of the Great Western Sugar company are at Greeley, Eaton, Windsor, Fort Collins, Loveland, Longmont, Brush, Fort Morgan and Sterling. The company also owns what is known as the "Sugar Beet" road, running from Eaton through Windsor, Johnstown and Loveland to Longmont.—Denver Republican, Nov. 10th, 1908.

For Further Information Write to

Isaiah Wheeler,  
Cerro Gordo, Ill.

E. M. Cobb,  
Elgin, Ill.

or

George L. McDonaugh,

Colonization Agent Union Pacific R. R.

Omaha, Neb.

D. C. Campbell,  
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# The Reason Why

A number of people have wondered why Butte Valley, California, has outranked and outrivaled all colonization propositions and has made A Record Without a Parallel. Perhaps the following letter, which is one of many, will give an idea as to why people are flocking there.

Hudson, Ill., Nov. 20, 1908.

Dear Sir:—

As I am a warm friend of Butte Valley and speak a word of praise in its favor whenever opportunity affords, I would like for you to send me a copy of "Silas Smith's Second Wife." I saw your ad. in the "Inglenook" and therefore request a copy. I spent a few days in Butte Valley two years ago and would love to spend many months there. I like it fine.

Very truly yours,  
(Signed) Mrs. Nannie E. Neher (Mrs. J. H. Neher).

The following record may be a reason why two special cars of immigrants are leaving Oklahoma for Butte Valley on the 8th of December. Mr. D. J. Root, of Butte Valley, has a quarter section of land in Oklahoma which has yielded him a profit this season of \$75.00, and the ten acres upon which he lives in Butte Valley have yielded him \$165.00 worth of wheat this year, besides his garden vegetables, and he feels to recommend Butte Valley in preference to his other lands.

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Any who desire to accompany either of these excursions, write any of the following:

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D. C. CAMPBELL, Colfax, Ind.

ISAIAH WHEELER, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

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## Cannot Do Without It.

Leeton, Mo., July 1, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

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R. R. No. 18, Box 12.

D. H. Saxton.

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Yours very truly,

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¶ Rural mail routes and telephone lines are already established. Good schools and churches. No storms or cyclones. Farming is done by irrigation. No failure of crops by reason of too much rain or drought. Fruit crop is abundant every year. The people are happy because they are prosperous.

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¶ Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

¶ Arrange your plans to go and see Idaho as soon as possible and secure some of this fine land.

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Salt Lake City, Utah

# THE INGLENOOK

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## Who Shall Own Our Railroads?

John Walter Wayland, Professor of History,  
University of Virginia

### Resources and Capital.

LET us now consider a fourth advantage sought in Federal ownership: "The greater development of the natural resources of the country by a sensible application of the capital now invested in 'parallels,' etc.

It has already been admitted, in the course of this study, that now there are localities that need railroads, that do not have them; but also it was intimated that in due time, under the present system, all these localities will be supplied in their proper order: that is, in the order of greatest need. Thus the natural resources of the country will be developed in a natural order. The danger that the natural and proper order would be violated, and that the public funds would be misapplied under Government ownership by scheming demagogues for their own selfish interests, was also pointed out.

Much contention is made over the so-called "parallels." It is often asserted that many of these are practically duplicate and useless. As a matter of fact, none are so. No useless roads are built under the present system, for the very obvious reasons already stated; none of any considerable length are so nearly parallel, or duplicate, as not to reach a great many widely-spread places. A single trunk line between distant terminals could not be of any service whatever to hundreds of the intermediate points, without a great number of branch roads; so that, if the Government were to reconstruct the whole system, it would in the end have to build and maintain as much road as is built and maintained at present. Any proposal on the part of the Government to tear up the present roads and put them down somewhere else, would be manifestly absurd. There certainly would be no very "sensible application of capital" in such a process: it would cost too much. But if the Government could not actually move the roads, what would it do with them? If they are useless now, they would be useless under

Federal ownership; to move them would entail too much expense; and the Government could not sell them, because there would be nobody else in the railroad business. Just how the capital now invested in these "parallels" is to be got hold of and reapplied more sensibly or more profitably, is rather hard to see.

### Postal Express.

I have noted, as a fifth benefit promised through Federal ownership of the railways, the establishment of a system of postal express, for the improving and cheapening of our mail facilities.

Although our United States postoffice, as it is, is an excellent institution, its efficiency could doubtless be increased in some particulars. Moreover, that it does not at present pay expenses, and that this is due, at least in part, to the excessive charges of the railroads for hauling mail, appear to be facts. In the annual address for 1903 before the Virginia State Bar Association, Judge Walter Clark made the following statement:

"We know from official reports, that the railroads charge the Government for annual rental of postal cars double the cost of building the cars, and that they charge for freight on mail in addition, eight times what they charge the express companies for hauling the same weight."

If this and kindred statements be true, and we have no reason to doubt them, it seems very easy to believe that the Government, by owning the railroads, might lessen the expense of operating the postoffice; and possibly the efficiency of the postoffice might at the same time be increased.

I am willing to admit, therefore, that the benefit promised under this head, through Federal ownership of the railroads, might be expected with a fair degree of assurance. However, I shall have to mention, a little further on, some dangers sure to attend Federal ownership that would probably more than offset this advantage.



### Free Elections.

Sixth, in the enumeration I have made of benefits promised by the advocates of Government ownership of railroads, is the following: "The emancipation of public men from the evil influence of railway 'politics,' and the attainment of free elections."

It seems strange, indeed, but is not contrary to the frequent practice of mankind, that upon the very ground where the most sagacious fear to enter because of lurking dangers, some dare tread in confidence, not only dreading no evil, but even expecting great good. "The objection which to most men seems decisive against any such arrangement [ownership of the railroads by the Government] is that it would throw a stupendous mass of patronage and power into the hands of the party for the time being holding office. Considering what a perennial spring of bitterness partisan patronage has been, and how liable to perversion under the best regulations patronage must always be, he would be a bold man who would toss hundreds of thousands of places, many of them important and highly paid, into the lap of a party minister. Economic gain, assuming that such a gain could be secured, would be dearly bought by political danger."\*

In 1897 the operation of the United States railways required the service of 823,476 men. Add to this number those required by the natural growth of the system, and the 165,000 called for by Mr. Lewis' plan of Government ownership, and we have an army of a million men. Politicians could hardly escape the pressure of so large a body of voters; and an election in which the majority of these men would vote for the candidate most closely pledged to their interests, could hardly be regarded as a "free election."

### Income for the Government.

Finally, if the Government purchase the railroads, an income of many dollars annually is promised, as profits of operation.

It is a well-known fact that in one or two instances Government ownership of railroads has proved financially profitable. In Prussia, "the Government derives nearly one-fourth of its entire revenue from the profits of its railway operation, and is able by the manipulation of freight rates to come to the aid of industries in need of special encouragement."† But it should be remembered that while a few countries have made railroading profitable, others, attempting it, have signally failed. Of such, Italy and the Argentine Republic may be mentioned. France is already beginning to doubt whether the Government promise to own and operate the railroads ought to be kept, although the time set for the fulfilment of the promise is still fifty years hence.‡

\*Bryce's American Commonwealth, Vol. II, page 511.

†New International Encyclopædia, Vol. XIV, page 608.

‡See recent letter from France by the Hon. W. J. Bryan.

I have not found one other country that has been as successful, from the financial side of railway ownership, as Prussia; and it is certainly to be questioned whether the United States, where trains must be run ten miles *per capita*, against  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles in Germany, and where many other conditions are so different from those in Prussia, could ever hope to do in this matter as Prussia has done. The Prussian system has been constructed under the supervision of the state; Germany has a civil service much more perfectly developed than ours; its government is decidedly executive and administrative, while ours is more parliamentary and legislative; and the degree of paternalism that appears to be pleasing to the Germans, would be most unwelcome to Americans, and very dangerous in its tendency to any people.

According to the careful estimate of a gentleman who has recently made an argument in support of Federal ownership,\* it would be sixty-three years before the railroads, purchased by the Government, would be free from debt. May we not wonder whether it would not be even longer? And when we consider the fact that now the railroads clear but a small net profit, and consider also the strong probability that under Government ownership the expenses of construction and operation would be greater than at present, we must be sanguine indeed to believe that Federal ownership in the United States would ever be financially profitable. If it were possible to eliminate entirely the party-spoils evil, even then the service under Federal operation would be less efficient. Mr. Allport, an acknowledged English authority on railways, when interviewed on this question, said: "The best managed business is that which one manages for himself; the management by companies is less efficient; and business managed by the state is managed worst of all. . . . I have never yet known a Government department managed economically. I have had many years' experience in these matters, and I do not think that Government management of any one department will for a moment bear comparison with the management even of companies; . . . ." And may we not repeat here the words already quoted from Mr. Bryce? "Economic gain, assuming that such a gain could be secured, would be dearly bought by political danger."

There are still a few other benefits that are promised through Federal ownership of the railroads; but the seven I have noted cover the field, I think, with general fulness and fairness. Having, therefore, examined the plan of Government ownership with reference to these several benefits it would be expected by its advocates to confer, as well as with reference to the abuses it would be expected to correct, we might fairly conclude our study here, were it not for the fact

\*Mr. J. I. Viney, in the Virginia-Columbian Debate, at Washington, D. C., February 5, 1904.

that, as already remarked, there are certain dangers sure to attend Federal ownership, that cannot be overlooked.

#### **Danger to Balance of Authority.**

Federal ownership and control of the railways would seriously disturb the balance between Federal and State authority, and go far toward breaking down the few remaining safeguards that the fathers of American liberties have bequeathed us in their effort to protect the interests of all sections, and to preserve the proper relation between the small States and the large States, and between the several States and the Federal Government.

If the Federal Government were to buy all the railroads, it would be under the necessity of compelling, by its right of eminent domain, many shareholders to sell out against their will. This would at once array a powerful faction against the Government policy.

#### **The Financial Problem.**

Again: If shareholders were compelled to sell, they ought in justice, and according to precedents under similar conditions, to be paid more than the bare present value of their stock; so that the Government would be compelled to pay a high price for every mile of road. But, supposing that the railways were purchased at their bare present value, the financial problem would still be of appalling magnitude. Let us compare some figures here. In 1900 our national debt was \$2,136,961,092; in 1866, at the close of the great civil war, the greatest debt that has ever burdened our people had reached the enormous sum of \$2,773,236,173. Last year (1903) the total assessed value of real and personal property taxed in the United States, from the 1890 census, was given by the Statesman's Year Book at \$25,473,173,418. According to Professor Newcomb, a Government statistician, the total outstanding capitalization of the railways in the United States on June 30, 1897, had a par value of \$10,635,008,074. He also shows that the amount expended in bringing the roads up to their present state of excellence is much greater. Therefore, even granting that the Government should purchase the railroads at their lowest valuation, our present enormous debt would still be augmented many fold; it would be increased by a sum nearly four times as great as the greatest debt that has ever burdened our nation; a sum equal to nearly half the value of our taxable property. And this would be but the beginning of troubles: for should the Government undertake the control of all steam railroads, it would be forced to purchase also the telegraphs as well; not only so, but to operate successfully a Government monopoly in railroads, the Government would also have to purchase and control all docks, connecting steamer lines, canals, electric car lines, and all hack and transfer lines.

#### **Danger to Good Order.**

Under Federal ownership, a railroad strike would not be simply a quarrel with employers: it would be a quarrel with authority, with government. Any real grievance or widespread discontent would array a large and dangerous faction against the state. Instead of a public feeling of dissatisfaction against a private corporation, there would be a prolific bitterness against all representatives of law and order. Surely, with the expansion problem, the race problem, the labor problem, with the socialists and anarchists, we have already enough elements of unrest to disturb and menace our public peace.

#### **Tendency towards Paternalism.**

I shall not attempt to multiply arguments against Government ownership of the railways, but shall ask attention to one more, which I regard as very important: If the plan of Federal ownership, control, and operation of the railroads could be made an entire success in efficiency of services and economy of finances, it would still, by so much the more, foster the spirit and the ills of paternalism. It would train the people to look too much toward the central power, making them weaker and more helpless within themselves. We know what a breakdown in national stamina the paternal tendencies fostered under Louis

(Continued on Page 1185.)



#### **THE OTHER FELLOW.**

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Could you be the other fellow,  
Mayhap you would not enjoy  
Having to endure his trials.  
If you were the other boy  
Ah, perhaps you'd find his pleasure  
Not as lasting as your own—  
Realize that unmixed pleasure  
Never was for one alone.  
Let us look upon the beauties  
In the work we find to do.  
Envy not the other fellow  
Ere we know his labors, too.  
Seek not to displace another.  
Very little good we gain  
When we go to undermining—  
Grasping what we can't maintain.  
Verify the ancient promise  
Of the prophet when he spake,  
"As you labor in the sowing  
Of the fruit shall you partake."  
Unto you the charge is given,  
Do not fail to heed it well,  
Go and lift thy fallen brother,  
Mayhap (time alone can tell)  
He may seek a higher level,  
And the honor may be thine.  
Not an act will be forgotten,—  
Not a light will fail to shine.  
Mulberry Grove, Illinois.



## LIFE IN A GREAT CITY.—No. IV.

W. C. FRICK.

THE purchasing of life's necessities in the city is a very easy matter—providing one has the wherewith to buy. We have in the city what are called department stores where everything necessary to life is sold. Do you want to buy dry goods or notions, they are found on the first floor; do you want toys for the children, you can find a fine assortment in the basement; then there is furniture on the second floor, clothing on the third, meats and groceries on the fourth, etc., a dozen village stores here combined in one. There is, of course, the little corner grocery where everything in that line is kept and you can get your things on short notice.

Almost every corner has its fruit stand or confectionary store. As for fresh vegetables, there are a dozen chances every day to buy them at your back door from as many Greek peddlers, cheaper and in better condition than if you purchased them at the store.

Among the various classes of articles peddled are ice, fruits, confections, milk, fish, bread and pastry, kindling wood, rags, metals, and, of course, daily newspapers.

Each peddler has his own particular cry by which to advertise his coming and you must have command of several languages to know what they sell without you see their wares. For example, to recall some cries familiar to my neighborhood, we have: "Rags-ole-i," "You-ole-hoe," "Who-waus-me," "Whos-a-dying," and "Papey-yaa!" I leave it to you to determine what they mean. I don't know, except the first and last, which are familiar to most anyone who has spent only a couple hours in the city.

The question may occur to you that if we have so few back yards in the city, where do our wives hang their wash on wash-day? I will tell you. Most apartment houses have flat roofs, making a sort of back yard on the roof as it were. Indeed, it may very properly be called a back yard, for it is there usually where the women hang their wash.

Each family has a separate wash-day and our homes almost constantly seem like besieged forts in time of war waving flags of truce to an imaginary enemy. Many modern apartment houses have laundries in the basement with patent dryers in which to dry the clothes. Needless, almost, to say, they are constantly in use and many are the quarrels that have arisen over the fact that two families were determined to use the laundry on the same day.

Every day a wash-day and every month a month for house cleaning. Such is the domestic life of every city woman who is noted as a neat and tidy housekeeper. For between the smoke and dust of our great cities, eternal vigilance on the part of the housekeeper is necessary to keep the home looking respectable.

City mothers must be always anxious about their

children. Falling from high windows or porches, getting in the way of wagons and street cars, getting into bad company and consequently soon into mischief are a few of the numerous dangers to which city children are exposed. Fortunate, indeed, is the man who has a nice home of his very own with plenty of yard and a nursery in which his children may romp and play.

It is said the farmer is the most independent of all men. Be that as it may, it is quite true that the city family is the most dependent family. With wages today the same and in many cases even lower than for some years and the necessities of life from ten to fifty per cent higher in cost and no garden or porkhouse of his own, he can't live so high as his brother on the farm or in the small village. So never wonder that we from the city exhibit such enormous appetites when we visit in the country.

But enough for home life. There are many other phases of city life and we hope to consider an important one in our next article.



## COMMENT: CRITICAL AND OTHERWISE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

How little heed is given to the power of thought in character building! Men shift the blame for moral and spiritual defects to the influence of circumstances, environments, heredity, physical incapacities. These are very real, and their effects cannot be denied; but we determine for ourselves whether they shall work upon us for good or ill.

No external force should be allowed to lower or weaken our trend of thought. To draw from pleasant and unpleasant events alike some bit of learning, to find the deeper significance, which we so often overlook, then to keep this acquired knowledge constantly in mind for guidance and strength, thus is our thought-life fashioned aright, and so brought to bear only good fruit in our actions.

If one possesses a hopeful disposition, willing to see the bright side of all phases of life, searching diligently for it, even through seeming obscurities, life must, as a natural result, reveal its great underlying meaning—the development of a higher good. And, of course, such a personality reflects its brightness upon each one who comes in contact with it, unconsciously, but effectually.

But if one is disposed to see only the evil in all things, persistently casting aside the good as merely visionary, he makes that evil *his own*. Life withholds its sublime lesson from him who willfully refuses to learn it, and appears only as a bitter tragedy. Naturally, the life of such a person becomes narrow, skeptical, supremely selfish. And so he becomes a potent factor for evil in the world, creating and increasing a general spirit of discontent wherever he moves.

In the firm control of our thoughts lies a secret of the most wonderful possession of which we can boast—*character*. It is quite as much a matter of habit as of will, this being honorable, truthful, just; having formed our principles of right living, conscience invariably points to a whole-hearted loyalty to them. And when baser motives plead, why, here is just where your will power may profit by exercise.

Think brightly, hopefully! It's surely pleasanter than to be moody and downcast. Why not make life as easy as possible for ourselves? Looking forward for something pleasant to turn up is certainly more comfortable than expecting disaster which, ten chances to one, won't come, and can't be worse than our anticipation of it.

"Man is the spirit he works in," not what he did, but what he became, and man's work is an accurate index to his spirit, be it discontented or ambitious. Hopeful actions go hand in hand with thought that caused them; therefore in governing your thought, you govern your life and make it what you choose.

THE idea that God held converse with his children some two or three thousand years ago, and then retired to watch in silence their attempts to discover their own nature and mission, has fortunately been consigned to the theological rubbish heap. One may now assert, without fear of trial or heresy, his belief that God did not speak the final word at some remote time and to a single chosen race, but that he is revealing himself just as truly today as he ever did; that he makes himself known, not through a single book or a single prophet, but through *many*; and that we have seen merely the beginning of divine revelation, not its end.

God constantly lifts the veil for those who make themselves, by pure living, fit to behold the vision and to understand its meaning. His glory is revealed in every sunset cloud and sparkling star, in every waving branch and fragrant petal, in every flash of sun upon the silver surface of a pool. More plainly still is he made manifest to us by those whose lives are linked with ours. The uncomplaining faithfulness of a father, or the less heroic devotion of a mother, points us unerringly to the great Heart of Hearts, whose sympathy is infinite. The constancy of a tried and tested friend is but a human reflection of the changeless love of him who is to all of us, old or young, rich or poor, wise or simple, the best and most forgiving friend.

Cairo, N. Y.



A LIFETIME of regret is often unfolded in a moment of foolishness.



THERE is always room at the top, but it isn't so lonesome at the bottom.

## HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

WHAT a poet she was! She had the power of translating into words the subtle atmospheric influences—not merely physical but also mental and moral—of a given place. Whoever has read some of her descriptions of Colorado to which she gave the artist Whistler's nomenclature and called it "symphony in yellow and red," cannot help but be impressed by the beauty of the place as she saw it. Perhaps we cannot all see the changing play of color in a field of sage, neither can we see the beauty in a sand drift that she discovered when she said, "No snowdrift can be lovelier"; but that is our fault, the beauty is all there, but we having eyes see it not until she reveals it to us. As we read her poems we are glad for the tribute of Emerson, who, when asked the question, "Don't you think Helen Hunt the greatest woman poet of America?" replied, "Why not drop the word *woman*?"

She was born at Amherst, Massachusetts, in October, 1831. She was the eldest daughter of Professor Nathan Fiske, of Amherst College, and when just twenty-one years of age was married in Boston, to Captain Edward B. Hunt, of the United States army. Her husband was killed October 2, 1863, at Brooklyn, N. Y., while experimenting with some invention of his own construction; then the death of her two sons left her, in the year 1865, utterly crushed by bereavement.

During the fall of 1873 she visited Colorado in search of health. She went at once to a hotel; and was given a cheerless room with a smoking chimney. She was disappointed and discouraged, when her door was opened by one of Colorado's pioneers, who insisted upon her accompanying him to his home; where she was an honored guest ever afterward whenever she could find time for a visit. This man was known in Colorado as, "the Indian's friend." We can readily see that it was through his influence that she commenced a study of our government's dealings with the Indians. She liked the West; the crude railway town seemed to her a new "Anvil Chorus," and she made her readers hear the music of the ringing anvils.

In 1875 she married Mr. William Shapless Jackson, of Colorado Springs. And then she resolved to remain in the West; she planned and built her own house, and its artistic interior stands today a lonely evidence of the beauty-loving eyes of its lost mistress.

Coming from the East, she was naturally conservative, but the story of Indian wrongs so wrought upon her earnest nature, that she threw herself heart and soul into the endeavor to right some of the injustice and help the Indians. She wrote to a friend at the beginning of 1880:

"I have done now, I believe, the last of the things I had said I never would do. I have become what



I have said a thousand times was the most odious thing in life, 'a woman with a hobby.' But I cannot help it. I think I feel as you must have felt in the old abolition days. I cannot think of anything else from night to morning, and from morning to night. I believe the time is drawing near for a great change in our policy toward the Indian. In some respects, it seems to me, he is really worse off than the slaves. They did have, in the majority of cases, good homes, and they were not much more arbitrarily controlled than the Indian is by the agent on a reservation. He can order a corporal's guard to fire on an Indian at any time he sees fit. He is duly empowered by the government."

In her anxiety to help the Indians, she corresponded with statesmen, she visited remote tribes, and wrote the "Century of Dishonor." Soon afterwards she received an appointment from the United States Government to report on the condition and needs of the California "Mission Indians." In the spring of 1883, she visited the region and explored the history of the early Spanish missions. In 1884 she gave to the world "Ramona," a book of sufficient merit to claim its place among standard works; it is a noble appeal in behalf of an injured race. One of the first fruits of the harvest which Helen Hunt Jackson sowed with an open, generous hand is the founding of the "Ramona School at Santa Fe." It is an industrial school for Indian girls; they are taken at an early age and kept for three or five years or longer, by consent of and contract with their parents and with the United States Indian Office.

Cheyenne Canyon was her favorite haunt during her ten years' residence in Colorado. A man bought the land *in front of the entrance* to the canyon, built a fence and a gateway, and left an Englishman in charge to collect toll of all who wanted to wander around this wild and romantic spot. Mrs. Jackson could not abide a mean action. She wrote about it in the town papers, and induced her friends to tear down the fence and gateway which were never rebuilt.

She wrote some volumes in the "No-Name Series," the two most interesting being "Hetty's Strange History" and "Mercy Philbeck's Choice." Children's stories fell from her versatile pen like fairy tales from a young mother's lips. "Mammy Tittleback's Stories" and "Nellie's Silver Mine" are two that are widely read. "The Prince's Little Sweetheart" is considered one of the cleverest things she has written.

In the month of November, 1886, the first funeral train with its little band of only six mourners, moved up through the precipitous pathway of Cheyenne Canyon, and laid Helen Hunt Jackson to rest on a gentle slope, just above the larger fall, and the music of the waters was her requiem. She has learned the answer

to some of her questions in that eternal land of rest. In "Thoughtful Moments" she asks:

"Is it true, O Christ in heaven,  
That the highest suffer most?  
That the strongest wander farthest,  
And more hopelessly are lost?  
That the mark of rank in nature  
Is capacity for pain?  
And the anguish of the singer  
Makes the sweetness of the strain?"

✻ ✻ ✻

#### LYING.

J. I. MILLER.

#### In Two Parts.—Part Two.

THERE are hundreds of people engaged in different kinds of business who claim they can't get along with their patrons and hold their trade and be strictly truthful. We shall mention only a few of the many ways in which the evil of lying is practiced, and some have come under our own observation. Mr. A. goes to a store and calls for an article he wants. The merchant tells him he is out of that article, but informs him in the strongest of terms that he "has something better," when he knows it isn't true. "But he lied unto him." 1 Kings, 13: 18.

Again, Mr. B. goes to town, stops at the proper place, gets a drink of soda water and pays for it; then he gets a few oranges, hands out a dollar, gets his change, goes across the street and buys some groceries. When ready to leave he informs the merchant of the fact that he has "no money with him" (but he lied unto him), but says, "I will pay you when I come in again" or "the next time I come in." "But he lied unto him." He comes and goes for weeks or perhaps for months and when asked for the amount, you hear something like this, "Well, I declare I had forgot all about it," and tells another fib. And by the time he gets his "little bill" paid he has told no less than three or four lies.

We have had some personal experience along this line in another line of business aside from merchandise. It is certainly wonderful indeed what a poor memory so many have when they owe some one, but when some one owes them a few pennies, it is remarkable how good their memories are.

It is the wish of the writer that every one, old and young, man and woman, would ask themselves the question, "Does that mean me, or am I guilty of telling things that are untrue?" I would also like to ask all the readers of the NOOK just to notice a little, as they pass along, how little regard the majority of people have for the real, spotless truth, and I vouch they will see things as they never saw them before. Read the doom of the liars in Revelation, 21st chapter. May God help us to examine ourselves, and if we are classed with the characters named in the above chapter, to repent before it is too late.

Roanoke, La.



## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXXVI.

SOMETIMES the young men of the Cycle Club would meet me on entering their city and show me about town, and on leaving accompany me to the right gate or road, leading to the next town. As a rule, it was not easy to make the village folk understand what I was doing or why. Wishing supper at a makeshift of a restaurant, I presented my letter of introduction written in Italian to help me along over the country, to a group of men loafing on a corner. Each looked it over, like a curio, handing it at once to another, unable to read a line of their own tongue. With a grim grin I folded it and put it back into my pocket, saying, "Neither can I."

From a harness shop on the other side of the street I bought some cookies that hung with the rest of the harness, on a long, wooden pin in the wall. I am not joking. I mean that these cookies or pretzels, hard as wood, did hang with the other wooden and iron rings of the harness. To be certain they were to eat, I hammered them across the anvil. They rang true—for steel or cast—they were so hard and dry, and were made exactly the shape of round wooden or iron rings, baked until the crust was the color and feel of enamel. He also sold me two eggs for three cents, all of which,—the harness-ring cookies and the eggs,—I took over to the restaurant, asking the man to fry the eggs for me. This he did not understand. He had a fire. I pointed to it. He had an old rusty skillet. I pointed to that. Then I took the eggs and acted as if I were breaking them into his frying pan. But still he could not understand, or pretended not to know what I meant he should do.

Before I was through showing him, two others came in from behind the counter, a man and woman. These

also listened and watched my antics. But they seemed not to understand. A woman in the meantime entered and bought a pound of coffee. I pointed to the box from which they got the coffee for her and made motions that I would like a cup or two also of that served me hot, on the table near the counter. "Si, si, Majore," or something like that, one of them said, and I sat down to wait for my coffee. When it came it was steaming hot, but it was not coffee. It was chicory. Then I asked for milk. After some time they understood and the elder of the two men left the shop, looking for the dairy wagon, in this case, the herd of goats. After a long time he returned with a

mite of milk. I had waited, with my tired head resting on the table, with my arm for a pillow. At last, after consuming the unsatisfactory chicory, and unable to have the eggs fried, not willing to lose them and needing their strength for a long ride yet that night, I went to the door, broke each and swallowed them



"The young men of the cycle club met me on entering their city."

down,—the first raw eggs I ever was able to "suck" in my life.

No American who has not seen rural Italy can believe this I have just told without profound faith in the veracity of the writer, for no such conditions of backwoods ignorance would exist in free-born America. It was really worse than I have told it.

The masses are so poor that thieving among them becomes a necessity rather than a desirable occupation. Crops in the field must be watched. Interest on money is so great that no ordinary country borrower ever hopes to be free from the interest-paying demands upon him. As high as sixty per cent is paid by farmers for loans made to them by the city aristocracy. The houses in which they live are squalid. Some of



them are of straw, as the one in the picture, where the lady, probably the only tenant on her little farm, does all the work and receives mostly the taxes and rights to live in Italy. She was bringing a load of onions and figs in from the farm, a big basket on her head and a lot of them thrown across the back of her donkey. She lived in one of Italy's beautiful valleys, and not in the arid mountains. But she merely lived there. She had no luxuries or comforts.

Over a very hilly road, through olive and mulberry orchards and vineyards I reached Florence at early evening, lying deep in its circling valley on the Orno,—the cradle of pure art.

A huckster was selling red slices of watermelon from his two-wheeled wagon as he uses in this country, for half a cent each. One piece after another I bought and swallowed, nearly choking on the delicious food that I had not tasted since leaving America. I was so thirsty, so hungry, so famished, I could not control, and cared not to, my feeding apparatus. Chuck! chuck! the red slices of watermelon slid down my cracking throat as the Florence electric trains passed me, the passengers laughing at my greediness. Others might come to Florence to study art. I had come to eat watermelon.

Ahead of me was one of the bridges across the river. As I was crossing it, filled with artistic emotion—and watermelon—I was frightened for the first time in my life at a sunset. The coloring was so unnatural, the scene so gorgeous, the picture so beautiful, I stood entranced. A look at the faces of passers-by assured me that everything was all right. It looked as if the world might be coming to an end, for it seemed as if I had crossed the boundary of time and stood on the confines of eternity. Purple and pink and rose, with orange and gold and crimson, poured their richest coloring matter out over the mountains behind the setting sun. With the sinking of the sun came more intense coloring, when the brilliant play of all the tints in the rainbow outdid anything in color effect I had ever imagined possible this side of Glory.

It was the first real Italian sunset I had ever seen.

At the Washington Hotel they gave me a room overlooking the river and from the dining hall that night as I ate leisurely of the big dinner served me at a private table, I now and then went to the window to see the fading away of that marvelous sunset, while

troubadours played instruments of music below in the street, expecting the guests to throw pennies down to them.

I was in Florence, the city of the master painter, master architect and master sculptor,—Michael Angelo. There I saw his "Moses" and his "David." There I saw picture after picture, mile after mile of canvas, worth a hundred dollars and more a square inch. From it I bring you only two pictures: Cain, in a bronze statue, and a great large painting of a sylvan scene, just back of it. "Where is Abel, thy brother?" and down the ages is heard the stifling voice, "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" With his right hand he seeks to thrust from his view the awful murder that now seems so horrible to his memory. His conscience is after him, crying blood for blood. His left hand spurns the vision of spring-

time and prosperity shown in the painting behind him. Upon the lovely maiden, tripping with fairy feet over the emerald meadow, holding garlands in her graceful hand, and a wreath to crown his head that now has a mark set upon it—the mark of murder,—he turns his back. Amid all of the tranquil beauty, flooded with sunshine and the glee of happy



A Woman Farmer Who Lived in a Straw House. Picture Taken as She Came in from Field at Noon. Her Automobile is Just Ahead.

children, Cain wanders through his own made hell of suffering, like any other murderer or hater of his fellows.

In one room I looked upon four hundred masterpieces, original works of art of Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Leonardo da Vinci, and other masters of the Renaissance. The floors here are of delicate traced mosaic, the walls paneled in wondrously tinted marble, the furniture luxurious. I drew a \$25 chair to a lapis lazuli table only a few feet square that cost \$100,000 and wrote in a penny notebook with a penny lead pencil what I saw about me. As I wrote, students from Ann Arbor, Chicago, Yale, and Oxford passed through the room.

I forgot to say that on the way here I tumbled from the mountain side, snapping my second pedal, with part of the crank, from my wheel. It was fortunate that I found a blacksmith who in a short time mended them, welding steel to steel, the hardest kind of steel, and doing a job that lasted on all my rides since.

I will ride hurriedly back to Rome to see the coronation of the new Pope shortly to occur. I hope I

can get hold of a ticket of admission, for to see a Pope crowned is to see a thing of a lifetime, and few ever have such a chance.

I will take the same road back and therefore will not expect to say much about the incidents by the way. I will ride over the same road, upon the same stone blocks which Cæsar had laid down for his legions and for the penniless tourist. It is very rough and hard on my wheel, but it will last five hundred years more. Cæsar built everything to last but the character of his subjects and the honor of his nation.

On a long road that ran along some small lakes I rode after dark, in fact till daylight, riding slowly and with lamp extinguished so as not to be seen coming by the many tramps I found lying along in the grass and weeds. For fear of being "held up" by some of them, I made no noise and rode my wheel on her "tiptoes" with my feet and muscles set ready to dart forward at full speed if one of the tramps should spring at me. They usually lay at right angles to the road, their feet right near the wagon track. None of them, so far as I could tell, knew I was coming until I had come right up to them or was riding by. But while I was congratulating myself on being able to escape one on my left, I no sooner got past that one when another just ahead a few rods on my right, and sometimes one on both sides rolled over, got up on their elbows or to their feet. In such an event I usually put all my strength to the pedals, but not to hurry away as though afraid of them, for that would invite their attack. By making a great noise they could stir up other tramps still to be passed, ahead of me, and it was my duty to keep those behind not only quiet in movement, but also quiet in voice. Through all the night I had this danger before me. The track was mostly smooth, the machine gave no trouble, and the night was a perfect calm, with the moon nearly full to show me the way.

At daylight I came to a big straw stack standing in the corner of the field in which was a great drove of fierce-looking cattle. Thousands of cattle roam over the campagna near Rome, where the unsettled wildness of the place, the gray, lustreless looks of the big open fields, and the lack of personal care, have caused them to become wild in disposition and to act much like the wild rangers of Texas.

In the sides of this stack these cattle had horned and rubbed and eaten galleries, into one of which I set my wheel and near by crawled into the smallest and the one nearest the foot of the stack. There was some fear of being trampled or horned by the herd in this place, but my eyes were heavy, and sweet sleep came over me like a warm cover of blank darkness.

Long after sunup I was awakened by a rattling of the straw above and in front of me. I jumped like

any other animal that is thus awakened, and prepared for defense.

Those cows, I thought, have found me. I had pulled so much straw over me before going to sleep, there was some time before I could see out of my "free" bed. Then I heard a voice—the voice of a man. "Police," I said, "the policeman patrolling this road, or sent out from town, has found me. He thinks I am a fugitive from justice."

The straw pushed back, I looked out with inquiring eyes. The man was leaning against the stack and bending down to see who or what was under it. He was the owner or renter of the place and when he saw me and heard my few broken remarks, he said, "Oh, bona" Oh, good, or all right, and went away. I did not even get up but fell back into my soft, warm nest and kept on sleeping.

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#### WHO SHALL OWN OUR RAILROADS?

(Continued from Page 1179.)

XIV of France produced: we know how much they helped to bring on the horrors of 1789. Speaking of the ill effects of centralization and paternalism in France, one of the great historians and philosophers of that country\* says: "Energetic characters disappear along with independent situations, and a free and high spirit arises from the security of rights. He only who feels that he is strong in himself, is always capable either of serving the ruling power, or of contending with it." American manhood is at a premium: the world wants more of it.

#### Conclusion.

In view of the foregoing considerations, first, that Federal ownership of the railways would be only a doubtful corrective of existing evils; second, that it would probably confer only very few of the promised benefits; and, third, that the probable benefits would be more than offset by attendant evils and dangers; I think we must conclude that it would be unsafe to venture a step so radical as the revolutionizing of our present system would involve; that it would be much safer to continue the present methods of reform, which are continually proving more effective. In some things the State and National requirements of railroads might be made more exacting; in others, perhaps less so: our legislators are gaining wisdom by experience, and they have not yet exhausted their resources: certainly we may trust them for improvement, at least until they have fully tested their powers, and leave, meanwhile, the railways in the hands of their present owners.

\*Guizot, in his *History of Civilization*.



# Government Geologists in Oregon

Guy E. Mitchell

GRANTS PASS, in southwestern Oregon, has been the scene of important fieldwork in mining geology by the United States Geological Survey during the past season. A government party, consisting of Mr. J. S. Diller and Prof. G. F. Kay, of the Geological Survey, and James Storrs as collector and packer of fossils, with W. G. Moore, of Grants Pass, cook for the camp, recently completed the season's fieldwork on the Grants Pass quadrangle, and the geologists have returned to Washington, D. C.

The primary purpose of the investigation is to determine the mineral resources of the region and make them known to the general public, thereby contributing not only to the development of the State, but also to that of the whole country. The topographic map of the Grants Pass quadrangle was published last spring by the Geological Survey and formed the basis of the geological fieldwork of this season. With map in hand, the geologists visited all the important mines and prospects and studied many of the rocky ledges outcropping in the region traversed. The observations were noted on the topographic map, and when the work is completed a geologic map will be prepared, showing the distribution of all the most important kinds of rocks, as well as the location of the most important mines and prospects, so as to illustrate the particular rocks with which certain deposits are associated. It will be readily understood that such a map will show the distribution of the important mineral resources.

The rocks of the region are largely igneous. In ages past they were melted and forced up from the interior of the earth. Many of them were poured out upon the surface as lavas, but many others, like the granite mass about Grants Pass, did not reach the surface. Ore deposits of the precious metals in the region examined are found associated chiefly with igneous rocks.

Intermingled with these igneous rocks, which cover

over two-thirds of the Grants Pass quadrangle, are masses of slates and sandstones with occasional limestone of which over forty ledges have been mapped. The great development of the cement industry has largely increased the economic importance of limestone, and the fact that limestones are uncommon in western Oregon gives added interest to those in the Grants Pass region. They are nearest the railroad at Gold Hill and Jacksonville.

It is expected that a preliminary report of the summer's work will be published next spring in "Economic Geology for 1908," at which time copies can be obtained free of cost by addressing the Director of the Geological Survey at Washington.

## Geological Survey of the Klamath Mountains.

The Siskiyou Mountains of southwestern Oregon and the Salmon, Trinity, South Fork, and Yalloy Bally Mountains of northwestern California all belong to the same group to which some years ago Major J. W. Powell, then Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, gave the name Klamath Mountains. It is a very convenient and useful term and is coming into general use. The Klamath Mountains are at the meeting



Advancing sand dune one-half mile north of Ophir, Oregon.  
(Photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.)

point of the Sierra Nevada, Cascade, and Coast ranges, and have long been noted for their mineral wealth.

The copper belt of Shasta County, Cal., is in the Klamath Mountains and gold is widely distributed. Platinum and some other rare metals are common and though not yet discovered in large ore bodies, this region is one of the most important sources of that metal in the United States.

The survey of the Klamath Mountains by the U. S. Geological Survey was commenced some years ago and portions of the border region have been examined in detail and the results published in the Redding geologic folio of California, and the Roseburg, Coos Bay, and Port Orford folios of Oregon. Copies of these can be obtained for the nominal price of twenty-five cents each. The Riddles quadrangle

was geologically surveyed a year ago and the folio is in course of preparation. The work on the Grants Pass quadrangle is a part of the same general plan, and when completed will be published in the form of a folio which will contain the usual number of topographic and geologic maps with a text describing the geology.

The only report yet issued by the Geological Survey concerning the Klamath Mountains as a whole is Bulletin 196, which, with numerous illustrations, describes their topographic development. The bulletins of the Geological Survey may be had free of cost by application to the director.

#### Recent Geologic Changes of the Pacific Coast.

Geologic changes in general are apparently more rapid at the present time on the Pacific Coast than anywhere else in the United States. It has been the scene of great volcanic eruptions in comparatively late geologic epochs, building up a range of monstrous peaks from Lassen in California to Rainier in Washington, and this activity continued down to the time when the "great pathfinder" made his memorable trip across the continent. Indeed, there are signs about some of the old fireplaces that Vulcan is still alive, for fumaroles of hot sulphurous gases, boiling mud lakes, and hot springs are common at various places along the Cascade Range.

Little earthquakes are numerous, and big ones, although relatively rare, are well known. Oscillations of the land with reference to the sea are yet plainly recorded in a series of elevated bluffs and beaches where the Klamath Mountains receive the beat of the ocean's waves.

Locally sand dunes are advancing over the land and covering the forest trees. The heavy rains of winter, too, make landslides one of the most common and impressive experiences of geologic change, especially where—as on Cow Creek a few years ago—a landslide blocked the Southern Pacific for many days.



THOU shalt not rise by grieving over the irremediable past, but by remedying the present.—*James Lane Allen.*

#### FAREWELL.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Farewell—it is a benediction—not good-by.

Invoking fortune with felicitations kind,

Unto your lot; and each regretful, struggling sigh

Is wreathed in smiles of love that hides regrets behind.

No sorrow born of selfish longings moves a tear;

The heaven-sent spirit that alone all doubts may quell,

Transmutes with alchemy of love each pang or fear,

Into a heart-sprung benediction, fare thee well.

Farewell, farewell!—It comes a happy-burdened song,

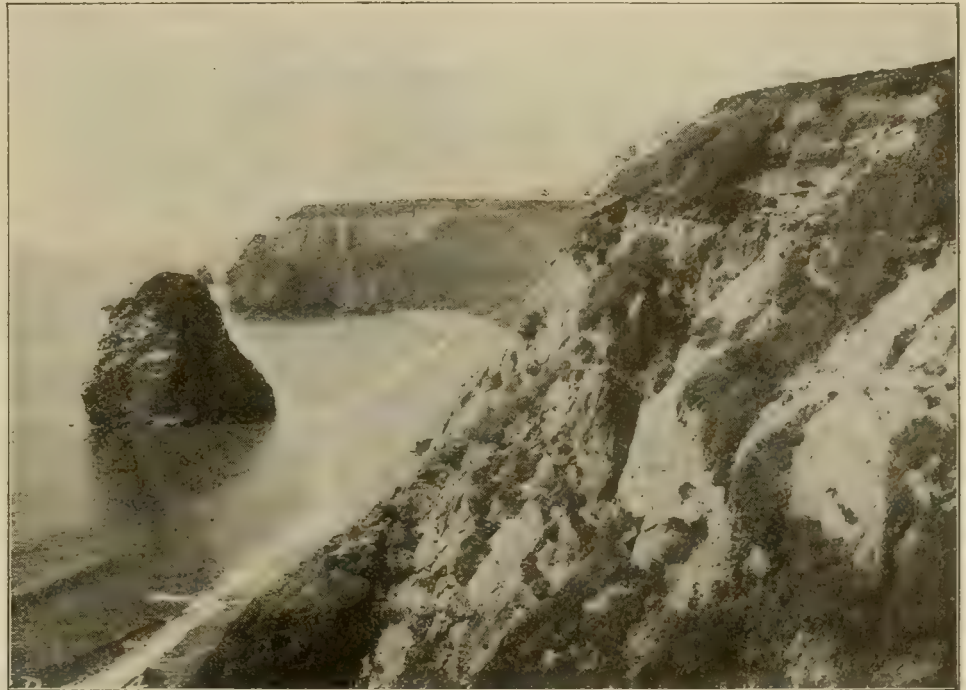
Yea, happy in our confidence in God, and you,

And in the future, and that ev'rything is true,

And that to all mankind no doubts or fears belong.

'Tis good for friends to part awhile, nor take the farewell ill.

These farewells said are knots of love that bind us closer still.



Fin Rock and Cape Blanco. Fin Rock, a remnant of the land left by the retreating shore of Cape Blanco, coast of Oregon.  
(Photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.)

"DR. LORENZ, of Vienna, whose practice extends around the world, states that he is not a temperance agitator, but that he is a surgeon and he must not drink. He further states that no one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting physical powers, which as a physician, he must always keep on edge."



KINDNESS is contagious. The spirit of harmony trickles down by a thousand secret channels into the inmost recesses of the household life. It is hard to be angry in the presence of imperturbable good nature. It is well nigh impossible to be morose in the face of a cheerful and generous helpfulness.—*Henry Van Dyke.*



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## LEADERSHIP.

It is generally conceded that the accumulation of money is the greatest and most universal ambition of the people of this age. Apparently this is so, but a closer study of men and of their motives will convince one that the power of leadership has a greater attraction than the mere possession of wealth. Few men love money for itself alone, and the majority of those who seek it as a stepping-stone to other things have in mind the power of leadership—of being master.

The writer once heard a man telling his wife how much money he would like, one day, to possess and gave as his reason that men in these days did not have much influence, whatever their other possessions, if they did not have a goodly store of wealth. And however much one may deplore such a condition, it is largely the true one, nevertheless. Our high places—positions of influence and power—are many of them filled by men who have stooped to this sordid means of gaining their highest ambition. And we have found to our loss and shame that in many cases they are governed still by these same base influences.

"Have dominion" is one of the first commands given to man and the one which, above all others, he has striven to obey. But however noble the ambition, —God-given—one should not make use of any means to gain it other than those which in the very nature of things belong to the master. The fact that money is often powerless to bring about results that the would-be leader would accomplish proves that it is not an essential element of leadership. It has influence only with those who have surrendered themselves to it.

The real elements of leadership exert their power in a different way. One must acknowledge their mastery, their right to rule, whether he will or no. The foremost of these elements is self-mastery. No man can really lead others where he himself has not gone. "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than

he that taketh a city." Here is the kingdom over which one should first have dominion if he would rule over others.

Along with this "every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." Excesses of any sort are not conducive to leadership. We are shy of the rash, impulsive man and the extremist when it comes to choosing a leader. The quiet strength of the man who has himself well in hand, with his powers of body and mind unimpaired, bids high for one's allegiance and at the same time gives the confidence and inspiration so necessary to achievement.

When we have gotten together all the essential elements of true leadership, it will not be very hard to see that all real leaders will be very much alike, allowing, of course, for their personal peculiarities. There may be leaders and leaders, apparently, but the one kind has presumed that a ready tongue or a well-filled purse makes the leader and they lose out along the way early in the race. The world moves on with self-mastery and temperance "in all things" in the lead.



## GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS.

LONG ere this preparations for Christmas have been busily going on, so that our subject would not seem to be as "timely" as one might suppose from the date of this INGLENOOK. It is generally conceded that Christmas is our greatest holiday, but each year it is becoming greater and greater, seemingly, at least the preparations are assuming wonderful proportions, so that weeks must be spent in "getting ready."

Now we might congratulate ourselves on this fact and stop at that if it were not for the signs of discontent and the complainings heard on all sides at this season. Christmas is the time, above all others, of peace and good will and when any spirit of an opposite nature manifests itself, something is evidently wrong.

We haven't the time and we do not want to take your time to go into detail and analyze all the influences that may have a hand in this unhappy condition. But without a close study it must be clear to all that this discontent and complaining have come about because the real Christmas spirit has not kept pace with the great preparations mentioned above. The heart has not been prepared for Christmas.

Perhaps the preparation of material things has been so great, so absorbing, that there has been no room for any spirit but that of work, work, work. Perhaps the preparations have been taken up under the feeling of compulsion, as a debt to be paid. Whatever it is, get rid of it at once. You have no right to cheat yourself and others of the blessings the Christmas spirit brings. Better to have no observance of the day than to rob it of its intended meaning. Get ready for Christmas by first allowing the real Christmas spirit to fully possess you. Then the rest will be easy, that is, it will be a pleasure.

**DELVING INTO NATURE'S SECRETS.**

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

**V. Coal Shafts, Slopes, and Drifts.**

THE method employed to remove coal from the earth depends upon the physical and geological characteristics of the country.

Where the seam lies almost flat and is covered by a shallow depth of strata it is stripped, that is, the overlying material is removed and the coal taken out.

In hilly countries where the seam lies above water level and nearly flat it is often most convenient to remove it by means of a "water-level drift."

In many cases, however, in the long run it is most economical to use a perpendicular shaft. In its location, both surface conditions and underground conditions must be considered.

The earth and rock are removed by means of pick and shovel till strata too hard are reached, and then holes are drilled and explosives used to break the rock. Nitroglycerine is described as "really the ideal force."

The greatest difficulty in sinking shafts is to overcome bodies of water and quicksand. Where quicksand or other loose material is encountered near the surface, the piling method is used. A stout curbing, the shape of the opening, is laid on the bottom of the shaft and piling driven around it as deeply as possible. The excavation is carried about three-fourths of the length of the piles when a new curb is laid and the operation repeated. This work is continued till the quicksand is passed.

In case the sand is met at a considerable depth from the surface the piles are driven at an angle of about forty degrees and the shaft deepened two or three feet. Another curb and set of piles are then added and the operation repeated till bed rock is reached, when a wall is run up.

Piling is an expensive method and is often superseded by the drum method. A drum of wood is laid on the bed to be sunk through and masonry built up about three feet high. A water tight planking is placed behind this and nailed to the curb. As the sand is removed the drum sinks and the wall is built up as before.

Sometimes iron drums are used.

When the sand is met at a considerable depth the work is done by what is known as the Gobert freezing process. A series of tubes are sunk around the area to be excavated and from a refrigerating plant at the surface anhydrous liquid ammonia is forced through the tubes, the vaporization of which takes the heat from the surrounding strata, causing them to freeze. The frozen material is excavated and a water-tight wall is then built.

There are also several pneumatic systems, working on the plan of the diving bell, but the depth that can be reached is limited, as men cannot endure a

pressure of more than 45 pounds per square inch. As much as 121 feet of quicksand have been passed by this method, the pressure being about 41 pounds to the square inch.

As the sinking progresses, the air becomes more and more foul and some means must be found to provide a fresh supply. After a blast has been fired a barrel of water is poured down the shaft or a fire lamp may be hung temporarily.

When these fail a steam jet may be used.

Chokedamp and firedamp are often found in sinking shafts. The shaft should be examined before the workmen enter it, as fatalities have occurred even in shallow depths.

The shaft is sunk some distance below the lowest seam to be mined in order to catch the water in the mine. This lower portion is called the sump.

The shaft is divided into several air-tight compartments by means of wooden partitions, one for air for the mines, one for pumping water, and two for hoisting. On two sides of the hoisting shaft slender vertical timbers are fastened. They are to guide the cage as the carriage, which is much like a freight elevator, is called. On the bottom of the cage is a track for the car of coal to be moved along. When the cage is at the bottom of the mine this track is continuous with the track there and, when the top is reached, with the track leading to the chutes.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*

**FLOWERS BY THE WAYSIDE.**

A YOUNG girl visiting the country was following the farmer's wife along a winding half overgrown path amid a tangle of wild flowers. The young visitor exclaimed at their variety and beauty. "I mean to gather all I can carry when we come back and I have a little more time," she said. "Better pick them now if you want them," said the elder woman. "'Taint likely we'll come back this way." It was one of those simple, homely incidents that sometimes seem to epitomize life. We must pick now, if we want them at all, the flowers that God scatters along our way. The pleasant hours, the dear friendships, the offered confidences, the happy gatherings—all the brightness and blessings that we so often push aside, but mean to find leisure to enjoy sometime—we must take them day by day as they come, or we shall lose them altogether; we never can turn back to find them.—*Select-ed.*



WE desire to be classified according to our exceptional virtues; we are apt to classify our neighbor accordingly to his exceptional faults.—*Henry Bates Dimond.*



MASSACHUSETTS has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.





## Precept Upon Precept

Catharine Beery Van Dyke

HAD God created light, the firmament, land and water, sun, moon and stars, fish, birds and animals, and finally man, even in his own image, and stopped at that—only creating them—it surely would have been a great mess of stuff. But there was continuity, completeness, perfection above that work and it required much time even for the process of creation. Then, too, that was not the end but only the beginning of God's great thought concerning the human race. The creation was of such a character that all the years of earth are needed to demonstrate its full meaning, extent and purpose.

So with families and the training of children. If we had only the bringing of children into the world without reference to their future we, too, would have on our hands a *lot of stuff*. But, as God's whole creation develops, as the race develops, so develops the individual. It is by a process long drawn out—a process in the human being which reaches beyond the earth—years into the unmeasured space of eternity.

After light had once been created, darkness never reigned supreme again. When the firmament had been commanded to exist, there was always afterwards a breathing place. When the heavenly bodies appeared, then signs and seasons, days and years were marked and put under the control of natural law—God's law—as were all other objects of creation.

In establishing his laws God reduced all these objects to man's use and arranged them for his best development in his superior and threefold nature.

Man did not learn all the various uses of minerals, herbs and animals at once; nor was he fully conscious of his own faculties and powers until he had grown in experience and knowledge. God was, at first, his direct teacher and it seems to me he had and is still having a tedious time of it. Repetition and patience are the tactics used by God and set by him for our example. Precept upon precept.

While he provided for and commanded the waters and the earth to "bring forth," he gave a more complete and definite charge to man whom he made responsible for his own conduct and character.

There was, as yet, but one human being and matter was crude in that early day, but God knew the resources of nature and the capabilities of man, he therefore, said: "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a help meet for him." Then, he not only said to the human pair, "Be fruitful" and "multiply" and "replenish the earth," but he also said, "subdue," and "have dominion"; and this power of men and women to have dominion, to the glory of God, over all earthly objects and forces is the highest attainment of humanity, the crown of man's achievements.

"Dominion," in God's mind, stands higher than warfare or victory in war, higher than "subdue"; for, he causes Solomon to say: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Then, surely if our ideals concerning our children are right, we will want them, first of all, to be self-governing. But the power to govern one's self is not a gift that parents can hand over to their children immediately. It comes to them from us by patient teaching, precept upon precept, by perseverance in having them live toward that which we offer them as the best we have. We need to point them by precept to a character that has become strong by self-control, to a character within themselves that will only be at its best when subdued by a pure mind and a strong, righteous spirit.

Then we will want them so to relate themselves to the objects they use and the forces with which they meet whether in the lower animals or what is contained in the earth or sea or sky, especially those forces which they must match in other individuals whom they touch day by day, that this contact may be to their advantage and to the glory of God.

All this teaching must be done (and largely done by parents) that our children may be able to use, to rule, to govern, to advance and to place humanity a step beyond what it was when they entered this field of action.

To have dominion in this way man himself must be sane, intelligent, educated, self-controlled, disciplined,

Christianized, and in the order of this process the parents stand first, calling to their assistance the kindergarten, the Sunday-school teachers, the public teachers, the minister, the college professor, if possible, and lastly, and all the time, the matchless Son of God.

I am so glad that it is the nature of good to reproduce itself as well as evil, so glad that health is contagious as well as disease, so glad that a good habit is as easily formed as a bad one, so glad that sympathy is as easily acquired as antagonism, so glad that God reigns and the people may rejoice, so glad that when we have done our very best for our children our efforts have not been thrown away but have been honored of God and will bear good fruit.

Fathers and mothers, did you ever count the number of times you have asked your child not to sit cross-legged at the table, not to intrude himself upon another's time or rights? How many times have you asked him to get the kindling in or to come promptly home from school? What is the number of times you have told him about a single, particular thing in his conduct before it was established as a good habit or abolished as a bad one? Well, just as many times telling as it requires to make a good habit a part of your child, just that many times it is your duty to reiterate whether it is tiresome or not. "Precept must be upon precept. Precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little."

We do not always realize while we are telling our little ones over and over again the things that to us are simple, that it is of real and vital importance to the calling out of the undeveloped powers of the young lives and it is necessary and worth while. But when these lessons become once imbedded in the characters of our children they can be depended upon just as much as the functions of the heavenly bodies and other created things can be depended upon, for the Scripture itself tells us to "train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

"Over and over again,

No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the Book of Life  
Some lesson that I must learn.

"I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain;  
I must work at my task with a resolute will,  
Over and over again.

"Over and over again  
The brook through the meadow flows;  
All over and over again  
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.

"Once doing will not suffice,  
Though doing be not in vain;  
A blessing failing us once or twice,  
May come if we try again.

"The path we once have trod  
Is never so rough for the feet;  
And the lesson we once have learned  
Is never so hard to repeat."

## THE DOCTOR.

IRA P. DEAN.

IF there is any one person who sees the dark, miserable, wretched side of life, more than another, that person is the doctor. Few people recognize this fact and hence do not appreciate the great sacrifices he is called upon to make; few people realize that the doctor simply gives his life for others.

He sees only the dark, dismal side of life. Smiles seldom enter his office; joy, gladness and sunshine are not his share. He cannot enjoy an hour to himself.

About the time he thinks he is alone and can rest, the bell rings, the office door opens and in steps a poor, miserable soul, racked with pain. The doctor hears her pitiful story and gives her the medicine she needs and she goes home again. No sooner has this patient left than another enters with another tale of sorrow, then the telephone bell rings and he must go at once to the side of a very sick patient. He returns to find his office full of sad faces, each one with his own sad story to tell. From sunrise to sunset this keeps up, and even a great many times his nights are broken with emergency calls. Office hours 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 4 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M. mean very little to the real good, conscientious doctor. He must serve his patients whether during office hours or not.

A doctor would enjoy a little time in his home, or to go out with his family for a drive, but just about the time he is ready to start a patient calls on him and the trip is postponed. The only time a doctor can feel very much alone is after everybody else is in bed and then often he is not alone long till he is called out. He must take his meals between visits and that is very irregular. He has little time to entertain his friends. In fact, he has no time to himself when he can sit down and enjoy a pleasant repose.

The doctor has a noble profession and should be honored for his service. If there is anything in this world that is a real blessing to others, it is bringing comfort, and relief to the suffering, and the doctor is that missionary. Yet how little do some people appreciate his services. Too often is the doctor looked upon as a mean, selfish, money-crazy man; but he is generous if there is anyone generous. True, he charges for his medicine and services, but what would we do without them?

People neglect their duty to the doctor. All doctors are not simply after money. Gratitude goes a great ways with some doctors. Show the doctor you have some feeling for him, let him see that you appreciate his services. When the doctor tells you what to do, do it—he knows what is best for you. Respect the doctor and see how much more he can do for you. People will offer medals to those who risk their lives to save another on the spur of the moment, yet little is thought of the one who spends his life to preserve the lives of others. Should he go unrewarded?



A patient calls on the doctor and tells his story, "Have been feeling bad since yesterday." But he tells his neighbors he has been sick for a month. It is very difficult to get a correct and complete statement from a patient at the first interview; and a conscientious doctor will not name the trouble upon his patient's first story, but will wait for a more complete report. Perhaps he will want to consult his library,—a very ignorant doctor who has to consult books before he knows what is wrong with a patient? A common expression by illiterate people who praise a lawyer who studies his library for weeks before acting upon some simple case. Which is the more ignorant? Why not give the doctor some credit? The world is full of clouds, people need smiles and encouragement. Should the doctor be slighted? If you deserve the doctor's attention he surely deserves your appreciation. You would not give much for the doctor who does not encourage you. How much should a doctor give for a patient who does not encourage him?



#### CHORES AND CHARACTER.

A CITY mother, at her country home, sent the stalwart, twenty-year-old son of the house two miles in the broiling sun to get a man to come and split some kindlings and mow the lawn. The youth sat on the piazza and yawned lazily while the lawn-mower rattled past him. He is a capital fellow, and was not to blame; but it was small wonder that the "natives" smiled broadly at the incident, as related by the man who pushed the lawn-mower.

In absence of those "chores" which fill so large a place in the life of the country boy, and in so great a measure make him the all-around man in mature years, what can we provide for the city boy to secure for him this same resourcefulness and sense of responsibility?

The manual training of the schools is a help, but it must be put into constant practice if it is to be more than a pastime to the boy. I know of one home in which they try to solve the problem by making the boy of eleven the household tinker. If there is a screw to be tightened, a toy to be mended, a missing knob to be supplied, a light-fixture to be replaced, this boy is called upon. Of course, many times it would be easier to do the same thing one's self, but that is not the way to help the boy.

He is made special custodian of the gluepot, the soldering outfit, sandpaper, and all the little necessities for repairs, and is made responsible for them. Of course, the traditional jackknife is always in requisition, and if there is anything upon which he can flourish a paint-brush, he is in high glee. He has come to take pride in his title of "General Tinker," and it is a household proverb that "if Rob cannot mend a thing, it is past mending."

Often a list of things this lad can do is kept by his mother, and when he must stay indoors these saved-up tasks keep him from restlessness and mischief. Perhaps it is to sharpen lead pencils; to set the medicine drawer in perfect order; or to write a letter to some of the relatives in his mother's stead; or even to polish the silver. The range of duties possible for this particular lad is much limited, because he lives in apartments; but it appeals to his chivalry to take little responsibilities to relieve his mother, and it helps him to know he is of use. They work away together, and discuss the fellows at school, or his last Latin test, or composition, and make many grand plans for the future and get mutually chummy.

Some special task is usually saved for Saturday morning before the boy goes to play. Perhaps he goes down street to hunt up a special sort of caster for a disabled chair—he is very good at this kind of shopping. Or there may be curtains to be hung; then, mounting the stepladder is almost as good fun as climbing an apple tree. Or it may be some long seams have been saved for him. He can sew as evenly as any one, and thinks it a great lark if some machine work has been prepared for him. He oils and cleans the sewing-machine and keeps it in beautiful order, all the while explaining the improvements that might be made if this or that were thus and so. He also likes to take a turn at the kitchen grinder and slicer just for the fun of watching their mechanism.

He can make butter-scotch and peanut-brittle, can cut up a chicken properly, and isn't altogether out of his element in the practical affairs of the kitchen. When the emergency demands it, he can wait upon the table, quietly and efficiently. No, he isn't a "girly-boy" at all, and can work up the wildest enthusiasm over a rough-and-tumble hockey match; but he is learning something of the time and effort needed to keep up a home, and will be considerate should he ever have a home of his own. On Sunday morning this boy is required to look after his own room. Of course he doesn't like it, but his bedroom looks "picked-upper," as the small sister says, for several days thereafter.

Then, too, there are so many errands and messages a boy can do if you only take pains to put them in his way. Many city parents fail to realize that their boy not only can but should do these things if he is ever to become self-reliant and chivalrous. Trust him to take verbal messages and deliver them accurately and courteously; to escort a visitor to the car and see her safely started homeward; to carve at the table in his father's absence; to buy tickets and select the seats for a concert; to make occasional little purchases for the household, using his own judgment; and even to match a spool of silk. This is all life, and why not train for it? It isn't just the sort of thing the country boy has for his development. It doesn't sound quite

as poetic as driving home the cows; but it may be made to call forth the same resourcefulness and sense of responsibilities as the tasks of the country boy.

The ideas of helpfulness and responsibility are not native to frail human nature. Do not censure your child for not seeing these things from your mature angle. One devoted father recently spoke to me almost bitterly about his grown-up son. The son is a royal good fellow, but he allows his father to go down and shake the furnace while he himself indulges in a final morning nap. His father said:

"When I was a boy, we had to think of our parents' comfort. I sometimes think children are ungrateful for all we have done for them."

If helpfulness and responsibility are not taught during childhood, how can we expect a son or daughter suddenly to assume these virtues? About as reasonably expect them to suddenly play the piano well, after neglecting their practice for years. The city mother who hires a man to shovel snow off the front steps, instead of having her twelve-year-old boy do it himself, is not only robbing the boy of wholesome exercise, but is teaching him helplessness and inculcating silly notions about work that can never make her son more manly, whatever his station in life.

If you are fortunate enough to live in the country a part of the time, your chances of making a man of your boy are multiplied tenfold. Let him hammer and pound and build and unbuild and plant and dig to his heart's content. It ought not to be necessary to send that lad to an expensive "boys' camp" to teach him how to set a post or even to wash dishes.

You say all this is so much trouble—hunting up things for a boy to do—and so it is; but it is a mighty good investment, if for no other reason than that you will have more good times with your boy now; and when you have made a few good comparisons between the man who was reared in the country and who can turn his hand to any practical job, and expects to be helpful, and the city-bred man, with his oftentimes silly notions about manual labor, who must call in some one to tighten a screw or drive a picture nail, you will not think the trouble too great.

There should not be too far a cry from my boy to his great-great-grandfather, who cut the timbers, forged the nails, and burnt the brick for his home in the New Hampshire wilderness, over a century and a half ago. This is not a matter of convenience or of accomplishments, but ultimately of character. The power to do things and the spirit of service are two of the choicest gifts which you can help your child to win. Further, the boy who feels that he is needed in the home, and who is a contributor as well as a sharer in its welfare, will never drift far from its love.—*Mary N. Youtz, in The Congregationalist and Christian World.*

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## The Children's Corner

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### WINTER FUN.

INGLENOOK GIRL.

Oh, where are the flowers that bloomed so fair,  
All through the summer long?  
And where are the birds that fluttered through the air  
Singing their happy songs?  
Gone to the South land warm,  
Gone with the bees in swarm,  
Gone till the spring is here—  
Dim are the skies that were clear,  
Bare are the trees, and drear;  
But think of the winter's snow;  
Get in the sleigh and away we'll go  
Over the white fields past the skating hill,  
Down past the frozen brook by the mill;  
Through woods where rabbits scamper to hide,  
Down to the smooth pond and we've finished our ride.  
Button your coats and buckle your skates;  
How we can slide, and oh, such rates,  
How our hearts are glad and every one merry,  
How jolly the shouts and oh, how cheery,  
Think not of the summer that has gone away,  
Nor of the cold, long winter day;  
But no matter how young, no matter how old,  
We can be just as happy if it's warm or cold.



### WHEN BETTY SAW MADAME SCHUMANN HEINK.

CLARA NORTH RULEY.

It was Betty's red letter day.

Besides the Sunday-school picnic, to which every child in the Sunday school was going, because two big cars and a trailer were furnished free, and the park authorities had opened the gates to them,—besides all that to make one happy, Madame Schumann Heink was to sing.

Betty had always adored Madame Schumann Heink, but from afar off. She treasured every scrap of paper containing any reference to the great singer. Portraits of her adorned the walls of Betty's half of the room shared by her with Mary Belle, her sister next younger. And way down in her heart there was a hope, as yet scarcely born, that she herself might some day sing as beautifully as Madame. True, Betty had never actually heard her, but in dreams when angels sang to other little children, Betty listened entranced to a big-throated woman's voice.

And it was always Madame.

Great preparations were made by every one for the picnic, and on the evening before, Betty, who was a far-seeing, methodical child, counted her pennies and made items of her probable expenditures. First, there was the ride on the dearest little side-wheel steamer; in which one could make believe they were going abroad, that took ten cents.

Then a nickel was carefully deposited beside the dime for a ride in the little automobile that went on a tiny track and deposited one at "Boy's City."



Oh, and Betty had almost forgotten another nickel which, if properly invested, would bring her two overflowing sacks of crisp cracker jack. It was necessary to invest this particular nickel at old Aunt Polly's stand, if Betty wished the extra sack of this delectable compound, for the regular price was five cents each. But Aunt Polly always put in the second one "to pay for a sight of them red cheeks, bless 'em."

Into a diminutive purse went the dime and the two nickels, with an extra five pennies for "emergencies."

The morning of the picnic was perfect as all such mornings should be. Betty, with the other Burton children, and incidentally the rest of the Sunday school, boarded the cars sent down for them.

Such a delightful ride in the crisp morning air, and how they all shouted at the sight of the lake and the little side-wheel steamer. The children scattered for an hour of fun before dinner, and, strange to say, all the cracker jack, fruit, and candy that found its way into their eager hands, and eventually into their mouths, hadn't even taken the edge off their appetites, when at last the dinner hour arrived.

Then came the crowning event of the day. As early as half-past one a crowd began to gather at the gate of the auditorium, and Betty, with several other girls as eager as she was to see and hear the great singer, joined them. After nearly an hour of patient waiting, the great gate swung ajar.

The wonderful moment had come.

As Betty led the way through the gate, she was astonished to hear the man in charge say, "Tickets, please."

Betty stepped back in amazement. "Whyee," she said, "I didn't know you had to pay to get in." Tears of disappointment dimmed her pretty blue eyes as she hurriedly searched in her purse, though she knew there could possibly be nothing except the "emergency nickel," and plainly Madame Schumann Heink was not an "emergency."

Always before this time when Betty came to the park, when one succeeded in getting through the great outer gate everything was free and Betty did not know there was any difference this time. The crowd clamored to get in and the little girl stepped back, reluctantly, as from the gates of Paradise. The other children scampered away gleefully, feeling no great loss in missing one of the series of delights with which the day was filled.

As for Betty herself the day was spoiled. She felt as though she just must hear Madame Schumann Heink, perhaps there would never again come the opportunity.

As her eyes glanced wistfully at the wire fence that

stood between her and her desire, a mighty temptation struck her with the force of a blow. Why not creep under the fence? There was one place, she could see it plainly from where she was standing, that if one were not too plump, one might slip under unperceived.

Betty surveyed her fat little body ruefully, so changed under Uncle Doctor's care, but decided she would try. If she failed and the big ticket man had to pull her out, he surely wouldn't do more than put her in jail, and she could get out sometime, Papa Dan would see to that even though he gave her a scolding for her naughtiness in getting into trouble.

The risk was well worth taking, so under she went, without regard for the future state of the dainty white frock so carefully laundered by mama for this special occasion.

But one would not be likely to stop and worry about such things as soiled frocks when one was willing and ready to soil one's conscience. Betty looked her sin squarely in the face. It was nothing less than stealing, but Betty was human. She had a vague idea, however, that as soon as she got home she would send the price of admission right back. Madame would not mind waiting a day for her money. Betty felt sure that if *she* were in Madame's place, she would be willing to wait any length of time on a little girl who adored her.

The crowd was so dense at the gate, and the ticket man so very busy, that Betty had no trouble at all in slipping under the fence unnoticed. True, an ugly wire tore a tiny hole in her dress, and even grazed the plump little arm a trifle, but she hurried on, caring nothing about such minor discomforts. People smiled indulgently at the eager little form as it crowded by in search of a good seat.

Then the music began.

Betty almost forgot to breathe as the smooth liquid voice filled the auditorium. It was her dream turned into a delightful reality, and, wonder of wonders, once when the great audience had called back their divinity for the third time, she bowed and smiled straight at the eager figure seated by a big pillar and Betty knew she was forgiven for her theft.

And the funny part about it was that Madame Schumann Heink knew all about it, having seen the little comedy, and had forgiven because a great mother's heart beat in her bosom, though of course Betty didn't know all this.

When next day an envelope, containing a shining quarter, found its way to the great singer and Madame had confided the part of the little story she knew to the manager, there went back to Betty a charming letter, written and signed by Madame, herself, with a season ticket from the manager.

## For SUNDAY READING

### "WHO SHALL ROLL THE STONE AWAY?"

"And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away."

What poor weeping ones were saying,  
Eighteen hundred years ago,  
We, the same weak faith betraying,  
Say in our sad hours of woe;  
Looking at some trouble lying  
In the dark and dread unknown,  
We, too often, ask with sighing,  
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Thus with care our spirits crushing,  
When they might from care be free,  
And in joyous song outgushing,  
Rise, with rapture, Lord, to thee—  
For before the way was ended,  
Oft we've had with joy to own,  
Angels have from heaven descended,  
And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm cloud sweeping o'er us,  
Never pours on us its rain;  
Many a grief we see before us,  
Never comes to cause us pain;  
Ofttimes in the feared tomorrow,  
Sunshine comes—the cloud has flown—  
Ask thou then in foolish sorrow,  
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Burden not thy soul with sadness,  
Make a wiser, better choice;  
Drink the wine of life with gladness—  
God doth bid thy heart rejoice.  
In today's bright sunshine basking,  
Leave tomorrow's fears alone;  
Spoil not present joys by asking,  
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

—Unknown.



### BE A MAN.

J. C. FLORA.

YOUNG people are often asked the question, "What do you expect to make of yourself?" Now this is a very important question and one that every young man and woman should seriously consider. Many boys and girls grow up into manhood and womanhood with no aim in view, whatever. This is a serious mistake, for no one can hope to accomplish anything worthy without an aim in view. Every young person should have a definite aim in view and work toward that aim. He should decide what special line of work he is by nature best fitted for and then prepare himself for that work.

Whether you decide to be a farmer, a mechanic, a teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, or whatever you decide to be, above all, *be a man*. While it is important to be a good farmer, teacher or lawyer, it is more important to be a good man.

It requires effort to be a man. Let us note some of the qualities of a true man: Courage, self-respect, honesty, truthfulness, frankness, politeness, generosity, sympathy, perseverance, honorable ambition, strong will power and implicit faith in God. In short, no one can be a true manly man or womanly woman without a spotless Christian character.

Now let us notice some of the things that a young man must not do if he desires to make a true man of himself. He must not drink, chew, smoke, or swear, for no real manly man will do these things. He must not even associate with those who do such things, unless it be to help them. He must not read cheap novels and trashy newspapers. While in school he must not idle away his time, nor disobey the rules of the school. He must not let difficulties overcome him nor yield to temptations, but he must be able to say, "No."

The greatest need of the world today is men, pure, true, manly men. They are needed everywhere. Then, young man, take St Paul's advice,—*"Show thyself a man."*

*Clovis, N. Mex.*



### THE MOST POTENT WORD.

"Go" is the most potent word humanity has ever heard.

Judaism was not, is not, missionary. Christianity is intensely so.

The missionary has ever been the pioneer, opening new fields for commerce. As men have sought first the extension of the kingdom of God, all other things have been added.

Jesus confined his labors to Israel.

Though told to "go into all the world," the apostles seemed inclined, even after the resurrection, to go to the Jews only.

Paul was intensely a Jew. He and every other Christian Jew "went" contrary to personal and national prejudice. This because of the potency with which the Christ clothed the word "go."

"Go" is the impulse-giving word, and as the mandate has been heeded, Christians have prospered in morals, science, arts and industry; that is, in happiness and liberty.

Let us, then, heed this strongest word ever spoken to man, and "go"—*Christian Standard*.



"OUR idea of wealth is to be able to buy shoes for the children whenever they need them without missing the money."



"A LOT of workmen imagine the 'industrial problem' to be how they can put in the time until the whistle blows to knock off work without letting the boss know they are 'soldiering on the job.'"





## Echoes from Everywhere

Vice President Fairbanks upon his retirement on March 4 will take up the practice of law at Indianapolis.

Last year 5,638,381 copies of the Bible were sold. It is now published in over 400 various tongues.

The war against rats in San Francisco is showing results, and already it is claimed that the danger of bubonic plague is over.

Congress reconvened at Washington on Monday, Dec. 7. The President's message was the chief feature of the opening week.

A cash dividend of 900 per cent has been declared on the capital of \$100,000 of the State Bank, New York City, and a semi-annual dividend of 50 per cent also was declared.

Track-laying operations on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, crossing the Rocky Mountains, have, on account of the snow, been postponed until next spring.

Because the United States did not look with friendly eyes upon British interference with internal affairs in Hayti, British interests have been left in charge of the American officials on the island.

The pension law in Australia, which goes into effect July 1, 1909, provides that every person of 65 years of age, who is permanently incapacitated for work will be qualified to receive a pension. By proclamation, women of 60 years may be qualified.

Great Britain's postmaster-general has admitted Esperanto on the same footing as modern European languages for use in telegraphing, and the Japanese minister of foreign affairs has advised his countrymen to master the language. In Germany considerable attention is being paid to its trade value.

Emperor Franz Josef of Austria has just celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his reign. During the festivities hundreds of people were injured, and several killed in the jam of nearly two million people that blockaded the streets of Vienna. In honor of his long reign the emperor has distributed 3,400 decorations and titles.

It has been decided that the act passed at the last session of the Canadian parliament respecting the sale of patent medicines shall come into force on the first of April, 1909. After that date any preparation which contains chloral, aconite, ergot, strychnine, or any of the numerous lists of deadly drugs will have to be approved by experts of the department of inland revenue or bear a printed statement on the outside of each package that there is a deadly drug in the preparation, and the name of the drug.

Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, has issued a proclamation declaring that the State dispensary system had been abolished by the vote at the recent election, which leaves the citizens of Oklahoma without any lawful means to purchase inside the State liquor for medicinal purposes. This situation will continue until the people or the legislature make other provision.

The legislative council of Australia has passed the assembly's bill granting women suffrage. Hereafter throughout Australia women will exercise exactly the same rights at the ballot box as men. The battle has been a long fight on the part of the women, and it has at last been won by dint of energy and persistence in the face of apparently overwhelming obstacles.

A dispatch from Louisville, Ky., says: "Ninety-three of Kentucky's 119 counties are now totally 'dry,' twenty-one are partially 'dry,' four are wholly 'wet' and the case of one county which recently voted as a unit on prohibition is being settled by legal process in court. This is the substance of a statement secured by a local newspaper from the Kentucky anti-saloon league."

The conference of the powers called by Great Britain for the framing of a code of laws for naval warfare and for the formation of the international prize court recommended by The Hague congress was opened at the foreign office in London, Dec. 4. The United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Russia, Spain, Holland and Japan were represented.

The Garden of the Gods, famed as one of the scenic wonders of the American continent, is to become, by gift of the children of the late Charles E. Perkins, former president of the Burlington Railroad, the property of the city of Colorado Springs, Colo. Papers have been filed with the county clerk whereby the six children and heirs deeded to three trustees the 480 acres comprising the garden, authorizing them to transfer the same, free of cost, to the City of Colorado Springs before Jan. 1, 1911. The tract comprising the Garden of the Gods was secured by Mr. Perkins in 1879, and it has always been free to the public.

The demand for women's hair in Europe has never been greater than it is now. Men are going from town to town in France, Germany, Switzerland and Russia buying all they can get. The finest hair in Europe is furnished by women in Brittany, for the Breton women have luxuriant tresses, which never fail to bring a high price. Most of these women are poor, and are quite willing to sacrifice their hair, especially as they wear bonnets which completely cover their heads, and thus effectively hide them when shorn. France furnishes more black and brown hair than any other country. The women of Germany and the north of Europe, as a rule, furnish fair and golden hair. Gray and white hair is always in demand, and if of good quality commands a high price.

At the last annual report there were 225,157 comrades in good standing on the rolls of the Grand Army of the Republic, while a later report of the commissioner of pensions shows the number of soldiers, sailors and marines of the Civil War drawing pensions to be 628,084. An effort is being made to induce this large excess to join the organization, which was formed in the department of Illinois in 1866.

Two cottage buildings erected by the State of Illinois on the site of the Illinois Hospital for the Insane at Bartonville, at a cost of \$100,000, and equipped with eight solariums for the work of phototherapy, were dedicated Thanksgiving Day. Two of the solariums are equipped in ruby, two in violet, two in amber, and two in opal. The incandescent lamps are of these colors, also the decorations on the walls.

It is stated that Luke E. Wright, of Tennessee, present secretary of war, will be continued in that position in President Taft's cabinet until near the end of next year. He will then retire and be succeeded by Charles E. Magoon, of Nebraska. Mr. Magoon is now the provisional governor of Cuba. His services in that capacity will end January 28, when the government of that island will be turned over to the newly elected native officers, and the American intervention will cease.

The cost to the United States government during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, by reason of the transmission free through the mails of departmental penalty and congressional franked matter, was \$42,544,047, according to the annual report of the third assistant postmaster general. This figure includes the matter carried by the postoffice department for itself and the postal service in the handling and transporting of second-class matter, of publishers of newspapers and periodicals.

The Iron and Steel Trades Journal announces that the English and American tin-plate manufacturers, after prolonged deliberations, have completed the formation of a combine in London. The combination will have a huge working capital, which has already been provided. The paper adds that this means that England and America will practically control the world's tin-plate industry. South Wales will benefit materially by the new combination, since additional works will necessarily have to be erected there, and these will employ many thousand extra hands.

The Cook county grand jury, which investigated the primary election frauds in Chicago, reported that repeaters were voted in platoons with the connivance of willfully unseeing judges and clerks of election. The report says there has not been an honest city election in years. Dead men and inmates of insane asylums were voted. Part of the report says: "We find and so report that no confidence can be placed in the reported results in favor of or against any candidate for a party nomination at the primary election, and that election cost the taxpayers of Chicago fully \$75,000."

General Antoine Simon, commander-in-chief of the revolutionists in Hayti, who entered Port au Prince Dec. 5, at the head of an army of about 8,000 men, issued a proclamation in which he assumed the title of chief executive and declared that he would organize a provisional government, pending the assembling of the parliament. In his proclamation he made an appeal to the wisdom of the nation and the discipline of the army.

The dredging of the harbor at Honolulu is being steadily proceeded with. The harbor proper has at present a general width of about 900 feet, a length of about 300 feet and a minimum depth of twenty-five feet. Pearl Harbor, eight miles west of Honolulu, consists of a series of deep-water locks some miles within the outer reef. Active measures are being taken by the United States with the view to making it an important naval station fully equipped with dry docks and the necessary plant for executing every description of ship repairs. The plan is to provide a waterway thirty-seven feet in depth, at no point in which there shall be a curve less than 2,000 feet radius.

The United States and Germany have arranged for a postal rate on letters between the two countries of 2 cents instead of the existing rate of 5 cents. The new rates will go into effect Jan. 1. Unstamped letters will pay double rates. The agreement provides that letters for Germany paid at the rate of 2 cents will be dispatched only by steamers sailing from New York for German ports, steamers of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American lines sailing from New York usually on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Letters for Germany dispatched via Great Britain or France must be paid at the postal union rate of 5 cents for the first ounce and 3 cents for each additional ounce.

In his annual report, Charles H. Treat, treasurer of the United States, shows that there was a deficiency last year of \$58,070,201, as against a surplus for the preceding year of \$84,236,586, and points out that the total revenues for 1908 exceeded any preceding fiscal year except 1907. Mr. Treat says that it is apparent the trouble is not in decreasing receipts, but in increasing expenditures, which situation the treasury was able to meet with the excess of revenues which had accumulated during the previous years. The general stock of money in the country at the close of the last fiscal year was \$3,378,764,020, an increase of \$263,203,013, as compared with that of a year ago. The money in circulation for the past eleven years has steadily increased. The growth per capita advanced from \$22.87 in 1897 to \$34.72 in 1908. Population has more than doubled every thirty years, while the wealth of the nation has more than doubled every twenty years.

Pittsburg, Pa., proposes to help her unemployed this winter, labor to be furnished by the public works department, under the provisions of a recent bond issue of \$150,000. Three thousand men will be employed, in shifts of 1,000 every two weeks, each man to receive one month's employment. The first 1,000 men will work until the middle of December, at which time they will be relieved by a second 1,000, the latter to work until the first of the new year. They will in turn be relieved by a third 1,000. The first 1,000 will take up the work again about the middle of January and the others will follow in their turn. The same salary will be paid each man, \$1.50 a day, the salary of clerks, foremen, and laborers being the same. The pay of the 3,000 men for three months has been figured at \$135,000. The other \$15,000 will be needed to pay engineers and others to plan the work and for materials. The civil service commission has about 4,000 applications for employment under the emergency bond issue. To be eligible each applicant must be a citizen of the United States, a resident of Pittsburg for one year, and must also show that he has had nothing to do for at least two weeks prior to his application.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### THE RIGHTFULNESS OF HAPPINESS.

The longing to be happy is universal, but the puritanic or Calvinistic influence makes most of us either distrust happiness or despair of it. When a little girl was asked, "What is sin?" she said, "Anything that I like to do." Thus we have been taught that "these things have I spoken unto you that your joy may be full," can refer only to some other world, and that here it is even not quite right to be happy.

When we say we have any happiness we knock on wood (probably a relic of the Druid worship of the oak) to ward off the jealousy of the gods; when some one says he is happy we think it an objectionable assumption of superiority or vain imaginings. In our hearts we distrust the statement; we have known so little happiness. Yet we know that to say that the divine law of Nature, if we obey it, would not or could not give us happiness, is to charge God with folly or to impute unto the Almighty lack of understanding. We hesitate to do this, so force ourselves to accept conditions, fearing to investigate.

Happiness is natural; it is the will of Nature; pain is a sign of something wrong, and when it appears we should begin at the beginning, to find where the trouble is. If we have a toothache we go to the dentist, that he may find the diseased part and remove it. What should we think of him if he said: "Toothache is the common lot of man, discipline sent by God. You must wait for Heaven before you can be rid of it"? We should say: "I know that the ache is sent by Nature, in kindness, to warn me of something wrong which it is your business as a physician to find and remove, and then to show me what kind of care is necessary to avoid its return."

If, when people come to us with their difficulties, we cannot show them how to be happy, there must be something wrong with us—unless, indeed, as many do, they wish to hug their misery because they need it.

When we are not entirely and continuously happy, we should examine ourselves to find what we or our fellows (for we are of one flesh) are doing that is wrong. The body: The kind of food; do we chew it enough; do we eat when we are not hungry or eat too much; do we take those things that affect the nerves, coffee, tobacco; what are our habits of body exercise? and so on. The mind: Do we read too much, or take in much sensation that does not result in action; are we "engaged in gainful occupation," that is to say, in something we like to do? and so on. The "soul": Do we dislike any one, or want to run the world ourselves; have we set our affections on things rather than on heaven, the heaven of the spirit within us?

But how can one be happy while so many, like the Russian exiles, are suffering frightfully? If we had no pain except on account of others' woes there are few who would not be unhappy; and even those few would find that to relieve the woes of others would assuage their own.

Some one will say: "My affections are set on some person; it is that which worries me." To satisfy ourselves with any love less than the love of God, the Universal Love, is to invite pain and to insure disappointment. That is the commonest of troubles, and being in the innermost part of our nature, affects all the rest.

"Is it wrong, then, to love those who are closest to us?" We are always confusing ourselves with those words, "right" and "wrong." "He that loveth, knoweth God." Does that mean, loveth his wife or his children only, or does it mean, he who is Love? The question answers itself; it means, he who loves in the broadest and most inclusive sense, as God loves, as Jesus loved, the prostitute and the coward and the thief; though, maybe, even he had not learned to love the Pharisee; or, more likely, the Pharisee was the only one who, though he was really poor and miserable and in need of all things, thought himself rich, and so refused to accept love, the pearl of great price, and turned to rend the hand that offered it.

My brother, there is no other message given to us than this—to learn and to proclaim that the simple, open secret of happiness is to know in our bodies and minds and souls that nothing is worth doing but loving.—The Independent.



### UNIVERSAL PENNY POSTAGE.

The announcement that the postage rate between England and the United States has been reduced to two cents a letter recalls the efforts of Elihu Burritt, one of the world's greatest peace workers, for postage reform. Half a century ago, when it cost twenty-four cents to send a letter from England to America, a rate which almost prohibited correspondence between the two countries, Burritt, in the face of ridicule and unbelief, proposed that the rate be reduced to one penny, that is, in American money, two cents. He began his agitation for reduction in Great Britain, making public addresses in the leading cities, from Penzance to Aberdeen, and from Cork to Belfast. Later on he brought the matter home to the legislatures of Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and organized a committee in Boston to take charge of the movement. He spent three months in Washington, working with Congress and the national government, and, after preparing a report for the postal committee, which was endorsed by Charles Sumner and Senator Douglas, toured the Southern and Western States, spoke in Canada, returned to England and visited Holland and Prussia in the interest of his cause. As a result of his appeal to public opinion in Great Britain, the British government, beginning in the empire, reduced its postal charges to sixpence a letter to India, Australia and Canada, while it made fourpence the rate to France. In due course of time the rate between America and England, as between practically all countries, was made five cents, first for half an ounce and then for one ounce, and this rate remained in force until October of this year,

when it was lowered to the amount named in Burritt's original proposition.

The success of Burritt's plan, though it has been long in coming, and is now only partially realized, for he held up universal penny postage as his ideal, is a reminder that persistent and thorough agitation for any measure that is calculated to benefit humanity is bound in the end to bear its full fruit. The reform in this case, besides being a blessing to the writers of letters by making it possible to send their correspondence more cheaply, will be a benefit to the governments, because experience shows that correspondence grows more than proportionately in volume as the rates of postage are cut down. Better still, the change brings England and America nearer together in quickened relations of business and friendship. Viewed from the standpoint of closer international fellowship, the work begun by Elihu Burritt and consummated by the governments of these two countries is a measure of peace and amity which is destined to increase in significance as it becomes adopted by the entire world, as it is sure to be in a very short time. The increased correspondence that will be the result will bring about wider international acquaintance, and this wider mutual knowledge will remove prejudices, allay ill-feelings and develop respect and appreciation—the very bases of concord.—*Advocate of Peace.*



#### WHY SOME CHILDREN ARE BACKWARD.

Some time ago an eminent English educator announced that mental capacity always corresponds with aptitude for mathematics; and that those children who had not this aptitude were likely to be below par in intelligence, all along the line. Quite a different conclusion may be drawn from some of the facts set forth in a recent contribution to *Cosmos* (Paris, September 19). The writer states that fondness for mathematics often exists together with total lack of ability for vigorous thought, and that even idiots occasionally show ability in purely numerical calculation. He says:

"The category of abnormal, backward, or unstable pupils includes very different types. There are false abnormals who are simply badly developed because placed in bad hygienic conditions; when these are removed from their surroundings, and properly nourished, they may often be made into excellent scholars.

"Then there are children who are near-sighted or slightly deaf, who, being unable to profit by what the teacher says, are not interested in the lesson, remain inattentive, and are soon regarded as backward. Correct these defects of visual accommodation, cure their deafness, or simply place them on the front bench in the class, where they may hear and see with less effort, and they will become good pupils.

"I desire to say a word now of that class of abnormals who may be called under-developed.

"We must distinguish slowness of intellectual development from deviations of brain action due to lesions of the brain. As Apert remarks, idiots are no more backward than a man with his legs cut off is a dwarf. The idiot is incurable because some part of his brain has been functionally destroyed. It can no more be replaced than we can give new legs to the man who has lost them. All that we can do is to form by education and habit imperfect functional substitutes.

"With under-developed persons, on the contrary, the development may be taken up and completed at any moment. Several types of these are recognized. The purest

is the subject who in all respects is backward compared with others of the same age, so that at fifteen years he is like a child of eight, and at twenty like a child of ten. . . . This is a type of total under-development. The subject has stopped growing, has remained a child, but a normal child, of average intelligence."

This stoppage of development, we learn, however, is not always so simple; it may be connected with anomalies of divers kinds—obesity, gigantism, premature senility, myxedema. There are all degrees, from the purest and most complete infantilism up to the limits of imbecility. The arrest of development may relate solely to the mind, without appearing to interfere with the bodily growth. It may also relate entirely or partly to the character. To particularize:

"In our great schools of mathematics there is no class that does not contain one or more of these subjects, brilliant so far as abstract studies are concerned, but incapable, later, of practically utilizing their theoretical knowledge, and specially incapable of directing an assembly of men under their control. As children, they were the playthings and the laughing-stock of their comrades, who unconsciously recognized that they were unlike their playmates; as adults they are incapable of undertaking any enterprise. If they are engineers their workmen will always be lazy and unteachable; if teachers, their classes will be undisciplined; if officers, they will be unable to command the passive obedience, the blind confidence, that constitute the principal strength of armies. Their subordinates feel that there is no authority over them. Intelligent though they may be, their wills, their physical force, their moral ascendancy, are atrophied.

"Nevertheless, such persons may render great service and attain high station in careers that do not require vigor and decision:

"A certain aptitude for calculation is met sometimes in pure imbeciles. Forbes Winslow reports the case of an idiot who could remember the day of death of each person who had died in the region for the past thirty-five years, recalling without hesitation the name and age of the deceased; but he was incapable of answering the least question, incapable even of feeding himself. Fabret tells us that he once saw an imbecile who could tell at once the date of birth, the date of death, and the principal events of the lives of all the celebrated persons mentioned to him. Dr. Henri relates the case of a woman whose intellect and speech were both very limited, and who, when her age was told her, at once reduced it mentally to minutes. Atkinson speaks of an idiot woman whose chief pleasure was to work out numerical problems.

"There are all possible intermediate stages between the most pronounced infantilism and the normal state. A certain hereditary predisposition, taken in connection with children's diseases, senility, alcoholism, or tuberculosis, explains some of these stoppages of development. They are often the consequence of infectious diseases contracted in childhood, and more particularly alterations of the thyroid gland.

"The cases in which this gland is affected are the easiest to ameliorate. After affections of the thyroid body the next most frequent cause of retarded development is the presence of adenoids. Besides these two causes, which are very plain and easy to treat, there are all kinds of maladies, all kinds of infections, which we must know how to discover and combat. But here the indications are less clear and the therapeutic results are more dependent upon chance."—Translation made for *The Literary Digest*.



## WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS AND HAS MEANT TO PEOPLE IN OUR COUNTRY.

The general causes of democracy are apt to be overlooked by Americans, because so much of our own democracy roots in a single unique condition, namely, access to free land. Think of the bracing and equalizing influence of the gratuitous distribution of a vast public domain to actual settlers! Is it any wonder the spirit of equality grew up out of recurrent frontier conditions and spread eastward? But now, alas, free land is gone, and henceforth our fate will be that of transatlantic societies. If men are cheapening there, they will cheapen here. If the people win here, it will be for the same reasons that they win in Switzerland or Finland.

What are these reasons?

One is that light is flooding the social deeps. In 1800, the average inhabitant of the United States had had eighty-two days of schooling. In 1900, the average American had had 1,046 days of schooling—more than twelve times as much as his great-grandfather.

Socially, democracy insists that the grading of folks on the basis of birth or rank or calling or cash is coarse and barbaric. It does not deny that men are as gold, silver, and copper in relative worth. But it wants men rated, not by place or trappings, but by essential things—wisdom, character, efficiency. The application of these higher standards always humbles the exalted few, and gives more dignity and consideration to the busy people who make the world go round.

Politically, democracy means the sovereignty, not of the average man—who is a rather narrow, short-sighted, muddle-headed creature—but of a matured public opinion, a very different thing. "One man, one vote," does not make Sambo equal to Socrates in the state, for the balloting but registers a public opinion. In the forming of this opinion the sage has a million times the weight of the field hand. With modern facilities for mind influencing mind, democracy, at its best, substitutes the direction of the recognized moral and intellectual elite for the rule of the strong, the rich, or the privileged.—Prof. E. A. Ross, in the December Everybody's.

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## Between Whiles

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**Lese-majesty.**—Alpine Hotel Manager (to the man who has the telescope for hire).—"The Kaiser is coming here tomorrow. Be careful to say nothing to him about the majesty of the mountains."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

**Sawing Wood.**—Summer Guest.—"You call this a quiet place. Why, I hear a sawmill close by."

"No, sir, that is my husband taking a nap."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

**Americanized.**—Flossie Footlight.—"Part of the Japanese wedding-ceremony consists in the burning of the discarded toys of the bride."

**Winnie Wings.**—"Horrors! You don't mean cremating her cast-off lovers, do you?"—Chicago News.

**Political Points.**—"You keep pens here?"

"All kinds, sir."

"Well, put me up some trenchants and sort in a few caustics. I've a political article to write."—Boston Transcript.

**A Necessity.**—"Humph! Him? He'd run before he'd fight me!"

"I guess he'd have to."—Houston Post.

**Not So Wonderful.**—"My grandfather," said the new neighbor, who was making a duty call, "was a great portrait-painter. With one stroke he could change a smiling face into a sad one."

"Huh!" exclaimed small Johnny, who happened to be in the parlor. "Our teacher can do that."—Chicago News.

Mr. Podger, to Mrs. P.—Why don't you buy shoes that are big enough to be comfortable; then you wouldn't be troubled with corns.

Mrs. Podger.—Comfortable! How on earth could I be comfortable if I had to appear in public in big shoes?

"One pound of cork is amply sufficient to support a man on the water," wisely observes a scientific paper. We would like to inquire how much cork it would take to support a family of four on land—all moderate eaters.

"Fifth grade next year, Johnny?" "Yes, sir." "Ah, you'll be in fractions or decimals then, no doubt?" "No, sir; I'll be in bead-work and perforated squares."—Pittsburg Post.

"So he praised my singing, did he?" "Yes, he said it was heavenly." "Did he really say that?" "Well, not exactly; but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."—Melbourne Weekly Times.

**The Reason.**—"Why won't you go down Mill Street?"

"Well, you see, on one side of it lives my tailor, and on the other my shoemaker, while a canal runs through the middle."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

**Impossible.**—Bronson.—"I understand that he painted cobwebs on the ceiling so perfectly that the maid wore herself out trying to sweep them down."

Johnson.—"There may have been such an artist, but there never was such a housemaid."—Puck.

**Convenient.**—"What are marsupials?" asked the teacher, and Johnny was ready with his answer.

"Animals that have pouches in their stomachs," he said, glibly.

"And for what are these pouches used?" asked the teacher, ignoring the slight inaccuracy of the answer. "I'm sure that you know that, too."

"Yes'm," said Johnny, with encouraging promptness. "The pouches are for them to crawl into and conceal themselves when pursued."—Youth's Companion.

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

My home for sale near Denver, Colo. 7 acres nicely improved, 2 miles from Denver, 4 miles from Church of the Brethren. For reference write me at Capital Hill station, R. F. D. 2, Box 30, Denver Colo. Eld. L. F. Love.

# The Inglenook



As soon as it became known that the "Inglenook Magazine" would be discontinued on Jan. 1, 1909, we began to hear from its friends.

Subscribers, readers, agents, contributors, advertisers, and, in fact, all classes, began to write us in its behalf. All were agreed that the Magazine should not die. Many asked us to raise the subscription price. Others promised us a larger subscription list. Every mail brought some such message as: "I am very sorry we must part with our Inglenook," "I am at a loss to know what paper can take the place of the Inglenook," "It has been so interesting," "To stop the Inglenook is a serious mistake," "We are sorry to give up the Inglenook," "The Nook has been perfectly satisfactory," "I very much regret that you are to discontinue the Inglenook," "The Inglenook—your best publication," "We hope the announcement of its death is a mistake," etc., etc.

This flood of letters kept up for weeks, and when the General Mission Board met Dec. 2, 1908, it was unanimously decided to

## Continue The Inglenook

Notice was at once given to nearly 1,000 of our agents, and we are preparing to care for the largest subscription list in the history of the Magazine. All we ask is a united effort on the part of our subscribers and the Inglenook will surprise even its friends. The subscription price will remain at \$1.00 per year.

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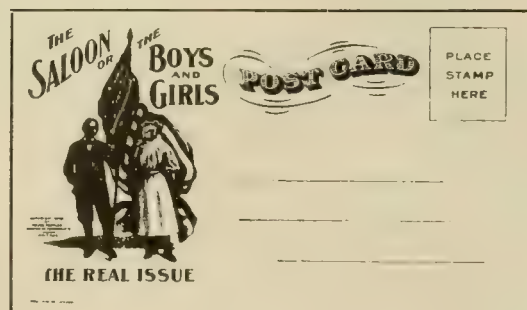
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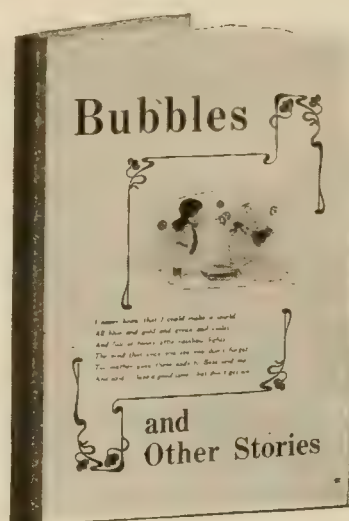
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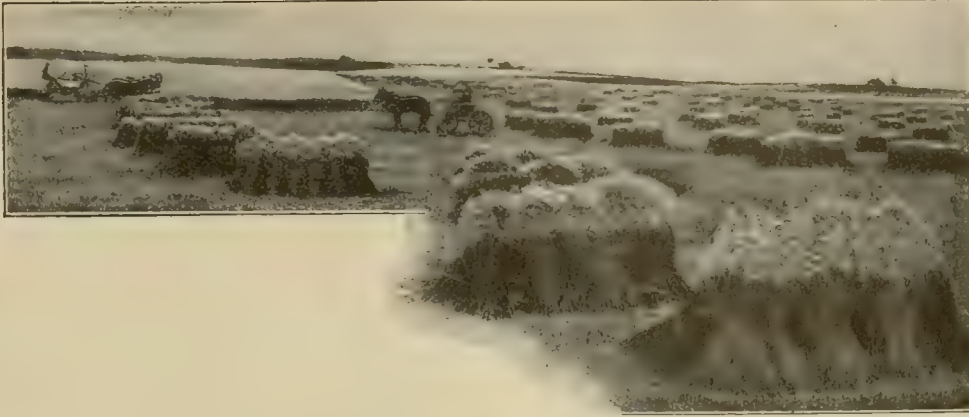
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## EMPIRE,

the new colony town, is on the main line of the Santa Fe Railroad, immediately on the tract selected for our first colony. It is five miles east of Modesto, the county seat of Stanislaus County, in central California, within a few hours' run of San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton, among the best markets in the State.

The colony tract is well located, almost level, with a deep, fertile soil, mostly a sandy loam, well adapted to above-named crops. It is in the Modesto irrigation districts, one of the best systems in the State, with plenty of water, and the land owns the irrigation plant. Two large ditches cross the colony tract, and the present owner will construct lateral ditches to each forty acres—an important item. The drainage is excellent, no alkali or hardpan to interfere with crops, no brush, stumps or stones to be removed, a good place for

## Ideal Homes and Profitable Investments

This tract is not large. It will soon be taken up. Each one can select his tract. Home-seekers and investors should investigate this proposition. A selection either in the town, or colony will make an ideal home. Water for domestic use is obtained from wells about 50 feet deep, and is of fine quality. A good public school house is in easy reach of the colony.

Several parties of colonists, from the East and Northwest, will reach Empire about Dec. 20. The town and colony lands are both platted and are ready for occupation and cultivation. Prospective colonists and California tourists are invited to join us. Write for rates and particulars.

**CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY**

**North Manchester, Ind.**

**Or S. F. Sanger, General Organizer, South Bend, Indiana.**

A VISIT TO MAMMOTH CAVE--J. M. Cox

# THE INGLENOOK



I had servants without number at the Grand, but the time came to say "Goodbye," and go on "Around the World without a Cent."

December 22, 1908.

Price \$1.00 Per Annum.

Vol X. No. 51.

*The Brethren Publishing House*

*Elgin, Illinois*



# California Excursion

Thursday, Jan. 14, 1909

Will leave all points in Oklahoma for Butte Valley, California. An excursion will leave Chicago the same day; leaving Omaha, Nebraska and Kansas City, Missouri on Friday, January 15, 1909. All excursions will be consolidated at Cheyenne, Wyoming Saturday morning, January 16. For rates, routes and other information write to        ∴        ∴        ∴        ∴        ∴

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E. M. Cobb,  
Elgin, Ill.

Isaiah Wheeler,  
Oklahoma City, Okla., or  
Cerro Gordo, Ill.

D. C. Campbell,  
Colfax, Ind.

or

George L. McDonaugh,  
Colonization Agent Union Pacific R. R.  
Omaha, Neb.

# The Reason Why

A number of people have wondered why Butte Valley, California, has outranked and outrivaled all colonization propositions and has made A Record Without a Parallel. Perhaps the following letter, which is one of many, will give an idea as to why people are flocking there.

Hudson, Ill., Nov. 20, 1908.

Dear Sir:—

As I am a warm friend of Butte Valley and speak a word of praise in its favor whenever opportunity affords, I would like for you to send me a copy of "Silas Smith's Second Wife." I saw your ad. in the "Inglenook" and therefore request a copy. I spent a few days in Butte Valley two years ago and would love to spend many months there. I like it fine.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) Mrs. Nannie E. Neher (Mrs. J. H. Neher).

The following record may be a reason why two special cars of immigrants are leaving Oklahoma for Butte Valley on the 8th of December. Mr. D. J. Root, of Butte Valley, has a quarter section of land in Oklahoma which has yielded him a profit this season of \$75.00, and the ten acres upon which he lives in Butte Valley have yielded him \$165.00 worth of wheat this year, besides his garden vegetables, and he feels to recommend Butte Valley in preference to his other lands.

Mr. Isaiah Wheeler, of Cerro Gordo, Ill., will conduct two special cars from Oklahoma on the date above mentioned, and E. M. Cobb, from Elgin, Ill., will conduct a party from Chicago on the same date, leaving on C. & N. W. train No. 3.

Any who desire to accompany either of these excursions, write any of the following:

GEO. L. McDONOUGH, Omaha, Nebr.

D. C. CAMPBELL, Colfax, Ind.

ISAIAH WHEELER, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

E. M. COBB, Elgin, Ill.

LEE FRANK, 193 So. Clark St., Chicago.

**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND COMPANY**

MACDOEL, CALIFORNIA



# The Twentieth Century Sunday=School Record System

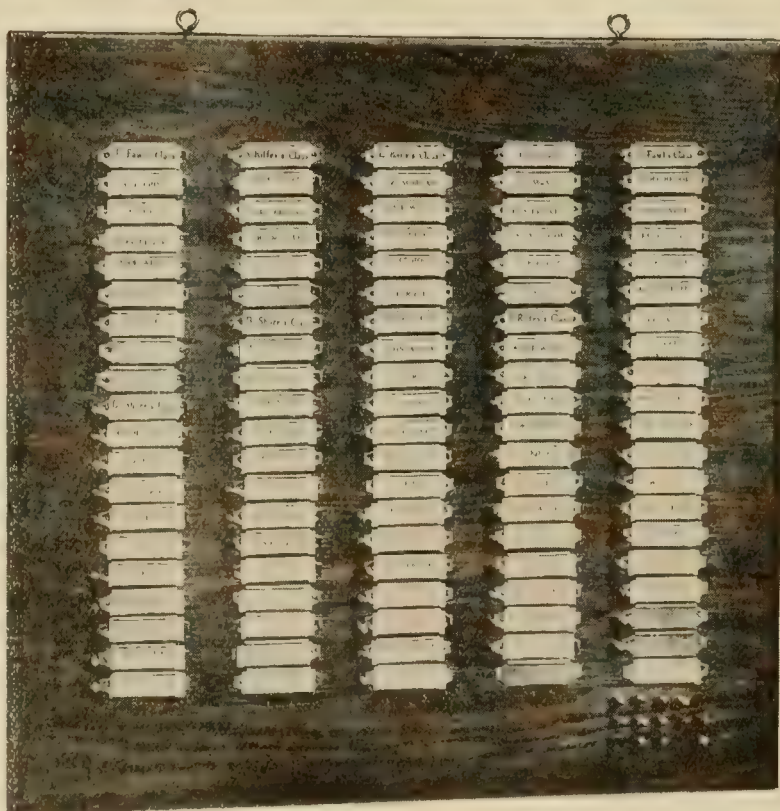
Recommends itself to every wide-awake worker because it:  
Enlarges the Enrollment. Places a Premium on Punctuality. Begets Bible Bringing. Increases Attendance. Encourages Systematic Giving. Relieves the Teacher of Keeping Class Books. Provides for Offering at Entrance Rather Than in Class During Recitation Period. Makes Possible the Keeping of Accurate Records, Without Unnecessary Effort.



Twentieth Century Collection Box.



Twentieth Century Card File.



The Twentieth Century Record Board.

## A Unique, Original and Thoroughly Practical System.

If you want a thorough record of your school,—a line on every scholar,—at a central point,—try the Twentieth Century System. No other like it.

If you are interested, write for catalogue and price list.

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.**

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This system provides for the recognition of the scholar's faithful work by an attractive way of recording the same. The necessary equipment to install the system is (1) a record board, containing the names of all the enrolled scholars of the school, placed at a convenient point near the entrance; (2) a collection box, to receive the collection; (3) a card file containing the enrollment card of each scholar, on which his record for each Sunday may be entered for the entire school year; (4) someone in charge who is systematic and accurate in keeping a careful record of the school.

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## More About Miami Valley, New Mexico

### **Are you seeking health?**

We have it as sure as this pure, rare mountain air brings it.



### **Are you wanting wealth?**

We can furnish you the resources for it.



### **Do you desire happiness?**

We have the conditions that bring it.



### **A co-operative thrifty community**

of neighbors for you.



### **Excellent church privileges.**



### **A good school for your children**

now in session, conducted in a good house built with the latest ideas of lighting and equipage.

### **Beautiful scenery**

with its ever-shifting shades and tints to feast the eye upon.



### **Fine weather? Good roads? Yes, none finer.**



### **Almost perpetual sunshine.**

Just think! Nearly every winter day Old Sol smiles out warm and bright. Contrast this with the days and weeks of cloudy weather, rain, snow, sleet, slush and mud back East and North.



### **Thanksgiving Day finds us with a goodly harvest and thankful hearts for this our first year of prosperity.**

Sickness has not been in our midst, death has claimed none of us and prosperity is inevitable for the future.



### **"Westward Ho" tells of our claims and resources.**

Send for a copy. Come and see us.



**Farmers Development Company, Miami, N. M.**





# OVER 200,000 ACRES

of land have been filed on under the CAREY ACT in the Twin Falls District, Idaho, since April, 1907.

¶ There is still a large amount of land waiting for the settler in the above district. Also great opportunities are offered at American Falls, at Gooding and other points along the OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD.

¶ The Payette-Boise Reclamation Project under the U. S. Government is about completed and will be ready to furnish water to about 300,000 acres of new land in the spring of 1909. These lands can now be bought at reasonable rates and terms, by the settler, and are situated where the country is already partly settled, near good towns, railroads and electric lines.

¶ Rural mail routes and telephone lines are already established. Good schools and churches. No storms or cyclones. Farming is done by irrigation. No failure of crops by reason of too much rain or drought. Fruit crop is abundant every year. The people are happy because they are prosperous.

## Wonderful Possibilities

for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

¶ Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

¶ Arrange your plans to go and see Idaho as soon as possible and secure some of this fine land.

¶ HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP EXCURSION RATES are on First and Third Tuesdays of each month in 1908.

¶ Colonist One-Way Cheap Rates to points in Idaho, Oregon and Washington in effect daily from Sept. 1st to Oct. 31, 1908 inclusive.

¶ WRITE NOW for printed matter and full particulars regarding this great country and how to get there.

**S. BOCK,**

Colonization Agt.  
Dayton, Ohio

**D. E. BURLEY,**

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.  
Salt Lake City, Utah

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

December 22, 1908.

No. 51.

## The Refugees: Civil War Incidents

David Emmert

EXILED from home and friends, they came from the Southland, the harbingers of every Confederate raid, to find a welcome under our roof. Some were evidently political offenders and openly sympathized with the North. These had no conscientious scruples concerning "self-defense" and the privilege of using deadly weapons, so from under their great loose coats they unbuckled broad leather belts which held heavy, vicious-looking revolvers and dirks, and laid them carefully on the upper shelf of the little cupboard in the wall, out of reach of all the children.

There was a vigor of manner about these men that showed that they were not cowards. They fled evidently because resistance was useless. They were well informed on all political questions and were men of strong convictions. Their friends and kindred were in the field with their foes and they were "refugees," to escape the avenger because they would not lift up their hands against the flag of the nation.

They knew they were "marked men" but would not be caught napping. They were vigilant as if hunted by sleepless spirits. Any rumor of approaching raiders set them off at a moment's notice for a safer refuge. They had thrilling experiences to tell of days in "dodging" to escape the conscript officers, of hasty retreats from the fury of mobs they dared to defy, of travel by night and hiding by day until the river was crossed and they breathed free on friendly soil.

These men were kind, obliging and helpful, and while their horses ran loose in the pasture and added flesh to their jaded frames, in the hay and the harvest fields they gave a generous hand with cheerful good will, contradicting all the stories that had been told of "the lazy folks of Dixie." One old man I have reason to remember with peculiar pleasure. He came several successive seasons, riding the same old white horse. When we heard the distant boom of cannon far down the valley and beyond the big river we might look for his coming. He too carried, as he said, "a

bodyguard" and laid it away in the little wall cupboard along with the rest. He seemed sad and talked much of home. His manner was that of a southern gentleman. He was polite to the women and kind to the children. His services out of respect to his age were declined in the field and so when there was no exciting news afloat and life moved on in dull monotony he would take rod and line while I furnished bait and together we trudged down the dusty road and around the bend to the old sawmill dam in the creek.

A wooden bridge with strong side rails here crossed the water by two spans. The slack water extended far above, for just below the strong stone dam held back the current and turned it upon the little flutter wheel of an old-fashioned mill. For hours we sat and angled for catfish in the deep green water underneath the bridge and when the vexing fellows refused to take our bait, mocked us by stirring up the mud beyond the reach of our lines, and sent up bubbles to the surface, as the sure proof of their presence, we climbed down over the rough wall and waded through a wide marshy stretch of narrow dock and "arrow-heads" to a path that led to the dam. Here we tried our art upon the sun perch, in the rocky pool below.

There was a far-away look in the old man's eye and he did not chide me when I flung stones at the mud turtles on the drift logs near where his red and green float was bobbing up and down to the gentle nibble of the minnows, nor yet when with the big end of my fishing pole I jabbed at the heads of water snakes, sunning themselves in the crevices of the wall.

When the sun sank low and its rays shone straight into our faces, we gathered up our traps and the slim string of our catch, climbed the steep hill, followed the broad rough road for a distance and then went home by the nearest way.

"A refugee"—how little that familiar word then meant to me. Only later, as I came into a fuller understanding of the facts that threw their long dark



shadows across those years, have I been able to even imagine the thoughts that must have been his as he walked on in silence apparently unmindful of my incessant chatter.

When came the word that the "rebels" were at "the ford," in the dusk of the evening the old man and the white horse hastened over the hill and vanished like a spectre toward the mountain.

Quite in contrast with the men who came girt about with deadly weapons were the men with long beards and sober faces, wearing coarse gray "homespun" cut in plain style; sheepskin covered their saddles and heavy halters were upon the heads of their horses; great leather saddle pockets, showing much service, carried the few scant necessities of their journey—a little plain food, a few medicines, a change of clothing, a Bible and a hymn book. They had been on journeys before but never on such a mission. They were the "Dunker" preachers from the valley of Virginia whose pioneer missionary work to the poor districts took them for days and weeks on peaceful pilgrimages over mountains and through wildernesses of the hill country; but now they were fleeing for conscience sake.

Their farms were devastated, their brethren were in prison at the capital of the Confederacy and one of their number, a harmless old saint, had fallen a martyr at the hands of a lawless band. They told the story of his death with unsuppressed emotion, how he was shot down in broad daylight in sight of his own home by unknown but suspected countrymen; how his faithful and familiar horse, running loose on the road, carried the first message of his death to his family; and how all the country mourned and even the brave Confederate soldiers, men of courage and honor, who knew him, wept and deplored the cowardly deed.

I remember these men spoke in low tones and with some nervous agitation, and well they might, for they too had strange stories to tell of struggle and adventure. "Sometimes we had almost to 'stretch the blanket,'" they said, which meant to my childish understanding plainly to tell the untruth.

Refugees—exiles from home and friends and kindred. True to the principle of peace, traveling unarmed amid perils, loyal to truth, preserving integrity in the face of death and imprisonment I look upon these plain men as heroes now. But, then, as they opened the Bible at night and lifted up their voices in prayer and song, they were to me the very messengers of God.

*Huntingdon, Pa.*



THE news that the "comic supplements" are to be discarded by daily newspapers is the first thing we've seen in connection with them to laugh about.

## FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

MANY different classes and grades of men walk the earth. All are leaving footprints of life and character, stamping creation with marks of elevation or debasement by their example and influence, thus transmitting both to present and future generations relief or burden, happiness or misery. In the life of every individual something is continually cropping out which has its effect more or less upon the lives of others. Even as sunshine and rain develop bud, flower and fruit, or as frost sears and dwarfs the tender vine and upon the vegetable kingdom brings disease and death, so is the human heart acted upon and exalted or abased by human example and influence.

It is said three powers rule the world: to wit,—intellect, wealth and fame. Even in the church of Christ, to become successful in missionary work, each power is a necessity. Ignorance blinds and lays waste; and, says Goethe, "Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance." Wealth, though the love of it may be the root of all evil, is mighty to revolutionize men and nations and accomplish the greatest reforms in civilization and morality. Lastly, without some of the excellence of fame, suspicion and jealousy are upon the heels of progress to destroy confidence and thus retard and counteract good, effective operations. With the best use of these powers, they are unavailing in the kingdom of Christ to bring the baptism and fire of the heavens, unless associated with the spirit of Jesus the Christ, and governed by his principles.

perfect control over himself. Devoid of that element, perfect control over himself? Devoid of that element, self underlies action and blasts every noble, manly principle of the soul. Hence, unamalgamated religion as taught by Jesus, which combines philosophy, science and reason, is the only means of resurrection to man, which can be learned only as it meets his understanding logically. Consequently to receive its benefits and enjoy them, we must fully comprehend the nature of the work that gives them and cheerfully sacrifices every opposing principle of the heart that is at war with the element of purity as found in the life of Christ.

What is that life? It is simply admitting the light of truth to shine upon every act performed, every word uttered and every thought conceived; honestly living the truth as revealed, being loyal to our God, true to our fellowmen and to the convictions of our own soul, bearing to the extent of our ability our own burdens, never shirking the cross, evading duty, or crying to heaven for help, when power lies at our feet and we can work with our hands to secure it. Honesty, chastity, purity in all things constitute the Christian religion; without which, no man can see God.

# A Visit to Mammoth Cave

J. M. Cox

## The River Route.

ONE bright July morning, down in the old Blue-grass State, thirty-eight happy people were standing on the platform at Glasgow Junction when the conductor called out: "All aboard for Mammoth Cave."

After a ride of eight miles through beautiful groves, fertile farms, and along the banks of sparkling lakes, that mirror the blue sky, our train halts within a few rods of Mammoth Cave Hotel. Here our party is augmented by a bride and groom and two members of the United States Civil Service Commission.

Suits of "cave uniform" are soon furnished and the guides give the command, "Forward, march!" Away we go, two by two, down the winding path leading to the entrance of the cave. The lover of nature cannot fail to notice the tall sycamores, chestnuts, poplars, gnarled oaks, festooned with clinging vines, tulip trees, pawpaws, spicewood, moss-beds and fairy-like ferns, among which are dotted myriads of brilliant fungi, presenting a landscape of singular beauty and richness, such as may be seen only in our fair South-land.

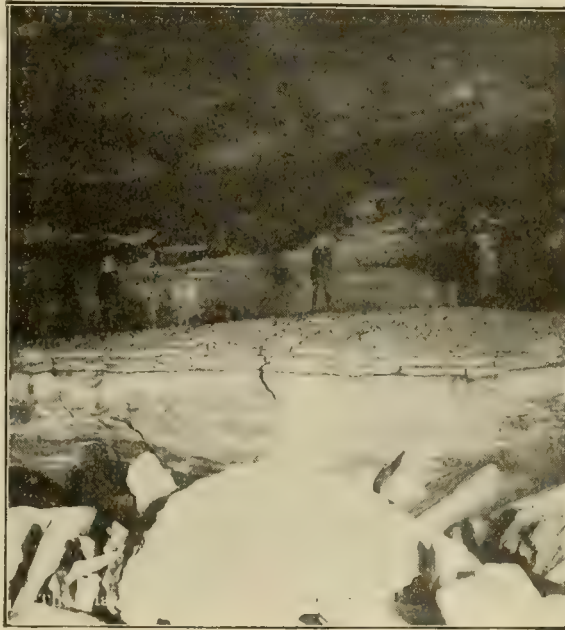
The entrance to this charming under-world which we are about to visit is approached by a long flight of limestone steps, leading around the sparkling waterfall which leaps on our left from a ledge garlanded with ferns and flowers, and conducting us "amid the gloomy shadows where the daylight slowly dies into utter darkness."

We are now told to choose between "The River Route," and "The Route of Pits and Domes." We decide to take the former today and the latter tomorrow. Passing through the great iron gate we bid farewell to the sunlight and press eagerly onward. Walking several hundred yards through gigantic halls of solid limestone our attention is called to numerous leaching vats where, many years ago, lime nitrate was obtained for making saltpeter. The guides tell us that Mammoth Cave could supply the entire population of the globe with this article, and that our war of 1812

would have ended in failure had it not been for the saltpeter obtained from this place.

As we continue our journey the height, depth and width of the cavern constantly increase. Here and there may be seen huge blocks of limestone, piled many feet in height, while others are protruding from the walls and ceiling. The good guides cheerfully inform us that we are entering Fat Man's Misery. The walls of this serpentine byway are about eighteen inches apart, while the average height of the stone ceiling is five feet. This channel changes its direction eight times in the two hundred and thirty-six feet of its

length, and as we approach the end we find that the floor comes up and the roof comes down to humble tall men as well as fat ones. Small people are always happy while passing through this interesting place and notice how beautifully the rocky sides are marked with waves and ripples, as if running water had been caught and petrified. We now emerge from our narrow surroundings into Great Relief, where the largest people on the globe have ample room to expand. Next we stroll through Bacon Chamber and notice numerous hanging limestone formations which remind us of the great packing houses of Chicago. Odd Fellows'



Giant's Coffin.

Links and the Atlantic Cable seem perfect enough to have been chiseled by the hand of man.

River Hall, through which we are now journeying, extends many miles, but the thought of the distance makes us rejoice, for the air is absolutely pure, making breathing extremely easy, so that one may walk for hours without becoming fatigued. From an edge of a cliff, sixty feet in height, we behold the dark, gloomy waters of the Dead Sea. An iron railing guards the way and at last permits us to stand upon the bank of this Oriental namesake. Near our right a beautiful cascade precipitates itself into a funnel-shaped hollow of silt, and disappears under a glittering limestone ledge. A bed of large mushrooms next attracts attention. Dr. Horace Hovey believed that mushroom farms here would successfully compete with



those in France. Many thousands of dollars were spent, and extensive beds planted in beautiful Audubon Avenue, but the results were unsatisfactory.

Next we stand on sombre terraces bordering the River Styx. The Nook reader should imagine seeing this happy party of forty-two, each swinging a flashing lamp, now going single file over winding terraces, the clear water sparkling below, while overhead, and on either side, are myriads of stalactite formations flashing like diamonds. This mysterious river wends its way under a fantastic natural bridge and continues its visible course a distance of four hundred feet, while its average width is about forty feet. Passing over the bridge, we enter a large hall and gaze upon the placid waters of Lake Lethe. Here, as on the famous Styx, may be seen unique boats which were formerly used in crossing, but now time is saved by taking the pathway cut from the solid rock which encircles their shores.

We are now strolling upon a beach of fine yellow sand, called the Great Walk, to Echo River, four hundred yards distant. The ceiling at this point is ninety feet high, and beautifully mottled with black and white, like snow-clouds in a wintry sky. Here the guides burn the Bengal Lights, as they have done at each place of exceptional interest, thus causing the wonderful formations to appear in all their matchless beauty. We are surprised to behold Shakespeare, the renowned bard of Avon, sitting in an easy chair, far above our heads. Occasionally we catch glimpses of blind, white crawfish darting away into the darkness.

At last we reach the left bank of far-famed Echo River, five hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth, and six miles from the entrance to the caverns,—a stream wide enough and of sufficient depth to float the largest vessel in the world. As we are seated in the boats, ready for the half-mile ride to the opposite shore, suddenly sweet strains of music are wafted across the rippling waves. Instantly every voice is hushed! The guides motion silence, telling us that a party who entered the caverns early in the morning are returning homeward and are now in their boats singing. That was music never to be forgotten! It seemed as though a harp of a thousand strings caught up those seraphic strains and wafted them on, and on, and on; another golden harp, and still another, each

in turn catching up the melody—the music all the while growing sweeter and sweeter—until the caverns echoed and reechoed for miles in the gloomy recesses beyond. Then the singing ceased, but the magical sounds kept whispering, "My Old Kentucky Home," even after the lapse of twenty minutes. Who could help being filled with a reverence for the great Creator, who had made the wonderful river and the marvelous formations in the caverns, and is the Author of sweeter strains of music than mortal ear hath ever heard; and, realize, too, that it is the duty of every follower of Christ to take up God's Holy Word and waft it on, and on, and on to another; each in turn catching up the glad tidings until it shall waft in heavenly echoes, throughout the entire world, not for a period of twenty minutes, but throughout eternity. At last the singers came in sight, and greeted us with shouts of welcome

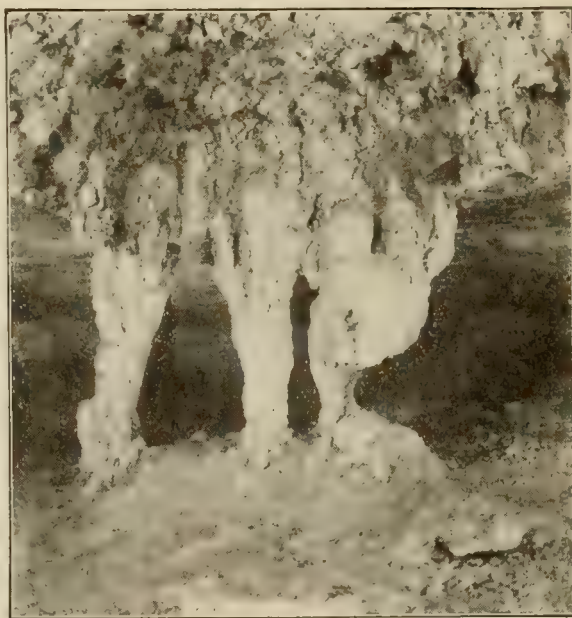
that went ringing from cliff to cliff, from glen to glen, throughout that magic realm. As we floated onward our party also sang, "My Old Kentucky Home," "Mid the Green Fields of Virginia Far Away," etc., with the same results produced by the merry company just passed.

In this stream are numerous eyeless fishes, but the slightest approaching sound causes them to dart rapidly away. We saw several of these interesting creatures which are kept in glass jars. In place of eyes are tiny white specks, showing that eyes exist in a rudimentary state.

Landing at Rocky Inlet,

the melody of a beautiful cascade greets us, whose falling waters break into liquid pearls on the shining ledges. Passing through Cascade Hall we reach the crystal banks of Roaring River, composed of a succession of shallow ripples and deep basins, navigable only by canoes which must be carried over the portages. A remarkable echo is noticed here also after singing a few stanzas,—an echo which sounds like sweet chimes from thousands of tiny silver bells.

We next visit Silliman's Avenue, Wellington's Galleries, Dripping Spring, Infernal Regions, Pluto's Dome, Old Scratch Hall—showing marks of the Evil One, say the guides—Serpent's Hall, etc., and enter Washington Avenue, where we find that servants from the hotel have an excellent supper prepared for us. This meal was brought through the Corkscrew, thus saving a walk of several miles. Space forbids men-



Bridal Altar.

tioning half of the interesting places visited. Suffice it to say we marched through the Valley of Flowers, Black Hole of Calcutta, drank from Hebe's Spring, crossed the Bottomless Pit, scaled Kentucky Cliffs, and entered the Corkscrew, which is composed of innumerable web-like fissures. Wending our way through narrow gorges, up hill and down, around projections on giant cliffs, now down a tortuous stairway and up another, and down a steep incline of two hundred feet, we reach the end of this appropriately-named "twister," and find ourselves in the Main Cave Route.

Breaking away from the fascinations on every hand—having walked over eighteen miles—we again pass through the iron gate, climb the stone stairway, the vine-clad path, and reach the hotel about midnight, where we enjoy sweet rest and pleasant dreams.



### DELVING INTO NATURE'S SECRETS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

#### VI. The Coal Mine.

WOULD you like to pay a visit to a coal mine? Then go home, put on your working clothes, and come back.

All right. Just step in here. It looks like stepping into an elevator but you will find no seats here. Catch the frame and hold tightly, for—look out! We're going. The walls seem to be running up and the cage has a peculiar, vibratory motion. We are really going down, and the heavy wire rope trembles just as does the rope when you lower a bucket rapidly into a well. Before we have time to think the walls gradually slacken their speed and at last stop.

Step out, but carefully, for you are apt to be dizzy and not able to walk steadily.

You can't see! Of course not. You have often talked about darkness as dense as that of Egypt. Here it is. Here is a lamp for you. No, I am not fooling you. It is not a toy coffeepot. Hang it on your hat. The oil in it will not spill easily—in fact it is thick enough that it is sometimes used for chewing gum. That row of lights dancing and shining down that dark passageway is just like this and each is fastened to a miner's cap.

This passage is called the gangway and along it runs the track for the cars. The cars are moved by different methods in different mines but in this mine they are drawn by mules. Here comes a driver with his mule now. The mule is hitched to the string of cars by a single chain. The driver walks astride the chain in front of the car in order that he may rest against the car and prevent it from going too fast on the down grade.

Come down the gangway. Those great pillars of coal have been left to support the roof. Besides these, posts or props, as they are called, have been set up in many places.

Sometimes, when both floor and roof are unyielding, the pillars are not strong enough to endure the pressure and are crushed, the coal being thrust out. This is called a thrust or a crush. When the material composing the roof or floor or both is soft, and the pillars are too small the roof may sag, the floor may bulge, or both. The rising of the floor is called a creep. A thrust and a creep may both go on at the same time. Sometimes the supports give way suddenly and miners are crushed beneath the rock or imprisoned behind it.

These openings from the gangway are rooms or chambers. In making an entrance into a room, a pick may be used but the coal in the room is usually removed by blasting. Perhaps you have used a carpenter's boring machine. Then you know how to use this drill. This drill is not so easily turned, for it makes a two-inch hole and goes about six feet deep. After the hole is made and cleaned the miner will put in a quart and a quarter of powder, place a fuse, or as he calls it, a squib, in connection with the powder and tamp the hole full of moist earth. Then he will light the fuse, run away, and when he returns after the explosion he may expect to find a large quantity of loose coal. It will then be ready to load into the car and be sent to the mouth of the shaft.

The slate with the other refuse, called "gob," is thrown into the parts of the room previously emptied. Look at the roof over yonder.

Hold your lamp close and you will see the print of a stem and the leaves of a plant. It was on the top of the coal formation when the mud which has since solidified into the roof was deposited. The greater portion of the coal plants have lost all traces of their shape, only an occasional impression being shown.

Besides miners and drivers, there are several other classes of workmen in a mine. There are the boys who open and close the doors as the cars pass through. These doors are to change the direction of air currents and insure ventilation. There is the cager to place the cars on the cage; also track layers, carpenters, and at times surveyors.

The officers of a mine are pit boss, fire boss and driver boss. The pit boss is responsible for the working of the mine. The fire boss watches for gas and attends to ventilation. The driver boss looks after drivers and mules.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



SAD will be the day for every man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life that he is living, with the thoughts that he is thinking, with the deeds that he is doing; when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do, because he is still the child of God.—*Phillips Brooks.*





## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXXVII.

It was like a vacation to leave the rich art galleries where the beauty of picture and statue had screwed my face into wearied lines of admiration, and ride out into the plain sunshine and over the hills and through the valleys back to Rome.

The sun was dazzling hot. The air was tinder dry. But there were no art gems to tire over and I had full liberty of all that was going. The shade that I sometimes rested in was all the more enjoyed and I would rather ride in hot weather than in cold, for there is nothing like getting the blood up to boiling point from exertion in the heat of a summer day. I had been living like a prince for several days and could endure the sun. The fountains that I found on some of the hills threw out ice-cold streams of sweetest water. Here at Rodificoni, where the town sits on a high hill, I drank the coldest and best water that ever flowed from the earth, so I thought. The hot weather made it taste better.

In one of the valleys a cattle fair was in progress. It was cooler here, for there were many trees growing freshly around the edge and through the little park. Hundreds of big oxen were exhibited and prospective buyers were looking carefully over horn and hoof. Every animal had horns that were very long and curved most symmetrically. When quite near Rome I met a team of these cattle on the road, and caught them in an instantaneous picture, as I also caught the Sylvan cattle fair-view. These two noble animals looked exactly alike. Their horns were similar. They walked in harmony. Each thought like the other thought, and they loved each other with an inseparable affection. They were drawing the cart and

Italian peasant over the road built by Julius Cæsar. Just as they neared me they turned out of the road a bit for me, and although they did not know I was to show their pretty picture of love in harness and under a yoke, the driver and owner was proud to see me halt by the way to catch them with my kodak.

Once more in Rome I rode through her classic streets or sat in the cool shade of the garden by the hotel. Once more I took my sumptuous meals in courses from the hands of the politest waiters at the Grand, resting in the easy chairs in the winter garden or promenading over the mosaic floor as if I owned the place, calling for lemonade and a stick over the phone and waiting for the coronation of the next Pope.

The Pope's secretary, Cardinal Rampolla, had his rooms at the Grand. So did I. We stayed together—at the same hotel. We never ate at the same table, but what of it! Each tourist was given a private table when he so desired. Sometimes I would be mending my tires, wheel flat on the floor, tools strewn all about me, while dukes passed, cardinals looked on in sympathy and American millionaires smiled.



"Each thought like the other."

Then the coronation day came. What a day it was! Cardinal Rampolla flew away toward St. Peter's in his fine carriage, and I on mine. Rather I hiked after him on my bike, drawing more attention in Rome's crowded streets than a hundred cardinals.

Soon I was in the midst of the biggest crowd I ever saw at a church. The mad surging of the mass of people striving to gain an entrance was most terrific. Little girls were torn from their mothers' arms and never found again. Women became hysterical and drew their hat pins to fight their way out of the jam. I was borne along by an irresistible current, and had

I lost my footing would have been trampled to death. Tickets were given out to favorites. Only those showing a ticket of admission, the papers said, would be admitted. But although I had one in my hands and two in my pocket, considered to be worth twenty-five dollars each, I could have entered without one. The crowd pushed me in, ticket or no ticket, so I saved all three and have them now as souvenirs.

After getting inside St. Peter's I looked out and saw five thousand people with tickets in their hands, grieving over the lost opportunity and unable to gain admission. Many of these had come in on fast trains. Some had crossed the ocean just to see the coronation, but could not see it.

The program of mass went on from nine until one, and the people were in a most happy mood.

When the priest, Sarto, who had borrowed the money to buy a return ticket from Venice, was borne into the cathedral from the Vatican in the pontifical chair he made the sign of the cross with his hand, blessing the multitude. Thousands of nuns in black and white and thousands of monks in various cloaks and gowns, knelt or bowed low as he appeared. It was a wonderful time to me, a hundred times greater than necessary.

In the crowd, just in front of me, stood a little aged woman with lean and hungry look, eighty-four or eighty-five years old, in tattered calico dress. She had probably walked all the way to Rome from some village, slept in the street the night before, and all that she might see the Pope crowned. But she was so short. When I offered to lift her up, putting my arms around her, of course, to do so, you should have seen her smile, and the radiance that lighted up her wrinkles. She might have been somebody's mother, and I have not regretted the interest I took in the little old Catholic lady.

I was ready now to go on toward Naples where I expected to catch some boat to Sicily, Greece and Turkey, thence to the Holy Land.

I took cordial leave of my hotel manager, and at the door received my wheel from the bell-boys. I saw by the afternoon sun that it was about three

o'clock. With the fine lunch given me at the hotel I decided to ride all night, out over the Appian Way taken by Paul when he took his last walk into the city that beheaded him.

From Rome to Naples is an ever-changing panorama of hill, valley, mountain and sea. Big orchards of lemons and figs and pears find here the gentle climate of the south and the fertile soil of the States.

Naples is the climax of Italian beggars, dirt and noise, a most interesting city to tourists. No sooner had I reached the center of the city when a multitude of loud-swearing beggars followed me, beseeching me in thunderous tones to give them some money. Many of these took hold of my wheel, or me, and walked so near me, or just in front of me, blocking my way. The

most vigorous and blatant would shake their fist in my face and try to scare me into giving them something. But I gave nothing. Had I taken out my purse it would have been torn from my hand by a dozen.

How any one can come here and be unmoved by this hungry mob of never-beens is hard to believe. Why should these degenerates be left to pinching poverty when so much of



"The Cardinal left for St. Peter's in his carriage—I hiked after him on my bike."

the earth's wealth is locked up in vaults or spent in idle extravagance by silly men and women who seek happiness by selfish indulgence? Thousands of acres of land over Italy I find uncultivated at all, or growing only a fourth-rate crop because the farmers are crushed by capitalism or insulted by class aristocracy. These acres could be bearing thousands of bins of choice wheat, car loads of melons and vegetables, so that the care of them would enrich these dangerous beggars and give them homes of comfort.

Why should the masses be allowed,—be compelled,—to suffer the awful pangs of want in every form until they lose self-respect, inspiration and love of duty? It is not right, God knows. It is not right. *It is not right.* The rich men living in castles in the suburbs of Naples here think they have happiness. They think their prosperity is given them as a boon from God for better quality of manhood or just out of caprice of the Giver. Their big automobiles plough by. Their white-winged yachts lie there in the cres-



cent bay. But what are they doing for their generation? What can their friends put upon their tombstones that will mark them as servants of the people, stewards over wealth given them for a little season? I positively believe the Bible, and it says that it is hard for these rich men to enter into the kingdom of heaven. If they can't get into heaven, where are they going? Where did Dives, the old scoundrel, go? Jesus tells us very plainly. I have come to believe that young people should be taught better things than how to make money. It is better to teach them to make character, to teach others how to make a good living, to try to make everybody like everybody else in brotherly sentiment and to teach men to distribute, not in charity doles, but in honest pay for honest service or honest products, the wealth that comes to their hands.

I am in doubt as to which is the best church in which to serve my generation, but I have never doubted a statement made by a fellow-student in the academy when he said, "You can't deny but that the Brethren Church makes good character—its young men are more reliable than those of other churches." He meant that the sentiment in the church referred to was so sincere in Christly personality and power and that her principles and doctrines were so wholesome and so near those established by the Savior, and best of all, that the same spirit projected upon the hard-hearted world would be so potent for its equal distribution in opportunity and so satisfying to the masses in its rewards that once entertained by the world in a ruling majority, the poor would get gain, the needy receive their desires, and all be more nearly on the level of the state of affairs found in the millennium when it comes.

"There is something rotten in Denmark" when I find so many more beggars in one country than in another. Some man or some men, or some organization or more than one such force, is holding these people out of their inheritance. The natural life is to get gain, to get it honestly and to get it easily. No man in his rightful work, however hard the work may seem to others, whether it be manual labor or professional skill, ever finds, in normal health and conditions, his work anything but play. As a boy he was building a playhouse or a sled when mother called him to dinner. He kept on, so much like play was his work. When he grew up and he was building his house or planting his garden, it was the same joy found in his work that turned it into one glad round of play. He hated to see night come.

But when through causes of worldly greed or special favors shown his competitors he is pushed out and down and forced to live on the ragged edge of prosperity, seeing at last his very poverty made into a blessing—for others,—he "goes down at the heel" all over.

I will ask no pardon for taking this space to speak of God's poor, the poor that have been helped to be made poor by—the Devil. They deserve more space in these letters than mountains or lakes or glittering cathedrals.

Tomorrow morning I will ride from the Hotel Metropole, the American's home in Naples, and go straight to Pompeii and then attempt to climb belching Vesuvius which is now smoking. I'll go up and see if I can quiet her.

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#### BUT I DIDN'T LET HIM KNOW.

How I loved him—little Joe!  
 Cheek of tan and brow of snow,  
 Hair of gold and dark blue eyes,  
 Bright and fair as summer skies.  
 Oh, 'tis many and many a day  
 Since I watched my boy at play!  
 Ah, too often with a frown,  
 Watched the bare feet, plump and brown,  
 Pacing, racing o'er and o'er,  
 Making tracks upon the floor.  
 Once I heard his boyish prayer,  
 On his knees upon the stair.  
 "O dear Lord," I heard him say,  
 "Mama's busy, don't you see?  
 Let the angels play with me!"  
 How I loved him—little Joe!  
 But I didn't let him know.  
 Well, at last there came a day  
 When my birdling went away;  
 Vacant was the old home nest—  
 Empty arms and aching breast.  
 On the marble white as snow,  
 Read the legend: "Little Joe;  
 Had I only let him know!"  
 Oh, while yet your darlings stay,  
 Send them not in tears away,  
 Join them in their childish play!  
 Mothers, let your darlings know;  
 If you love them, tell them so.

—Lilla D. Avery-Stuttle.



#### HOW STANDS THE GAUGE.

IN an engine room it is impossible to look into the great boiler and see how much water it contains. But running up beside it is a tiny glass tube which serves as a gauge. As the water stands in the little tube, so it stands in the huge boiler. When the tube is half full the boiler is half full. When the tube is empty the boiler is empty. Do you ask, "How can I love God? I believe I love him, but I want to know." Look at the gauge. Your love for your brother is the measure of your love for God. Do you love men? **You can estimate that.** You can read what is registered in the tiny tube. By this you can know your relation to God. There is not one love with which you love God and another with which you love men. Love is one. As it stands toward man in the gauge, so it stands toward God in the great reservoir into which you cannot see.—*Paul M. Strayer.*

## LIFE IN A GREAT CITY.—No. V.

W. C. FRICK.

THE trend of the average American youth is toward the city. How are we to account for this? The American youth is energetic and ambitious and the large city with its great factories of every description, its great public schools, its evening schools, its colleges and free libraries, its associations, clubs and societies, furnishes a wide range in which he can spend his energies and attain the height of his ambitions. Such institutions are seldom found in the country and only too seldom in the smaller villages. In justice to all, I believe the average country boy who comes to the city feels that farm life is just a little too slow for him. And in an educational way this is coming to be realized as is shown by the centralization of township schools,—to my mind a most excellent idea.

The poor boy or girl with lots of ambition may gain a good general education or one along special lines by attending the free evening schools, conducted by our great cities, while helping to support the family by working at some factory in the daytime. So also with the ambitious man or woman, though they more frequently attend some private school and equip themselves along special lines. I know of a city which can boast of three evening medical and one evening veterinary college, an evening college of law, several evening business colleges, evening classes in most of its public schools and several large libraries.

Although our great cities have the reputation of sending many men and women down to despair and ruin, they are not without their many churches and other associations for good. Of course there are environments not calculated to turn men and women into angels, but do you not find these same environments, in a lesser degree, even in the country? What about the farmer's cider barrels and wine casks? Do they not constitute a small saloon in themselves and couldn't a person become "staggering drunk" in many a farmer's celler provided he staid long enough? Or how about the soap-box occupants in the country grocery, listening to the dozens of vile jokes and stories Bill Jones took special pains to collect when last he was in the city and which he has already related a dozen times to as many attentive audiences in that same corner? And talk about your opium dens! They aren't in it with that corner behind the stove in the village grocery store.

Five-cent theaters are among the latest evils introduced into the city. We confess to having never been in one, but judging them from the advertising they do by means of sensational and lewd bill-posting we place them in the column not far from the saloon. All ages are admitted and in the hearts of the boys and girls that frequent these places are implanted the germs which can't make their lives anything but

worse for being there. Not only is the American youth energetic and ambitious but he craves excitement and it's no wonder that when he has his excitable nature aroused he starts to go the limit, to "sow his wild oats."

Yes, there are saloons, many of them (I counted 33 on one street, once, in the distance of a mile), dance halls, gambling dens and houses of bad repute. But many cities have their prohibition districts, created and upheld by law and their number and extent are gradually but surely increasing. Reader the next time you have a chance to vote on local option don't allow anything but sickness on your part to cause you to stay away from the polls.

One one side we have the saloons, theaters, gambling dens, dance halls, evil men and women and their haunts; on the other we have libraries, free public lectures, graded schools, free evening schools, private schools, private evening schools, young men's and women's associations, Christian people and their churches. What is there that should make the country boy and girl with their energy, ambition and general good sense hesitate about coming to the city to improve their education and make a career for themselves?



## RELIGION AND THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

SOME labor writers are inclined to look upon religion as an unnecessary factor in the busy life of the present. They have abandoned the church for the trade union meetings, and are continually speaking in the most disparaging manner of Christianity. Now we know to our sorrow that the professed followers of Christ are sometimes very imperfect, but it is manifestly unjust to charge the failings and shortcomings of certain members of an organization to the entire body. That certain individual Christians neglect their opportunities and close their eyes to the plainest duties is doubtless true, but it is unfair to suppose that the Church does not deplore this state of things just as surely as loyal trade unionists regret the action of those members who do not live up to the pledges which they make when they join the union.

The labor papers give frequent accounts of men who prove traitors to the cause they once advocated, and many admonitions each week appear in the union journals, urging activity and devotion upon the men who compose the various local societies. All this proves that the ranks, wherein march the great army of labor reformers, are not yet more perfect or consistent than those of the church militant. This being the case, it would be well for our labor organs to consider carefully ere they condemn the source from which originate all modern ideas of liberty, equality, freedom of conscience and justice.



It was not until the Bible became the property of the common people that any great improvement became evident in the condition of working men. When the laborer read in the Bible that Christ was "no respecter of persons" and that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," he began to think he had some right to exist in a decent and respectable manner, and demanded new laws with such persistency and energy that in many cases he compelled his employer not only to listen to him, but grant him what he asked, and assist in procuring desired legislation. Luther, in one sense, was the head and front of the labor movement. He gave the Bible to the workman, and introduced the idea of protesting to all of those who are oppressed, and this method of agitation has been popular ever since.

On the other hand, when employers, after reading the Bible, became followers of Christ in reality, they, too, saw the justice of the protests made by laborers, and as said before, assisted in enacting proper legal remedies for many of the evils besetting the life of the workingman.

Of all people in the world, laborers have the greatest cause to be grateful to Christ and Christianity. These have been their help in the past and must be their hope in the future. The success of the labor movement largely depends upon placing the duty of every Christian employer before him in such a light that he will be glad to embrace the opportunity God has given him to help his fellow-creatures. When Christian employers are once awakened to the importance of a more just division of the proceeds of capital and labor they, for the love of the Master, will devise some plan to bring about the desired result. Christians may fail, individually, but Christianity will never falter, when once the justice of a cause is apparent, in espousing that cause. The history of all the great reforms that have lifted burdens from human shoulders proves the truth of the above statement.

For many years, during the early development of this new and wonderful country, every one who wished to labor had only to go forward and possess the land in some form or other. The demand for all kinds of workmen was so great and the wages so good that it was not necessary to any extent for the church to consider the labor problem. In fact, it is only lately in this country that a "labor problem," so-called, has existed. In these happy circumstances the church turned its attention to foreign and domestic missions, deeming its best work spiritual rather than temporal.

Times, however, have changed. With the large number of foreigners pouring into the country year after year, the status of the laborer has changed to such a degree that an opportunity to work is now not always obtainable. It is obligatory for the church to assist in solving the new problems that have risen to

prominence in the labor world, and if the masses of the people are to be kept in, or brought within, the folds of the church, the solution must be just and fair to the workman as well as to the capitalist. The latter must not be allowed, when a member of the church, to take the lion's share. Lions are brutes. Christians will remember that the lamb is the emblem of the Master they profess to follow. When they realize this, they will see that it is not so good a thing to amass a great fortune as to help many others obtain their just share of the products of their labor. The church will not fail now, but will, as in the past, only with more emphasis, teach its members that it is better to lessen the toil of others than to live without toil one's self, that to love the Lord we must love our brother. In this truth lies the solution of much of the labor problem. Therefore, let not workingmen say they have no hope in Christ or Christianity.

\* \* \*

### INFLUENCE.

MARY C. STONER.

Side by side in verdant pastures  
 Bloom the flow'rets good or ill,  
 Some in simple grace and beauty  
 All the air with fragrance fill.  
 From the tiny, modest blossom,  
 From the depths of sweet perfume,  
 Emblem of life's benediction,  
 Comes the balm that exiles gloom.  
 But beside the flow'r of beauty  
 Grows the one of meaner type,  
 With its odious, loathsome odor  
 Filled with rankest poison rife.  
 So are we, in life's arena;  
 Some from honest hearts of love  
 Fill the world with silent pow'r,  
 Potent, vigorous manhood prove.  
 Others with malicious cunning  
 Live their crafty, sordid lives,  
 Touching purer, nobler beings  
 To corrupt the one who strives.  
 Think ye not, O son of fortune,  
 Ye may live your life apart,  
 For the moment of your action  
 Saves or dooms another heart.  
 Live, ah live thy best each moment,  
 Live for him who lives for you,  
 Live in ardent pow'r of manhood,  
 Live with purpose firm and true.  
 North Manchester, Ind.

\* \* \*

### EXISTING AND LIVING.

MARY E. CANODE.

He cannot count his life as lived  
 Whose life-book shows no record  
 Of earnest work.

THAT life which can claim for its own one worthy deed cannot be called a failure. Neither can it be called a complete success if it has left unimproved one opportunity of doing good.

Were it possible for one to take an inventory of the really successful lives and compare their number with those that might be counted as complete failures, doubtless the number in one case would about equal that in the other. Or, more briefly stated, human lives show few complete successes and as few complete failures. But the "living life" is the life which

"Counts that day lost whose low descending sun  
Finds not by 'it' some worthy action done."

Every human being is a representative of God's crowning work of creation done in his image. In this capacity it is due from him to prove himself worthy of his inheritance by exercising and developing the divinely-given powers within his nature, that by so doing he may not only raise himself still higher in the scale of being, but that through his efforts all humanity may be raised a little higher and nearer to that perfection toward which it should ever strive. To refuse to do this, to ignore the idea of making better himself or the world around him, is to exist without living.

"Live for something," has been the advice to youth given by thousands of competent advisers and the theme of many a youthful oration. And the great majority of young people are indeed early impressed with the importance of this advice and aim to live aright by succeeding in something. But the "something" is the ever-rising question.

If each individual knew to a certainty for what occupation in life he is best suited, the result would doubtless be a direct path to success for all persons and a quicker accomplishment of all things in the line of human undertakings. But this might not be best for the individual in particular or for the world in general. For here again comes in the subject of growth and development. Few persons and perhaps none at all are possessed of but one talent worthy of improvement, and so long as the way is not clearly marked out for the earnest youth to follow, just so long can he safely assure himself that he has not done enough experimenting and striving in different lines to sufficiently develop his minor talents in order that his major talent may stand out in unmistakable prominence. A reasonable development of the minor talents is as important toward the enhancement of the special one as is the study of the minor branches to the specialty upon which the student determines. So, every one has been blessed with varied abilities that must needs be developed to a greater or less extent that the general knowledge may the better enhance the particular. Then, to find his place and fill full that for which one's life is best suited; to do his duty to the world and his Creator, one must of necessity engage in some strife against opposition, competition for excelling and experimentation, for better proof of ability and fitness.

Living, then, in the true sense of the word, means a raising of one's self and humanity to a higher level; an active, helpful existence; an honest striving toward some proper end though that end may never be reached. And *successful* living is fulfilling one's measure of requirements. And that measure is always in proportion to the ability of the person concerned.

No one plan of action can be laid down for the successful guidance of every life. From the intuitive gift of the powers of desire and selection, possessed by every rational being, must come his initial impulse toward activity. The power of determining our future lies within ourselves and it is best for us that it does. That impulse arouses to activity and activity in turn stirs up further impulse and so on and on throughout all growth and development. It need scarcely be mentioned that this impulse must be followed only in the line of right.

Of all unhappy ends, that one must be most miserable which shows a life of activity devoted to human degradation, and the next in order must be a life full of unimproved opportunities, wasted talents and years of existing without a day of true living.

The physical world gratefully fulfills its designed mission by existing as best it can. The vegetable and animal worlds faithfully perform their parts in creation's universe by making the very best of their conditions and the human world, crowned by the intellectual, joined to the Divine, must prove its superiority by living while it lives.



#### OUR HIGHEST IDEALS.

To desire and strive to be of some service to the world, to aim at doing something which shall really increase the happiness and welfare and virtue of mankind—this is a choice which is possible for all of us; and surely it is a good haven to sail for.

The more we think of it the more attractive and desirable it becomes. To do some work that is needed, and to do it thoroughly well; to make our toil count for something in adding to the sum total of what is actually profitable for humanity; to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, or, better still, to make one wholesome idea take root in a mind that was bare and fallow; to make our example count for something on the side of honesty, and cheerfulness, and courage, and good faith, and love—this is an aim for life which is very wide, as wide as the world, and yet very definite, as clear as light.—From "*The Friendly Year*."



"EVERY kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier."



"The reason why lightning never strikes twice in the same place may be that there's nothing left to hit a second time."



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## CHRISTMAS.

WE wish all our readers a very happy Christmas.

It would be a great privilege and blessing if we could, on Christmas morning, look into all the homes that have been made glad through the influences of Christmas. What a chorus of shouts and exclamations of delight would greet our ears from innocent, happy-hearted children! How our hearts would thrill, too, at the expressions of deep joy, coming from those who are older in years and who realize in a great measure the true significance of Christmas Day.

And what a sight would greet our eyes! But even if we cannot literally hear and see these things, our enjoyment of Christmas need not be one whit the less. There are open to us opportunities of as great happiness as we are capable of enjoying if we will only put ourselves in the right attitude.

While it is true that there is much to regret and much to make the heart sad, we wonder if the great heart of God, who gave us this Christmas happiness, is not moved to rejoice at the manifestations of joy at Christmas time. True, we have not lived up to what he might rightfully expect of us, but he "knoweth our frame," and in all this celebration of the gift of his Son, there must be here and there evidence that we are making some approach, at least, toward the working out of his plan.

"Christmas comes but once a year," but the real joys of Christmas time are ours every day of the year if we will but take them. And it is here that we can make decided improvement and advancement toward what the Lord had in mind for us in the giving of his Son. To work up to our highest conception of the Christmas event on Christmas Day is well, but to keep to that ideal all the days of the year, as the Giver intended, is better. And we may be sure that in this, as in other things, as we live up to the best we know our knowledge will increase and likewise our capacity for doing.

Christmas time is a glorious time now. What will it be when we live up to its full meaning, as much as lies within us as finite creatures!



## THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and singing,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet,

And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethelhem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshiped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.—*From Luke and Matthew.*



### JOY.

RICHARD SEIDEL

Across the shadowy river,  
A gleam of sunlight glows;  
Through mists of doubt and darkness  
A sweeter fountain flows,  
Beyond the bounds of earthly time,  
Beyond the scenes of strife,  
We see the morning dawning,  
Which brings a higher life.

Oh! land of peace and purity,  
Oh! land of golden light,  
Oh! land of joy and beauty,  
Which dawns upon our sight.  
Thy waves of light and glory  
O'ershadow earth and sin,  
And gates of pearl are opened,  
To let the angels in.



### SOME COMMERCIAL USES OF THE GLASS-SPONGES.

THE glass-sponges of the Oriental tropical seas were first described among spongiæ as a curiosity about a century ago; but their commercial uses in the far East are unknown to the Western world even to this day.

What asbestos is to us, the glass-sponge débris is to the Asiatic. In fact, asbestos is not found in the far East, if we except the poor short-fiber mineral mined on the Asiatic versant of the Ural range—many thousands of miles distant from the habitat of its marine competitors, the uplektela, or glass-sponges.

These odd glass-silk sponges grow in the warm tropical seas of the Pacific like ordinary sponges, from the Fujiyama region to the Indian Ocean. Specimens have even been fished up in our own Antilles. The Japanese call them mineral-silk sponges; and some are a mere bunch of cords like a skein of twine, with none of the exquisite, complex, snow-white, built-up lacework of the cornucopia-shaped glass-sponge. However, they are all allied to the homely sponge which is used in our bath-tubs. But with what widely-variant, different uses! The far-eastern article is raked up for its fiber and débris, the latter forming a heat-insulator for steam pipes. In recent years it has been used with even better results in cold-storage insulation, and is considered as efficient as magnesia or

asbestos. It is of course cheaper. The separated fiber is woven into chemical filter-cloths, which would be destroyed if made of animal or vegetable fibers; into fireproof candle-shades; and even into delicate fireproof chintz curtains, of a dazzling, glossy white.

Whether the fiber can be used in the manufacture of gas-mantles, is a matter to be determined by experiment. The idea apparently has never been carried out.

Specimens of the glass-sponges which escape breakage, and are secured intact from the sea, are occasionally sold to tourists, or woven in the hair as fantastic ornaments by the natives. The sponges cling so readily to fabrics, that sometimes they are merely laid on the breast as decorations. Thus they have a singular habit of clinging to clothing, and may be carried around for hours without any attachment other than their own natural fastening. Should they fall on a stone floor, they would suffer no injury; yet if stepped on, they would be crushed to destruction—leaving, however, the long fiber fairly intact.

Some of the glass-sponges reach an extreme length of nearly forty inches and a diameter of four inches. Broken and trimmed-up pieces of the big growths are used as lamp-globes and shades; and whole plants have been used in some of the city homes of the natives for receiving two or three bulb-lights. A very charming effect is the result.

They are easily cleaned by simply holding them under the faucet of running water.

The specimen of the glass-sponge here illustrated was originally enveloped (as an ear of Indian corn is enveloped by its husks) in silky fibers, a tuft of which remains at the base. These glossy and almost indestructible fibers are prized too much by the Orientals to be allowed to remain. Moreover, they would completely obscure the marvelous serrated corrugations, like little flounces with delicate frilled edges, terminating the upper part of the sponge, as here illustrated. The fibers are especially valued for spinning and weaving (mingled with the yet longer fibers of the twine-sponges—also pure silica) into the beautiful silk-gauze zephyr-cloths of Chinese inland commerce.—*Scientific American.*



### PAIN AND PROGRESS.

"As we grow older," says Mr. Peile in his recent Bampton lectures, "we see for ourselves what we have often heard and only half believed—well for us if we see it in ourselves—that loss and suffering have a power which strength and prosperity miss, a power to refine and strengthen character; that the noblest work is done by sufferers and through suffering and that pain is a condition of all true progress." And he quotes the words of Illingworth: "The pleasures of each generation evaporate in air; it is their pains that increase the spiritual momentum of the world."





## Christmas

**Catharine Beery Van Dyke**

JESUS CHRIST, the Son of God, appeals to us differently as the names of him are different. He appeals to the child mind and heart more really through the names of Son of Mary, Son of Joseph, Babe, Child, Son of God and Prince of Peace than he does through the more mature names of the Lord our Righteousness, Holy, Counsellor, Wonderful, I Am, The Mighty God, and The Everlasting Father. Hence, all that pertains to the growing, human life of our Savior clusters naturally and appropriately around Christmas.

The celebration of the anniversary of our Lord's birth is kept in a different way from that in which we observe the birthdays of our earthly friends. When our birthdays recur we associate with them the number of years we have lived. We burn one, three, eight, sixteen candles, according to the years; or we give one gift for each year our friend has lived. We think of him as being a certain number of years old and congratulate him on the attainment of the number he has reached.

When we celebrate Christmas we think not of Jesus as he is now, seated at the right hand of God as our intercessor; not of his ascension; not of his passion nor of his transfiguration, but we think of him as the Christ *child* born of the Virgin Mary and lying in a manger.

Then we review a few incidents connected with that marvelous time—the vision of the shepherds, the wonderful star that guided the wise men from far away in finding him at whose feet they worshiped and presented their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. We dwell with rapture upon the night scene in the field where the shepherds watched. "And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel said unto them: Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

"Swaddling clothes," "manger," "inn," become reverent words to us.

"And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." And then this magnificent scene and music the words of which the Christian world has been and is today endeavoring to bring to pass: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God."—Oh, can't you see it? Can't you hear the gracious words of that sweet anthem? "*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*"

Talk about the Christmas spirit! a Christmas atmosphere! Go into this second chapter of Luke. Let your soul expand under the author's inspiring narration of the world's greatest and most gracious event, then while your heartstrings are athrill with new impulses of gratitude and love and praise arrange for the observance of Christmas time in your own family and circle of friends. But not alone these. While you are transfigured by these heaven-born impressions remember the poor *and your enemies*. Give to the ones and forgive the others. In fact, I know of no better way of getting into the real Christmas spirit than by forgiving your enemies and lending to the Lord by giving to the poor.

Since we cannot now mingle personally with this beloved Friend and tender him hand to hand our "gold, frankincense and myrrh" we do it, as it were, by proxy, following out his own unselfish teaching: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." So we lay our Christmas gifts before our earthly friends and the more we can reach in this spirit—as unto the Lord—the better will we have observed the day.

This beautiful opportunity and custom was, no doubt, founded upon the acts of the wise men and it is well worthy to have been so long perpetuated.

Now a word about the material preparations and arrangements for this chiefest of Christian festivals.

At Christmas time we all are young. It is a time especially for the children. As we think of Christ without age so we will the better enter into the joys of Christmas if we forget our years and become *ageless* for the time. And while we remember the sweet and important meaning of Christ's birth—the beginning of the reign of the Messiah, the fulfillment of the promise given ages and ages before, and what it still indicates to us of present and of future blessing and joy—it is befitting the time, also, to engage in the innocent and joyous mirth of the Yuletide; so I love also to think of this holiday as a merry time.

The myth of Santa Claus, when properly interpreted and used is no more nor less than the teaching of the Christmas spirit, the embodiment (in fanciful form) of that spirit of generosity and kindness, which it is so easy for us all to get into, as the precious day approaches.

Would I teach Santa Claus? *No*. I don't need to. But I would be quite as innocent of unteaching him. Would you go to the bother of trying to teach your children—each one as it comes into the family—that there is no *Mother Goose* when the world is full of her merry jingles? Read Judges 9: 7-15, 2 Sam. 12: 1-5, Luke 16: 19-31. Would you exclude the mythological and fairy tales—yes, and the original tales of the children's own weaving from their literature? *I* wouldn't. But I do always endeavor in all things to discern the true and the fanciful and to exclude with emphasis that which is harmful and false. Do you say Santa Claus is false? Yes, as a reality, but true as a myth, true as the personification of generosity and good will.

We teach our children, or rather we allow them to absorb the belief, that Santa Claus is papa, mama, brother, sister, friend. That his spirit is like Christ's in its desire to permeate nooks and corners and crevices and even hearts where good can be done by humans to humans. We do not emphasize his coming down the chimney, but our fancies together revel in thoughts of his northern steed and garb, his coming and going when no eye beholds.

On Christmas eve we hang our stockings, of course every one of us. Not one missed a Christmas yet. The lights are turned dim. Mysterious (?) packages are brought from mysterious places and first, little sister and baby brother play Santa Claus with their kindergarten, homemade or purchased love gifts. They are then tucked into bed and after a while the next "sleepy head" (that *ought* to be) takes his turn. Each one is sacredly careful not to disturb the gifts already deposited. Later, the two older girls take turns and then go to bed. Now, whichever of the parents proves the more persuasive, will get the other to play first and finally the room looks like the "sure enough" Santa Claus had made his visit and we lie down with thankful, youthful anticipative hearts think-

ing of the long-ago times and the far-away homes where our own dear parents now resting in the bosom of God, had played Santa Claus for us.

It is not within the scope of this paper to tell how to make presents, what they should be, etc. Such instruction and information can be found in the current papers and magazines and in the vast store of literature on the subject that has been accumulating, lo, these many years. I cannot well refrain, however, from mentioning some Christmas stories that are so valuable in developing the proper Christmas attitude—if I may so call it.

In my opinion Charles Dickens is unsurpassed in the classics on this subject. His several Christmas stories are replete with interest and suggestion. Of the ones with which I am acquainted in our own day I like Miss Elizabeth Harrison's last chapter in her book called "Two children of the Foothills." "Bird's Christmas Carol" by Kate Douglas Wiggin is fine but pathetic. Henry Van Dyke has written a number of small books on the subject of Christmas and Mrs. Proudfoot's "Child's Christ Tales," precious most of all for its beautiful madonna and Christ pictures in which it is lavish, will stand near the head of the list of good Christmas stories. Of these the chapter entitled "The Christ Child" is my favorite.

But during all this digression I am leaving our family in bed. Early on Christmas morning the first one awake begins the greeting: "Merry Christmas!" This usually rouses the household and our morning toilets are made with some dispatch. After the breakfast is started and everybody is washed, ready for it, we go to the sitting room where our stockings hang and turn up the gas. Oh, how enchanting! Each one examines his gifts and enjoys seeing the others do the same. After papers and strings are put away we arrange ourselves to engage in our morning worship. With our hearts glowing with love and joy we read something about Jesus from God's holy Word; then we sing some sweet Christmas song in which little ones and all heartily join, and then how easy it is to kneel down and pour out our hearts in gratitude to him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift!

But this is only a part of the time in which we may celebrate. There is time for the exchange of gifts or greetings with neighbors; time to send gifts to the poor or have them call for them; time to talk over the surprises and to enjoy our own gifts; time to attend the public service, too (for you remember we got up early this morning), time for the dear Christmas dinner and then a time still for the merry afternoon and evening.

Appropriate games and songs make a good ending to a well-spent Christmas day and here are the words of one of the most beautiful Christmas songs I know:

"Under the stars one holy night  
A little Babe was born;



Over his head a star shone bright  
 And glistened till the morn;  
 And wise men came from far away,  
 And shepherds wandered where he lay,  
 Upon his lowly bed of hay  
 Under the stars one night.

"Under the stars one blessed night  
 The Christ Child came to earth;  
 And through the darkness broke the light  
 Of morning at his birth;  
 And sweet hosannas filled the air  
 And guardian angels watched him where  
 The Virgin Mother knelt in prayer  
 Under the stars one night.

"Under the stars this happy night  
 We wait for him once more;  
 And seem to see the wondrous light  
 The shepherds saw of yore.  
 O Baby, born in Bethlehem,  
 Come to us as you came to them,  
 And crown us with Love's diadem  
 Under the stars tonight."

Chicago, Ill.



### WHAT CAN WE BRING TODAY?

AGNES NEFF.

Long ago the wise men journeyed  
 O'er the desert from afar,  
 Seeking for the holy Christ Child,  
 Guided by the heavenly star.  
 Sought him in the lowly manger,  
 Gently cradled in the hay;  
 Brought to him their choicest treasures,  
 But what can we bring today?  
 Tho' we cannot journey to him,  
 As the wise men did of old,  
 Still for us that star is shining,  
 With its lustre bright as gold.  
 And today we may come seeking  
 For the gentle Savior sweet,  
 Bring to him our hearts' best best treasures,  
 Gladly lay them at his feet.



### AN IMAGE OF CHRIST.

THERE had been no positive quarrel between Alfreda Woodward and her husband's mother. Nothing half so definite as that, but merely that helpless, hopeless, aggravating "incompatibility," which separates so many people when a little charitableness and being "to her faults a little blind," would skim over the dangerous places and keep hearts warm toward one another.

Alfreda had, from the very first, been jealous of her mother-in-law's attention to her husband. It is so hard for mothers to let go of their only sons and it is equally hard for young wives to look forward to the day when they shall have sons to let go of.

Tom's mother lived so near and she had so little else to do, since Tom's father died, that she wanted to see to Tom's socks and his buttons and his pocket

linings after he was married just as she had done before. And if Alfreda had been a wise little woman she would have let her, and patted her on the cheek and told her how fortunate she considered herself to *have* a mother-in-law to do these things, while she made her house pretty and herself attractive and kept up her music and her reading and entertained Tom, and did the things which had made Tom her lover and would keep him so with hardly a crook of her little finger.

But Alfreda had ideas and theories, and the woman with ideas and theories is like to have much tribulation before her ideas and theories get onto a working plane.

Alfreda had an idea that her time should be entirely devoted to her husband and her home, and so it should, in a way. But she couldn't see that to let Tom's mother have a little share yet in her boy would be doing a whole lot for Tom, while *she* did the things that only she, and not all the mothers in Christendom, could do. And the whole sum and substance of it was that five years had gone past, each bringing a little more coolness and more distance than the one before, with less exchange of civilities, to say nothing of kindlinesses, and not to mention love.

This last year had been worse than all the others put together, for Alfreda would not go into her mother-in-law's house and so of course, Tom's mother would not go to Tom's house, which grieved her to the heart, and made Tom feel hard and sorrowful towards his wife in spite of his love for her.

And Alfreda grieved because,—well, mostly *because*. Tom's mother meddled, and Tom's mother wanted Tom to love her more than he did her (which, besides being ambiguous, was untrue and Alfreda knew it), and so on, and so on, and it was Christmas eve, which always makes bad things seem worse, whether it's grief or poverty or sin or selfishness. That's the blessedness of Christmas time, and why it came to be and why we couldn't get along without it.

It was Christmas eve and Alfreda hadn't (for the first time) asked Tom's mother to spend Christmas with them. Tom, of course, knew she hadn't and he felt more hurt over that than anything else in all his life. He had come home with his pockets full of bundles and had taken them out and laid them on the hall table without even the trouble of hiding them from the curious eyes and fingers of little Mary (named for his mother).

One look from him into Alfreda's face had told him that the old bitterness was still in her heart and that his mother was sitting at her solitary hearth, and he could *feel* the tears on her wrinkled cheeks,—the cheeks his baby hands had patted while his baby head rested upon her bosom.

He did not kiss Alfreda that night, for the first time, also, and Alfreda's heart welled with bitterness that it was because of "*her*." Then a wee little bit of the Christmas spirit came into her heart, and she knew it was not all because of "*her*."

Tom took little Mary up in his arms and kissed her very tenderly, once for herself, and once for the dear grandmother whose name she bore, and who worshiped her as the child loved in return.

"Favver," said four-year-old Mary, "I buyed a Triss'n present for dranmovver wiv my pennies."

"Did you, dear?" said her father, setting her down. "Never mind now," and then they went out to supper, all very silent and unhappy, for even baby Mary felt the trouble, as babies always do, and there was no Christmas joking over secrets, and no laughing. There was no Christmas tree hidden away in the parlor, and there was even no holly in the window, for no one had had the heart to put on these outward manifestations of a joyful and loving spirit.

Mary prattled away in her baby fashion, but her troubled eyes looked from one silent parent to the other, and her loving little heart felt sad and uneasy at this unnatural condition, so unlike what Christmas eve should be. Finally she said again:

"Favver, I buyed a Triss'n present for dranmovver, an' she didn't like it."

"Didn't she, dear?" said her father, carefully avoiding his wife's face, "What was it?"

"It was an *Image of Trist*. I buyed it of the 'tore-keeper on the torner, where'e trosses and fings are, an' he said dranmovvers al'ays liked Images of Trist. But my dranmovver didn't. She cried *dreadful*. She took it in her hands an' 'en she laid it down *hard*, an' she put her face in 'er hands, an' her face was all wet, an' 'en she took me in 'er arms and said, 'Never mind, darling, an *image* of Trist is all you can give me,' an'—" Mary's father pushed back his chair almost angrily, but before he could rise Alfreda had run from the room, her face hid in her white apron, and sobbing.

Mary looked for a moment at her father in astonishment, and then she, too, put up her mouth and began to cry. Her father took her in his arms and said "Let's go to mother, dolly," and they did, but the door was locked and they could only hear subdued sounds of sobs and whispers and so they went back downstairs to wait. Presently they heard the door unlocked and mother run lightly down the stairs, but when they jumped up to welcome her they were amazed to hear the outer door open and shut again and steps running down the walk.

Tom went hurriedly to the window, and saw his wife walking rapidly down the street with a white shawl over her head, and saw her turn in at his mother's gate. So he took little Mary on his knee again with a great gladness stealing into his heart,

and, sitting before the open fire, told her the story of the Babe and the Stars and the Angels and the Gifts. And while he was telling the story Alfreda was living it. She ran swiftly as if there were a Spirit at her elbow urging her on, and she knocked lightly upon the door of Tom's mother's house, and then opened it and entered, she and the Spirit. The white shawl slipped from her shoulders and she ran across the room to where sat an elderly woman with gray in her hair and tears on her cheeks who started up in surprise.

"Oh, mother, *mother!*" sobbed Alfreda, going down on her knees and pulling Tom's mother close to her, "Mary brought you the *Image*, but oh, I hope, mother, that I've brought you the Real. Put on your things, mother, *quick*. Poor Tom doesn't know. He'll be so glad!" She was laughing and sobbing and talking incoherently while she hunted up shawls and rubbers and wrapped Tom's mother up in them, and the dear old lady just sat and trembled and cried softly. Her loneliness slipping from her was almost painful in the going.

Alfreda babbled on past all semblance of coherence, telling Tom's mother how she might sew buttons all over Tom's clothes if she liked, and *datn* up the very tops of his socks, and how they'd go right out and buy a Christmas tree, and Mary and grandmother should hide while they trimmed it; and then they turned the light out and locked the door and never even remembered the Image of Christ lying deserted upon the table, for the Spirit still walked with them, filling all the earth, and air and heaven while they were out of doors but quite capable of entering the door with them and standing close by while Tom stood up and took his mother and Alfreda and baby Mary all into his arms at once, just as he always could have done.

Then Tom put baby Mary on grandma's lap before the fire while he and Alfreda hustled about doing the supper work, setting the rooms to rights and putting the house in order for Christmas. And finally Tom went out, after kissing both Marys (and thinking of another), to buy the Christmas tree and the holly. And all this time the *Image of Christ* was uncared for and forgotten, but the Christ Spirit staid to abide with them forever.—*American Motherhood*.



It is said you cannot improve the future without disturbing the present, and to some extent you cannot improve one man without disturbing another. I shall go on what seems to me the path of duty and benevolence and religion.—*General Booth*.



"No matter how many children there may be in the family, the first step taken by the newest one is always a Great Event."



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## The Children's Corner

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### WHERE THE FAIRIES DWELL.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

Tommy and Harry, Nellie and Bess  
 Went to find where the fairies dwell.  
 They asked of the bee and the sunshine fair  
 But neither of them would tell.

They had often heard that the fairies live  
 In the heart of the bright bluebell,  
 That they sometimes play on the rolling waves  
 Or sail in a pink seashell.

But they found not the cunning fairy-folk  
 In the woodland nor on the lea;  
 They found them not upon the hill  
 Nor down by the shining sea.

They afterwards read in their books at school  
 That the fairies each play a part;  
 Little spirits they are, whether good or bad,  
 And they dwell in one's own heart.

Tipton, Iowa.



### WAIT AND SEE.

A BABY beech was growing by the side of its mother. It said to her one day, "Mother, I wish I knew of what use I can be in the world. There is Neighbor Oak, who throws down acorns for our master's pig to eat. Neighbor Birch gives him some smooth bark to make into a boat. Neighbor Spruce gives him gum to pour over the joinings of the boat to keep it from leaking, and all the others can help in some way; but what can I do?"

"Wait and see," said the mother tree. So the little tree waited.

By and by some pretty flowers came upon the baby tree. Then the little tree was happy. "Oh!" it said, "now I see what good I can do. I can please our master by looking pretty."

When the blossoms fell off, the poor little tree felt badly. "Oh, mother!" it said, "all my pretty flowers are gone, and now I can not even look pretty any longer. What shall I do?"

"Wait and see," said the mother tree. The little tree thought that waiting was a hard thing to do, but it said to itself, "Mother knows best, so I'll do what she says."

After awhile some small green prickly things came where the flowers had been. These pleased the little tree as much as the flowers had done, and it was content to wait and see if they were of any use except to look pretty.

Then the little green prickly things all turned brown and the baby beech thought they were not pretty any longer. "Oh, dear mother," it said, "now I can not even look pretty any longer. What shall I do?"

"Wait and see," said the mother tree. So the little tree waited.

The autumn had come, and the weather was beginning to be cold in that part of the country where the baby beech lived. One morning, after a heavy frost, the baby beech-tree found that the little brown prickly things had all fallen. "Oh, mother!" it said, "now I am sure I shall never be of any use to anybody."

"Do not be discouraged yet; wait and see," said the mother tree.

Just then the master's children came along. They had baskets in their hands, for they were going to pick up nuts in the woods. As they came under the baby beech-tree, the eldest boy stopped. "Oh, children! See!" he cried, "here are the beechnuts on the ground. Mother likes them better than any other kind of nuts. Let us pick them all up and take them home to her."

As the children went away with the nuts, the mother tree said: "Now, my dear, you see what good you can do."

"Yes, mother," said the little tree. And ever after that it was content, even when it grew to be a big tree—as big as its mother.—*Josephine Jarvis.*



### JUDGE NOT.

"O MAMA!" cried Jack, running into the sitting-room where his mother was sewing, "Sydney is breaking a commandment, he is—'Thou shalt not steal'—and I should think he'd be ashamed of himself."

"Why, Jack!" said his mother in surprise, "what can you mean?"

"He is, truly, mama," said Jack, hopping about on one foot, and seeming rather to enjoy the fact. "I saw him getting sugar out of the sugar-bowl, and you know you told us not to."

"Oh," said mama, in a tone of relief, "that's it, is it? Come here, Jack," and taking her little boy's hand, she drew him to her side. "Do you think it such a dreadful thing to break a commandment, dear?"

"Why, yes, mama, of course," answered Jack, astonished that his mother should ask such a question.

"You would not do it?"

"No, indeed, mama."

"Then you think you are very much better than Sydney?"

Jack hung his head at this question, but did not say no.

"Now, Jack, I want to see how mistaken you are; you think you would not break a commandment, but because you are so able to believe evil of your brother, you are really breaking the command which says, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Do you know what that means, Jack?"

"Yes, mama, you said it meant saying what was not true about any one; but Sydney was stealing, for I saw him."

"He was taking sugar, Jack, but are you sure he was stealing?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and now I s'pose he's going away to eat it."

At that moment the door opened; Sydney came into the room, his bright, manly little face not looking at all as though he was ashamed of himself.

"Here is the sugar for Dicky, mama," he said, slipping the lump between the wires of the cage, "and here is a letter for you. I saw the postman coming and waited a minute for him."

"Thank you, dear," said mama, smiling at him; and then she turned and looked at Jack.—*Unidentified.*

## For SUNDAY READING

### THE TWO LOVES.—(MATT. 22: 34-40.)

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Love is the fulfilling of the law. So say the Scriptures, and it needs but a moment's reflection to convince us that it must be so. All requirements of law may be reduced to two heads,—*good* which we are commanded to do, and *evil* which we are prohibited from doing. If we love any one, that love of itself will lead us to do him or her all the good in our power, and negatively not to do the loved one any harm.

Love, then, is necessarily the fulfilling of the law, because all its motions are directly in the line which the law requires. A soul filled with love obeys the law, on the same principle that a piece of matter possessed of gravitation obeys the law of gravitation.

This love is two-fold—love to God and love to man. We are not required to love the angels; we may have for them a feeling of admiration, for the shining qualities which they possess, and for the glorious offices which they perform; but in this life, at least, we owe them no duty, and we are not required to hold them in affection. Nor are we required to love the inferior animals, though we should treat them with kindness, and we often do regard them with affection. But in respect to God and our fellow-men, the duty is imperative and universal. We must love the Lord our God with supreme affection; we must love our fellow-men as we love ourselves.

There is no antagonism between these two loves; on the contrary, there is the closest correlation and interdependence. Such love to man as the Scriptures require is never found except in a soul that loves God supremely, and there is no valid evidence of love to God which does not show itself in love to man. If one love not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he has not seen?

Supreme love to God springs from the view of

his supreme excellence and glory. The heart goes out to him as it can go out to no other object, because no other object so fills and satisfies our sense of what is excellent and glorious. There is of necessity something ecstatic and ravishing in such an exercise of the soul. It necessarily elevates and transports. It is impossible to love supremely, with all the heart, soul, mind, and strength, without ecstasy; and to stigmatize such feelings as fanaticism, is to ignore or disparage the legitimate workings of the human soul in the highest exercise of its rational powers. Strong emotion, in view of God's infinite perfections, is as natural as the evolution of heat under the direct rays of the sun. Many of the Psalms were written at a white heat, and, so understood, nothing can exceed the naturalness even of their most extravagant expressions.

But just here is a source of mistake. There may be rapture where there is no religion; there may be violent mental excitement, amounting to ecstasy,—and these feelings may be mixed up in some way with the thought of God and of divine things, and yet they may not be an expression of true love. The ecstasy of true religion has an unerring test; it springs not from love to God, unless it leads us to love man. That fervor of devotion is to be suspected, which does not strew its pathway with deeds of beneficence. The man who is carried away with pious fervor in his closet, and then goes out to drive a hard bargain with a customer, or to listen coldly to a tale of suffering, needs to consider well the nature of his religious experiences. The man, who in prayer meeting, with melting tones appropriates the penitential utterances of David or of Paul, and then doles out some miserable pittance whenever his Lord's cause needs help, is not necessarily a hypocrite, for hypocrisy implies conscious and intentional imposition, but, if not a hypocrite, he is at best a miserable self-deceiver. *That man's religion is vain.*

True, we are not justified by our works; but neither are we justified without works. Good works, deeds of love and kindness, not ecstatic feelings, are the only proofs on which we can rely, in the court of God or man, or of our conscience, that we have true love to God.



### LIFE TO BE A SONG.

God wants our life to be a song. He has written the music for us in his Word and in the duties that come to us in our places and relations in life. The things we ought to do are the notes set upon the staff. To make our life beautiful music we must be obedient and submissive. Any disobedience is the singing of a false note and yields discord.—*J. R. Miller.*





## Echoes from Everywhere

Iowa student judges won the \$1,000 trophy given by the Western Grain Dealers' Association in the National Corn Exposition recently held in Omaha, Nebr.

In a case in the North Carolina Supreme Court it has been decided that the law of 1879, imposing a fine of \$500 for operating Sunday freight trains is valid.

A bond issue of \$500,000,000, for use in improvement of national waterways, is asked by the Rivers and Harbors Congress, which has been in session at Washington.

Pat Crowe, the former kidnaper, who gained his greatest notoriety by stealing the Cudahy child, at Omaha, has turned reformer. He made his debut recently before an audience at Evanston, Ill.

American and English locomotives are used largely on the private railway lines in Austria, about 2,000 miles of which are to be bought by the government next year at a cost of about \$15,000,000.

Secretary Straus, of the department of commerce and labor, has reported to the President recommending the creation of a separate department for labor as distinguished from commerce.

A jury in the Federal Court in Salt Lake City returned a verdict of guilty against the Union Pacific Railway, the Union Pacific Coal Company, the Oregon Short Line and several individuals for conspiring in restraint of trade.

The department of commerce and labor has ordered a sweeping deportation of violators of the contract labor laws, and 53 persons who came to this country to work in the Firth Carpet Works at Firthcliffe, N. Y., must return to their homes in England and Scotland.

France stands alarmed by an increase of something like 10 per cent in four years in the cost of food, clothing, and other necessary supplies. Milk is 13 per cent higher, meat 27 per cent, cheese 16 per cent, oil 25 per cent. The price of rice has doubled. Rents have followed the upward trend.

The Supreme Court of the United States reversed the decision of the United States Circuit Court for the eastern district of Virginia, holding to be unconstitutional the order of the State railroad commission fixing a two-cent passenger rate on State business, the effect being to uphold the order.

President Castro, of Venezuela, arrived at Bordeaux, France, Dec. 10, and was welcomed as a private citizen. His illness was reported as not serious, although one of his objects in crossing the ocean was stated to be to consult a Berlin specialist. Another object, declares a cablegram, is to settle matters between Venezuela and European governments.

Miners and operators of the Kanawha field in West Virginia failed to reach an agreement on a wage scale at their conference in Charlestown.

The Chicago Y. M. C. A. is conducting a campaign of advertising in local newspapers as a means of raising \$400,000 needed to complete a fund of \$1,000,000, which will be used for building model dormitories to be conducted under the auspices of the association. The endowment fund, at the opening of this campaign, amounted to \$407,638, contributed by one hundred persons.

There are over 800,000,000 cross-ties in service in the United States according to an estimate made by the forest bureau, and it is figured that 100,000,000 were consumed in new track and renewals made during the year 1906. An average life of a tie is but seven years, although with preservative treatment, and an equipment to lessen wear, a cross-tie may be made to survive fifteen years. Under present conditions it is estimated that to maintain each tie now in service two trees must be growing.

Movement of American troops from Cuba will begin Jan. 1, and is expected to be completed by April 1. The officers and civilians on duty in connection with the provisional government will sail from Havana the day after the inauguration of President Gomez and the troops remaining in the island after that date will be withdrawn as rapidly as transportation facilities will permit. Three army transports will be used in bringing the troops home and all the troops will be landed at Newport News, Va.

The number of unemployed in Great Britain is exceedingly large, according to various reports, and the government is much perplexed over relief measures. How many men and women are unemployed is not known. Keir Hardie estimates the number at 2,250,000; his colleague and chief, Mr. Shackelton, at 1,000,000. The government offers no estimate, but that the figure is exceptionally high is beyond question. All the efforts of the local government board to equate labor demand and labor supply have produced no very material effect.

The German finance bill, which is to be introduced in the reichstag, includes a tax upon advertising which, it is said, would produce a revenue of \$8,250,000 a year. Germany each year has to meet enormous expenditures on her army and navy to keep her in what might be said to be a state of constant preparedness and to raise this money is forced to tax almost everything in sight. Just what form this tax will take is not yet announced, so it is not known in advance whether the tax will be imposed merely upon advertising posters or would include advertisements in the newspapers. Enough is known that there will be some sort of a tax, and this knowledge has aroused considerable grumbling among the business interests of the German empire.

Notice has recently been given by the Suez Canal Commissioners that vessels drawing 28 feet of water are now permitted to pass through the canal. Hitherto the limited draft has been 27 feet; the minimum depth of the canal is now between 30 feet and 31 feet, as compared with 26 feet 3 inches when the canal was first opened. The canal has been successively deepened from 1884 to the present time.

Some months ago the proprietors of certain cafés in Pittsburg were tried in the Quarter Sessions Court and their licenses revoked because they had sold liquors to minors. An appeal was taken from this decision on the ground that the proprietors did not know that the purchasers of liquor were minors. The Superior Court judges, to whom the appeal was taken, have now handed down a decision holding that the lack of knowledge does not excuse the sale of liquor to minors.

For the transportation of all classes of mail matter during the last fiscal year the postoffice department expended \$81,157,720, according to the report of Second Assistant Postmaster General Stewart. The department effected a considerable saving in connection with the weighing of mails in the southern States. In consequence of the use of the new divisor the railroads received \$434,730 less than would have been paid under the old system. Altogether the new system of weighing has resulted so far in a net saving of \$2,229,108 per annum.

The movement in favor of government ownership of submarine cables received a substantial impetus at a meeting held at the Mansion House, London. The lord mayor of London presided and among those present were representatives of the various lines interested, Lord Milner, Lord Strathcona, the Earl of Jersey, the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Lemieux the Canadian postmaster general; Sir Edward Sassoon and a number of colonial representatives. The speakers were unanimous on the necessity of a uniform system of cabling throughout the empire that should be available for the masses.

The Dead Sea is a government monopoly, and at present is leased out to a small native company. They have a wooden boat built for a sailing vessel, but about six months ago had a motor put in it. The Dead Sea is one-third solid matter, the greater part of which is salt, and the question to answer is, Can the hulls stand the action of this salt water? The Jordan valley, the river, and the Dead Sea are the personal property of the sultan. A permit must first be obtained from the sultan before boats of any kind can be launched thereon. Such permits have heretofore been very difficult to procure for motorboats.

The interstate commerce commission has recently issued its casualty report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908. If the list of dead and wounded was that of some battle the whole world would stand aghast. During the year ending June 30, 1908, there were 3,764 persons killed and 68,989 injured in railroad casualties in the United States. Bad as these figures appear they are better than the figures of the year before, showing a decrease of 1,236 in the number of killed and 3,297 in the number of injured. Commenting upon this record of slaughter the Wall Street Journal says: "Many a war fills pages in the world's history with a less number of human beings killed and maimed than makes up the annual record of slaughter and mutilation on American railroads."

The representative of a British firm making a specialty of securing factories and factory site for applicants is quoted to the effect that many applications have been received from foreigners, induced thereto by the new law requiring that articles patented in the United Kingdom be manufactured there. The law became operative August 28, 1908. Thirty foreign firms had then completed arrangements to open factories in Great Britain. Among them were a number of American firms. Many firms in the United States and in Germany have negotiations for factories or sites under way. The principal articles made by the American firms are wire cloths, telephone implements, shoes, typewriters, and phonograph records.

The grand jury in session at Union City, Tenn., has returned fifty-four indictments against night riders. Each of the indicted men is charged with the murder of Captain Quentin Rankin. The night riders pulled Captain Quentin Rankin to a remote spot and hanged him to a tree. One witness before the grand jury gave in detail the death scene of Captain Rankin. When he had been pulled up once by the rope, the night riders let him down and told him they would give him five minutes in which to pray. He told them he did not need five minutes' prayer for himself, as he had been praying for twenty years. They renewed their offer, but he again declined, saying he would give the five minutes to them, as they needed it and he did not. They again pulled him up by the rope and shot him.

High prices were paid for books at the sale of the E. N. Lapham library, of Chicago, which took place in New York. The aggregate receipts were nearly \$831,000. The highest price was \$820, which was bid for a very rare first edition of Shelley's "Adonis" issued at Pisa in 1821. A first edition of Shelley's "The Cenci," with an inscription on the fly leaf, "T. Jeff'n Hogg from the Author," brought \$225. A copy of the suppressed first edition of Shelley's "Lover and Cynthia" sold for \$250, while \$135 was paid for "The Revolt of Islam," \$85 for "Rosalind and Helen," \$350 for "St. Troyme" and \$190 for "Alastor," all of original issues of Shelley's poems. Keen competition marked the Thackeray sales. "The Second Funeral of Napoleon" brought \$345; "Comic Tales and Sketches," \$127; "Vanity Fair," in twenty parts, \$560; a set of seven volumes \$390 and "An Interesting Event," \$121.

M. Gauckler, the eminent French archæologist who has been making excavations on the Janiculum at Rome, has unearthed some valuable relics. Under his direction Messrs. Nicole and Darier uncovered one of the chapels of a Syrian sanctuary. It is a rectangular cella which has an apse at the rear part containing a niche. In the latter is still found a divinity seated on a throne, no doubt a Syrian Jupiter. The statue covered a small assuary hollowed in the soil of the niche and containing part of a human skull. The presence of the skull in this place has not well been explained. In the center of the small temple is a triangular altar whose front face is hollowed in half-moon fashion. The threshold of the chamber has been restored and is composed of an altar slab of white marble. It carries an inscription dating 186 A. D. with the names of Gaionas and Aeflanus Martialis. These discoveries are of a great importance as being a contribution to our knowledge of ancient Rome especially as regards the existence of a group of buildings in an almost unexplored quarter which have a bearing upon the history of religions.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### ARGENTINA'S STRANGE FEMINISM.

It would seem to some, perhaps, as if the woman movement in Argentina has gone just a little too far. Women have become fully masculinized in the arts and sciences; they are represented in most of the professions, but so little has this made them coöperators with men that it has actually isolated them from the interests, the associations, and even the society of those nearest and dearest to them of the other sex. This paradoxical condition of things is described by an Italian lady, Gina Lombroso Ferrero, in *La Revue* (Paris). She begins by describing the effect which North America has procured by teaching the world "to judge the condition of woman by the degree of masculinization she has attained, that is, by the aptitude she exhibits for those professions the exercise of which has so far been confined to the other sex." Judged by this standard the Argentine women have been very much masculinized indeed. We read:

"The woman in Argentina, from this point of view, occupies a position of the first order. I have known at Buenos Aires numerous doctresses who practiced medicine, surgery, dentistry, and obstetrics. I have attended a meeting at the Academy of Medicine over which a doctress presided. I have visited a school of nurses which was founded and directed by a woman. I have frequently heard the addresses of women who had received degrees and decorations. . . . I have heard women in the drawing-rooms to which I was invited executing pieces of music composed by themselves. I have seen the medal which a woman ambulance attendant won upon the field of battle. I have read the stories, the poems, the school-books, the novels, the magazine articles, and scientific treatises, as well as the manuals of medicine, which the women of Argentina have written. I have admired in the Parliament-house at Buenos Aires the statues and bas-reliefs and the monument of Tucuman which have been produced by the chisel of a woman sculptor. . . . If, therefore, in Argentina the woman wishes to be masculinized, the door is assuredly open for her."

But this claim for equal rights, so fully conceded in Argentina, has been bought at the price of feminine isolation. The more woman has become like to and equal to man, the more has she become separated from him. In Europe the woman from her birth to her death shares the life of the man, be he father, husband, or son. In the rural districts of Italy are seen men and women working together in the fields. The same is the case whether a man be a shoemaker, a ropemaker, or what not. In the upper classes of Europe, in science, commerce, literature, or politics, the woman, mother, daughter, wife, or sister, is the inspirer and associate of the man. A woman governs Holland, and in England, Russia, Italy, and Germany the sovereign is accompanied on great state occasions by his consort. Far different is Argentina thus described by this writer:

"The case is different in Argentina. A sort of recip-

rocal fear seems to raise an insurmountable barrier between the men and the women. Whether at home, in the street, at banquets and public promenades, in the theaters or schools, the two sexes, as if by a tacit understanding, keep each other at a respectful distance. What most strikes the foreigner who walks in Buenos Aires, whether he traverse the narrow streets where the traffic of foot passengers is more crowded than in either London or Paris, or saunter through the broad avenues where tram-cars, carriages, automobiles pass and repass each other, is the absence of women. . . . She acts, not as an associate of the man, but as a rival, and in the same house we find an antagonism existing between husband and wife, mother and son."

The social reformers of Argentina are beginning to think that women are being too highly educated. They do not make themselves necessary to the interests and happiness of the men. They neglect children and household duties. The feminist movement in Argentina has therefore taken an opposite direction to that of Europe and North America. At Buenos Aires an institution has been founded by the new feminists called *Escuela de Hogar*, "The School of the Hearth," in which are taught all the arts that make the home what it should be. Sewing, and the whole circle of domestic economy, including the care of children, are comprised in the curriculum. This movement, in opposition to the excessive ambition which women in Argentina have shown for proficiency in the arts of men, will doubtless result, says this writer, in "the reëstablishment of those feminine arts" which alone can render the woman a welcome and fit partner and associate of the man.—Translation made for *The Literary Digest*.



### AMERICA NEEDS THE GIFT OF NATIONAL TEMPERANCE.

If I had the power to give this country the one thing that I think it most truly needs next to the religion of Jesus Christ, and which in my judgment would be most conducive to the industrial education and moral upbuilding of the nation, I would unhesitatingly give it a strong national temperance law, and compel its enforcement by the proper officers, says R. B. Glenn, Governor of North Carolina, in a symposium, "If I Were a National Santa Claus," in the December *Delineator*.

I here assert that all the wrongs and iniquities of the tariff, and all the robberies, oppression and greed of monopolies, do not compare with the sorrow, the ruin, the misery, the crime, the poverty, the madness, the vice, the degradation, the death and damnation produced by strong drink. It destroys home life; breaks the hearts of mothers and wives; takes the clothes off the backs of little children and substitutes rags; degrades manhood; makes lewd women out of virtuous maidens; stifles ambition, destroys hope, weakens the body, blights the mind and blackens the soul, until it turns this earth, made

for man's happiness and use, into a hell for his ruin and misery.

In the interest, therefore, of business; for the protection of helpless women and children, for the suppression of crime; the amelioration of want and poverty; the prevention of disease: the preservation of life: the salvation of human souls, and for the sake of more than eighty-six millions of true, brave and noble American men, women and children, I would bestow this gift of national temperance, thus destroying a fearful curse, and restoring man to the godlike image in which he was created. I would offer this gift to the American people.



### CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

Sometimes I think that Christmas night's the best.  
Before the nursery fire, when we're undressed  
And all the toys are put away, except  
Perhaps my engine and the baby's bear,  
Then Mother comes away from all the rest  
Downstairs to tell our Christmas story there.

She takes the baby on her lap and we  
Sit 'round her on the hearth-rug so we see  
The pictures in the fire, and then she tells  
About how Shepherds watched their flocks by night  
And what the angel said, and how the three  
Wise Kings came riding—and the big star's light.

And then she tells us how it showed the way  
To just a stable where the oxen stay.  
And there they found him in his mother's arms,  
A little Baby Christ-Child—and he smiled;  
And that (she says) is what made Christmas-day  
For you and me and every little child.

Before the nursery fire when we're undressed  
Sometimes I think that Christmas night's the best.  
—Theodosia Garrison.



### AMERICA NEEDS AN ABSORBING PASSION FOR SOME MORAL CAUSE.

If I were a national Santa Claus, I should elect to endow the people of this country with a great and absorbing passion for some moral cause, says the Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D., in a symposium "If I Were a National Santa Claus," in the December Delineator. This nation was brought into being under compulsion of the ideal. Men who loved liberty better than life, women whose hearts bled, prophetic spirits that watched through a night of sorrow for the dawning of the morning, have made us what we are. They saw the light and whence it flowed. They followed it in joy. And if we and our children after us are to hold intact for future ages the large estate of virtue, of faith and freedom, of which we are trustees, we must keep the flag flying in the blue sky, the banner of the ideal, the oriflamme of eternal principle.

It is not for nothing that wealth has been given to the American people. What if we are to esteem these things as wealth indeed, and forget that "there is no wealth but commonwealth," and no enduring riches but in the souls of heroic men and women?

Material wealth will do us little good if in the homes of the wealthiest we are to breed a race of effeminate men and sexless women imitating the characteristic vices of the European aristocracies in the hour when they are imitating the characteristic vices of the Renaissance and if, in the teeming cities where the millions live, envy,

hatred and discontent set fire to the anarchic passions of undeveloped souls. Our wealth has been given to us for the blessing of mankind. But it will be a curse to ourselves and to the world if we are not possessed again, dominated, enthralled, by some glorious cause. "Where there is no vision the people perish." And it may be added, solemnly and in accents of awe: "The heart that is not passionate is not pure; the soul that is not enthusiastic is not safe."



### THE NATION'S BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT WOULD BE A SQUARE DEAL FOR EVERY CHILD.

What gift would I give to this country for its benefit and future welfare as a Christmas gift, were it in my power? says Mrs. Frederic Schoff, president of the National Congress of Mothers, in a symposium, "If I Were a National Santa Claus," in the December Delineator. I would make it possible for every child to have a square deal all the time, every day, from infancy to manhood, in every home and in every kind of community.

How could this be done? The first requisite would be to provide the opportunity for every father and mother to learn more of what they owe their children; to appreciate and understand the physical and spiritual laws which must be followed if children are to come up to the highest possibilities of the race. I would prevent the sacrifice of infants' lives by providing clear, accurate instruction for every new mother in the physical requirements of babies. I would prevent the later sacrifice of health in schools and factories, by the education of every parent as to the permanent injury inflicted by overtaxing the organs which are yet in process of development. I would prevent juvenile crime by education of parents and the community in the provision of all that goes to develop the good qualities that exist in every child. Juvenile crime is a reflection on the methods and care given to children. It is preventable. Parental ignorance, crowded tenements, physical degeneracy and lack of space for play are contributing causes. The welfare of the children exceeds all other matters in its importance to the future welfare of the country. It is of national interest.

My gift to the country would be an endowment as large as is necessary to establish and conduct the national university for the welfare of the child with branches everywhere. The National Congress of Mothers has the work already under way. It needs to be placed on a permanent basis, with means to do the work in education for which, as yet no adequate provision has been made.



### BEAUTY.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

How filled with music is this wondrous world,  
How fraught with beauty is each passing day.  
The morning breeze low chants a drowsy lay  
To slumbering dewdrops in the leaflets furled;  
Pale lily cups by unseen hands are curled  
In beauty all along our blessed way;  
The tiny grasses that no breezes sway  
In grace vie with the redwood's proud array.

O Lord, in thy bright world is ne'er a thing  
But moves in beauty of eternal grace,  
Thy crawling ones, thy ones of brightest wing,  
Alike thy glory radiate in space—  
Yea, hearts that love in thy sweet music sing,  
Thy light illumines the lover's holy face.



**MAKE CHRISTMAS EASY.**

CHRISTMAS is likely to be made a trying time by some folks. That is a fact that the publishers of *Everybody's* realized, for in the December number they give a few hints, homely and useful, designed to make Christmas of 1908 a little easier for all the members of the family.

1—Let the children, and *make* father, help. Your children will know what your brother's children want.

2—Make a list of all the folks to be remembered. Do it now. Divide the list among the members of the family, and let the ones whose judgment you doubt report plans before making purchases.

3—If you have a tree, make a lark instead of labor of decorating. Let all the adults help, and neighbors who have no children.

4—A gift is supposed to represent your wealth of affection, not your bank balance.

5—You will give more pleasure with a thoughtful gift than with an expensive one.

6—Getting a big show for the money may do for some wedding, but never for any Christmas.

7—If the panic or any other upset has made it impossible for you to give as usual, write letters instead. Your friends will like you all the better, sure.

8—Don't leave letters and cards till the last moment. Write them at your convenience and hold them till the proper time.

9—Mail everything to reach your friends before Christmas, and mark the packages "Open Christmas." Late guests and late Christmas packages are of a class.

10—Do your shopping early; you avoid the crowd; you help the merchant and salespeople, and you get a larger selection.

11—Wrap your gifts carefully and daintily. They give so much more pleasure than a sloppy package, evidently rushed as if you begrudged the time.

12—Remember the people who have served you.

13—Any poor near you?

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**Between Whiles**

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A teacher, having asked Johnny to bring a note explaining his absence, received the following: "Please, Miss Gardiner, excuse Johnny for his absence, and don't whip him when he ain't there."

**Conscientious.**—An enterprising commercial traveler attempted to bribe a country merchant in Scotland with a box of cigars.

"Na, na," said the merchant, shaking his head gravely, "I canna tak' em; I naer dae business tha way."

"Nonsense," said the drummer, "but if you have any conscientious scruples you may pay me a shilling for the box."

"Weel, weel," said the honest shopkeeper, "I'll take two boxes."—*New York Globe*.

**Forestalling Her.**—Husband—"Our little boy is sick, doctor, so please come at once."

Physician—"I can't get over much under an hour."

Husband—"Oh, do, doctor. You see, my wife has a book on 'What to Do Before the Doctor Comes,' and I'm so afraid she'll do it before you get there."—*Harper's Weekly*.

**Unanswerable.**—A Republican orator concluded his speech with the announcement that he would be glad to answer any arguments put forward by the other side.

An old Irish-American citizen accepted the challenge.

"Eight years ago," he said, "they told us to vote for Bryan, an' thot we'd be prosperous. Oi did vote for Bryan, an' Oi've niver been so prosperous in all me loife, an' now, begorry, Oi'm goin' to vote for him again!"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Master—What is the date of the battle of Waterloo?

Pupil—I don't know, sir.

Master—It is a simple matter, if you haven't a good memory, to employ some mechanical method to aid you. In this case, for instance, take the twelve apostles and the half of their number, which makes eighteen. Multiply them by 100; that makes 1,800. Now, take the twelve apostles again and add a quarter to their number, which makes fifteen. Add it all up together, which makes 1,815, the date you want. Quite simple, you see, and you can always remember dates by using that system.—*Psychological Review*.

**Trying His Hand.**—"I doubt ye are growing remiss, John," said a Scotch parish minister. "I have not seen you in the kirk these three sabbaths."

John was not duly abashed. "Na," said he, "It's no that I'm growing remiss. I'm just tinkerin' awa wi ma soul masel."—*London News*.

**The Diplomat.**—Condescending Chappie—"I weally can't wemember your name, but I've an idea I've met you here before."

Nervous Host—"Oh, yes, very likely. It's my house."—*The Sketch*.

**It Surely Do.**—"Speakin' of de law of compensation," said Uncle Eben, "an automobile goes faster dan a mule, but at de same time it hits harder and balks longer."

**A Precaution.**—"Dicky," said his mother, "when you divided those five caramels with your sister, did you give her three?"

"No, ma. I thought they wouldn't come out even, so I ate one 'fore I began to divide."—*The United Presbyterian*.

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**WANT AND EXCHANGE**

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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# Christmas Books

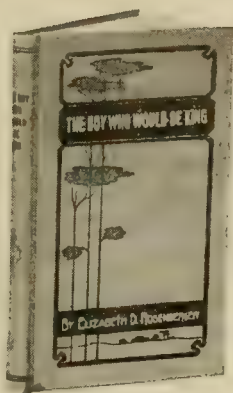
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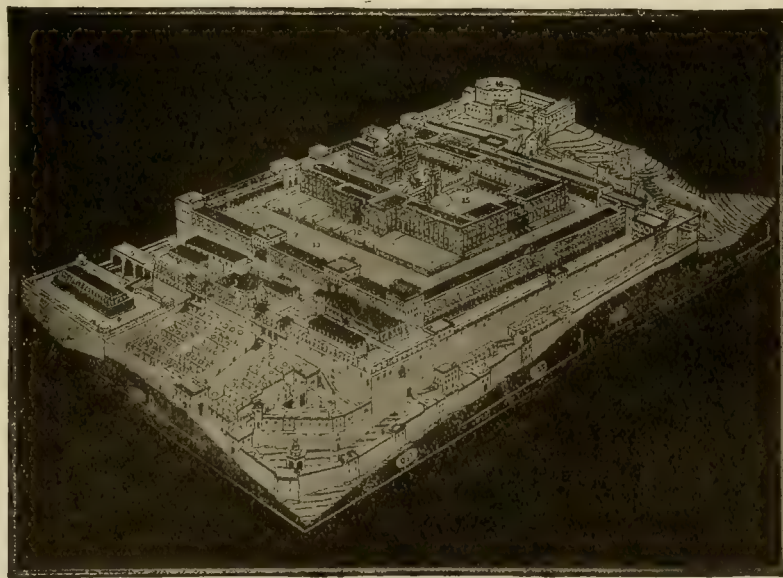
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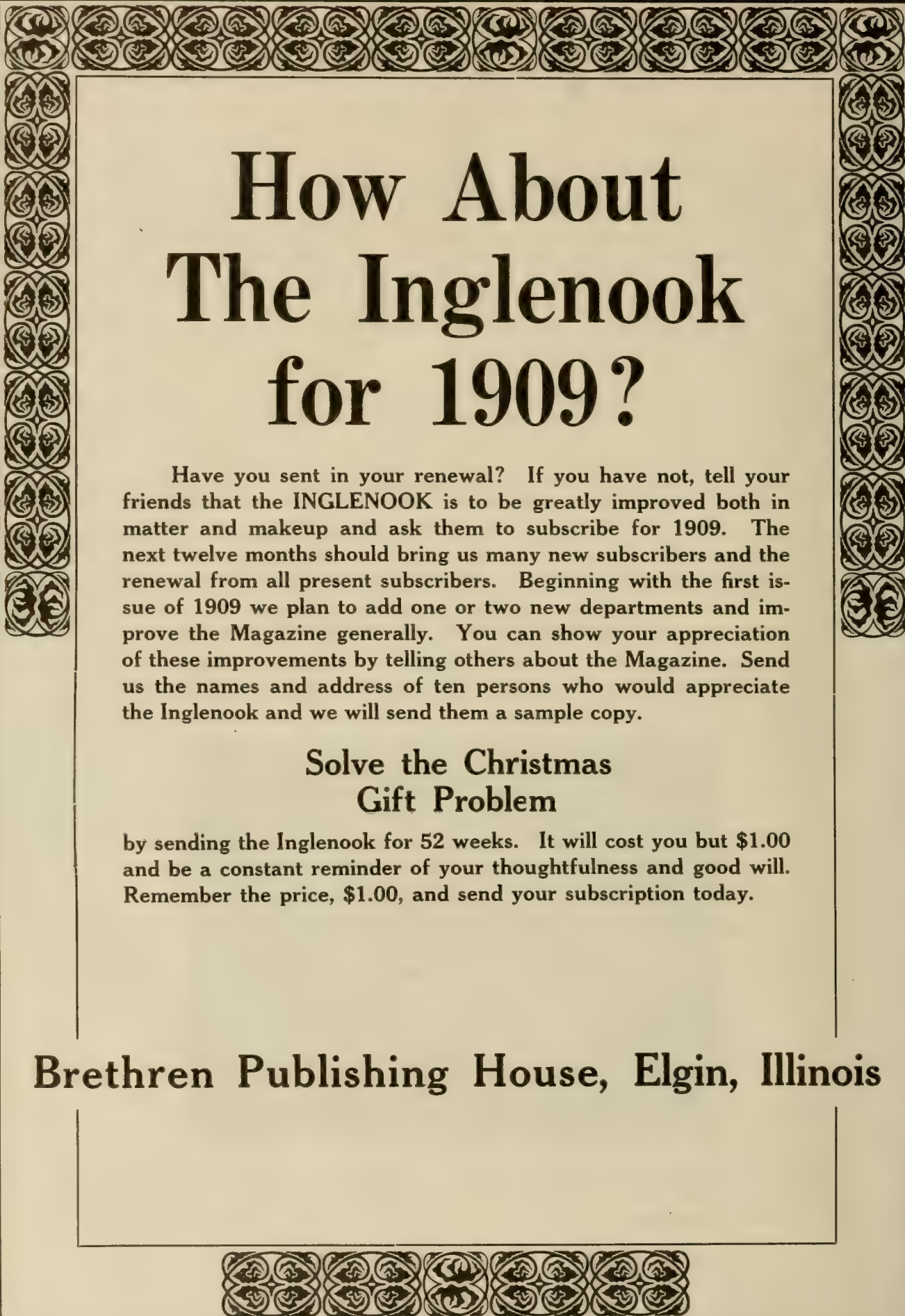
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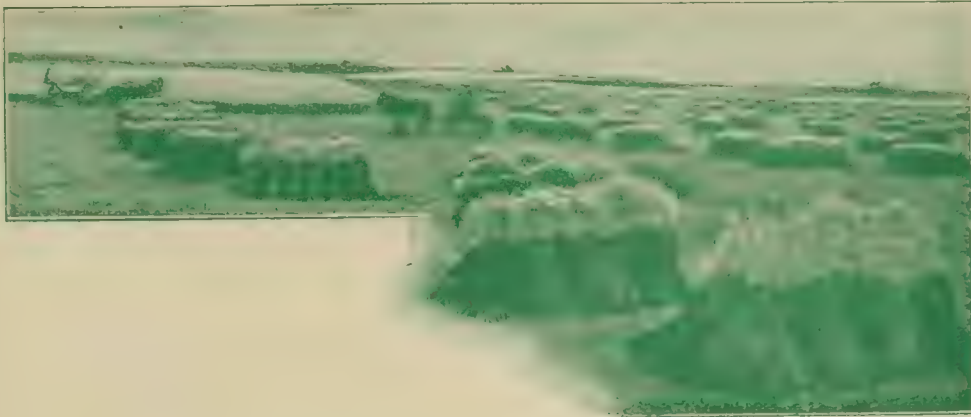
# How About The Inglenook for 1909?

Have you sent in your renewal? If you have not, tell your friends that the INGLENOOK is to be greatly improved both in matter and makeup and ask them to subscribe for 1909. The next twelve months should bring us many new subscribers and the renewal from all present subscribers. Beginning with the first issue of 1909 we plan to add one or two new departments and improve the Magazine generally. You can show your appreciation of these improvements by telling others about the Magazine. Send us the names and address of ten persons who would appreciate the Inglenook and we will send them a sample copy.

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Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois



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Our prices are \$9.00 per acre and up, on easy terms—ten years to pay for land when the purchaser settles on the land. Excursions every week. Cheap rates and railroad fare refunded to purchasers of 320 acres or more.

For particulars, address,

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## CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION

The Co-operative Colonization Company, composed of Brethren, and incorporated under laws of Indiana, proposes to establish colonies of BRETHREN, and other good people, on their Co-operative plan, in the United States and other countries, in suitable localities, under the most favorable conditions.

The aim is to establish self-supporting congregations of our Brethren, with good church and school privileges from the beginning of a colony.

A committee appointed by the Directors of this company, made an extended tour of investigation through the West. After careful consideration of their report by the Directors, it was decided to locate their first colony in the San Joaquin Valley, California. This is one of the world's famous valleys, noted for its mild, congenial climate, rich soil and variety of products.

In this valley are grown successfully wheat, rye, oats, barley, alfalfa and other grasses; peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, nectarines, figs, olives, oranges, lemons, melons, canteloupes, blackberries, raspberries, loganberries and grapes. Vegetables are grown almost every month in the year. English walnuts, almonds, pecans, peanuts and other nuts do well and are profitable. Dairying, beekeeping and poultry raising are carried on successfully.

### EMPIRE

the new colony town, is on the main line of the Santa Fe Railroad, immediately on the tract selected for our first colony. It is five miles east of Modesto, the county seat of Stanislaus County, in central California, within a few hours' run of San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton, among the best markets in the State.

The colony tract is well located, almost level, with a deep, fertile soil, mostly a sandy loam, well adapted to above-named crops. It is in the Modesto irrigation districts, one of the best systems in the State, with plenty of water, and the land owns the irrigation plant. Two large ditches cross the colony tract, and the present owner will construct lateral ditches to each forty acres—an important item. The drainage is excellent, no alkali or hardpan to interfere with crops, no brush, stumps or stones to be removed, a good place for

### IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS

This tract is not large. It will soon be taken up. Each one can select his tract. Home-seekers and investors should investigate this proposition. A selection either in the town, or colony will make an ideal home. Water for domestic use is obtained from wells about 50 feet deep, and is of fine quality. A good public school house is in easy reach of the colony.

Several parties of colonists, from the East and Northwest, will reach Empire about Dec. 20. The town and colony lands are both platted and are ready for occupation and cultivation. Prospective colonists and California tourists are invited to join us. Write for rates and particulars.

### CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY

NORTH MANCHESTER, INDIANA

OR S. F. SANGER, GENERAL ORGANIZER, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

# THE INGLENOOK

December 29, 1908

One Dollar Per Year



"A woman in Naples, passing my hotel on the sea, making a 'horse and wagon' of herself."—Spickler.

**Bicycle Ascent of Mount Vesuvius**

"Around the World Without a Cent"

H. M. Spickler

**Importance of Mothers' Meetings**



**The Route of Pits and Domes**

"A Visit to Mammoth Cave"

J. M. Cox

**Life in a Great City**

**Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois**



# California Excursion

Thursday, Jan. 14, 1909

Will leave all points in Oklahoma for Butte Valley, California. An excursion will leave Chicago the same day; leaving Omaha, Nebraska and Kansas City, Missouri on Friday, January 15, 1909. All excursions will be consolidated at Cheyenne, Wyoming Saturday morning, January 16. For rates, routes and other information write to       ..       ..       ..       ..       ..

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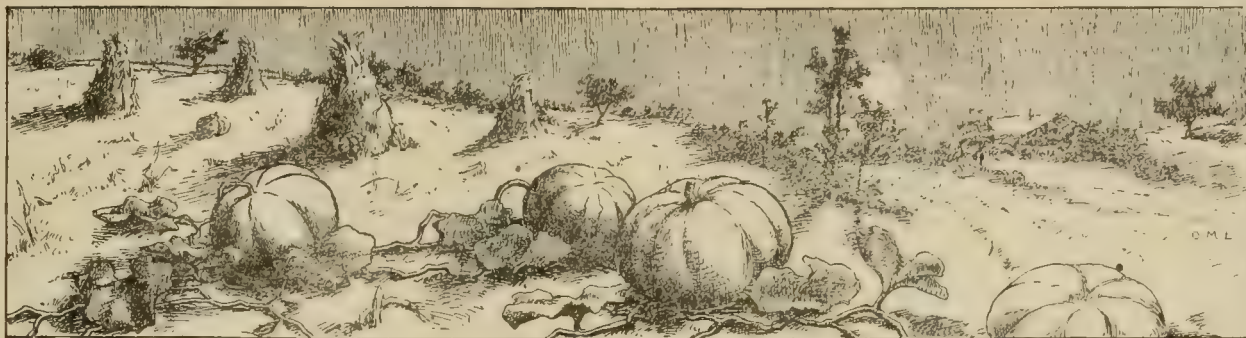
E. M. Cobb,  
Elgin, Ill.

Isaiah Wheeler,  
Oklahoma City, Okla., or  
Cerro Gordo, Ill.

D. C. Campbell,  
Colfax, Ind.

or

George L. McDonough,  
Colonization Agent Union Pacific R. R.  
Omaha, Neb.



# In the Last Three Years

---

We were just figuring like this: It will be three years next week since we began advertising in the Inglenook. The space has cost us more than a dollar a day. This aggregates more than \$1,000.00. At that time (three years ago) land in Butte Valley could be bought for \$25.00 an acre. \$1,000.00 would have bought 40 acres of that choice fruit land.

Three government experts have pronounced it first-class fruit land. Other fruit lands near there are producing \$1,000.00 an acre annually in apples sold on the trees. Should the hopes of these experts be realized, it will be but a few short years until that forty acres would produce \$40,000.00 annually.

The price of the Inglenook is \$1.00 per annum. This sum would send the magazine to forty thousand families—perhaps to every family in the brotherhood.

Next excursion leaves Chicago for Butte Valley, Jan. 14, 1909, via C. & N. W. and U. P. on train No. 3, 10:45 P. M. Omaha and Kansas City the next day.

If you are going with us then notify any of the following at once:

Geo. L. McDonaugh, Omaha, Nebr.

D. C. Campbell, Colfax, Ind.

Isaiah Wheeler, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

E. M. Cobb, Elgin, Ill.

Lee Frank, 193 So. Clark St., Chicago

**The California Butte Valley Land Company**  
Macdoel, California



# A World of Trouble

will be lifted from your shoulders, worry and discomfort removed, if, at the first symptoms of disease, you are thoughtful enough to use **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer**. No ailment is so serious, no disease so alarming but what its administration will give surprising help.

J. J. Auer, proprietor of The Herald. Eau Claire, Wis., writes: "It is a solid fact, based on my investigations, that in periods of epidemics, those who use the **Blood Vitalizer** escape disease."

---

## Cannot Do Without It.

Leeton, Mo., July 1, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Inasmuch as I have not written you for a long time, I thought I would do so and let you know how the Blood Vitalizer is doing. I have disposed of about five dozen bottles in my immediate neighborhood the last twelve months and used some in our own family.

Personally, we could not do without your Blood Vitalizer. My wife, for instance, was so weak and nervous we did not know what to do for her. She had spine and female trouble. She doctored for years without avail. Three years ago she commenced to use the Blood Vitalizer. She is now sixty-one years old, but healthier and stronger than she has been for twenty years.

Yours truly,

R. R. No. 18, Box 12.

D. H. Saxton.

## Threw the Pills Away.

San Francisco, Cal., March 4, 1907.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I have recommended your Blood Vitalizer to many, as I am convinced your medicine is a real help in time of need. Last year I was sick for over six weeks; I grew weaker day by day, and it seemed as if my heart refused to work any more. In addition to the doctor from my lodge, I tried many other physicians, but none could help, or, it seemed, even tell what was the matter with me. As I am not a rich man and have a family to support, I got tired of it all and made up my mind to try the Blood Vitalizer. I discontinued all the doctors and threw their pills away and even cut off my visitors. I took four bottles of the Blood Vitalizer and my improvement was rapid. I was, of course, not able to go to work right away, but I took long daily walks. Today I am as strong and healthy as in my younger days, and it is all due to your Blood Vitalizer.

Yours very truly,

1196 Ellis Street.

Theo. Falke.

---

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer is made of pure, health-giving roots and herbs. It purifies the blood, tones and invigorates the entire system. Unlike all other ready-prepared medicines, it is not sold in drugstores, but is supplied to the people direct by local agents.

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**CHICAGO,                    ∴                    ∴                    ∴                    ILLINOIS**



## More About Miami Valley, New Mexico

### **Are you seeking health?**

We have it as sure as this pure, rare mountain air brings it.



### **Are you wanting wealth?**

We can furnish you the resources for it.



### **Do you desire happiness?**

We have the conditions that bring it.



### **A co-operative thrifty community**

of neighbors for you.



### **Excellent church privileges.**



### **A good school for your children**

now in session, conducted in a good house built with the latest ideas of lighting and equipage.

### **Beautiful scenery**

with its ever-shifting shades and tints to feast the eye upon.



**Fine weather? Good roads? Yes, none finer.**



### **Almost perpetual sunshine.**

Just think! Nearly every winter day Old Sol smiles out warm and bright. Contrast this with the days and weeks of cloudy weather, rain, snow, sleet, slush and mud back East and North.



**Thanksgiving Day finds us with a goodly harvest and thankful hearts for this our first year of prosperity.**

Sickness has not been in our midst, death has claimed none of us and prosperity is inevitable for the future.



**"Westward Ho" tells of our claims and resources.**

Send for a copy. Come and see us.



**Farmers Development Company, Miami, N. M.**





# OVER 200,000 ACRES

of land have been filed on under the CAREY ACT in the Twin Falls District, Idaho, since April, 1907.

¶ There is still a large amount of land waiting for the settler in the above district. Also great opportunities are offered at American Falls, at Gooding and other points along the OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD.

¶ The Payette-Boise Reclamation Project under the U. S. Government is about completed and will be ready to furnish water to about 300,000 acres of new land in the spring of 1909. These lands can now be bought at reasonable rates and terms, by the settler, and are situated where the country is already partly settled, near good towns, railroads and electric lines.

¶ Rural mail routes and telephone lines are already established. Good schools and churches. No storms or cyclones. Farming is done by irrigation. No failure of crops by reason of too much rain or drought. Fruit crop is abundant every year. The people are happy because they are prosperous.

## Wonderful Possibilities

for homeseekers and investors. Climate Mild. Soil Very Productive.

¶ Alfalfa, Sugar Beets, and grains of all kinds are among the products that yield abundantly. Farm hands, carpenters, mechanics and in fact all classes of workmen will find plenty of work at good wages.

¶ Arrange your plans to go and see Idaho as soon as possible and secure some of this fine land.

¶ HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP EXCURSION RATES are on First and Third Tuesdays of each month in 1908.

¶ Colonist One-Way Cheap Rates to points in Idaho, Oregon and Washington in effect daily from Sept. 1st to Oct. 31, 1908 inclusive.

¶ WRITE NOW for printed matter and full particulars regarding this great country and how to get there.

**S. BOCK,**

Colonization Agt.  
Dayton, Ohio

**D. E. BURLEY,**

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.  
Salt Lake City, Utah

# THE INGLENOOK

Vol. X.

December 29, 1908.

No. 52.

## A Visit to Mammoth Cave

J. M. Cox

### The Route of Pits and Domes.

AGAIN our happy party marched down the beautiful path and soon reached the foot of the stone stairway leading to the cavern. Gazing at the waterfall, as it leaps from the mid-arch, forty feet above us, we behold all the colors of the rainbow dancing in the sunlight. This mysterious cascade emerges from a rift in the rocks, sparkles for a moment in the cloudless morn, as it measures its fall from the arch to the floor, and then instantly sinks to begin anew its wanderings through the darkened realms beyond. Looking backward we catch a last glimpse of the clear, blue sky which forms a transparent background for the tall trees which seem to beckon us farewell.

Passing through Hutchins' Narrows, we notice the graves of two Indians who were found here by early cave explorers. Descending a steep hill we enter the Rotunda, whose grand arch, sixty feet above, broken into folds and frets of great beauty, is unsupported by pillar or column, being formed by the junction of two large avenues. We are told that the Rotunda is immediately under the hotel. To our left, stretching away for miles, is the wonderful avenue which we traversed yesterday. A glittering path leads to Klett's Dome and Crevice Pit, thence four hundred and fifty feet to Rafinesque Hall, three hundred and fifty feet in length, and terminated by the abrupt appearance of Lookout Mountain, over sixty feet in height. Through an opening in the ceiling above the mountain, trickles a spring of clear water, keeping the latter coated with lime carbonate. At this point may be found blind beetles and crickets.

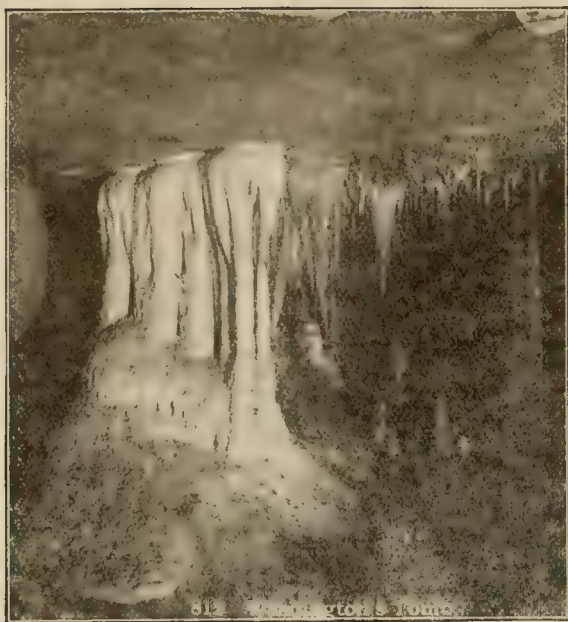
Continuing our journey the ceiling lowers, and a nearer view of the thickly-studded stalactite concretions reveals hundreds of mimicking, familiar forms. Ascending a hill, and passing through an elaborately-carved avenue, we are confronted by the Sentinel, a giant stalactite guarding the entrance to Olive's Bower. "This stalactite is one of the most beauti-

ful in the cave. It has joined the stalagmitic mass beneath and seems, like another Atlas, to hold the world of rock above in its place. The waters which formed it spread out on the roof above, and now, surrounding its base, are numerous smaller ones, all hollow, from which minute drops of water slowly drip, like ornaments of brilliant hue, reflecting the rays from the flashing lamps. They tip each tiny, slender tube with bright spots of white light, and sparkle like gems in their setting of dark gray stone. The stalactite itself is fluted and folded in a thousand fantastic ways, getting larger below and testifying silently to the long interval of time since it began to form."

The Church is a large hall in which religious services were held for the miners of saltpeter during the war of 1812. Several ladies in our party sang a beautiful song, which sounded indescribably sweet, the music swelling to great volume by the thousands of echoes and reverberations from the surrounding cliffs and grottoes. Climbing a long flight of stairs, we reach Booth's Amphitheatre, where that celebrated actor once entertained friends to their great delight. Next we roam through Gothic Avenue in which visitors from the various States have erected State monuments, composed of loose stones, and each passing traveler is expected to add a stone to the monument representing his native State.

Now we admire Pillared Castle, Gothic Chapel, Pillar of Hercules, Pompey and Cæsar, Wasps' Nests, Elephants' Heads, Wilkins' Arm Chair, and Bridal Altar. The last-named place is especially interesting, not only because of the glittering surroundings, but also from the fact that numerous weddings have occurred here. Passing Lover's Leap, we descend the Hill of Difficulty, cross Joseph's Pit, traverse a majestic hall, three-fourths of a mile in length, and gaze upon Napoleon's Dome, one of the grandest sights in the cavern. Descending many feet, by a





winding path, Gratz Avenue is reached, and we are informed that we have passed under Bridal Altar and are now standing directly under Elephants' Heads. Not far away is Lake Lethe, a remarkably transparent sheet of water, into which visitors invariably walk unless warned by the guides. Continuing our pilgrimage through this enchanting hall, suddenly the merry patter of a waterfall greets our ears; but, look where we may, no waterfall is in sight. Climbing down a steep hillside, we enter Annette's Dome, through the face of which plunges the hitherto invisible cascade, forming Shayler's Brook. Our happy party of forty-two have been warned many times by the guides not to attempt to secure souvenirs; but now, to our great surprise, we are told that each one may have a snow-white pebble from the sparkling brook. Everybody is delighted and grasps a "pebble." But who ever heard of a pebble being soft? To our astonishment we find they are blind leeches. Now the brook disappears, and we also disappear through a small ravine and enter another beautiful dome far beneath the one above mentioned. The guides beckon silence, and now to our great delight we hear the silvery splash of the little brook somewhere far beneath. Descending another cliff we hear the music still plainer. Creeping through a small alley we find ourselves hanging on a thin cliff projecting over a large dome, the bottom of which is filled with water. This is known as Lee's Cistern, which has collected the water from the magic brook after a wild plunge of seventy feet.

Passing Martha Washington's Statue,—which bears a striking resemblance to that noted woman, Steamboat Rock, and many other points of interest, we reach Giant's Coffin, measuring forty-five feet in length, from twelve to fifteen feet in width and eighteen feet in height. At length we stand by the side of two

large stone cottages, built more than fifty years ago for the residence of a number of persons suffering from tuberculosis. Physicians believed that the pure air of the cavern would effect a cure of that disease; but later it was discovered that the absence of sunlight caused the patients to grow worse, and all that now remains to tell the story are the cottages, with numerous names and quotations cut by these, unfortunates on the walls, and several marble slabs on the hillside.

Now we approach the crowning glory of this famous route—the Star Chamber. Our lamps are extinguished to make more real the illusion, and for the first time in our lives, perhaps, we understand what blackness really is. The guides now leave, requesting us to look up. One by one the twinkling stars appear, then a comet darts across the sky, and the milky way shines forth in all its splendor. The ceiling, coated with manganese dioxide, is dotted here and there with snowy crystals of gypsum, and these are reflecting the pale light of the lamps of the guides who have entered an avenue on our left. One of the guides, being a ventriloquist, now imitates, almost to perfection, the barking of a dog, a feline battle, and many other familiar sounds, thus adding interest to the scene.

Passing through Dante's Gateway, we descend the Steps of Time and admire the snow-white festoons of fungi, hanging in shreds over the rocks, which give this beautiful place the appearance of great age. Again we notice a few white eyeless spiders, beetles and crickets. The path now leads by Richardson's Spring, whose clear waters sparkle like diamonds, to Side-Saddle Pit, where we gaze with rapture upon Minerva's Dome, rising majestically above the latter.



Bottomless Pit.

Fifty feet below lie crystal-covered rocks which, centuries ago, were attached to the centre of the dome. Calypso's Avenue, one of the most dangerous in the cave, is now reached, but the deep pits are carefully guarded by iron railings. Five hundred feet from Covered Pit the floor divides into two halves, and the ceiling, being low at this point, we are obliged to crawl. At the end of a gracefully-arched avenue the sound of falling water greets our ears, and we are reminded that cave-making is in progress around, above, and beneath us.

Journeying through Harrison Hall, the Labyrinth, and Darnall's Way, we stand before Gornin's Dome, where the visitor beholds the most magnificent view in the cavern. Opposite the entrance to the dome hangs an alabaster curtain, in a thousand sweeping folds, perpendicular to the bottom one hundred and nineteen feet below. The walls of this large pit change directions several times, and by carefully clinging to an iron railing the entire party eagerly descend. Walking some distance in the pit we discover a beautiful bank of sand, along whose margin sweeps a wonderful river. By making tests with floating papers it has been proven that this stream is connected with Echo River. Looking upward from the bank of the mysterious river, through the great pit may be seen vertical walls rising one hundred and fifty-nine feet to the top of the dome, with here and there an occasional cluster

of coral. As we ascend the pit each one lingers to hear the rhythmical sounds of waterfalls which come back to us from River Hall in a thousand echoes.

Standing on the Bridge of Sighs, we are permitted to gaze into the very centre of Bottomless Pit. Rising immediately above our heads, to a height of one hundred and forty-five feet, forming a crystal canopy over the pit, is Shelby's Dome, named in honor of the first governor of Kentucky. Bottomless Pit was first crossed in 1840, on a cedar sapling, by a colored guide named Stephen Bishop. Leaving this enchanted spot we explore Reveller's Hall, Penisco Avenue, Wild Hall, and rest at Grand Crossing, where once two subterranean streams, at slightly different levels, flowed one above another. Just beyond is a remarkable grotto, containing Angelica's Bower, Pineapple Bush, and Hanging Grove, the latter being covered with myriads of sparkling stalactites. Gazing at a great curtain of limestone, covered with incrustations of alabaster, we again hear the falling waters beneath the stone pavement, but where is this swiftly-flowing river on whose bosom no boat has yet sailed?

Walking for miles through charming avenues of sparkling crystal, over and around deep pits and under lofty domes, passing an occasional waterfall, we again march through the iron gate, up the winding stairs, the shady glen, and continue our journey toward the "Land of the Setting Sun."

## The Satan of Milton's "Paradise Lost"

William L. Judy

IN all ages, even our own, the personality and the appearance of Satan, the incarnation of evil, have been the cause of much conjecture and useless discussion. The entrance of evil into the world has foiled the understanding of the wisest. We know that it exists, but how it came to exist we do not know; nor is it likely that we will know through our own discovery for some time to come at least, if ever.

John Milton, the great poet, dared to embody in an immortal epic his conception of the devil and his host of demons. So interestingly and artistically has he done it that "Paradise Lost" now stands as the leading epic of the English language. It will well repay any one for the reading. The stately style, the poetic imagination, the beauty of the language, and the universal interest in the subject unite to make it a masterpiece of literature that will endure until the English tongue shall cease to be spoken or read.

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,

Sing, heavenly Muse, . . . . .  
That I may assert eternal providence,  
And justify the ways of God to man."

The length of the poem does not permit complete treatment of the subject. In this discussion only the first book (usually considered the best of the twelve) will be referred to. Remember that the subject is one that required a great deal of imagination and conjecture on the part of Milton. His main biblical reference was Jude, the sixth verse: "And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day."

In the first book is described the manner of their falling. Satan rebels against the Almighty because the Son is given the preference. He assembles a host that numbers one-third of all the inhabitants of heaven. Fierce battle is waged on the plains of heaven for two days, but on the third the Son is victorious. The defeated devils with their leader flee from the walls of heaven, pursued by "ten thousand thunders," and plunge into the terrible abyss of Chaos beneath. For nine days they fall headlong through the fearful



depths to a place prepared for them by the Almighty—a place called Hell.

"Him the Almighty Power  
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms."

Let us notice some of the statements regarding Satan's personal appearance as conceived by Milton. His amazing size secured him admiration and obedience at first sight.

" . . . his other parts besides,  
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size."

His stature is called "mighty." The dusky air felt "unusual weight" when he steered his flight aloft. "The broad circumference of his shield hung on his shoulders like the moon." As to his spear, "The tallest pine on Norwegian hills were but a wand.

"His cheeks deep scars of thunder had intrenched;  
care sat on his faded cheek."

Revenge, remorse, and revolt mark his dreadful, awe-inspiring countenance—an index to his past life and future intentions. For, was it not his chief purpose after his fall to plague and pester the Almighty continually?

We commonly think of the devil as scarcely possessing a character. Yet Milton has given him one that is very good, comparatively speaking. His life was a worthy example to all other devils. In him they could find their ideal.

Stability was one of his greatest virtues. The disastrous fall could never cause him to rescind. He never knew defeat; though down, he was not out.

Satan was no coward—to lead a rebellion against God Almighty himself and make it quite interesting was an act too daring except for the bravest of immortal angels. At the very front, in the hottest of the fight, he could be found. Extreme physical torture could not deter him from arising and summoning his like-suffering companions.

What was his mental condition when he fully realized his miserable condition and doom can not be determined. "Better to rule in hell than serve in heaven." His proud spirit humiliated and thirsting for revenge, it seems to me would sooner remain in hell as its ruler, there to wage never-ending revolt, than bow the suppliant knee before the Almighty's throne in heaven.

Milton gives Satan such qualities as make him well fitted for leadership among devils and domination over man. His cunning plottings and his wise ways make us almost admire him. No one else was better able to occupy the infernal throne. Satan had faith in his men and they in return had faith in him—a very necessary link in the chain of successful leader-

ship. He felt the responsibility of his position and knew what was demanded of him. He liked his job. He would have nothing less than first place. His commanding appearance and mighty physique secured respect and obedience. A successful leader must be able to inspire his followers. When affairs seem hopeless he must seem hopeful. Never did Satan give his followers the least hint that he felt like giving up. The same qualities of Satan are necessary for successful leadership among men today. Satan would make a good boss of Tammany. He knew how to please devils and surely he would know how to please men. Strategic, cunning, and shrewd, he well knew how to lead forth the host of fallen and rebellious angels.

In the foregoing we have presented Satan's personal appearance, character, and qualifications for leadership as depicted in the first book of Milton's "Paradise Lost." In reading the above, do not censure the poet too harshly, if your conception does not correspond to his. The subject must necessarily be one of imagination and Milton has done nobly.

Here and there we find remarks relative to evil and its origin that are worthy of consideration. Why does not an all-powerful God forbid Satan to carry on sin among men? Listen to what Milton himself says:

"The high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
Evil to others; and, enraged, might see  
How all his malice served but to bring forth  
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown  
On man by him seduced, but on himself  
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured."

Garrett, Pa.



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LEON F. BEERY.

SAMUEL JOHNSON is one of the most remarkable characters in English literature. If it were not for the literary talent and ability which he possessed, his name would never have been known; if it were not for the literary works which he produced, he would have been numbered among the countless thousands who never rise from oblivion in the lanes and alleys of large cities. This talent was the only thing that kept him from absolute and perpetual beggary. As it was, he was compelled at times to sleep in a barn, or even in the open air, and eat a hard crust of bread instead of a hearty meal, in order to sustain life. He often was without any money at all, and what he did get for his works, which was not overmuch, was spent for food and other necessities.

Many of his peculiarities were inherited, and manifested themselves in his childhood. All of his physical infirmities, including his scrofulous taint, together with his slothful habits and slovenly manners, made him a man disagreeable to associate with. He was re-

"all his carpets blackened with London mud, and his soups and wines thrown to right and left over the gowns of fine ladies and the waistcoats of fine gentlemen"; for Johnson was very awkward in his movements and queer in his habits. He was, in the true sense of the word, an intellectual tramp.

Probably the fact that he was no more than a vagabond socially accounts for the estimation the public in general held of him. Of course he was well versed in his mother tongue, as well as some foreign languages, and he was a deep scholar, having studied at Oxford and having traveled somewhat, but he does not hold the high place in the minds of the people that some other great literary men do who were higher in social ranks.

Johnson's works are for the most part of a scholarly nature. That is, they were written to educate and to be studied, and not to entertain or amuse. His "Lives of the Poets" is perhaps the most appreciated and the most read of his works today.

Johnson was constitutionally lazy. It was only after nine years of idleness and fervent prayers against his indolence that he completed his edition of Shakespeare, for which he had received numerous subscriptions in advance. He had lived on these subscriptions for those nine years, and he was in duty bound to perform his part of the contract.

The tongue of Samuel Johnson was as fluent as his pen. His conversation was very interesting, and also instructive, because he had an immense store of wit and humor, great literary talent, and many curious anecdotes. His oral sentences could well compare, in some degree at least, with some of his best written ones in correctness of structure. His conversation might be compared with that of Macaulay.

Johnson will be remembered perhaps as much on account of the peculiarities of the man as for the greatness of his works. The life of this man only goes to show that great minds are sometimes caged in homely or sickly bodies. And it is only just to say that Johnson deserves as high a place in English literature as Dryden or Pope.

*Huntingdon, Pa.*     ❁ ❁ ❁

## OREGON STATE INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND.

JOE STEPHENS.

The building is a three-story wooden structure, the blind is located at Salem, and while it does not compare in excellence with some of the longer-established schools of the East, yet it is one of which every citizen of our fair State may be justly proud. We pride not in a well-built house or pleasant grounds, but in the knowledge of educational advantages offered pupils and the ways offered them to become useful men and women.

The building is a three story wooden structure, fitted up with all the modern conveniences, and so

fused an entrance into the house of the Earl of Chesterfield for the simple reason that the Earl did not wish arranged that new pupils soon learn the plan and go wherever they wish unattended. The first floor rooms, save a few occupied by the superintendent and family, are used for the various classes. The boys' and girls' sides of the house on the second floor are separated by a partition and on either side of the halls extending the full length of the building are sleeping rooms. The third floor is divided into two dormitories, one for the girls and the other for the boys.

Professor E. T. Moores, the superintendent, with his three assistants, carries on the work in an able manner, teaching all branches common to an eighth-grade school. In addition to the regular work, chair caning, hammock making, basketry and carpet weaving are taught. The time of one tutor is given wholly to the instruction in music, and any one showing a talent in this direction has an opportunity for advancement.

An average of thirty-five pupils, the greater part of whom were boys, were in attendance this year, and all that was required of them in return for tuition, board, laundry and doctor bills was obedience to the rules of the school and application to the work assigned.

Contiguous to the main building is another in which the kitchen and dining room are located, and on the second floor is a room forty feet square furnished with such articles as are requisite for gymnastical purposes.

When school has been dismissed for the summer, the pupils return to their respective homes where most of them take an active part in whatever work is to be done. Some saw cord-wood, others work in a harvest field, and last summer one of the boys bought an interest in and helped to operate a hop-bailer.

While the blind may not all possess the gifts of Milton or Fannie Crosby, yet we believe there are places in life where they may be as useful and add as much to society as other people. When we glance over the United States we find many who have been deprived of their sight making their way as farmers or business men; others have made useful inventions while others are successful teachers or preachers.

Many people have the mistaken idea that the sightless are only objects of charity, and that by reason of their affliction are incapacitated for any useful pursuit. This may be true in some cases, but on the average they are as ambitious, industrious and competent as many having perfect sight.

Blind people do not court the sympathies of their friends, neither do they relish the lamentations forever ringing in their ears of what might have been. What they want and seek after is that unspoken sympathy which comes in the form of opportunities to labor and prove their usefulness.

*Portland, Oregon.*





## Around the World Without a Cent

H. M. Spickler

### Chapter XXXVIII.

PAST the hotel, as I rode, a woman acting as a public drayman, pulling her own truck, went to her daily task like a slave. Never, by marriage, by merit, or by chance, was she hoping to rise from her hard lot of doing a man's and a horse's work as long as she was able to walk the streets or sleep in a shed at night.

On my way through the streets that grew narrower and narrower, I saw the manufacture and drying of macaroni. Hanging on racks in the sun and air in these streets, the dust from passing animals showed upon it, while flies found good living from its sweet dough, or made it their perpetual roosting place. These incidental facts possibly help to make Italian macaroni the best in the world.

For 1,827 years the city of Pompeii lay smothered beneath its heavy mantle of lava. The same volcano that destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum in A. D. 79 was now threat-

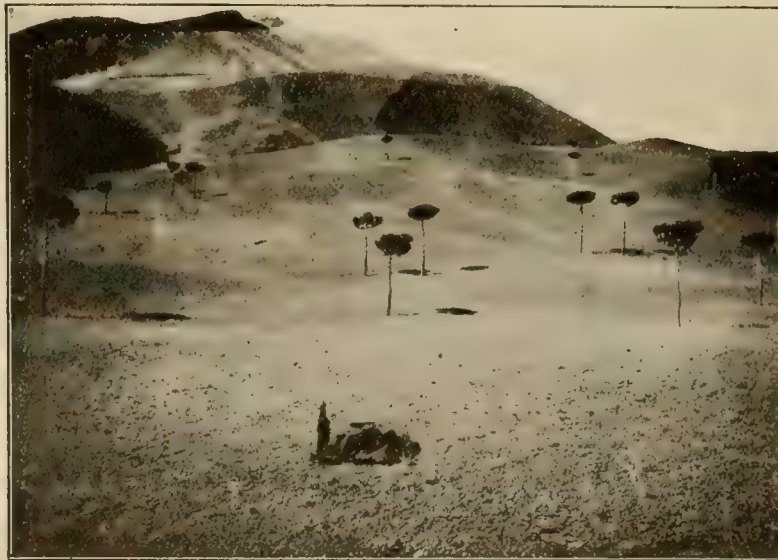
ening the inhabitants of its fertile sides with a like destruction. It is worth noticing that this mountain was not suspicioned to be a volcano until its eruption at that time, in 79 A. D. Men lived along its dangerous slopes, never thinking that beneath its innocent-looking surface there raged the unquenchable fires that were at last to slay them. I walked through the museum here where were exhibited some of the victims of that awful catastrophe. The first body was that of a man, the second a woman, the third a dog, and at the end of the row another dog, the eloquent form

of which as he writhed in agony by his master, speaks praise for his unselfish disposition. Had he cared to leave his master he might easily have run to safety.

For some miles I tried to take my wheel along up the volcano with me but found that the soft tufa of the volcano was so deep that this was impossible, and I left it in the care of a rest house.

For a half mile I was annoyed by a horseman galloping after me to tell me that he had charge of the passages to the cone and said I would be arrested if I went on without paying him something. He was exceptionally positive in his character and meant just

about what he said. He knew that if I were an ordinary tourist his leaving me to go up the path would encourage others to try to go alone and without paying the price for the privilege. After much demonstration by both of us, he rode back, satisfied that I was a penniless world tourist, and that the officials who sought to hold the ascent of the mountain in a sort of "trust" would



General View of Volcano at the Tree Line. Water Bottle and Sun Cape Used by Mr. Spickler in Foreground.

not censure him for allowing a tourist of my character to pass without leaving behind a contribution in cash.

I had just passed above the vineyards hanging full of ripening fruit. Only a few trees and absolutely no other vegetation could now be seen, for the heat of the ground and the dryness of the soil made it intolerable for other plant life. The water bottle and cape I carried with me appear in the picture. Long before I was half way up, the bottle was empty and my thirst was very great. How I could ever have climbed without the bottle of water I do not

know, but if the hotel manager had not loaned me the bottle and urged me to take it, I should have tried to go up without it. For some distance I followed no particular road, for it had been destroyed in many

the cistern from the house and drew up some water. "Papa," she said, "please let him in," and papa opened the gate, and mother stepped aside as I made my triumphant entrance. Once inside I paused and helped the girl to draw the water, filling my bottle at the same time, and taking two big drinks myself. Water is such a rarity here and in such demand that bottles smaller than mine are sold for twenty-five cents. But I got mine free and had a delightful chat with a sweet-sixteen Italian lass, helping her to draw up the pails of cistern water from a cistern made in the side of the mountain and filled by catching rain water on a large surface of concrete. Before I reached the cone the water was again all drunk and I was thirsty, with mouth so dry it hurt.

It was very kind of the girl to ask her father to let me in by the gate, as the ascent from inside was for a long distance an easy one, by way of ten winding spirals, costing the company that built it many thousands of dollars.

The higher I ascended, the hotter it grew,—an experience in mountain climbing not to be found anywhere else on the earth.

When I reached the place in the road where the



"A party of French tourists coming down on mules warned me to turn back—the lava was coming."

places. A party of tourists coming down warned me not to go higher,—that the lava was coming. "The lava! the lava! See," they cried, pointing toward a stream of red-hot lava that could be seen even from this great distance by its glowing color and smoke as it slightly burned the soil over which it ran. "The road is destroyed up there. We couldn't go farther. Better turn and go back. It's dangerous," they said.

Nothing short of an eruption like that which burned Herculaneum would have tempted me to stop now. I wanted to climb all the faster. They were Europeans from France. Yankees would hardly have talked so to another Yankee. "I'm going up," I replied, "if I can't find a road, I'll make one."

I finally found myself on a private road that led to a stone wall on which a high gate stood closed and barred. Behind it were a man and woman, keepers of the gate, who lived here in a little house. They were unwilling to leave me come in, and called a big savage-looking dog instead, which stood on hind legs, his paws on the gate, growling at me. To show them that I did not mean to go around by another way, I sat down by the gate post, drew the rubber cape over my head to shield me from the fiery sun, and waited. Finally the pretty sixteen-year-old daughter came to



Guides' Cabin near the Crater. The Guide Leaning on the Cane Went with the Tourist to the Mouth of the Crater.

lava stream poured over it and had destroyed it far above, I stopped—of course, but I did not turn and run back as the French people had done. I suppose the hot lava was five feet deep, pouring across the path as it sizzled and hissed and sputtered, wriggling among the rough volcanic rocks, like a giant



serpent crawling out of the mouth of hell down upon the helpless valley below. The air was filled with the fumes of sulphur. Great quantities of hydrochloric acid were mixed into the dust that rose in clouds to irritate my eyes and nose and almost suffocate me as I climbed, panting for breath, and sweating like a stoker.

Into the dry and dusty tufa my feet sank to a depth of a foot or more, and when I began to slip back at every step and to lose ground on the steep, sliding slope, I began to fear my ability to go on. As I floundered among the fumes of sulphur, in the great heat from the sun and also from the ground, that now and then shook convulsively beneath my feet, I was in danger of being overcome by the poisonous gases emitted everywhere. In scores of places little craters shot forth smoke and steam, and when I dug into the ground with my fingers, I burned them. Digging with my bottle a little below the surface, I found the ground seething hot. When I found acres and acres of the surface near the great cone so nearly on fire, I wondered in puzzled questioning, how the people could go to bed at night, sleeping right at the foot of such a furnace. If it was fiery hot up here, what must it be five thousand feet inside the crater! For as everyone knew, this heat came, not from above, but from below.

Finally, after a crawling climb of a straight-up thousand feet, choking on the suffocating dust, and almost "played out," I reached the cabin of the guides, when one of them, compelled by the law he said to go with every tourist desiring to see the cone, went with me to the very top.

The white heat of the lava in the open sunlight could not be well caught by my camera, but with my guide standing near the channel of liquid fire, I managed to get the real thing, a picture that looks to the stranger as if it were faulty. Smoke and fire seldom make a good picture, and that is about all that could be seen from the camera's position. This lava was flowing directly from the fishlike mouth of the crater. As I stood watching it, I fastened my eye on that part

just leaving the crater and found that at every explosion, little or big, the stream would be increased much as a stream of muddy water from a cistern would flow down the hillside as men inside it would dump out in pails, the dirty water, while cleaning it. But to any who have seen molten metal let out of a big furnace vat, now slowly, now rapidly, as the boiling metal rushes around over the sanded moulds, will come the best picture in comparison with this wonderful phenomenon of nature, the cause of which is as much a mystery today as it was a thousand years ago.

As my clothing was being scorched and my feet growing hot from my hotter soles, we stood by the dangerous cavity but a short time. We knew not how soon an eruption from the great furnace would overwhelm us.

All the time we were up there the ground trembled

beneath our feet. It seemed as if it must part in two in many places and that we would fall through this imperfect and uncertain-sized grate. The ground groaned as if unable to endure the awful strain of the force below. From the crater, in periodic recurrences of a few seconds to a few minutes, rocks and fire were thrown into the air, most of them dropping back again into the crater.



Snapshot by Mr. Spickler of One of the Severe Explosions. The Head and Shoulders of the Guide Give the Size of the Crater.

There had been a larger pause than usual. My guide, feeling what was coming, pulled me back by my coat-tail, frightened when I persisted in remaining. He was under oath not to allow any one without a special scientific pass from the university to go so close to the crater, and only a few of the more daring tourists made the ascent at all.

Then the mountain began to tremble. The yellowish red flame burst like shot out of a cannon straight up into the sky as if in wrathful defiance of heaven's law that chained its terrific energy in the narrow vaults of the mountain. Big stones dropped at our feet. We stood still and dodged them.

This then was the volcano that some Aprils ago blew her brains out on one side of the globe and kicked the life out of 'Frisco on the other.

Tomorrow I say farewell to the continent of Europe

and set sail on the blue Mediterranean for Sicily, Crete and Athens, believing that while I have had a mighty good time thus far, much better adventures await me in stranger lands. In the hope that all of my INGLENOOK friends may continue with me on my lonely journey "Around the World Without a Cent," and many more join our gladsome party, I say, not good-bye, but "Au revoir," "till we meet again."

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### THE DYING YEAR.

MARY C. STONER.

And must thou go, thou dying year?  
And must thou leave us now?  
Shall thy great bosom still conceal  
Thy secrets? thy blessings?  
What treasures thou must surely bear,  
What deeds and smiles of love!  
Dost thou have ought of mankind's sin  
Of folly, or despair?

Farewell, old year, farewell to thee,  
Thy ling'ring twilight fades;  
Perhaps thy joys or fears shall be  
Remembered in the hearts,  
For thou wert kind, old year, to some,  
Gave others cruel pain.  
But pause one moment ere you go,  
Farewell to thee, farewell.

North Manchester, Ind.



### LIFE IN A GREAT CITY.—No. VI.

W. C. FRICK.

CLASSIFIED according to their wealth, we have in this world three great sets of people, viz., the rich, poor, and a middle class,—those people who are neither rich nor poor. While you can't always estimate man's wealth by the clothes he wears any more than you can judge his character by the same method, yet these three classes are collectively distinguished from one another by the style in which they travel. But be they dressed as swell or as poorly as they may, all these classes are placed temporarily upon one level when they use the street cars. Laborer and clerk sit side by side, society women share their seats with their outcast sisters and millionaire and poor man touch elbows. There is no respect of persons.

Granted you are all fair-minded people, I hear you say that that is just as it should be. Under certain conditions, and in many cases I would agree with you. But under other conditions I wouldn't, for when a barn laborer, a butcher, a fertilizer worker, or, as I once saw, a ditch-digger besmeared from head to foot with wet clay and carrying all his paraphernalia, crowds his way from one end of a crowded car to the other, distributing his odor or dirt broadcast upon unwilling recipients, one can't help but wish that there were special street cars for special people. "A little leaven *certainly* leaveneth the whole lump," especially

when the illustration is applied to an odor in a crowded street car.

It's often (I say often, I mean always) a hard matter to keep one's self looking respectable under such conditions. Yet if every one would apply the rule, "If you can't be a gentleman, be as much of a gentleman as you can," we could all appear more respectable.

A good watchdog is almost indispensable upon the farm. To be of most use, he must be unchained and unmuzzled. In the cities all dogs must be muzzled or chained up or they go to the dog-catcher's wagon and thence to the dog-pound. Furthermore, most landlords won't allow dogs on their premises.

Agents and beggars, knowing there are no dogs to fear, often become very bold and persistent. One well-known liberty they commonly take is to place their foot in the door as soon as it is opened, and an unprotected home is oftentimes at their mercy. Chainlocks are protection against this danger. They admit of the door being opened about three inches and no further.

City living predisposes a person to disease far more than does living in the country. By the same reasoning the poorer the district in which one lives the more he is exposed to disease and the greater the number of diseases to which he is exposed.

City health laws are very strict and it is well they should be. The laws which endeavor to limit the spread of contagious diseases work along the idea, that the greater the population the more the people will be thrown together and the greater the chance for disease to spread. The smoky atmosphere predisposes one to lung disease. City air is laden with the germs of tuberculosis. Contact with people in street cars and other places where capital crams the public together is the direct cause of many cases of disease. To sum matters up, the death rate in the city is much greater than in the country, so if your first desire is to have good health don't move to the city.

Fire works its ravages in about the same way but fire is more readily checked.

We said that the average American loves excitement. To illustrate: Two men begin to quarrel upon the street. The quarrel becomes heated and a shot is fired. Quicker almost than one can say "Jack Robinson" a crowd of from one hundred to one thousand people has gathered from every direction and each person is telling his neighbor how it happened, though in fact no one actually saw it. Curiously enough, there isn't a single policeman in the entire crowd. Very few, if any of them, get the habit.

In a former article we told you something about department stores. Every now and then these department stores have bargain sales. When a new store opens, the business is often given a grand send-off



by making its first day a bargain-day, a day when you can buy at thirty cents on the dollar, and everything costs nineteen cents or some other sum ending with a nine. Abundant use is made of the advertising columns of the evening papers and every bargain-hunter eagerly peruses these columns. On the stated morning each woman is even more eagerly picking over the goods on sale to find her particular bargain. Nor are they at all careful about their manners on such occasions. It would remind you of as many swine turned loose in sight of a peck of corn and it is no uncommon thing for several policemen to be called in to restore order. It's no place for a man to venture into.

Indeed to most people city life is one of hustle and bustle. They eat breakfast in a hurry, and because of the uncertainties of street-car transit they hurry to work. A short half hour at noon gives time for only a hastily-eaten lunch and the evening meal is practically the only one thoroughly enjoyed. Even then it too is oftentimes sacrificed for an early arrival at the theatre or for some other engagement. They are up late at night and get up correspondingly late in the morning and of course violate that old adage which goes,

"Early to bed and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

They take very little time for meditation and wholesome recreation and are forever at a high nervous pitch. In fact, they don't take time to be healthy. The clerk, for instance, gets no exercise at the office from morning to night, eats as big meals as an ordinary laborer and attends the theatre at night or reads a magazine. How could *he* expect to be healthy?

The temptations in a great city are many and varied. It's only too easy for a young man or woman with good intentions to get started upon the downward path. There is always some friend willing to tell one how to spend his money so long as he has any, and when he hasn't he isn't very likely to have any friends. To care for just such people most every city of any importance today has its Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. where recreation and study are afforded through gymnasium, natatorium and libraries. It should be the mind of every young man and woman not already a member of some church to at once inquire for these associations after moving to the city.

In conclusion city life is interesting and eventful but not always healthful. Educational facilities are excellent. Many churches are available but there are also many temptations. Wages as a rule are good but expenses are higher in proportion. Finally, God made the country but man made the city, and I believe every godly man prefers to live in the country whether he *lives* there or not.

## THE TRUTH OF IT.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

How can I know the way of it?

'Tis such a little while

Since first I ever knew of you,

Or first had seen you smile.

Since first I heard your merry voice,

Since first I saw you cry—

How can I know the way of it?

How can I tell for why?

I only know I'm sure of it.

I knew you and was glad;

Your happy laughter filled my heart,

With you my heart was sad.

The world were dark without you now,

Your way is mine to go,

I only know the truth of it,

I love you—that I know.



## THE PENGUIN EGG.

DURING the past few years an increasing trade has been built up in South Africa in the sale of penguin eggs, the value of which as a comestible has become widely recognized, and today the industry has attained extensive proportions. The egg of this sea-fowl has excellent nourishing qualities, which combined with the fact that it is easily digestible renders it a suitable article of diet for invalids. Though the bird subsists on fish the flavor of the eggs is not widely dissimilar from that of the domestic hen, and in South Africa is much preferred to the latter. A curious feature in cooking is that the albumen does not become solidified and of an opaque whiteness as does that of the chicken's egg, but retains its jelly-like character and is of a pale blue color. In size the egg approximates that of the goose or terrapin. During the past few months consignments of these eggs have been exported to Great Britain, and although their characteristics are unfamiliar the easily digestible qualities of the edible have been quickly appreciated and the trade in the article is rapidly extending.

The eggs are obtained from the group of rocky islets off the southwestern coast of Cape Colony within easy reach of Cape Town, of which the islands of Dassen, Jutten, and Malagassen are the largest and most important. These islets, which do not aggregate more than about fifty acres in extent, are merely the abode of wild sea-fowl, among which the penguin overwhelmingly predominates, and owing to their barren nature are quite uninhabited with the exception of the rangers appointed by the South African government who reside thereon, since the islands are government property. Formerly they were merely exploited for their valuable and extensive guano deposits, the right to work which was awarded by tender by the government. Today, although guano is still exported, penguin eggs constitute the most important product, and a strict surveillance is maintained in order to protect the birds and their eggs.

The low-lying coast portions of the islands consti-

tute the haunts of these sea-fowl which abound in such prolific numbers that it is impossible to walk along the shore without coming into contact with them. The birds are remarkably tame and do not evince the slightest alarm at the approach of a stranger. Indeed it is difficult to make your way along the coast without jostling them, and as they make no attempt to move on one side to facilitate the visitor's progress they have to be pushed unceremoniously aside, an action which causes them to give vent to a savage snap. Such tameness is somewhat curious, since when castaways out scavenging for food are caught by unpropitious winds, currents, or stormy weather and, unable to make their return to their home, are cast up on the mainland, they exhibit extreme timidity, hurrying away to some refuge upon human approach.

So extensive are their numbers that the resident official's house has had to be encircled by a low wall about two feet in height to prevent the birds overrunning the dwelling. Owing to the absence of wings the birds are perforce compelled to keep to the low-lying shore line, where they fashion their primitive nests, consisting for the most part of mere holes in the sand, in which they deposit their eggs. At the same time they are very jealous of their territory and resent the intrusions of any other birds. Should an unfortunate wanderer alight on the shore such action is the signal for instant battle. The penguins viciously attack the interloper in force and compel him to beat a hurried retreat, or should he be exhausted he is straightway dispatched.

The islands are never visited except by the boats bringing stores for the rangers and the men engaged in the collection of the guano and the eggs, the government keeping the birds as free from outside disturbance as possible. The egg-collecting season extends through three months of the year, March, April, and May, and is carried out upon thoroughly comprehensive lines. The collectors wrap their legs in some stout material to secure protection against the sharp bills of the birds, who make vicious attacks while their nests are being robbed, while in their hands they carry a short club carrying an iron crook at the lower end.

The task of scouring the islands for eggs is carried on simultaneously, and the work is so arranged that the whole of the nests may be cleared in a single day. The men have to elbow their way among the birds who refuse to budge an inch. They cannot be frightened from their nests where they sit on their eggs in sullen indifference. To attempt to eject the bird with the hands would be to invite a savage snap, so the collector deftly inserts his crooked club beneath the bird and scoops out the eggs from under the hen. Naturally such a summary proceeding is keenly resented by the bird, which bites at the collector's legs. tute the haunts of these sea-fowl which abound in

to take no further notice and the man may safely stoop to pick up the article. The collection is then packed in boxes which are dispatched at frequent intervals to the mainland in small sailing craft and disposed of. Egg collecting is not carried out every day, but a day or two are allowed to elapse between each raid. The penguins are most prolific layers, as may be shown from the fact that during the short season of three months no less than five million eggs are collected. Upon the last day of the collecting period the men make a final search and every egg on the islands is removed. The birds are then left alone through the brooding season, and in this manner, despite the wholesale robbery of their nests, they perpetuate their species in increasing numbers every year, while the fact that their ranks suffer no diminution from the hands of marauders, owing to government protection, tends to increase their value from the egg point of view, since they multiply very extensively and rapidly.

During the brooding period no guano collecting is permitted, the object being to afford the birds the utmost preservation from disturbance. The only occasional visitors are members of the Agriculture Department of the government, who repair to the islands in order to study the habits of the penguin at close quarters, which investigations have contributed very appreciably to our knowledge of these birds. After the brooding season is over the resident rangers make a thorough survey of the islands, destroying all eggs that have proved infertile, a similar action being taken intermittently during the close period, the object being to prevent the egg collectors inadvertently collecting any bad eggs when engaged in their pursuit.

The eggs, as already explained, constitute a favorite dish among the inhabitants of South Africa. They are cooked in a variety of ways, but the most popular method and one which it is stated enables the flavor of the egg to be obtained most satisfactorily is to boil it for a period of twenty minutes. This enables the yolk to become solidified, though it does not destroy the jelly-like consistency of the albumen, which retains its peculiar characteristic no matter to what extent boiling or poaching may be prolonged. The contents are then removed from the shell and minced or mashed on a plate, to which are added liberal quantities of butter, salt, and pepper. Treated in this way the egg makes a most appetizing dish, which is greatly relished. If desired, the egg may be cooked and combined with other articles of diet such as salads and mayonnaise with equal success.—*Scientific American Supplement*.



"No man is born into the world whose work  
Is not born with him. There is always work  
And tools to work withal, for those who will,  
And blessed are the horny hands of toil."

—Lowell.



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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Its qualities are: Good Sentiment, Moral Convictions, Inspiration.

Its purpose is: To safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature.

Its scope of matter is: Scientific, Religious, Educational, Philanthropic, Economical, Sociological and Financial.

Its field is: The World.

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## A NEW LEASE ON LIFE.

LAST spring the General Mission Board decided that with the going out of the present year the INGLENOOK should go out of existence. Accordingly we had prepared a little farewell sermon for this issue, thinking that this would be the last opportunity we would have of speaking to the readers of the magazine as a family. Now, by an unexpected turn of events, the INGLENOOK has been given a new lease on life and we must put aside our farewell words and talk of the purposes of life and the joy of living.

One of the INGLENOOK's joys of existence is its large circle of friends. In fact they have been more than a joy, for it is through them that this new lease on life has come. Those who hold the destiny of the magazine in their hands and had passed sentence upon it could not withstand the protests that came pouring in. With their kind consideration of these expressions of the INGLENOOK's friends it is to be expected that they will look to these same friends for the most loyal support of the magazine. And we are sure that they will not look in vain. Already we have had many pledges of active support. One loyal Inglenooker tells the story of a doctor who, on his way to visit a patient, lost control of his automobile. At first he was undecided whether to remain by the machine or jump. Finally he decided to stick to his machine, and our Inglenooker commends him for his choice and says there will be plenty of time to get out when the machine stops. He further adds that it is his intention to stay by the INGLENOOK and he calls upon others to do the same.

It is our aim and it shall be our continual effort to maintain the present high standard of the INGLENOOK. We shall guard with the utmost vigilance the mental and moral health of our readers. No one can afford to risk his physical health by an utter disregard as to the kind of food he eats and even less can he afford to risk his moral health by an indiscrimi-

nate reading of the matter printed in the periodicals of today. Some may be able of themselves to choose their food and their reading wisely, but in the majority of cases the plan of offering only the healthful and keeping the injurious out of reach is the best. Eternity alone can tell how much harm has been done and is being done by the reading of degrading literature. One of the chief duties of parents is a wise selection of the books and papers that are read in the home.

The travel articles, "Around the World Without a Cent," which have been followed with so much interest by many of our readers, will continue through many more issues of the magazine. We have reason to believe that our readers are a nature-loving people and we are planning to devote some space to this particular subject. The matter for this department will consist of a leading article on some phase of plant or animal life with a number of shorter articles telling of the freaks of nature, of the strange and remarkable things that are continually taking place in nature's realm. Or one may recount simply the usual and ordinary in nature in order to acquaint us with its habits and bring us into closer touch with its full and free life. Much attention will be given to the home department and we will endeavor to secure as writers for these pages those who have the highest conception of the importance of the home life. We trust that no one will wait for a personal solicitation to contribute to this department, but that fathers and mothers and all homemakers may feel free to express themselves on any of the various subjects connected with home life. Suggestions and directions as to the carrying on of the work of the home will also be gladly received.

The department for strictly religious matter will be conducted as heretofore with the aim of giving to our readers something to "top out" on—the meat and drink that shall stay their souls. Altogether, we feel we can promise that the INGLENOOK will be as good as it has been in the past. We shall strive to make it better still.



## THE PASSING YEAR.

TIME does not fly any faster during these last days of the year than it does during any other season. That it seems to do so is due, no doubt, to the fact that we make the change from one year to another. It is therefore natural that we should pause at this season to mark the swiftness of time.

A feeling of sadness generally accompanies our thoughts on the flight of time. True the young and the aged may hail the swift passing of the years with only feelings of relief and joy, but for the strong and active—those upon whom rest the burdens of life—there is much of sadness in the thought.

The reason is not far to seek. There is the great amount of work—mountains high, apparently—which

we would like to see done, or would like to do ourselves, while time is relentlessly wrenching from us the precious hours we need for its accomplishment. Then there are the lost opportunities that torment us with the thoughts of what we might have done. If we will take the discipline which these meditations have for us we will be the better prepared for the new year.



#### OUR ALMANAC FOR 1909.

THE House has gotten out its annual issue of the Brethren Family Almanac and because of its several points of excellence we wish to call the attention of our readers to it. Besides the matter found in every almanac, there is an important event given for each day of the year, and other interesting reading, mainly of a biographical nature. Then there is a list of the names of all the ministers of the Church of the Brethren, the names and addresses of all the Sunday-school secretaries and of the members of the General and District Mission Boards. The almanac is sent free to all regular subscribers of the *Messenger* and can be had alone for ten cents per copy.



#### HAPPINESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

THERE is much pleasure to be obtained from little things that are often neglected as too trivial for notice; a flower in the window when a greenhouse is beyond one's reach; a book from the public library if one cannot purchase books of one's own, or paper-covered volumes when fine bindings are too expensive; the music of the voice when an instrument is wanting. There is almost always a substitute attainable for the pleasure that is desired and the child who fishes with a bent pin and a string gets all the happiness of a fisherman from it.

There were never before so many enjoyable things accessible to the common people. With parks, art galleries, libraries, museums, the dwellers in cities have pleasure and information almost forced upon them, and for those who live in the country nature's picture book is continually open. The trouble is, people do not appreciate what may be so easily obtained. Men like Thoreau and John Burroughs will note with a naturalist's delight the common sights of nature, and we enjoy reading their books; but the things themselves are all around us, and we take no pleasure in them. We need to learn to enjoy the simple daily joys of life, and to open our eyes to the wonderful world about us.

Some people lose the pleasure of life through sheer egotism. If for a few hours they could forget themselves they might be happy. It is an old saying that it is more blessed to give than to receive; and it is true in every sense. To give of time and thought

and interest to others is infinitely better than to absorb it all with regard for the welfare of that insignificant but big-feeling "I." "Look out and not in," and "Lend a hand," are good mottoes for him who seeks true happiness. Busy he must be, for there is no pleasure in idleness; and the more help and comfort he can bring to his fellow-men by his labor, the happier he will be himself.

It is well to quit thinking of disagreeable things. No doubt they are plenty, but why pay any attention to them except to strive to overcome them? Don't roll trouble over and over till it has grown like a snowball. If you have a skeleton in your closet just keep it there; don't let it out to terrify the rest of the family, and don't keep slipping away to take a private look at it. If you keep it shut up closely enough, it may possibly crumble into harmless dust—bones do that sometimes.

It is a great aid to cheerfulness, "to count up your marcies," as the contented old lady put it. And remember that according to Mark Tapley there isn't any credit in being jolly under agreeable circumstances. He had finally to give up the task of finding a situation so wretched that there was any credit in being jolly in it. A good many persons are more easily satisfied, and take credit, not for being jolly, but for simply not grumbling at slightly-annoying events.

These brief suggestions are only with regard to outside expedients; the true secret, simple and disregarded as it commonly is, lies in seeking true happiness, which is only found in God himself. All other happiness is temporary; this alone is permanent. It is, as has been beautifully said, when our will is parallel to God's that there is no cross; the cross is found when our will is at right angles with his. Human nature clings desperately to its own way and finds it hard to believe that happiness is found in the renunciation of self-will. But it is only when God's children can say with Paul, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," that they know the meaning of "rejoice evermore." Then can they be calm in danger, and joy in tribulation, and all things are well with them. This has made prisoners sing in their dungeons, and martyrs happy at the stake, and the happiness is the privilege and the duty of every Christian today. We not only may, we ought to, be happy. How happy we might be, no matter how circumstanced, if once we would seek it in the will of God. God only knows how blessed he would make us if we would but let him.



There is a day of sunny rest

For every dark and troubled night,  
And grief may bide, an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.

—Bryant.





## The Importance of Mothers' Meetings and How to Conduct Them

**Catharine Beery Van Dyke**

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. Philpp. 4: 8.

It has been one of the most unsatisfactory discoveries in my experience in mother-work that so few women and men are really and truly interested in the subject of home building and child study. Interested enough that the wife or mother is willing to set apart any portion of her time to confer in some formal, systematic way with other women concerning things which go to make up happy and useful homes and families. A thing which would tend not only to the improvement of her own domestic kingdom but which would also bring assistance to others who, without some kind of help, might never be lifted out of ruts or gotten over hard places.

No person would expect to set up a shop and advertise to do tailoring, for instance, who had not learned the art of making clothes according to a prescribed system. We would not think of placing our children for musical or literary instruction under persons who had never studied these subjects. Yet the world abounds with married people who do not even practice the simplest and kindest forms of courtesy between themselves that would tend, as husband and wife, to make them the sincerest friends and cohelpers of each other; married people who do not know the first principle of home building or of child-rearing. And these people are to be recognized as heads of households. When these things are taken into consideration is it hard to account for juvenile delinquents, truants, liars, thieves and other criminals both young and old? Is it hard, then, to account for the lack of reverence to parents and to God and his laws? Hard to know why children desire to separate themselves from the home at as early an age as possible?

So many women who think at all about any kind of organization, or even about regular meetings of this

kind, seem to think there are other things of importance, so they keep on shutting themselves within their own personal interests and shutting themselves out of many opportunities to serve their fellow-beings. Christ said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And he said this in reference to human service. That one mother can help another at various times and in untold ways no candid, thoughtful person can doubt. But to seek out these times and reduce them to a practical, useful, workable plan that both they and their neighbors may be benefited, is a task that few mothers are willing to take upon themselves or to enter into with others. If more time were thus spent there would be blessedly less time spent in thinking and talking bad about others, in scolding the husband and children, in discouragement, in pouting or in finding fault; less to spend in doing unnecessary, uncalled for and unreasonable things in the home.

The questions as to how to go about the work and who is to do it come up before the project like a stone wall.

This will depend altogether upon where you are and whom you are. If you are in the country or in a small town and you are personally of an aggressive or projective turn of mind—I mean, rather, if you have conviction deep enough that the "still small voice" inside is heard to say, "Do it," and you have snap enough to answer the challenge, you can at least go to work.

Perhaps something on this plan: select one of the best books either on Child Study or Motherhood or Home Building; here are the names of some: On child study, The Bible, "Love and Law in Child-training" and "In the Child's World" by Emilie Poulsson; "A Study of Child Nature" and "In Story Land" and "Two Children of the Foothills" by Elizabeth Harrison; "Contents of Children's Minds" by G. Stanley Hall; "Children's Rights" by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Kindergarten Stories and Morning Talks" by Sara E. Wiltse; "Songs and Games for Little Ones"

by Walker and Jenks; "The Unfolding Life" by Mrs. Lamoreaux; "Child's Christ Tales" by Andrea Hofer Proudfoot; "Management of Children" by Anna M. Hale, M. D.

Of the second class I offer the following: "Beckoning of Little Hands" by Patterson Dubois; "Kingdom of Home" by Margaret Sangster; "How John and I Brought Up the Child" by Eliz. Grinnell; "The Secret of a Happy Home" by Marion Harland; "A Mother's Ideals" by Andrea Hofer Proudfoot.

There are also two—at least two—most excellent monthly magazines for mothers, one, if not both, of which should be received and studied by every wide-awake, truth-loving mother. They are: American Motherhood, Cooperstown, N. Y., and The Mothers' Magazine, Elgin, Ill. For current stories—and good ones for little children—get the monthly magazine, "Little Folks," S. E. Cassino, Salem, Mass.

Speak to your best mother friend in reach; then, each of you ask another and begin the study of this work at regular periods. Meet in your homes at an hour that will interfere the least with your families or your family duties and do not hold your meetings too long, an hour or an hour and a half at best.

A part of this time for sociability and light refreshments would be very pleasant, but to me, the time for study and discussion is so precious that, except on occasion, or for the children that may be present, I prefer to give the time to work. However, it is a splendid arrangement to have meetings at times that are particularly designed to cultivate acquaintance in a social way. On such days we have games as well as refreshments.

After a few conferences you will be able to judge whether or not you can take in a larger number.

Now as to program. A time for devotion comes at the beginning of the formal meeting. A home song or an appropriate sacred hymn, scripture lesson and prayer. Keep in some way your roll of members with their address (and I have lately added their birthdays) and a record or an account of each meeting, telling who were present and what was done. This can be done by the leader without a formal organization. In fact, I am led to believe that the less formal organization the better, yet if it suits you and your community, organize with usual officers. Open the topic for the day after reading the account of your previous meeting. When you are studying a book there is not much to be done but to read and discuss it chapter by chapter or thought by thought. When studying subjects rather than books I have tried four different programs for each month. Our meeting convenes weekly. This first week, for instance, we introduced a subject and discuss it as a whole, the second week we have questions upon it viewing it in its various parts, the third we try to get some lessons growing out of the subject or out of some questions

presented upon it or even an isolated lesson, and fourth a program in which the mothers respond in speech, song, reading or story. This, you see, divides the exercises about equally between mothers and leader. When a fifth Wednesday occurs in a month we have frequently gone off on a visit together, sometimes to another mothers' meeting or woman's club, sometimes to a park or to some of the various institutions of the city.

If you live in a large town instead of living in the country the *modus operandi* must be modified to suit your clientele or your neighborhood. Here if working with educated, well-to-do families a plan something after the manner of the usual woman's organizations may be followed. But if your call is to the lowly or unlearned, the oppressed and neglected, your opportunity for service is golden; and you may fashion it after a plan altogether original and work it out as God directs you "without let or hindrance."

Here, especially, you can teach "whatsoever things are true." Oh, how much is false in and around the lives of so many dear, suffering families! Teach "whatsoever things are honest" to mothers and fathers who have been tempted farther than you've ever been to be dishonest. Teach "whatsoever things are just." Oh, how can that be done to women who know nothing but injustice from their besotted, unfaithful husbands? Just? Yes, teach them through Jesus Christ that such a virtue exists and that it is possible for them to copy it. Teach "whatsoever things are pure." And here you have a most fruitful subject, one which may strike root to blossom and bring forth fruit to the third and fourth generations. I cannot refrain just here from mentioning a few small books on this subject which are most helpful and edifying when intelligently used. They are: "Teach Truth," "Almost a Man," "Almost a Woman," and "Child Confidence Rewarded." Teach "whatsoever things are lovely." Endeavor to bring into the lives of your dear friends the loveliness of an upright character—a Christian character—the loveliness of good deeds, of motherhood itself when subjected to God's divine purpose; the loveliness of being a dutiful, beautiful, faithful and patient wife even if hers is the destiny of being wife to a faithless husband. Teach "whatsoever things are of good report." Endeavor to raise their standards, their ideals. Many a woman would be more refined and happier than she is if she only knew how to be—if she knew something different and better than her own mean surroundings. Hold up for them a standard of truth, of honesty, of justice, of purity and of loveliness that it is possible for them to comprehend and achieve and they will then choose that which is of good report, and will see the "virtue" and the "praise" of them and will "think on these things."

If you will take the pains to enter perseveringly up-



on a work like this, your opportunities will multiply and ramify and you will place others where their energies, too, will turn into useful channels until you will rejoice daily and praise God for giving you part in hastening the coming of his Christ. You will not count your time lost, you will learn to regard it as belonging to God in his plan for saving your own life and soul and in being the instrument by which others are brought to a higher, a brighter and a redeemed life.

Just a word to those who will not be leaders and will just attend the meetings. All that has been said about the leader may be yours in part and just in as great a part as you put interest and sincerity in the work. Your faithful coöperation, your good attention, her instruction, your willing response to her appeals to your higher and better self and your own fertilized energy will enhance your own happiness and will enable you, too, to pass the good work along.

My own work here in the neighborhood of Hastings Street (Nazareth), Chicago, is designated Neighborhood Mother-Work. It is an individual work supported almost wholly by contributions from my personal friends. (The mothers themselves take up a collection of one penny a week to relieve their feelings but they are not expected to give more unless moved by a most generous spirit to do so). We not only have our regular afternoon meetings from 2 to 3:30 every Wednesday—except in the summer vacation—but homes are visited; literature is introduced in the homes; many mothers are seen personally; advice is given and taken; the sick and troubled and needy are helped and the mothers themselves, though many of them have little time or means at their disposal, turn missionaries.

I know one of our number with a large family, who every morning, after the children are off for school, makes a practice of sitting for an hour or two with an invalid neighbor, a woman whose resource for happiness and company is limited. She either reads to her or takes her own work with her while they spend the time pleasantly together. And the neighbor looks forward with almost childlike anticipation of this time of day.

Others share with those more needy than themselves the comforts of life. One who is handy with needle and scissors has lately brought together in her own home a number of little girls to teach them to sew. And, through the influence of the Mothers' Meeting a few of the children have voluntarily banded together in a prayer meeting which meets at one of their homes while our own meeting is in session.

"The smallest barque on Life's tempestuous ocean  
Will leave a track behind forever more;  
The lightest wave of influence set in motion  
Extends and widens to the Eternal Shore."

### MATER DOLOROSA.

Because of one dear infant head  
With golden hair,  
To me all little heads  
A halo wear.  
Because of two wide, earnest eyes  
Of heavenly blue,  
Which look, those yearning eyes,  
My sad soul through,  
All eyes now fill mine own with tears  
Whate'er their hue.  
Because of little death-marked lips,  
Which once did call  
My name in plaintive tones,  
No voices fall  
Upon my ear in vain appeal  
From children small.  
Two little hands held in my own,  
Long, long ago,  
Now cause me, as I wander through  
This world of woe,  
To clasp each baby hand stretched out  
In fear of foe;  
Now lowest cannot plead in vain—  
I loved him so!

—Selected.



### THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

SARAH A. WANTZ.

To the mother belongs the privilege of planting in the hearts of her children those seeds of love which, nurtured and fostered, will bear the fruit of earnest and useful lives.

It is she who must fit them to meet the duties and emergencies of life and in this work of training she keeps her heart fresh and young and thereby insures the growth of those powers with which nature has endowed her.

As the faculties of man, woman or child are brought into active exercise, so do they become strengthened, and the mother, in doing her work in the training of her children grows in wisdom, in knowledge and in power, thus enabling her the better to perform her duties.

*Cedar, Ind.*



### CHILD TRAINING.

A HARD and unloving mother does infinite harm to her children; but she does no more harm than the loving but weak and foolish mother who does not train the children to behave with respect for the feelings of others, who permits them to be selfish or cruel or thoughtless. I remember reading a story years ago, that greatly impressed me. It described how a worn, tired-looking woman was riding in the cars with her son, she sitting by the window. The son was a thoughtless boy, and soon began to whine and complain until he made his tired mother move away from and let him sit by the window. The observer, looking on, remarked that in the future there would be some unfortunate wife who would wonder "why men are

so selfish," instead of placing the blame where it really ought to be placed: upon the lack of strength of character, the lack of wisdom, the lack of genuine love on the part of that woman in not bringing her boy up to be unselfish and thoughtful of others, so that he might live decently in his own household, and do his work well in the world at large.—*President Roosevelt.*



#### TEST FOR OLEOMARGARINE.

THE following simple test for distinguishing between butter and margarin is given in *La Nature* (Paris, September 12):

"Take a quantity of very fresh milk and place it in a wide-mouthed bottle, which is then plunged into a vessel of boiling water. When the milk is quite hot, add a small spoonful of the butter and stir with a stick until the fatty matter is thoroughly melted. Then take the bottle from the hot water and put it into iced water. Continue to stir until the fatty matter has again solidified. If this solidification has taken place in granular form, in small fatty particles distributed throughout the entire mass of the milk, the specimen tested is real butter. If, on the contrary, the whole solidifies in one mass, so it may all be taken out on the end of the stirring-stick, it is margarin."—*Translation made for The Literary Digest.*



#### TO KEEP LIME-CRUST OUT OF TEA KETTLES.

THE lime-crust that all water, except rain water, deposits in tea kettles, in the process of boiling will, in the course of time, become so thick as to interfere with the usefulness of the kettle for the quick heating of water. A strong solution of potash or soda, however, allowed to stand in a crusted kettle, will dissolve the lime, and make its sides smooth again. And this "furring" of the kettle may be wholly prevented by putting a clean oyster shell therein. The lime will attach itself to the shell and leave the inside of the kettle quite clean.—*Selected.*

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### The Children's Corner

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#### WHEN PAPA COMES FROM TOWN.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

When papa goes to town, it seems,  
He stays and stays so long.  
We wonder what is keeping him—  
If something has gone wrong.

Soon as he comes in sight, we throw  
The front gate open wide  
To let him in, and Emmet says,  
"Oop, papa, Emmet yide."

Old Rover runs around the house  
And almost knocks him down.  
I tell you we are mighty glad  
When papa comes from town.

He stops, and we all clamber in.

Soon as the gate is passed,  
Emmet climbs on his lap and says,  
"Papa tum home at last."

Nolia and Mabel sit in front  
While Henry stands behind  
And hunts among the packages  
To see what he can find.

We hate to have pa turn and say,  
"You'd better put that down."  
We want to know just what he's got  
When papa comes from town.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.



#### WHAT HAVE I DONE?

JACK was a real boy and a prime favorite with teachers and school-fellows—such a willing, good-natured fellow, and such a lot of "go" in him, never shirking his work. One day he had a difficult sum to work out, and was bending his mind to it, when "Whack!" came the cane over his back.

"Sir, sir," stammered Jack, "what's that for?"

"Nothing in particular, my boy," said the master with another whack, and then another, while he stood smiling at Jack and began to whistle.

Jack sprang up. "Sir, it's not fair not to tell me what I've done wrong," said he.

"You've done nothing wrong," and down came another whack with the cane.

By this time the whole class were on their feet, and rebellion seemed ready, when the stern command came, "Keep your seats!" and unwillingly the boys sat down. All seemed to think the teacher had gone mad. Jack resumed his seat with burning face and smarting shoulders. Presently the teacher said pleasantly, "I saw you driving your father's horse and cart yesterday, Jack, and was so sorry you had such a wretched horse to drive!"

Jack blurted out, "Our Bob is the best fellow in the place, sir."

"Ah! then he was lazy, I suppose, yesterday," said the master.

"Not he," said Jack, angrily. His shoulders were bad enough to bear, but to hear Bob abused was more than he could stand. "He's as splendid and willing a little fellow as there is in the district. He never shirks work."

"So, so," said the master. "Well, I saw you yesterday, Jack, and I really thought your little horse was going in fine style, when you stood up and slashed him with your whip. He shook his head, when slash you went again, and I saw Bob fairly turn his head to look at you, much as you did when you asked me why I gave you the cane cut; but you gave him several more cuts with the whip, though he had a fair load and was doing his level best. You own he is a willing fellow, always doing his best, so I thought, Jack, that you might be content for me to treat you, my good,



obedient pupil, who always tries to please me, in just the same way. Fair play all round, Jack, eh?"

Jack dropped his face on his hands down to the desk, and he fairly shook with restrained sobs—big boy he was—then he stood up.

"I understand your treatment, sir, and I deserve it. I used the whip without thinking about it, and it's quite fair that I should have a taste of what I gave our fine little Bob. I'll beg his pardon when I go home."

"Well done, Jack. Shake hands. Go on with your lessons, boys," said the teacher.

"And I'll remember my lesson, sir," said Jack, with a comical rub on his shoulders; "but it's fair play all round."—*Our Four-footed Friends.*



#### THE LAND OF LIE-A-BED.

The lazy land of Lie-a-Bed  
Has two fat pillows at the head,  
A downy comfort spread all neat  
And restful from the head to feet;  
A drowsy, dreamy place to stay  
And yawn, "I'll not get 'up today,"  
And many children like to go  
To wonder-wander here, you know.  
It is a pleasant land, and yet  
If I were you I would forget  
The pathway there, and follow back  
The shining Merry-Morning track.  
The Dream-World lies too far away  
From honest work and happy play,  
And you must heed what you have read,  
And shun the land of Lie-a-Bed.

—Youth's Companion.

### For SUNDAY READING

#### THE SECRET DWELLING PLACE.

MARY C. STONER.

In the shadow of his presence,  
'Neath the shelter of his wing,  
Trusting souls have found a refuge,  
Trusting souls in triumph sing.

Stronger fortress none hath given  
To the humble child of grace,  
And the slayer can not frighten  
From Jehovah's dwelling place.

There no terror, born of darkness,  
There no noonday's wasting blight,  
For the Lord Most High, thy refuge,  
Stays from thee the plagues of might.

'Round about thee are his angels,  
Guarding thee from Satan's charms,  
Underneath in tender mercy  
Are the everlasting arms.

Fear no evil near thy dwelling,  
For the God who reigns above  
Hath delivered thee from danger,  
Put on thee his boundless love.

In thy sorrow he shall answer,  
Bring his honor for thy grief;  
With salvation clothe his chosen,  
Bring thee sure and sweet relief.

North Manchester, Ind.



#### ZACCHEISM. (Luke 19: 1-10.)

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

As the Pharisees of the Gospels give us a certain type of religiousness, which has never been wanting in the church, so Zaccheus, the rich penitent of Jericho, has in all ages had his representatives. Zaccheism is a type of Christianity that well deserves study. Let us dwell for a moment on some of its more obvious features.

I. Zaccheus had been a sinner. By this is meant, not that he was a sinner in the general sense, as all men are sinners, but that he belonged to a class whose business of the "publican" may not have been in itself and necessarily, sinful; it was indeed possible for a man to discharge its duties without cheating or extortion. But in the main, and as a class, the publicans of that day were rightly held in the same estimation in which we now hold gamblers and saloon-keepers—their business was one that was profitable just in proportion to its immorality. As Zaccheus had become wealthy by it, the presumption is, and indeed he virtually acknowledges, that he had committed the usual sins of his class: he had been guilty of rapacity and extortion.

It is the glory of Christianity, that it does not turn its back upon any one because of his past transgressions; its greatest achievements have been in the conversion of men who had been notorious as wrongdoers,—in changing Saul the persecutor into Paul the chiefest of apostles; in making of a dissolute Bedfordshire tinker the author of "Pilgrim's Progress." There are at this moment thousands of men and women, doing nobly for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom, shining lights in the church, whose original career, equally with that of Zaccheus, proves that Christ came not to call the righteous, but to seek and save that which was lost. Ministers, Sunday-school teachers, and others, who are seeking to lead mankind to Christ, are not authorized to turn away from any one, or regard him as hopeless, because his past life has been chargeable with irregularity and excess. If such a one is now putting himself in the way of good influences, even though his motive is no better than Zaccheus', though he has come out from mere curiosity to see what is going on let us imitate the Master and give the stranger a hearty welcome to our religious services.

II. Zaccheus was in downright earnest. Having been seized with the desire to see Jesus, he seems to have been as resolute about it as he had ever been in money-getting. His diminutive stature evidently sub-

jected him to ridicule. Especially when, to secure his object he climbed up into a tree, he must have been exposed to the jeers of the crowd. These rude burghers, many of whom doubtless had suffered from his exaction, and with whom he was already an object of dislike, had now a fine opportunity of venting their ill-will by laughing at the ridiculous figure he made thus perched up in a tree. But neither the ridiculousness nor the inconvenience of the position deterred him. Such is often the experience of those who, before conversion, have been active in iniquity. They carry into religion the same energy and zeal which marked their worldly career; they press into the kingdom with all their might.

III. Zaccheus was prompted to make reparation for his past evil deeds. He proffers at once to give up one-half his fortune for benevolent purposes, and in any cases in which he had taken wrongfully what was not due, to restore fourfold. There is nothing of the Pharisee in this; it is not a bribe offered to propitiate the good will of heaven. It is a mere expression of joy and gladness of heart on having Jesus in his house. When the Pharisee gave a tenth of all that he possessed, it was in a spirit of haughty self-righteousness and pride. The feeling of his heart was, *I am doing all that God requires of me, and I have a right to the kingdom of heaven, because of my good deeds.*

Zaccheus, on the contrary, seems to have been overwhelmed with a sense of his own unworthiness, and of the great favor shown him, and in the fullness of his heart he is willing to make almost any sacrifice for the honor of his Lord. How true this is to Christian experience in all ages. Nothing opens the purse-strings like a genuine love of Jesus in the soul. Nothing opens the heart like the blessedness of religion. The way to increase that stream of benevolence by which the operations of the church are to be carried forward, is not by begging and importunity and wearisome appeals, but by warning the hearts of God's people with the love of Jesus Christ. A millionaire who is made to feel that "this day is salvation come to this house," will not wait for the "annual collection," or for the piteous story of some returned missionary, before bestowing of his abundance for the replenishing of the Lord's treasury.

There are single churches in New York City and in fact in other large cities, in which there is wealth enough in the membership to enable them to quadruple the entire missionary contribution of the Protestant churches in the United States, without coming up to the standard of liberality voluntarily proffered by this repentant publican of Jericho.



"GRACE teaches a Christian not only to act like a man to God, but also like a God to man."

## HOPE.

D. D. THOMAS.

Last night I lost hope,  
In darkness could not see,  
And in the gloom I grope,  
And no one leadeth me.

The sunlight hid away,  
No use these eyes to me;  
If I could only pray,  
With blessed spirits be.

How deep the dark around,  
How deep the gloom beneath,  
No light, no life, no sound,—  
The borderland of death.

This morning I found hope,  
A blest, abiding joy;  
And when my eyes I ope,  
What solace I employ.

A hope that I may live,  
And not a duty fail;  
A hope that joy may give,  
And reach within the veil.

How prayer strengthens me,  
The anchor holds me firm,  
And light envelops me,  
He leadeth thro' the storm.

Lafayette, Ohio.



## ALL IS RIGHT.

SUCH an individual has nothing to fear, only to watch that he stays right with God. In sweet communion with God, he goes on, learning more as he advances in Christian experience.

But the fact that all is right between him and his God does not mean absolute perfection in daily life. That man is not living, never has lived, and never will so long as man dwells in the flesh, who can say with truth that all he thinks and says and does is the best and wisest that he could do under the circumstances. It is possible, therefore, for a man to be a true child of God, and at the same time make mistakes in the keeping of the ordinances, in the kind of clothing he wears, in his business dealings, and in other walks of life. In the sense of absolute perfection, it is not true that "when the heart is right, all is right."

We are safe in saying this, however: When the heart is right, the individual wants to do the entire will of God, and does not knowingly and wilfully do that which is wrong. Therefore, as he rises in Christian experience, learns the Scriptures, he becomes more and more conformed to the image of his Maker, one inconsistency after another vanishes, and his outer life keeps pace with the progress of the soul within.—*Gospel Herald.*



It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.—*Mackintosh.*





## Echoes from Everywhere

In the course of a talk with a delegation from the board of trade of Jacksonville, Fla., President-elect Taft announced his intention of visiting Panama early in the new year.

Because of a blight of fungus that was first noticed about four years ago the chestnut forests of the eastern part of the United States are in great danger of being destroyed. Already the infection has killed thousands of fine trees, and there is said to be no known remedy for it.

In Los Angeles newspapers publishing tips on races, persons selling them on the streets and anyone who causes them to be circulated in any manner, will be subject to arrest and prosecution under the anti-tip ordinance passed early this year and to be rigidly enforced from now on.

A cave-in or slide of a portion of the preliminary work on the Gatun dam is causing considerable comment. The Chief Engineer of the Canal Commission, however, states that the mishap is of slight importance, and affords no cause for anxiety as to the stability of the dam itself when it shall be completed.

Odessa, Dec.—Hundreds of Persian rebels were killed and wounded in a battle with a force of loyalists under command of Ain Ed Dowleh, according to a message received here from Tabriz. The rebels, or constitutionalists, were commanded by Gen. Bahir Khair Khan and after a stubborn attack on the loyalist army were forced to flee.

The total consumption of sugar in the United States in 1907, the latest year for which the figures are obtainable, shows that the total consumption was 1,511,000,000 pounds, of which 1,254,000,000 pounds, or 83 per cent, was of home production, and 257,000,000 pounds, or 17 per cent, was brought from foreign countries. "Calculating this enormous consumption of sugar, came from foreign countries. Forty-three million pounds was the aggregate of the exportation of sugar from this country.

According to a recent order of the postal department the mail boxes along the rural routes belong to the department at Washington, and not to the farmer, even though the latter pays for them. A decision has been handed down from the federal government that these boxes must not be used by merchants to deposit bills in unless the bills pass regularly through the mails. Any merchant violating this law is liable to a heavy fine for each offense. The government postal department branch looks upon the newspapers as only legitimate advertising mediums, which they are.

In a paper read before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, Henry Penton states that the oldest iron ship in the world is the United States warship "Michigan," the material for whose construction was "dragged across the mountains from Pittsburg to Lake Erie," where the ship was built, as long as sixty-six years ago.

According to the Social Register for 1909 the number of marriages for the year show a decrease of 20 per cent. Throughout the country the decrease is 7 per cent. In St. Louis the decrease is most marked. There were only 98 marriages this year against 131 last year. The decline in the number of marriages is attributed to the effect of the panic.

The Swedish Riksdag has appropriated \$2,800 to the Central Temperance Education League to be used in promoting anti-alcohol instruction in the schools of 1909. The appropriation for 1908 was used in conducting courses of instruction in different centers of population, and especially a course for teachers, given in Stockholm at the Royal School of Engineering.

Our Consul-General to France writes of a rubber-asphalt pavement which is being used in that country. The material is a product resulting from the association of asphalt and rubber. It is said to be more plastic and more adhesive than pure asphalt, and to resist higher temperatures. Experimental work covering a period of six years in such cities as Paris and Lyons has given good results.

Statistics on marriage and divorce, recently issued by the bureau of the census, department of commerce and labor of the United States, show that on an average one marriage out of twelve in this country ends in legal separation. Divorces are more than twice as common than they were forty years ago. Illinois holds the unenviable record of leader in this matter, with Ohio second and Texas third.

John D. Rockefeller, if reports be correct, is to give \$50,000,000 for the education of the benighted people of the Orient. According to the reports at the university, the oil king will spend this immense sum in uplifting the nations of the far East after hearing the reports of Professor Ernest Burton and Professor Thomas C. Chamberlin, who have been commissioned to investigate conditions in the Orient. It is said that Mr. Rockefeller will give the University of Chicago power to expend the millions in the way the professors may specify on their return from the East next summer. Professor Burton is now in India pursuing his examination of educational institutions, and Professor Chamberlin and his son, Dr. Rollin Chamberlin, will start for China Jan. 4, where they will meet Professor Burton.

The burning oil wells, 75 miles southwest of Tampico, which took fire several months ago, are still a maelstrom of flames. Sulphurous fumes are pouring from the crater of the great oil volcano in a greater volume than ever. The strong winds have carried the gases as far as Tampico and have caused many deaths. Several small villages have been depopulated and the gases have destroyed the growing crops on many plantations.

Dec. 9, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson declared that flour bleached by nitrogen peroxide is an adulterated food and can not be sold in the District of Columbia or any of the territories, or transported in interstate commerce. In view of the extent of the bleaching process and of the immense quantity of bleached flour now on hand or in process of manufacture, no prosecutions will be begun for a period of six months from date.

A score of prominent artists and aeronauts are busy with designs for the gold medal to be presented the Wright brothers by the Aero Club of America. Designs have been submitted by several of the most noted American artists and a decision will be left to a committee. The medal is to cost \$3,000 subscribed by outsiders as well as members of the club. Both the Wrights are expected to visit New York early in the new year.

Ten thousand electric flatirons are to be loaned to reliable customers of the Chicago Edison Company for a period of six months. The object of this is to popularize the use of electricity in the household, and lead to the introduction of other electric utensils. While these irons are loaned out for six months only, it is intimated that if the plan proves a success, they may be permitted to remain in the hands of the consumers for an indefinite length of time.

Dredging companies in the Klondike are reaping golden rewards for their enterprise from ground worked over during the Klondike excitement, and also from ground which never before paid. On one concession a dredge working where the pay was never supposed to exist, has been turning over 4,800 cubic yards of dirt a day. The pay has been good, and the company has enjoyed a prosperous season. On another property a company has been sluicing on an average 2,800 cubic yards a day.

President Castro, it is stated, has agreed to the principles proposed by the French Cable company for settling the company's claim against Venezuela for the latter's seizure of its property. No agreement, however, has been reached as to the amount of damages Venezuela should pay. The cable company's first demand was for \$1,000,000, and a further indemnity for the cessation of its business. Whether it has modified its demands can not be learned, as neither the foreign office nor any member of Castro's entourage will give out anything.

Under rush proceedings, the India council passed the bill providing for the summary trial and execution of persons guilty of sedition. The bill was introduced Dec. 10 and the need was so imperative that it was pushed through with all possible speed. The viceroy immediately signed the bill and it is now effective throughout Southern India. The viceroy is empowered to extend its scope wherever he deems it necessary. The bill even makes members of anti-government societies subject to punishment. It abolishes juries in sedition cases and establishes a special court of three English judges. Scores of executions are expected under its provisions in the near future.

After the Pennsylvania Railroad has advanced farther with its terminal station and other improvements in New York City work will be started on a bridge from Port Morris, a suburb of New York, to Queens County, Long Island. The bridge as planned in many respects is to be one of the most daring and remarkable engineering structures ever proposed. With the approaches it will be three miles long and span the Hell Gate ship channel with an enormous arch 1,000 feet in the clear. The entire bridge, except the piers for the arch, will be of steel, having an estimated weight of 80,000 tons.

The city council of Toronto has determined to reduce the number of liquor licenses in spite of the temporary setback given by the adverse decision of the courts. The measure as originally passed provided for a reduction in the number of licenses from 150 to 110. The council did not seek to reenact the ordinance after the court decision, but has voted by sixteen to five to submit it to a vote of the people in January. At the time when the vote is taken there will be a hundred other temperance contests in the province—seventy for local option and thirty to repeal the local option laws now on the books.

Postmaster-General Meyer has approved a new stamp to be used for the special delivery mail, and it will be placed on sale within the next few days. The stamp is a departure from the conventional United States stamp, being patterned rather after stamps of French design; is artistic, and at the same time severely plain and delicately executed. It measures about 1 inch square, and is of a dark green color. Running diagonally across its face is an illustration of an olive branch, the leaves of which entwine a Mercury hat, symbolic of peace and haste. In the upper left-hand corner is the inscription, "10c," while in the lower right-hand corner, in gold letters, are the words "U. S. Postage, Special Delivery."

Lower prices for imports and higher prices for exports were characteristic of the foreign trade of the United States during the fiscal year 1908, according to a preliminary bulletin of the bureau of statistics. This deduction, it is stated, applies especially to manufacturers' materials imported and foodstuffs exported. In manufacturers' materials, whether raw or partly manufactured, the average prices for the year were materially lower. To this falling off in prices, it is stated, is due the decline in the total value of imports. Regarding foodstuffs, the bulletin states that they do not, as a rule, share in the decline in values, either as to imports or exports.

Without dissent by word of mouth or by action the House of Representatives adopted a resolution introduced by Representative James B. Perkins, of New York, providing for a select committee of five members to consider what should be done with that portion of the President's recent message to Congress relating to the secret service. This leaders of Congress have interpreted to be an attack upon the dignity of that coördinate branch of the government. With an outwardly calm demeanor and dignity seldom practiced by the lower house the whole proceeding was carried through. The speaker appointed the following committee to take the questions involved under advisement and report back to the House: James B. Perkins, of New York, chairman; John W. Weeks, Massachusetts; Edwin Denby, Michigan; John Sharp Williams, Mississippi, and James T. Lloyd, Missouri.



## CREAM OF MAGAZINES

### COUNTRY'S GREATEST NEED.

If I had the power to give this country the one thing that I think it most truly needs next to the religion of Jesus Christ, and which in my judgment would be most conducive to the industrial education and moral upbuilding of the nation, I would unhesitatingly give it a strong National temperance law, and compel its enforcement by the proper officers.

I here assert that all the wrongs and iniquities of the tariff, and all the robberies, oppression and greed of monopolies, do not compare with the sorrow, the ruin, the misery, the crime, the poverty, the madness, the vice, the degradation, the death and damnation produced by strong drink. It destroys home life; breaks the hearts of mothers and wives; takes the clothes off the backs of little children and substitutes rags; degrades manhood; makes lewd women out of virtuous maidens; stifles ambition, destroys hope, weakens the body, blights the mind and blackens the soul until it turns this earth, made for man's happiness and use, into a hell for his ruin and misery.

In the interest, therefore, of business; for the protection of helpless women and children; for the suppression of crime; the amelioration of want and poverty; the prevention of disease; the preservation of life, the salvation of human souls, and for the sake of more than eighty-six millions of true, brave and noble American men, women and children, I would bestow this gift of national temperance, thus destroying a fearful curse, and restoring man to the God-like image in which he was created.

I would offer this gift to the American people.—Gov. Glenn, of North Carolina, in December Delineator.



### CARE OF THE TEETH.

Many people do not realize how much one's good health depends on the condition of the teeth. Many a case of indigestion may be traced directly to poorly kept or missing teeth, for unless they are in good condition, the food cannot be properly chewed and is consequently bolted almost whole. Besides, decaying teeth are the cause of much of the bad breath of which we hear complaints. The proper brush is a medium bristle, and the best ones are those of curved backs, as the bristles are then able to penetrate to every crevice. Those having bristles of uneven length are the best for the same reason. Every morning and every night without fail the teeth should be thoroughly brushed with luke warm water. A pinch of salt is excellent to harden the gums, if added to a glass of water. Powder should not be used too often, as it wears on the enamel, and the pumice stone in powdered form must not be used oftener than once a month in any case, for while it is especially good to remove stains and whiten, it is very injurious when frequently applied.

In case of a feverish condition of the mouth, a wash made of a few drops of listerine to a glass of water is excellent, and a little of it should be swallowed.

At least once in six months go to a good dentist. He

will find and fill small cavities without pain and at a very small cost, which if unattended to might cause great pain and expense to treat, if one did not ultimately lose the tooth altogether.

It is considered very rude to pick the teeth in the presence of others, but there are times when it seems absolutely necessary. For this, use a wooden pick or dental floss, never a pin or hard bit of metal.

Few persons brush the teeth long enough at a time. A dentist was heard to tell a child to use its little brush for ten minutes. In commenting on this later, he said that if told to brush for ten minutes, the child might perhaps spend two minutes, which was the time necessary to get its teeth clean. Brush up and down as well as across, and be sure to brush the tongue well and the inside of the lips, for the mouth of a human being is a fine breeding place for germs, and the dead saliva must be thoroughly removed each day.

Extremes of heat and cold are bad for the teeth, and many cases of cracked enamel are due to the fact that the person has heated the teeth by warm drinks, and then immediately eaten ice cream or drunk ice water.

It ought to be unnecessary to say that the teeth must never be used to bite threads, to crack nuts, nor to bite hard candy.—Woman's Magazine.



### MOVING PICTURES AD NAUSEAM.

Of all the novelties in the field of popular amusement in recent years none has made such headway or so completely taken hold of public favor as the moving picture, in the opinion of the Review of Reviews. It has served to enliven the crowds watching for the returns on the evening of election day; stores have been transformed into theaters for its exhibition, and have proved veritable gold-mines for their owners; and the regular vaudeville houses have found it to be so popular an attraction that it has now become, in one form or another, a regular item in their programs. Cinemascope, kinetoscope, biograph, vitagraph,—the list is continually increasing, and with this multiplication of machines or instruments has come inevitably a corresponding increase of opportunities for the promulgation of good or evil. C. H. Claudy, writing in Photo-Era for October, is of opinion that, as a general rule, the opportunities "are taken up on the bad side."

"To be specific, I recently attended three such shows in an evening, all within two squares of each other. In each show the principal attraction was a tragedy! In one the famous James brothers murdered, robbed, and set fire to their hearts' content; in another an Indian took revenge on a white man for a wrong, in a manner highly satisfactory to the audience; and in the third some ruffians kidnaped a child and were killed in the end. . . . The constant picturing of crime in any form, even if the punishment be shown at the end, is a harmful and degrading thing, especially when a large percentage of the

patrons of such theaters is made up of minors, or adults without the education and point of view which will enable them to see these things as they are."

One's regret for such exhibitions is deepened by the reflection that just as much time and effort have been spent in preparing the films for these pictures as would have been in producing others of a more desirable character. The proper backgrounds have had to be selected; the actors in the tragedies have had to be trained; houses, furniture, railroad trains, steamboats, and automobiles have had to be hired,—in fact, everything necessary for the picture. And all the thought, time, and energy have been expended for the portrayal of the "realism of bloodshed, crime, and brutality."

"To see an Indian bind his captive and drag him swiftly at the end of a rope, tied to his horse, over rough and rocky ground, is not a pleasant sight, even when one knows that a dummy has been substituted for the real man who was tied. . . . To see a knife plunged deep into the breast of a woman by a jealous lover conveys a picture a thousand times as vivid as reading of the act, and, by the art of the picture-maker, the knife really seems to enter the flesh and the blood to spurt forth, after which the victim writhes, rolls her eyes, and finally dies in agony. Ugh!"

In the depiction of scenes of travel and views of foreign lands the moving-picture is undoubtedly serving a useful purpose; but, as Mr. Claudy remarks, the educational effect is largely destroyed by the absurd speed with which the pictures are thrown upon the screen.

"Men row in boats, with oars ten and fifteen feet long, and move them back and forth 120 times a minute. . . . Horses gallop down the street at a pace which would put Dan Patch to shame; and make a mile-a-minute automobile look like a hitching-post. . . . Railway trains thunder along at the rate of three miles a minute; and men run the 100-yard dash in five seconds!"

Mr. Claudy calls attention to the class of fake pictures which should come under the ban of the censor; particularly "those artistically simulated ones which are so near real life that they can be distinguished only by the expert."

"Take a scene from the Japanese war. The picture shows you a column of marching Japs. They halt, get their dinner, go to sleep, get up, march on and act just like the real thing. As they are the real thing, it would be strange if they did not so act. Then you see those same Japs go into battle and stranger yet, they are shooting right at you, in the audience. Some woman behind me said: 'Wasn't that picture-man brave to get out there and get those pictures with all those bullets flying?' He certainly would have been, if the bullets had been there. As a matter of fact, it was a joined film,—the first part real, the second part faked; and the artfulness of it comes from the fact that the general public cannot say when the real leaves off and the fake commences."

There are, of course, many exhibitions in the moving-picture line that give praiseworthy entertainments; but there are very many more that pander to low passions and have nothing but the dollar in sight, and think of nothing but "the film which will draw the biggest crowd without pulling the house into the police-court." If the moving-picture is to be made "an agent for the good it can undoubtedly do, something will have to be done about the class of pictures exhibited." Mr. Claudy says to his readers: "Now it is up to you. . . . What are you going to do?"

## WHY PEOPLE DIE.

Did it ever occur to you why people die? Why, when nature intended that they should live a long and useful life, they are cut down like so many blades of grass before a scythe by diseases which are curable, and from which they should recover? These questions are asked by E. R. Hough in *Health*, and then he proceeds to give his views.

An all-wise and intelligent Creator builded the human body from certain materials, endowed it with life, mental or nervous stress or energy, and caused it to grow larger, stronger, and better. Mostly the material elements come from the ground and are supplied normally in the foods eaten. The mental stress comes from we know not where, but furnishes the life principle which uses and builds the material elements. When everything works well we are well, and when it does not, we are ill.

It was early discovered that when people were sick they did not care to eat. That is because nature decreed that they should not eat as they regularly do, and force upon the human system many useless substances which would have to be gotten rid of at the expense of the powers already weakened. So people went unfed. And they still do, when sick. But does it seem reasonable that all nutrition should stop because of a weakness somewhere?

Next, the friends, nurses, and doctors to the ailing patient gave him medicine. But such medicine! Drugs, poisons, stimulants and virus! Things that nature never uses. Things that nature always tries to rid the system of! Now drugs, poisons, stimulants, and virus come from the ground. They sometimes contain small proportions of nourishing, strengthening materials of value to the body. Sometimes, from that, they aid in reconstruction. But more often they do positive harm instead of good.

Then they stimulate, poison and change tissue structure, and so, sometimes, suppress the outward, active symptoms of disease, or induce a disease peculiar to themselves in its stead. In that way they also get the credit of cures. But they don't work good as a rule, if the truth be known, and the question then pops up—what cures disease anyway? Nearly every one nowadays admits that it is nature that does the real work of curing in every case. If this is true, why not supply natural materials, which are always reconstructive?

The writer has talked with scores of physicians who do not know the value or uses of the simple chemical elements in the system. They all exposed remarkable ignorance of how the human body is constructed, nourished and grown; of physiology, chemistry, mental medicine, and natural remedies.

After declaring that the germ theories of the day and the great germ investigations are "science gone mad," Mr. Hough concludes:

When diseases are cured germs will fade out like shadows before a searchlight. But in darkness and superstition shadows seem real except to those who investigate.

The modus operandi for doctors to pursue is to wake up! study the methods of all schools, their successes and causes. Study nature and natural things more. Study mental medicine and physiological chemistry.

A few of the mistakes in the administration of medicine are these: Iron is given to overcome debility, where lime is indicated debility starts in the blood, muscles and bones, just where lime is found. Iron is for another purpose, to carry oxygen. But in the form usually given it



passes right through and isn't used at all. It must be prepared properly.

All sorts of things are given to cure catarrh, skin diseases, nerve and brain disorders when potash is needed. Consumption ever increases, while but few supply anything but tissue and stomach-destroying creosote, or nauseating and worthless cod liver mixtures, turning the patient outdoors when they can do no more, as they suppose. Surgery is employed for the relief of prolapsus, hemorrhoids, tumors, and varicocele, right while there is a simple cure. There are thousands of others equally great and worse. That's why people die.



#### THE HUMDRUM NEWS.

THE *American Humdrum News* should be the most widely read paper in all this country. Did you ever see a copy? No—nor I—but just glance with me in imagination over the pages of one issue, just at the headings, if you please:

First column heading—Ten thousand bank cashiers have done their work faithfully for periods ranging from ten to twenty-five years.

Second column heading—One hundred thousand ministers of the Gospel are not scoundrels—they have labored all their lives with tireless unselfishness, faithful to their trusts, faithful to their God.

Three-column, large-type heading—Twenty million married couples in this country were not divorced last year.

Smaller headings:

Five million laborers kept sober all last year.

Most women are good women.

Eighty million citizens have not committed suicide.

Ten million people made railroad trips in safety last week.

Would we buy the *Humdrum News*? No, we would not—we would believe in it, of course; we might even rejoice in it; but pay our good money for it—never!

But there is one thing that we can all learn from this never-to-be-published paper, to-wit: the front page of the modern newspaper does not reflect the real conditions of modern life. The reason why the news in the daily press is a record of crime and misconduct is because it is the one case in a thousand. In small type and in obscure corners, if at all, is the record of the humdrum life—the life that you and I and the great majority of our fellows are doing our best to live.—*Unidentified*.



#### MARKET FOR SNAKE VENOM.

THE venom of snakes has been found useful in medicine, and has a valued place in several departments of the mechanical arts and sciences. There is a constant call for it among naturalists and experimenters generally; and when it becomes known that it can be bought in the open market additional uses for it will certainly be discovered. The value placed on some small quantities lately exported from New South

Wales was so high that the collecting of snake venom has already become a recognized industry.

Snake venom, valued by weight, fetches more per ounce than any of the precious metals. At the present time the market price in England is from 20 to 25 shillings a grain, which reaches the seemingly fabulous sum of £6,000 per pound troy; or, to use American values, \$30,000 for a single pound of the venom. This seems almost incredible, but the report is based on prices that have already been paid. And even these huge figures fail to bring to the market a quantity sufficient to meet the demand.

The venom of the nondeadly snakes, though of use in some chemical processes, does not command such wide or profitable patronage as that of the deadly. Hence the worst dangers are encountered at the threshold of the enterprise. The price per pound for venom almost takes away the breath, but such a quantity as a pound is difficult to collect. A robust snake of almost deadly class, treated with the greatest care, will not discharge more than a grain at a bite, and it is said that all so far collected in Australia falls considerably under a pound. It will be seen from this that the world's supply of this natural poison is not likely to exceed the demand.—*Chicago Tribune*.



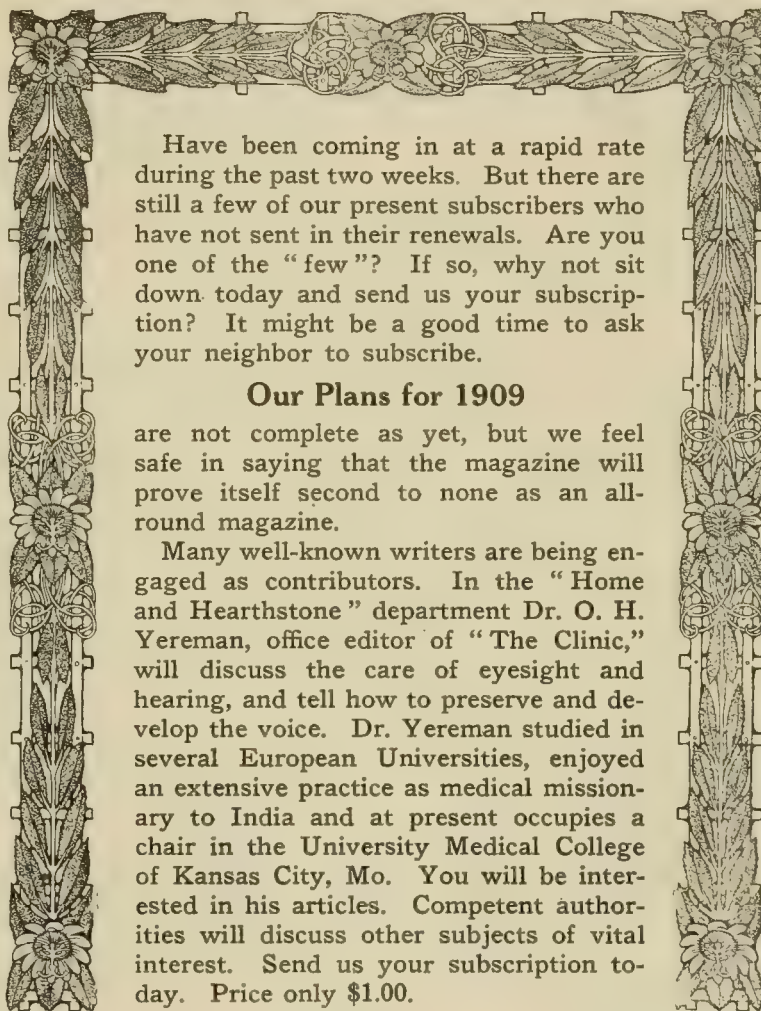
#### SOME EXAMPLES OF CITIZENSHIP.

A PROFESSOR in the Andover Theological Seminary once met a man going to the town meeting. Said the professor: "What are they going to bring up at the meeting today, Brown?" Brown replied, with a snarl: "I dunno what they're goin' to bring up, but whatever it is, I'm goin' to oppose it." The zeal of this particular citizen was of questionable advantage to his town. Some so-called reformers have a spirit unfortunately similar, says a writer in *Appleton's Magazine* for November.

An Irish teamster in a certain New England town hires a man to drive for him whenever the license question is put to vote. He takes the whole day off. He votes no-license himself. He gets as many others as he can to vote the same way. A gentleman asked him one day why he took so much trouble. He answered: "Me boy died of rum an' I do what I can to keep other folks' boys from dying the same way." This ignorant teamster is a citizen of the highest type.

A gentleman of high standing in the same community boasted that he never voted at local elections. He said: "Why should I go through the farce of casting my ballot? This town is run by a lot of low and corrupt politicians. My vote doesn't count. I've no time for sentimental shams." This scholarly gentleman is a citizen of the lowest type. He is stupidly selfish. Were he intelligently selfish, he would protect his interests as a citizen just as he protects his professional interests.

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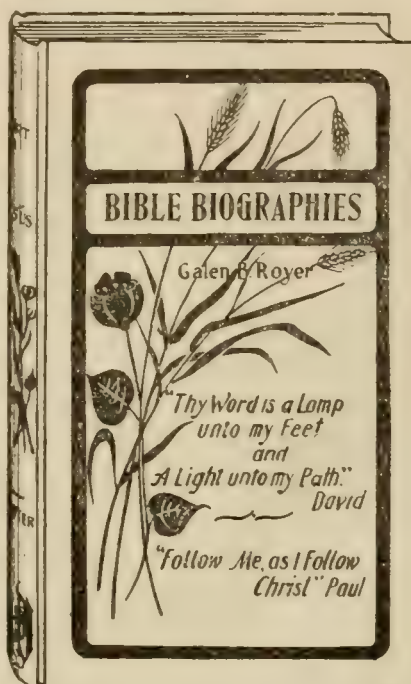
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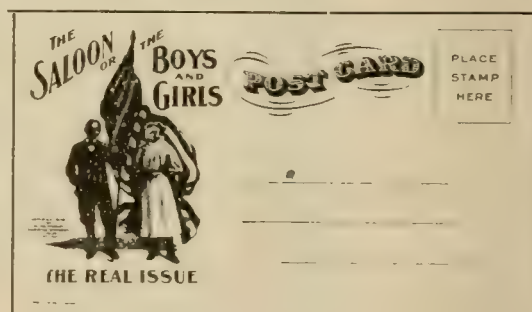
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